INDIAN FIGHTERS HOLD GALA REUNION
AT MEKER.

Rio Blanco Pioneers Form Old Timers' Society.

Scouts and Trappers Register and Will Help in Historical Data.

Rio Blanco county's pioneers, several hundred in all, augmented by
delegations from the neighboring counties of Moffat, Rout and Garfield--
the men and women who owe their courage and fortitude created from the
chaos of the eighties the matchless Western Slope country of the present--
assembled in Meeker today. The day's celebration concluded with a
banquet and "pioneers' dance." The pioneers formed a permanent "old-
timers" association, which will meet in Meeker once a year.

A feature of the occasion—one that will prove of great benefit to the
generations yet to come—was the registering by the pioneers, in books
provided for that purpose, of the day and date on which they first
arrived in the White River valley, together with notes of much other
useful and interesting information.

Only the pioneers who have lived here continuously for twenty years
or more were eligible to the gathering, and even then, after this
distinction had been made, the large Odd Fellows' hall, in which the
reunion was held, was crowded almost to suffocation.

Scouts and Trappers —

Among the guests were old-time Indian fighters, scouts, trappers,
hunters and cowmen. Though more than a score of years have passed
since their entry into the valley, all are today, with few exceptions,
hale and hearty.

The only authentic records now available of the section's history
date back as far as 1868, when the first Indian agency was located
here by Governor Hunt and Major Oakes (the latter as agent) on the
ranch near Meeker now owned by Larkin P. Craig. In 1869 the agency
was built and Lieutenant Parry succeeded Major Oakes as agent. Then
followed Captain Beck and later Agent Brown.

In 1875 the Rev. E. H. Danforth was given charge of the agency.
It was Danforth who introduced among the Indians the idea of farming,
not with much success, however. Nathan C. Meeker followed the Rev.
Mr. Danforth as agent, the appointment being made in the spring of
1878. Meeker endeavored to continue the work begun by Danforth, but
he found the Indians rebellious and sulky, and when he tried to
enforce the new idea he was met with almost open mutiny.

Finally, in 1879, after persuasion had failed, Meeker issued
an ultimatum to the effect that unless each redskin did his share
of the farm work, their race track would be plowed up and a taboo
put upon racing. As the Indians refused to become farmers even after
this, Meeker proceeded to carry out his threat.

Massacre Is Result —

It was then that the massacre occurred. Incensed at the agent's
action, the Indians fell upon the agency, slaughtering all of the men
and taking the women prisoners. Among the latter was beautiful
Josephine Meeker, the agent's daughter. Miss Meeker, years later,
broken in health and spirit, was recaptured by that friend of the
white man, Chief Ouray, and turned over to the United States troops.
Powell Park, six miles from the present town of Meeker, was the site of the agency, and there the massacre occurred.

In response to an appeal for help sent out by the settlers of the valley, Captain Thornburgh, in command of a troop of cavalry from Rawlins, Wyoming, began a forced march to the beleaguered section, but was ambushed when about eighteen miles from the ruins of the agency and his command almost wiped out. In the battle Thornburgh was killed. The few soldiers who escaped slaughter, defending themselves behind the carcasses of their horses, pressed on every side by the redskins, managed to dig a few trenches, in which they stood off the yelling demons for seven days, when General Merritt reached them from Rawlins with succor.

This spot is now known as the battleground. The uprising was then speedily ended. Later, by treaty, the Utes were moved to eastern Utah, and the White River valley then opened for settlement. In 1879 military quarters were established here, but as there was no recurrence of trouble, the camp was abandoned, the final evacuation taking place September 6, 1883. The town of Meeker then was founded.

---The Daily News: Denver, Colo.
Saturday, February 17, 1912.
when the list is complete, the list of names will be
alphabetically, and according to arrival. A record of the
and where, will also be made out. The registrars will
record a valuable work of reference.

Other Ed. Downey (then of Aspen) was the only member of the
ministry to "go to the front" at the time of the last Ute war. He
rode fifty miles horse-back the first day he ever traveled that way.
(The reporter had the pleasure of meeting him in Denver this week).

In the historical account it appears that Meeker sent for the
troops, and was killed for doing so; the troops, on the way in from
Rawlins (they were from Fort Russell) were trapped. The Indian
agency and the military camp confuse new-comers and visitors.

That good citizen, Charles J. Puffy of Bear river was landed on
rather heavily during the festivities last week—by "Strehlke" of
course. A picture of a little kittle-bellied Korean, in the alto-
gether, was framed and bore this inscription: "C.J.D., aged 8 months
oldest child in Rio Blanco county. Strehlke and Wolcott will be
kept busy for a while now.

(Sergeant H.C. Wearraft, now in this section, qualified as a
marksman while on White river. "He was the first person in the
service to win a marksman's button. "He has visited Europe four times,
three times in international shooting events, and once with Buffalo
Bill. He has twenty gold medals, and several thousand dollars worth
of silver cups and medals that he has won.)

Lark Craig tells of one of the early days at which some surprises
in the music was sprung on the crowd. The orchestra was composed
of Gilmore and Randall, and they stepped out to get a clove. ---
Hennings held the violin, and to the surprise of all, when the next
dance was called, played for it. The late Judge Hazen then held the
violin, and played for the next dance. This was surprise number two.
Then Newton Major held the violin, and the next dance came near being
a blank from the astonishment of the guests, for Mr. Majors played
for them.
THE PIONEERS.

Behold! here comes a sturdy band,
The foremost figures in our land—
The faithful Pioneers.
They who, thro' hears of toil and pain,
Press on, nor deemed the struggle vain,
Now may they reap the golden grain
As harvest time appears.

See where they come! the bold and strong,
Who fought the battle fierce and long
To conquer nature's wild.
Let's honor them, the true and tried,
Who, toiling bravely side by side,
Transformed our valleys, deep and wide
To gardens sweet and mild.

Who dauntless, faced the danger known
To lurk behind each mound or stone
In treacherous Indian foe,
And walked the earth with fearless tread,
Each day where hope and duty led,
Then sought at even-time his bed
In rest the weary know.

And they who climbed the rugged steep,
Or sought in caverns dark and deep
The patient miners' prize;
The glistening ore or gleam of gold,
Which shows where, buried fold on fold,
Beneath earth-layers, dark and cold,
The hidden treasure lies.

Honor to all! the builder true,
The merchant and the printer, too,
The teacher, all in line!
The scholar and the cow boy gay
Join hands in comradeship, today,
And gladly all bow 'neath the sway
Of precious "Auld Lang Syne".

Long may they live who sought our vale
O'er rough and jagged mountain trail;
And happy be their years.
Let changes come—or rushing train,
Auto car or aeroplane—
We'll welcome them, and say again:
God bless the Pioneers!

--Mrs. H.L. Grinstead.

--White River Review,
February 17, 1912.
Summit county was at one time one of the largest counties in the state, being bounded on the north by Wyoming, west by Utah, south by Lake county, and east by the so-called "Snowy Range". The southern part of it was then in the Ute Indian reservation. Encroachments on the part of the whites caused frequent conflicts between the two races, and the survival of the fittest eventually resulted. Indian agencies were established at various places in the reservation, but this narrative will deal only with those of the White River valley.

The site of the first one was located in 1868 by Governor Hunt and Major D. C. Oakes (the latter as agent) on the land now owned by Larkin P. Craig. In September, 1869, the agency was built and Lieutenant Parry succeeded as agent. Then followed Captain Beck, and later Agent Brown. In 1875 Rev. E. H. Danforth was appointed; Danforth did the first farming on White River. Nathan C. Meeker was appointed to the agency in the spring of 1878. He sought to interest the Indians in agriculture, but they sulked. When he tried to enforce the rules he had formulated he was met with almost open mutiny.

In 1879 affairs went from bad to worse; Meeker was killed and Major Thornburg's command was nearly annihilated. Powell Park was the scene of the Meeker homicides, from which only the women folks were spared.

The soldiers escaping the Thornburg attack dug trenches in which they defended themselves for seven days as best they could till General Merritt came to their rescue. This memorable place is known as the "Battleground" and is on the Wolcott ranch, eighteen miles northeast of Meeker.

By treaty, the Utes were later removed to eastern Utah and the valley opened for settlement. In 1879 military headquarters were established at what was then called Camp on White River, but in a few years the camp was abandoned, the final evacuation taking place on September 6th, 1883. The Town of Meeker then came into existence.

In 1874 the county of Grand was created from the northern part of Summit county. Later, Routt county was created from Grand county, the northern line of the Indian reservation being its southern boundary. In 1883 Garfield and Eagle counties were created from Summit county, and in 1889 Rio Blanco county was created from Garfield county. At the last session of the legislature (1911) Moffat county was created from Routt county.

The settlement of the White River valley was slow at first, but within a few years the best pieces of land were taken up. However, after irrigation ditches were projected, some of the choicest ranches have been located. After the Indians were removed to Utah, they came up the White River every summer in bunches of two to a dozen, camping at many places between the state line and the Flat Tops.

In the summer of 1887 an attempt was made to arrest some of the Utes for violating the game laws, with the result that the "Utè War" is a matter of history, and in which the state troops took a hand.
In 1885 the Town of Meeker was incorporated, and in 1887 the
townsite was "proved up" on by the mayor for the benefit of the
inhabitants.

The Agency Park ditch was the first to be constructed (1875)
and the Powell/Park ditch was completed to the foot of the mesa in
the fall of 1878. Among the important ditches built since are the
Highland, Hill or Rangely, Oak Ridge Park, Hay-Bretherton, Niblock
(and later Niblock Extension) and the Miller Creek.

In January, 1912, the matter of having an old-timers' reunion
was suggested by "one of them," and soon thereafter it was decided
to have such a blow-out on the 9th day of February following.
Among the committees appointed was one on registration, and this
book is the result of the committee's efforts, with the recommendation
that it be safely kept for the use of those who will, in time, take
our places.

On the pages following will be found the autographs of the old-
timers of the White and Yampa river valleys, together with the dates
of their arrival and such other information as may prove of interest
and usefulness to future generations. --
The Registrars,
Henry A. Wildhack and
Henry J. Hay.

---White River Review, Sat., February 17, 1912.
The dance of the Old Timers on Friday evening of last week was one of the best ever, and there must have been two hundred present—about one-half that were eligible. There were a good many square dances, but if there had been more, more old-time ladies and gentlemen could have danced. Everybody turned out for a good time—and they had the time of their lives.

A list of names is given—those who registered up to and including that night—and most of them were at the dance. Others who did not register were also present—but the reporter lost four days this week (out of town) and could not secure the names. The figures following the names indicate year of arrival;—In the "Mr. and Mrs." list the figures given (year) indicate the date of the husband's arrival (in some cases both husband and wife); in the ladies' list, those who preceded or followed the husband's arrival.

Mr. and Mrs.

<table>
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<th>Name</th>
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<td>1880</td>
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<td>T.H. Iles</td>
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<td>George M. Lord</td>
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<td>Thomas Baker</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>T.D. Holland</td>
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Pioneer Ladies.

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<th>Name</th>
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<td>Mrs. D.D. Taylor</td>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Mrs. Ida Clark</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. J.F. Hay</td>
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<td>Mrs. M.M. Black</td>
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<td>Mrs. Mattie Suttles</td>
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<td>Mrs. Fred Riley</td>
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<td>Mrs. K.H. Fairfield</td>
<td>1885</td>
<td>Mrs. M.E. Craig</td>
<td>1889</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. L.L. Devlin</td>
<td>1897</td>
<td>Mrs. A.C. Moulton</td>
<td>1889</td>
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<td>Mrs. L.B. Walbridge</td>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Mrs. J. Walbridge</td>
<td>1887</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. B. Metzger</td>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Mary E. Smith</td>
<td>1991</td>
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<td>Mrs. Mary Oldland</td>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Mrs. M.H. Gibbons</td>
<td>1884</td>
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<td>Mrs. H.P. Spurlock</td>
<td>1886</td>
<td>Mrs. G.W. Graham</td>
<td>1886</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Hazel Nichols</td>
<td>1891</td>
<td>Mrs. E.F. Wilber</td>
<td>1885</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. M.E. Grinstead</td>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Mrs. R.C. Fisk</td>
<td>1888</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
During the early part of the evening the gathering was called to order by F.E. Sheridan.

The following officers were elected for the first term:

President -- F.E. Sheridan
Vice President -- R. Oldland
Secretary -- F.N. JoHantgen
Treasurer -- W.S. Fisk
Historian -- Henry J. Hay

The constitution and by-laws were not adopted, the sentiment of those present being to proceed with dancing. The next convention will be called in August next, and those points on which there are differences will be settled at that time.

---White River Review, February 17, 1912.
**The First Committees.**

The following named ladies and gentlemen composed the committees for the first convention:

**General Committee:**
- E.P. Wilber
- W.E. Saltmarsh
- F.E. Sheridan
- J.E. Rooney
- F.N. JoHantzen

**Reception Committee:**
- A.C. Moulton
- F.N. JoHantzen
- L.P. Craig
- W.H. Clark

**Floor Committee:**
- E.P. Wilber
- W.A. Fairfield
- F.A. Harker
- Charles Bloomfield

**Supper Committee:**
- Reuben S. Ball
- J.L. Tagert
- R. Hartke
- V.A. Dikeman

**Door Committee:**
- B.F. Clark
- E.L. Nichols
- H.A. Wildhack
- Henry J. Hay

**Registrars:**
- E.O. Lloyd
- A.M. Pierce
- B.C. Howey
- H.T. Wilson

**Entertainment:**
- J.F. Hay
- F.W. Fairfield
- Robert Metzger
- S.C. Patterson

**Judge M.T. Ryan:**
- A.C. Ellison
- W.L. Pattison
- O.H. Lunney
- H.A. Wildhack
- Jacques Freund
- W.H. Miller
- John A. Watson

**Permanent Organization:**
- A.C. Moulton
- W.H. Clark
- R. Oldland
- L.B. Walbridge

**James Lyttle:**
- James L. Riland
- A. Burnham
- Thomas Baker

**J.W. Rector:**
- W.H. Goff

How well they performed their duties is left to the judgment of the participants in the dance and those who partook of the lunch.

**Treasurer's Report.**

For the first meeting of the Rio Blaco County Pioneers, held in Meeker, February 9th, 1912:

Received from Committeeman B.F. Clark:
- Total door and floor receipts: $110.70

Paid Committeeman Saltmarsh for expenses incurred by his committee, as follows:
- L.R. Tucker, tending cloak room: $3.00
- G. Graham, labor: 3.20
- Hugh Brown, labor: 10.30
- W.E. Saltmarsh, labor: 10.00
- Mrs. Goff, labor: 4.00
- Dishwashers: 4.00
- Laundry: 1.50
- F. Tatro, hauling with team: 3.00
- Orchestra: 35.00

Total paid: $74.00
- J.E. Rooney, hall rent: 23.00
- J.E. Rooney, labor: 6.00
- J.W. Hurgas & Co., supplies: 1.55
- A. Oldlant & Co., supplies: 6.15

Received and Expenditures: $110.70

So-Merry.

Supper expense, $250--mostly donated by the Pioneer Ladies.

To offset this was $500 worth of Good Old Time, leaving a balance of $250 (to get) for the next Good Old Time.

Respectfully submitted,

W.S. Fisk, Treasurer
"I know not what the truth may be, I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

"Hello Bubi" was the salutation.

Life is just made up of one thing after another.

The ladies had their choice of partners several times.

There were about two hundred guests present at the first dance.

Settlers from the surrounding country were well represented.

It took Agent Meeker about a year to stir things up thoroughly.

How many were killed in the Thornburg ambush on Milk creek?

Charles J. Duffy of Bear river called for and started the Virginia reel.

Some claim the A. Oldland house was the first big frame residence.

Claude Goff (now in Florida) was the first white boy born in the valley.

The dancers did have to have their shoes tightened the next morning.

In 1880 the Sixth Infantry put up the officers quarters on Park avenue.

John A Watson claims to have built the first large frame house in Meeker.

Mrs. Fred Burke of Piceance creek was the first white girl born in the valley.

Charles J. Duffy, Ben Morgan, W.S. Taylor and C.H. Wolcott were in from the north.

Mrs. L.P. Craig returned from a three week's visit to Denver to attend the dance.

The first twins born in the valley were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Lampshire.

In 1879 there were 2,100 regulars in Camp on White River--infantry, artillery and cavalry.

Only 127 old-timers registered at the first meeting, but there were over 200 present at the dance.

Ralph Meeker, son of N.C. Meeker, has been an employee of the New York Tribune for many years.

Companies A, B, C, I and K were here at the time of the permanent occupation of the military post.

The ladies did not exercise all their rights at the meeting. They will all vote at the mid-summer meeting.
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As Colorow would say, the grand march was a "very successful failure." But then the kids were not there to see it.

At the battle of Rangely thirteen Indians were killed, and three white men. Five or six white men were wounded.

R.S. Ball was chairman of the supper committee, and sure made a success of that feature. The coffee lasted until morning.

The Meeker Town company was organized in 1883; the town was incorporated in 1885. The county was organized in 1889.

Thirteen people (whites) were killed in the Powell Park massacre. Either six or seven of them now lie in Highland cemetery.

The Odd Fellows hall was built in 1896; the central portion of the Meeker Hotel in 1896; and the brick school house for District no. one in 1888.

The old dug-outs along the river bank were used by the army officers-the first winter they were here; the men were quartered in tents.

The first brick building erected in Meeker was the present district school building. The bricks were burned here and put in the walls for $9. per M.

Sergeant Henry C. Weagraff, who was here, with the regulars from 1879 to 1883 (Co. K, 14th Inf.), says that in 1879 there were 2,100 soldiers in the Camp on White River.

The "Old Turks" are likely to demand more square dances--something they can make a stagger at.

Some of those who arrived in the '90s deplored the absence of buckskin and red flannel, and deprecated the presence of so many Hereford shirts.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D.D. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. F.E. Shaver and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Iles represented the Northern country.

The late George S. Hazen once told us that his brother, General William B. Hazen, was in command of Camp on White River four days in the early days.

It is related of one old timer that he came to town in the early day, and on being asked where he was stopping replied "Nowhere; I'm only going to be here a week." Meeker was very lively those days.

Frank Morgan, one of the earliest permanent settlers in the country, was among the guests. The reporter is indebted to him for favors in the winter of 1885-'86, and will never forget his kindness.

There were four tables in the lodge room up-stairs for the accommodation of the old timers, over one hundred plates being laid. The tables were set and decorated by Ed. Saltmarsh. Ed. worked hard for the success of the banquet and ball.
SCHEDULE A.
N. C. Meeker.

White River Agency, Colo.
September 10, 1879.

Sir: I have been assaulted by a leading chief, Johnson, forced out of my own house, and injured badly, but was rescued by employees. It is now revealed that Johnson originated all the trouble stated in letter September 8. His son shot at the plowman, and the opposition to plowing is wide. Plowing stops; life of self, family, and employees not safe; want protection immediately; have asked Governor Pitkin to confer with General Pope.

N. C. MEKER,
Indian Agent.

L. A. HAYT,
Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

White River Agency, Colo.
August 11, 1879.

Sir: In a letter of this date (A) are several things connected with the subject of this letter. I have a strong belief that a raid is to be made on our herd through the connivance of the Indians, and what I want is sufficient military force to be sent hither to awe these savages, so that they will stay at home. When this shall be done the Indians will be in a condition to improve, but now it is simply impossible; indeed, I fear they are already so demoralized that years upon years will be required to make anything out of them. A few, say twenty or thirty, I have under my control, and I have great hopes of them; but the rest, fully seven hundred, will not stay here. It is useless for anybody to tell me to keep them at home while there is no obstacle to their going away, and even while they are welcomed by white men who teach them all kinds of iniquities.

I had a conversation the other day on the cars with Major Thornburgh, commandant at Fort Steele. He said he had always sent my requests forward and that he had received no orders, and he added that if you should request the Secretary of War to command him to keep the tribes on their reservation he could start a company of fifty cavalry at a day's notice, but without orders he could not go ten miles from the fort.

Another trouble lies in the stores on Snake and Bear Rivers, or even nearer by, which sell ammunition for goods, playing-cards being in large supply. Let me ask you what is the use of my warning these traders when they know I have no power to back me? It is only a farce. I once wrote to the governor of this State about the violation of the law, and he told me if I could apply to the deputy United States marshal for the district he would move. I did not apply to him, because said deputy kept an Indian store himself.

The things to be done are three: Have the military break up the selling of ammunition (and liquor), and the buying of annuity goods at these stores. Then, as the Indians could not hunt they would work to get money, perhaps trap some, and a store would be established here. Of course the military must keep them on their reservation, and white men off. When these things shall be done the Indians will begin to consider the question of sending their children to school, and they will open farms. Now they will not. Already they are making their
Sir: Fully half the Indians belonging to this agency have been absent at least two months. A part of these are hunting, the rest are off the reservation, and some have gone north of the railroad into the Sweet Water country hunting buffalo. I advised the commandant at Fort Steele of their coming, and requested that "Washington" be arrested, but I have no response. I sent to those on Snake River to return. Only a few have done so. The other portion are in Powell Valley. They come hither once a week for supplies, and immediately return.

Four families, and with them Douglas, are living near the agency. Those who are away are not likely to return till next summer. I think all the Muskies are at Powell or out hunting. Until I can make proper improvements, and where the Indians can be comfortable, I do not see that things will be different.

Respectfully yours,

N. C. MECKER,
Indian Agent.

Hon. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.

White River Agency, Colorado.
December 23, 1878.

Sir: I have received your circular December 23, 1878, in regard to the absence of Indians from their reservation, and I have to say that you must have under advisement several letters of mine, giving you full accounts of the reasons why these Indians are absent, the most particular reason being the absence of a store where the Indians can buy ammunition, since they get all they want off the reservation. The most satisfactory solution of this difficulty, as I have hitherto stated, would lie in making government issues of ammunition through the agent; and then there could be a trading-post here, and there would be no excuse for the Indians to leave home; and I am waiting a response to my letters above referred to.

Respectfully yours,

N. C. MECKER,
Indian Agent.

Hon. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
Sir: We have plowed eighty acres, and the Indians object to any more being done, and to any more fencing. We shall stop plowing. One of the plowmen was shot at last week. On Monday I was assaulted in my own house, while my wife was present, by a leading chief named Johnson, and forced out doors and considerably injured, as I was in a crippled condition, having previously met with an accident, a wagon falling over on me. The employees came to my rescue. I had built this Johnson a house, given him a wagon and harness, and fed him at my table many, many times. The trouble is, he has 150 horses, and wants the land for pasturage, although the agency was moved that this same land might be used, and the agency buildings are on it. I have had two days' council with the chiefs and headmen of the tribe, who concluded, after a sort of a way, that I might plow, but they will do nothing to permit me to, and they laugh at my being forced out of my house.

I have no confidence in any of them, and I feel that none of the white people are safe. I know they are not if we go on to perform work directed by Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Here are my wife and daughter in this condition.

Confer with General Pope, Commissioner, and Senator Teller. At least 100 soldiers ought to come hither to protect us, and to keep the Utes on their reservation—should be more.

Don't let this application get in the papers, for I know the Indians will hear of it in a few days. Of course, what the Indians have done is a matter of news.

 Truly,  
N. C. MEEKER,  
Indian Agent.

GOVERNOR PITKIN,  
Denver, Colo.

White River Agency, Colorado,  
January 27, 1879.

Sir: I am informed that Washington, who is supposed to know who murdered McLane, is in Denver. You directed me to request the commandant at Fort Steele to arrest him, and I made the request, but he was not arrested, although I understand he crossed the railroad. Prescott is with Washington, and he is known to have been present when Mr. Elliot was murdered in Middle Park last summer, and I believe Washington was with him. I presume that the small band of Denver Indians, of whose character I have several times advised you, are also in Denver, or soon will be, their chief means of support being the stealing of horses and the taking up of strays. So little are they subject to any kind of authority, that when seen in the streets of that city with a stolen horse nobody will make an arrest. Mr. Carmichael, superintendent Denver Pacific, paid $25 to them to get his own horse. The Stock Growers' Association of Colorado has appointed a committee on this matter. A notice appears in the Denver Democrat, from a settler in Middle Park, that if any of these Indians appear in the Park they will be shot on sight.

Respectfully,  
N. C. MEEKER,  
Indian Agent.  
Commissioner Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
United States Indian Service,
White River Agency, Colorado.

December 9, 1878.

Sir: I had yours of October 12, '78, C. Colorado, No. 1816, '78, and November 12, '78, C. Colorado, 1930, '78, refusing to suspend the law in regard to sale of ammunition to Indians in favor of some trader at this agency. I have to report the need for a store at this agency is great, but that no one will undertake to have one, for the reason that there are four stores on the northern border of the reservation which do sell ammunition, viz: Charles Perkins, on Snake River, 90 miles distant, with heavy stocks of goods; Mr. Lithgow, on Bear, 45 miles distant, with heavy stocks of goods; Mr. Peck, on Bear, about the same distance, and Taylor & Perkins, on Mill Creek, 29 miles just over the line. As a consequence the Indians all go to those stores to sell buckskin and expend what money they can get hold of, so that with the trade of a few settlers, almost all stock men and not engaged in farming, these establishments are doing a thriving business. I have been told on pretty good authority, though I do not know it to be true, that some of these stores buy Indian blankets, &c. I heard of their buying suits of coats, pants, and vests for three. I am told, too, that the Indians sell flour and clothing to the settlers, but probably in no great amount. Sometimes, though not often, an Indian sells a horse, and then has money. Thus it is that with abundant supplies at this agency about half the Indians are off their reservation, but I am satisfied they would not do so if we could have a store. This it seems we cannot have while these outside stores are permitted to sell ammunition, though the keepers know, for I have told them, they are violating the law. I wish some steps could be taken to suppress the sale of ammunition, so that we could have a store. I do not suppose I can exercise any authority outside the reservation. This condition of affairs leads to continued demoralization of the Indians, for, first, the traders tell them they ought to hunt and not work, and, second, the Indians interfere with the cattle of stock men by keeping their horses on their ranch, eating what they call their grass. One complaint from George Boggs, a heavy stock man, was so serious, including the stampeding of cattle, that I have sent Henry James, Indian interpreter, to order the Indians back to their reservation. But you must see that the traders will use their influence to keep the Indians on those rivers that they may have their trade, and there is but little prospect of their coming back, perhaps not till midsummer. The remainder of the Indians, mostly subject to Douglas, the chief, are in Powell Valley, or on their own mountains hunting. Still they are obliged to make journeys, which are always short, to those stores to trade.

This seems to be a vexatious question, because to suppress the sale of ammunition is to forbid the Indians from pursuing the only industry they can now engage in, and even this would be the case if those outside stores were shut up and a store open here not selling ammunition. This letter is to explain why so many Indians are off the reservation.

Respectfully,

N. C. MEEKER.

Hon. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.

Note. In another letter of even date herewith I wrote you concerning the issue of a large quantity of bar lead recently received. N.C.M.
White River Agency, Colorado.
December 23, 1879.

(Received from Hon. H.M. Teller, Jan. 14, 1879).

Dear Sir: I arrived here last May to take charge of these White River Utes, as you may remember, and seeing how unsuitable is the location of the agency, by reason of its great elevation, and entire lack of land that can be tilled within several miles, I make application to have the location changed, which was granted, and a selection was made in Powell Valley, fifteen miles below. This valley comprises not less than 3,500 acres of excellent land, with cottonwood along the river, abundance of cedar on all the mountains, and about two months ago I discovered coal at the head of the valley, which, on further investigation, extends at least ten miles, in veins from six to ten feet thick, and often three to five of these veins above each other, all having a surface outcrop, and remarkably accessible. The stock-range on every hand is good, and I judge that it is sufficient for 10,000 head of cattle, which can live well the year round on the grass alone.

The valley was divided into four parts by streets running straight, one street through the length of the valley being seven miles long, and where the other street crosses the agency buildings are to be erected. As a preliminary, four or five log structures have been built for the use of the employees, for stabling and blacksmith shop, and a 40 acre field has been plowed on which wheat is to be sown next spring, while it is intended to plow at least one hundred acres more for the growing of corn, potatoes, peas, and vegetables next season. A grist-mill is to be built next year, and I think that in year after next, all the food required by these Indians will be grown here.

At first the Indians were decidedly opposed to the occupancy of Powell Valley for the agency, because they had always used it for their winter encampment, particularly for pasturing their horses, since snow seldom lies there more than a few days, while here it lies for five months, and they were perfectly willing to come up to this location once a week to draw rations, when they would immediately return. Their only idea of an agency is that it shall be a place where they get supplies, since no crops had ever been grown here, and only a sprinkle of vegetables, watered from pails, and they had only a vague idea what it is to engage in farming; in short, they protested against any change. But that important work of furnishing a water supply was undertaken by having the irrigating ditch surveyed, for which Congress made an appropriation, and they everything stopped because the Indians were opposed to moving the agency, and some of them threatened, while they generally declared they would not live there, and not one of them would have anything to do with farming, because Indians were never made to work, but white men were. All they wanted was their regular supply of rations and annuity goods. In consequence, at least two months' most valuable time was lost.

Meanwhile, I could only study the situation, and try to come to a decided resolution. A great embarrassment arose from the necessity for getting the Indians to consent to the expenditure of the $3,000, appropriated for building the irrigating ditch, and I wrote fully to the Commissioner that their objection was to the removal at all, not to the ditch, for even they knew, ignorant as they were, that if the removal was to be made, it was for the purpose of having farming land, and in this case, the water supply of the ditch would follow as a matter of course, and as much so as a well for getting drinking water.

Further, these Indians are divided into two parties, Douglas, the
chief of all, and Jack, an aspirant to his place, so that if one side consents to any measure the other side is sure to oppose; therefore, to get the consent of the whole to any measure, particularly a government one, was entirely out of the question, and to propose a government measure is to press the government between them, so that to ask that they shall agree upon a policy or measure is just as absurd as to ask that the Democrats and Republicans shall in like manner agree, for government is run, when it runs at all, by the party in power, and cannot be blocked by the party out of power. Apparently, in response to such a statement of the case, the Commissioner sent me $1,000 for the construction of the irrigating ditch.

By this I was encouraged, for I supposed, of course, the Commissioner waived the obtaining of the Indians' consent, since the agency was to be moved whether or no, and water must be had, and accordingly I told Douglas and other leaders that the Commissioner would get a "heap mad, by and by," and they had better not object to moving to Powell Valley. Then they surrendered and agreed we might move. Upon this, I made agreement with Mr. Lithgow, on Bear River, to execute the first 2,000 feet on the line of the ditch, through a cottonwood forest, and requiring the most reeulete work to grub out the big trees and clean out a perfect jungle of willow thicket, and he came on with teams and went ahead.

About this time Curtis came to the agency, having been employed by the Ute commissioners at Los Pinos, and seeing the state of affairs, he proposed to employ a band of Indians to dig the remainder of the ditch. Of course I agreed to this at once, for it would follow that if they should work themselves, their "consent" to the expenditure of the $3,000 was obtained, and as much so as when a man marries a woman, they consent. But we had no small job before us, for, when Douglas and his band proposed to work, Jack and his party opposed, and Douglas drew off; and so two or three weeks were spent. Jack's position was this, that Indians ought not to work, that it was the white man's business, and that they should dig the ditch. In this dilemma I sent for Jack's right-hand man, Somesick, and told him that this opposition to the rest of the Indians working must stop or I would write to the Commissioner and tell him about him. Upon this Somesick said they might go to work, and Jack coming around, he agreed also. Thereupon Douglas and his band went to work under Curtis, who is an old hand at digging ditches, the contract being this, that Curtis was to have 25 cents a yard and the Indians $15 a month and double rations. Curtis made a machine by which there was a vast saving of labor, when the cut is only a foot or so, and he ate, and slept, and lived with the Indians, and worked early and late. Twenty-five Indians were at work fully a month when freezing weather came and stopped all operations for this year, and they worked in a most faithful manner. They completed over 1,000 feet, most of the way about a foot deep, and the remainder from three to five feet deep, and I venture to say that the same number of average white men would not have done better. The Indians' work came to $303, which was paid them in cash, and Curtis to about $200, from which should be deducted $20 or $30 which we paid for dried fruit and other things in his own money. I think the Indians were fully paid and Curtis did not have too much; indeed, I feel as if I could have been willing to pay him $100 out of my own little salary to secure such a great success. The ditch, so far finished, will water at least 1,000 acres, all we shall want in two years. The result of all this is that as many Indians want to go to farming next year, and to have farm implements and houses as I can possibly provide for; in fact, while working on the ditch all the tools that could be got together were in use, and more would have worked if I had tools. I am absolutely embarrassed by their needs, for they want wagons and plows, and harness,
and corrals, and seed of all kinds, so that it seems to me there is no kind of question but what they will work, and be glad to, for they believe they will have something and be better off. It is true these workers belong to a party, and fortunately to the "administration," and they take pride in being conquerors, and particularly so because they are on the side of the government, but I have no doubt but the other side will, in a year or so, come over, and then some other subject will be found to quarrel about.

Fortunately, the work begun and laid out in the new location is in the right direction, and when things come together agreeably to the original plan, they will fit without confusion or loss, though minor things must be expected always, so that we seem to have no obstacles except such as present themselves to daily work and duties, and are inherent in the nature of things. If the department will sustain me, as they seem willing to do, I think I shall get along well.

Naturally I cannot but imagine what would be the result if I should retire and Army rule should come in. I think of a West Point officer taking charge of these Indians. He has a good knowledge of mathematics and general accounts; he has read some history and many novels; he is a judge of good wine, or thinks he is, and he is honorable, honest, and what is called a perfect gentleman. But he has a few deficiencies; he knows nothing of farming, and, like all the rest of the Army, he has a profound conviction that this great interior is wholly unfitted for growing crops, for wherever he has been located in Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Colorado, or New Mexico, none of the officers or men have ever raised their vegetables. He says it cannot be done; he has no knowledge of the primary wants of families, as they progress from one state to another,—no idea of what is needed in the household to lessen women's labor, to command the obedience of children. He has not the remotest notion of the township or neighborhood organization by which schools, roads, and fences are established or regulated; and finally, he knows little or nothing of what constitutes a day's work at rural industry,—how much a man should do, or how he should do it; nothing as to how much seed is sown or an acre of any kind of grain, nor when it is to be sown or reaped; nothing of hot-beds nor of small-fruit culture, and simply because such things are not in his line; nor does he pretend that they are. Possibly there may be some subordinate or private who understands such matters, or thinks or says he does; but if such is the case, he will not be likely to have enlisted, because, with such qualities as would enable him to direct the Indians, undoubtedly the most difficult job a man can undertake, he would find it far more profitable to work on his own account.

I think it is true that at every military post is a sutler's store, and that there liquor is sold. I think it is true that more than half of all soldiers drink when they can, and true because they have enlisted from a class that drink, so that the proposition to turn the Indians over to the Army amounts to this: That men who do not practice industry, or who have avoided it, are expected to make others love it; that temperate, unchaste, and dissolute men are to inculcate temperance, chastity, and morality to those who are like themselves; that they are to learn others to make homes and to establish the domestic hearth, when they have none of their own, and to educate families in economy, cleanliness, household arts and household industries, while they have no families and no households; nor could they have had in the uncertainty as to their abiding places. In short, it seems required that the soldiers shall exercise all the qualities of experts in whatever relates to the civilized and social state, except in the solitary branch which they understand; as if, when one wants his watch repaired, he will go to a shoe-maker, or
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ed and social state, except in the solitary branch which they understand;
as if, when one wants his watch repaired, he will go to a shoe-maker, or
his piano tuned, he will go to a lawyer. There is not a single factory
non-business-establishment in the land which can run for a single week
unless with operatives who understand their work; and no business man
who understands his own interest, but will instantly discharge an employee
who gets drunk, because he knows that such a man is a damage to him
every hour.

Another thing I think of when I consider this subject, which is,
the Indians fear soldiers and are prejudiced against them more than one
can be told, and I judge, so far as I can learn, that they are afraid
their women will be led astray. Even if the soldiers were every way
competent to civilize the Indians I think this prejudice will stand in
the way for years, and if the plan so proposed shall be carried out I
certainly expect outbreaks on the part of the Indians—even among these
peaceable Utes—while I am certain there could be no progress in farming
or education.

Now, note, I am only speaking from my knowledge and experience,
labor and success with the White River Indians, and I say it would
be a cruel and unwise thing to bring soldiers here and break up what
seems so happily begun. Of the wild Indians of the Upper Missouri I
have nothing to say, except that whenever a tribe of Indians anywhere
cannot by some means or another be brought into subjection I think the
taste of military rule for a few years would do them good, and I
think all the Indian tribes had better be making up their minds pretty
quick whether they are going to work or whether they propose to continue
to be paupers. When I get round to it in a year or so, if I stay as long,
I shall propose to cut every Indian down to bare starvation point if he
will not work. The "getting around to it" means to have plenty of tilled
ground, plenty of work to do, and to have labor organized, so that
whoever will shall be able to earn his bread.

N. C. MEEKER.

HON. H. M. TELLER, U.S.S.,
Washington, D.C.

P.S.—To answer more specifically as to what I want for the Utes, I
have to say that the Commissioner granted $8,000 last summer for quite a
number of objects, and I am enabled to buy what I want, or if I ask for
things not provided for I most always get them. I am about to order
some two dozen one-horse plows and harness, since a great many Indians
want to go to work. But there are a good many things they want or will
just as soon as they get in houses, such as chairs, crockery, looking-
glasses, and, in particular, stoves, of which we shall want a dozen
next season, but I don't know as they can be had. Quite a number want
wagons also. I have proposed to the Commissioner that I be authorized
to take horses for wagons and stoves, and talked with the Indians about
swapping for such things, but they don't like the idea very well. It
seems to me it would be a good plan to fit up two or three Indian
families, the most deserving, with such things in order that the rest
may see how such things go. I have been ordered to establish a police
force among the Indians but I don't see how I can when so few stay in
one place, being here to-day and gone to-morrow, and I see no hope till
I can get families into houses, and stay in them. I have a pretty
poor opinion of log-houses because they never can be made to look
anyhow and they are as cold as barns, freezing through and through,
so there is not much to choose between them and the wick-i-ups. Besides,
they are costly to build, the logs being crooked and heavy. I can
build adobe houses full as cheap, and putting on a rough outside coat of
lime mortar, by driving in six-penny nails to clinch and make perfectly
neat houses, and which will be warm in winter and cool in summer, for
I know how to do it. The Indians will make such brick, but they cannot
nor do heavy work; it is out of the question. The most hopeful thing is that there are several families complaining bitterly of cold, and they want houses. I shall build one log-house right away for one who has three cows and two wives.

N.C.M.

White River Agency, Colorado.
January 6, 1879.

Sir: It is reported to me that the relations between some of our Indians and certain white men on Snake River, at and around Perkins's store, are disgraceful, and so leading to great demoralization. For I am told that there are several Indian women who sleep at night with white men; that one of the Indian men is a procurer, getting what may be called a "commission" in this business; and that one of the Indian women is already in the family way. I sent a messenger sometime ago, to have the Indians return to their reservation, but they failed to do so, while others have gone north of the railroad hunting, though I requested the commandant at Fort Steele to arrest them; in short, though I have abundant supplies, fully half are off the reservation.

I know that as there is no store here, nor can be any so long as the sale of ammunition is forbidden here and allowed on Snake or Bear Rivers, the Indians, in apparent necessity, will go thither to trade; but, inasmuch as these storekeepers are subject to no kind of regulation, the inducements are increased to keep the Indians away from home, and thus are they made more and more unfitted to enter upon steps toward civilization.

What is to be done further on my part I do not know; but it seems to me that Mr. Wilcox, the United States marshal at Denver, would be the proper authority to regulate these stores, not only in regard to the selling of ammunition, but also in regard to purchasing of the Indians various kinds of annuity goods, of which I am told abundant proof can be found in the goods offered for sale and lying on the shelves.

Respectfully yours,

N. C. MECKER,

HON. E. A. HAYT, Indian Agent.
Commissioner Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
White River Agency, Colorado
January 6, 1879.
Sir: In this monthly report, and it may be considered quarterly also, I have to say that the employees have been divided into three groups; two men having been steadily engaged in the pinery twenty miles above this agency, two men are detailed at the agency, to attend to the necessary work and business of weekly issue, and in addition is the teacher and physician, while six men are most of the time at Powell Valley, the new agency location. They occupy a good-sized, comfortable log-house they have built for cooking and sleeping quarters; and a blacksmith shop of logs, hauled from this place, has been erected and put into as comfortable and effective condition as possible. Another house has also been removed, intended for my own use, but stormy and bad weather has prevented completion. The butchering of the cattle is now done in that valley, saving the Indians and employees a long weekly journey, and I know of no reason why butchering should not always be done there, though a corral will be required.

Once a week a team comes up to the agency, bringing a load of coal and taking back lumber or some articles needing to be moved. We are now burning coal, except in one fire-place, causing a great saving of time and labor in chopping wood, and adding greatly to the comfort of the house.

A house is in the process of erection in Powell Valley, for an Indian, named Johnson, who has two wives, and who is so civilized as to want many things. This house is located with a view to making an addition, and upon a street to be devoted to other Indian houses, each with proper allotments of land.

All the houses are located so as to be permanent, and with the intention to have shingle roofs, boarded sides, and plastered walls—that is, it has been the object all along, in doing any work of this or of any kind, to have it part of a complete whole, and to avoid expenditures for temporary purposes.

The teacher has now three pupils, two boys and one girl, who are cared for as much as if they were her own children; cooking, washing, mending and the making of their clothes being all done for them. The girl in particular is clothed well; perhaps this seems so because she takes most care of herself, and the general style and cut of her garment is similar to that of a girl of a good family living in a city. A great change has taken place in these children; they are learning to read, write, and reckon with fair success, and their manners at the table are decidedly good, while they are rapidly learning English, though they speak it with diffidence, especially before their kind and strangers. On Christmas eve their stockings were hung up, and in them, next morning, were found the well-known assortment of gifts; and now, neatly dressed and well behaved, the contrast is marked from the day when they came without a shirt.

Little can be said in regard to the health of the Indians, because the great body of them, in fact all but four families, are either in Powell Valley or off their reservation on Bear and Snake Rivers, but I hear of no deaths. The number of cases treated has consequently been small.

The two employees engaged at the lumber camp will, by the close of this week, have cut about 400 pine logs, from 20 inches to 3 feet in diameter. This will make, when sawed, about 80,000 feet first-class lumber, and if we succeed in making a successful drive to Powell, next June, we shall have accomplished much. The location of this pinery is
elevated; the snow is on the side hills, where they are chopping, knee-deep, and though snow falls almost every day the mercury has been but once 2° below zero. That is an almost unknown region, and it was a surprise to learn from those employees that, only a few miles beyond where they are working, they found vast forests of pine easily accessible. The mercury here, at the agency, is often 10° below zero; in Powell Valley, seldom below. The snow here is about one foot deep.

The cattle belonging to this agency are almost wholly on the ranges below, 300 being in Powell Valley, and they are all doing well. The beef killed is fat, and from 4 to 5 head a week are slaughtered. I wish to say here, in particular, that if, at any time, you should desire to make a special investment with the funds belonging to these Utes, that none can be sounder than to purchase a car-load of bulls and heifers, each of good short-horn blood to keep up the grade, and to increase it, for at present, as is inevitable, it is degenerating—since the predominating blood is Texan.

Respectfully,
N. C. MEEKER,
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
White River Agency, Colorado
February 3, 1879.

Sir: The last month has been snowy, and most work was performed with difficulty. Only two male employees are at the agency; the rest, eight, are in Powell Valley. Something is done, when the weather permits, towards increasing dwelling accommodations. The principal work is directed to getting out fencing materials. The line of fence is to be over three miles long, and it will inclose about 400 acres; which, of course, is more than we can plow this year, but it was seen to be more economical to inclose this plat at once instead of adding to the fence hereafter. As we have only enough wire for one string, we shall put on one heavy pole, and another string of wire can be put on hereafter. The posts are of cedar, to be set 8 feet apart, and I think such a fence will protect the crops next season, as there are neither sheep nor hogs on the range.

The blacksmith shop, having been removed to Powell, is in good condition, and considerable repairing of Indian guns is done.

The snow-fall is unusually heavy this year, and the cattle are so widely scattered that quite a force of men is required to drive them in for butchering. The only feed above the snow is "rye grass," in bottoms and remote gulches. The number of steers fit to kill is rapidly diminishing, and I have cut down the number required to supply weekly rations about two head, and there is not much grumbling. There is no lack of other supplies.

Only four families are at the agency; all the rest are at "Posell." A great many are sick with epidemic colds, some severely, and one has died. There has been more sickness the last month than in six or nine months previous. The white people suffer some, but not much.

The teacher has three pupils who are under care night and day, everything being provided for them the same as if for her own children. They are orderly, obedient, and they make fair progress in learning, manners, &c. The example will undoubtedly result in such an increase of numbers as can be cared for when spring opens and a removal has been made below.

As previously reported quite a number of Indians expect to go to farming next season, and from the present outlook there will be more than can be provided with houses and implements, and especially with broken and inclosed ground. I have asked for many things needed to this end, and I expect a favorable response soon. Perhaps I shall do well if only liberal garden-patches be put in cultivation, with fair breadths of potatoes, by these Indians.

One Indian, named Johnson, has requested us to break a pair of his horses, as he wants to do teaming, and he wants harness and a wagon. The horses are under training, and I shall lend him wagon and harness.

I have a full supply of seeds of grain and vegetables, and such garden plants as require a long season will be started early, in order that after frosty nights are gone plants of a good size may be set in the open ground, and of such I intend there shall be as full supplies as the Indians may need. They would not be likely to make much progress in sowing small seeds, which when up require a practiced hand and eye. I think I can promise you that we shall raise a great abundance of all kinds of vegetables, which will diminish the demand for both groceries and meat.

The adverse party of Indians are still off the reservation, as I have previously reported. Douglas, the chief, and all his band are
here, and in a teachable and good-humored state of mind.

Respectfully yours,

N. C. MEEKER

HON. E. A. HAYT
Indian Agent.
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.

White River Agency, Colorado
March 24, 1879

Sir: Jack, the chief of the absentee Utes, numbering perhaps 75 lodges, came in from Bear River a few days ago, having been gone six months, and he proposed to me to go to farming a little less than half way between this and Powell, and have a town of their own in opposition to Douglas in Powell Valley. The location is pretty fair, and as the two factions cannot possibly live together, I agreed to it at once and offered every facility for their going to work. Whether they will do enough to raise a crop this year, as it is now late and fencing must be done, is doubtful, but Jack goes back to his camp today to talk with his retainers. For the present a ditch of quite limited capacity can be taken out, sufficient for, say 40 acres, enough for a start.

I think this measure will be carried out, and when it shall be all the disaffected will be consolidated under two industrial leaders, when the vexed problem of getting them all to work will be on the way to favorable solution.

Respectfully,

N. C. MEEKER.
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.

White River Agency, Colorado
April 28, 1879

Sir: Yours of the 12th instant, "C. Colo. C., 10, 79", inclosing affidavit in regard to loss of property of Mrs. N. J. Elliot by the Utes is received, and I note that you direct me to take "the action required by department rules upon this claim and report proceedings thereon as early as practicable". Now, in looking over what documents I possess, I find no directions, and nothing whatever like "department rules", and therefore I know not how to proceed. Please forward the same that I may proceed. That the Utes killed Mrs. Elliot's husband is well known. That they took away some horses they confessed in council here when some settlers' horses were recovered.

Respectfully yours,

N. C. MEEKER
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
White River Agency, Colorado.
March 3, 1879.

Sir: The first part of the last month was stormy and cold, and with deep snow covering the whole country. During the latter part warmer weather prevailed; snow disappeared from most of the valleys, frost came out of the ground, and the roads settled; upon which our wheat was sown on ground plowed last fall, to the extent of our seed, viz, 21 acres, and well harrowed in; a snow of six inches falling immediately after will insure rapid germination. Meanwhile all the available force was engaged in digging post-holes, the previous part of the month having been devoted to cutting and hauling posts and poles. In this work of digging the services of five Indians have been secured, and I expect five more in addition hereafter. In connection, one of the Indian women boards them in an Indian boarding-house, she being also an employee, a condition necessary to establish, since with their ordinary irregular way of living they would not be able to do much work. Extra rations are furnished, and also dried fruit belonging to the school. Owing to difficulties and distractions presently to be narrated, I am obliged to limit the ground to be inclosed to 80 acres, and perhaps 20 or 40 more if the Indians will continue to work, but I think they will keep on, and so far they are faithful workers. They are for the most part young men, having few or no horses; the older and more wealthy disdain to work. Perhaps, after a time, they too will come to a different frame of mind. I am supported all the time by the head chief, Douglas, but his influence does not extend among the retainers of the chiefs who form the opposition faction.

The practice of these Indians in keeping and holding horses on an extensive scale is not only discouraging to farm industry, but is working most serious inconvenience, if not loss, to the cattle interest. I estimate that these bands of Utes must have 4,000 horses, and that at least 2,000 are in Powell Valley, the new agency location, or vicinity; for, although fully half the Indians are on Snake or Bear Rivers, they have many of their horses here, cared for by their friends. In addition, the Southern Utes coming to White River brought perhaps 500 horses. Now, during all winter, these horses have occupied Powell Valley, and the narrow valleys above and below, for at least eight miles—exclusively monopolizing the range that hitherto has been used by our cattle—since there is fair feed in the brush and timber along the river. When the snow began to disappear the horses would be taken out from the river, and they covered all the sunny slopes and gulches, and now, at this writing, they occupy all the range within half a day’s ride, except where they have eaten it out.

As an inevitable consequence the cattle are forced back into the hills and mountains. Last fall I had several hundred head of cattle driven down to the valley, so as to be within reach of butchering, but, in less than a week, they were forced out to the north by the horses; and when we get cattle for butchering we go to a bunch among cedar hills, ten miles northeast, where there are no horses, as water is scarce, while the cattle eat snow.

The circumference of the cattle range is thus made of such great extent, and much of it extremely difficult of access, by reason of mountains and snows, that it is with great difficulty we now find suitable cattle for butchering. Beside the uncommonly large area covered with snow this winter has caused the cattle to scatter badly, since they seek small open places here and there, so that by the horses occupying all the warm, favorable ground, the cattle are forced to seek their living where they can find it.
So far, only one or two dead ones are reported, drowned in crossing the river. Two employees and several Indians have been out over the ranges for three weeks, more on the extreme frontiers than nearer by, and one party has gone a long distance down the river, toward Utah, and thence to cross northward, to bring in all scattered lots, and to see if cattle thieves are taking advantage of this condition of affairs.

The fact is, a conflict exists between the horses and cattle for the possession of the best part of the range. Similar conflicts have existed in all pastoral countries, from the days of Lot and Abraham, and one or the other must give way. For the increase of the horses is now not less than 500 a year; that of the cattle about the same; and it must be manifest to you, that it is utterly impossible for both to occupy the same range. Even if there were grass the cattle could not stay, because the Indians diligently herd their horses, and gather them together to water them at least twice each day, riding at full speed, which frightens the cattle, since, by similar performances, they are rounded up for butchering, and they seek other pastures far away.

This condition has not hitherto existed, because the Indians have not wintered here for two years in like numbers; and then their horses were few in comparison. And now I have to say that, if the Indians are to be under no restraint nor regulations in regard to occupancy of range and increase of their horses, it will be impossible to hold the cattle on any of these ranges; in fact, I do not see how, in a year or so, beef can be furnished the Indians at all; because if we move to a remote range, the Indians would follow to get the beef, and, wherever they go, they take their horses.

The only practical plan is, to have a considerable region fenced, in which to hold cattle for butchering, while the main herd is kept at a distance. A suitable inclosure would cost about $1,500. On the range two or three herdsmen would be required, and perhaps more, because cattle are gradually filling up the whole country, immense herds being already on the north and west of us, and more coming in, even from so far a region as Oregon; and wherever there are many cattle there are thieves, who make it their business to run off and butcher small lots, as opportunity offers.

I have been talking to the Indians ever since I arrived, nearly a year, about their horses, telling them they must not keep so many, but it has no kind of effect. The Indian is wealthy, and he has standing precisely as he owns horses. When a wife dies from two to five horses will be shot and six to ten dogs, but none are ever or seldom sold, and the only real use to which they are put, aside from riding purposes, is to run races. Horse-racing, and consequently gambling, is the main pursuit for nine months in the year, and the Indian who has not a horse to run is nobody.

Late in January a Ute named Johnson, always friendly with the agent, always wanting to be civilized and to have things, requested us to break a pair of horses for him, wanted a wagon, wanted to farm, and he must have a team to work. Accordingly, the men spent a good deal of time in breaking the horses, he riding around and soon learning to drive, and of course we kept the horses on hay, so that they would be in a condition to work. Last week I discovered that he was in the habit of racing these horses in the afternoon, and it was evident that his object had been to get them in good heart so that he could beat his brethren of the turf, and I told him to take away his horses. However, I agreed he might have hay if he would haul it with his team from the old agency, but he refused. Thus the most serious pursuit of these Indians is horse-breeding and racing, and only the young men who have no horses will work. The conclusion is that this "horse business" is not only a
powerful obstacle to progress, but is a great damage to the cattle interest. It seems to me that they would rather give up the cattle than their horses.

The great bulk of the cattle are up Clear Creek Valley 10 to 12 miles, where rye grass is plentiful and standing above the snow, and where are sunny slopes; off toward the Grand many calves have come already.

The health of the Indians has improved since warmer weather came, and only two deaths have occurred during the month. The health of the employees has been unusually good.

Respectfully,

N. C. MEEKER,
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.

White River Agency, Colorado,
March 17, 1879.

Sir: I am informed that some thirty White River Utes are about to start for the north, having heard of the fighting in the Upper Missouri country. Their object probably is to supply ammunition to the hostiles, and they get full supplies at the stores on the Snake and Bear Rivers. These belong to the adverse faction, who will not work, and have no fixed homes nor interest, they can start off at any time. I have sent this information to the commandant at Fort Steele, and I have repeatedly reported to you of the sale of ammunition at these stores, and also reported the same to the commandant at Fort Steele.

Note.—Something like a dozen Indians are honestly at work in building and preparing land to plant, and I am doing all that possibly can be done to expedite such interests, which, on new land, does not show rapidly; but we are making good progress. By another year, I hope the fruits of industry will be such as to keep all the Indians on the reservation.

Respectfully,

N. C. MEEKER,
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
Sir: The working force at this agency has been reduced during April by four men, who, as previously reported, have gone into business on their own account or returned to their farms. Three men are on their way hither to fill their vacancies. As a consequence, general spring work, and particularly preparing the ground for crops, has been delayed, and I find it impossible to perform all I had intended. A good deal of the work performed is in the nature of "improvements" available for years to come, such as the building or completion of an extent of two miles of fence and the construction of an irrigating lateral a mile and a half long, from the main canal down to the new agency location, which is five feet wide on the bottom and as straight as a line can be run, showing how favorable the ground lies for irrigation. This lateral will water about 300 acres of land, as much as we can put in cultivation in a year or so, the area this year being 80 to 100 acres. Other kinds of work, but mostly in the nature of improvements—that is, of getting ready—a crew almost every day, as of necessity they must, where everything was recently new, and all things needful were to be provided. The Indians have required a great deal of time, and work is constantly broken off to superintend or assist them, so that continued order was out of the question. At the same time from 10 to 15 Indians have been quite regularly at work, and they have been of great help in forwarding common undertakings; still they are uncertain, for generally about once in ten days something is the matter, all stop, but after a little they become reconciled and go to work; but these strikes are less and less frequent.

Several hours each day are devoted to dairy matters. Several of the Indian families early in the spring begged milk, which was refused, but they were told they could have cows of their own if they would milk. They said they would have cows, so cows were driven into the corral, with their calves, from the herd, and being wild, it was necessary to lariat them and haul them into a chute with a windlass, where, being tied to prevent kicking, they were milked—all of which requires courage, skill, and patience on the part of the employees detailed, and frequently they are badly bruised in the encounters with these fierce animals. The Indian women quickly learned to milk, and their men are also learning to break the cows. We have now seven Indian families which get milk this way, and several come as far as a mile and a half. But the Indians are having corrals built for themselves, and, as fortunately we cannot assist them much, they do their own work. One man on his motion cut poles and posts, and, being furnished with a wagon, he drew them, and then he did the rest of the work. There are now at least a dozen Indian families which want to be accommodated in like manner.

We are now about to plant the Indians' allotment of corn and vegetables, and a great embarrassment arises from the fact that the demand is greater than the supply of prepared land; hence I am forced to limit the areas of each, and lead them to hope for more next year. I surrended to them 20 acres I had expected to plant to corn for the agency mules, since land broken this spring cannot be cultivated by Indians, owing to the roads and the great difficulty in getting water over it. Even in skillful hands the yield will be unsatisfactory.

A great obstacle is constantly presented in the idea the Indians have that white men can do anything, and at any time, for they have no idea of the amount of labor and time required to overcome natural obstacles on new land, and they grow impatient and wonder why more is not done. For instance, they want cabins; want to plant corn now; want me to "hurry up, hurry up," everything must be done at once, to-day, and they see no
prospect of the "good time coming" they have heard so much about. There is no help for this, because they have no experience as a base on which explanation can rest, and they only persevere because they have faith, and hope that something will come at last. I think it is a good help to get them tied to cows, and the next thing is to get them tied to personal allotments of land, cabins, and a lot of "trumpery".

The adverse party of Indians with Jack have come, and they propose to go to farming 10 miles from Powell Valley, but it is too late to do more than make a small commencement this year.

The river is now becoming impassable, and our butchering will be done, during high water, 12 miles from Powell, where all the operations herein mentioned are performed. The cattle are doing well. There are many calves, and the grass is good. The great crowd of Indian horses—perhaps 3,000—keeps the cattle on remote ranges.

The health of the Indians is good. Supplies are in abundance; but there is an entire lack of vegetables.

The school is in the same condition as previously reported—not satisfactory. This is now largely owing to deficiency in proper buildings and the residence of the Indians being in Powell, 18 miles away. It is hoped that during the present month the agent's family and the school will be moved, when organization can be effected.

Rations for the week are issued still at the old location; but no kind of industry is carried on here.

Respectfully, yours,
N. C. MEEKER,
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.
White River Agency, Colorado.
May 12, 1879.

Sir: Having notified the various trading establishments, dealing with my Utes, agreeably to your order, in Circular No. 29, March 27, 1879. I have received a response from Charles Perkins, a copy of which I make herewith:

Dixon, Wyoming
May 6, 1879.

N. C. MEeker,
Indian Agent, White River, Colo.:

Dear Sir: Yours of April 28, informing me of unlawfulness of Indian goods, received; will say that other parties beside myself have been trading with them; in fact, most every one that is in this country have been trading for their supplies, more or less. If you have the authority to stop me in buying their goods when they are off their reservation, I think it would be no more than right to inform all the other parties of such order, and have it also published in the leading newspapers. I have not been aware that an Indian agent had authority outside the reservation, but I take notice of your letter and will try and post myself accordingly. I do not want to break the law, but at the same time the order, such as you say, "should" be so enforced on all persons as well as myself.

Yours, respectfully,
Chas. E. Perkins.

This letter shows the condition of affairs at stores 25, Taylor, Leghler, and Peck, 65 and 110 (Perkins'), miles distant; and I await your directions and orders. I think newspaper notice should be given in Carbon County News, Wyoming, and Denver Tribune and Central Register, Colorado.

Respectfully,
N. C. MEeker,
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.

White River Agency, Colorado.
July 7, 1879.

Sir: Having received authentic information that my Indians are committing trespass on Snake and Bear Rivers, and in Middle Park, burning timber and wantonly destroying game, I have sent an employee, Harry Dresser, and Douglas, the chief, thither, to cause them to return to their reservation. A large band is in North Park, threatening ranchmen and miners, and I have requested the commandant at Fort Steele to cause these to return to the reservation.

Respectfully,
N. C. MEeker,
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
White River Agency, Colorado.
June 1, 1879.

Sir: The work of the past month has been devoted, first, to putting in crops, largely by the Indians for their own use, and of these Indians about fourteen have six acres of potatoes; on bottom land, they cleared off brush; and about as many have gardens within the upland field enclosure. A great many obstacles have been presented in the soddy nature of the ground, making the surface uneven, and requiring a great amount of labor, and besides the Indians were so ignorant, and yet so self-conceited, that I had great trouble in having seed properly planted, nor did I wholly succeed. However, they showed so much good will and worked so faithfully, that there was much compensation. In addition I have planted about 10 acres in corn, for feed for the mules, but at the best it can be only "sod corn," yielding no more than half a crop. Considering the difficulties that always are presented on new land, I think I have done as well in farming operations as could possibly be expected.

Second. We have been moving, and we are moving some of the log-houses, to the new location, and I expect during this week to have the office there. All this work brings much inconvenience, but we shall soon be in possession to commence establishing needed arrangements.

The Indians are usually well. At present the greater part are off on their summer hunt, and but few beside these engaged in farming remain.

The school remains unchanged. During this month I expect to have the school building erected in Powell Valley; then undoubtedly there will be an increase of pupils. I feel that this is among the most important of all our endeavors, and I hope to lay the foundation for wide usefulness.

Our irrigating canal works admirably, and all the details are complete. It is but rare that a work of this kind, carrying so much water, is effected in all its parts the first season.

The grass on the range is now excellent and the herd of cattle is in a thriving condition.

Respectfully,

N. C. MEeker,
Indian Agent.

Hon. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
Sir: I have received complaint from Governor Pitkin, Denver, to the effect that the Utes of this agency are in North Park warring the settlers to leave, and threatening death if they do not obey. I shall have Douglas send into North Park to recall those of his own band, at least, numbering about 40 lodges; the rest are under nobody’s control except themselves. Jack, the other principal chief besides Douglas, is here farming; so is Douglas, but the great body are broken into small bands, subject to no authority. Some who have gone thither, and were well-disposed, asked me for authority to go, but I refused, and they finally went off. There are here this summer only from 30 to 40 lodges.

You are witness that I have repeatedly reported to you of the absence of the Indians from their reservation, being generally on Snake and Bear Rivers; and I have, agreeably to your directions, often requested the military at Fort Steele, through the commandant, to clear those valleys, but no attention was paid, and no answers given. North Park is the best hunting ground in America, but it is too elevated for general farming. Recently gold discoveries have been made; a great many miners have gone in, and the Indians wish to occupy the ground. A collision is by no means improbable.

No sort of necessity exists for the Indians being away, only they prefer their wild life, and until restrained by military force, either of the Army or of the militia, things will go on as hitherto.

Respectfully,

N. C. MECKER,
Indian Agent.

HON. E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
EXCERPTS

UTE INDIANS IN COLORADO

WHITE RIVER AGENCY,
COLORADO.
July 1st, 1879.

Sir: Jack, a principal Ute Chief, wishes to inform you that
Rainbow (Sarap) died this instant, after long illness. Rainbow was
a chief of such importance and influence that formerly he visited
Washington among the Ute delegation, and he received a silver medal
from President Johnson, and his photograph is now in Washington.
Of that delegation where remain Jack and Pant. Rainbow was a friend
of the whites, and never engaged in war against them, and always
loved peace and to share lands. Lowick, another chief, and uncle
of Rainbow, joins with Jack in his letter.

Respectfully,

N.C. MECKER
Indian Agent

P.S.— Jack wishes to add that when Rainbow was buried he had all
the honors of a chief and of a rich man, for interred with him
were good clothes, suit, blanket, etc., rifle, tied together,
and at the same time a good race horse was killed, and two other
good horses.— N.C.M.

Monthly Report

WHITE RIVER AGENCY, Colo.
July 7th, 1879.

Sir: During this month the office of this agency has been moved
to the new location in Powell Valley, along with two log houses
and considerable portion of supplies and material. A regular
boarding house relieves the employés from the necessity for cook-
ing for themselves, and thus we are now being placed in a position
by which work is more promptly and profitably performed.

Another collection of several bands, acknowledging no chief,
is in North Park, threatening the miners and ranchers. Whether the
commandant at Fort Steele will pay any attention to my request to
drive them out of the park is doubtful, as hitherto none has paid
no regard to my requests.
Sir: Jack, a principal Ute Chief, wishes to inform you that Rainiow (Sarape) died last night, after long illness. Rainiow was a chief of such importance and influence that formerly he visited Washington among the Ute delegation, and he received a silver medal from President Johnson, and his photograph is now in Washington. Of that delegation there remain Jack and Pant. Rainiow was a friend of the whites, and never engaged in war against them, and always loved peace and to make friends. Lomick, another chief, and uncle of Rainiow, joins with Jack in his letter.

Respectfully,

N.C. WEEPER

Commissioner of Indian Affairs,

Washington, D.C.

P.S. — Jack wishes to add that when Rainiow was buried he had all the honors of a chief and of a rich man, but after he was buried, we were good clothes, suit, blanket, etc., rifle, tied together, and at the same time a good race horse was killed, and two other good horses. — N.C.W.

EXCERPTS

UTE INDIANS IN COLORADO

WHITE RIVER AGENCY,
COLORADO.

July 11th, 1879

Sir: During this month the office of the agency was moved to the new location in Powell Valley, along with two log houses and considerable portion of supplies and material. A regular boarding house relieves the employees from the necessity of cooking for themselves, and thus we are now being placed in a position by which work is more promptly and profitably performed.

The season has been uncommonly dry, we have had but one shower for three months, and besides the weather has been cold, and many nights, some even into June frosty. As a consequence, the ten acres of potatoes have come up early.

Another consequence of the dry season is a low river, no rise beyond a few days having occurred, and therefore it was useless even to attempt to run pine logs that were cut last winter.

The Indians, to the number of eight or ten families, have gardens allowed in our common field, which have been planted to various vegetables and to sweet corn, and their prospects are fair.

Great and vexatious labor is required in getting fair and proper tillage on the sandy ground, and I commend their patience and their fidelity.
EXCERPTS

UTE INDIANS IN COLORADO

WHITE RIVER AGENCY,
COLORADO.
July 11th, 1879

Sir: Jack, a principal Ute Chief, wishes to inform you that Rainbow (Sarap) died at the instant, after long illness. Rainbow was a chief of such importance and influence that formerly he visited Washington among the Ute delegation, and he received a silver medal from President Johnson, and the photograph is now in Washington. Of that delegation there remain Jack and Pant. Rainbow was a friend of the whites, and never engaged in war against them, and always loved peace and to shake hands. Tomow, another chief, and uncle of Rainbow, joins with Jack in his letter.

Respectfully,

N. C. MERKER
Commissioneer of Indian Affairs.
Washington D.C.

P.S.---Jack wishes to add that when Rainbow was buried he had all the honors of a chief and of a rich man, for interred with him were good clothes, shirt, blanket, etc. rifle, tied together, and at the same time a good race horse was killed, and two other good horses.---N.C.M.

Monthly Report

WHITE RIVER AGENCY, Colo.
July 7th, 1879.

Sir: During this month the office of this agency has been moved to the new location in Powell Valley, along with two log houses and considerable portion of supplies and materials. A regular boarding house relieves the employees from the necessity for cooking for themselves, and thus we are now being placed in a position by which work is more promptly and profitably performed.

The season has been uncommonly dry. We have had but one shower for three months, and besides the weather has been cold, and many nights, some even into June frosty. As a consequence, the ten acres of potatoes have come up badly.

Another consequence of the dry season is a low river, no rise beyond a few days having occurred, and therefore it was useless even to attempt to run pine logs that were cut last winter.

The Indians, to the number of eight or ten families, have gardened allowance in our common field, which have been planted to various vegetables and to sweet corn, and their prospects are fair.

Great and vexatious labor is required in getting fair and proper tillage on the soddy ground, and I commend their patience and their fidelity.
To E.A. Hayt
Commissioner, Washington D.C.

September 10th, 1879

I have been assaulted by a leading chief, Johnson, forced out of my own house, and injured badly; but was rescued by employees. It is now revealed that Johnson originated all the trouble stated in letter September 8th. His son shot at the plowman, and the opposition to the plowing is wide. Plowing stops. Life of self, family, and employees not safe; want protection immediately; have asked Governor Pitkin to confer with General Pope.

N.C. MECKER
Indian Agent.

Office of Indian Affairs
Washington D.C. Sept. 15

To MECKER, White River Agency, via Rawlins, Wyo.

War department has been requested to send troops for your protection. On their arrival cause arrest of leaders in late disturbance, and have them held until further notice from this office. Report full particulars soon as possible.

E.J. BROOKS
Acting Commissioner

To E.A. Hayt
Commissioner, Washington D.C.

Sept. 29tn. 1879

Major Thornburg, Fourth Infantry, leaves his command 50 miles distant and comes today with five men. Indians propose to fight if troops advance. A talk will be had tomorrow. Captain Dodge, Ninth Infantry, and officers of my staff have charge to keep...

E.A. HAYT
Commissioner.
EXCERPTS

UTE INDIANS IN COLORADO.

WHITE RIVER AGENCY, Colo.
October 1st, 1879

To E. A. Hayt
Commissioner, Washington D.C.

Dispatches received today from Agent Meeker convey information of an expected outbreak by our Indians. A later dispatch from Rawlins reports that Major Thornburg's command was attacked by the Indians on Milk Creek, 18 miles north of Agency, and that the major and 13 soldiers were killed, and others experienced that Agent Meeker and his employees were massacred. These reports may be exaggerated.

W. O. Ball
Dec. 30th. 1879

Report #2

To E. A. Hayt
Commissioner, Washington D.C.

I have been assaulted by a leading chief, Johnson, forced out of my own house, and injured badly, but was rescued by employees. It is now revealed that Johnson originated all the trouble stated in letter September 16th. His son shot at the plowman, and the opposition to the plowing is wide. Plowing stops. Life of self, family, and employees not safe; want protection immediately; have asked Governor Pitkin to confer with General Pope.

W. O. Ball
Dec. 30th. 1879

To E. A. Hayt
Commissioner, Washington D.C.

Major Thornburg, Fourth Infantry, leaves his command 50 miles distant and comes today with five men. Indians propose to fight if troops advance. A talk will be had tomorrow. Captain Dodge, Ninth Cavalry, is at Steamboat Springs, with orders to break up Indian stores and keep Indians on reservation. Sales of ammunition and guns begin for ten days. Store nearest sent back 16,000 pounds and 13 guns. When Captain Dodge commences to enforce law, no living here without troops. Have sent for him to confer.

W. O. Ball
Dec. 30th. 1879

To E. A. Hayt
Commissioner, Washington D.C.

I have been assaulted by a leading chief, Johnson, forced out of my own house, and injured badly, but was rescued by employees. It is now revealed that Johnson originated all the trouble stated in letter September 16th. His son shot at the plowman, and the opposition to the plowing is wide. Plowing stops. Life of self, family, and employees not safe; want protection immediately; have asked Governor Pitkin to confer with General Pope.

E. J. Brooks
Acting Commissioner

To E. A. Hayt
Commissioner, Washington D.C.

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Commissioner, Washington D.C.

Office of Indian Affairs
Washington, D.C. Sept. 16 1879

To Meeker, White River Agency, via Rawlins, Wyo.

War department has been requested to send troops for your protection. On their arrival cause arrest of leaders in late disturbance, and serve them with until further notice from this office. Report full particulars soon as possible.

E. J. Brooks
Acting Commissioner

White River Agency, Colo
Sept 29th. 1879
Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report:

Then two pages of narrative:

Leaving my supply camp on Grand River on the 27th ultimo, for the White River Agency, in compliance with telegrams from head-quarters District of New Mexico, dated Sept. 15th and 16th, respectively, I had marched to and camped on a small stream emptying into the Bear River, ten or fifteen miles south of Steamboat Springs, by the 30th. I left camp as usual on the ist. instant, at 6:30 A.M. After marching about ten miles, a paper was found in the sage brush by the side of the road, on which was written the following: "Hurry up, the troops have been defeated at the Agency, and signed E.E.C. Order the 10th omen to keep closed up with the column. I pushed forward to Hayden, which I found deserted.

Later on in the narrative:

Singularly enough the Indians did not molest us in the least up to this time, and I can only account for it by supposing that they imagined a much stronger force coming in, and were unwilling to expose themselves. However, we were scarcely inside the trenches when they commenced a fusilade, which was kept up at intervals for the next three days. Of forty-two animals taken into the trenches with my company but four are left, and these are wounded. The command was corralled on a small plateau on the right bank of Mill Creek, and about a hundred yards from it, while some five hundred yards further back a mountain afforded the Indians ample protection.

General Merritt's command arrived on the morning of the 4th instant relieving us from an awkward position.

F.S. Dodge

Captain Ninth Cavalry, Commanding Co. D.

Department of the Missouri, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Telegram

Los Pinos, Colo

October 25th, 1879

Commissioner of Indian Affairs
Washington D.C.

The captives Mrs. and Miss Meeker, Mrs. Price and two children, arrived last night in charge of Major Sherman, agency clerk, and Mr. Cling, sleep at Ouray's house, and go east today. They are in good health considering their hardships endured. Have taken their statements in detail. No books or papers were saved. They brought away only the clothes they wore; their private funds amounting to $35.00 were taken. Adamo expected here tomorrow. Saltpeter could not save this country except for Ouray and as his counsel.
Gates Kersburg left Tuesday afternoon for Rifle with a swell tallyho and fours handled by that prince of jesus Ed Wolcott, for the purpose of meeting a select party of gentlemen who had previously made arrangements to enjoy a few weeks vacation in this out of the way place. It was nearly eight o'clock last evening when the rig returned to Meeker, and its occupants were none less than Hon. Theodore Roosevelt of Oyster Bay, New York; Dr. Gerald C. Webb and Phillip B. Stewart, both of Colorado Springs. They were at once taken to St. James rectory, where the Reverend H.A. Handel had an elegant spread awaiting them.

In deference to the vice-president elect's wishes it was pre-arranged that there would be no public demonstration, but there was a general desire to meet and shake hands with the distinguished gentleman. However, it was near midnight before the party proceeded to the Meeker Hotel, where rooms were reserved for them, and but few had the pleasure of an introduction.

The ostensible purpose of the governor in visiting this section at this time was simply to take a rest, he having retired from the office on Jan. 1st. and will assume another March 4th. While taking this rest, however, Mr. Roosevelt, wanting a little recreation, has chosen to hunt mountain lion for a pastime.

With John Goff as guide and general manager, the party left this morning about nine o'clock, all on horseback, for the Keystone Ranch in Coyote Basin, which for the present will be their headquarters.

That the famous "rough rider" will find plenty of sport in the next three weeks goes without the saying.

The manager of the Keystone Ranch has posted a notice in the Meeker Hotel office to the effect that no visitors will be welcome at that place during the stay of Colonel Roosevelt.

Rev. Handel, when asked to express his opinion of Roosevelt, said that, "he is the most wonderful man I ever met." The doctor (who was with the distinguished guest all evening) was about the only person who had a chance to form an opinion.

Wednesday's Denver Times insists the climate too severe in this vicinity for Roosevelt to enjoy his forthcoming lion hunt. Among a host of other mis-statements it says "the winter around Meeker has been mild up to the present storm, but it has started in for good now and the snow is piling up drifts of twenty and twenty-five feet deep, and is four and five feet on the level." Now wouldn't that jar you? The writer evidently thinks that every blizzard that strikes Denver reaches this country. At present there isn't a quarter of an inch of snow in the valley, while in the hills it may reach a few inches in depth, but not feet.
ROOSEVELT WITH US.

Five lions and four bobcats are said to be to the credit of the Roosevelt party for the first five days after leaving Meeker. Some rather sensational tales have been spread concerning some of the chases, and the suffering public will have to "sift the wheat from the chaff"—if they can. One fact is apparent: They are having lots of sport with the lion tribe.

FROM: The Meeker Herald—- Saturday Jan. 26th. 1901

Dr. Went and Mr. Stewart, who have been with Colonel Roosevelt for the past two weeks, came in from Coyote basin last evening, and this morning took the stage for Rifle, bound for Colorado Springs— their home. They report the slaying of four grown mountain lions and three whelps, and half a dozen bobcats by the party. Mr. Roosevelt will remain two or three weeks longer, but will not confine himself to the basin alone.

FROM: The Meeker Herald—- Saturday Feb. 2nd. 1901

Colonel Roosevelt changed his headquarters to lower White River this week. He is still being pestered with appealing telegrams for his presence at this or that blow-out, but none of them get any satisfaction.

The Steamboat Pilot says that Coyote Basin, where Governor Roosevelt has been hunting, is in Routt County, about forty miles north of Meeker. Wrong again, Charley. Coyote Basin is only twenty-five miles from here and is due northwest.

There may be people who will be disappointed because the Roosevelt party killed only five lions, three lion cubs, and seven lynxes. But the majority will agree that for the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century that is pretty good sport. The Roosevelt hunt is likely to add very materially to the reputation of the huntinggrounds of northwestern Colorado. There are likely to be more visitors to that part of the state than ever before, and our own people should be impressed with the importance of preserving what is really one of the greatest resources of that part of the state—its wild game. (Colorado Springs Gazette.)

Yesteray afternoon Mr. Roosevelt returned to Meeker after an extended outing in Coyote Basin and vicinity. Rev. Handel entertained him at supper at St. James rectory, and later took a room at the Meeker Hotel.

FROM: The Meeker Herald—- Saturday Feb. 23rd. 1901

Gates Kersburg returned Sunday afternoon from Rifle whether he had taken Gov. Roosevelt the day previous. A special train was awaiting the vice-president-elect to take him to Glenwood, and he insisted on Kersburg accompanying him that far. Gates can give you a full account of the manner in which the governor was received in the various places.
FROM: THE MECKER HERALD--- Saturday Jan. 19th, 1901

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FROM: The Meeker Herald--- Saturday Feb. 9th. 1901

It is said that Colonel Roosevelt will bring his hunting trip to a close next week. He will leave the Keystone Ranch the 16th., stop that night here, and next morning will leave for Rifle.

FROM: The Meeker Herald--- Saturday Feb. 16th. 1901

Twelve mountain lions are to the individual credit of Mr. Roosevelt during his recent outing in this country. Eight of these he killed with a rifle and four with a knife.

Gates Kersburg took out Vice-President-elect Roosevelt this morning with Bear’s right tally-ho, Charley Hart handling the ribbons. A goodly crowd was present in front of the Meeker Hotel to see the distinguished visitor depart, and three rousing cheers were given him.

It was just five weeks ago this morning that the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt left Meeker for Coyote Basin to lay aside for the nonce a ll business cares and tribulations and seek repose in the very heart of the Rockies. Incidentally it was the desire of the vice-president-elect to hunt mountain lion also, and with John Goff as guide, his desires have been fully realized. As a result of the expedition the lion tribe has been reduced seventeen, fourteen-old ones and three young; and a good many bob cats a species of the lynx, had their careers cut short. A detailed account of the colonels outing would make interesting reading, and doubtless will appear in due course of time.

In conversation with Governor Roosevelt last evening, he told the reporter that he wished the Herald would express his most sincere thanks to the citizens of this valley for the courteous manner in which he has been treated, and that their generous hospitality would always be kindly remembered by him. Mr. Roosevelt especially tends his thanks to Messrs. Wilson, Sabey and Collins, of the Keystone Ranch; Judge Foreman and the Mathes Brothers, with whom he stopped several days; Rev. H.A. Handel who entertained him so royally in Meeker; Gates Kersburg who brought him over from Rifle and returns him today; Senator Jefferson, for his many remarks in Colorado’s Senate Chamber; and last but not least, John Goff, the salt of the earth.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Roosevelt returned to Meeker after an extended outing in Coyote Basin and vicinity. Rev. Handel entertained him at supper at St. James rectory, and later took a room at the Meeker Hotel.

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Biography of: John William Hugus --- Founder.
  " " John Charles Davis --- Co-Partner
  " " A.C. Moulton---------- Manager

Specific information about the Meeker Store of J.W. HUGUS & Co. under title of "The Meeker Store".

The Meeker Store of J.W. Hugus & Co. was a link in a pioneering system of chain stores that numbered twelve. This system of stores was affiliated with a chain of seven auxiliary banks.

This combined system of stores and banks, carrying on in those days of undeveloped transportation, stands out as an important factor of no small dimension, in the development and progress of all of northwestern Colorado and southern Wyoming.

The stores in this chain were as follows:

Wamsutter
Meeker - Colorado
Steamboat Springs
Craig
Hayden
Palisade
Rifle
Clifton
Wolcott
Axial
Pagoda

The Wyoming Transportation Company was a system of overland transportation developed by J.W. HUGUS & Co. in the pioneering expansion of this system of stores and banks, and is an outstanding feature because it was a covered wagon system pulled by four, six, and sometimes eight teams of horses or mules. The usual number of wagons in a train was two or three.

In 1934 this once famous system is extinct and has been absorbed by other interests and modern day mergers. However there is a lasting impression among the old Pioneers themselves of the great good and the immeasurable aid that this system was to the people who came into this frontier country to make their homes and raise their families.
The Meeker store was established as an Indian trading post in 1879, with J.B. Adams in charge, being known as Hugus & Adams, Adams being succeeded by N. Major and the name changed to Hugus & Major, and so continued until 1889. September 1st, 1889, Mr. Major was bought out and the business taken over by the new firm of J.W. Hugus & Co., and A.C. Moulton, who at that time was manager of the grocery department of the Rawlins store, appointed manager. This store was the first of the branch stores. The old employees were retained, among them being L.B. Walbridge, afterward county clerk for several terms, and now of the firm of A. Oldland & Co., G.D. Thayer, now in the post office, and John A. Watson, now county treasurer of Rio Blanco County.

The store drew from a territory about 30 by 100 miles and did a splendid business, although in cramped quarters, being located in the old government adobe building on the corners of Sixth and Main Streets.

Previous to 1889 all goods had to be freighted by wagon from Rawlins, a distance of 155 miles, which made even the necessities of life very expensive, but at the same time yielded a good profit. In the fall of this year the Rio Grande Railroad was completed to Newcastle, and the new firm began freighting from that point, at a great saving in cost of freight, and this saving went to their customers in the way of a decreased cost of merchandise. As the railroad was completed on down the Grand River the shipping point was changed to Rifle, where it has since remained.

In the winter of 1889-90 Mr. Davis decided that, to meet changing conditions and increasing business, a new store building was necessary. The stock was moved into an adobe building on the corner of Fifth and Main Streets, the old buildings at Sixth and Main torn down, and the present building erected. The building is of brick, 50 by 135 feet, two-storied over front 90 feet, with cellar under rear 60 feet, and such was the attention given to detail in its construction that today, after a lapse of sixteen years, few, if any, changes are necessary to meet present conditions. The new store was occupied in 1891 and the increased business and ease in transacting it have made ample returns on the large investment. This was the first substantial block erected in Meeker, and it gave such an important impetus to investment that Meeker was soon changed from a log cabin frontier town to one of the most modern towns on the western slope.

For many years the banking department, under the title of the Bank of Meeker, was conducted in the front of the store, and by the same clerical force as the bookkeeping of the merchandise department, but as the business in this department increased very rapidly it became necessary to find larger quarters. The twenty-five feet adjoining the store on the east was purchased and an addition erected, conforming in every way to the original building, the front forty feet fitted up with every modern convenience for the transaction of banking business, a clerical force installed and the banking business separated in every detail from the merchandise department. Today the bank ranks as one of the strongest in Northwestern Colorado. The additional room in the rear of the bank was added to the merchandise department, making over 15,000 feet of floor space devoted to merchandise, and every foot of it occupied.

The upper floor of the main building and addition is divided
into offices and the Masonic Lodge rooms.

Mr. Moulton is assisted in the merchandise department by Miss Trelase and Messrs. C.A. Booth, W.D. Simms, A.B. McWilliams, J. Kreugar, N.S. McWilliams and J.C. Marshall. Mr. Booth has been with him for seventeen years, is a stockholder in the company and is thoroughly at home in all departments of general store work. His fad is photography, and his postal cards of hunting and fishing and mountain and stream scenes are being sent all over the United States.

In the Bank of Meeker Mr. J.W. Rigby is his assistant cashier, a position for which he is eminently qualified, and has been with the company for thirteen years. Mr. Rigby has all the Englishman's love of outdoor sports and is an enthusiastic sportsman.
John William Hugus, founder of the firm of J.W. Hugus & Co., was born on November 24th, 1836, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. When he was about five years old his parents moved to Canton, Ohio. When about fifteen years of age he was put into a printing office and learned the trade of typesetter and became a member of the Typographical Union. In 1857, at the age of twenty-one, he went to Omaha, Nebraska, and continued to follow the printing business until 1860 or 1861. There was a financial panic in Omaha in 1858 and he went to Missouri to secure work. Among other things, he carried a hod and was fond of telling how he helped to build the Pattie House in St. Joseph, Missouri, then the largest hotel in that city. In 1862 he returned to Omaha, working his passage by boat in order to save the money to hand over to his mother. Soon after his return he entered into partnership with Dr. George L. Miller, who had a commission as sutler or post trader at old Fort Kearney. He was there for about five years. He then returned to Omaha and opened a bank with his associate, Mr. J.A. Ware, of Nebraska City, under the name of J.A. Ware & Co.

In 1864 he married Miss Annetta Rees, of Omaha, who died in 1867, leaving him one child, Neillie Rees, now Mrs. Victor B. Caldwell, of Omaha.

He was made post trader at Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming, in 1868, where he formed a co-partnership with G.D. Thayer.

In 1874 he married Sarah Goldsborough Carman, who in the same year succeeded Thayer as partner in the business. She died in 1897, leaving two children.

In 1880 he formed a co-partnership with J.C. Davis (who had been employed as a clerk in the Fort Steele store), under the firm name of J.W. Hugus & Co., and opened a store at Rawlins, Wyoming, the same year. This was the beginning of the present firm.

In 1883 Mr. Hugus sold out his business at Fort Steele to his brother, W.B. Hugus, and F.C. Chatterton, who afterwards became Governor of Wyoming, and, resigning the active management of the then rapidly growing business of J.W. Hugus & Co. to Mr. J.C. Davis, removed to Pasadena, California, where with the exception of occasional trips to Colorado and Wyoming, he resided until his death, which occurred in San Francisco, October 11, 1901.
JOHN CHARLES DAVIS.

John Charles Davis, the present head of the J.W. Hugus Co., was born March 14th, 1852, in Kibeaban County, Tipperary, Ireland, and received his education in the British public schools at Westbury and Salisbury, Wiltshire, England.

He landed in New York in June, 1871, and secured employment with the Lawrence Commercial Nursery, for that summer.

In the fall of 1871 and 1872 he came west and took a contract for grading part of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad.

March 10th, 1872, he reached Laramie, Wyoming, taking a position as commissary clerk on one of the Union Pacific Railroad work trains. While in this position he studied telegraphy, and in the fall of 1872 he was appointed operator and agent, serving at various stations until the summer of 1875. In the fall of 1875 he visited England, returning to New York July 4th, 1876, came on West and again entered the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad, serving in various positions until June, 1877, when he entered the employ of Trabing Bros., at Medicine Bow, Wyoming, and remained with them until January, 1879, when he resigned to become manager of the store of J.W. Hugus at Fort Steele.

(In September, 1879, in charge of supplies, he accompanied Major Thornburg on his trip south from Fort Steele to relieve Indian Agent Meeker, on White River in Colorado. At Milk River, on September 10th, 1879, the command was ambushed by the Utes and Major Thornburg and many of the troops massacred. Mr. Davis was riding just behind Major Thornburg, who was killed at the first attack, and received a painful wound in the foot. After days of lying in trenches and behind rocks, living on short rations and with practically no medical attention for the wounded, and every hour adding to the list, the survivors were rescued by General Merritt's troops, and the entire body then moved on to the present location of Meeker and established what was called the Cantonment of White River. Together with other wounded, Mr. Davis was brought to the hospital in Fort Steele, where he remained until January, 1880.)

In May, 1880, he entered into a co-partnership with J.W. Hugus, under the present firm name of J.W. Hugus & Co., and in August of the same year opened the Rawlins store, making that town his home from the date of opening the store until September, 1898, since which time he has resided in Denver, Colorado.

Upon the retirement of Mr. Hugus, in 1883, from the active management of the J.W. Hugus Co., the management fell upon Mr. Davis, and from that day to this the wonderful growth of the Company has demonstrated his phenomenal ability as a manager, and proven the wisdom of his foresight concerning the development of a county which in 1883 was little less than a wilderness, but which today is dotted with thriving towns, peopled with as industrious and prosperous a class of citizens as can be found in the State.

One great secret of his success has been his ability to select his assistants, and this applies to the selection of a delivery man, as well as to a manager. A rare judge of men, he combines with this faculty that of being able to so enthuse men as to bring out the best that is in them. He is a keen observer of little things unnoticed by the average man, which gives him an insight into a man's character that
One great secret of his success has been his ability to select assistants, and this applies to the selection of a delivery man, as well as to a manager. A rare judge of men, he combines with this faculty that of being able to so enthuse men as to bring out the best that is in them. He is a keen observer of little things unnoted by the average man, which gives him an insight into a man's character that goes far in determining whether the man is worthy of confidence and credit as a customer or of a position in his employ, as the case may be.

Mr. Davis does not confine his assistants and employees to any hard and fast set of rules as to how work should be done--a general outline, and they are free to use their own individual ideas as to how to arrive at best results. He wants a man to believe in himself and in his own ability to accomplish results, and he shows such a man that he believes in him and in his work, and there are few who fail him. His hearty hand-shake and his "You'll win out" have kept many a man from being discouraged, strengthened his faith in himself and made possible a success when failure seemed imminent.

A right time for everything, a right place for everything and a right way to do everything--that's a system, and it finds its embodiment in Mr. Davis. There are few mercantile institutions more perfectly systematized than the J.W. Hugus Co., and this has contributed to their great success in a field where so many have fallen by the wayside.

Mr. Davis believes in cooperation with his employees in a material sense, and it is through his efforts that one-fourth of the stock of the J.W. Hugus Co. is today held by its employees, and this also contributes largely to the success of the Company and to the good feeling existing between the various managers and heads of departments, and to their loyalty to him as manager, a condition rarely found where men work for wages alone.

From clerk in a sutler's store to the head of a corporation owning twelve stores and seven banks, with a pay-roll larger than the gross sales of a good-sized store, and in addition to be at the head of the leading wholesale drug house of Denver, a director in one of its leading banks, and one of the largest wool growers of Wyoming, would have taken every minute of the time of most men to accomplish, and yet Mr. Davis found time to serve the people as member of the State Constitutional Convention, State of Wyoming, 1890; as Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, Carbon County, Wyoming, 1890 to 1891; Mayor of the City of Rawlins, Wyoming, 1892; Chairman of Delegation to Republican National Convention, St. Louis, 1897; Chairman State Central Committee, State of Wyoming, 1898; and was an unsuccessful candidate for United States Senator for the State of Wyoming from 1893 to 1899.

His Masonic record shows that he petitioned Rawlins Lodge No. 5, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, July 13th, 1881, receiving First Degree, August 17th; Second Degree, September 7th, and the Third Degree, September 21st, of the same year. He was elected Worshipful Master December 22d, 1886, December 21st, 1887, December 27th, 1888. He was made a Mark Master of Garfield Chapter No. 4, April 7th, 1885, Past and Most Excellent Master, April 21st, and Royal Arch, July 8th, of the same year; Red Cross, Ivanhoe Commandery No. 2, July 14th, 1885 and Knight Templar, July 27th, and was elected Eminent Commander, December 14th, 1897. He was admitted to Korean Temple, Ancient Accepted Order Nobles Mystic Shrine, October 5th, 1884, and elected Illustrious Potentate, August 31st, 1900. He was elected Junior
Grand Warden of Grand Lodge of Wyoming in 1889, Senior Warden in 1890 and 1891, Deputy Warden Master in 1892, and Grand Master in 1893.

An enthusiastic fisherman, each summer finds him spending a vacation on his favorite trout stream.

Mr. Davis was married to Ella Mary Castiday, January 9th, 1883, which union has been blessed by the birth of three sons and two daughters.
Mr. A. C. Moulton, the manager of Meeker store and Cashier of the Bank of Meeker, has been identified with J.W. Hugus and the J.W. Hugus Company longer than any other member or employee, with the exception of the President of the Company, Mr. J.C. Davis.

Mr. Moulton came to Colorado in 1876, being then 21 years of age, and at once plunged into the life of the West. He was looking for excitement, and, in the language of the West, "he sure got it," and had crowded into a few years more than usually falls to the lot of man in a lifetime.

He worked as sheeperder, cow-puncher, horse-breaker and prospector, and so thoroughly did he enter into the spirit of whatever occupation he was engaged in that he soon became more proficient in it than men who had followed it for years.

He finally settled down as clerk in a grocery store in Denver, thinking to stay with it and master the details of the business. But the "call of the wild" was too much for him, and every once in a while he would quit the store and hike out for the latest mining excitement, where he would stay until "broke," when he would come back to the grocery store and work for another stake and wait for the next excitement.

This sort of life continued until April, 1883, when he accepted an offer to go to Fort Thornburg, Utah (near the present town of Vernal), and take charge of the post traders' store, remaining there a year, when the post was abandoned by the government, and he was left with a stock of goods on his hands and no one to sell to but an occasional traveler.

About this time Mr. Hugus asked him to go to the Ute Indian agency and take charge of his business at that point, which offer he accepted after making arrangements for the care of the goods belonging to his former employer.

He remained at the Ute agency until July, 1886, when a new trader having been appointed, upon instructions from Mr. Hugus, he sold the stock to the new appointee, and reported to Mr. Davis at the Rawlins store, where he took a position as manager of the grocery department. He remained in Rawlins until the summer of 1889, when he was sent to Meeker to take charge of the newly acquired business at that point.

In 1891, when the business of J.W. Hugus & Co. was incorporated, he became a stockholder, thus fully identifying himself with the company. The history of the Meeker business is his history. He found the business in a primitive state. He has built it up to its present magnificent proportions and may well feel proud of his success. Nor has his time been given wholly to his business. Three terms as mayor of Meeker, several terms as town trustee and several years on the school Board, testify to his ability and willingness to serve the people in municipal affairs. In a dition to this, he has given freely of time and money to any enterprises that tended to the upbuilding of Meeker or Rio Blanco County, and there are few who have been greater factors in the development of either town or county.

He is Vice-President of the Seymour Drug Co., with stores at Sterling and Brush, Colo., President and manager of the White River
Mr. Moulton was married on November 30th, 1887, to Miss Ada W. Hugus. They have been blessed with three children, a boy and two girls, two children now living.

He is Past Master of Rio Blanco Lodge No. 80, Free and Accepted Masons, Past High Priest of Meeker Chapter No. 37, a Knight Templar and Shriner.

Mr. Moulton has had more than his share of experience in the "doin's" of the wild and woolly West. One Saturday, in the spring of 1886, while the store at the Curay Indian Agency was crowded with Indians trading, a fullsade of shots was heard outside. Moulton finally succeeded in getting outside, and found Shavano, a prominent sub-chief of the tribe, lying on the ground fatally wounded and expiring and surrounded by a crowd of bucks all heavily armed and talking and gesticulating like maniacs. Moulton made his way to Shavano and asked the Indians if he should call the American doctor. For a moment it looked as though they were going to resent his interference, but finally an old chief grunted "oo-ah" (yes). The doctor was too scared to leave his office, so Moulton, with the assistance of the agent and others, carried Shavano to the Doctor's office and left him. Four days later, when the death howl announced his death, the whites wished they were somewhere else. It seems that an Indian accused Shavano of making "bad medicine" causing the death of his two children, and riding up behind him, he placed the muzzle of his revolver against his back and sent a bullet entirely through his body. Shavano's friends began shooting at the murderer, but were so excited they shot wild. Shavano's son Charlie (now head chief of the Uncompahgre Utes) was across the plaza, and, seeing an Indian riding away and others shooting at him, concluded something was wrong. Throwing his "sharps" to his shoulder, he fired one shot, which tumbled the Indian from his pony, dead, and thus unknowingly avenged his father. A rope was put around the dead Indian's neck, the other end made fast to the horn of the saddle, and the pony he had been riding was made to drag the corpse to the bank of the Green River, where it was thrown in. The pony was then killed and thrown in after its late rider. The affair caused great excitement among the whites at the post, but, as it was entirely an Indian quarrel, resulted in no trouble for the whites; on the other hand, it brought about the establishment of Fort Duchesne. Mr. Moulton's report had much to do in influencing the officers who were sent out to investigate the affair to report favorably on the establishment of the post.

In October, 1896, three desperados entered the Bank of Meeker, and Moulton was forced to look down a gun barrel, which he says was big enough to sleep in, while the robbers helped themselves to the contents of the cash drawer. The townspeople gathered and shot down the robbers as they left the bank and Moulton got his cash back.

Address: A.C. Moulton, 449 Gilpin Street, Denver, Colorado.
1934
LOCATION:

In the extreme northwestern part of Colorado, south of the southern boundary of the State of Wyoming, and east of the eastern boundary of the State of Utah lies a group of three counties comprising Moffat, Rio Blanco, and Garfield. Rio Blanco County is situated midway between Moffat County to the north and Garfield County to the south.

Early history of Colorado shows that Summit County was one of the very large counties of the state. Grand County was apportioned from Summit County and later on Routt County was created from a part of Grand County, and finally Routt County was divided and then Moffat County came into existence.

In like manner as time and settlement and development demanded the county of Garfield was created from a part of Summit in the year of 1883. And on March 25th, 1889, by an act of the legislative bodies of the State of Colorado, Rio Blanco County took its place among the commonwealths of the Centennial State.

Rio Blanco County is then a grand-child of Summit County.

AREA:

This county is 108 miles in length and from 20 to 40 miles wide. The northern and western boundary lines of the county are straight lines, while the eastern and southern boundary lines are straight lines, indented or jogged in such a manner as to make the entire appearance of the county map picture resemble a closed hand with the forefinger pointing eastward towards the great continental divide. The area of the county is 3223 square miles, or 2,062,720 acres. It is the fourth largest county in the state.

ALTITUDE:

The elevation of the valleys, plateaus, and peaks range from 5000 feet at the western boundary of the county to 12,000 feet at the eastern boundary.

TOPOGRAPHY:

The White River is the principal stream and it flows westerly through the county. Its principal source is the famous Trappers and Marvine Lakes and countless other mountain lakes. It empties into the Green River in Utah which finds its way into the Colorado River, whose waters flow south-westerly into the Pacific Ocean.

The White River Valley is the largest and most important valley and it has as its tributary valleys the North Fork, South Fork, Marvine Creek, Fawn Creek, Big Beaver, Elk Creek, Miller, Coal, Curtis, Sulphur, Flag, Strawberry, Piceance, Yellow and Douglas Creeks.

As the altitude indicates the surface of the land is rugged and varying in height. From the foot hills in the west end of the
RIO BLANCO COUNTY

TOPOGRAPHY: (continued)

county to the highest peaks in the east end the rise in elevation is a gradual one and not precipitous until you reach the extreme east portion. However the rise in elevation in the tributary valleys to the north and to the south is more abrupt.

The White River Valley varies in width from an average of about two miles to a width of about seven or eight miles at Meeker, the County Seat, which is about midway between the east and west ends of the county. The tributary valleys average in width from a half mile to a mile.

POOPULATION:

The population of the county (1930 Census) was 2980.

FIRST COUNTY OFFICIALS:

Immediately after March 25th, 1890 when Rio Blanco became legally a county the following named persons were appointed as county officers to serve until the regular election in November of that year:

Chas. S. Attix, County Commissioner (CHAIRMAN)
Arthur B. Critchlow, County Commissioner.
George Welty, County Commissioner.

Marcus Coon, Sheriff
Henry J. Hay, Treasurer
Harry Evans, Clerk and Recorder
Geo. D. Thayer, County Judge
Fred W. Gregory, Coroner
C.P.Y. Burca, Assessor
W.H. Clark, County Surveyor
Geo. S. Allesbrook, County Sup't. of Schools

At the fall election of 1889 the following officers were chosen for the ensuing term of county officers:

Chas. S. Attix, County Commissioner (CHAIRMAN)
A.E. Critchlow
A.J. Youkers

Attix resigned according to record on Feb. 20th, 1890. There is no record of any appointment to fill the vacancy but John J. Niblock was evidently appointed as he served from the meeting on May 2nd, 1890.

L.B. Walbridge, Clerk and Recorder
H.J. Hay, Treasurer
C.J. Shideler, Sheriff
W.A. Greenstreet, County Judge
L.N. Fowler, County Surveyor
F.W. Gregory, Coroner
Jim Hayes, Assessor
C.W. Foreman, County Sup't. of Schools

M.T. Ryan was appointed First Co. Attorney April 10, 1892.
Whiterocks, Utah, May, 1928 -- Red Cap (Indian) died here Monday, May 14, after a long life. He was one of the White River Ute's leading men, at the Meeker Massacre, and was one of the party that drove a barrel stave through Agent Meeker's mouth after he was dead, pinning his lifeless body to the ground.

In the summer of 1905 he led about 300 Utes away to South Dakota, where they stayed until the government sent the soldiers to bring them back, in 1926, a very poverty-stricken band. Their ponies had died, and they did not receive their annuity money; they were hungry and ragged when the government got them back.

"Red Cap" was born in the early sixties, always wore his long braids and dressed as neatly as he could afford. The town of Red Cap upon Lake Fork river was named for him, but has been changed to Arcadia.

The funeral was held at the church in Whiterocks, May 16th. The interment occurred in the Indian cemetery on the banks of the Uintah River north of Whiterocks.

The passing of Red Cap brings back to the minds of many pioneers of the Uintah Basin the terrible tales of the Meeker and Thornberg massacres, in which he played an active part. It is related that at the Meeker massacre Red Cap assisted in taking a barrel stave and driving it through the throat of Colonel Meeker. Referring back to the accounts given of the two events the trouble started among the Indians themselves when Nevada died and his sons, Antelope, Douglas, Johnson, Colorow, Jack, Schwitz and Bennett, quarreled as to who should be first in the Ute nation, by becoming head of the White Rivers. The government agents however appointed an outsider, Ouray, of the Uncompahgres, and gave him a salary of $1,000 a year for several years following 1869. A decade later this same Colorow, son of Nevada, left his photograph in the hand of the dead body of Major Thornberg to let the soldier's friends know by whom he had come to his death. In 1875 a conspiracy against Ouray by the young chiefs of White Rivers, was charged with holding out government supplies from the White Rivers.

The result was not the overthrow of Ouray, but an outbreak in which white men were the chief victims. A White River Indian named Chief Jack patched up affairs with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and joined them in a pillaging expedition into Wyoming. Ouray lived on the Uncompahgre river near the present town of that name, and near his home was the agency in charge of the venerable N. C. Meeker, who with twelve others was massacred, after attempting for several years to teach the Indians how to farm and live in houses.

Meeker had trouble with the Indians, not all of them it is true, but especially with one named Johnson, who wanted the land Meeker was breaking up for farming, as a pasture for his ponies. The Indian figured long possession gave him the land, and Meeker figured the good he would do the Indians justified him in starting the farm. Johnson attacked Meeker personally one day, driving him out of his house and beating him in a fist fight.

Meeker sent for troops to help him. Captain Payne started with a troop of colored cavalry from Fort Garland, and Major Thornberg left Fort Steele for the reservation, with 160 cavalrymen. When the news that the troops were coming reached Ouray, Meeker was not notified by the Indians, but he learned it in the excited hostile actions of the Utes, who
surrounded his house and killed both him and twelve of his subordinates, the women and girls of the agency being carried off captive by the chiefs to be later despoiled in their tents. The buildings were robbed and burned, and the oncoming troops were ambushed at a defile on Milk Creek.

Here one of the most trying sieges of the Indian wars occurred.

The Indians, skilful in war, swept down between Thornberg and his baggage train which lumbered along in his rear. In trying to force his way back, he was killed, while thirteen of his men fell with him, and nearly half of the remaining men were wounded. Captain Payne of the Fifth cavalry, upon whom the command devolved, reached the baggage train with over forty wounded, including the surgeon.

The trenches that were hastily built were made of dead bodies and the carcasses of horses. The Utes fired the brush, and it burned down to the borders of the stockade, where they extinguished it with blankets. A scout named Rankin slipped away in the night and carried the news to Fort Rawlins, 160 miles distant. Then the famous forced march of Colonel Merritt, with a force of 500 men began, and on the sixth day, the siege was relieved. Only a few of the men were still alive, and the colored troop of Captain Dodge, which had come up on the third day, had only added its members to the list of killed. The only officer fit for duty when relief arrived was Lieutenant S. A. Cherry of the Fifth cavalry, who reported what had happened to the relief force.

Many of the Indians who participated in that notable war were of the reservation, some of the most prominent of whom are Snake Jack, near Whiterocks, who bears the distinction of having driven the barrel stave down through Meeker's mouth, pinning him to the ground; Arrapo, near Myton, who held Miss Josephine Meeker captive for several months; Chepeta, on the White river, below the bridge, who was the sister of Colorow and Red Jacket Jame, living near Whiterocks. She was working as a domestic in the home of Meeker at the time he sent for the troops and it was she who told Colorow of their coming. Red cap, a son of the famous old warrior of the same name, who was at the head of the renegade Utes in South Dakota.

S. P. Dillman, a pioneer of this country and who lives in Whiterocks today, an honored and respected citizen, figured in the scenes following the Meeker massacre, to such an extent, that this story would not be complete without some of his bitter experiences. At that time he was the Indian farmer at Whiterocks. Mrs. Meeker, who was in captivity, along with her daughter and Mrs. Price and two children, wrote a letter to Agent Critchlow, informing him of the terrible sufferings of the prisoners, and begging him for aid. The letter was carried by Black Hawk. The chief who wrote the letter told Critchlow that the women would be murdered if soldiers attempted to rescue them, but that if two white men were sent from Utah for them they would be released. Mr. Dillman and Clinton McLean were detailed for that duty. The men were delayed three days on Ashley creek while in search of horses, and when they reached the Indian camp, located near the present site of Grand Junction, the prisoners had been rescued about three days before. The two men spent the night in the camp of the Indians, who were not too friendly, as was evidenced before morning. News reached there that night that two Indians had been killed by the troops at Meeker and it was decided to have revenge by killing Dillman and McLean, but cooler counsel prevailed and they were allowed to live to suffer more hardships than they had ever dreamed of. The Indians desired that the two white men conduct them to Meeker in order that they have a peace conference with General Merritt. All that distance they were kept prisoners. They went hungry and slept in the open, though the weather was cold and the snow was falling. The peace conference was not satisfactory and the two men finally made their escape. McLean refused
to come back to this country and Dillman started out alone. He reached Rawlins, Wyoming, on a government freight train and there he waited for his money. From Rawlins he went to Rock Springs, at which point he decided to go to the ranch of Charlie Crouse, whom he knew, on foot, and if ever a man suffered the tortures of hell it was Peter Dillman, for the next three days. Owing to the heavy fall of snow he lost his way and from morning until night and from night until morning he wandered about finding a little rest now and then near sage brush. At the end of the third day, almost starved and frozen, he stumbled on to the ranch of a man by the name of Richards where he found food and shelter. Next day he started for Vernal via Brown's park.—Exposure impaired his health and during the long absence he lost much property, but it is said that this brave man has never received any reward for his services. He did manage to get pay for a couple of horses that he lost.

T. C. McNeill, former sheriff of Uintah county, figured in some of the Indian warfares of the year following up to 1887. While he was employed on the L07 ranch, in Rio Blanco county, owned by Jim Kendall, the sheriff of that county attempted to arrest some of the Indians for gambling and they resisted. The Colorado State militia was called out and McNeill acted as special courier from Meeker to Glenwood Springs, the terminus at that time of the D. & R. G. railroad. Another massacre at Milk creek was narrowly averted. During the thirty days' stay of the Militia there were numerous skirmishes in which Undersheriff Jack Ward of Garfield county, Folsom of Aspen and a cowpuncher named Curley and numerous Indians were killed. --Vernal (Utah) Express, May 18, 1928.

This young man, Frank Folsom, was a near relative of Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland, wife of President Grover Cleveland.
INDIAN TRAILS TO MEEKER'S RODEO

By W. O. Ball
(Printed in the Rio Blanco County Fair Program Book for August, 1926)

"Out Where The West Begins"
By Arthur Chapman.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a little whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.
Do you know that Pikes Peak is the best known mountain in America?
Dauntless it stands in all its majestic splendor like a sentinel guarding the traditions and romances of the Centennial State, Colorado.

And Meeker is the Premier Rodeo Town of Colorado. Since the days of the Utes and the Meeker Massacre, of which we will speak later, Meeker has been famous for its Rodeos. It is a tradition close to the hearts of the Meeker folks that each succeeding Rodeo shall be better than the one that has gone before.

But before we climb up into the grand-stand on the 26th, and 27th and 28th, days of August to cheer the riders of the races and bucking horses let's turn back the pages of time and view a little of the history of Colorado from the days of the pioneers and the Indians.

Abraham Lincoln did not know, when he appointed William Gilpin of Missouri as the first territorial governor of Colorado, that this state was destined to become the Monarch of the Rocky Mountain Region. Nor did the men who chose "Colorado" (meaning, "Colored Red"), as a name for this glorious state of the Rockies, know that that name was so emblematic. Surely it is emblematic when we recall the days of the Red Men with their Indian legends, their traditions and mysteries of the mountains and streams, and their wars with the Pioneers. Even in our wild flower land we find myriads of wild flowers tinted and colored with every shade of red. Our canyons and cliffs, and rugged mountain slopes bear strata upon strata of vari-colored mineral deposits and the ever-present and predominating color is that of red. Our cities and towns, highways and industries are symbolic of the fact that none but red blooded men of courage, stamina and foresight could have piloted the ship of state from Colorado’s early days until now. So it seems that through tradition, history, botany, geology and commerce, Colorado is worthy of its name.

Towering far into the clear blue skies of Colorado, at altitudes exceeding fourteen thousand feet, are forty-one brother and sister peaks of Pikes Peak. At the bases of these peaks lie the green fertile valleys of the Centennial State, where the farmers harvest their bountiful crops of hay, grain, potatoes and sugar beets. On the upland slopes graze thousands upon thousands of cattle and sheep which make this state so noted for its stock raising industry. Out of the depths of the earth come the precious minerals and Colorado is the paradise of the prospector and the miner. In the National Forest is the pleasure-seeker, the hunter and the fisherman finds the great out-doors in all its nativity.
Out where the skies are a trifle blue,
Out where the friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
That's where the West begins.

And so it is that here in Colorado, that state of color, down thru the days of tradition, history and of commerce, we find nestled away on the Western Slope of the Continental Divide in Colorado, the historic town of Meeker. Meeker is a town built by livestock and flourishes on the banks of the White River in Rio Blanco County. No town of its size of one thousand inhabitants can boast of better business institutions, and few as good. The resources of this community, while still in a large measure undeveloped, comprise all of the resources known to the state. There you will find exceptional stockraising advantages with the natural range close at hand. Immense deposits of high grade coal lie buried in the well known Hog-back and other ranges. North, east, and west of the town the large prospects oil companies have found gas in immeasurable quantities and very high grades of crude oil. Here it was that Theodore Roosevelt chased the Brown and Black Bear and Mountain Lion in 1901. Deer and elk are plentiful and the well known Marvine and Trappers lakes abound in native mountain trout. The White River and its tributaries is the best fishing stream in the Centennial State. And because of these advantages and pleasures, a spirit of contentment, pride and progressiveness, is at once noticeable in the people who live there.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of sinning and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins.

It was in the autumn of 1879 on the 29th day of September, that the real history of this inland town began. N. C. Meeker was in command of the White River Ute Agency, and in his command were eleven white men. Mrs. Meeker and her daughter Josephine and Mrs. Price, the wife of the agency blacksmith were the only white women at the agency. The White River Ute Agency was the headquarters of the Ute Reservation and a Frontier Trading Post at that time. Under a treaty with the U. S. Government it had been agreed that from time to time the Indians were to be given blankets, food and trinkets, and these were to be distributed from the Government commissary at Rawlins, Wyoming. But as time passed the Utes were neglected and ignored. They became restless and disobedient on the reservation and started on their nomadic wanderings and pilgrimages. They hunted and fished and warred with the Cheyennes. Mr. Meeker indiscreetly tried to make the Indians plow up their race track and become tillers of the soil. And because of the commands of Meeker and the ill-kept faith of the government commissary officers the Utes revolted and went on the war path.

Meeker sent for aid to Fort Steele, Wyoming. Major Thornburg then in command at Fort Steele started to the White River Agency with three companies of cavalry and one of infantry. At Old Fortification the Major left the company of infantry for reserve forces. He then proceeded on his long march of one hundred and eighty-five miles from Fort Steele to the agency at White River.

Colorow, Captain Jack, and Chief Douglass were the bold and defiant leaders of the Utes. Captain Jack and his Utes hearing of the coming of the cavalry from Wyoming proceeded north and entering Major Thornburg's
camp offered to guide them. Their offer was refused, but Captain Jack
learned of the strength of the troops. The following day, at the place
now called Thornburg about twenty-five miles north-east of Meeker, the
Utes attacked the cavalry in an unfavorable spot on the banks of Milk
Creek. Major Thornburg was killed early in the battle as were all of
the officers except one lieutenant. More than one hundred and fifty
rules were killed and many of the soldiers. The Utes set fire to the
grass and sagebrush near the barricade of wagons, grain sacks and
trenches and hoped to burn and smother out the soldiers. The soldiers
managed to smother the flames with blankets as they approached the
barricade. Under the screen of burning grass and smoke, Joe Rankin, one
of the scouts make his escape and rode to Rawlins. Captain Dodge with a
company of colored troops from Middle Park arrived at the scene of battle
on the fourth day of siege. But this company was not large enough to
afford the necessary relief and drive off the Indians. General Wesley
Merritt with a large force started from Rawlins and reached the troops on
the sixth day of the siege on the morning of October 5th. The wounded
men were suffering greatly and the unhurt men were badly in need of food
and water.

The Indians told General Merritt that Chief Ouray had ordered them to
stop fighting. After the dead had been buried and the wounded cared for,
the troops under General Merritt started for the White River Agency. On
arriving at the Agency they found that all twelve men including Mr. Meeker
had been killed by Chief Douglass and his warriors, and that Mrs. Meeker,
her daughter Josephine, and Mrs. Price had been carried off as captives
to the Grand River. Chief Ouray, friend of the White men, and big chief
of the Utes was living near Montrose on the Uncompahgre River. Ouray
after hearing of the captives in the hands of Douglass on the Grand River
sent his wife "Chipeta" to the camp of Douglass and influenced the Utes to
surrender the women captives. The captive women were taken to the camp
of Ouray on the Uncompahgre and were well treated by Ouray and Chipeta.

The Meeker Massacre from that day forward became a great historical
event in the history of Colorado. And the spirit of those pioneer
soldiers who defended themselves for what they believed right is the
predominating spirit that carries on in the White River Country. But now
it is not just a spirit of defense, it is more than that. It is a spirit
of helpfulness, of pride in country, of progressiveness, and of hospitality.

You will visit many countries, many towns, and many lands ere you
find a warmer welcome a firmer handclasp, and a more genial hospitality.
The latch string hangs outside the door at Meeker.

On the 26th, and 27th and 28th of August, Meeker invites you to
attend the Seventh Annual Meeting of The Rio Blanco County Fair Association,
at Meeker, Colorado. On those days in August you will be welcomed by
the people of Meeker and Rio Blanco County and you will learn that there
is one place beneath the blue skies of Colorado where hospitality abounds
unadulterated.

And there on those days you will enjoy the thrills of a genuine
Western Rodeo. Real cowpunchers, real bucking horses, and the real
spirit of the West.

Yes, and when the "Big Chiefs of the Saddle" get into their stirrups
on Ace High, Tango, Gone-Wrong, Tiger-Tom, Pluto-Water and Headache and
many more, you will get the thrill of your lives.

Jack Rhoades, the oldest living cowpuncher in the State of Colorado,
will be there on all fours. You will see Charlie Collins, the typical
seasoned veteran of many round-ups.
And listen boys. Here are the men who will show you a good time. Buffalo-Horn Marshall, Old-Sly-Wolf Norman, Blue-Cloud Wilber, Spotted-Feather Fulton, Eagle-Eyed Sheridan, Bow-In-The-Neck Auckland, Pretty-Feathers Crawford and last but not least you will see out there among the boys, "Old Sitting-Bull Neal" who never sits.

You will meet the pioneers, and the folks of today who are up and doing. You will be at home.

Come on Cow-Boys and Get Your Scalp.
Fort Union, New Mexico,
October 27, 1879.

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report:

I left Fort Lewis, Colo., July 21, in compliance with instructions from headquarters District of New Mexico, dated July 5, 1879, for the purpose of scouting in the Middle Park. My route lay via Fort Garland, Paguate, Fair Play, and Breckinridge.

I arrived at the crossing of Grand River, near the mouth of Troublesome Creek, in the Park, August 17, and there established a supply camp. My orders required me to prevent any collision between the Indians and settlers in that region, and I at once endeavored to learn the state of feeling between the two people, and if possible, the cause for it.

Many complaints were made against the Utes for having fired the timber in various places through the Middle and North Parks; for an indiscriminate slaughter of game out of season, and merely for the hides; for burning grass, hay, and buildings of the whites, and for threats and insolence to the isolated settlers and their families. One instance was related where a party of Indians went to a man's house, borrowed some matches, and with them set fire to his hay-stack near by, which nearly destroyed his entire property. Other cases were mentioned of the Indians forcing the white women to cook for them; and another of a ranchman having been driven entirely out of the country. These cases were all located in the North Park, and I could not verify them.

About the end of August, Jack and Souick, two chiefs from White River Agency, came into my camp. They professed friendship, and seemed satisfied with their treatment at the agency; they had just come from Denver, where they had been on a visit to Governor Pitkin, with the result of which they seemed much pleased.

When I spoke to them about burning the timber, &c., they replied that there might be one or two bad Indians whom the chiefs could not control who had done so, but that the greater part of the tribe was entirely innocent of such practices. However, a few days after their visit, a fire broke out on the Gore Range, which was said to be the work of these same chiefs, and I think it probably was.

The past season has been unusually dry, and a fire once started might spread indefinitely. A great amount of damage has been done, but I am thoroughly convinced that the Indians were only partially responsible for it.

Great numbers of hunting parties frequent these parks during the summer and fall months, and doubtless many of these fires are due to their carelessness, others to the actual settlers themselves; but there seems to be this distinction, that while the fires were the result of carelessness on the one hand, on the part of the Indians they were set intentionally and in a mischievous spirit, for the sole purpose of annoying the whites. The charge of killing game out of season, &c., seems well founded.

In regard to the treatment of the families of the settlers by the Indians, I have no means of proving the truth or falsity of the reports, as I saw none of the people who had suffered; but the accounts were so positive and uncontradictory that I am obliged to believe in their accuracy.

On the 5th of September I started on a scout through Egeria Park,
and down Bear River as far as Windsor, returning on the 24th to the supply camp. I could neither find nor hear of any Indians off their reservation, although they had undoubtedly been off in large numbers. They seem to be aware of the movement of the company, and tried to avoid it, always returning to their reservation whenever it approached them.

While at Windsor, I first heard that Agent Meeker had been roughly handled by an Indian named Johnson, and laid over there while the mail went down to the agency, and returned, in order to give him (the agent) an opportunity to call for assistance or protection if he needed it. I was within sixty miles of the agency, forty by the trail, and could easily have gone there in two days, but did not feel authorized to do so until assured that the presence of troops was necessary to protect life and property. The accounts of the difficulty, too, as I had heard them, were so contradictory that I was inclined to give them little credence.

Upon my return to Middle Park I found orders to return to the White River Agency with the least practicable delay, for the purpose of breaking up illegitimate trading establishments, and forcing a return of the Indians to the reservation. I was also ordered to act in accord with Agent Meeker and under his direction.

Leaving my supply camp on Grand River on the 27th ultimo, for the White River Agency, in compliance with telegrams from headquarters District of New Mexico, dated September 13 and 18, respectively, I had marched to and camped on a small stream emptying into Bear River, ten or fifteen miles south of Steamboat Springs, by the 30th.

I left camp as usual on the 1st instant, at 6:30 a.m. After marching about ten miles, a paper was found in the sage brush by the side of the road, on which was written the following: "Hurry up, the troops have been defeated at the agency," and signed "E.E.C." Ordering the train to keep closed up with the column, I pushed forward to Hayden, which I found deserted.

While searching the buildings here a party of citizens came up, among them Mr. Gordon, who had left the intrenchments two days before, and from whom I learned the exact situation.

I then moved down Bear River as rapidly as possible until 4:30 p.m., and when I went into camp, causing all ordinary dispositions to be made for a night's rest.

Having seen that my men were supplied with one hundred and twenty-five rounds of ammunition and three days' rations per man, I ordered the wagons repacked at half past eight, and with a guard of eight men sent them to Price's supply camp on Fortification Creek, while I started with the rest of the company for Payne's command. I took with me one pack mule, on which was carried a couple of blankets and a few picks and spades. The force left me consisted of two officers and thirty-five soldiers, and four civilians. Gordon and a citizen named Lithgow having volunteered to act as guides, I decided to follow a trail in preference to the road. The night was bright and cold, and the march unimpeded.

At four o'clock we reached the river road, about five miles from the intrenchments, and shortly afterward came upon the dead bodies of three men who were lying in a gulch, near which a train loaded with annuity goods had been burnt by the Indians. Half an hour later we arrived at Payne's command.
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Singularly enough the Indians did not molest us in the least up to this time, and I can only account for it by supposing that they imagined a much stronger force coming in, and were unwilling to expose themselves. However, we were scarcely inside the trenches when they commenced a fusilade, which was kept up at intervals for the next three days. Of forty-two animals taken into the trenches with my company but four are left, and these are wounded. I made the best disposition of them I could, but it was impossible to shelter them on all sides, and the Indians completely surrounded us.

The command was corralled on a small plateau on the right bank of Milk Creek, and about a hundred yards from it, while some five hundred yards further back a mountain afforded the Indians ample protection, and enabled them to keep up a plunging fire on our position without being themselves exposed. On the other (south) side the mountains were higher and more rugged, but more distant, yet still within easy range of their rifles. At night, a few Indians would occasionally crawl up the creek bottom, apparently within a hundred yards of us, and open fire. But one man was wounded in going for water, although the party sent out for that purpose was frequently fired on.

Our greatest trouble was in hauling out the dead animals at night, and watering and feeding those that remained.

General Merritt's command arrived on the morning of the 5th instant relieving us from our awkward situation, and on the 10th I was ordered to take the remnant of Payne's companies with my own and the wounded back to Rawlins, which place I reached October 19.

On the morning of the 21st instant the company started for Fort Union, at which post it arrived on the 23d instant.

In conclusion, I wish to say a word in favor of the enlisted men of my command whose conduct throughout was exemplary. They endured a forced march of seventy miles, loss of sleep, lack of food, and the deprivations attendant upon their situation without a murmur, and have proven themselves good soldiers and reliable men.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. S. DODGE,
Captain Ninth Cavalry, Commanding Company D.

THE ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL,
Department of the Missouri, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.
SCHEDULE B.

Major T. T. Thornburgh.

Headquarters Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming
July 27, 1879.

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report of the recent visit of the Ute Indians from the White River Agency to this vicinity.

About the 25th of June a band of some 100 Indians from the White River Agency made their appearance at a mining camp on the divide near the head of Jack and Savoy Creeks, some sixty miles south of this post, and engaged in hunting and trading in this vicinity for about one week when they departed, as they said, for their agency.

I did not learn of the presence of these Indians until after their departure, nor was I notified by the agent at White River that they had left their agency until June 11, when I received a communication from him, dated June 7, stating that a considerable number of the Indians had left their reservation, and were burning timber and wantonly destroying game along Bear and Snake Rivers; also warning off miners and ranchmen; and requesting me to cause them to return to their reservation.

Upon receiving this letter, I made inquiries and could not find such a state of affairs to exist, but did find that the Indians had killed a great deal of game and used the skins for trade. The miners they visited in this section were not molested, but on the contrary were presented with an abundance of game.

No stock was molested, and, so far as I can learn, no one attributes the burning of timber to these Indians. Since I have been in command of this post (one year) Agent Meeker, of the White River Agency, has written me two letters, dated November 11, 1878, and June 7, 1879. These letters have usually come to me after the Indians had paid a flying but peaceable visit to this country and departed (as they always say to their agency).

The White River Agency is situated some 200 miles from this post, and there are very few settlers in the country between Fort Fred Steele and the agency; consequently, I am not informed as soon as I should be of the movements of these Indians. Bear and Snake Rivers are about 100 miles from this post, and to reach them by traveling this distance would require the trip to be made through a very rough country, impracticable for wagons, the only transportation available.

I have never received any orders from my superiors to cause these Indians to remain on their reservation at the request of the agent, but am ready to attempt anything required of me. I have been able to communicate with nearly every ranchman residing within one hundred miles of this post, in reference to the late visit of these Indians, and forward herewith letters received from them. Both the letters mentioned above as having been received from Agent Meeker were forwarded to higher authority, and instructions have been asked to guide me in this matter.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. T. THORNBURGH,
Major Fourth Infantry, Commanding Post.

THE ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL,
Headquarters Department of the Platte, Fort Omaha, Nebraska.
A king dethroned--Ourai, the head chief of the Útes, steps down and out--At least such are the indications at present--Some of the incidents which led to the present results--Ignacio's ignoble conduct and Sapa-vanaro's revolt--How the royal Indian lives--Governor's office--Startling intelligence received from the mouth--Unexpected but undoubted outbreak of the Uncompahgres--Chief Ourai warns the whites that his band is ungovernable--And that the settlers must protect themselves--Lake City appeals for arms and ammunition--The citizens being deeply alarmed at the outlook--A council of war at executive chambers--General Cook appointed commander of the San Juan militia--With orders to muster men, conduct the fight, and repel invasion--A special railroad train of guns and ammunition dispatched south from Denver--General Hatch to take charge of the troops in Southern Colorado--Companies of soldiers gathering at Garland--Three hundred men under arms at Leadville--Ornance to be forwarded from Fort Leavenworth--A day of excitement in Denver.

Here there is every indication of a regular winter campaign. The blood of the military arm of the government is up and no fooling will be allowed. Wild River must be avenged. The Indians realize that trouble lies ahead and will get out of the way of the military as much as possible, especially as the troops will be in force. Hence General Merritt and General Cook, too, may be required to hunt for the redskin offenders. Their search must extend down into Southwestern Colorado, and there must be fought the battles of the winter, and there the Útes must be conquered or exterminated. The latter fate surely awaits them if they go off their reservations, for then the governor of Colorado will call out militia and volunteers, and a taste of the historic "Sandy Creek" will be given the Indians. The miners and cow-boys are impatient for an opportunity to wipe out old scores, and they will do it in such a way that new scores will not be created.

It has become apparent, not only to the people of the West, but the government, that the Útes must go. Their presence among the richest mountains and the most fertile vales will breed continual trouble. Encounters between them and settlers have been only too frequent in the past, and they would certainly grow more numerous in the future. So when the Indians have given provocation the troops must thrash them most soundly and then remove them to the Indian Territory, or anywhere, so that they can be put out of the way of harming themselves or others. This is the only solution to the difficulty. It is simple and effective. Treat many Indians may be killed before the removal takes place, but there will be just that many less to remove. A big lesson--one of monstrous size--must be taught the Indians. Now is the time and opportunity. The government is disposed to ably carry out the idea, and will do so vigorously unless the snivelling crocodile-teared, jelly-hearted sentiment that spreads over the East like a cloud influences the government to call back the dogs of war.
Uintah Valley Agency,
October 4, 1879.

Sir: On yesterday terrible reports of an outbreak at White River
Agency reached us, and created a great excitement among my Indians.
About ten o'clock Tabby and the principal men came up to the agency,
and a more excited and worse scared set of men I never saw. They
expressed the greatest concern for the safety of myself and family, and
all the white persons on the agency, and urged us to leave immediately,
stating at the same time that the Indians were going to leave, and going
into the mountains to keep out of trouble.

After the report, which had reached us a short time ago, one of our
Indians, who had a brother at White River, went over to bring him
away. He was absent five days. He arrived night before last, and
made his report to the Indians, which was to the effect that the agent
and five white men were killed, the buildings burned, and that a fight
had occurred between the Indians and soldiers, and one company of
soldiers, which was met with the freight wagons, was killed, having
made a barricade of their wagons, but were finally shut off from water,
and all killed; and that nearly all the Indians were absent with Douglass,
their chief, fighting the soldiers at a distance from the agency of five
miles, at which distance the fighting seems to have taken place. From
what he said, I am led to believe that the Indians were pressing towards
the railroad, to meet and prevent any other soldiers from coming in.

He says he saw the six men dead at the agency, but learned of the
other matters from an Indian captain, as he called him. The Indian
captain told him that two soldier captains had been killed and all
their men.

I have no doubt, after talking with my Indians, that the main facts
as he stated them are correct; but without doubt there is much exaggera-
tion, as the Indians admit that he was "heap scared", and certainly
his looks did not belie his words. It is not astonishing that his
report produced a great excitement among the Indians, and also con-
siderable among the whites here.

After I got all the facts I could, I had a long talk about the matter,
and gave them my views, and also, with as much firmness as possible,
expressed my determination to remain till I could hear more about the
matter, and assured the Indians that there was no danger here; that no
soldiers would come here, nor did I believe the White River Indians
would come, and that the safest and best place for the Indians was to
sit down at Uintah", and take care of their property. They finally
became calmed, and I told them to go home and think and talk about
the matter, and come back tomorrow, and we would talk more. They did
so. So they came back, and a greater change in the countenances of
these Indians I never saw. Tabby, the nominal chief, came to me and
asked me if I was going to take my wife and family out. It old him
No; my squaw and pappoose would sit down here." All right", he said,
Indians sit down—no go away. "I think that's good. No danger at
Uintah." It being the day of our issue, we had another long talk.
I repeated what I had told them yesterday, and they repeated their
assurances of good will to "Washington", "mericans", and "Mormons".
Several of them made speeches, all with one sentiment and tone; and
judging not only from what they said, but from their looks and cheer-
fulness, no one could doubt the honesty or sincerity of their professions.
It seemed to reassure them, seeing all of us at work as usual.

I suggested that I would like to have them send two Indians to
River, to see and learn all they could and report. They all approved the idea, but there was considerable difficulty in finding any one willing to go. Finally three of them agreed to go, and I gave them a letter to the commander, or any one that might be in charge, with a request that they be kind enough to write me the facts, and directed the Indians to learn all they could from any one they might meet. I assured them there was no danger to the soldiers with my letter, but that they must not take guns. These Indians will return in five or six days. Of course we cannot but feel some anxiety, but I have felt no real alarm from the first, and I cannot but think that I have had considerable influence in reassuring others.

This evening I received the inclosed communication from Ashley. It will explain itself. I will forward tomorrow morning my answer, assuring them of the temper of these Indians, and that we were all satisfied they would not join the White Rivers. That if there was any danger it was from a raid from White River, which I did not apprehend, but that it would not be amiss for them to consult and form their plans; that everything within my power would be done for the protection of all, and that if they desired to consult with me, to signify it, name the time, and I would be there. Doubtless the department knows more of this whole matter than we; our mails are slow; my Indians seem truly afraid of soldiers, and desired me to say that they did not want them to come here. I assured them I did not want them, and that if they remained here none of them would come. This is written at their earnest request that I should tell Washington how they feel and what they say.

Should the department have any special instructions to give, please telegraph to Green River City, thence by mail four days.

Hoping to hear from the department, soon, kindly words for my Indians, I am, sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. J. CRITCHLOW,
United States Indian Agent.

E. A. HAYT,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.
General Geo. Crook,
Commanding Department of the Platte, Fort Omaha, Nebraska:

Yesterday I detailed two companies of cavalry, under Captain Wessells and Lieutenant Hall, with party of scouts, to proceed towards the summit between this and Grand River, to examine a trail which was reported better than the one we were on when our march was stopped.

Lieutenant Weir accompanied Hall's party by my permission. Hall proceeded with his party, and failed to have with him the companies of cavalry which had preceded him on the road, with permission to halt and graze when they reached good ground for the purpose. After proceeding about twenty miles, Hall's party was fired into by Indians, and, taken at a disadvantage were corralled until night, when he came into camp, with all save Lieutenant Weir and Mr. Humme, in charge of scouts. Just before Lieutenant Hall was fired into, Lieutenant Weir and Humme detached themselves from the party to shoot at some deer about a mile distant. Firing was heard in their direction, which at the time was thought to be their own game. Now it is known they were attacked by the same Indians who attacked Hall. At nine o'clock last night, immediately after Hall's return, reporting the absence of Lieutenants Weir and Humme, I detached the battalion of the Fifth Cavalry to proceed to the scene of the Indian attack to look for Lieutenant Weir and his companion. Up to this time, 8 a.m., I have had no report from the battalion. The party which attacked Hall was not a large one. From all the circumstances connected with the attack of Lieutenant Weir, it is believed he is safe, but has lost his horses. I hope for the best.

Later.—The worst fears are realized. Lieutenant Weir's body has been found. He was shot through the head and killed instantly. A noble Christian gentleman and soldier has thus been made a victim to these friends in human shape. Lieutenant Weir was an enthusiastic hunter, and only a few days since, near the place where he was killed, I had occasion to warn him of the danger he was exposed to in hunting away from the command. Yesterday he, in common with every one else, had no idea that the Indians who were being treated with by the government were out on any murderous mission, and he took greater risks. So great was the feeling of security, that the officer sent in charge of the party to explore the trail did not think any cavalry was necessary with his party, but I insisted on his taking with him two companies of cavalry. Words fail to express my sorrow at this misfortune. Hunting away from or in the vicinity of my command, on the march or in camp, has been forbidden, though fishing and hunting have been permitted to a small extent on White River. I would not intimate that Lieutenant Weir was reckless, for he only shared the views of most of the younger officers that the country for most part was safe, so far as hostiles were concerned. It is probable that he was killed by Indians in ambush at the first fire. Lieutenant Hall's party was fired at in this way, and all escaped only by a miracle. It is thought Humme has escaped, and he is being looked for now. Lieutenant Weir's body is being brought in, and will be sent north at once. To Lieutenant Weir's large circle of friends and relatives the heartfelt condolences of this command are extended. He was a favorite with us all, and we feel as though our brother had been stricken down without premonition, but, thank God, not without an abiding faith in the promises of the future world.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

W. MERRITT,
Colonel, Commanding.
Dear Friend:

Once more the time has come to finish up the gathering of the cattle, and our Thirteenth Annual Stray Day will be held this year on Thursday, December 21, 1933.

Cattle prices this year are worse than they were last year, and we are not putting on so many frills at our Annual Party, but it will be some party anyway. May we have the pleasure of your company and all your friends and count you among the strays on that day?

Hey Cowboys and Ladies and all your friends
Stray Day once more is near,
And no depression—however depressed
Can spoil the big Dance of the year.

Yours for bringing home a stray,

The Rio Blanco Stray Day Bunch.
"H-aw, M-aw," bawled young Steery. "I don't like this place one bit. And I don't like this food - it's nothing but straw. Why don't we go to that place you said we'd go to? That nice one you've been telling me about all summer."

"Why sonny," answered Mrs. Cow perplexedly, "I did try to and I don't know how we got here. We went down and up over four hills, and along a creek, and over six more hills, and across two big parks, and three little ones, and followed down the river for fifteen miles just like I did last year. But when we came out at the end of the trail, this time, we were here instead of at home. I don't know where this place is, nor why we didn't get to the right one."

"Well, why don't we leave and go there now? Come on. Let's do, before it snows again and gets any colder."

"But, Steery, I don't know which way to go. I don't know where we are. So how can we?"

"Can't somebody help? There's the N. R. A.--it's supposed to help everybody, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid not, son."

"Well then there's the R. F. C. Can't they help? Come on, let's go see Mr. Jim Sheridan."

"I don't think they'd help, either."

"The C.W.A. is supposed to help. Why don't we ask them? Let's go find Mr. Carstens and see about it."

"They won't help us, sonny, they're too busy helping others to pay any attention to us."

"M-aw" wailed Steery, "What are we going to do about it then? Just stay here and eat straw."

"I've been trying to think, but there's so many letters to remember. Oh yes, I have it now!"

"What? You have what?"

"There's a different one of those awful bunches of letters and they're the ones for us to go to. A man named W. K. Starbird studied them out."

"Well what are they? Do I know them?"

"You haven't been old enough to learn that bunch yet. But they're the most important ones of all for you to know. They're S T R A Y D A Y, Steery. That's where we'll go and Ham Sheridan and Shorty Wilber will help us, I'm sure. But we'll have to wait until Dec. 21 when they have a meeting day."

"Okay, M-aw."

Dec. 21, 1933

Lewis Place.

LKS
On the first of October, 1879, the garrison at Fort Russell, Wyoming Territory, was startled by the receipt of telegrams recounting a disaster that had overtaken the command of Major Thornburg, who was known to be marching to the relief of the white inhabitants of the Ute Indian Agency. In this command, which had been attacked by the Utes, was part of the garrison of Fort Russell. Major Thornburg is killed; Captain Payne and two other officers, including the surgeon of the command, are wounded. The command is surrounded and constantly pressed by the hostiles; fifty men are killed and wounded, and all the horses are killed. These were the fragments of news which dribbled through the wires, all too slowly for the impatient comrades of the small beleaguered force in the wilds of Colorado. 'You will proceed with all available troops in your command to the rescue of Payne and his sorely pressed command,' said the despatch from the commanding general of the department to the officer in command at Fort Russell. Officers were assembled and the orders for preparation given. No need to insist on haste; the dead, wounded, and beleaguered were kith and kin to those going to the rescue, endeared by hundreds of associations which make men stick closer than brothers. Each officer went about his work with the coolness and precision of the usual preparation for a routine service, though there were decision and promptitude which told of the serious work ahead.

In four hours from the time the news first reached Fort Russell all the troops of cavalry, with their horses and equipments, for which there was transportation by rail, were on the cars, and running as fast as steam could carry them toward Rawlins, a point two hundred miles distant on the Union Pacific Railroad, from which the march was to commence across the country to the scene of disaster.

By daylight on the following morning (October 2d) a force of about two hundred cavalry and less than one hundred and fifty infantry had collected at Rawlins station. The move to the relief of Payne and his command must be made as soon as sufficient force was collected; Payne had reported he was sorely pressed by the Indians on every side, and had many wounded, among the rest the medical officer. His supplies were sufficient to last for five days from the 29th September. The way to the scene of disaster was long, and succor must arrive in three days of the time still left for the troops at Rawlins. Other troops were being hurried forward, but they could not reach the railroad starting point for a day or two at least. Rumors were current that the Southern Utes had broken out, which would increase greatly the strength of the hostiles. The greater their strength, the less time remained for saving the shattered and maimed command. Even then the Ute Indians on the war-path had been largely augmented by the malcontents from hundreds bands, and were making every effort to destroy the weak remnant of Thornburg's command.

In anticipation of the farness of the available cavalry for the rescue, and with knowledge that no infantry unassisted could make the march in time to be of service, light wagons, with as good teams as the country could afford, had been ordered collected from the country around Rawlins, in which to transport the infantry. This was all done, and the supplies of every kind transferred to wagons and pack trains, so that the command marched out from Rawlins at eleven o'clock on the
The morning of October 2d. There was a distance of 170 miles to be traversed before the fate of the besieged command could be determined.

"The march was a case for calculation and judgment. A single dash of fifty or even seventy-five miles can be made by horses as racing men say, on a breath, but at the end of this greatest distance still a hundred more miles were left to be accomplished. Too much haste at first, wearing out the horses, would leave the command afoot and helpless. Would the command reach its destination in time? was the one absorbing thought in the mind of every officer and trooper in the column.

"It is difficult for one who has never marched on the plains to form a conception of the tedious and seeming slowness of the progress. The cavalry command scouting after Indians will see the landmarks, apparently a few miles off, made so by the clear atmosphere of the plains, stand out as though one could walk to them in a few hours, remain during days of marching in the same places and with the same appearance. Were it not that nearer objects conveyed the fact of distance gained, one might easily imagine that he was journeying in a land where the efforts at motion were nullified by the sorcerer's art, and progress was impossible. And if this is so when a usual march is being made, who can tell the exasperation at the want of apparent progress on the road the rate of travel on which means life or death to those whom it is one's duty to save? At the end of the first ten hours from the start the relieving column had accomplished about forty-five miles. Everything was brought up, and the command was still in good condition. Here a halt was made till dawn of day, at break of which the onward march was resumed.

"Let us now, while still marching forward, recall, as was done by every one in the rescuing column hundreds of times, what had occurred to Thornburg's command. Ten days before the news of his disaster reached Fort Russell, Major Thornburg left Rawlins station with a force of cavalry and infantry to protect the agency and its white inhabitants from the Indians they were there to feed and instruct. The Indians had grown restless under the efforts of the agent to teach them farming and the other industries of the whites, and the agent became anxious for the safety of his family and himself. Thornburg moved leisurely through the country, making convenient camps after usual marches, without haste, and not until the sixth day were any Indians seen. In the camp, after it was established on this day, several Ute Indians of prominence visited Major Thornburg in the afternoon, talked freely and pleasantly with him and his officers, and departed about nightfall, apparently in a most friendly mood. This was more than a hundred miles from the agency. After this Thornburg pursued his march without incident.

On the morning of the 29th of September, while his command was separated by a short distance, he came on the Utes in strong force near a pass in the mountains which bounded their reservation. Their attitude was extremely hostile. While incredulous of their intent to fight, he took the precaution to deploy the part of the command with him, at the same time by signs trying to open communication with the Indians. His overtures were met by a volley from the Indians, which was at once replied to by the troops, the skirmish line being slowly withdrawn to connect with the rest of the command and to protect the wagons. In battle, Indians always send warriors to the flanks and to the rear of the force with which they fight. This they do without reference to the strength of the enemy. It has there passed into a proverb that "There is no rear" in an Indian engagement. The Utes pursued these tactics with Thornburg's command, in the meantime violently engaging his skirmishers in front. While concentrating his command, and when a few hundred yards
from the wagons, Thornburg was killed. The command was united at the wagons, and, surrounded by the hostiles, hurried measures were taken for defence, the fighting on each side being continued with desperation. The wagons were formed in an irregular circle, and the contents, together with the dead animals which had fallen near by, were used in constructing a sort of defensive work. Within this ghastly protection the wounded men were conveyed, and soon, with the implements in the wagons, a circular rifle pit was constructed. And now a new danger threatened. A high wind arose soon after the commencement of the attack, and the Indians fired the dry grass and brush to the windward of the wagons, and taking advantage of the smoke and fire, made a furious attack in the hope of burning the defenders out. This was a terrible danger, but with coolness and courage the troops combated the flames, and it was not long before their fury was expended. Later in the day the Utes made a violent onslaught on the breastworks, but being repulsed, settled down to watch their prey in the hope that starvation or lack of water would finish the work. During the night the means of defence were strengthened, and water was obtained by force from the stream near by for the famishing wounded and suffering defenders. Couriers were also sent out into the darkness in different directions with the hope that the distressful condition of the command could be made known and relief hurried to them. The couriers succeeded in passing out, and carried the news that started the relief command from Fort Russell.

"On the last day of September, and for four days in October, the command contended with the Indians, repulsing attacks made from time to time, answering shot with shot and taunt with taunt—for many of the Utes spoke English. Each night the defensive works were strengthened, and each day defended against renewed attacks. A deep square pit was dug in the interior of the circle, in which the wounded were made comfortable, the medical officer, though wounded himself, dressing the wounds of those most needing attention. At night, also, armed parties sent out for water succeeding in bringing in a supply, though at times meeting resistance and fighting for what was obtained. In this way the time for five long days and nights was occupied, who can tell with what anxieties, gloomy forebodings, and doubting hopes!

"In the mean time the rescuing force was losing no time. Without drawing rein, save for a needed rest at intervals to conserve strength for the whole of the work, the command pressed on with unflagging energy, marching with advance-guard, and at times flankers, to prevent the possibility of ambush or surprise. The country was quiet, and no signs of Indians were discovered. A halt was made on the second night, after completion of little less than two-thirds of the whole distance to be accomplished. At daydawn the morning of the fourth of October the march was resumed. The unfinished distance must be completed by the following dawn. About one hundred miles had already been accomplished in twenty-three marching hours. More than seventy miles to be marched over in daylight and darkness, in the next twenty-four hours, was before the command. This would require little less, if all went well, than twenty hours constant marching.

"In these days of rapid transit it is not easy for people to bring their ideas of travel down to the rate of march of a cavalry column. This, if long distances are marched, cannot safely exceed, including halts for rest, four miles per hour. A single horseman can do more than this, for he can regulate the rate according to the road, and he has not the dust and crowding of a mass of cavalry horses on a narrow road to contend with. Besides, the single horseman provides himself with
the best of horses, while the march of a cavalry column must be regulated to meet the abilities of the least enduring animal. All these elements entered into the calculation of the march of the rescuing force. It must make the march, and that, too, with undiminished numbers.

"On this day's march several settlers, were met by the command, fleeing for safety, and rumors of murders and depredations by the Indians were received from all quarters. At one point the head of the column was approached by an excited party asking medical assistance, who led the medical officer to a wagon in which a citizen was lying on an improvised bed, who was an unsightly mass of wounds, and had been left by the Indians for dead. His companion had been killed. When it was discovered that the wagon body in which he lay was nearly half full of loose cartridges, in which he had been trading with the Indians, sympathy for him was greatly diminished.

"As night came on the difficulties of marching were much increased by the darkness and rough roads. From time to time halts had to be made and staff-officers sent to the rear to direct the column in the darkness and see that all kept well closed. After a seemingly interminable season of marching by the uncertain light of a waning moon, in which objects were dimly defined and always distorted, the hour indicated to the weary though watchful horsemen that they were approaching the scene of the conflict. Not a sound broke the stillness of the chilly night save the steady tramp of the horses and the rattle and jingle of the equipments of the men. The infantry part of the command, owing to the darkness and difficulties of travel, had fallen behind. A blackened heap of ashes on the highway, with fragments of iron and chains and pieces of harness and rubbish, marked where a train loaded with stores for the agency had been burnt, and further on the bodies of the slaughtered trainmen, with distorted features and staring eyes, told all too plainly of their short run for life—of the mercy they had pleaded for, and how their prayers had been answered by the merciless foe. These were not cheering omens. Had Payne and his men shared a like fate? No one had come to tell. But it would soon be known. 'It can't be far from here,' said the guide, for a third time, as the command was brought to a halt, and every one strained eyes and ears for a sight of the surrounding country or a sound from the front. A hurler with his trumpet ready was close to hand to sound the call known as 'officer's call' in the cavalry, a certain sign of recognition, that there might be no collision with friends who, hearing the tramp of horses, might mistake the force for foes. Presently the guide satisfied himself that the command was near the place, and the clear notes of the trumpet awakened the echoes of the night.

"Captain Payne in recounting the event says: 'Believing it just possible for help to reach us next morning, I directed one of my trumpeters to be on the alert for the expected signal. And so it was: just as the first gray of the dawn appeared, our listening ears caught the sound of 'officer's call' breaking the silence of the morning, and filling the valley with the sweetest music we had ever heard. Joyously the reply rang out from our corral, and the men, rushing from their rifle pits, made the walking ring with their glad cheers.'
Roosevelt With Us

The Keystone Ranch in Coyote Basin where Roosevelt stayed while hunting lion at Meeker was then owned by C. S. Persons of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Tug Wilson was the ranch foreman at that time.
Charlie Collins was the cow-puncher.
Mr. and Mrs. Sabey were the housekeepers and cooks.

Gates Kershuberg who went to Rifle to meet Roosevelt was a saloon keeper in Meeker at that time.

Johnny Goff who was Roosevelt's guide during the lion hunt was an experienced guide from the old Marvine Rod and Gun Club, which was organized by a group of Denver and Colorado Springs sportsmen in the early days, and was located on Marvine Creek about three miles from where Marvine Creek empties into the North Fork of White River. The Rod and Gun Club was by trail about seven miles below the famous Marvine Lakes.

Phillip B. Stewart and Dr. Gerald Webb of Colo. Springs had been patrons of the Marvine Lodge when Johnny Goff was a guide there and it was because of the friendship with Goff and their personal acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt that Roosevelt came to this great game country to hunt lion in 1901.

According to S. C. (Solon) Patterson, a contemporary guide and hunter and early day settler, and a one-time operator of Marvine Lodge, John Goff had quite a bunch of dogs, and as Solon says he had enough dogs to pull any lion out of a tree. The dogs were mostly mixed hounds and one bull dog.

Later on after Roosevelt was in Presidential office he got Goff to go up to the Yellowstone Park with his dogs and clean out the lion according to Solon Patterson.

When Roosevelt stopped at the Meeker Hotel on January 11th, 1901 he was assigned room number 21 and he registered from Chester Bay N.Y. This old register is on display now in the lobby of the Meeker Hotel and attracts much attention because of his signature, and causes much discussion of interesting topics, about the country and Roosevelt.

The Old Timers remember that in that day all the folks who boarded regularly at the Meeker Hotel, had certain hooks in the hall-way leading to the main dining room, on which they used to hang their hats, and each man took decided exception when anyone else used their hat peg or hook. Old Jack Baldwin, "Jack the Painter," as he was commonly known, was one of the steady boarders of the Meeker Hotel. At one meal when Roosevelt ate at the Meeker Hotel, he happened to hang his hat on old Jack's hat peg, and when Jack came to eat he saw the strange hat on his peg and, without and ceremony or inquiries he just up and takes the hat off the peg and slams it down on the floor with a row under-current remarks or maybe louder remarks as the incident struck him. It made no difference to Jack whose hat was on his peg, it just didn't have any right there. Roosevelt being a man who had lived among men took keen delight in the affair and thought nothing of it. Of course Jack didn't know, as the story goes that it was the hat of Roosevelt.
Pictures of Teddy Roosevelt and John Goff and their hunting dogs are on display in the lobby of the Meeker Hotel, at Meeker. These pictures were taken out on the lion hunt, in the winter of 1901

Mr. J.E. Nimerick, another of the Old Pioneer settlers on the White River Country, remembers that when Theodore Roosevelt gave a dinner party over at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, at the Colorado Hotel, that a great many of the men who had taken part in the hunt over here in northwestern Colorado in Rio Blanco County, were present at this dinner. And of course everything was served right in style and according to the book of Hoyle or somebody else, there being of course a generous supply of table utensils. As the dinner progressed the observing lion hunter Theodore noticed that some of the men were embarrassed not knowing which fork or which knife to use at the proper time. And seeing this the Colonel remarked: "Get a good knife and fork Boys and stay by them." Which of course relieved the strain of the party and then things went jake.

Mr. A.G. Wallihan, a real Old Timer who lives over at Lay, Colorado on the Bear River, has a wonderful collection of outdoor game pictures which cannot be excelled any place. Wallihan at one time published a book with these pictures in it and Roosevelt contributed an article to the publication.
I was born in Barre, Vermont, December 5, 1853. I was raised and went to school there at Barre Seminary. When I was about twelve years old I got my first gun, an old flintlock musket used in the War of 1812, and I fixed it over into a cap-lock. It was so heavy that I had to rest it against something to shoot it. From then on I always had guns and traps. Nothing bigger than a fox to hunt in Vermont at that time. I killed my first antelope at Greeley. I came to Greeley in 1880. I didn't come West 'til 1880. I just thought I'd come West. What started me West particularly was an acquaintance of mine that had been out there to that Greeley country, came back East, and then I decided I'd come back West with him. Horace Greeley was the editor and publisher of the New York Tribune and started this movement West. That's what brought me to Greeley, and because I could get higher wages here than I could back East. This fellow had told me a lot about this country and the game out West here, and I was fond of hunting and trapping. I was about 27—I'm eighty past now. Meeker was one of the founders of the colony of Greeley.

I worked there on a ranch that season then went to cow-punchin' out on the plains. Next summer I was in the mountains herding a bunch of short-horn cattle. That fall late I struck that U. P. Engineering party and I was with that survey outfit for about three years. The next summer we were in the Black Hills section. That fall, we were shipped out to Idaho; the party I was with, helped locate the end of that short-line and then that fall, after we got through there, we were shipped to Beaver Canyon from which we made a survey into Yellowstone Park. It took about eighteen days to make thirty-five miles down the Madison River because of snow storms; the last eight days we lived on Elk meat because I had a rifle along. We made a survey down to Three-Forks on the Madison to connect with the Northern Pacific. We were sent back to the Saw-Tooth Mountains in Idaho to make a road into the silver mines. Surveyed a short extension of that road and then they fired the whole shooting-match. At that time they quit all building and seventeen engineer parties were turned loose.

I came back to Colorado then and located this place in the mountains in the Spring of 1884 and I stayed there that season and the next summer. This ranch was back of Fort Collins about forty miles up the canyon and I sold out to a cattle-man and then I thought probably I'd like to go to the Grand Junction country. It was in August, '85 when I sold that place and started for this country. Then I got over here, it was such a grand game country, I stayed here and didn't go on to Grand Junction. There were three of us who came together. We came in four-horse outfits. Fred Gordon, Fred Parker and myself started in August, '85, and came over Cameron Pass and then over Muddy Pass, then down through Oak Hills around through where Hayden and Craig now are. There were a few families when I got here, quite a number of families in fact. Quite a lot of them came in in '85—Watson, Allen, Marcus (Cap) Coon, Clay Peterson. More families came in that year than any year before that. There wasn't any railroad here 'til 1887. The D. & R. G. was the first railroad to Rifle.

In this country I located first on Fourteen-Mile. The land at that time wasn't surveyed. I sold that location to a couple fellows, Alice and Camel, in 1887 and then worked for Rube Oldland on Piceance
Creek. Ambrose Oldland had come in a short time before that and he and I worked for Rube in 1887, and put up hay. R. Oldland came in '83 or '84 with Jerry Mahoney and Tom Leonard. I think R. Oldland was a foreman in some of those big mines at Leadville for several years. R. Oldland located at the Spur ranch on Piceance and brought 1,000 head of Texas Heifers.

That was the year the Utes broke out here in 1887. Families all gathered at the ranch and built a fort, during that trouble Ambrose and I never stopped putting up hay. They brought in a whole lot of State Militia. In that scrap that they had down there just below Rangely, one was killed who was a sergeant in a troop from Aspen, Jack Ward, and some crazy half cow-puncher that they called Curley. Colorow was wounded in that war and died a year or two afterwards from the effects of it. That young fellow that died down at Vernal last year, knew Colorow as he stood there with them a lot and he told me that Colorow was wounded in that fight. I worked for Rube until April, 1888, then came up here to Meeker and stayed a little while and then went up the river on the north-fork in '88 and hunted, trapped and guided tourists.

The Marvine Rod and Gun Club built the Marvine Lodge in the first place. That Club was composed of Colorado Springs and Denver sportsmen. They ran it only two or three years, then told Billy Wells and if we'd take that place and run it all that we would have to do was to take care of the place, pay the taxes, and take care of any Club members that came. In the Fall of '97, I sold out to an Englishman named Verschyl. I turned it over to Verschyl and he ran it for two years and went broke. A. Oldland held a mortgage on the place. Then Johnny Goff got the place from Oldland and ran Marvine Lodge when Roosevelt was in here.

The next summer I played tourist myself and that was in '98. Dick Stone and Dr. French and I started in July for the Yellowstone Park. We stayed there until we saw everything we wanted to see in the Park and came back by Green River and Brown's Park. We fished and hunted on the way. We hunted deer, elk, antelope and mountain sheep. We went by way of Jackson, Lander, Fort Washke, Big Wind River, Two Ocean Pass, down onto the head of Green River, Gravert Pass, Jackson Hole country, Lewis Fork of the Snake River and into the Park. We took a side trip and went over and camped on the divide on a sheep-hunt. Dick Stone killed two sheep on the divide between the Grav and Hoback Rivers in Wyoming. Those are the two sheep heads here in the Meeker Hotel lobby.

After that trip, I stayed here at the Hotel and did much hunting with your father, Mr. Ball, in '98. We used to go hunting three or four times a week and kept the dining-room supplied with all kinds of fish and game. In '99 I was Forest Ranger. Harry Gibbler and Jack Dunn and I were camped together. In the fall I bought a place on South-fork from Hugh Jones. Later on, Mr. Parotte and I became partners. Parotte at that time was selling "Kingsbury" hats and he supplied the Hugh string of stores with hats. Parotte, my father at that time, got acquainted with Secretary Loeb, he had Loeb as a guest at the ranch and I got acquainted with him and his family. I went up there on South-fork and he and I ran that place 'til I sold out in 1907 and went back East and married. My wife didn't live with two years, then I sold out and came back to Colorado.
A C. Tallihan followed us around taking pictures of lion hunts with an
eight by ten camera. He tried several times to get a picture of a lion
leaping out of a pinion tree, but they usually blurred, but he finally got
a clear one of a lion in mid-air as he leaped out of the tree. Tallihan
had all kinds of pictures of animals in this country.
In the summer of '89 I killed about 700 deer and pulled the hides off, just for the hides and that fall I got 45 bear near Lost Park. I shipped those hides to Chicago and they netted me clear $1.50 apiece; I got anywhere from $10 to $50 for the bear hides. In '90 and '91, I got a whole lot more bear. Everybody hilled game for the hides and made money that way. I'll tell you a fact. In the summer of '89, I could ride up anywhere and there would be forty or fifty bucks lying in one bunch; they would lie there in the shade of the aspen trees and you could ride up within a few feet of them. I killed twenty-three bucks in one day and jerked the hides off, and that was some day's work.

The Pease boys had a horse outfit in that upper country in '89. They wanted us to kill them some winter's meat. I wouldn't kill anything that didn't have a big head. They were located near the mouth of Deep Creek. Deer used to come down that crossing just between Higamore's and Lost Creek and then come down over the big crossing on South-Fork at the old 'Gilly' place, up about a mile and a half. I got ten deer in a few days when I was getting this winter's meat, and the smallest one had fifteen points and the biggest had twenty-three.

I shipped those ten heads and two big elk heads to Chicago and got $17.00 clear out of them. I know that I've killed or helped kill about 2000 bear and 250 or 300 mountain lions. Because, when I was running that bunch of lions every winter, there were six winters we used to get forty or fifty every winter. We found them on Piceance, Scenery Gulch, Blue Mountain, and Colorow Mountain. A. G. Wallihan followed us around taking pictures of lion hunts with an eight by ten camera. He tried several times to get lion pictures in a big winter tree, but they always blurred. Finally he was successful. Wallihan had all kinds of pictures of animals in this country.

In the winter of '93 the K outfit sent up for us to come down and they'd furnish everything if we'd come down and hunt. They had a horse outfit and the lions got so they'd eat up all the colts.

In the fall of '93, they were more lions in the lower country. Some of the lions would follow the deer up in the spring. They seemed to follow the deer around.

In the Fall of '96 as I remember it when Billy Wells and I had the tourist outfit, we had a man up from Detroit who was a son of Secretary-At-Large McKinley's Secretary of War. He had come in every fall for four or five years and this fall he stayed late after a little snow and we took him on a lion hunt. In four or five days he got six lions out towards Sleepy Cat.

In our pack of hounds, we had twelve hounds and four shepherds. We never took the hounds out 'till along in the fall. We kept the hounds in their kennels because if we had left them out in the summer-time, they would have chased the deer and elk.

There were no buffalo here when I came in '85. I've seen skulls way up in the green timber all over this country. Never many antelope and only a few antelope up Strawberry and over around the battle-grounds. Most antelope are over on Bear River. North of Craig was a great antelope country.

I don't think there were as many elk in the White River Country then as there now from what I hear. There are more now than there are in the upper country when I was there, from what people tell me, although you could go out most any day at that time and cut an elk if you wanted it. Every winter, lots of ranchmen, instead of killing deer, will kill elk, seven or eight at a time for their winter's meat.
JUST RETRIBUTION.

A GANG OF THREE HIGHWAYMEN TRY TO ROB THE BANK OF MEEKER.

And are Now Sleeping Beneath the Sod as a Consequence of their Daring.

But Fortunately, Ill-Starred Deed--MEEKER Citizen's Meet the Crises Bravely and Make Short.

The work of the Robber Band -- Only Two Citizens Badly Hurt -- The Bandits Unidentified.

Tuesday, October 13, 1896, will stand as a red letter day in MEEKER's history. On that day three bank robbers and would-be murderers were sent to their final account. The work of the hold-ups showed evidence of wantonness in many particulars but the lightening-like promptness by which they were disposed of showed that the citizens of this town know how to act and shoot.

It was close to the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon of the day above mentioned when two men entered the Hugus building by a main entrance, unobserved. One turned to the left and approached the cashier's window of the bank, which is partitioned off in the usual bank fashion and separate from the large store room; the other proceeded down the right aisle toward the center of the room, and simultaneously with the entrance of the two in front, a third (Jones, the leader) entered by the rear side door and approached near the center of the room unnoticed. At the time the two men entered from the front, Joe Rooney, clerk at the Meeker hotel, was making a deposit of the robber (Harris) quietly waited until he got through; as he turned to one side the hold-up stepped up to the window and poking his gun through the brass railing fired close to the head of David Moul, the assistant cashier, who was busy making his entry, and herded the latter to throw up his hands. Mr. Smith was slow in carrying the order and another bullet whistled past his head. These shots aroused Mr. Moulton, the local manager of the Hugus company, and, with Mr. Booth and other clerks, were all busily engaged waiting customers, and they looked up to find that they were covered by very revolvers. While this scene was being instantly enacted near the center of the store-room the robber in front (who had kept his eye on Joe Rooney all the time) moved round to the bank office door and tried to force it open. Failing in this, he turned to Mr. Rooney and marched him down to the center of the room, where the other two robbers had already corralled everybody with hands up.

The leader of the gang then stepped up to Mr. Moulton, saying: "Mr. Cashier, we want you!" and leading the latter to the office door ordered it opened, which was done. "The chief was shown to the office by Harris. The former said to Mr. Moulton: "Here's your money!" "There it is, replied the cashier," nodding the direction of the cash drawer, which stood open, "Help yourself." Harris produced an old sugar sack and dumped contents of the cash drawer into it; his partner, having Messrs. Moulton and Smith looking at the barrel of a "Navy" while the job was being done. The robbers rounded the cashier and assistant out of the office and had them in the "bunch" of employes and customers previously rounded up and then was "close herded" by Smith, "The Kid," while operations were progress in the bank office.
The next thing on the program was to secure all the rifles and ammunition in the store, which being attended to by the leader of the robber band, he then filled the magazines of three rifles—one for each of the bandits in addition to the heavy revolvers they carried. He next broke and rendered useless the remaining rifles found in the store. This consumed about five minutes’ time, but these five minutes were fateful ones for the robbers bold. Taken in connection with the two shots fired at the beginning of the affair, they sealed the fate of the hold-ups.

These two shots attracted the attention of Tom Shervin of the Secker hotel, who ran down to the Hugus corner and seeing what was up gave the alarm. C. J. Duffy, who was passing at the time, “caught on,” and running up street, spread the alarm. Phil Barnhart also gave the alarm down street, and in less than three minutes’ time every avenue of escape was guarded and a dozen unerring marksmen were awaiting the appearance of the robbers while others were hastening to the scene of action.

After securing the rifles and ammunition, the next scene in the tragic affair was the filing out through the side door of the robbers with their prisoners. First came the leader pushing Joe Rooney ahead of him as a shield; then the other robbers with messrs. Moulton, with Booth, W. P. Herrick, Victor Dikeman and one or two customers, who were in the store when the bandits made their appearance. They had no sooner reached the street than Jones espying W. H. Clark near the corner of the Hugus grain warehouse, raised his rifle and fired him, hitting Mr. Clark in the right breast about two inches to the right of the nipple. After this shot was fired the robbers marched the boys down street about twenty-five or thirty feet to where horses were hitched to the rear wheels of one of the Hugus wagons. Mr. Jones and Harris started to untie the horses while "The Kid" kept watch over the crowd on whom he had his Winchester leveled, but, as Mr. Moulton said afterwards, they were getting tired holding their hands in the air and somebody broke and ran. Then all ran for cover, and "The Kid" opened fire, shooting promiscuously at the people on the run and hitting Victor Dikeman in the right arm, inflicting a very painful but not dangerous wound. Mr. Booth’s left was cut by a passing bullet and Mr. Herrick had a finger cut in the same way.

The scattering of the bank and store people was the signal for the citizens to get in their work; and in less time than it takes to tell it, Jones, the leader of the bandits, and Smith, "The Kid," were on the ground, the former with a bullet hole through the left arm and the latter shot through the heart. In all five bullets struck the body of "The Kid" and he died instantly. Jones was taken the last and he emptied his revolver while lying on the ground before expiring.

Harris seeing his pals drop, ran in the direction of the river, but hadn’t reached the Miller house corner before a bullet in the right arm and another through the left leg brought him to the ground. He lingered for nearly an hour before giving up the ghost.

Thus was justice meted out to three bold bandits who struck the town in which to ply their villainous calling.

The affair makes a very creditable showing for the citizens of Secker. The promptness in responding to the call, the coolness of judgment and bravery exhibited under trying conditions.
establishes for the men of Meeker a reputation to be proud of, and will give this town a creditable name throughout the length and breadth of the land.

County Attorney Ryan and the Herald representative tried to get a statement from Harris before he died, but he was sinking fast and all that could be gotten out of him in almost inaudible tones was the names of the gang, viz: Charles Jones, the leader, Billy Smith, or "The Kid", as he called him, and the dying man, George Harris. The names are all supposed to be fictitious, although some of our citizens claim to have known the dead desperado under the name of Harris, and that he worked for the Lily Park Cattle company at one time. Some also thought that the leader was the notorious Tom McGarty of Delta and Telluride bank fame, but those qualified to judge say not.

Jones was about 45 years of age; 5 ft. 8 in.; dark hair, bald on both temples; bluish-grey eyes, sunk deep; small round head; about three week's growth of sandy-dark beard; right leg about 1/2 inch shorter than other; weight 155 or 60 pounds; wore blue coggles and a black sweater pulled up about his chin as disguise.

Harris--aged about 35; 5 ft. 9 or 10; weight about 180; light reddish hair, short, light sandy moustache, man of fine physique. His last utterance was, "Oh, mother!"

Smith--aged about 21; large smooth face; thick neck, hair, dark brown; 5 ft. 7 or 8; weight, about 150 or 155.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was in brief, that the deceased came to their death by gun-shot wounds inflicted by the citizens in the defense of life and property, and that the killing was justifiable.

Undertaker Hiblock put the dead bandits under the sod Wednesday afternoon, and already the exciting episode in our local history is thought no more of than if it was an every day occurrence.

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Short Shots.

Messrs. Clark and Dickman, whose wounds were at first thought to be serious, are in the hands of Dr. French and getting along finely. They will be out in a few days.

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Link Tarbert made a record-breaking ride after Dr. French, and the latter responded in about as quick time.

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Meeker has been prepared for just such an affair for years.

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Nearly every man in this town owns a gun and they all shoot straight. They also rank high in bravery and intelligence, the two cardinal essentials in emergencies.

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Jones was cool throughout the whole proceedings, and his shot at Link showed that he possessed an unerring aim. He was nervy to the last, emptying his revolver in every direction after he fell mortally wounded.
Before the affair was over, Harris and "The Kid" showed signs of weakness. The former must have got badly rattled as the sack containing the cash was found in the bank office after the smoke of battle cleared away.

Nothing short of the miraculous saved the lives of a number of Meeker citizens. Jones and "The Kid" sent the bullets a-flying thick and fast for a few seconds.

Town Marshal Williams found two horses in Powell Park yesterday, which have been identified as belonging to the robbers. One was a sorrel mare with a pack saddle, a gun scabbard and two horse shoes tied to it. The other was a grey horse. Both had short ropes tied to them.

Taken from the Meeker Herald, Saturday, October 17, 1896.
BANK ROBBERY.

Telegrams and letters of congratulation continue to pour into Meeker and witness annet the late affair and its auspicious ending. The highwaymen's unsuccessful exploit has been commented on excessively, throughout the whole country and Meeker has gained creditable fame everywhere.

---The Meeker Herald, Saturday, October 31, 1896.

Ford reached town last evening that Sam Wear had run upon the camp of the late bank-robbers at the head of Three Mile Gulch, a tributary of Strawberry. He found three horses, three rifles, and a lot of bedding. The horses were tied up, one was dead from starvation, one was nearly so and the third so weak he could hardly walk. The poor brutes had been tied up without anything to eat or drink for seventeen days. Mr. Wear has not yet returned to town and until he does, we can not give particulars of the find.

---The Meeker Herald, Saturday, October 31, 1896.

Those citizens of Meeker, Colorado who killed all three bank-robbers, who undertook to ply their vocation in that place are all of heroic stuff. For once the pendulum of just desert swings in the proper direction at the right time.

---Salt Lake Tribune.

Ford reached here today that the camp of the three hold-ups was found yesterday by a party of hunters. The location was on Strawberry Creek, about eight miles from town. The relay of three horses was tied to trees—one dead and the other two nearly so—having been seventeen days without food and water. The camp was stored with the usual outfit of supplies and bedding; three rifles were also found.

In opposition of the fact that the identity of the dead men seemed to be established, there is strong reason to believe that the parties who claimed to identify them gave false names, as regards two of them anyhow: whether they knew better or not may not be known. Evidence is accumulating that all three were wanted for other crimes—two having been concerned in the robbery at Montpelier, Idaho, it is believed, from the names.

---Meeker Herald, November 7, 1896.

Traveler stopped at E. A. Proctor's, on Curtis Creek, one night last week, and during a conversation with Mr. Proctor, on recent local events, said he knew Billy Smith "The Kid," and George Law, alias "W. A.," two of the gang recently killed here in attempting to rob the bank; and that both were very well known in Brown's Park. According to this man, "The Kid" was one of the two men who held up the Meeker stage near Thirteen-Mile ranch over a year ago, so he was no new at crime.

---Meeker Herald, November 14, 1896.
THE MEEKER BANK ROBBERY

AN INTERESTING PICTURE
(If you don't mind looking at dead men)

In the famous lobby of the Meeker Hotel—(famous because of its wonderful collection of mounted trophies—deer heads—elk heads—mountain sheep heads—cases of mounted birds—bear hides—lion hides—buffalo heads—antelope heads—cat heads—eagles—owls—pheasants—quail—ducks—all horn chair—full mounted deer-tables made of deer horns—beautiful scenic pictures)

you will see as you enter the front door of the lobby—on a pillar squarely facing you—the noted and much looked-at picture of the Meeker Bank Robbers who lie now in the southeast corner of Meeker's Highland Cemetery. There graves bear no sign of recognition and the weeds and wild grasses seem to thrive on that unfertile soil above their remains.

you will see there in that picture frame four individual pictures.

in the upper right corner—lie there on an improvised bed—three dead men who took the law into their own hands—men who had no fear of the marksmanship of the early settlers. Pierce, the younger of the three men lies there—clean shaven—naked breast with hands folded—nostrils up—and eyes open. Jim Shirley lies in the middle—ruffled hair—heavy beard—dark mustache—clothes torn wide open on his breast—bullet wound in his left breast. Geo. Law the third bandit sleeps with his eyes closed—teeth gritted—heavy dark mustache—naked breast—bullet wound in right breast. Law looks the oldest. Shirley about forty-five and perhaps a few years younger than Law. Pierce in his early thirties perhaps.

in the lower right hand picture you see a sidewalk of boards—a cotton-wood tree trunk—the rest of two men standing up—a dead man behind the tree with legs bent and boots on—his hat jarred off—two lower edges of two wagon wheels—weeds and grass—and another dead man with a young face turned upwards towards the skies—breathless and flat on his back with outstretched hands—a note book in his vest pocket with a bullet wound thru the lower edge of the note book—hat jarred from his head as he fell.

in the upper left hand corner you see a man lying still—without life—on his left side—head resting on his hand—raced side—wiza—sleeping the sleep of death—head resting on a chuck of wood—a man's toe is seen about six inches from the dead man's head—a woman's toe and checksed skirt is seen about four feet from the dead robbers back.

in the lower left hand corner you will see a picture of the earliest pioneering store—J.W. HUCUS & Co.—the bank and the store were adjoining in one large brick building.

By ((W.O. BALL)) FIELD WORKER
Another Version of the last war with Indians in Colorado, which differs to Major Nan Kivells. Colorow and his band did not inflict petty annoyances to the settlers. No stock was stolen by them, no crops were destroyed and no women were bullied into feeding them, and the settlers were not subject to his bulldozing tactics. And no wasteful threats were made, and they were not regarded as a menace to the settlers. The Ute Indians, as I saw them, were happy, harmless and friendly, and unlike the Big Sioux and the Assiniboines that I saw in the Canadian northwest.

Colorow, who had told Mr. Hurlburt, who had brought a herd of sheep to the White River valley from California, that maybe sometimes the snow got very deep, and for him to move them over into the Grand Valley for the winter.

In the late summer of 1883, after the U.S. soldiers had been ordered Colorow and a small band came and reported to Mr. Major, who was at the head of the Hugus outfit—Army Post Settlers, that he was going to be good, and he was good until the day of his death. As I have understood, they had not been strictly held on the Ute Reservation when the Soldiers occupied Meeker, but had come and traded here in Hugus Post in Powell Park, and at Charlie Hills Post at Rangely.

They came up to hunt as same was very plentiful here and very scarce on their Reservation. They tanned the hides for their clothing ad nauseam, also sold the tanned hides, and they used all the edible parts of a deer, while the white men often took only the hind quarters. The squaws went up into the high valleys and fished and gathered raspberries, which were plentiful in those days, then went back each fall, before the snow. They kept coming in increasing numbers each year and in 1887 brought perhaps 200 Ponies and 150 sheep.

The laws had been passed by the State and Joe Burgett got the appointment as game warden. He then started to enforce the laws on the Utes. Got up a posse and went up with a warrant to serve on them, read the warrant to them, which they did not understand. They took hold of a young Ute to bring him in and try him. He tore loose and off, then Limpy Watson, one of the deputies took a shot at him, and killed him. This was the first shot of the great farce called the War with Indians in Colorado. The Utes sent in word to Mr. Major to know what was wrong. He went with Mr. Harry Miner, and told them they could not help them, and for them to return to the Reservation as fast as possible. Then the bad men sent out lying reports about the Utes being on the war path—murdering and burning everything in sight.

Mr. Kendall, who I knew very well, brought this news to Glenwood, and that he had been fired upon by the Utes at the head of Flag Creek. He came Sheriff Kendall and Jack Ward, to arrest a Ute for stealing horses, which was probably a fake story. White men bought horses of him, and gambled with him for horses, and when one got loose it not to the Ute herd again, and went with it back to the Reservation. Utes not away as fast as possible. They could not go back on the hills they came up on, but had to go up on the Yampa Divide and into Crooked Wash to get back to the River near to Rangely. They away leaving their horses and sheep, and must have had a hard time for their wounded, Squaws, and Papooses, and it rained heavily all time, when Kendall and his partners started in pursuit. I did hear of another shot being fired, until Kendall caught up with them in a few miles of their Reservation.

I have heard on good authority, that a Ute came running out
laughing, "No Fight! No Fight!"—but the pursuers were after a fight with the results which Major Nan Kivells relates. It was said that the whites fired into the camp, killing some Squaws. Dr. Dumont was not hurt.

A man I knew well, came racing up from Blair's warning everyone to get into Meeker—saying, that he had been shot at by the Utes, and that the Utes were killing and burning as they came. Some friends came across the river in the night and told me to get into Meeker as quickly as possible. I had no horse—they said they would come over for me. My wife said, "How can I wake up the baby and go into town tonight?" I looked at the clock—it was half past one. I called out and said, "I will stay here until morning." I loaded up my rifle and waited for Utes but got tired of waiting so went to bed and slept till daylight.

General Reardon sent out orders for everyone to come in. I did not go. I had a stack of hay and a crop of oats that I was going to protect. Nearly all the people went in and barricaded themselves every night in the big old Adobe buildings and guards were out every night below my ranch.

I was a renegade and would not obey as I knew there was no War anyway.

While all this was in progress, Mike Drum, an old Irishman, was carrying the mail to Rangely, and the Mail Stage was coming and going regularly from Rawlins, Wyoming. Uncle Blair, an old Cattleman came up to plead for the Utes to General Reardon, who told him, he expected the war to last three months. Blair said, "Why Jinner'! there is no war!"—he was promptly arrested, also Mike Drum was arrested for carrying ammunition to Colorows camp. The Indian Ponies were rounded up and put in McHatties corral—said to be three hundred in number. But before they were returned to the Indians, all had been stolen but seventy head. Among the stolen, a Stallion which the government furnished the Indians. Another farce was the Game Laws; but very few paid any attention to them. Men killed deer for their hides, until the State passed laws forbidding any to be bought or sold. (It was reported that ten thousand deer hides were shipped out of New Castle on the first train East.)

Thomas Baker
In the year 1889 was formed out of the northern part of Garfield County. Mr. G. S. Allsbrooke was the first man to propose it and was only seconded by Mr. J. L. McHatton; both settled in Meeker in 1883.

They got up petitions and sent them to the Legislature giving their reasons for it that the settlers in this part of the country are such a long distance from the County seat at Glenwood Springs and had to cross over a divide which was, in the wintertime, almost impassable from the heavy snows. There was opposition from the big stockmen who paid most of the taxes and it would take another set of County officers and would make their taxes higher. And opposition by others who did not want Meeker to be the county seat. Rival towns had been started—one in Powell Park. The Midland Railroad, which was building, was expected to come down the Government Road from Pecos and White River City was started. I circulated the petition in the rival places and got lots of signatures. But finally the opposition faded and all went well with us here. But we had great opposition in Glenwood which had a Legislator with a great pull. I also had one in Senator H. H. Eddy, a bright young Lawyer, an exceptional orator, also very witty. Messrs. Allsbrooke and McHatton went to Denver to see the Legislature and tell them of our need of a new County.

Some of the leading men of Glenwood had petitions to off-set ours. Senator Eddy read some of them—they had been signed by a lot of unpronounceable names. They had gone among Austrians who were working up in the canyon on the railroad. Eddy caused a lot of sentiment by saying they must surely have gone to Hungary to set up his petition. Senator Eddy had valuable help in a Mexican Legislator from the southern part of the state and in his honor, gave the new county its name—a very fitting one too.

Thomas Baker

W.O. BALL
Field Workers Note:

Mr. Baker is one of the real Old Timers here and has always taken a decided interest in things historical about this county.

Mr. Baker says that he believes that the White River got its name from a Mr. C.L. White who was the Hayden Survey Party that made the very early survey thru northwestern Colorado.

Mr. Baker says that Senator Eddy honored the Mexican Legislator from Southern Colorado who helped Him (Eddy) get RIO BLANCO COUNTY from the county of Garfield, by naming White River a Mexican or Spanish name, namely), Rio Bianco meaning White River.

Mr. Baker came into the White River Country in 1883.
I was born in 1809 near Nashville, Tenn. Where I lived until I came west.

This part of the country had just been thrown open to settlement a few years, and the papers were full of the wonderful opportunities to be found here.

I came directly to Meeker, with my younger brother, Clarence, when I was 18 years of age.

I came by rail to Glenwood Springs—taking the 274 to St. Louis; C.P.R. to Kansas.
City, Santa Fe, to Pueblo
N. & O. R. to Glenwood Springs.
There I hired at the lynch
to bring me to Meeker.
He had only a small
team of ponies, so we had
to walk up all the hills. And
it seemed to me it was
all hills then.
We landed in Meeker
on Sunday afternoon and
the town was full of drunken
cowboys riding up and down
the street.
I had never seen anything
like that and decided
I should not stay here
very long. But after
46 years and still here.
I spent the first winter
in secory gulch
I worked as a ranch hand
a few years then bought
a ranch later starting
in the cattle business.
In this business I was
moderately successful due
to hard work and trying
to figure what the
business was about
the price of live stock was
about the same as it is
now. And you could
get 7 7 alfameles
Coffee for 1.
All transportation was done by team. Most things being hauled from Rawlins Wyo.

Roosevelt spent about 10 days at my ranch in Scenery Hill and I was with him when he caught several lion.

Roosevelt was a real good fellow, jolly and agreeable. Talked a good deal about when he used to be in the cattle business in Montana.

He enjoyed going out in the corral with the
kids and roping the
calves; laying down
on the bed and the bunk
house, telling stories with
the rest of the men, or
sitting down to the table
to eat, with his energy.

— and he could eat.

When Roosevelt got
ready to leave the ranch
he asked each of the
children what they
would like to have
him send them. He
did not forget what
each asked for either.
RANGELY AND C.P. HILL'S TRADING POST

A story told by Mrs. C.P. Hill

C.P. Hill and Mr. Joseph Studer and family were the first white settlers in Rangely. Mr. Studer's family consisted of his wife and three children and himself. C.P. Hill was a bachelor, then.

Each party drew a team. Mr. Studer's load consisted of his family household goods. C.P. Hill brought in groceries, dry goods, bullets, and such things as the Indians used to use. They came in by the way of Kern, but C.P. Hill's load came tho' from Salt Lake.

I do not know just where they crossed White River, but they drove up on the south side of the river, after crossing, until it was time to stop for the night.

They turned out the teams, arranged the camp, and got supper. During the meal, Mr. Hill asked Mr. Studer what he thought of the country. Mr. Studer thought it was just fine, and so did his wife. Mr. Hill asked Mr. Studer if he thought they better drive on up the river farther or not. Mr. Studer said he would be willing to just stake out his land right there where they were. Mr. Hill said that he liked the land just to the west, that which they had passed over, and he believed he would look it over in the morning and decide.

The next morning he did look it over, picked out a place for his store and set up his tent and got ready for business. No Indians were spaced around there, but they were scattered around on the creeks and in their favorite camps.

Mr. Hill got his supplies from Salt Lake for a few times, but it was so far to freight goods by wagon, and took so long to make the trip, he decided to make a road over Douglas Pass. His half brother Billy Hill and that brothers uncle, Mr. Chase, had come to Rangely. His father and family wanted to come west from New Hampshire. The Hill boys arranged to meet them in Grand Junction at a certain time. So Mr. Chase and the Hill boys, with one or two hired men, fixed a kind of road over Douglas Pass. I became there wasn't much grading done. Mostly selecting the best and easiest places, cutting brush and moving rocks; but it made a passway and the road was used, with a little fixing, for a good many years. It was steep all right.

The groceries for the trading post were brought in over that road. After 1884, I think, if I remember rightly, Mr. Hill started the post in 1882. I do not know just when, or just when the next white settlers came to Rangely, after Mr. Hill and Studer came, but when I came in 1888, there were a number of families who had their log houses built, ditches running, and considerable land grubbed and in cultivation.

Among these early settlers were: Nick Owens, Jack Banta, Wilson, Jack Walsh, Horace Coltharp, Frank Gillum, Joseph Studer, Fleischer and Rance Hill. C.P. Hill's father, whose family consisted of Billy, Everett and Bert Hill, and a daughter named Anna, besides his wife. Anna Hill died in Rangely and was the first one buried in the Rangely Cemetery.

Mr. Hill got along very well with the Indians, but he had to fight an Indian and have a little trouble at first. He left the store one day without locking the door. When he returned, an Indian was on a chair with something from the top shelf. Mr. Hill engaged in a fight at once. He came out with a badly broken finger, and the Indian had some bumps, but he didn't do any fighting back. The Indians disappeared for a few days, then they came back and told Mr. Hill that he must pack up and leave, so from Rangely right away. Mr. Hill didn't go. The Indians deserted again for a few days, then came back and told him that it was all right. "Stay".
In those days, it was tedious trading with the Indians. They would often get their quarters, half dollars and often dollars changed into nickels, and buy their sugar and other supplies, that they could, by the nickel's worth. I have sold to the same Indian, on the same day 8 or 10 little peper sacks with a nickels worth of sugar in each. When they had to pay 30, 30, or 35 for anything, they would rather pay in nickels.

The Indians in the early days, for the most part, paid for their supplies with home-tanned buckskin. This, they brought to the store, had it weighed, and received cash for the same. Sometimes they spent all the cash on the day they received it, but more often, they kept a part of it, and sometimes all of it. In those days, they seemed to know nothing of the credit system; when they had no money, they bought nothing, but some were too bashful to ask one to give him the things that he desired. The Squaws took the lead in this.

The last Indian war, if I remember rightly, took place the year before I came to Rangely, but the subject was much talked of after my arrival, and the places where this and that occurred, was pointed out to me.

The people in Rangely did not blame the Indians. It was considered a deliberate plan to drive out the Indians, and rob them of their horses. Of course the Government had made a treaty with the Indians, in which the Indians had agreed to sell their land on their old reservation, to the Government, at $1.25 per acre, and accept, in place of it, lands in Utah. They, however, did receive no payment for their land; and an Indian does not consider a thing sold till he gets his money in hand. They did not like the land in Utah, and did not want to go there. It seems that the Indians did not know that soldiers were being sent to drive them out of Colorado, until a day or two before the soldiers arrived in Rangely. The Indians began at once to prepare to flee. They worked night and day getting their horses together, packing up, and hastily preparing to leave. On the morning of the day the soldiers arrived in Rangely, the Indians came in thoroughly exhausted. They did not expect the soldiers on that day, and had planned to camp until the next day. They turned their horses out to graze, keeping but a few close by. The same as the soldiers were nearly there, so the Indians hastily packed the few horses, tenday, and started west. They went some ten miles down the river and camped. The soldiers posted sentries on the bluff across the river from our place, and in a short time made things around last quite war-like.

The next morning the soldiers followed up the Indians. They didn't see many, you may be sure, but the Indians saw them, all right, and they had many a good laugh at the soldiers expense, afterwards.

There were others along, besides soldiers. Soon after their arrival in Rangely, they began to round up the horses the Indians had left. My husband had a willow woven corral on his place. I do not dare guess at the size, but it was a good-sized round one. The men crowded the Indian's horses into this corral till it would not hold another one, and holding there were a lot hauled against a drift fence leading to the corral. The next morning all these horses were gone. Thus were the Indians driven from their land that was not yet paid for, and thus were the robbed of their horses. A very serious blow.

The Indians often came up from their reservation, and brought their buckskin, and bought supplies. Their treaty with our Government, gave the Indians a right to hunt on their old reservation, "As long as the deer shall last." That, I'm told is the way the treaty reads. The Indians, therefore, come up each fall, usually early October. My husband usually got a goodly supply of bullets on hand for the occasion. But one fall, in 1871 to be exact, his supply of bullets ran out. He heard that the Indians were coming early, so he planned a heavy horseback ride to Grand
Junction, to get enough for a starter. Before going, he told me that
I'd better not open the store, if the Indians came before his return.
The Indians came, allright. About a dozen or fifteen young boys and men
came to the house rather late one afternoon, and wanted me to open the
store. I hesitated, but finally went over and unlocked the store. The
young men did not seem anxious to buy anything. They began to walk
around, handle things in reach, and carry the things around. Finally one
jumped on the counter and began handing over articles to the other boys.
The boys would take them and put them under their arms.
It flashed on my mind, that these boys were intending to appropriate
these, to their own use. I got into action at once. I pulled the things
and, from them, they offering very little resistance. I ordered them out
of the store. They would stand and laugh and talk to each other, but did
not go. I began to push them out with one hand, as I had my baby in the
other. It was easy enough pushing them out. Of course, they were only
trying to see how much I would take. If I would have stood for it, they
would have taken the things allright. But as it was, I had the fright of
my life. I think I really was a "Paleface" at that time, for the boys
had a big laugh about it.

After, I locked the store and went home, those boys shouted, whooped
and hollered. They got out the buckboard, and had some great rides,
scattered things pretty well, stole the eggs, and such things, but did
no real harm.

The next morning, one of the old Indians came, and wanted me to
open the store. I told him I would not, that the boys had acted too bad.
He had heard about it, and showed plainly that it had not met with his
approval. He said if I would open the store, he would stand right by me,
and if the boys acted badly, he would shoot them. I opened the store and
the thriving business for an hour or two.

I got to like the Indians very much. They are a wonderful people;
and my husband was always their "Heap good friend".

C.P. Hill was Post Master in Rangely, for ten years or more. He
found some asphaltum float, in the Evacuation Creek country. He traced
it up till he felt sure of the place where it came from, had it analyzed
and found it was valuable. Late in the fall of 1888, he found the main
 vein, and named it the Black Dragon. This mineral was found to be on the
Indian Reservation in Utah; so before it could be worked, it had to be
cut off from the reservation. This proved to be quite a task. One party
after another, was taken into the company to get this done, until I
think Mr. Hill had an 8th interest, only. Meanwhile, he discovered other
veins, which were an extension of Black Dragon. Out of all of that
great discovery, he got a mere pittance. Some claims that he did not sell
were claimed by the Company, and he could't fight for them.

Mr. Hill engaged in the cattle business, after the asphaltum
business, became a failure in his case. He liked the cattle business,
and made a comfortable living; and was more free and happier, I'm sure,
then he would have been, had he made much from the asphaltum.
Now, I think, Mr. Ball, that I've given you quite a history of the Hill family. One could hardly write the early history of Rangely without wedging them in, for they were the town at first. The P.O. is now a mile, or such a matter, below where it used to be.

I have written this hurriedly, and there are mistakes; I wouldn't write it over for it. If you wish to make corrections and use any part of it, you are welcome to it. I've been very careful to give facts, and I feel sure I have done so. If you think I can add anything of interest to this, let me know and I'll try.

Respectfully,

Mrs. C.P. Hill
A Survivor of Thornburgh Massacre Tells Story of That Fight.

Terrible Condition of the Besieged Men When Rescue Party Reached Them.

Federal Government Erected Monument on the Spot, and Movement Is now on Foot to Have Land Surrounding Battlefield Made a National Park.

"Those men sacrificed their lives for the building up of the Western Slope," was the remark of J. C. Davis yesterday, in speaking of the battle of northwestern Colorado commonly known as the Thornburgh massacre.

Mr. Davis was a member of the party, and as he sat in the rotunda of the Albany Hotel and recounted the thrilling experience, his voice gave evidence of the profound emotion aroused by the sad recollection. For eight days and nights he and his companions were obliged to lie in rifle pits under fire from an exultant band of Indians.

Seventeen white men lay dead in the hot sun; many of the survivors were wounded and the carcasses of hundreds of mules and horses were putrefying in the open air. The conditions were so sickening that when General Wesley Merritt arrived with reinforcements his first words were:

"I never expected to live to see men in such a condition as this."

The ground was covered with dead bodies and the blood of the wounded and the haggard appearance of the survivors drew tears from their pallid rescuers.

The historic spot is marked by a monument erected by the government of the United States by act of Congress. It will ever be looked upon as sacred to the memory of as brave a band of heroes as ever trod the western hemisphere.

Story of the Battle:

"I was sutler at Fort Steele, Wyoming, when the troops were ordered to proceed immediately to the White River Indian Agency," said Mr. Davis in the course of his story. "Major Thornburgh had taken a fancy to me and urged me to go along, saying that we would have a pleasant summer vacation and plenty of hunting. It was then the latter part of September, but the Indian summer had come and the weather was the finest I ever knew.

"I accepted the invitation, and with three companies of the Third Cavalry, Thornburgh in command, we started southward. The distance to the point where the battle was fought was 135 miles, and we were a week in covering the ground, as we traveled about twenty miles a day. The fight began about 10 o'clock on the morning of September 29, 1879. Two troops of cavalry were in advance and one troop was two miles in the rear of the wagon train.

"We were riding up a hill when an Indian's head was seen sticking up above the rocks. A moment later the Indians opened fire from behind the hill and we could see a movement as if to cut off the wagon train.
We fell back, firing at any Indian who showed himself. On the retreat, Thornburgh and two of his men were killed. We reached the train and as quickly as possible arranged the wagons so as to form a protection from the bullets of the enemy.

Fire Added to Bullets:

"Our force consisted of 120 men and thirty teamsters. Our train consisted of thirty-six mule teams. Before night all the mules and horses were dead. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Indians set fire to the grass which was two or three feet high. It was with the greatest difficulty that we escaped being cremated. The wagons caught fire and burned all night, furnishing light by which the savages were able to send their bullets with terrible effect into our band."

The excitement of the day and night left impressions which will never be forgotten by the survivors of the trying ordeal. While under fire the men dug rifle pits for the protection of themselves and their wounded companions. It was urged by some that they charge up the hill, but the officers refused to give their consent, claiming that all would be killed and the wounded would be massacred in the trenches. The only alternative was to pick off the foe as they rashly showed themselves.

Five brave men volunteered to pass the lines of the enemy and carry the news to the nearest encampment of soldiers. As a result, in three days a troop of the Ninth Cavalry under Captain Payne arrived. The reinforcement only added to the misery of the besieged, as the force was not large enough to attack the enemy and all the horses of the rescuing party were killed in a few hours by the deadly fire of the Indians from concealed pieces in the hills. The soldiers lived plainly on corn, and happily water was to be obtained in the river, not more than 100 yards away.

Rescue Came at Last:

Early on the morning of Monday, one week from the time the attack commenced, General Merritt arrived with an entire regiment of troops and the siege was raised. The body of Major Thornburgh was found with four bullet holes in his breast and the scalp torn from the head. The remains were taken to Omaha, where they are now buried. The monument stands near the spot which was furrowed with trenches, remains of which may be seen even at the present time. Four years after the battle Mr. Lewis visited the scene in company with his wife. He says the trenches were then plainly visible.

A movement is now on foot to have Congress set apart the battle ground as a reservation in honor of the men who fell there. More than forty of the command were killed or wounded. The extent of the Indian loss has never been learned, as the leaders have always maintained absolute silence on the subject.

---The Denver News: October 13, 1839

Field Worker's Note:

J.L. Lewis was a co-partner of J.H. Huras in Huras & Co. information of which has already been furnished you.
PETE DILLMAN TELLS STORY OF MEEKER UPRISING

On a sagebrush slope overlooking the historic settlement of Meeker, Colorado, and a short distance from the exact spot of the Meeker Massacre, Pete Dillman related the thrilling story of his hazardous trip into the hostile lands of White River Indians to rescue the Meeker women taken captive by the Red Skins after they had murdered Meeker and eleven of his men. The party had journeyed from Vernal Tuesday afternoon over the historic Esclavante trail from Jensen to Rangely and then followed the winding White River to the Meeker settlement. In the party, besides Mr. Dillman, were A.A. Anderson of Provo, Scout executive of Timpanogos Council, Wallace Celder, Ray Duke, Richard Jensen, L.C. Thorne, Wilson Murray, scout executives of Uintah district, County Commissioner W.E. Siddleay and W.B. Wallis.

Picking up the trail of Father Esclavante at Jensen the party followed it back to Rangely. The trail of Father Esclavante continues from Jensen on down Green River to the junction of the Green-end the Duchesne and from there up the Duchesne and Strawberry rivers, crossed the summit and descended the Spanish Fork river to the settlements of the Timpanogos Indians on the eastern shore of Utalake, where they made camp September 23, 1776. A copy of the diary of Father Esclavante followed and landmarks mentioned by him were located by the party.

Arriving at Meeker about 6 in the evening the party drove to an elevation overlooking the settlement and after sundown a camp fire was made and the Pioneer Scout related his interesting story as follows:

"At the time of the Meeker Massacre end when I first heard of the disaster I was working as Indian farmer for the Uintah Indian Reservation. The headquarters were at White Rocks, in the year 1879. The tragedy occurred September 29th and it was a few days before word reached the White Rocks Military Post.

The Massacre occurred about four miles from the present town of Meeker, Colorado, about 120 miles east of Vernal. Major Meeker and eleven men were murdered and Mrs. Price and her daughter and Miss Meeker were kidnapped by the Indians. The women were taken about 80 miles south by the Gunnison river near Grand Junction.

"Black Hawk, a White River Indian, brought a letter to Major Critchlow written by Miss Meeker asking for help. She said that if two white men came the Indians would deliver them into their hands. She said they had endured intense suffering. Major Critchlow called for men to go at once and a one McCulin volunteered his services. The hostility of the Indians had put fear into the people of the Uintah Basin and very few desired to undertake the perilous trip. At last I asked Major Critchlow if I could accompany McCulin and he consented to my request," said Mr. Dillman.

"After some difficulty procuring horses we persuaded Black Hawk to be our guide. The party set out for the camps on the White Rivers. The Indians called me 'Black Whiskers' and warned me of the undertaking. They advised me not to carry a gun, as the White Rivers would then readily believe me to be their friend," he continued.
On the journey they were told a great deal about the habits and sign-language of the White Rivers by their guide. They were given much information which perhaps saved them from death later on, at the hands of the White River Indians.

After reaching the vicinity of the White Rivers, Black Hawk said he would go on ahead and if the Indians were hostile he would not come back. When Black Hawk failed to return they journeyed along Douglas Creek and reached the Indian encampment. An Indian came out to meet them and took their horses. He turned them loose and they were never seen again by the white men. The men were taken to a tent and given food by a squaw. Later in the evening Chief Jack, the war chief of the White Rivers came in and Dillman was introduced as "the Mormon from Wisterocks---maybe heap lier." One of the Indians came to Mr. Dillman to converse but Dillman gave him to understand that he did not talk the White River language.

Mr. Dillman had taken some newspapers with him and he began reading these to Chief Jack who understood English. He read the account that General Merritt was determined to subdue the Indians before the snow fell that year. He referred to the suffering of the squaws and gosses while the Indians were in this hostile state.

After talking for a long time the Indians saw that the white men were friendly and the peace pipe was brought out. Mr. Dillman found some difficulty in smoking the strong tobacco of the big pipe and it made him very uncomfortable. Chief Jack asked Dillman where his mother was and he replied in Iowa. Chief Jack then called him "Iowa Pete". The Indian told of his visits to the east, of having lived in cities along the Mississippi river; that New York was a city of buildings like deep canyons.

After smoking the large peace pipe for sometime a smaller clay peace pipe was filled with stronger tobacco and brought out. This was more distasteful than the first. Later two other chiefs came and another pow-wow was held and more peace pipes smoked. Mr. Dillman inhaled the fumes until he became quite sick.

Later in the evening some enraged Indians wanted to take the prisoners and kill them. There had been a number of Indians killed in an encounter with white men and the Red Skins thought to satisfy their vengeance on Dillman and McLain. The white men were not molested that night but were constantly filled with dread of Indian torture. They had learned of the intense suffering caused by hanging prisoners until their toes just touched the ground or being thrown or dragged through beds of prickley pears.

The next day Chief Douglas, head of all the bands, came to the prisoners' tent and held a pow-wow, smoking the pipe of peace and listening to the articles in the papers. He told the white men that they had come to them when they were in trouble and they could feel safe in returning to their homes; that they would be allowed to go through the country without any further trouble.

During the day a peace commissioner appeared in camp and asked the white men if they realized their danger in being among the hostile Indians. He also informed them that the White women had been returned to their homes. The commissioner also tried to tell them that the Indians were urging the Indians to hostilities. He told Mr. Dillman that he would be lucky if he got out of the country alive.
They attended another pow-wow and the chiefs wanted to see General Merritt. They also wanted the white men to remain in their custody until peace was made and in the meantime go with them to the military post until Meeker. They decided to make a trip to the Meeker agency.

They started toward the Grand River with two Indians riding ahead of them. Finally the Indian guards disappeared.

Chief Jack, who accompanied them then told how unjust Meeker had been to the Indians; that he did not let them gamble and had plowed up their race track. From the Indian's point of view, Meeker was the wrong type of man for agent and did not appreciate the Indian's position or desires. This conversation took place following supper the first day out.

The next morning they started out toward Meeker. After going some distance Chief Jack stopped the party and disappeared off the trail into a thicket where the white men knew an Indian picket was posted. These pickets were placed at ten mile intervals and transmitted messages from one part of the country to another with great speed. Messages were sent by signals almost as rapid as telegraph messages are sent today.

When Chief Jack returned he instructed McLain to proceed ahead with a white flag. He intended to stop McLain at the next ridge but the rider got out of hearing and could not be stopped by the calls of the chief.

When McLain did not return the chief was quite concerned. He slowed the pace of the party and made camp early that night. He did not speak during the evening only to grant Mr. Dillman permission to post a note on the trail so McLain would not pass him should he return. They had camped some distance off the trail.

Mr. Dillman could feel the smouldering anger of the Indians and believed his time had come. He went to look at the horses and found two Indians making fires. One told him to make a fire. He was then instructed to prepare a meal with the provisions the Indians carried. All these instructions were given with much caution and without making any sound. Mr. Dillman asked the Indians if there were other Indians near but was answered in the negative. He knew then that the Indians had not spoken the truth and felt sure that they were surrounded by hostile Red Skins.

After eating, Mr. Dillman rolled up in his blanket, near the fire and went to sleep. He awoke in the night thinking the fire had gone out but found one of the Indians sleeping between his bed and the fire. He got up and made up the fire with some dry grass until the next drove the Indians a good distance away and then Mr. Dillman resumed his rest. During this time Mr. Dillman distinguished a great many Indian signals made like the scratching of an owl and the call of various animals.

The next morning he went to the trail where the message for McLain had been left. He found that McLain had pressed on his way back some time during the night and had missed the note.

Rather than lose any more time Mr. Dillman and the Indians decided to go on to the Military post and talk to Merritt. He had hoped that a settlement could be arranged between the Indians and the whites before he left that there would not be so much suffering among the women.
nc children of the Indians. In order to assure the Indians of his return he gave Chief Jack a large scarf he had brought with him from Iowa. Seising the Indians at some distance, he went into the military post. He was closely questioned by the guards and finally taken to the commanding officer. He told his mission among the Indians and why he had come to the post. He urged the aid of the government for the Indians. The officer requested Dillman to remain at the post and let the Indians settle their own difficulties, without their interference. Mr. Dillman informed the officer he had two Indian chiefs who desired to talk with him. He was not granted this request.

After spending some time at the post, Mr. Dillman started up a draw thinking he might run onto McLein. He was "plugging along on a 35.00 day," as he called it, when he heard a number of shots. Instead of turning around he kept on his journey. Soon he heard another shot considerably nearer and turning he saw someone motioning to him. He waited and then the person came nearer he recognized McLein.

McLein said he had lost track of Mr. Dillman but had picked up his trail and found the two chiefs. They directed him to where Mr. Dillman was traveling. At first he thought perhaps the Indians had killed Mr. Dillman and threatened them; but after talking with them for some time he decided they were telling him the truth. They told McLein that Dillman had gone to soldier camp to talk with white men.

After spending some time at the post Mr. Dillman went to Rawlins, Wyoming, and took the train from there to Rock Springs. From Rock Springs he started out on foot for Vernal. He went three days without food, having lost his way a number of times and suffered severely from exposure. Finally he reached a cabin where he secured food and at a second where a horse on which he proceeded to Vernal. --- Vernal Express