I was born at Salem, Henry County Iowa, in September 1849 and went to grammar school there. Later I went to school at Mount Vernon but after two years I was getting a little short of money so I went to work as a clerk at Marion.

When I was thirteen years old the Civil War started and before it was over I tried to enlist but was turned down because I was too small. One of my school-mates, just a year ahead of me, was accepted. I remember a lot about the war. The price of coffee went up to seventy-five cents and a dollar per pound. Specie disappeared and paper took its place. After the war was over the newspapers were full of discussions for the resumption of specie payments. I remember that the Secretary of the Treasury said, "Gentlemen, the only way I know to resume specie payments, is to resume them."

From Marion I went to Council Bluffs. The man I was working for there moved to Minneapolis and I moved with him. My health was not good and when I was thirty-one years old I came to Colorado. I was troubled with asthma and consumption. Now I am sound as a dollar, work three hundred and sixty-five days a year, and sit down to three square meals every day.

I lived in Colorado Springs for three years, clerking in Edward Ferris's dry goods store, and got married while living there. My wife's people knew Reverend W. B. Craig, pastor of the Central Christian Church in Denver. Reverend was an Iowa man, from the same towns I had come from. I may have met him back there first, I am not sure. Our family were friends of his for a long time and he was a mighty fine man.

In the spring of 1887 my brother-in-law and I decided to go to Glenwood Springs and open a store. That town was booming with railroad construction crews and homeseekers. We left Colorado Springs with a team and wagon and started over Independence Pass. The snow got deep before
we got on top and we had to leave the wagon and lead our horses. Every mile of the way across that summit we came to a dead burro. Packers had driven them as far as they would go and when the jacks played out they had been kicked into the deep snow and left. We bought a new wagon when we got on the western slope at Aspen. Then we drove on to Glenwood Springs. It was booming with thirteen saloons but when the rail-head passed most of the people went and we decided to go too.

We heard that the Burlington was going to build down Bear River within three years. Gilder and Henselpeigel had made money buying the town-site of Glenwood Springs ahead of the railroad and I decided that I might do the same thing ahead of the new Burlington. So I put my bed and grub box on the back of a buck-board and set out. It was a four day drive to Bear River.

The country was settling fast. Lay was the only town on both sides of the river and it was six miles north of the stream. It was on the main road north and south and I considered establishing a town there, but the water was not good, too much alkali. West of Lay the country was all sand hills and desert, too hot and dry, so I turned to the east.

Driving up the river I came to some fine meadow land around the mouth of William's Fork but Bear River makes a big turn to the south here and I figured that the main road down the river would have to detour to this location. When I got to the mouth of Fortification I said, "This suits me. The country opens east and west along the river. We are an even hundred miles north and south of the D & R G and the U P with open country between here and both of them. This is the natural junction of four main highways."

Two men, Barkley and Ranney, were living on the ground I wanted for the town-site. They were improving it for farming, but they were willing to sell.

I started back for Glenwood Springs in high spirits. It was a cloudy day and the sky turned black. As I approached the mountains south of Axial
Basin I saw something on the hillside. I stopped the team and got out my rifle. Then I tied the lines around my waist and said, "Here's where I have a deer and a run-away." I pulled the trigger and had both.

When I got back to Glenwood Springs I had an offer of a position in Colorado Springs so I took the train over the mountains. While I was there I went to Denver to see Reverend Craig and told him what I had found. He called in Frank Russel and Jerry Hill and the four of us organized the Craig Land & Mercantile Company. They told me to go back and go to it.

I bought three hundred and twenty acres of land for the site. The hundred and sixty at the south end of town I bought from Frank Ranney for $2,500. The hundred and sixty at the north end of town was state land and I paid Barkley $1,500 for his improvements on it. Then the company paid the state $1.25 per acre for title. We had to go fifteen miles to Lay to get Wallihan, who was post master there, to notary the deeds.

In July 1889 I started grubbing sagebrush to clear a place for the first building in Craig, a store house. We lived in a tent beside it.

Out first stock of goods came from Rawlins in three wagons, hauled tandem, and pulled by eight yoke of oxen. It took from eight to nine days for oxen to come from the Union Pacific to Bear River. After the first year our freighting was done with horses. They could make the round trip in twelve or thirteen days.

(I built the first residence in Craig and laid out the streets. I planted round-leaf cottonwoods, brought from Glenwood, along Yampa Avenue but most of them died. We had to water them from a well. Farmers came from long distances to trade at our store and there was no place for them to eat or lodge except at my residence. I built the first hotel in 1892 to protect myself from this. It was called the Craig Hotel, now the Aristocrat.)
There had been a store and post office in a ranch house where Hayden is now. We bought that stock and the store quit. (Hugus & Company had a store at Meeker that did a big business and another one at Rawlins. Later he had stores at Steamboat Springs, Wolcott and Palisade. We sold out to Hugus in 1893 or '94. Jack Rendle, who died recently, was the Hugus manager.) He was in Craig frequently and bought some lots from us. After selling the store I confined myself to the real estate and insurance business. This is a farming and livestock community and the town grew slowly. (The Morgan boys were the first cattlemen. They had one ranch across the river from town, but they weren't there six weeks in a year. They were off riding the range all the time. They took up the Gossard Ranch and sold out to Gossard later. (Gossard, the corset manufacturer.)

The first meat market in Craig was a complete failure. Cap Shaw opened and closed it within a month. Nobody would buy meat with game plentiful. Elk used to come down off Black Mountain within five miles of town in winter. You could see antelope from the store windows. (There were five thousand antelope in the band south of town that ranged on the flats east of William's Fork and antelope were more plentiful to the north toward Wyoming. Four-horse load after four-horse load of elk and antelope meat were freighted to the Denver market.)

The original articles of our town prohibited the selling of liquor so a saloon opened across Fortification where we had no jurisdiction. The cowboys would get full over there and come to Craig to blow off. The citizens decided that they were not getting any benefit of this trouble so they petitioned the Craig Company to permit liquor selling and the first licensed saloon was opened in Craig by Leadford and Cattel.

Nobody got rich out of the Craig Company. The country's growth was too slow and the taxes too heavy. After a few years there was dissatisfaction. I wanted to sell certain lots at a cheaper figure and
make certain improvements with the money but the men back in Denver could only see the dollars and would not hear of it. So we split up and each took lots according to our stock. A few of the old lots are still unsold. There is talk of building a railroad from Mexico to Canada. If they ever build it through Craig we will get rid of the last of our lots.

The big cow outfits were more of a detriment than a benefit to the country. They took up the water holes and discouraged farming. We can raise as good wheat in Craig as anywhere in the world but Craig never had any boom except when oil was discovered. Then things jumped. All the quick growth and change in this country came with the discovery of oil.
I was born in Joymany and came to this country when I was sixteen year old to keep from the army. Mein shum had come the year before und wrote, "Das ist ein goot landt." I came in 1872 oder '73. I meet a frient on the boat who is going to Hudson, Ohio, and I go with him. I work on a farm there for $10.00 a month and get a letter from my shum Out West. He write, "You can get more money in Central City," so I go to him, and get $40 a month tending bar. I tend bar there and at Black Hawk for eighteen months. Then mein shum and I decide to go to the Black Hills and work as carpenters. That was early in the spring of 1876. When we got to Fort Laramie the soldiers stopped us. Nobody was allowed to go to the Black Hills unless their party was big enough to protect itself, - and we was only two.

While we were at Fort Laramie two four-horse outfits came in from the Black Hills. We talked to them fellows and they said, "See that outfit of ourn? We left here with them wagons full of grub. Now they're empty and we ain't got nothin' to show for it. The Black Hills ain't what they're cracked up to be. Take a tamn phools advice and go back."

We lay around Fort Laramie for a week drawin' straws to see wheder we'd go on or back. Finally when we'd drawed all the straws we was a-mind to, we decided to go back. We worked for the government helping build a bridge across the Platte that week we were drawin' straws. Then we went to Cheyenne and tried to get a shob, but there was no work there.

Then the railroad wanted some men to shovel snow at Green River and I went but mein shum stayed at Cheyenne. I only got 65¢ a tay on that shob and had to live in cars along the track. Them cars was lousy so when I got a letter from my shum saying he had a shob on a farm near Laramie I went to him.
As soon as we'd made a little stake we took a one-horse rig and a saddle bony and set out for Hahn's Peak to work in the mines. There was a stage line from Laramie to Hahn's Peak but we couldn't follow its tracks in the tall grass and got too far east. We didn't know where we was but after while we came to some prospectors banning gold and they told us we were in North Park. The biggest pand of antelope I ever see was there in North Park but we couldn't hit any. We kept goin' south until we got to the mountains. Then we crossed over and when we got to the head of the Muddy we quit our wagon and backed our stuff on the two horses and come the rest of the way a-foot. There was an old road across the Gore, the way we came. We didn't go to Steamboat Springs but cut across Twenty Mile Bark and hit Pear River where Hayden is now.

(Hayden was a fine looking basin, - the hills all green and the grass high. Major Thompson had a store there and Bert Smart had a bost office. He lived with his brother and father. The mail come from Dixon once a month and went on to Meeker.)

(That was Grand County in 1873? There was a town at Steamboat but I never went there, - around Hayden it was just ranches. The country wasn't surveyed so the settlers just had squatters' rights) (Norris Brock was squattin' a little ways below Smart's. Tom Iles had a ranch about ten miles below that. Joe Morgan had an Indian trading store close to Tom's ranch. Hulett and Torrence had a ranch five miles on down the river from the store. I heard there was somebody between Hulett's and Utah (80 miles) but I don't recollect his name. Perkins had a trading boat on Snake River. He had a way picker stock than Morgan did and lots of Indians used to go there to get whiskey.)

The Indians used to come over from White River every spring and camp on Pear River, waiting for the snow to go off the mountains to the north. Tom Iles took me to see them once. I couldn't talk no Indian and not much English. Tom said, "When we get to the Indian camp the men will sit in a circle and pass around the pipe and you will have to
smoke to show them you are a friend."

"Smoke makes me sick," I told Tom. "You'll have to explain that to them."

When they bashed around the pipe I held it for a minute and then bashed it on and I got py all right. Douglas was chief of that camp. He was a small, chunky, dark complexioned fellow. The men all had guns and the boys had bows and arrows.

After camping a week, the Indians moved to the mountains and I moved pack to Laramie py way of Hahn's Beak. At Laramie I met another fellow who wanted to go to Pear River so we went to Rawlins, then south to Snake River. (You hear cowpays talk about the days before sheep were in this country. That was in 1876 and there were sheep here then, I know. We didn't see any sheep camps but we saw some lost sheep at Willow Springs between the Union Pacific and Snake River so there must have been sheep in the country.)

It was getting late in the summer py the time we got to Hayden the second time and I decided to stay there all winter. I squatted on a place three miles above Smart's and started to cut wild hay to feed my horses that winter. One day when I was in the meadow cuttin' hay, Colorow's band come along, headin' back for White River. Colorow rode past me and went to my cabin. I says,"I better go see what he's up to."

My gun was in the house. Colorow left his gun outside and come in. I didn't like his looks. He said,"Puild fire, cook dinner. Me get squaw, pring meat. You cook him."

"Nein," I said,"i said, "I will not gecooken." Utes don't understand English. You have to talk different to them - like that. I got on to it easy.

Colorow understood and got mad and looked ugly but I kept my eye on my gun. It always came natural to me to be not afraid. Since a boy I have been that way. Colorow went outside but I watched him and he got on his horse and rode away. I told Bert Smart apout it and he
said, "You got off lucky. Colorow killed a man on the Gore because he would not cook for him."

"I didn't give him a chance," I said, "to kill me."

(That fall (1876) Routt County was divided from Grand County. I don't know where the first county seat was. Everybody got an office but there wasn't no court house built. I wasn't old enough to vote or I'd have got an office too. Smart kept the best office. Major Thompson was elected county clerk and he kept his records at his store. Joe Morgan was elected sheriff and he kept his records at his store. Tom Iles was elected County Assessor and he kept his records on his ranch. Everyone of them fellers thought the rest of the office holders should bring their records to his place and make the county seat there. When the Indian trouble started in 1879 an old trapper named Jimmie Dunn came charging along and collected all the books and papers and took them to Hahn's Peak for safe keeping and when the trouble was over the officers never could get them back. That's the way the first county seat got bunched.)

The first winter I was in the country the snow got pretty deep. I tried to feed my horses but the hay I'd put up for them but they wouldn't eat it. They could paw to grass on the ridge and liked it better. During the winter some elk came along and ate up my hay stack in one night. They liked it better than the horses did. By spring the elk and deer had knocked down all my fences and I had to build them again.

As soon as the snow went off, here come some more Indians headed for California Bark. They camped near my place for a week. The chief's name was Johnson, his son Tim, about my age, was with him. Johnson said, "Agent heap mean. He say, 'Indian must work.' That's bad but that ain't all. He say, 'Indian bony must work.' That's heap bad."

Johnson wanted me to go down to Joe Morgan's store at Elk Head and get him some fire-water. I could have got some beautiful buffalo
robes, raw-hide ropes, anything he had, if I had got him that fire-water. I wasn't twenty-one years old so I couldn't get it and I knew it was against the law any way. (Morgan's store was on the north side of Pear River, east of Elk Head, up on the bench. It was built of logs with a dirt roof. He didn't have no counter in the store, just bags of coffee, sugar, flour, tobacco, powder and bullets.)

I told Johnson the snow had got too deep for me in this country. He said, "White River, good country. No snow."

Of course that was the Indian reservation and I couldn't move there. I guess that is the reason Johnson told me about it.

I didn't want to stay for another winter so in the fall of 1877 I went back to Laramie. I worked on a ranch there for $35 a month until 1883. The brother-in-law of the man I was working for was named Waggoner. He had delivered some dry goods to the Indian agency on White River. He told me that his outfit drove up to the agency and the Indians opened the goods, they got mad, said it was not what the government had promised them. Waggoner got out of there as quick as he could; thought it looked like a fight. That trouble on White River was a long time brewing. I don't think the government did the right thing by them Indians.

(I met a soldier once who was with Thornberg. He said that some Indians met the soldiers at the Himley Ford on Bear River and said, "STOP! If soldiers cross Bear River, Indians kill Meeker."

"That is a fact, I think," replied Thornberg, "But my orders are to cross and that is what I will do.")

These things happened while I was in Laramie. In 1883 I came back to this country with a four-horse outfit. You wouldn't have known it as the same country. The Meeker Massacre had stirred up the old timers and they had all moved to new locations. Tom Iles had moved to Axial Basin, Hulett and Torrence had taken up the Mountain Meadows ranch where they could summer their cattle on the reservation and Joe Morgan had moved
north and taken up a place on Snake River. Ora Haley had moved into the country with thousands of cattle the year before. There was a new post office at Yampa (Craig). A man named Cheyney was post master. Fifteen miles west was another post office called Lay. A.J. Gregory, a son-in-law of Ora Haley, was post master there. Just east of Lay, Haley had a horse camp where he bred his saddle horses. Tom Emerson had a good hay ranch on Lay Creek north of the post office and a man named Wallihan was running some cattle in the western end of the county around Lily Park. Lots of settlers were taking up places all along Bear River. There was a telegraph line from the Union Pacific to Meeker, going through Lay and the stage from Rawlins to Meeker changed horses there. The government had built a bridge across the river five miles south of Lay. That was quite a center but never seemed to grow any more. Where Craig is, was a better country and more ranches.

(The Ute reservation was open for settlement now, so I went on the White River. Johnson had said what a fine country it was and I wanted to see it. I drove ten miles up the river east of Meeker but the country was too rough and broken so I came back to Bear River and filed on this place two miles west of Craig and I been here ever since.)

There wasn't no town at Craig then, just the Yampa post office. In 1884 a saloon was built east of Fortification. I don't remember the saloon man's name. A fellow named McKay bought him out. They wanted me to buy out McKay but I can't stay in the house. Farnum (later deputy sheriff) bought out McKay and Leadford & Cattel bought out Farnum.

Haley was never liked by the settlers because he was such a pig the outfit. He stopped at Fortification saloon once and tied up his team and went in to see a man. When he came out his team was gone. Haley walked two miles down to my place and said, "Can I get a team from you? Somebody cut mine loose."

"I've only got a lumber wagon," I told him, "and a saddle bony."
He took the bony and rode fifteen miles to his horse camp then sent a man back with my horse. His team had gone on to camp, breaking the buggy to splinters. The settlers jumped on me for staking him to a horse, called me a "Haley-man." I had known Haley in Laramie and I didn't do any more for him than I would do for any man. I said, "I'll haul a load of poles for him or do his freighting but that don't mean I'm a Haley-man."

(Hahn's Peak had blew up by this time and the settlers was trying to get the county seat moved to Steamboat, Hayden or Yampa. Judge Coulter got things muddled up and we had two county seats at the same time, one of them at Yampa. That was in 1886, when I broved-up on this ranch)

I only had to go two miles to submit proof. I advertised the Breese boys for witnesses. They said, "We don't know whether we'll witness for you or not. You've just taken that blame up for Haley." But they finally did it.

Next year the militia came to White River to chase the Indians. I didn't pay no attention to it but some of the people in the lower country got scared, and came up to my ranch and stayed. My hired man went out one morning to cut some poles. He didn't come in for dinner. We waited a while then I said, "Let's sit down and eat without him."

That night he come in and I said, "Why didn't you come in for dinner?"

"Didn't you see them Indians on the hill?" he asked.

"I saw a couple of cowpunchers up there," I said. That's the way some people were, always scared.

Two years after that, the Craig Company got organized. The town-site boundary just missed the saloon so it was outside. When Moffat County was split from Routt, Craig was made the county seat. The Queen Anne trial was held here. The people had quarreled over county seats and offices for so long they had kind of forgot Haley but when he arrested Queen Anne for butchering one of his beefs the old poison came up in their game.
their crews. The case was tried twice. I was on the first jury. It is hard to say what is right but three of us thought she was guilty. The rest wouldn't agree so she got another trial and came clear.

I knew Queen Anne and her sister Jose, well. Jose picked me for a brize waltz once and I told her; "I 'brishiate the honor, but you made a mistake pickin' me. We'll never get the brize. We'll be the first put off the floor. That judge has got it in for me and I'll tell you why." We were dancing as I said this.

"Tell me about it," says Jose.

"Do you remember when we had the packet supper to pay furnishings for the Craig school house?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I overheard some cowpoys say they were goin' to shob 'Sauerkraut Shohn', that's me."

"No!"

"So I figgered they wouldn't. The cowpoys knew I had money to pay any packet I wanted. They decided to pid high on the packet I started out to get and make me pay planty. They knew I wouldn't quit if I set out to get it. I let all the packets be sold but the last one. The cowpoys knew I had to get that one or go without supper so they started to pid it up. I lead 'em on and when one cowpoy over-pid me $22.85 I let him have it. I had got a friend of mine to pid in one for me for $1.22 so I didn't need that packet. The cowpoy who had pid me up already had one packet and he had to mortgage his horse to bay for that second one."

"Oh, Mister Mack! You're smart."

"Yes ma'am, and that cowpoy is the judge of this brize waltz and here he comes to put us off the floor."

Say, what are you goin' to do with all this stuff I'm tellin' you.
(I'm going to type it and give it to you to sign.)
I won't sign nothin'. I signed a note for a fella once!
I can't tell you no story about the early days. I ain't got time.

Yes, I've been here quite awhile, - came from Boulder in 1886. We came overland in a wagon, - crossed the Rockies at Corona. That old road was corduroyed through some of the swamps on this side. We went through Middle Park, past Troublesome and over the Gore range to Bear River. We crossed the Gore on the same road they still use I think. I know it was the road they used in 1893. I ain't been over it since.

(I came to Bear River to take up a place and I located on William's Fork, just above Round Bottom on Bear River. I ran a few cattle but mostly just farmed. All the freighting was done with horses then. Cattle had gone out. There was only one bull outfit left. That was owned by a man named McCollen, I think his name was. He had forty yoke of bulls and a five thousand dollar contract with Hugus & Company to haul groceries from Rawlins to Meeker.)

The old road to Meeker went up Timberlake from Baggs, then down Lay Creek and across Bear River on the government bridge, up Axial Basin and Spring Creek and over the divide to Meeker. (The old government telegraph followed that route. It had a branch from Lay that came up to Craig, only it wasn't called Craig, it was Yampa. (Lay was the first town in this county of any importance) (The only reason that Craig made a town and Lay didn't, is because a Denver preacher, named Craig, who owned the land here just made a town here. He just made it. That's all. He owned the land and cut it up into lots and laid out the streets and made it.)

Lay was a more logical place for a town than Craig was but towns don't always grow where they should. Look at Meeker! In the early days Hugus & Company did a land office business in Meeker. Some days in summer that main street would be packed solid with four and six horse teams waiting their turn to load at Hugus store. All the settlers on Grand River (Colorado) had to come to Meeker for supplies before the D & R G was built.
Then the whole Lower Country, clear to Vernal, had to send wagons to Meeker for supplies. Now Vernal goes out the other way and Craig has got a railroad and Meeker has nothin' but that little set of ranches right close.

That old freight road was quite a institushion. Two fellas by the name of Dummy and Craney had a road house between Laye and Baggs. Dummy was deaf and dumb and Craney looked like a crane. They were both hum-bugs and the freighters loved it. They had a patent bed-bug killer in the bar-room for the boys to laugh at. You got two-bitted to death around there but freighters thought it was fun to see what them gals could think of to charge you for next.

They charged fifty cents for a bed and gave you the same bed for a dollar if you wanted a better one. The kitchen had a stone floor. It cost two-bits to unroll your bed there. Freighters would unroll their beds in the door-yard and along in the middle of the night Dummy would come around and wake 'em up and make signs and point to a black cloud and make 'em think that it was going to rain so they would move into the kitchen. I didn't use that road or go to Meeker, either, for supplies after I see how the land lay. I used to take a four horse outfit and go to Denver. I made that trip once a year. The round trip took me three weeks and I always got enough to do me until the next year.

I stayed pretty close to the ranch in them days and don't know a lot about what went on in the county. Everything was quiet over here when the militia chased the Indians down White River. I stayed on my ranch and didn't pay any attention to it. The game wardens had a row with the Indians on lower Bear River five or six years after that. Somebody was killed, a squaw or two, I think, but I never paid much attention to it. A preacher was sent in from Denver to make an investigation and he reported a sob story. You see old man Wallihan. He would probably remember something about that.
After the D & R G was built this country still looked to the U P for supplies but the cattle went out on the D & R G, either to Wolcott or Rifle. There was better feed and more water that way. Of course as soon as the Moffat started to build, cattle was carred at McCoy, then Steamboat and finally here at Craig. Ora Haley uncarred one of his last steer herds at Steamboat Springs.

Times were better in the early days than they are now. There was not so much money in circulation but there was more money in proportion to the number of people in the country.

Perkins on Snake River was an old timer who made a pot full of money. He used to trade with the Indians and later with the freighters when the country opened for settlement. It didn't matter to him whether a man had money or not. If he had anything, Perkins would get it. He shipped hundreds and hundreds of deer skins to Denver that he traded from the Indians for whiskey. When the freight road opened he used to take in as much as $2,000 per day from freighters and settlers in cash and goods. One fella delivered him a hundred quarters of elk meat for whiskey and Perkins shipped them to Denver. He'd trade anything for his whiskey.

(I moved off the ranch and came to Craig in 1913. Bob Green was Justice of the Peace here then, a Whisperin' Bob, they called him, because he talked so loud. I recollect when he married Taylor McClellan at Mother Webb's. People comin' out of the Christian Church, three blocks away, said they could hear him plain when he said,"J'in hands!")

Craig has changed a lot since them times. Oil and the railroad is what done it. John Leadford used to have a saloon where the First National Bank stands now. There was a big cottonwood tree on that corner and a bench in front of the saloon where a man could set in the shade of an afternoon. A long time ago that was.
I was born in 1849 in Delaware County, New York State. I served in the Signal Corps during the Civil War. We stretched rubber-coated wire through the trees for the telegraph stations. When Lee was surrounding Washington we were sent to Annapolis. Later we camped at Alexandria just across the river from Washington. We also camped at Warington Brandy station near Culpepper when it was Meade's headquarters. I didn't join until after Gettysburg. I was in the fight at Mine Run and Meade would have won that battle if General French had not got lost. We in the signal corps knew these things better than the soldiers did. I was at Newport News right after the Merrimack knocked hell out of the Union wooden gunboats and everybody thought the Rebels would capture Washington, New York and Boston. I was in Richmond when Sherman's army arrived from the south. A military guard was stationed on the pontoon bridge to keep them from coming to town. It made them pretty hot. I was still in Richmond when Lee surrendered. There were thousands and thousands of guns captured, when Lee surrendered. Sherman's army went to Washington for the parade. They herded them down Pennsylvania Avenue. They raised some hell in Washington but not as much as was expected.

After the war I went home for a spell. Then I enlisted at Cincinnati. I was sent across the Panama Canal to Angel Island in California. When I got there I was assigned to Troop D, 1st U.S.Cavalry stationed at Fort Lawray, Idaho. As soon as I got there we were sent to Arizona to fight Cochise. Most of our fighting was chasing little bands of Indians that were stealing cattle. We followed one bunch down into Old Mexico to Santa Cruz but we were across the line only twenty-four hours and got back before the Mexican government knew anything about it.

The Apaches were funny. They would kill some men and not others. Now there was Riley. War parties went across his ranch and killed other men but they never touched him. There was another fellow just like that too.
I remember once a lot of Mexicans lined up along a ditch to wash their feet before going into town. One of them looked up from the water and saw some Apaches coming. He yelled and they all started to run with their shoes in their hands. One man stepped on a cactus. He could not stand to run any farther but the Apaches were right behind him so he dived into a chaparral thicket, right on to a big rattlesnake. The man lay still and when the Apaches came by he heard one say, "We better look in there." But the snake was buzzing and the rest said, "No, there is a snake in there." So they all ran on and caught and killed the rest of the Mexicans. The man in the brush heard them laughing and talking as they came back.

A bugler in F Troop of the 5th Cavalry had an Apache jump at him from the brush once and catch his horse by the tail. He knocked him loose by hitting him with his bugle. He was glad to get away but he lost his $12.00 silver bugle. Sometimes the Apaches tortured prisoners. It would have made you sick to have seen Black. They ran spears into his back and into his legs and then twisted them and they hacked at his breast as though they had been trying to cut his heart out. They got some other people once and cut off their eye lids and their finger nails.

A pal of mine was killed by the Apaches. I went to look at his grave after he had been buried a year and the coyotes and gophers had dug it up pretty bad so I took a shovel and was fixing it when a woman came along. I told her, "I don't have to do this. I am just doing it for a friend." She said, "Who are you? I have never met you that I can remember." Some time after that we had an Indian scare. She met me and she said, "Sergeant, I am so glad that you are here to protect us." I said to her, "Who are you? I have never met you that I can remember."

From Arizona I was sent north to Idaho to take part in the Modoc war but when I got there my time had expired and I was discharged. I went back home. Next I enlisted in the 3rd Cavalry and was sent to the Black Hills to run the miners off the Indian lands in the Jennie Expedition. Calamity
Jane was along with us. I went in swimmin' with her once in the Rawhide. When we pulled out she was ordered to be left behind but she borrowed a sergeant's uniform and horse while he hid in a wagon. The Officer-of-the-Day rode up to her and said, "Sergeant, it has been reported that there is a woman in this command. Have you seen her?" and Calamity replied, "No Sir!"

Calam' got sick near where Rapid City is now and an ambulance took her back to Fort Laramie.

I first met Thornberg when Dull Knife went off a rampage. The major was a tall slim fellow and not much of a fighter. I recollect we came in one day and told him that we had seen Dull Knife's braves near Dry Lake. It wasn't a dry lake. You could part the grass and get enough water to water a horse. When we told Thornberg about seeing Dull Knife's band there, he said, "All right. We'll go get him in the morning. Then he crawled into a wagon and went to sleep. We went there in the morning but of course Dull Knife had gone.

The War Department sent out a General later and we caught Dull Knife, that time. I was along. It was stormy and snowing and we heard some shooting. When we got to it we saw that it was Indians shooting at cattle. We had four troops of cavalry and we surrounded them. The Indians surrendered right away and gave up their guns. They only had a few of them, mostly spears. They wouldn't go in with us and the next day we saw that they had lots of guns, and said that they would fight. They started to build a breast works. They were pretty well protected behind that, but pretty soon a cannon was sent up to us from Robinson. We mounted it on one side of their breast works where they could see it. Then another cannon was sent up from Camp Sheridan and we mounted that on the other side of their breast works. Then the General told them to look at them cannon and surrender. They looked and did. We give 'em rations and loaded the women and kids into government wagons and started for Robinson. It was bitter cold.
When we got to Horse Crick the Indians balked and said they wouldn't go no further. Just then a third cannon that had not got to us in time came in sight. The Indians saw it and said, "We go."

At Robinson the Indians were put in a warm house and us soldiers slept out of doors. Some of us froze our ears and feet.

I was fixing a shed at Camp McDowell and fell from a rotten rafter. It hurt me pretty bad and I was discharged before my time was up. I was sent home from San Francisco by way of Laramie. I'd got used to army life by this time, so I stopped at Laramie and hired out as ambulance driver for the soldiers there. I was teaming in the wagon train when Thornberg was killed on Milk Creek. I came in with Merritt's outfit and when we got there it was all over, so we went back to Rawlins. I didn't see anything but the smokes. When you are in the army you have to stay where you are told and you cannot go up and look.

Gordan's wagon train was burned, they tell me. He didn't know there was any trouble with the Indians until he see them coming. I don't know whether his men were killed or not.

(Next summer we established Fort Thornberg at the Junction of White and Green Rivers. It was a good location. There were a lot of bridge and mine timbers on the river banks that had washed down from the Union Pacific. We built cabins out of them but it was too expensive to ship horse feed in there, so we were ordered out of the country and the infantry was sent in. There was another Fort Thornberg established in 1882. It was where Vernal is now. Fort Duchesne was not established until 1886. Sam Brown and Joe Luxton (Luxton Draw on Blue Mountain named from him) were skinners in the same train with me. We each drove six mules and drewed $35.00 per month. Johnnie McAndrews was wagon boss. (McAndrews was later very influential with Utes). Sam and Joe quit the government at Fort Thornberg and started a saloon. When the soldiers moved, they kept on runnin' it at Old Ashley (Vernal). They done well and went in
partnership in a cow-ranch on Blue Mountain. Joe Luxton went on the ranch and Sam stayed in town to run the saloon. One day Joe sent to Sam for some money and Sam sent back word that he did not have any money; that the saloon was broke. Joe come to Ashley and they talked it over. Joe said, "If you can't make this saloon pay without me bein' here let's split our partnership. I'll take what few cattle we've got left and make a go of it and you do the best you can with the saloon." Sam agreed. He wasn't as bad broke as he let on because the next day he sent for $2,000 worth of liquor. When Joe heard about it, he said, "I don't care. There was more cattle than I let on to him about anyways."
Leaving Fort Duchesne I crossed the old wooden trestle spanning the Uintah River and drove down the dirt road toward Ouray. A mile above the Randlett store a cañon comes into the road through the red bluff at the northeast. I walked a mile up this desert gulch to the old Indian grave yard. I first found this grave yard in 1914 and it was abandoned at that time, the Indians preferring to bury their dead at the Episcopal Mission at Randlett. The main object in visiting this grave yard was to determine if possible when the Uncompaghres, or some of them at least, stopped burying their dead in trees near the place of their death. The grave yard is located in the left hand prong of dry deep cañon. It is an extremely out of the way place and the main desire seems to have been to get a location close to the Indian farms but absolutely out of sight from them.

The first thing that is noticeable on approaching the grave yard is the abundance of horse bones bleaching on the red sand. There are some thirty mounds in the rabbit brush each about six feet long and two feet high. Some of the graves have been dug and the bodies placed in the graves with baskets and blankets, then a roof of poles or boards has been laid across the open grave and dirt shoveled on top. In other graves the dirt has apparently been shoveled over the bodies. It is difficult to tell which mounds cover bodies and which are piles of dirt thrown out of the graves that have been left open and roofed. Apparently the dead have been buried side by side in two rows with the axis of each mound extending east and west.

Around all the graves are broken and killed cooking utensils and some few willow baskets. There are also many pieces of broken china. I inspected these things hoping to find out if possible when the Indians abandoned this grave yard and started using the missionary grave yard exclusively. Only parts of the names on the china could be read. I found "Dena" on one piece and "Alfred Meekh" on another and "England, Royal Porcelain." On another bit was "Royal Ironstone." On another a picture of a lion with IST in three links below him. "The 'reeling Pottery
"Randlett Report"

and "Warranted Goodwin Bros.," was printed on other pieces. "Buffalo 1908" was on one chip. I visited this grave yard in 1914 and it was abandoned at that date but from this piece of china, I take it that the Indians had just started using the Mission grave yard at that time.

Among the other broken utensils were tin coffee pots, frying pans, all but one of the old fashioned type without the cold handle, Dutch ovens, granite stew kettles, and galvanized wash tubs. All these things had been either shot through or had been chopped into with an axe.

From the grave yard I went down on the Uintah River to the farm of Charlie Wash. The first house I came to was a two room log cabin, with the logs laid horizontally in one room and vertically in the other. A bowery for summer use joined one of these rooms. Twenty yards away stood a two story frame barn. The packed earth of the door yard had been swept clear to the barn after the emaculate manner of the Pueblos. Nobody was at home.

Following the parallel ruts in the sand through the river bottom brush I came to a young Indian driving a wagon. I would judge him to be about twenty years old. He wore a conical crowned hat with a stiff brim, braids on each shoulder and mother of pearl ear rings. His squaw, a girl about eighteen years old sat on the floor of the wagon with a baby behind the driver. She was bare headed with her black hair parted in the middle, and her body completely covered with a gay shawl. The girl had attended the Indian school at White Rocks and could talk good English. The man could not talk English.

They directed me to another cabin where I would find Charlie Wash. This cabin was much like the first but it lacked the frame barn. There were a multitude of long legged dogs in the yard and two sheep. A woman, a girl and a little girl in moccasins, calico, and shawls stood at the door. The oldest was a fine looking woman some sixty-five years old. She was five feet ten inches tall and weighed 160 or 190 pounds. Her moccasins were pretty badly worn and were beaded with the Ute flower design. Her belt was of leather studded with brass tacks.
The girl was some sixteen years old, a typical Indian, broad, heavy and flat. She had been to the Indian school at White Rocks and talked good English. She had just returned from a California Indian school, she said. Both women giggled a great deal and covered their faces with their hands. The little girl was perhaps three years old with her black hair parted like her elders.

I was told the Charlie Wash was visiting at Cespooch's and would not be back until night. When I mentioned trading buckskin friendly relations were immediately established between us. Ta-Tchup (Milking-breast) the oldest woman, said that hides were worth $2.50 a piece and that tanned buckskin was worth $5.00 per hide. She offered to tan the skins I had for half. She said that it took two buckskins to make a vest and three to make a shirt. The buckskin is left white for women's dance dresses but for the men; if the shirt is to be worn out where it might get wet, the shirt is smoked after it is completed, with willows until it is a canary yellow. This smoking, she said, would prevent the buckskin from drying stiff if it ever became saturated with water.

This conversation made the younger girl bring out a half finished dress that she said her grand mother had been making for her and had not finished when she died. The dress was of white doe-skin made of two hides sewed together down the sides. There were no sleeves. She said that when it was finished there would be a cape over the shoulders covering the arms to the knees. When asked if the cape would be decorated with elk teeth she replied, "No, I don't like elk teeth."

The dress was trimmed with fringe on all the seams and around the bottom. There were four bead-work rosettes on the skirt and from the center of each hung yellow buckskin thongs. The bead-work was in green and white. The squaws wear high top moccasins that button snugly above the ankle. The bucks all wear low top moccasins.

I next went over to Cespooch's cabin on the west side of the Uintah River. Quite a number of Utes were gathered there. Charlie came out of the house and we sat in the sunshine and talked for several hours.
interview is written up separately. Gespooch, who is totally blind, stayed in the house and beat on a drum almost continually while he sang Indian songs to himself. This drum was made from an open top crock covered with buckskin. The crock was partly filled with water and the drummer would shake the crock at intervals to keep the drum-head and saturated.

As we talked Tat-choop and the other Indian girl came riding along at a very slow walk. Tat-choop was riding a home made "squaw-saddle" piled high with cotton quilts. The three year old girl was strapped on her back so she could look over the older woman's head. The girl from California was riding another horse bareback. They marched by us and went into the house without any sign of recognition.

The line of chiefs since Curay is said to be as follows. Curay: 1880
Done away with/for betraying his people at Washington and coming back with a treaty that took their land yet made him, Curay, rich.

Shavenaux: (A medicine man) killed 1884 or 5, by Arowad because the medicine he made did not cure his two sons. Arowad was immediately killed by friends of Shavenaux.

Charlie Shavenaux (Son-in-law of Shavenaux.) He died about 1920.

Dick Wash Quite a prominent man who killed a medicine man on Blue Mountain because he failed to cure his son. He also accompanied John McAndrews in 1887 when they went to stop the Indians from fighting the Colorado militia.

Fa-weenie said to be chief man not because Dick Wash has taken up the pey-ote cult.
Interview with CHARLIE WASH, Brother of Dick Wash. 
Uncompagre near Randlett, Utah

Me born down south, maybe Montrose. Me forty years old.

Query: Charlie you're sixty-five or seventy.

No; me forty. That's what they tell me long time ago, and I think it's so.

The Uncompagres were split up long time ago and part of them were sent up here. Curay died down at Montrose. He was not a Ute. The Utes traded a horse for him when he was a baby, somewhere in New Mexico.

Query: From what Indians, Charlie?

From the New Mexicans. Curay always said, "Peace, no fight white man."

Me no here during Meeker fight. Think Meeker fight was over buckskin. There was fort here to protect Uintahs from doing Meanness. (This must have been war of 1887) The Uncompagres never do meanness on account of Curay. When Uncompagres hear about trouble on White River Alundra make long ride from Indians to Fort Duchesne to get Soldierman Randlett and niggers to go to White River to stop Indians from fighting white mans.

Alundra done that because he was an Uncompare and on account of Curay. Curay say, long time ago, "No good pray to the sun and the stars. Pray to God, - and no fight." Uncompagres think White Rivers mean, bad mans. Uncompagres want them no fight. They killed lots of soldiers in Colorado, - only one Indian killed and he was brought to Curay (camp) to die. One time soldiers all camp at Rangely. Indian-boys slip up quiet in night and shoot but nobody get kill. The soldiers took lots Indian horses but the Indian boys got some back. Me way off during fight. No see 'em me. NO.

This boy (pointing to an Indian who was born in 1880) he herding sheep on White River, - just little boy. He see soldiers coming all dress in blue. He quit sheep and run to river. Soldiers catch him and he say, "No shoot! Me Christian." Everybody he run and leave them sheep. Nobody watch sheep for many days and they run around and get all mix. Indian have to build corral and separate many days.
Peyote God no good. Peyote men all time sing like Cespooch, Mike[lišen]. Cactus Pete, a Sioux, he bring it to reservation 20 year ago. He smart man but bad. He tell Indian-man to chew it and he will see all the things he wants to see, and hear all the things he wants to hear and know everything and be smart. Many Indians die from it. Cactus Pete make lots money but Indian know now peyote no good. He see what it has done to him and if Cactus Pete come back he get kill.

Charlie Travis, he still chew peyote. It has made him old man. Some Indians still chew peyote. Charlie say to them come to my house on some night and they all go and beat drum and sing. They think that is good. Cactus Pete told them they could see God that way. I don't think you can see God. White man has told me two-three ways to see God. I don't know how to see God. That is something I don't know about.

Me no know what to do when man dies. Sometimes, Indian kill pots, blankets of dead man or burn them because he dead and he no want to see them any more. No want to see anything he used, anything he had. Man dead, his things dead. No want to see nothing of them again. Forget it all. Maybe that all right. Me know know.

Me know three boys whose mother die. Then in few months father die. Boys leave everything in house, clothing on nails, everything on walls just as father left everything. Boys wrapped their own blankets around themselves and walked out; just took their own things and left everything of mother and everything of father; the clothes their father had worn just as he had hung it up; the pots and kettles of his mother just where she left them, and they walked away.

Then some time they would all meet out on the flat and they would say, "Let's all meet some time and go to house." and they would set the day and they would all meet and walk to house and open door and sit down inside. There was clothes father had worn just as he had hung it up. There was pots and kettles of mother just where she had left them. Everything just
where hands of father and mother had put it. There were clothes mother had worn, right there. There were clothes father had worn, right there. The boys would look at these things and think of father and mother and feel bad. Maybe so this a good thing, I believe. Maybe burn and kill and forget it all, better. Kutch-pe-chitch-a-gway. (I don't understand.)
CHARLIE TRAVIS, The Piute.
Randlett, Utah

I was born in Nevada, California, all around, long way from here. Piutes no relation to these Indians (Utes). Talk different language. I had to learn talk all over when I come here. I was in Nevada when Utes had big one fight with soldiers on White River. In 1884 a man named Charlie Travis, he raised me and I took his name, took 2500 horses from Nevada to Cheyenne. Seven of us went with them horses. We drove up to Salt Lake City and past Evanston and along the railroad track to Cheyenne. They were big horses and we got a good price for them, $35.00 per head. Horses were worth more than they are now. This man Charlie Travis raised lots of horses, he also bought horses for this trip. We night-herded them horses. Two of us would ride around them by turns at night.

I quit at Cheyenne and went to Blue Mountain (Colo., Utah line). I worked there as cowboy for fifteen years (1895). I work for Popper on K ranch, Hi Meeks, he foreman. John Rasmussen, he cowboy. Tom McNeal, he cowboy, he scout at Meeker (courier in 1887) Simp Harp, Meeker stage-coach-man; A.J. Gregory, cowboy; Kendall sheriff who fight Indians. Yes, I know all them fellers. I hear Kendall had to leave on account of stealing cattle. Is that so?

I come to reservation (1895) to get land. Me no Ute like these Indian-boys but I get him land alllsame. I don't know why the White River Utes left the reservation in 1906. They always look for trouble. I don't think they go again. That trip bad. They came back, except them that's dead.

Yes, I know Agoosa, he wear dress like woman. Indian boys tell me he run away from fight on White River. He run away and leave all his sheep. (If this is so it was the fight of 1887. All Strehlke of Meeker gathered some Indian sheep near Sleepy Cat after the Indian retreat.) I think that so. Indians don't make him dress like woman, I believe. He do that himself. Indians no care how he dress. He say I no want to fight. I dress like woman. That so I believe. He never
merry. He live with sisters. He work like sisters, - make dresses, tan buckskin, I believe. (Much laughing)

Chipeta, wife of Ouray. She come to this country with Uncompagres. She die near Dragon, I know her. She ride all night—all day, "White Rivers" to save Meeker women. Ouray say 'tis no good. White River Indian-boys alltime make trouble. Uncompagres no like them. This man (pointing to an Indian) Chipeta his grandmother. (Chipeta is the grandmother of almost every Uncompagre on the reservation it seems.) When Chipeta die they (white men) take her on cars to Montrose.

I am not sure if they live long time. They live long time ago. Horses nah all time say.

Yes, she say. This way to Rabbit ears. My, helped at Ouray had lots of description of Rabbit ears. Alous. We savvy East Fort long time ago. We savvy Fort Perry. Crossell.

He ride. Rabbit ears long time ago to get water. Much water at Buck Cliff. We put to places where water is. We found. We say We fight. She say, We pay Indian money to get water. Indian kin down and also liked. Indian drive bull to that like not no price to. So chief she drew line. What next they want of Hedge, You tall on way Washington up pay Dis-arrays the right. You take not.

She say. Much water there. We in other side of importance. Yes, tell me why another town that time? Yes, it located Indian not why not here around. Yes, it located many not any one no stay on reservation. Yes, It

No Morgan, here at Fort Rabbit. We savvy Mountain, We savvy pasture. We will whiskey. No mine with it to trick. No Morgan trade because we don't. Savvy Mountain we say not. We high price there. We trade first. Look two times. Tell, anyone, more long, that look. When he sell our used sales. All the same was all white people Indians on Bear River.

We are savvy Dismant, don't say. They never could say. They never could hear others. We
Interview with UNCLE SAM, White River Ute.
(There is an Uncompaghre Unoa Sam)

No savvy me, Fort Davy Crockett; Me White River Ute, only know
country south and east of White River. No savvy Owe-yu-guts (Big cañon,
or Brown's Hole.) Me old man, may-be-so one hundred. Me know about mans
before Nu-u-ch (us, Ute or Indian) Me find old grinders for meal on
ground; find broken pottery, some white, some with pictures. No savvy
who left them (Cliff-dwellers) but it was people long time ago. Plants
those old people used are still growing but those people have disappear-
ed. That before anybody know anything about it, only they live long time/

Me savvy old Fort here, long time ago. Trader-man all time say,
"Oui, Oui!" (This may be Robideaux. Dr. Reagan at Ouray has had this
description of Robideaux, also.) Me savvy Bent Fort long time ago but
no savvy Fort Davy Crockett.

Me fight Navajos long time ago to get women. Fight south of
Book Cliff. Me fight on plains where Denver is. Washington, she say,
"No fight." She say, "me pay Indian money if he no fight." Indian sit
down and draw lines. Each tribe hunt to that line but no cross it. Me
chief who draw line. Ute must stay west of Denver. You tell me why Wash-
ington no pay Ute money for that? You tell me?

Me no savvy Meeker fight. Me on other side of mountains. You
tell me why soldier came that time? Was it because Indian no work but
run around and no do what agent say and no stay on reservation. Me savvy
Joe Morgan, he my good friend, Me savvy Simmons. Me savvy Perkins, he
sell whiskey. He just sell it by drink. Joe Morgan trade buckskin for
gun, thirty buckskin for one gun. Gun high price then. He trade flint-
lock; two stones hit, sisses, then bang; flint-lock. Then he sell cap
and ball. He one white man all alone among Indians on Bear River.

No savvy, me, Indian fight on Fortification Creek.

Me no savvy Meeker fight. Me no there, but first soldiers all killed.
Next soldiers come and join them. Make wagon circle. Put stock inside.

Dig trench.
When Indian shoot. Mule get hit. He rear up and fall in trench on top of soldiers. Later Indians set fire to wagons. Only two Indians killed. Thrashing machine was burned because soldiers come. Tell me why did soldiers come?

While Indians fight soldiers, other Indians go to commissary to get sugar, flour and coffee. They break in commissary. One Indian go in first. Soldier hide up on roof, inside. Soldier shoot and kill Indian in commissary. Other Indian wounded. He die days later of wound.

You tell me why Roosevelt open reservation (1905)? You tell me? That make White Rivers go to Dakota. We shake hands with Roosevelt. We go Washington. Capitol here (draws a line on the ground) White House here. We go Washington Ranch on river under trees (Mt. Vernon.). White Rivers go to Dakota because Roosevelt open reservation. We take wagons, kill game, rabbits, for food. We take one month to get to Dakota from reservation.

Query: Did the sun-dance come back from Dakota after that trip?

No savvy me. Sundance, Sioux dance. Sioux good friend of Ute. One time a man come here from Ute country and tell people to dance sundance and they do it. Man's name is Tchup(Breast) (This information from Uncle Sam's squaw who sat by us.) Bear dance not like sundance. Utes dance Bear dance wai-ai-ai-ai-tus. ('Waitus' means long time and the more the 'ai' is drawn out, the longer is the time.) There are pictures on the rocks south of the Uintah mountains showing a bear dancing with a woman. These pictures may go back to the Fremont peoples.)
Interview with Henry E. Harris, Interpreter, Also humorist.

I'm a Piute but I don't know what kind of a Ute that is. There are Gosh-utes and Pi-utes and coy-utes. Well I'm a Pi-ute. We are some relation to these Utes but I don't know what it is. We can't understand these Utes talk but all our names of things are almost like theirs. It's awful easy for a Piute to learn to talk Ute.

I graduated the Indian school at Grand Junction and came to Fort Duchesne in 1888 or 89. I was given job as property clerk. Later I was made interpreter. Before the reservation was opened in 1905 Roosevelt sent a man out here. I interpreted for him at White Rocks. He said plan, "My friends, whether you like it or not, the White Father is going to open this reservation. You can each take 40 acres of land and you had better take this now while you can pick the best as if you don't pick it yourself somebody else will pick it for you and you may not like it." I heard that plain and I told the Indians that, but the White Rivers did not believe it. They did not want the reservation opened. They got mad and went to Wyoming to see the Sioux. I asked some of them later where they thought they were going. One said to me, "I was like horse. I saw green grass and I walked to it. When I got there I saw another bunch of green grass. I walked to it. The first thing I knew I was in corral." By corral he meant hellefamess. Words like that make Ute hard to translate. Another Indian told me they thought the Sioux were being treated better than they were, so they wanted to go see them. The Sioux have had a lot of influence over the Utes in the last few years.

These White Rivers started in the spring of 1906. The soldiers picked them up near Crawford on the Nebraska-Wyoming line and took them to Fort Meade, for the winter. In the fall of 1907 they got in a big argument at Thunder Butte. It seems that
the rations were about to run out and the government told the Indians, there were three hundred of them, if 75 of the strong able-bodied men will go to work on the railroad and 15 of your children will go to the Indian school, then there will be enough rations for the remainder of you for the winter but if you will not do this, there will not be enough rations. The Utes did not understand and the interpreters could not make it plain. It looked like trouble and they sent to Fort Duchesne. The Utes told the government "Get Henry Harris to talk for us." When I got to Thunder Butte, Colonel West was in charge. As soon as they heard what was wanted of them it was all right. I was kept with them from then on until they got back to the reservation a year later. We started home on July 1st, 1908. Captain C.P. Johnson and a company of the 2nd cavalry was in charge. At Rapid City the Indians were issued 20 new wagons so they could travel in comfort. I remember that we got to the reservation with the same number of Indians that we started with. We had two deaths but we also had two births.

We Indians have got to make the best of what is being done to us. It is no use fighting like the White Rivers do. We've still got three million dollars and if the government is careful it will keep us old fellows. I don't know about the younger ones like that boy there of mine. I tell him that he is going to have to learn to look out for himself but he does not seem to believe me. I know that I am an Indian and do not know the value of a dollar and if I had my share today it would be gone by tomorrow. You're a government man. Tell me what has happened to that three million dollars of ours? We are getting to need clothes and we have been waiting three years for it. This time they say we are
going to get it direct. That is the way the Indians want it. You know in the past we have got it in lots of ways. Once our money was spent on a road that goes up on the mountain that nobody uses. We can't kick about the graft. The money was spent all right but it was our money and why was it spent on a road that we did not want. The agent told me that we got the benefit of the money whether we got it or not. He called it "indirect benefit." Once an Indian asked me what is this "Indirect-benefit"? "Agent all time talk 'Indirect-benefit'." I say, "when agent plants cottonwood trees at Post to make nice shade in summer, that is 'indirect-benefit'. You can go down to the Post and sleep in that shade and get 'indirect-benefit.'" I remember one time the government farmer was going to White Rocks in his Model T "goes-by-itself". I wave to him and he stop. I say, "I want to talk to you" and he say "All right, my friend." We talk for a while then he step on "oats-for-goes-by-itself" and big cloud of smoke come out behind. I say, "What's that, 'Indirect-benefit'?"

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(Your correspondent saw these Utes on the way back to the reservation, first at a camp at Boxelder Spring south of Blue Mountain on what is now Highway 40 and later when they crossed on the ferry-boat at Jensen, Utah. At the latter place the horses were swum across Green River and the wagons were taken over on the barge. The east bank of Green River was steep and soldiers would pull the wagon and guide the tongue down on to the boat. The Indian with his squaws and camp in the wagon behind him, manned the brake. As soon as waggon reached the steep river bank the Indian would retard its momentum, and then release the brake when the flat bottom of the boat had been reached. I remember one Indian studied this procedure and when the turn for his wagon came, he retarded the brake about half way down the bank, then threw it wide open. The wagon bounded to the bottom and out across the barge. The tongue that the soldiers were guiding stuck out over the river and the soldiers all got a ducking. The Indians put up a great shout and called, "What's matter soldier-man. Whup-a-tak. All wet!")
Mrs. Henry Harrisne-Read.

I was born in Brown's Park, in 1865 and I left there in 1875 when I was ten years old, so I do not remember much about it, but I remember a good deal. I remember Lewis Simmons in his buckskin and another trapper named Boone. I think his first name was Daniel but I am not sure. (There are two Boone draws in Brown's Park) Boone had a cabin on the head of Pot Creek.

I never heard of Fort Davy Crockett. I don't remember any buildings shaped the way you say it was. I do remember that the James Warren place was built in the shape of an ell with another cabin off a little to one side. It was built of round logs with a floor that I always thought was made of hewed logs. The Warren place was not where you say the fort should be. It was on the west side of the river below the mouth of Beaver Creek. I always wondered why Arnold's house was built that way. I'll bet that was the fort.

My father was born in Kentucky in 1811. His father died and his mother married again and my father left home when he was 16 years old (1827). He came west with his uncle, Sambo was the uncle's name / was known by among the Indians. That is the only name I know for him and I don't know why they called him that but they all called him just Sambo. My Father's name was Jim Reed. He and Sambo made several trips back to the states for goods to trade with the Indians. Sambo was killed in a big war in the states. I don't know whether it was the Civil War. Wasn't there a great general called Jackson? Well he was killed then.

They brought their goods on pack mules from the states. I've heard the Indians here say lots of times, the old ones that is, they used to say, "Jim Reed brought Uintah's first butcher knives, first gun, first coffee."
They tried to cook that coffee. They thought it ought to boil like beans until it was soft enough to eat. I've heard Father laugh about that. Jimmie Reed also traded Uintahs their first blankets. They were black woolen blankets with a border. These blankets came in a bolt and the trader would measure them length for length with tanned buckskin and then cut off the cloth the same length as the buckskin. My father, Jim Reed was pony express rider from Fort Benton to Fort Bridger. I have read about the pony express riders but I have never read his name. I think they should have his name in the books about pony express riders. Father told me they carried no guns when they rode pony express. They had the best horses and the Indians could not catch them so they did not need guns. Father was hit by an arrow once. I have seen the scar in his back. The arrow lodged in his back-bone. Fathers said the bounce of the pony made the arrow flop up and down so it hurt terrible. He took out his pocket knife and cut off the shaft so it would not flop. When he got to Fort Bridger they pulled out the arrow head with horse nippers. Father said that once as he rode that route he saw something white ahead. It was a long streak of white. He wondered what it was. When he got up to it he saw that it was feathers from feather beds. Some Indians had raided a wagon train and scattered the feathers and killed the people and burned the wagons. He said that he found a little baby that had crawled up to its mother that lay there dead. Father took the baby and carried it in his buckskin shirt to Fort Benton where he gave it to a lady. I always said that Father should have got a reward for saving that baby.

When Major Powell, the man with one arm, was getting his
display of Indian things, Father went around with him and helped him trade with the Indians. Powell took Father's elk hide lodge. It was a nice lodge, - soft like buckskin but awful heavy when you lifted it on to a pack-horse. Yes, he took my father's nice lodge. (Evident regret there.) Father died six years ago. He is buried at the school cemetery at White Rocks.

My mother was a Gosho. Her mother, my grand mother was killed on Bear River (Utah). Some other Indians had killed a mail carrier and the soldiers came to the village my grandmother was in and started to shoot. They killed many Indians and Grandmother was shot. I always said that we ought to sue the United States for killing my grandmother. That was not right. I think we could get some money from them for that.

I knew Captain Jack. He was a big tall slim-like man. Persune was a small man. He is dead now. Douglas looked exactly like that woman. (Pointing to a squaw.) She is his daughter and she was carved out of him with a butcher-knife. She is deaf so she can't hear us speak.

If you write a book about us I want to see that book.
ADD TO MRS. HENRY HARRIS INTERVIEW.

My great Uncle's was called Washambo and the Indians generally called him 'Sambo for short. He was half French and Half Scotch. He was called "Scott" but I do not know whether that was his first or last name.

That chimney and fock foundation east of White Rock's that you thought might be the ruins of Fort Robideux was build by my father and his Uncle. (The "Cui,Cui," of the Indians may refer to the French of Sambo instead of Robidoux?)

I was not born in Brown's Park. I was born farther up Green River. We moved to Brown's Park when I was a little girl. I remember when we moved so I must have been about seven or eight years old. Father was running cattle in Brown's Park at the time of the Meeker Massacre.
Notes on Tim Johnson.

The following notes on Tim Johnson have been gotten mainly from Tim, himself, but some of the information has come from his immediate family. Tim is very reluctant to talk and what few remarks he has made, have been surprised from him. In 1934 Tim Johnson is considered the renegade of the reservation. It is current gossip that the agent has discouraged the election of chiefs for fear that the "White Rivers" would elect Tim Johnson who is a hard man for the "white-father" to deal with.

Necessity has forced Tim and his people to live close to the Uintahs and Tim has great sport making fun of John-Duncan or One-Hair, their chief. Old Tim is the bane of One-Hair's existence. Whenever the two meet at the trader's store or at a dance or other group of Indians, Tim calls One-Hair by some name that hurts him very much. Tim teases him for attending the mission church. Perhaps the worst epithet ever leveled at One-Hair's head came from Tim when One-Hair got up to speak in council. One-Hair rose to speak and with the dignity of a trained orator, stood for a moment to get the full attention of his listeners. While in this posture Tim said in a clear voice, "Mike Mericats" (Hello White-man).

Let Tim speak: "Me no savvy Meeker Massacre. That all in Washington, not here (tapping breast). You go Washington find out that, not here. That's over, forgot! Been wipe out. Indians buy that and pay for it. Bill is settled. That's over, forgot! That's gone like track in sand after wind blows. Nothing left to show. That's cold, very cold. It's been dead long time.

When trouble first start Indian runner go back and forth all time between White River and Uintah. Uintah know just what happens all the time. Black Hawk and Pike Dugal or Big Frank come from Uintah to White River and say, "No fight!" Then go back. Maybe so they take letter from Meeker women. Me no savvy.

White River Indians pretty mad. When shootin' start one old blind man, name Mugiera-uch, jump on horse and yell to squaws, "Head horse to Agent, me fight too."

Two white-mans got away. I know that. Rest were on roof and get killed.

When we start off, Blind-Man travel along. People laugh and talk how about he want to fight. Squaws no have to lead his horse. Horse just follow. Mother man walk. He funny that way. Never ride horse. All time walk every time Indians move. He walk across big river. Get wet."
Lots of Indians funny like that in them days.

Meeker women make lots trouble. Sometimes old Indian mans tell many funny story about trouble with Meeker women. One man say, "Let's kill 'em and throw 'em away. They make much trouble."

Nother man say, "You kill them. You kill me first. Mans kill mans. Let squaws kill women."

Me go to Washington that time. Shake hands with George Washington. He give me his picture to wear around neck. After that Indians send me to Uintah to look at land for White Rivers. I go.

(1906) Then when George Washington opens reservation/to white mans I go to see Sioux. Many people follow me. When we come back with soldiers Indians cannot cross Green River. I get on horse and swim across. Indian horses follow.

Little time ago white man's make talk about Ouray grave. Old people want to make trouble about Ouray. My boy say, "It's all right for white mans to put up stone for Ouray. That's way white man's do. It no hurt us. It do no good neither." My boy (Henry Johnson) go to Ignacio with Corass that time when white man's hunt for Ouray to put up stone. They find bones and put up stone. When Corass come back he say to Indian mans, "No worry. Ouray he all right. White man's never touch him. We make big talk and shake hands and say lots of 'how-de-do' and have big feast. White mans happy. Me no tell 'em Ouray still in hills. We dig up grave where three Indians buried, but Ouray not there. Ouray have ring on finger, gold watch, silver belt. Nobody find them things. White mans happy and Ouray happy too.

(Tim Johnson is not happy. His allotment is on a bench east of White Rocks Creek. Whether intentionally or not he owns a place where he can see above the mists of desert horizon the bold headlands of Blue Mountain and Calamity Ridge---a far country where he suffered and was strong---a cruel, forbidden country that sheltered him through his happy, murderous years.)
I was glad to read J.S. Hoy's account of how the posses from three states leaned the outlaws out of Brown's Park. I helped do that and I don't quite agree with him on all the details.

Sheriff Billy Preece had taken a posse from Vernal to represent Utah on general principles. He didn't know Tracy and Lant were over there. When the Colorado posse jumped them and had them on the run, Pidgeon and another fellow came to Vernal for help.

Tolliver was out deputy sheriff. He said, "Billy Preece is already over here but maybe I better go over too. Do any of you fellers want to go along?"

Jerry Murray, Will Erickson and Merkley piped up and said, "You bet."

"I can't go, Pete," says, Tom McNeal (courier and scout in Indian trouble of 1887), "but I've got a good horse down in the pasture. Take him."

The bunch had started without me but I caught up as soon as I got Tom's horse. We went to Bassett's first. The posses from Wyoming and Colorado were both camping there. Hoy had been killed by the outlaws and the posse had stringed up Bennett to square things.

The next morning we split up in a lot of little bunches to hunt out the whole country. Lant and Tracy had been tried by Nieman on Douglas Mount-in the day before. They were a-foot and had lost their camp so we knew they would move. They couldn't get off Douglas Mountain without crossing the mail road between Snake River and Lodore. The Utah and Colorado posses rode up his road hunting for their tracks.

After we had ridden a ways Sheriff Neiman from Colorado said, "Boys, we are doing this wrong. The mail stage comes along today and if the outlaws see it, they will take its horses and make their get-away."
(Outlaw years)

Eb Bassett and Longhorn Thompson both know this country. I'll take Eb and go back and guard the mail. If they try to hold it up we'll catch 'em. You fellows take Longhorn and go on down the road and cut for sign. Then we'll know whether they have left Douglas Mountain or not.

Sheriff Neiman rode back to Bassett's ranch and sat around the fire all day.

The rest of us went on down the road and pretty soon we came to the outlaws' tracks where they had crossed the road a-foot. We followed them a ways and saw that they were headed for Lookout Mountain just as straight as they could go.

Longhorn Thompson said, "They are headed for Snake River. Let's go down Boone Draw and beat them to it."

"I don't know why you think they are headed for Snake River," I said. "It looks to me like they were going to Lookout Mountain."

"There is nothing on Lookout Mountain" says Longhorn. "Let's go to Snake River."

"You're a damned stinkin' coward, Thompson," sez I. "We'll stay with these tracks.

We followed them for a few miles. Then we came to a place where the snow was trampled and there were three dead fires. It was where the outlaws had laid out the night before.

While we were prowling around Murry sung out, "Yender's a horse!"

"Yes," said Thompson, "and a saddle on it and a man. It's Pidgeon."

Funny how a man will see things when he's scared. It was a horse all right but it was dead, ----- a colt the outlaws had killed to eat.

We started on after their tracks. Thompson still wanted to go to Snake River. He and I were on lead and Murry was driving the pack horses behind us. I could tell by the way Thompson was looking at all the dark shadows under the cedars that he wouldn't be much help.
The trail went through a thick clump of trees. While we were in them Murray broke off a dead branch and threw it at one of the pack horses to make him keep up.

"Quit makin' all that noise," said Thompson.

Murray dropped the horses right there and rode up to Thompson. His hand was on his sixshooter and he said, "If you don't like the way I'm drivin' them horses drive 'em yourself. You -- cowardly -- -- -- -- -- -- -- --

"Here boys," sez I, "We didn't come to fight among ourselves. We're here to catch outlaws."

"You take the lead then," sez Murray, "and I'll follow you to hell but won't go another step behind that yellow-bellied --------."

Jerry rode with me after that and Thompson dropped behind and drove the horses.

At noon we stopped and got some dinner. Thompson kept talking about what a battle the outlaws would give us. I sez,"Hell no! Then fellers is cold and hungry and wore out. The fight ain't there. The first thing they will say is,'Give us something to eat.'"

We only went a little ways after dinner when we saw some men on horseback. It was the Wyoming posse so we stopped again to feed them, and turned the horses out to graze. They hobbled off out of sight across the ridge.

The Wyoming sheriff sez,"We'll meet 'em any minute now. How are you're men going to be in a fight?"

"Murray," I sez, "I'll fight any time or place you put him. I don't but much stock in Thompson. He's been tryin' to lead us to Snake River all in the forenoon."

While they were eatin' Jerry kept pickin' it into Thompson. I felt plumb ashamed. I don't mind hanging a man but I hate to torture him.

The horses were out of sight by this time and sez I, to myself, I'll go turn 'em back. It would be a joke on us if the outlaws got away with our horses. I slipped around ahead of 'em through the cedars and when I turned them they made quite a commotion jumping along in their hobbles. Nobody in camp knew that I had gone away and the men came running out when they heard
the horses running, - all but Thompson. He dove into the bottom of a deep gulch and stayed there until the men came back to finish eating.

Then we saddled up and hit the trail. The outlaws went into a rough country that had a lot of little gulches where it was slow going for a man on horseback so we decided not to follow them any more but to spread out about a mile wide across the country, and yell every time we saw a track.

When we got close to Lookout Mountain the snow was a lot deeper. We saw where they had gone up a long ridge. It was sharp like a knife-edge and the wind was blowing and, BOY, it was cold! The posse rode under the crest where they were out of the gale and I followed the tracks along the top. All at once I saw something and called, "There are some men below you!"

"Then it must be Tracy!"

"No it ain't, I can recognize Nigger Isam."

We went down to them and sure enough the outlaws were cornered but still on the peak.

This is the way it all happened. That morning Isam and three other cowboys from the Colorado posse had set out by themselves for a sheep camp they knew about, under Lookout Mountain. The outlaws had tett there coming into the Park and the cowboys figgereed they would go back there to eat again.

When the cowboys got to the camp site they found that the wagon had been moved. Before they made up their minds where to go next they saw the outlaws and slipped into the cedars and waited.

"Coming?" It was Lant and Tracy and a big Swede named Johnson.

When the outlaws saw that the camp had moved they started to kick around in the snow hunting for scraps of meat or bread or anything that had been thrown out.

The leader of the cowboys yelled, "Hands up!"

The outlaws ran and the cowboys shot. The poor devils stumbled over sticks in the snow and fell down and got up and fell again. The cowboys thought they had killed them all two or three times. Finally a bullet went between Johnson's legs and the snow spurted up in front of him. He turned around and
arched back to the cowboys with his hands in the air. Lant and Tracy got 
into a wash and were still there when we arrived.

The sheriff from Wyoming walked out close to where they were hiding 
and said, "Boys, you might just as well give up or we will have to kill you."

We could hear them arguing down in the gulch. Dave Lant said,"Let's 
give up. I'm cold and the toes of my boots are out and I'm hungry. Then he 
crawled out where he could see them.

"Come back here, you son of a ----- or I'll blow your head off," yelled 
Tracy and Dave fell back in the gulch.

Then there was some more argument and pretty soon Tracy let him go 
and Dave crawled out and gave himself up.

"You'll never take me alive," called Tracy. The sheriff talked to 
him for awhile. Then he said, "Sheriff, if you'll promise that I get a 
air trial I'll come out."

Agreed!

We locked them up in the Lodore post office for safe keeping that night.

The posses from three states camped outside and there was a lot of talk 
about lynching. Sheriff Preece walked away three times so we could go ahead 
without him knowing about it. But we just lacked a leader.

Next morning a little Dutchman, in a red shirt, came riding up. He 
lived in the Park and asked me,"Where's Johnson."

"In the post office," I told him.

He went in the post office and Johnson looked up at him then down at 
the floor. The Dutchman started in on him,"Fy Tamn, Yohnson! You pragg about 
shornin' Prown's Bark. Vat you say now, nein?"

Wyoming took Johnson for killing little Willie Strang. Colorado took 
Lant and Tracy for killing Hoy. We went home empty handed.
PETE DILLMAN ACCOUNT.

I was born in Indiana on the 1st day of July 1855, but I was raised in Iowa. When I was twenty-two years old a bunch of us came west to find some buried treasure near Soda Springs, Wyoming, but we had the wrong directions and never found it. The bunch went back to Iowa but there was not enough money for all of us to go so I stayed to earn enough money to follow them. That was fifty-seven years ago and I haven't earned it yet. The boys said that as soon as they got home they would send me the money but you know how that is? Wages were only $20 per month back in Iowa and $35 in the West so I was glad to stay. I worked first in the woods cutting timber to be burned into charcoal. It was a big business then but when pay-day came all I got was an order on the company store. The Union Pacific would not take that for transportation so I quit.

In 1877 the Vernal country opened for settlement and a fellow offered a milk cow to any man who would go over there and take up a homestead. I didn't want the farm but I figured that I could sell it for enough to get home. I got the farm all right but I found out it was not so easy to sell it.

Vernal, or Ashley as it was called, got its mail from the Union Pacific, then overland across Cold Spring Mountain, Brown's Park and Diamond Mountain. I carried it on skis that first winter from Parson's Ford in the Park over Diamond to old Ashley.

In the spring I heard good news!

The Indian agent at White Rocks was looking for a farmer to teach the Uintahs how to work. I got the job. In the fall of 1879 we heard about the massacre over on White River. The 'White Rivers' sent runners to the Uintah reservation to tell what had happened. They wanted the Uintahs to kill our agent Critchlow, but Chief Tabby would not let them.

I was very friendly with one Indian and I said to him, "You my friend?" He said, "Yes."

"Then you tell me," I said," if the Uintahs decide to kill the
"No," he said, "Me no tell."

"I thought you said that you were my good friend. If I heard that the soldiers were coming to kill the Indians I would tell you so that you could run away and save yourself. That is what I call being a good friend."

"That's right," said the Indian, "All right, I tell you."

About that time Black Hawk came into the Agency. He had come from the White River's camp and he had a letter from the Meeker women addressed to Critchlow. They said that they were having a pretty rough time of it and did not believe that they had any chance but they hoped that he could do something for them.

Critchlow talked to us about it. He decided that there was nothing that we could do for them but I said that I was willing to take a chance to save the lives of those women. He gave me a letter addressed to General Merritt. Clinton McLean and I and Black Hawk started out for the Indian camp.

I didn't know the country and do not know just how we went but Black Hawk knew the way and he lead us. We crossed Green River at the old Indian ford seven miles above where Jensen is now (Escalante's crossing). Then we went up Cocklebur to where it turns east. Then we struck straight south for White River. We crossed where there are some big bluffs (a little east of the state line) and rode about five miles up the south side of White River. We camped there. The next day we went up a long ridge toward the Book Cliffs. (This probably the divide between Texas Creek and Douglas Creek.) I don't know just where we dropped off the Book Cliffs but the Indians were camped at the junction of the Gunnison and the Grand Rivers. There were hundreds of their ponies on all those flats. (They no doubt followed the old Ute trail that follows the crest of the Book Cliffs until they got past Sand Wash and then dropped off on to the Grand a little
above Grand Junction.) The Indians did not know what to make of us but they were having a lot of councils and they put a man in charge of us. We could walk anywhere we wanted around the camp but this man followed us everywhere.

I rememner that I was standing watching some of them when I was tapped on the shoulder. I turned and there stood General Adams. He had been their agent at one time and he was sent to them as a peace commissioner. He said, "Well, young man, do you come in and out of this camp when ever you want to."

"I came in all right," I replied, "I don't know whether I am going out again or not."

"Are you friendly with these Indians?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, what's your business here?"

I said that I had come to see if I could save the Meeker women. "Don't you know that the Meeker women have been gone from here several days?"

"No," I replied, "I didn't." Then I told him about the letter to Critchlow but I could see that he had heard that the Mormons were egging on the Indians to kill the white people and he suspected me. So I showed him my letter to Merritt.

"Well," said Adams, "All I can say is, if you can get out of here alive you are a good one. These Indians are plenty mad. Good luck to you."

He left that afternoon to catch the train down on the Gunnison. The Indians had a pow-wow over McLean and me and decided that if we were their friends they would escort us to the Meeker agency and see if they could have a meeting with Merritt there. Captain Jack and some more Indians set out with us. We went up the Grand River cañon, forded the river twice between their camp and the place where Rifle is now. The Indians had pickets every ten miles and they signaled to
each other all the time so the Indians in the camp on Grand River knew just what was happening back at Meeker.

When we were camped at Government Creek (Rifle) the Indians left us and went off to see one of these pickets. It was the first time that McLean and I had been alone and we talked over several plans as to how we could escape if the Indians did not let us go on.

The next morning we started up Government Creek. McLean was told to ride ahead of us and carry a white flag. When we got up on top of the divide they told him to go faster. He spurred his horse. It is a rolling country and just as we came over one swell we could see him going over the next. When we got on top of the next swell he was going over two ahead of us. They yelled to him to stop but he kept on going and the first thing we knew he was out of sight.

They didn't like that much but they told me to take a white flag and ride ahead. As soon as I got a little way ahead of them they called to me not to go so fast so I stopped and let them pass me and then I rode behind them.

When we got about twelve miles from White River there is a canyon that comes in from the east. We stopped there and part of the Indians rode up on the point to see the picket. We waited down in the flat for several hours. When the Indians came back they said, "We will go up in this canyon and camp. (This the Monaghan ranch on the Government Road.)"

As soon as you go through the canyon there is a little basin with oaks on the hill sides. The Indians just sat around. I said, "I am tired and hungry and cold. Let's get something to eat."

They talked about this a little then they said, "all right but fire only build a little fire." I built a little fire and got some snow from the hill side and started some coffee. Then they got some old cooked meat off the pack-horse and we ate that. I said, McLean did not intend to
run away from us. He only did what you told him to do. I'll bet that he comes back to see where we are."

"No," they said, "He has run away."

They were pretty mad so I whistled and let on that I wasn't afraid of them. Finally I said, "Will you let/write a note on this piece of paper and take it back and put it on the trail so if he comes back looking for us he will know where we are hiding."

They said, "All right." So I went back and left the note spread out on the trail with clods on it. Then I came back to camp.

The fire was getting pretty low now and it was cold and I kept making it a little bigger all the time without making a fuss about it. Pretty soon I had a good fire going and I lay down on my saddle blanket and went to sleep.

I woke up in the night and I was awful cold. I didn't know what was the matter. Then I saw that one of the Indians had laid down between me and the fire and cut off all the heat.

"You son-of-a-b----!" I said to myself and I lay there wondering what to do about it. I figured I could have killed that Indian and the one sleeping on the other side of the fire before they were good and awake but Captain Jack was not sleeping there. I think that he had gone up on the pinnacle to see the picket but I was not sure so I decided to wait and not do anything right then. As soon as it started to get light Captain Jack came in. The rest of the Indians wanted to go on sleeping but I whistled and laughed and would not let them.

Captain Jack said, "We will wait here for a while."

"No," I said, "We are out of grub. Let's go on in."

They wouldn't do it, so I said, "Then let me go down to the trail and see whether McLean has come back and found my note."

They let me do this and the note had not been touched. I walked on a little way across the sagebrush to the next trail and sure enough
there was his horse track going back and he had not seen my note. I told Captain Jack about this and said, "You see McLean good friend. He talk cheap straight. He no lie." As a matter of fact he was the worst liar in the West but there was no use telling the Indians that. "Now," says I, "Let me go on to White River and arrange a 'talk' for you with the soldiers."

Captain Jack hesitated. I said, "You are going to be out all winter where it will be cold and I am not, so you take this knit muffler. It will keep you nice and warm." That pleased him and he let me go.

When I got to White River I did not know whether to ride up the river or down it. Pretty soon I saw a man riding down the river and he told me that the soldiers were camped two miles up the river. He said that he was going down to the agency that had been burned, that the Indians had scattered the commissary flour all over the lot and he was going to try and shovel up some of it.

I rode up the river toward the soldiers' camp. A picket stopped me, called out the guard and I was taken before General Merritt. He was a little snuffy at first but after I had told him my story he felt better. I said, "Captain Jack is waiting out there to have a talk with you."

Merritt said, "I'm not a peace commissioner. I cannot make a deal with him. My hands are tied. All I can do is wait here until I get further orders. There is no use for me to talk to him."

"Then," I said, "I will go back and see if I can find McLean."

"You will stay here in camp," he said, "It is not safe out there. Why only a day or two ago some of the soldiers went deer hunting in the oak brush on the south side of the river, were surrounded by Indians and the lieutenant was killed. If you would bring Captain Jack in here I could not keep my men from killing him. They would do it against my orders."

After a good breakfast I started back. I had a little $5 pony and I rode him in a 'lope. As I went up the (Sheep) Creek I heard a shot and thinks I, to myself, "Is somebody out deer hunting?"

In a minute there was another shot. I didn't think much about it.
Then there was a third shot and I began to look around to see where the dirt was kicking up. The crick has steep banks and the trail went down into the bottom and out on the other side. When I climbed out on the far side I heard a man yell at me, "By God, fella, don't you stop when a man shoots at you?" And then, "I had made up my mind that if I couldn't stop you by the time you got to that wash I'd let you go to hell. Don't you know it is sure death out there?"

"My partner is out there," I said, "and he would not leave me and I am not going to leave him."

"If it's McLean you're talking about, he's already come in."

When I got back to camp McLean told me that when he saw that he had lost us the day before he turned around and rode back until he had found our tracks coming north. It was getting dark so he waited until morning, then followed our tracks. Pretty soon he saw Captain Jack and another Indian coming toward him. As the Indians got close he saw that Jack was wearing my muffler and he decided that I had been killed. McLean got off his horse, pretending to fix his saddle, but really to get out his sixshooter without the Indians seeing him. I hadn't taken a gun on the trip as I thought that the Indians would trust me more without one. McLean had taken his. Now he figured that he could kill both the Indians when they got close to him. Then he saw by the expression on Jack's face that everything was all right so he slipped his pistol back into its scabbard. Jack told him that the Indian 'lookout' had watched me until I rode into the soldiers' camp.

Merritt wanted McLean and me to stay on White River so we could guide the soldiers to the Indian camp on the Grand in case he got orders to follow them. I told him that I was a government employee and I had better get back to White Rocks Agency. McLean stayed with him
as a teamster. There were never any Indians in sight around White River but every time a wagon train came into camp, or went out, or a company of soldiers marched anywhere, a little thread of white smoke would appear on that rocky ridge south and west of where Meeker is now. The pickets would relay the message just like a telegraph line and pretty soon the camp down at Grand Junction would know just what was happening at Meeker.

I had quite a time getting back to White Rocks. I went to Rawlins with a wagon train, then took the train to Rock Springs and set out a-foot from there for White Rocks. I knew my direction and tried to find a road that went over the Uintah mountains. I was just a tenderfoot from the east then and I did not realize that roads twist and turn in the mountains and when the road that I was following turned too much to the east I quite it and struck off through the hills. I came to grief pretty soon and I was three days without anything to eat. Finally I saw a rider and he told me where there was a ranch seven miles away. I walked there, got some food and rest, borrowed a horse and rode on to Vernal.
Additional notes on the MECKER MASSACRE told by Pete Dillman.

Autro was war-chief of the Uintahs at the time of the Meeker Massacre. Chief Tabby was against having the Uintahs participate in the trouble but Autro let some of his men go join the fight for the fun of it.

I have always heard that some of the whites on White River thought that the Mormon's egged the Utes into the fight. There was a Mormon by the name of Hatch who lived south of the reservation who was blamed for doing this. I do not know what Hatch's business was. He may have been a ranchman or small cattleman but I don't know for sure.

I do not think that any sensible Mormon would egg on the Indians. I don't see what they could gain by it and if the Indians got excited enough it might back-fire and lead to their massacre.

I have only attended one Coyote religious meeting and that was some twenty years ago when the cult was first introduced to the Utes. At that time we sat in a small wall tent and sat on blankets on the ground. At the rear of the tent was a large sheet of brown paper on which was crooked, with crude, a picture of Christ or the cross. Drawings of Indian fetishes were drawn on the sheet of brown paper. Three men stood in front of the picture. Two members at the front held a stick about two feet long. On the rear end of this stick, and suspended by a loop through which a loop of rope which was tied to the rear of the picture, was a rattle. A small, eastern-style coo, probably 10 inches across the membrane, or a deep drum. The drum was used to call the Indians to the meeting. The drum would be struck at intervals to beat the drum specification.
A visitor to the Ute reservation in 1934 must be struck with the great number of young women and girls who have a star, cross or swastica, tattooed on their foreheads. This mark is placed between the eyes and straight under the part in the hair. As the average full blood Ute has little more than a line for a forehead, this symbol often occupies all the space available.

Any interrogation concerning this symbol is met with the mysterious evasion that would be shown by an equal number of college girls concerning a new secret society. In fact the superstitions and taboos of the old people seem to be carried on in a different form by the young ones, with the same savage seriousness that sophomores use in imposing rules and regulations on freshmen.

There is no question that the cross represents a society of some sort. One young squaw who was not wearing the badge told me that this cross was the symbol of the peyote cult. This may or may not be the fact.

I have only attended one peyote religious meeting and that was some twenty years ago when the cult was first introduced to the Utes. At that time we met in a small wall tent and sat on blankets on the ground. At the head of the tent was a large sheet of brown paper on which was drawn, with crayon, a picture of Christ on the cross. Surrounding him were drawings of twelve men wearing the heads of animals on their shoulders. Three candles burned in front of this altar. Each member of the congregation held a wand about two and a half feet long. On the upper end of this wand, and suspended by a four inch thread, floated a ball of fluff plucked from the under covering of the war-eagle. Some of these pom-poms were dyed a brilliant yellow. Others remained their natural white. A small, earthen-ware crock, probably six inches across the top, served for a drum. This crock was partly filled with water and over the head was stretched a covering of buckskin. The drummer would shake this crock at intervals to keep the drum-head saturated. The
drum tone was very clear and resonant.

Everybody was passed a piece of peyote, like a small dried apricot. This morsel was put in the mouth, the drum started to beat and the congregation chanted in the wáld minor key of primitive Indian music. The feathered wands were struck on the ground to the time of the music and the fluff danced and darted over the heads of the singers like animated thistle down.

As the influence of the peyote became felt, nerves jumped and hearts fluttered. It had a peculiar effect on the optic nerve, making spectroscopic lines around every visible object.

This orgy lasted until day-light.
Having seen the ruins of what seems to be Fort Carson at Ouray, I spent some little time hunting for Fort Robidoux in the neighborhood of White Rocks.

South and east from the trader's store at the distance of perhaps a mile and a half are the ruins of some old buildings. This ruin is in a little sagebrush flat in the tangle of willows and rose bushes that line the many channeled White Rock Creek. There is nothing left today but the ruin of a cellar and several rows and piles of porphyry boulders. At one side is the remains of a large rectangular corral. At present this corral is a little wall of boulders a foot high and there are evidences of upright cedar posts to which horizontal poles have no doubt been fastened.

The location of this ruin might correspond very well with Fremont's account. On the other hand a hundred similar locations might have been the site of the old trading post. This piece of ground has been set aside as Indian grazing ground. The ruin is a half mile south of the Ute Bear Dance corral. The location is convenient to water and there would be sufficient pasture for horses in the willows and rose bushes. However an enemy could easily creep up within arrow range of a fort situated at this place.

Jim Reed, Jr., states that this is the place where his father and Washambo had their trading post. Johnson Wapsop, a Uintah, states that this is Fort Robidoux. John-Duncan, chief of the Uintahs does not know of any such fort. Unca Sam says there was a fort where the owner said "Oui, Oui," but does not know its location. Henry Frank says that the first trading post was located close to the present store at White Rocks, and that the first trader there had lost all the fingers on one hand but the thumb and index finger. On being asked how long ago this was, he stated that he remembered him as a little boy. That would date it back into the 'sixties or 'seventies. He stated that the trader
had lost his hand in a sugar cane press.

John Victor, interpreter, states that the ruins under investigation were the site of the first camp of the White Rivers after they were moved to the reservation, that soldiers at one time camped there but that there was no sight of an old building there before the White Rivers arrived.

Marie, a daughter of Tim Johnson, says that she was born and raised in the brush around those ruins and when she was a little girl an Indian lived there. He was using the cellar at that time. The old folks had never mentioned seeing the remains of an old building there.

It is not likely that the Indian built the cellar. However the soldiers may have built it before him.

(Father Talbot, the missionary, had heard of the ruins of the old fort on the high level country east of the jungle along White Rocks Creek. We inspected this location and found evidence of a large pottery burning settlement, very similar to the one at Inscription Rock, some six or eight miles down the Creek. The pottery (probably Pueblo II) in the cliff-houses is the same as that found in Bear River Cañon, in Colorado. There were several stone grinders and much worked flint in the neighborhood. I found one good spear point. At the time these people lived here they must have felt no fear from marauding nomads. The Utes call this vanished culture "Mo-cutz", people who are gone or dead.)

We found no indication of Fort Robidoux here!
Ute Burial Customs.

When a Ute dies his body is placed in a shallow grave. Then a roof covered with dirt is placed over him. Food is put in the grave for the departed spirit and his belongings are destroyed. The dead man's squaw then proceeds to bob her hair in token of mourning.

In the cedars throughout the Ute country can be found a different type of sepulcher. Beneath these ancient tombs can be found, tent pegs, willow jars, teepee back rests, and the weather worn bows of Indian high-horned saddles. Although these graves have been generally attributed to the Utes my recent trip to the reservation makes me wonder if they may not have been built by some of the plains Indians who buried their dead on scaffolds. The old time Utes that I interviewed denied burying their dead in this manner. Certainly plains Indians, on hunting trips and war expeditions, penetrated deep into the Ute strong-holds. Mr. Fritz Carstons, of Meeker, states that he found hickory teepee poles on Blue Mountain in the 'nineties, and at another place he found old willow baskets as large as kegs, that were obviously not the workmanship of Utes. I succeeded in finding a skull in Brown's Park that had fallen from one of these tree-graves. Perhaps someday an anthropologist will be able to determine the race of mankind to which that skull belongs!

The coming of the white man with his schools and missions has confused rather than simplified the Utes' idea of the Happy-Hunting-Hereafter. Although many attend the Christian churches the pagan influence is still strong. At Ouray the Indian trader's brother married an Indian. Their daughter, a really beautiful half-blood, is married to the chief of the Uncompagres. While I was at Ouray, this woman's baby was sick. The Indian trader was much put out to learn that his niece had paid twenty-five dollars to the medicine-man to cure her child. All night long the throbbing of his drum came to our ears from the camp under the bare cottonwoods on the Uintah.

I have described one typical grave-yard at Randlett. There is
said to be another east of the Uintah between Fort Duchesne and White Rocks. Some of the Post employees state that a mother was buried there with her baby who was still alive. When word of this barbarity was brought to the Fort the officer in charge took a squad of soldiers and went to the grave-yard, rescued the baby and brought it back to the hospital where it grew up.

I inspected another of these primitive grave-yards some six miles north-west of White Rocks. At this place a red butte, topped with cedars, rises three hundred feet above the plain. Around the edge of this butte are dozens of the open graves of the Ute people. These graves are marked with the usual clutter of horse bones and broken utensils. At one grave was an excellent willow water-jar, in a bad state of preservation. At another was a little child's cart, with solid wheels held to the axles with wooded pegs after the fashion of the carts built by the Taos Indians.

On top of the butte, high above all the graves, boulders had been placed in a circle with a fifteen foot diameter. The opening or gap in this circle, faced the east. In the center of the circle five stones had been placed on the ground.

This grave-yard has not been entirely abandoned, like the one at Randlett. There were three fresh graves. Near these were the carcasses of two dead horses, killed, I would judge, within less than a week. After the horses were down, the hachamores and lead ropes had been cut, or killed. Evidently some family or clan is still sufficiently backward to distrust the Christian grave-yard only six miles away.

As I strolled among these relics of the dead I saw something that has chilled the marrow in white men's bones for three generations. Coming out of the cedars and up to the graves was the well beaten trail of many moccasins. They had traveled in single file and the tracks
were more recent than those around the dead horses. Either some mystic rites are performed after the burial or some lone mourner has come many times to watch over these savage graves.
Notes on Chipeta.

GENEALOGY.

J. Managhan  Dec 16

John McCook  (husband)
Co-roo-poo-its  (woman)
Tom Patterson  (husband)
Antonio
Curay  (1st husband)
Chipeta d. 8/9/24.
Com-mo-gu-uech  (2nd husband
died 1905?)

Jim McCook

Co-roo-poo-its, half sister-in-law of Chipeta, is claimed by the Indians to be a niece of Ouray.

Testimony at settlement of Chipeta estate, says Chipeta had no natural children.

Rumor that Ouray and Chipeta had son stolen by Sioux not confirmed.

Rumor that Ouray has son working for Pullman Company out of Chicago not confirmed.
In the files at the agency at Fort Duchesne, Utah, are some interesting letters concerning Chipeta. I am copying those that may be of some use in the Historical Society's files.

It seems that some question concerning the government's lack of gratitude toward Ouray's wife, Chipeta, came to the attention of the Indian commissioner in 1916. Chipeta had been moved from her old and comfortable home near Montrose, Colorado, some thirty years before. Now the government, remembering her, wanted to hear how she was faring.

When interviewed Chipeta said, that representatives of the government came to her at Montrose and told her that she could have a better home if she would move to Utah. She had moved but had not gotten a better home.

When asked if there was anything that the government could do for her she replied, "No. I expect to die very soon."

Full of remorse at such neglect on the part of the government Commissioner Cato Sells suggested that she be presented with some furniture.

The agent explained to the commissioner that furniture would not be an appropriate gift. Chipeta, the heroine of Longfellow's eulogy, had no use for chairs, a table or a bed. She lived with a small group of nomadic Indians, who possessed a thousand sheep and some thirty cattle. These Indians summered at the head of Bitter Creek, on the Book Cliffs, where they had some cabins, and when winter brought deep snow they moved their livestock to a lower elevation and camped in the neighborhood of Dragon, Utah. The agent stated; "Almost invariably (her) presents have been of such a nature that Chipeta had not appreciated them."

Once Chipeta had been presented with a number of fifty and hundred dollar bills. She had given this green paper to her friends. At another time she had been presented with a trunk filled with beautiful silk. This was also distributed wantonly. In an old cellar at the summer camp on Bitter Creek, had been found the remnants of another present, a "beautiful set
of china" which had proven of little value to her as she preferred enamel-ware to china.

"It must be remembered" continued the agent, "that Chipeta is an Indian of the old school. She wears a blanket, paints her face, prefers to sleep on the ground and to eat on the ground. She has not adopted any of the customs of the white man, and does not desire to adopt these customs."

The agent suggested that a gay shawl would be a suitable gift.

Mr. Sells authorized the agent to spend twenty-five dollars for such a shawl. This caused a new difficulty. A shawl that Chipeta would like would not cost over twelve dollars.

It was finally decided to present her with two shawls per year. Accordingly a shawl was bought at the trader's store at Ouray and shipped to Mr. Sells at Washington, presumably to use up the extra dollar of the appropriation. The shawl was then shipped back to Chipeta and presented to her on November 25th, together with a letter of appreciation from Mr. Sells dated at Washington, October 2nd, 1916.

When Chipeta received the package she said, "Thank you," - said to be the only English words she was ever known to utter. However this may be, in the due course of the mails Mr. Sells received the following reply:

Mr. Cato Sells,
Indian Commissioner,
Washington, D.C.

My Friend;

Your beautiful shawl received, and was appreciated very much. In token of shawl received am sending you a saddle blanket, also picture of myself.

I am in good health considering my age and hope to live much longer to show my friendship and appreciation to all the kind white people. I am also glad that there is no more trouble between the Indians and white people, and hope that this state of affairs exists through the rest of my life time.

Under separate cover you will find the saddle blanket, and hope that same is appreciated as much as the shawl was.

With best wishes I am always,
Your friend,
her CHIPETA.
mark

Witness:-

(Signed) T.M. McKee, P.M.

In Chipeta's later days she became totally blind and was operated on without success at Grand Junction. When she was in this condition her relatives, with whom she lived, used to stretch a cord from her wickey-up out into the brush. By following this, she could get some privacy from the household. On August 9th, 1924, she died at McCook's camp, a hundred miles from the agency, and was buried after the Indian custom, in a shallow grave in the bottom of a small wash tributary to Bitter Creek.

During the winter of 1924 and '25 this historic event became generally known to the white people. Chipeta was a southern Ute. Ignacio and Montrose, rival towns, vied with one another for the honor of receiving the remains of the woman they had expelled. Surely Chipeta, in death, should be reunited with Ouray who had died in the south before his people had been moved. The exact whereabouts of Ouray's grave was uncertain but both towns endeavored to find his remains, and promised to build a suitable monument for the famous couple, a monument that would sufficiently impress McCook and the other Indians, and thereby get their permission to remove Chipeta for reinterment in the south. Work on suitable monuments was started by the rival towns and ossified relics of Ouray were bid for by the competitors. The files at Fort Duchesne show that each town believed that the other was building a monument for bones that did not belong to Ouray. One town accused the other of having some horse bones ready for interment. Another set of bones was brought in for inspection and an old Indian, friend of Ouray, looked at them and pronounced before
witnesses that they did not belong to the great chieftain. Buckskin Charlie, chief of the southern Utes, told the white people where they could find "two ribs, two shoulder blades and an arm bone" belonging to Ouray. It is reported that these were taken to the Consolidated Indian Grave-yard at Ignacio as a mute appeal for the body of Chipeta.

Over forty years had passed since Ouray had been buried after the Indian custom, in an unknown grave and the difficulty of finding his remains is apparent.

While this fevered activity was in progress, Montrose was struggling to complete their mausoleum and a little group of white men set out to disinter the body of Chipeta.

On March 3rd, 1925, the agent wrote Mr. C.E. Adams of Montrose, stating that the woman's body was exhumed and ready for shipment. The mausoleum was still uncompleted. Ignacio was watching the tardy construction with jealous eyes. The agent wrote Mr. Adams:

"It is my opinion that it would make a rather unfavorable impression on McCook and any other Indians who might be present if the body (of Chipeta) is placed with an undertaker to await completion of the vault."

In a few days the agent received the following letter:

F.A. Gross, Supt.,
Fort Duchesne, Utah.

Dear Sir;

Men at work on tomb. Weather fierce but we will have it ready.

Wire when you start or when ready. We want to make the Indians feel we are in earnest and thereby inspire them to make a diligent search for enough of Ouray's remains to mark a tomb for him.

Better wire.

C.E. Adams,
Montrose, Colorado.

It was a stormy spring and the concrete was difficult to pour. There was danger that it might freeze and crack. However the work went forward with spirit. On March 7th the following telegram was received at the Duchesne agency:
Gross, Supt.,
Ft. Duchesne, Utah.

Wire immediately approximate dimensions of Chipeta box.

C. E. Adams.

Chipeta and Ouray were oblivious to this agitation. They had lived in a simple, fatalistic world, where the slow passage of the seasons was greeted with tom-toms and the throb of primeval dances. Their lives had been spent in the great, cool mountains, silent, contemptuous of this bustle and flurry.
ACCOUNT, JIM Reed, JR., (Half-breed.)

Jim Reed was my father. He was born in Kentucky. All my folks came from Kentucky. They came up the river and across to South Pass and traded with the Indians. My father came first with Shambo Rubydoe or Rubydoe Shambo or some such a G-- dammed name. Not Robidoux---Ruby-do--Rubydoe---RUBYDOE!!! He was the first white man to ever trade iron to the Utes; traded butcher knives, needles, guns. The Indians used to pile beaver skins as tall as a gun to get it. That's why they made them old time guns so long. It was to get more beaver. My old man and Rubydoe took bull teams loaded with beaver clear back to the river. Rubydoe was a big, heavy-set son-of-a-b----. He was a Frenchman. There were lots of Frenchmen trading in this country in them days. They used to move around in villages, twenty men to a village. It wasn't safe to travel any other way. They never had any trouble with the Utes of the Shoshonis but the Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes would always go out of their way for a fight.

I never did hear of a trading post in Brown's Hole. My old man was the first white man to move there and if there had been one I would have heard about it. Jarvis had the first store in there that I know about.

My old man and Rubydoe just quit the store (Fort Uintah) at White Rocks because they thought they could do better up north. Dad had a store at Atlantic Springs, Wyoming, and later he opened one at Alder Springs, Montana, that's near Virginia City. He was there when the miners started coming in. They had a vigilance committee there. They called that Hang City. I've heard the old man tell about seeing Slade hung. Dad said the cowardly son-of-a-b---- cried like a baby, -- just yowled.
Dad traded with the Black Feet, Crows and Flat-heads up there. I don't know whether they are all the same Indians by different names or not. I've just heard Dad use them terms.

When I was little I remember lots of trappers and traders that used to travel around in bunches. Louie Simmons and Daniel Boone were the last of them kind of fellers in this country. I don't know whether Boone's real name was Daniel or whether they just called him that for fun. In them days you never called a man by his right name.

To this day if I meet a man in town I will never speak to him and call him by name. I was trained as a boy not to do that. A marshal or somebody might be standin' within hearin' distance.

Louie died in the hospital at Fort Duchesne. He was nutty as a pet coon, ate dirt, and it killed him.

He was a awful old man, - had the shakes. Said he got that way from bein' hit by lightnin' when he was packin' a bunch o' traps over his shoulder. He'd take up a cup of coffee and by the time it would get to his mouth most of it would be spilled.

It was comical to see him shoot. He had a long Sharps' with cartridges that long (six inches) and he'd muff them cartridges and drop 'em and jigger around and get 'em in his gun and pint that old gun and it a shaken and finally he'd pull the trigger and By GOD, you wouldn't believe it, but that deer would alwus fall down.
Who knows when me born! Long time ago. My people no have home, long time ago, All time move from place to another place. When me so big (indicating height of seven year old with hand.) live at Fort Bridger, that agency for Shoshoni at that time. Shoshoni good friend of my people at that time. No know how long live there. Never live very long one place. Live all over these mountains. Live down that way too. Live Provo, Spanish Fork, Brown's Hole, all around. Never know trading post at Brown's Hole, just Fort Bridger. Maybe there but me no savvy.

Trading post at White Rocks no built by Jim Reed. Me savvy Jim Reed. That trading post all gone long time before Jim Reed. No savvy who built that post (Robideux). No know about fight there. Never hear of such fight. Me just little boy when that post all gone. Papa,mama,all trade Fort Bridger.)
Interesting case of Mrs. C.R. Richardson.

Records of the interesting case of Mrs. C.R. Richardson are in the files of the Fort Duchesne Indian Agency.

Mrs. Richardson was born a full blooded Uintah about 1856. Her parents both died and her uncles sold her for a steer to Mr. Warren of Springville, Utah. At that time she was five or six years old. In 1864 Mr. Warren sold her to Edmond Richardson. In 1874, she stated later, she moved to Lyman Woods house and stayed there for the next ten years. In 1880 she married a white man, C.R. Richardson and one daughter was born to them. Mr. Richardson died while his daughter was still a baby and Mrs. Richardson got a job in the laundry at the Indian school at Grand Junction. At one time she was sent from Grand Junction to bring back some children to the school from Fort Duchesne. On this trip she was accosted by an Indian who told her who she was and said that she had been watched by her people until she left Utah.

As she was now advancing in age and hoped to get some of the Ute allowance she applied to be enrolled as a Uintah. David Copperfield and Two-pins both testified that she was their niece. The agent presented her case to all the head men of the tribe when they were assembled for their annual Sun Dance. The whole day was spent in debating the question and finally a vote was taken by the raising of hands and she was unanimously taken back into a tribe whose language she was unable to speak. She tried to get her daughter enrolled in the tribe at the same time but the Indians were unanimous in their refusal to accept the girl on the grounds that she was only half Ute and would undoubtedly marry a white man and was not entitled to take any of their money out of the reservation.

This daughter was a nurse in the hospital at Fort Duchesne for years.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ON THE CASE OF MRS. RICHARDSON.

Pete Dillman’s daughter says that she is well acquainted with Mrs. Richardson’s daughter, Edith, that “Miss Edith” is a refined and intelligent woman who never married because she did not want to bring into the world any children with the stigma of “breeds.” She says that Miss Edith’s Indian mother told her (Edith) that she was legally married to her father but that he left her soon after she was born because the community made fun of him for being a squaw-man. Miss Edith has been a nurse at the Indian hospital for years and is now incapacitated on account of tuberculosis.

In the summer of 1933 the headmen of the Uintahs voted to have her enrolled on the tribal list and she is now receiving the benefit of their emoluments.

Once, David Copperfield was visiting at the Dillman house he laughed and said, “I had to tell ’em lie about being father (Indian for uncle) to Mrs. Richardson. That only way to get her in tribe. She good woman, I believe.”
THE SQUAW-MAN.

It has always been understood that Royle's play The Squaw-man, with a background of life on the Colorado-Utah line, was using a Colorado Indian squaw for one of the principal characters. The play was so popular in the first decade or two of the twentieth century that it was later written in book form. Another volume, or sequel, was added. The play was put on the silver screen.

It is the story of an English country gentleman who assumes the crime of his brother and flees to America where he hides himself and starts life over again on a cattle ranch in the West. While in this occupation he marries a squaw and a son Hal is born to them. In time the true state of affairs becomes known in England and the exile's former sweetheart follows him to Colorado.

The problem of the play is the man's struggle to determine whether he should desert a savage but devoted wife to return to the life and the love for which he is fitted. The deciding factor is the boy Hal. He should be raised in his father's inheritance rather than as a border half-breed. The squaw over-hears the discussion and commits suicide. The apex of the drama is reached when the Englishman holds the limp squaw out to the audience and says, "Poor little savage."

In 1934

In real life the squaw had outlived her husband by almost forty years. At this time she was a typical squaw in appearance. She was five feet tall, weighed about ninety pounds and had a face as brown and wrinkled as an apple that has laid in the orchard all winter, even her tongue and toothless gums were brown. But when she spoke her mind and her thoughts were those of a white woman. Her speech, although not faultless, was far superior to the average reservation white man. Her life is the story of one brutality after another yet she tells it without bitterness and without rancor. For over ninety years she has lived with no advantages and at Ninety she has a calm
sweetness and real charm that any woman might envy,--- But let the "poor little savage" tell her own story.

I am not an Indian. I am a Navajo. I do not know how old I am but I know I am past ninety and I can still ride a horse with the best of them. Grandpa-Dan'els always called me "a little bit of a chick."

I would like to go back some day to the place where I was captured. I can see it so plain I would recognize it. There was a big gulch that came out of the mountains and a little prong from the east that joined that gulch. I know it pointed to the east because the sun came out of the head of that little prong every morning. My father and mother and another family camped where the little prong joined the main gulch. Down the big gulch, just a little way, where it went out of the mountain my gran'mother and gran'father had a little farm. They raised corn and beans and melons. We camped above so we could graze the sheep. There were no white men in the country or no other Navajos that I know about. I was only a little girl, I think about seven.

We lived in an open country with cedars on top of rocky gulches. One morning my father went up on the bluff above camp to get a dead cedar for fire wood. He would throw the wood over the bluff into camp. I, and another little girl my age, that belonged to the other family, started off with the sheep. We got to the bend of the cañon where we were out of sight of my mother's camp and not quite in sight of gran'-mother's when we heard a funny noise. It was a lot of yipping, just like a flock of wild geese. I often think about that, how it sounded like a flock of wild geese. We should have run and hid but we just stood there. We did not know what it was. In a minute we saw twelve Indians coming with their horses on a big run. The Indians didn't
have on no clothes, just moccasins and britch-clout. Their bodies were painted black and yellow. They were swinging war-clubs. We just stood there and looked at them. They had strings around their heads to keep their hair back. They stopped in a circle around us, tied us up and rode away yipping like wild geese. The sun was one hand high in the east when they rode away, and it was one hand high in the west when they came back. They had another Navajo girl and two little boys with them and lots of blankets and horses and sheep, and scalps. They put me and the other little girl on a horse but they kept us tied. We went down past gran'mother's farm and saw her and gran'father lying there with arrows sticking out of them. It must have been in the fall of the year because gran'father was lying in the water melon patch and the water melons was ripe. Them Indians took us up on the hill east of gran'mother's farm and built a fire in the cedars. Then they killed some of our sheep, - just enough for supper and threw big hunks of meat on the coals. They ate some of this, ashes and all like they was hungry, then we started off in the night.

We traveled north four nights and four days. At night we didn't travel as fast as we did in daytime but we kept going. Sometimes when the grass was good we would stop for a little while to let the sheep and horses eat. The Indians would cook some meat and rest but they never made camp or went to sleep. We traveled out of the low country up into high country and then back into low country again. We crossed two big rivers. I remember that the water came to my arm-pits. The Indians crowded the sheep into the water but they kept swimming back to the same side so they let them go.

Finally we came to the Ute camp. I think that it was on White River but I don't know for sure. I know that they were White River Utes. When the squaws saw us coming they started to wail and cry. I guess they thought some of their braves were dead. When they found out that
(Squaw-man)
none of them were dead they were happy and got ready for a big dance. I remember that dance.

The men took colored dirt and mixed it with grease and rubbed their bodies. The women put the scalps on the ends of sticks. There was a drum and some singing. The squaws all stood in line and danced back and forth waving the scalps in the air. The men jumped around in a bunch at one side waving their war-clubs.

'War-clubs' ain't just the right name. They were like slingshots with a loop around their wrists and the shot was a big rock or something that they never threw, just used it to hit people as they rode past them.

I never liked Indians. They was always moving. They would have dance and move. Then they would have another dance. Pretty soon they would have a dance and move again. They didn't have nothing to eat but meat and they cooked it on coals or sometimes they would build a rack of sticks and broil it that way. They did not have no pots or kettles or anything. The White River Utes didn't even have beads in them days. Their teepees were of buffalo skin with the hair scraped off. If they wore any clothes at all it was buckskin. Their summer moccasins were made of buckskin and in winter they made moccasins out of buffalo hide with the wool on the inside.

I hated the 'White Rivers' and ran away every chance I got. I wasn't afraid to be out all night among the wolves and the bears. I'm not afraid now, either. There was no place to run except out in the hills and they always found me and brought me back but I made them so much trouble that they sold me to Tabby. He was chief of the Uintahs. We still moved around and danced just the same as before.

The first white men I ever saw were trappers who came to Tabby's camp. They had long hair down their backs and beards. They dressed in buckskin and fur caps in winter. In summer they wore caps the squaws
made for them out of willows. Sometimes they wore a handkerchief around
their heads in summer like Indians do now. I remember two of them came
to camp and stayed at Tabby's teepee. They had a council. I was just
a little girl and their names meant nothin' to me but I have often
wondered since who they were. I have heard Kit Carson was in this
country and I wonder if I ever saw him.

The Utes was always afraid of the Sioux. I remember how they
used to talk about the Sioux. They went into Sioux country after
buffalo sometimes but they kept a sharp look out.

I think that the Sun Dance is a Sioux Dance. The Utes did not
dance it when I was with them. In them early days they just had a
War Dance, Tee Dance (Tee-a is Ute for deer. This dance has died out),
and Bear Dance. In the Tee Dance the men joined with the squaws just
like 'ring-around-a-rosie.' They had lots of Tee Dances during the
year. They only had one Bear Dance. They think they are dancing like
a bear does when he comes out of his den. Old Utes say they seen a
bear dance that way once.

Life was better with Tabby than with the 'White Rivers.' We still
ate mostly meat but once we moved west of the mountains to the Mormon
settlements and got wheat. Not corn, wheat! The Indians were crazy
about that wheat. The squaws used to put it in their open-top baskets
with live coals. Then they would shake the baskets so the coals would
not burn the willow. They would shake the baskets until the wheat popped.
Then they would eat it. After that first taste they would give the
Mormons anything for wheat. They used to beg for it.

A bad thing happened at Spanish Fork once. There was no town
there then. There was three or four houses at Provo but none at Spanish
Fork. The Indians had made camp and were having a Tee Dance. One Indian
took his gun and shot his squaw while she was dancing. Then he took his
rope and drug her off on to a hill, and left her there. He came back to
camp and nobody said one word. That's the way Utes are.

If a person died they would dig a shallow grave and make a roof over it and put some food inside. Then they would burn everything he owned and kill his horse in front of the grave. All the time I was with them I never did see Utes bury anybody up in a tree. I've seen 'tree-graves' but I am sure the Utes never buried nobody that way when I was with them, and I was with them for over six years.

Once we camped on Provo Bench and some strange Indians came into camp. I think they were Shoshonis. They talked with the Utes and decided to have a battle. That night the Ute boys and young men got their bows and arrows ready and next morning off they went. They fought off there somewhere for two days and nobody was killed. Our boys come back without no scalps but the Utes had a big dance about it anyway.

I remember when the government first gave things to the Utes. They sent a big pack outfit to White Rocks and gave the Indians flour. I think that was the first flour they ever had. The Utes liked flour but they didn't know how to make bread. We women took feathers and dusted alkali off the ground into baskets and put it in the flour to make it raise.

I used to run away from the Uintahs, same as I did from the 'White Rivers'. I guess that is why Tabby sold me. Two of us girls was sold at Fort Bridger that time. The other girl was Red Jacket Jane. Both her mother and father had died, so the Indians sold her. She used to run away from the whites at Fort Bridger. The Indians would get paid for bringing her back. They would get a sack of flour for returning her. A sack of flour was worth $25 in them days. She did that two or three times. Finally the whites got tired of it and told the Indians they could keep her. After that the Uintahs sold her to the 'White Rivers'. Fort Bridger is where she learned to talk English and how to
act in a house. When Meeker was made Agent at White River, his wife hired her to help in the kitchen. When Meeker got to quarreling with the Indians she over-heard the family say that the soldiers were coming to kill the Utes because they hadn't done what Meeker wanted. That made them mad and caused all the trouble.

When I was sold to the white people I never did run away to the Indians, not me! Tabby sold me at Fort Bridger to a rebel soldier named Bynum Lane. Yes Bynum Lane! I think that was his name. You know I have never been to school and I can't read or write so I can only remember the sound of it. Bynum Lane's wife wouldn't let me go to school. She said that I would get too smart and run away from them. I was at Fort Bridger three years. I must have been about fourteen when I was sold to Bynum Lane and about seventeen when I left.

Bynum Lane was a tie-cutter. Then he got cattle. As soon as he got cattle he got to drinken and his wife quit him. She took her kids and went to her mother's ranch in Weber Cañon. Gran'pa-Dan'els was her father. He was a Mormon. His other wife lived at Wanship, Utah, and I was sent over there. That is where I first saw Gran'pa-Dan'els and he called me "a little bit of a chick."

Gran'pa-Dan'els found some coal in the mountains while he was riding for cattle and he started to dig it. Brigham Young heard about it and sent him a threatening letter. He said Gran'pa-Dan'els was "desecrating Church property." I was afraid that he would send over a destroying angel. Gran'pa-Dan'els split from the Church after that. I remember how he used to laugh and say, "I don't put much stock in a God that won't let a man dig a hole in the ground. But both his wives quit him on account of it.

The Church won and Gran'pa-Dan'els moved down to where Heber City is now and took up a place at the mouth of Dan'els Cañon. He toughed it out there for two years fighting, what he called the "grass-hopper war."
Then he gave up and went to Tintic, Utah, and worked in the mines. That was in 1871. We stayed there three years. Then he wrote to one of his sons in Nevada to come join him and we all moved to a ranch at Provo. It had changed a lot since I was there with the Uintahs. Gran'pa-Dan'els left us there while he went to hunt gold in the Black Hills but he didn't find any. We stayed at Provo until after Brigham Young died.

Gran'pa-Dan'els had a lot of growing boys and he wanted to leave them all a 'start', so when Ashley Valley opened for settlement in 1882, he said, "Let's leave this ranch for Dave and go to Ashley and build up a place for Gene and Ben." So we moved over there and by the time Gene was big enough to take over the Ashley ranch Gran'pa-Dan'els had spotted a likely location east of Green River on Cub Creek. He had used up his 'rights' by now so he took a 'squatter's claim' in the desert under Blue Mountain. Our cattle summered on the mountain in Colorado and the first snow storm would bring them down Cub Crick to the winter range. Gran'pa-Dan'els used to say, "Its only a step from the summer to the winter range."

Our nearest neighbors were the Royle Cattle Company, with headquarters twelve miles away. The Royle boys were New York City fellas so we had the whole country to ourselves.

Gran'pa-Dan'els built our house under some big cottonwoods. Then he took water out of the crick above the house and planted lucerne. He layed out a mile race-track around the farm and planted rows of poplar trees from the house to the race-track, like the spokes of a wheel. No matter how hot the desert was, it was always cool under them trees, and you could hear water runnin'. It was a awful purty place. My boy Al (Royle's Hal?) was born there.

We lived there three years. One day after my Walter was born, Gran'pa-Dan'els said, "Little Chick, the Utes killed your father and mother. The gover'ment is providing for the Utes. They should provide
for you." Then he saddled his horse and rode over to see the agent.

When he came back he said, "Little Chick, Uncle Sam will give you forty acres and a red wagon. Ain't that great? Now we can let Ben have this place and he will be provided for."

So we loaded our things in a wagon and went to the Uintah reservation. We got an allotment where White Rocks Crick joins the Uintah. It was in the brush and we couldn't see the mountains but the grass was good and Gran'pa-Dan'els liked it so I was happy. That was in 1889. My two girls, Ethel and Mintura were born there.

Gran'pa-Dan'els died in 1896.

He hadn't been gone long before Superintendent Tidwell called me to the Agency. I saddled my horse and went. One-Hair was in the office and Tidwell said, "One-Hair is chief of the Uintahs and he wants to get married so I have sent for you."

I looked at One-Hair and said, "You black scoundrel." Then I walked out of the office.

Tidwell called after me, "Look here, little lady, you're only an Indian who can't read or write. You might do worse."

"You may be right," I replied, "but I'm no fool." I never liked Tidwell from that day to this.

A lot of them wanted to marry me in the next few years. There was Provo and Mack and even Tabbywhit's father. I told 'em all, "I don't want another man."

I will never find another man as good as Gran'pa-Dan'els.

On the reservation, as soon as four children are big enough to go to school, you don't see them any more unless they run away, because the gover'ment doesn't want them to go back to their families and learn Indian ways. My children are all I've got but I told 'em not to run away. Forty acres of land was only ten acres a piece and that wouldn't support them so they must learn to make a living some other way. It is lonely but that
is the best thing for them.

I don't like the Mormons an account of the way they treated Gran'pa-Dan'els. Bishop Hatch came over here once and preached to the Indians about having two wives. Critchlow was agent and when he heard about it he told the bishop never to set foot on the reservation again. The Utes are a bad lot but they never did have more than one wife at one time.

People don't know how bad the Utes are until they know them real well, like I do. The 'White Rivers' are just as bad as they ever were only they are afraid now. I remember when an Indian killed the medicine-man because he let his son die. The medicine-man's relations got excited. I was alone in my tent on White Rocks Crick and the Indians kept streaming by all day with their rifles. The agent thought there was going to be a battle and said to me, "Aren't you afraid?"

"I'm not afraid," I said, "of any Ute that ever lived." And I'm not. I'm a Navajo.

Last summer I was in the Indian parade at the U.B.I.C. (Uintah Basin Industrial Conference). I put little bells and ribbons on my horse and he looked real nice. When I rode up to take my place, there was that old One-Hair. He said, "Huh! Navajo!! What you doin' in this parade. You white man."

I told him a thing or two. I can still talk pretty good Ute when I get right mad.
OLD CRAZY INDIAN.
(As told by Wilson Johnson full blood White River Ute.)

Old Crazy Indian used to be all right like any other man. His people lived around in the hills, Provo, Spanish Fork, all around there. Indians was good friends of white people, visited white people. This Indian see white man's wife, pretty wife. He fall in love.

One day he go to this house and see pretty woman and white man no there. He---a---rape pretty woman and go away. Pretty woman she cut off part of Indian blanket, - just little piece.

When white man come home she tell 'im bout it, - show 'im blanket. He get a lot o' white man's and goes to all Indian camps, goes in tents, looks for blanket with piece cut off. They find him all right. Indians say,"all right you take that man and whip him, whip him good."

White man's take him, take him to town, take him up main street of town and tie him up on main street of town. Tie him with hands high up. Tie him with hands high up. Then they give whip to husband of pretty woman and say,"Now you whip him."

Husband whip and Indian say,"Ouch! Ouch!! Ouch!!!" Bye and bye Indian no say nothin'. He no feel nothin'. He just look at husband and start to swell up. He swell up big and husband stop whippin'. White man's say,"Go on, whip some more," and Indian say,"Yes, go on, whip some more," and husband go on whippin'. Eye and bye husband can't whip no more. He tire. He all in. He fall down, faint. White man's pick him up and hold 'im and say, "Go on, whip some more," and Indian say, "Yes, go on, whip some more." Indian no care. He no feel nothin'. Husband go on whippin' but he can't.

Then they let Indian go and he come back to his people. They move around but whipped Indian never sleep in tent, he sleep out on ground, he no feel cold. His hide thick from whippin' so he no feel cold. He just has little blanket, so big (1 foot square). He puts that under one shoulder. His hair freeze in ground at night. Women take food
out to wood pile. He go get it when no body look. Women put three poles up like teepee and put little piece of canvas over it to keep off snow. He live that way for a long, long time.

VERSION TOLD BY CAMPBELL LITSTER. (Long time Agency employee.)

Old Crazy Indian is the most famous Indian on this reservation. He's the one the picture post cards are taken of and people drive up to White Rocks to see. The story is that he killed his mother and that is the reason that he lays out when it is thirty below zero with nothing over him and never eats with any of his people. I've found out his real story and I'll tell it to you.

When I was a kid in Utah I heard the old folks tell about the Indians visiting Battle Crick. It was named Pleasant Grove later. The Indians rode out to a farm to beg some food. They did not find anybody in the house and one of them went to the cellar and opened the door. The house-wife had seen the Indians coming and she was frightened and ran and hid in the cellar. When the Indian opened the cellar door she screamed. Her husband was plowing with some oxen close by and when he heard her scream he came running with his bull-whip.

Have you ever seen one of them old timers use a bull-whip? He can break a bottle with one every shot. Well, this fella saw that Indian standing there naked and he started in on him with the whip. The rest of the Indians stood around on their ponies. You know when a Indian gets the worst of it other Indians, instead of helping him, they will stand around and laugh. This man was a crack shot with that bull-whip. That Indian couldn't get away from him. If he had left the circle of that lash he would have been cut in half. The man kept him within range and then just tanned him and made him dance. All the other Indians sat around and laughed.
I've heard that story from the old timers for years but I did not think anything of it. A few years ago when I was going to Vernal I stopped as soon as I got to the High-line Canal. There are some cottonwoods there and it is nice to stop in the shade after coming across the desert in summer-time. I was eating my lunch when some Indians came in and camped beside me. They were tired and hot and I gave them a pull on my bottle.

When an Indian gets drunk he will talk so I asked one of 'em that I knew, why Crazy Indian slept out all winter without a tent or blanket over him and just a little fire the size of your hand at his stomach. I asked the Indian why he did that. I wanted to know the real story. And, well sir, do you know he told me the story about the Mormons whipping him that I had heard as a little boy. They said that when that Indian was let loose he was so ashamed he could not hold up his head. He wouldn't ride with 'em, eat with 'em, talk with 'em or nothin'. When they got up in the mountains they decided to ride off and leave him to die the way they do with their old people. Leave him to die hell! When they got to their camp on White Rocks Crick he had beat them there and him a-foot. He's lived there ever since, sleepin' out in the mud and his sisters have to come out every morning to cut his hair out of the frozen mud so he can get up. So that is the real story of Old Crazy Indian.
Some years after the Indians were allotted land on the Uintah reservation a new agent, on going over his books, noticed an unclaimed allotment set aside for one Virginia Bridger, half-breed. The agent remembered the name and passed on to more urgent matters.

In 1924 J. Cecil Alter, published a book on James Bridger (Shepard Book Co., 408 South State St., Salt Lake City.). The Salt Lake Tribune printed a review of the book in which was mentioned the name of one of Jim Bridger's daughters, Virginia Hahn, a resident of Kansas City. The agent read the review and remembered his unclaimed allotment. On May 13th 1924, he wrote a letter addressed to Virginia Bridger Hahn, General Delivery, Kansas City, Missouri, stating that he had seen her name in the Salt Lake paper and believed that he was holding in trust for her certain land on the reservation.

Two years passed! The agent received a letter from an old woman seventy-eight years old, living in the upstairs, back room of a Kansas City lodging house. The poor woman was over-joyed at this wind-fall and asked the agent to sell the land for her as she thought that would be "better than to come out and die on it among strangers." The land was not sold until 1928 and during the next two years the agency files collected some of the past history of Jim Bridger's Ute daughter.

According to the information received Virginia Bridger was born at Fort Bridger, July 4th, 1849, her Uintah mother dying at childbirth. At the age of five Jim took Virginia together with her brother and sister to St. Louis where they were baptised and Virginia entered St. Theresa Academy.

During the Civil War, Virginia married a gunboat captain on the Mississippi, a St. Louis German by the name of Waschman. Virginia claimed to have cruised with him on some of his milder expeditions when the population of rebel river villages met them at the levee and begged
them not to shell their town. Later she attended the theater with her spouse. Indian bashfulness and stubborn individuality rather than her father's initiative and courage seemed to be her inheritance. She felt out-classed by the city women in their fine clothes but was proud of her husband's rank and stuck up her nose. She did not enjoy the play and wanted to go home. When her husband refused to comply with this request she put her head on his shoulder and went to sleep, — then bragged about it.

Little has been recorded in the agency files of her subsequent life other than that she later lived in Westport, married one Franz Hahnn and still later made her living as a lone woman by dressmaking.

At the time of her first letter to the Agent her eyes had fail-
ed and she was almost destitute. During the ensuing correspondence she moved first to Rosedale, Kansas, where she did hard menial labor, scrubbing, washing milk bottles, etc., for E.O. Swatzell, a Shamnee, who was married to an Irish girl who continually quarreled with the dissatisfied old woman.

In 1929 Virginia moved to Baxter Springs, Kansas, where she lived with her half sister, Nellie Zane. Nellie was the daughter of Jim Bridger's Shoshoni squaw, Mary. Mary wrote to see if it was possible to get an additional allotment for her half-sister. Virginia's land had sold for $500.00 which was being paid her in installments. This was hardly enough to keep her and she applied to the government for a widow's war pension.

On October 12th, 1931, she wrote the Uintah Agent saying that her address had changed to Cardin, Oklahoma, and that she needed sufficient money to move to Thermopolis, Wyoming, to end her life with "a lady whose father" worked for Jim Bridger in the early days.

At this time she said that she was writing a life of her illustri-
ous father, and she remembered that a Ute by the name of Long-Hair had
once saved him from drowning by throwing a rope to him. Long-Hair's squaw Karoomp should be living on the reservation. Would the Agent get from her some of the details of the rescue? (Karoomp had died in 1918 but her son Judd was still living.) Virginia stated further that she understood that her mother's name was Chipeta, and Karoomp would remember something about that.

Fortunately the last installment of her allotment finally was paid and the great mountain man's daughter moved to Wyoming where she was received by the local Chamber of Commerce with speeches and hosannas.
A Ute papoose board is shaped much like a grave stone with sides tapering toward the bottom. The baby is strapped in a receptical, not unlike a shoe top attached to the center of this board. The board is covered with buckskin and sometimes heavily beaded above the baby's head.

A hood or sun shade of willows is placed above the trussed baby's head and a beaded yoke or collar is below his chin. Attached to the board at the left of this collar is a diamond shaped envelope, heavily beaded. This envelope contains the umbilical cord saved from his birth. At the Fort Duchesne hospital Indian mothers ask the nurses to save this for them. When the baby has outgrown the board this envelope is attached to a leather cord and worn around his neck.

On the right side of the papoose board, opposite the envelope the mother attaches some hand-made toy, such as a buckskin lizard or some little bells or ribbons.

It is said that when the board contains a boy baby the buckskin covering is left white but when it is a girl the buckskin is smoked yellow. The boys are tied into the boards in a different manner from the girls, mainly for sanitary reasons.

The board is carried by the mother by a broad strap across her shoulders. A buxson fifteen year old Indian mother with a cross tattooed on her forehead, and a carmine circle carefully drawn on each cheek makes a very primitive and appealing picture with the crescent of the papoose board above her head and the fringes from the seams hanging at her ears. From the rear two little black eyes in a round brown face watch the Agency buildings recede.
When little children won't lie down and sleep at night old people scare them by telling about A-nus-a-cutz. Then they stay awful quiet and pretty soon go to sleep.

A-nus-a-cutz carries a big basket on his back and puts little children in it who don't do what the old people tell them. A-nus-a-cutz takes little children away even when their father don't want him to. Father can't kill A-nus-a-cutz with a knife, can't kill him with shootin'. Once he come to the village and took little boy who would not go to sleep. A-nus-a-cutz put little boy in basket and walk away. A-nus-a-cutz got big long toe-nails; big long finger-nails; big long teeth; hair on face; big eyes; big ears like that. He no wear clothes 'cept around here. His skin is like bark on tree.

When he take this little boy he start off with him. Little boy is scare. After he go long way A-nus-a-cutz sit down to rest. Little boy reach out of basket and pick up stone and put it in basket. Then A-nus-a-cutz go on. Pretty soon he tire and sit down to rest again. Little boy reach out of basket and pick up stone and put it in basket. Then A-nus-a-cutz go again. When basket gets pretty full of rock A-nus-a-cutz he stop pretty often. Then A-nus-a-cutz go on again. Pretty soon A-nus-a-cutz walk under tree and little boy catch hold of limb and A-nus-a-cutz walk off without him. Little boy drop to ground and run back to village as fast he can.

When little boy get to village Indians want to know how such little boy killed A-nus-a-cutz and got away. Then little boy tell 'em how A-nus-a-cutz go long way then sit down to rest. How little boy reach out of basket and pick up stone and put it in basket. (etc., narrator repeats previous paragraph.)

Then chief say, "When A-nus-a-cutz find out he no got little boy he come back. What we goin' ter do?"

Then medicine-man say, "Only flint arrow-head will kill A-nus-
a-cutz. We got ter get flint arrow-head." And all the people in the village go out and hunt for flint arrow-head. Then find him and medicine man makes arrow.

Then people say,"A-nus-a-cutz he be back pretty soon. What we goin ter do with little boy."

Little boy's mother she say, "We hide him in raw-hide bag used for meat. We put raw-hide bag used for meat in back of teepee. Then we put other bags around. We put blankets around. We sit in front and talk and maybe A-nus-a-cutz no find little boy."

They do that. Then sit around in front and talk. Pretty soon teepee door open and in walk A-nus-a-cutz. He say,"Where's little boy."

Boy's mother say,"I don't know. No see 'em. Where is he? You tell me."

"He's in here," say A-nus-a-cutz.

"No! No see 'em." say little boy's mother.

"He must be here," say A-nus-a-cutz, "cause here's his track comin' in door." A-nus-a-cutz look all around. "I bet he's in raw-hide bag used for meat." Then A-nus-a-cutz go over to his used for meat" and when he turn back to chief, chief shoot him with flint arrow and he die.

That story make little children scare. They lie quiet and go sleep. But they like him too. I like him when I was little boy.
RAW-HIDE SADDLE BAGS.
As told by
Jim Reed's daughter.

When you want to make raw-hide saddle pockers first go to the trader's store and buy a box of red face powder. Get green, blue or yellow if you would rather. Then take the eye of a fresh killed beef and mix the powder with the eye-water. Mix it like you were making flap-jacks. Then pour it out on a smooth rock in little cakes the size of poker chips and let it dry.

Then get a heifer hide and be careful to get off all the fat and meat from the flesh side. Then take your poker chips and draw your design on the flesh side so it will show up nice and pretty on your bags when you get them out. Then put the hide in a tub of water and let it soak until it is soft. This will make the color sink into the hide. Then lay the hide out flat and beat it with a handy rock. (The Indians usually get deserted cliff-dweller manos for this.) Then put the hide on a pole, with the hair up. Lean the pole against hold it firm between your knees. Then a tree and take a carpenter's drawing knife and scrape off the hair and grain (epidermis). When that raw-hide dries you will find that the color and the design are clear through the skin just as though it had been tattooed.

Then you cut the hide the way you want it and sew up the seams and you have a pair of saddle bags that will last a long time, and they are pretty too.