ACCOUNT OF
MADELINE ADAMS AND JENNIE REISCHIE
(daughters of Jim Baker)
as told to J. Monaghan.

The first we can remember we were living in a two story house on Clear Creek. Father had some cattle there. We went back to that house in the 90's and it was still standing but we were afraid to go upstairs.

Father had been over on Snake River when he was working for the fur company. He decided to settle there and in April, 1873, we packed all our belongings in a wagon and set out. We had the team and one saddle horse and some cattle. We came by way of Laramie. There were two men besides father in the party. This was after mother died. We girls drove the cattle most of the way on foot but we took turns riding the horse. One of the men would most always help us. We didn't go very far each day and when the feed was good we would sometimes camp for several days. We arrived on Snake River on the fourth day of July, 1873, and we've been right here in the same place ever since. We would be a lot better off if we had stayed on Clear Creek.

There were not many people on Snake River when we arrived. Perkins had a store just west of Dixon. It was east of the Snake River bridge on the north side of the river, in the meadow land under the cottonwood trees. Perkins was a short heavy-set man with a pocked face. He was a smart man but he died broke. He deeded his property to his wife and she wouldn't give it back to him. The Utes came from a long ways to trade with Perkins. He sold them whiskey but never enough to get them drunk. He never had any trouble with the Indians.

There were lots of cattle in the country at that time, with big, big horns. Mr. Reader had a cow-ranch on Snake river. He was a big cow-man. Father had cattle too. There were lots of sheep in the country when we came. But the sheep never went on the south side of Snake River, until later. Then the cowmen over in Colorado ran them back.

Father never objected to the sheep. He said that they did not
The range any more than the cattle did. Both of them will hurt the
range if there are too many of them. There was no trouble between the sheep
and the cattlemen on the Wyoming side of the line. The reason for that was that
there are more streams in Colorado than there are in Wyoming. Little cattle-
took up ranches on all these streams and they did not want the sheep
and them. In Wyoming there were no little ranches. It was all open
country, big flats, and the sheep were there as soon as the cattle were.

Our sold his hay to a sheepman, Mr. Massey, once and he has not got
money for that hay yet. (It was Massey's Mexican herder who shot Mrs.
Bigg's husband.)

Father used to talk about his early experiences but you can
get that in Mumy's book. It is in there better than I can remember it.
Most of the things in that book are right but some of the stories
have been stretched a little. The writer left out one thing altogether
that I know about. Father was with the soldiers on White River during
the winter of 1879. Mumy doesn't mention that.

When Meeker was killed we girls were frightened and went to Rawlins.
We came back to Snake River after a few weeks and Father was gone. He
had left a man on the ranch to do the chores. This man told us that Father
had gone to White River to scout for the soldiers.

Before he left, Father divided his furs with his partner, Bible-
Buck Brown. Father's half of the beaver and mink skins was stored in
the second story of our cabin, and stolen before spring. We were living
underneath them all the time. That man working for Father must have stole
them because he was the one who howled about it the most. Bible-Buck Brown
lived at Reader's ranch between 1890 and '95.

Father had a gun explode in his hands before we knew him. It took
off one of his thumbs and broke his jaw. The scars showed the rest of
his life. When Father's things were sold at auction I bought his gun
for $2.50. He had made it over. I know that he rebored the barrel to a larger size. (The gun is a breech loader, with set trigger and the slide action of an 1848 Sharps'. It has an extra heavy hexagonal barrel. The forearm has been made out of elk horn and the rifle has a sling strap. The caliber is fifty or more.) I bought his clock too. There it is. (An ornate affair that tells the day of the month.) Then I have this picture of Father, Major Oakes and Bill Clark. I think his first name was Bill. That's Major Oakes sitting down in the chair. Father is standing at his right with his big pipe in his mouth. That young man on Major Oakes' left is Clark. He was a dentist in Denver. My mother made him those buckskin clothes. He thought they made him look wild and wooly and he wanted to have his picture taken with Father and Major Oakes and that is the picture. That picture was taken in Denver.
GENERAL ADAMS was a sandy complicated man, big and flat footed. Instead of having a hollow under his foot he had a bump and punched a hole in the ground every time he took a step. Adams weighed three hundred pounds and came to White River every summer to fish with Jimmie O'Conner, who weighed ninety pounds. Jimmie was post master of Aspen. The General teased him all the time. Adams lived in Colorado Springs and had a pond where he raised pet carp.

DENIS COLONEY:

Next to Frank Kelsey, Denis Coloney was the most famous of the Rawlins White River bull whackers. His "train" consisted of nine-three and a half inch spindled freight wagons hauled in units of three, a lead and two trail wagons, by nine yoke of oxen. At times he would load sixty hundred in his lead wagon and forty hundred in each of his trail wagons, and has come into Meeker with twenty-one tons of freight at one time.

On Sundays Denis stanchioned his cattle where the Episcopal church now stands, and put in the entire day shoeing them and drinking beer.

Once Denis pulled out of Meeker, Rawlins bound, with two green "whackers". He discharged one of these men as soon as his train made the bad turn at Four Mile Hill. For the next sixty miles Denis drove two outfits containing eighteen oxen and six wagons. His helper drove one outfit of nine yoke and three wagons. When the train reached the comparatively open country north of Lay, Denis discharged his helper and drove all three outfits the last hundred miles into Rawlins."

"But Denis, how did you ever yoke twenty-seven oxen every morning alone?"

"Begasna, I didn't. I never unyoked them - just unhooked the chain and let them graze at night with their yokes on. Denis Coloney never owned more bulls than he could drive himself."

I was born twenty miles from Minneapolis, Minnesota, on February 16th, 1861. In April, 1877, I went to Bismarck, North Dakota, hunting for a job and got one as roustabout on a Missouri River scow with a rear paddle wheel. She was loaded with lumber for a fort the government intended to build against the Indians who were on the war path. Our scow only drew six feet of water but she was on sand bars most of the time. We were on one bar for two days and two nights. I lost sixteen pounds on that trip. We ate Fourth of July dinner on the banks of the Yellowstone just above the mouth of the Tongue River. That was where Fort Keogh was to be built. It was a tent camp when we unloaded. Two hundred and fifty thousand buffalo hides were piled in ricks along the bank of the river. They were worth from a dollar and a half to five dollars apiece. We loaded back with them.

Early the next spring I started to work for the Northwest Stage & Transportation Company, whacking bulls from Bismarck to Deadwood. Our freight trains were made up of ten ten yoke outfits and a herd of cattle that were drove along for extras. On each trip the company issued every freighter a Shapka's rifle and twenty rounds of ammunition. We were charged up for the rifle if we didn't return it. The ammunition was free, so on the last day of each trip we'd have target practice.

The company had stage stations along the road every ten or twelve miles. The stage drivers had good horses and believe me, they set 'em a-fire.

It was a two hundred and fifty mile haul. The company charged $1.50 a round for freight and 20% for express. We'd haul the express with oxen to Centennial, eleven miles from Deadwood, then it was transferred to the passenger stages and whipped into town on a big lope. The company could collect the express rate by doing that. I guess there are thieves in all trades.

Chief Joseph was brought into Bismarck as a prisoner that fall.
When the grass got poor and winter set in, we changed from oxen to mules. We hauled oats and sometimes baled hay for the mules. Going off the mountain into Deadwood we rough-locked all four wheels on both trail wagons, and the two hind wheels on our lead wagon. That was some road.

I never was in an Indian fight. I was always just ahead of, or behind one. I remember we pulled out of Cedar Cañon at daylight one morning and thirty minutes after we left, the Indians rushed the station, killed five men and got away with the horses.

There were antelope in that country by the millions. They would run along within fifty yards of the train, frisk and play. Then they would race off out of sight, make a big circle, and come back and look us over again. I worked for that outfit until the fall of 1879.

In the spring of 1880 I started to work with the Northern Pacific construction crew out of Glendive. In 1882 I was freighting out of Billings and Bozeman. Billings was quite a place in '82 but it was all made of canvas, only one house in town. There weren't any trees or boards or lumber to be had.

After the railroad came I followed mining instead of freighting.

In 1894 I heard about the placer strike on Timberlake and came to Colorado. That excitement lasted for six or seven years but there was not a single fortune taken out of the ground. C.W. Law spent thirty thousand dollars on a placer ditch and he got his money back. He did better than most of them. There was some gold all right but most of the later claims were staked ground fixed up to sell to suckers. I panned it for four years before I bought this ranch.

I can remember most of the things that happened in this country if you don't go back too far. Baggs started as a station on the Meeker-Rawlins freight road. When the D.&R.G. dried up, Meeker as a distributing point for freight came the other way, Baggs felt it. Then gold was found at Four
Mile and people started coming in with money. When it was getting hard to interest any more capital in Four Mile the Powder Springs gang started putting money in circulation. They robbed banks and railroad trains on the outside and came in here to spend it. They never harmed anybody in this country if they did shoot up Baggs once in a while for fun. Butch Cassidy spent more money per capita on Bear River than the CWA. That's why there was no effort made to run him out. Harry Alonzo and McGinnis, alias Lay, were his lieutenants. I knew the whole gang and I want to tell you about a kid who out-smarted them.

I was digging a placer ditch on Four Mile on contract and hired a red-headed kid named Herbert to drive a team of mules. This kid was a great hand to read novels. I came along the ditch and found him settin' on his scraper reading a yellow-back. "If that book's more interesting than this work, you had better go to Baggs to finish it," and I wrote his check.

He was quite a guy. He decided to set up a barber's outfit in Baggs, so he sawed a beer keg into a chair. Pretty soon Cassidy's Powder Springs gang came to town and wanted to be shaved. They sized the kid up as a weak sister and started to have some fun. The man in the chair with the apron around his neck pulled out his gun and while he lay back being shaved he shot a bottle of hair tonic off a shelf.

Herbert didn't scare and wanted to join the jolly gang. Cassidy figured he was a half-wit and said, "I can't take you. All my men are outlaws. They have done something and have to hang together. You don't have to hide out. If things got bad you could quit and all the rest of us would get caught."

"Loan me a gun," sayd Herbert. "I'll fix it so's I've got to hide out too." Somebody loaned him a horse and gun in fun and he crossed Snake River. A Mexican sheepherder had been paid $490 and was walking to Rawlins. Herbert took his money, came back and showed it to Butch. "Now I can go
Butch laughed and let him ride out to Powder Springs with them. This kid found where the outlaws had cached three hundred and seventy-five dollars. He took it, one of their best horses and saddles and flew for Rock Springs. When he rode into town he saw a boy and said, "Hey kid, do you want a horse and saddle," and by the Gollies, he handed him the reins and got on a U P train for Oregon. He threwed-in with a horse thieving gang out there and a sheriff crippled him. He was sent back to the Rawlins penitentiary. His wife in North Carolina heard about his hard luck and came out. When she found out what kind of a guy he was she got a divorce. She worked around Baggs and Craig/until she saved enough money to go home.

Herbert played sick, got out of the pen, went back to North Carolina and married a banker's daughter.

Newt Kelley was just such another wild fellow, but if he was no good he came near putting an end to ruling the range with hired assassins when he tried to cut Tom Horn's head off. I've seen Newt gawp out his automatic, around his head, when drunk, not knowing where any of them bullets went. He's back in Missouri now - married and settled down. I used to think he did right for trying to kill Tom Horn, but by the gods, I think the country would be better off today if we had a killer to strike every man with lightning when he put out his hand to steal something.
I first came to Tie Siding, Wyoming, in 1883. My aunt lived there and I was looking for work. There was lots of work there, hauling ties and mine timbers from the mountains. That first summer I got a job with a freight outfit going from Rawlins to the army camp at Meeker. The soldiers left the next year. We drove ten horses hooked to three wagons. We drove with a jerk-line. There were still lots of bull teams on that road. They didn't quit until 1884 of '85. They generally had eight or ten yoke on three wagons the same as we did. The bull-whackers had a chute they ran the cattle into to shoe them. They would tie each foot to a post and tack a shoe on each toe.

(Tom Watson in Meeker did a lot of that freighting. I recollect he bought a hundred head of steers from the Morgan boys on Collum Crick. I helped him break 'em. We'd/two together, turn 'em loose and let 'em fight it out. There was grass for them to eat while they were learning about that yoke and after a day or two they would be gentle. Then we'd chain 'em to the load and start. It didn't take 'em long to quieten down.)

Tom Watson filled his freighting contract that summer, fattened his steers of grass after he was through freighting, and shipped them to market. Tom made a pile of money that year. That's what I call using your head.

(The old freight road went down Lay Crick. Tom Emerson had a saloon on his ranch five miles above Lay. Dummy and Craney had another saloon at the sloughs close to Baggs.) They moved up to Timberlake and opened their "show" just as the freighting days were over. Had they moved ten years earlier they would have made some money but a fellow can't see them things.

In 1886 and again in 1888 I went to Aspen and Leadville to work. Between times I rode for the Two Bar outfit in this country. I've only been on one sheep raid and I'm sure that was some time in the 'eighties.
It was up at the head of Fortification. I was riding in this country when I saw a hundred cowboys coming up the crick. They had three bed-wagons. It was on the spring round-up. I rode over to see them and they told me, "There is a band of sheep at the head of Fortification and we're going to put them out of it. Better come along." I don't think there was any organization to keep sheep out. Some cattleman would hear that there was a herd of sheep some place and he'd tell all the other cattlemen and if they had time they'd come. If they were having a round-up they would move the wagons and cowboys over to the sheep herd and try and move it. Then they would go back to work.

Well, this time I'm telling you about, when we got to the sheep herd it was only eight hundred ewes tended by a man and his wife. When the man saw us coming he laid down his rifle and walked over to us. We stopped about a quarter of a mile from him and three of the cattlemen put on masks and rode over to talk to him. The sheepman said, "I can't move now but if you will give me three weeks, until I'm done lambing, I'll give you my word as a man, I'll pull out and never come back."

The cattlemen decided to let him stay. I remember when we got back to Bear River, Jim Norvel blew about it and said, "We done wrong. Let's go back and kill the son of a ----." Yeah, that's the preacher --- hot-headed, you know. No, he wasn't a brother of the Hayden saloon man. He owned the saloon himself and then preached in it.

I wasn't along when the cowboys found Massey's sheep near Cedar Mountain, (there by Craig,) hooked up his outfit and headed it out of the country. They just naturally MOVED him. That was in the early 'nineties.
I was in Rawlins when Jim Averil and Cattle Kate were hung at Sweetwater. That was a dirty trick. They took Averil out and then somebody went back and told Kate he was hurt and when she came out they caught her and hung them both. She was a fast woman all right but she was a good woman for her kind. I expect the cowboys did bring in mavericks to the hog ranch to be taken out in trade but how was Kate to know who they belonged to. Tom Son and Boney Ernest were the two big owners in that country. Of course I don't know but everybody said they are the men who hung her. I'll tell you, the cowboys, and settlers and working people around Rawlins were mad about that trick.

The first or second year after Craig was started I took up this ranch (12 miles north of Craig). I had a saloon in Craig at the same time. I was just a young fellow and didn't know what I wanted to do.

The game was thick here in the nineties. We could kill enough elk for our winter's meat from the door of the house. Lots of men made a business killing for the market. They'd just take the saddles, hundreds of them, and let the fore quarters lay. Perkins on Snake river would buy them. Then Barrett Littlefield had an idea. He fenced an elk pasture on Slater Crick and he give fellows $25 per head for elk calves. Pretty soon he had a big herd. He made a business of butchering them and selling the meat, and he'd sell the heads from the big bulls. He paid taxes on his herd. They couldn't keep him from selling the meat.

I married Joe Morgan's sister. This old time stuff has all been written up better than I can tell you about it. I'd loan you my copy of the book but I don't know where anything is since my wife died. A lot of the big outfits went busted in the 'nineties from various causes. The Pot Hooks went belly up on account of their foreman, Ensley. His wife had a recorded brand of her own and her cows all had three or four calves and the Pot Hooks didn't have any.
I knew Ogg and Whiting and Billy Sawtell. They were all fast men, gamblers, cowpunchers, town sports. Kent Whiting stayed on my ranch one winter. I always figured John Ogg was a blow hard like most of them long haired fellers. But when it came to the pinch, he had the guts. He stood up and shot her out with Billy Sawtell and he was hit the first round. I have heard that Billy was shot later up in Wyoming. That's what generally happens to that kind of men.
TROUBLES BETWEEN INDIANS AND GAME WARDENS.
As told by E.V. Boughley.

There was only one fight between the game wardens and the Indians before the killing on Snake river. The killing occurred in the fall. This trouble was in the summer. I do not know much about it but I will tell all I know. My father was with the vigilantes. He was a man who never talked very much so I can't tell much about the trouble but the vigilantes were riding somewhere on the Flat Tops. They heard a shot and one of the men's horses fell. They saw some Indians in the distance and took after them. That's all I know about it. I asked my father how it was that if one of their horses was shot they all came back mounted. He said, "We found one of the Indian horses without a rider and brought that horse back with us."

The other fight was on lower Snake River. Wilcox was game warden. He expected trouble and took ten men with him. They found the Indian camp and there were beef hides in it. The Indians pretended that they were killing deer but they were really killing cattle. There were just three or four bucks in camp and a lot of squaws. The balance of the bucks were out hunting. The wardens decided to arrest two or three of the Indians and give them a scare. They were afraid to wait until all the Indians came back to camp. They took hold of an Indian and lifted him on his horse. He slid off the other side. They lifted him on again and tied him. The squaws were raising Cain. All the time the Wardens were doing this more Indians were coming into camp. Al Shaw was bending over the rope tying the Indian on his horse when a buck swung at him with a rifle butt. The hammer of the gun hit Al behind the ear and knocked him cold. He didn't know anything more about the fight.

When the Indian hit Al it drew the hammer of his rifle back and shot one of the squaws.

About this time another squaw ran up with a butcher knife and cut the ropes that held the buck on the horse. When the gun went
off she took to Miles Overholtz and Miles ran away. She was out-runnin' him and somebody yelled, "Look out Miles. She's about to catch you."
So Miles turned around and shot her in the belly. He had to.

Al and Cap Shaw were brothers. They were both in that fight.

Al went back east that winter and I have never heard of him since. Cap was taking the baths at Juniper and was found dead in the hot water.

Miles Overholtz is in Portland, Oregon, editing a little paper.

Amos Bennet was another of the posse-men. He's dead now, died at Klamouth Lake, Oregon. Then there was Jack White and Armstrong. They were both cowboys. I don't know what has happened to them. I know the names of the rest of the men in that posse but I cannot think of them right now.

I was in Hayden when John Ogg was killed. We were running a store there. John Ogg, Kent Whiting and George Humphrey all came from Leadville. Ogg and Whiting were pals. Humphrey happened to come to town with them and was put in their class on account of it.

John Ogg was a half or quarter-breed, wore his hair in braids; had seven notches on the handle of his six-shooter. I counted them. He claimed every notch was for a man and he was going to add a few in Hayden. He had a list of men he was going to kill and told people about it. My brother was on that list. So was the doctor in Hayden.

Brother said to me, "I don't think Ogg's goin' to kill me but I am not taking any chances. Brother kept books in a cage at the back of the store and had a pearl handled six-shooter that he kept in a drawer there.

Our clerk, Will Green, and I took all the double/shotguns in stock and loaded them with number four shot. We set these guns back of the counters, every four feet. One day Ogg come strollin' in, trailing his spurs across the floor. He had on his gun. As he walked by, Will and I each picked up a shotgun. John walked to Brother's cage and said, "I've made my brags. Now I'm comin' to back it up."

"John," says Brother, "if you'd look behind you I think you'd
change your mind." Ogg turned his head and saw both our shotguns. He
gave a kind of sickly grin and walked out of the store.

There was a dance in Hayden the last of that week. Billy Sawtell
was a Two Bar cowpuncher and professional gambler. Quite a sport and
heavy drinker. His sister was a fast woman at Leadville. Billy Sawtell
was at Craig when he heard about the dance. He said to Kittel, "I'm
going to the dance. Keep my gun until I get back."

When he got to Hayden he met John Ogg in the saloon. They start-
ed matching dollars together on the bar and Sawtell won every time. It
made Ogg sore. Finally Sawtell quit and went to the dance. Ogg took
a few more drinks and said that he was going to shoot out the lights at
the dance and kill Sawtell at the same time. One of Billy's friends went
over to the dance and warned him. Sawtell borrowed a gun and came back
to the saloon. Ogg was still there and they started to match dollars on
the bar again. They were watching each other like a cat watches a dog.
Each kept his right hand free and covered the dollar with his left. Saw-
tell kept winning. Finally Ogg said, "You can beat me with dollars but
you can't beat me with this - and he pulled his gun. Billy pulled his
and the two guns hit as they came up. Billy's bullet went through Ogg
and Ogg's bullet hit a by-stander named McCune. Both men backed off and
emptied their guns at one another but neither was hit again. Ogg saw Mc-
Cune lying on the floor under the smoke, thought it was Sawtell, stood
a-straddle of him, pointed his gun at the back of his head and said,"Here's
where I finish that ----."

When he pulled the trigger his gun snapped. It was empty.
Ogg was getting weak. He weaved across the
room and fell down. That's when he lost his gun. The fellows came out from under the tables then and took his gun and called a doctor. Ogg looked up at the doctor and said, "Doc is there anything you can do for me."

"Take this medicine," said Doc.

Then Ogg said, "How about it, Doc, am I done for?"

"If that bullet wound don't kill you," says Doc, "the medicine I gave you will." Doc was one of the men on Ogg's list.

"If that's the case," says Ogg, "Give me my gun. I want to kill one more man before I die." That's the kind of a man Ogg was.

It was just a few days after this shooting match when Billy Sawtell met Kent Whiting in Ledford's saloon in Craig. Billy knew that Kent was a pal of John's so he watched him. They played poker all night. Whiting was winning. Just before breakfast Billy called one of Kent's hands and Kent didn't have a thing, not even a pair.

"You ------," says Billy, "you've been bluffing me all night. Let's see you bluff this," and he pulled his gun. Kent dodged and the bullet went through the thick of his arm.

Kent got up off the floor and said, "You're a fine ---- to shoot an unarmed man."

"Ain't you got a gun?" asked Sawtell watching him right sharp. The bar-keeper came up and searched Kent and he didn't have a gun. Then Billy walked up the street with him, arm and arm, and paid the doctor for dressing his arm. Then he says, "Kent I'm leaving town and I don't want to hear that you're follering me."

He got on his horse and went to the lower country. I've never seen him since. I don't know what happened to him after that.

When the doctor stripped Whiting to dress his wound he found that he had been shot up before so I guess he wasn't no angel himself.
Account of
CAREY BARBER, Maybell, Colo.,
as told to J. Monaghan.

I was born in Golden, 1881. My father built the rock flour mill
there. He and his brother, my uncle, were great to hunt so they decided
to move to Bear River on account of the game.

We came to the country overland in 1886, wintered at Sidney, above
Steamboat Springs, and in the spring of '87, came to lower Bear River. Father
bought a relinquishment from Dick Stone and settled here within a mile
of Maybell.

There were few settlers along Bear River at that time. From Cross
Mountain west there was the Wells Fargo outfit in Lily Park. Coming east
from Cross Mountain was Bell & Banks' place at Morgan Bottom; the Sevens
(Pearce & Belknap); then, Lige Salmon; the Vaughn's; then, Templeton's;
next the Temple place; Saunders'; Cap Shaw's; finally Jim Nutt and Ab
Fraker at the ford above Maybell, where the bridge is now. From there up,
the river goes through Juniper Cañon. When it opens up through Axial
Basin there was the K Diamond (Reed & Belknap); Pat Sweeney's; Ward and
Failing at the old government bridge - they had a store and saloon there;
then the upper K Diamond (Pfeiffer) branding 555; then Dancing Duffy and
the river cañoned up again.

On the road up Lay Crick to Craig, Wallihan had a post office call-
ed Lay. He kept a sack of flour or two for sale. Craig was called Rose-
dale in them days. W.H. Rose kept a saloon, store and post office west
of Fortification. I can't tell you about Hayden. I was only six years
old when my folks brought me through it.

There was an Indian scare the first fall we were in the country.
I was packed to Lay. All the settlers bunched under a big hill and lived
in tents. If the Indians had come they would have had pickings. When they
didn't, I was packed back down the river.

An outlaw wintered in Juniper Cañon that winter. Al Shaw and Ab
Praker discovered him before spring. They got him separated from his horse. He ran up the river on the ice, dropped his spurs so he could run faster. They shot at him and one of them hit him. Just before he died he said, "You've got me but you ain't got my cache."

The settlers put in the rest of the winter huntin' for that cache. They found his spurs and they found the cave where he had camped but to this day nobody has found his cache. There is a place up on Juniper Mountain where the ground sounds hollow when you ride across it. His cache may be there.

While I was growing up the cattlemen spent most of their time keeping sheep out of the country. (When Jennie Barber had the post office close to what is now Maybell, Massey's sheep had got south of Snake River and wintered on Spring Crick. He figgered on crossing Bear River on the Thornberg bridge for lambing. One day when he come to our place for the mail forty cowboys showed up. I thought there was going to be a lynching in the door-yard. Massey was escorted to the Wyoming line and invited to not return.

When Jack Eddards built his shearing pens south of Snake River in the spring of 1896 the cattlemen paid him a visit. Eddards was strung up to a tree and broke to lead. When he was let down he was glad to go. He sold out to Geddes, who tried coming into Colorado two years later. Three Mexicans were with his outfit. The cowboys rode up to their camp, chopped up the camp and killed half the sheep. Those cowboys weren't masked. The Mexicans were scared blind. Masks weren't needed. Two of the herders were tied up. Candy Sanderell got away and he made better time getting to Geddes headquarters than if he'd had a horse.

That killing left this range a cow country. Ben Majors and Joe partners and Sinsberry were early day cattlemen. The Two Bar outfit bought the Major's place on Snake River. Sinsberry gap is on the old cattle trail from Black Mountain to the lower Snake River range. The trail was just north of the
cedar dyke between Snake and Bear Rivers. The first post office in the lower country was at Bell and Banks' ranch. Bell's wife's name was May and they called the post office Maybell. I had two sisters named May and Bell. I have read that the post office was named for them but that is not so.) After Bell had the office it 'loped up and down the river to several ranches. Henry Templeton had it for awhile, then Jennie Barber and later Wilcox's at the Fraker Ford.

(This is the way the town of Maybell started: Gene and Charles Hunt, W.P. Wagner and B.A. Noble all had places that corner where the town is now. The four of them got together and laid out a town. Capple set up a store, first in a tent, then a log affair. Mrs. Wagner got the post office, kept her pigeon holes in the store)

I was sixteen years old when the second Indian scare came off. We went to Lay again and camped under the same old hill where the Indians could have got us. The whites brought that trouble on themselves. The game laws had been in effect for five years and not a single Indian had been arrested. People got to coddling the game warden about being afraid of the Indians so he enlisted ten men and set out to arrest him an Indian. The Utes were camped in the bull-berries on lower Snake River. Nobody was in camp when the wardens arrived except the squaws and papooses and a few old crippled men.

Everybody was excited and no two men ever told the same story about what happened. Jack White was a bronco-buster and fast with a gun. He could 'lope his horse and pull a gun in each hand and hit two prairie dogs. It's a cinch Jack wanted to show off. Miles Overholtz was just a big overgrown kid. He shot one of the squaws in the belly. Amos Bennett pumped his gun empty without firing a shot. Al Shaw got hit on the head and took the count when the fight started. When the fight was over his gun was empty. Nobody knows when he pumped it dry.

The day after the fight Jack White, Tom Armstrong and Gable rode
to Lily to warn the settlers there. Some Indians saw them coming, hid in a wash and when they got close, cut loose. Jack and Tom were unhorsed and took to Cross Mountain a-foot. Gable took the back track. He was riding Henry Templeton's Little G horse and a bullet went through the cantle of his saddle. That bullet didn't come anywhere near Gable. The Utes should have shot at the horse's ears to hit Gable. He 'loped into Thompson's ranch where Matt Rash had a three-quarter outlaw horse in the pasture. Ordinarily Gable couldn't have rode that horse but with the Indians after him he whipped to Bassett's in Brown's Park in two hours.

We never had a battle between the big and little outfits like there was in Wyoming. There weren't enough settlers. The big outfits ran this range above the law for fifteen years, prevented a little man from taking up water or starting a spread. The hirelings done the dirty work but they didn't dare squeal as that would have put the halter on their own necks. It was comical, in them days, to see two men meet on the open range. They'd ride circles around one another like two strange bull dogs. If you saw a man in the distance and he waved with his hat for you to go around, and not come up to him, you went around. Everybody snuck up and down washes watching for tracks; rode up on hills and looked around. Men on the range were just like coyotes. Tom Horn got rid of the worst of the little fellers. I don't think he wanted to kill Longhorn Thompson or he would have, - just wanted to scare him. Thompson was riding along Snake River between his place and Hurd's when he see Horn raise up over the brush with a Manchester in his hands. Thompson let out a scream and put his horse through the willers. He moved to Craig after that and one night saw Horn waiting for him in the yard. He moved to Vernal.

The change on the range from Cattle to sheep came about slow. First the government stopped the big outfits from intimidating the homesteaders. As the ground was took up, sheepmen leased and then bought it. This crowded out the cattlemen. The cattlemen had overstocked the range for so long anyway that it was no good for cattle any more.
Haley saw this coming and sold out to Grounds for $500,000. That was the beginning of the end of big outfits in this country. Grounds, the big headed scoundrel, didn't understand cattle and went belly up. The first summer he owned the outfit he shipped in a lot of southern cattle and spent the winter hauling out their hides - the last dividend. Next he tried Brahmas. I can show you their bones in the Escalante hills. Then he tacked a sign on the barn door at the Two Bar Ranch stating what it would cost for meals and horse feed. The cowboys could read that sign but it made them so they couldn't read Grounds' brand on a cow-brute stuck in the quicksand. Then he let the ranch go to pot - tramped out the meadows, didn't keep up the fences. If he had owned it two more years he would have drug off the hole where the ranch set. A sheep outfit bought all his holdings and cattle were done. That's only been about ten or twelve years ago so cattle held this country for quite a spell.

You go see Henry Templeton about the early days. He was here when the hills were little fellers.
ADDITIONAL NOTE ON COLOROW.

Indian Farmer Hugh Owens reported on June 22nd, 1923, that Jim Colorow "lives part of the time in a cabin at Ouray, roams all over the basin, creating ill feeling against work wherever he can."
ADDITIONAL NOTE ON ENIE COLOROW.

Testimony taken at time of determination of heirship of estate of Enie Colorow:

"Enie Colorow died when Utes were in South Dakota."

"Siah Colorow was older sister of Poopee."

This reduces the tree to two branches. In the findings of the above case, April 24th, 1914:- "This family is composed of Indians of the wildest and most retrogressive sort. The members of the family rarely appear, even at the sub-agency, and have their faces the other way.

"It is extremely difficult to get accurate information about them. They are extremely suspicious, and George Jenks, himself, though urgently besought to give testimony in this and other cases, has always refused to do so; and it has never been possible for us to get Fat-chow-se-ratz into the office upon any pretext whatever."
I'm a foreigner, came from Missouri. If I tell you this I don't want you to use my name, don't want the notoriety. I took my homestead on Bear River below Maybell in 1893, so all I know about the Meeker massacre is what I have heard. I think that the Indians had guns before the massacre. The Morgan boys were friendly with the Indians. They never left their ranch on Collum Crick during the trouble.

Perkins may have furnished guns to the Indians. He was a smart man who would do anything for a dollar. I've drunk many a glass of whiskey at his store. It was good whiskey. I'll say that for him.

Dixon was the main town in 1893. Baggs built up on account of the freight road. During the boom days they killed a man in Dixon every week or ten days.

I was with the cowboys who moved the old man with the sheep on Fortification in 1895. I don't remember who I was riding for at that time but I remember I came into Craig on a wore-out horse. Bill Tower was runnin' the livery barn. He said, "Bert, all my horses are spoke for but one. Try him in the corral and if you can set him, take him." He wiped it up with me but I stuck. Then Bill opened the gate and he tried it again but I stuck.

There were over a hundred of us, men clear from Grand Mesa, and three mess-wagons. As we rode up Fortification I was lally-gagging a kid about a big girl he had met in Craig and not watching my p's and q's. My horse was watching me and come to pieces again. This time he threw me up and caught me four times and the last time I come down he had run out from under me. I lit sittin' down and dam near punched the crown out of my hat. The boys caught my horse and all of them said, "Let me on him. I'll set him."
"No," I said, "I can ride him ag'in," and I did.

I never did see the sheepherder. We all stood back and the topcutters went up and talked to him. We rode back by California Park and the Bear's Ears looking for more sheep.

The old man was set in by the sheepmen to see whether the cattlemen would disturb him. Jack Eddards come in next with 20,000 head. The cowboys weren't so good to him. In the spring of 1896 they hung him to one of them six inch willers on Four Mile Crich near his shearing pens. When he'd swung a little, they let him down and he said he would not move his corrals so they pulled him up again. He turned black in the face and his tongue come out. They let him down again and brought him to. "Now Eddards, are you goin' ter move them pens 'cause if yer not the next time we pull you up, we'll tie the other end of the rope and ride off."

He moved.

With the sheep took care of the cowboys set out to get rid of the Indians. It will be hard to find out how many Utes were killed by the cowboys in 1897 because the Indians won't tell and the cowboys are ashamed. I know because my brother was one of them.

Amos Bennett, that long legged rascal, was one of the possemen. He was bad medicine on deer and bear but when it came to Indians who shoot back it was different. That famous big game hunter and tourist guide emptied his gun without firing a shot. The boys found all his cartridges where he pumped them out on the ground.

Things weren't quiet with the Utes gone. After a year, sheep came in again. Geddes bought Eddards' sheep and came back to Colorado with a herd of them. I was working on the thrasher during that killing. We worked up Snake River, dropped down Fortification, then up William's Fork. While we were going up Snake River Geddes came to camp, said he had his sheep at Iron Springs divide and was going down the country. I said, "Mister, if you go any further I'll bet your sheep is killed."

When we got to William's Fork we heard about the massacre. Nobody
will ever know who done it. The cowboys took the camp before daylight, blindfolded the herder, chopped up his wagon and clubbed 950 sheep to death with wagon spokes, the reach and the neck yoke. Then the herder was booted up Snake River.

The stock detectives checked every camp the thrashing crew had made to see whether we had been in that killing.

I worked at the Four Mile placers several years. Mr. Law is the only man who made any money there, took $125,000 out of the ground. His claim was between Four Mile and Timberlake. The gold - flour gold - did not go below the grass roots. Nobody ever found where that gold came from. It was just in that one spot. When that flour gold was dry it would float on water. Law saved it by digging a ditch and washing it through burlap. When the burlap was full of gold he washed it in a big vat, poured quick silver into the water and took out the 'malgum. Then he het the 'malgum and the quick silver run off and he used it ag'in. The gold was left in big chunks like honey combs. He shipped out these chunks and the other minerals were taken from it outside.

Game was thick in the early days. We used to wait on deer trails and let hundreds of deer go by. When we saw a buck that waddled and shook and his dew claws hit the ground every time he put his feet down, we knew he was fat and killed him. My brother killed a buck so fat once that he tried out enough fat to fill a five gallon can and a lard pail. In the fall the elk used to come down across the sagebrush flats. It was nothing to see twenty bands of them in an afternoon's ride. On William's Fork, after the phone was put in, one long ring, a long one, meant that the game warden had started up the crick and everybody ran for the brush with his net. I was working for Dick Dunkley one fall and he said, "We're about out of meat. I'll go back of the house and get a deer."

He had a big 45-70. He hadn't gone far until he saw a buck looking at him, and he cut loose. When the smoke cleared away there stood the
deer looking at him so he cut loose again. When the smoke cleared away the deer was still there, sez he, "Have my sights slipped up?" but he cut loose again. That time when the smoke was gone the deer had too. When he went to the place where the deer stood there were three dead deer.

They were great days. I wish they would come again.

The Maybell post office moved from Cross Mountain to Wilcox's east of the Fraker Ford. Finally Barbers got it and the town started there.
ADDITIONAL NOTE ON LEWIS SIMMONS.

Missus-Dan' els,(Full blood Navajo):- "I came to the reservation in the spring of 1889 and Louie-Simmons was still there then. He used to stay with us some. He had a pack outfit and picks and shovels and was always going off prospecting. He had a son but I don't know much about him. Louie-Simmons died down at Fort Duchesne. It must have been in 1892 or 93, because he was still living when Ethel was born in 1892 and he died before Mintura was born in 1893."

#   #   #   #   #   #   #   #   #

The Agency office at Fort Duchesne thinks that the record of Lewis Simmons's death will be in the files of the War Department. The Fort hospital was a soldier hospital until 1905. It has no early records.
White Rivers: This the only Johnson family on the reservations.

J. Mahan.
Inscription
Rock.  Doe 356/61

J. Manahan

Et holes

Inscription

O'Grave

River 100yds

Inscription

LRVA

HERMMDO 12/20/28 1839

Den 12 Julien 1831

I. Edwards 1888
Fort Kit Carson 1833?
1 mile south of Ouray,
Utah

In 1934 these walls were mounds of dirt about one to two feet high, with the bastions higher.
Account of
TOM WARREN, Meeker, Colo.
as told to J. Monaghan.

I was born in 1863, at Montonagan, Michigan, in the copper district. When I was four years old my parents moved to Central City where my father died. After that, Father moved to Georgetown where we lived for eight or nine years. He made a practice of leasing a mine for twenty-five per cent of the pay dirt. I used to help him when I was ten years old. While we were in the Georgetown country we lived part of the time at Brownsville three miles above Georgetown, where Father worked in the Terrible Mine.

I remember when Jack Bishop chased Snyder from Silver Plume to Georgetown and killed him in the saloon. Times were rougher then than they are now but justice was served.

(From Brownsville we moved to Camp Robinson, two miles from Hotkomo. I was there during the strike when Robinson knocked at the portal of his own mine and one of his guards thought he was a striker, shot through the door and killed him.)

(The Carbonate excitement north of Glenwood Springs started in 1880. Lots of miners on the divide went down Eagle River and when they got to Cotsero they had to wait until the snow went off before they could go up on the Flat Tops to the strike. Swede Pete from Leadville ran a store at Cotsero. Cigars were twenty-five cents, whiskey two-bits a drink. The men who got on top before the snow flew built cabins and wintered up there.)

While I was working at Robinson I did a lot of prospecting on the head of Eagle River but didn't find any pay dirt. Lots of people were leaving the mining camps to take up homesteads on Bear, White and Grand rivers. It was the fashionable thing to do so in the summer of 1883, when I was twenty years old, Father, a man named O'Ready and I, set out for White River with two burros and a saddle mare. We walked down the Eagle to Cotsero and up the old Coffee Pot Springs road to Carbonate townsite. That camp had blew up when I first saw it in 1883. The trees were cut
...ten feet from the ground so you can tell how deep the snow must have been when that camp was built.

From Carbonate we traveled down the divide between Grand and White rivers to Keller's summer cow camp. From there it was only five miles north by a good grade to White River. We arrived in September and took our homesteads along the river a few miles below where we first saw it. The place I took up is at the mouth of Elk Crick, my father's just below me.

Ranching was a new thing on White River then. The soldiers had just left that spring. Hugus had bought the log and adobe buildings of their fort and started the town in them. The soldiers had left big piles of cord wood. Hugus paid more for the cord wood than he did for the buildings.

When I visited Meeker in '33, a big feller named Maje was looking out for Hugus interests. The ground squirrels on the parade ground were thick as fleas. Maje offered the town kids 10¢ for every squirrel they killed. They brought him a mess in no time. He threw them out the back door and the kids sold them to him again.

After we staked our homesteads Father staid on White River and I went back to Leadville to earn enough money to keep us both going by working in the Colonel Sellars' mine in California Gulch. Leadville was still pretty lively. Pap Wyman had one of the biggest saloons. He had a saloon in Georgetown and understood miners. In Leadville he had a platform in his saloon where he held prize-fights. He had a dozen beer-sellers behind his bar.

In 1885 I had to come back to White River or lose my homestead. I came to stay that time, and have.

I have always run a few cattle but not many. I have been a farmer and it is funny because when I took up this place I did not know how to
hold a plow. I had it all to learn. I never had enough cattle to get in any of the range disputes. I never tried to plunge or get out over my depth. I would rather run sheep than cattle but the country has always been against them so I never tried it. There were both sheep and cattle in this country when I first came to it but in 1894 the country was getting crowded so the cattlemen put the sheep out. Allsebrook, one of the original founders of Meeker, had sheep, but the cattlemen ran him out of the country. They raided one of his camps and killed a hundred head of rams for him on Hay Flat, south of Lime Kiln, about seven miles from my ranch here. You could see the bones of those sheep in that past for years. Maybe you still can. Nobody was hurt in the raid but they nearly smothered the herder holding a coat over his head while they clubbed the sheep to death.

After thirty-nine years spent building up this ranch it has just been foreclosed out from under me. Perhaps if I had owned sheep it would be different. I've worked hard since I was ten years old and now I'm no age to build up another ranch.
I was born in Ireland a hundred and five years ago. I was a good sized boy at the time of the famine. Do you know what a plowboy is? Well, I was one of the best in Ireland.

There are two classes of plowboys; farmers' class and Lords' class. The only difference between the two classes was that the Lords' class had bigger prizes. Farmers drove in both classes. The Lords didn't know any more about plowing than you do.

Seventy-five to eighty plows entered each contest. Every plow had to turn over four 'roads', an acre. A man had to understand his business to win. The ground was heavy sod and a man had to know how to sharpen his 'shear' and how to put on his sod-cutter. We had big horses that understood how to plow, - did nothing else. Each turned sod had to be so close a kernel of to the one turned before, that there was not room between them for grain to fall through. If you put your eye close to the ground you could not see any wave in the furrows. They were strrrraight. Sure an' it was careful work. You didn't harrow that ground after it was plowed. You sowed the grain, then harrowed it, then brushed it to make it look smooth. Three sworn judges passed on the field when it was done.

Don't write that down now until I tell you what 'sworn judges' be. 'Sworn judges' were men who had won the farmers' or the Lords' class three times straight running. They were sworn to give a fair and honest opinion. The first prize was five pounds, the third two.

I was over thirty when I came to America. I was a wilful bad boy and when I won the farmers' class I thought I could do great things in America.

I boarded the Great Eastern at Cork. She was a big vessel, had been built to lay the Atlantic cable. I met Joe Collum on the boat. Joe, his two brothers and his sister had got on the boat at Liverpool. Joe was just a boy.
When we landed in New York the Civil War was over. At Castle Gardens was a man who got jobs for people from the old country. He sent me first to Tarrytown where I worked for Mr. Fox, a rich man worth a million, yes, many millions. He owned ships and a farm and a dairy and a big house on a hill. My job was to mow the grass along his carriage road and around the house, rake it into a basket and feed it to the carriage horses.

I worked for him one month, then like a damfool I quit or I might be there yet. I didn't like choring around. I wanted to be a plowboy, the best in America.

I went back to Garden City and the agent was that mad when he see me coming. While I was explaining to him, a mon from Connecticut came up and said he wanted a farm hand, asked me if I could drive oxen.

"I'm a plowboy," sez I, "sure an I've drove oxen. The sworn judges give a yoke half an hour longer to plow four 'roads' than they do a team of horses."

This Connecticut farmer was a rich man, but not as rich as Mr. Fox, had two hired men and a good farm. The oxen understood a different language than I used but I got on to it. In the old country when you want the oxen to turn toward you you say, "Gee-agon"; to turn away "whoa-haw-Gee-agon" - like that. In America they just say "Gee" and "Haw."

Next job, I hired out for a year on a big farm in Orange County. We milked forty cows and sold the milk in New York City. After that I went to Illinois and hired out for another year. I went to San Francisco on the Union Pacific when it was finished. Construction crews were still working on it in places. I worked in California two or three years, then went back to Illinois, where I hired out to a farmer whose cousin came from the Rocky Mountains. It was Robert MacIntosh, a Scotchman, looking for a wife.
MacIntosh had a horse ranch on Snake River and I went back with him. That's how I first came to Colorado. It was in the 'seventies but I can not tell you the year. I have never been in a school-house a day in my life.

There were very few people on Snake River at that time. Let me name them for you: Starting at Baggs there was Baggs, a big cowman; John Foote, another; Frank Hare, another; Charles Perrrkins, a store man and mail carrier; Robert MacIntosh with horses; Reader, three or four thousand cattle; yes, and Joe Morgan with a ranch on Snake River (taken after 1879 ?).

I went to work first at Hahn's Peak for one month, then put me blanket on me back and went down Bear River a-foot. I could have had me pick of the best land on that river but, no, like a damfool I went to work for Charles Perrkins at $45 a month, driving freight teams from the railroad to Meeker. He had good horses and I drove fours and six's. I didn't use the jerk line. I had four reins and set on the wagon seat. I held the lines to my wheelers and leaders and tied the swing team lines to the brake comb. Each freight outfit had a lead and trail wagon. We loaded two tons on the lead wagon and a ton and a half on the trail. Oats for the teams was loaded on the trail as extra weight. Our horses weighed from 1,200 to 1,500 lbs. After feeding them their grain we turned them loose at night without hobbles. They did not go far from the wagons and were on hand for their oats in the morning.

Jim Baker was in the country in them days. I used always to see him at Perrkines' store drinkin'. John Baker, his brother, was more of a man to tend to business.

Wilbur Hugus was a store mon at Fort Steele, had a big warehouse there. When we were freighting we would pull from Fort Steele to Rawlins for the first day of the trip, 'twas 16 to 20 miles. The next day we hauled to Sixteen Mile, 'twas a spring where Perrkines had a mail station.
Another sixteen miles and we unhocked at The Willows, another spring and always lots of sage hens, yes; then sixteen miles of heavy sand to the Muddy; then twelve or thirteen of rough going to Muddy Cabin; and ten miles the next day to Baggs. 'Twas eighteen or twenty miles to the next stop at Dummy & Craney's, and the next day we made to--I want to tell you this right--There is no use telling it if it is not right--But I can't remember--t'is because I have never been in school a day in my life. After the stop I can't remember we made to Tom Emerson's on Lay Crick, fifteen or sixteen miles northwest of Bear River. From there it was twelve or thirteen miles across Axial Basin to Spring Creek on the edge of the mountains. The next day we made the divide. We could camp anywhere, mountain water and good grass. Then we had a down hill pull through Nine Mile to Meeker.

I remember Littlefield, a small chunky fellow, kind of sub-agent. Meeker was tall and thin; a pleasant man to meet. Buffalo Bill was at the agency - the man who had had the contract to kill buffalo for the railroad crews. He had a bad eye, people were afraid of him. He took Hot up Juniper/Springs and traded them later to Mrs. Failing, a relative, who runs the resort there now.

I took up forty acres on Collum Crick. Joe Collum and the Morgans all had places there. In the fall of '79, me and another man was loading out of Rawlins when we heard about the massacre. This other man was headed for White River; me for my place on Collum Crick. We each had a wagon and one team, a 50-70 Sharps' and 100 bullets each and decided to go ahead, Indians or no Indians. We never saw a redskin on the trip. With them big guns we could have opened up on the Indians before they got close to us. The Indians did not have many guns until the fight. But when the battle come off they had plenty. They had some friends who supplied them. I don't think it was Perkins nor do I think it was the Morgans, but they
had some friends somewhere. I don't know who it was.

I was loaded with 2,500 pounds of barbed wire and grub — didn't have to go out again for two years. Also I had two bar-room chairs, - one for meself and one for any man who visited me.

When we got to Spring Creek, sez I, to the other freighter, "Un-look your outfit and come to my farm on Collum Creek. I've got some new po-taa-toes in the ground." He did, we dug them, had a feed, - an' set in the chairrs.

When the soldiers started coming in the country I had another place on Stinkin' Water north of Snake River. I had chickens there and sold eggs to the soldiers - and whiskey. I never drink meself, - was only drunk once in me life.

I didn't take up any of these ranched that I have on Bear River where the government bridge is, - bought them all. At first there was my place, the K Diamond and Duffy's. I bought the K Diamond first and Duffy's last.

Duffy was an Irishman like meself. His aunt married an Irishman who could neither read nor write but made a million. They educated Duffy to be a priest, - but he liked a good time, liked whiskey and went to dances. They sent him to every college in the country but he didn't want to be a priest—went to Leadville and finally here where he built up a good ranch and herd of cattle. He died a year or so ago. When he shipped cattle to Denver or Kansas City he always went to a dance. The girls were surprised to see an old cowman who could dance like he could. That's where he got his name "Dancing Duffy."

He and the K Diamonds spent $30,000 to tunnel through a bend in Bear River to get irrigation water for their ranches.

Kendle & Reed were the first owners of the K Diamond. They were stocks from Capitol Hill in Denver. They sold to Mr. Church, another
Rick mon, from Denver. It was Church who traded city property for the pot Hook cattle. He also bought 1,200 heifers in Old Mexico.

I was only in two sheep raids myself——

The first was when Massey pulled a herd below Cedar Mountain. I was plowing on Collum Crick when a lot of riders come by and said, "Hello, have you got a gun."

"No," sez I. "I have not got a gun." I had one in the house but I didn't want to go on the raid.

"Put up your team and come without one, then," sez they and I had to do it.

Massey had a wagon and a tent at his camp. When we rode up he told us he was on public range and he did not intent to move. One of the cowboys got off his horse, pointed the wagon tongue straights up in the air and sez, "Do you see that! We'll hang you on there if yez wont move out of the country."

When Massey see they meant business he begun to tremble and said he would go. We waited until he had packed up and was out of sight going north.

The other raid was against Geddes' outfit on lower Snake River. We went masked, held the herders to one side and clubbed nine hundred sheep to death with the spokes of the camp wagon. There were a lot of us. What could the herders do? A sheep is easy killed if you hit him in the head with a good club.

I own these ranches now and one of my boys had a herd of sheep and the other has cattle but I would have been better off if I had stayed in the old country. I went back to Ireland but I didn't like it. The trouble with white people is, no matter where we are, we are not contended.
Professor LeRoy Hafen,
Colorado Historical Society,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Professor Hafen:

I have spent a lot of time running down new clues on Susan and am submitting my discoveries. In my own mind I think that she is the old woman who died on March 5, 1901. I got into the basement of the basement of the Agency and went through a lot of disarranged papers. Missus Dan'el's date on the death of Louie Simmons is very nearly correct. Ethel was born in 1891 and Mintora in 1894. She says that Louie died between those dates.

If you get the project renewed I will be glad to try Jim Baker's daughters again. Those girls do not speak anything but English but they are Indians to the core. They are very pleasant and very hard to get anything out of. Having made their acquaintance, they might be easier to talk to now.

As regards printing the Joe Collum account, I don't think that he would have any objection. I told him that I was getting the information for the Colorado Historical Society. As I understand the libel laws one is not liable for printing anything that is true. Joe gave me information that was new to me and I do not know whether it is true or not. It is certainly a clue to work on. For publication it should be abridged. There is too much about Magg and his horsemen chasing the military guard, for good reading.

In transcribing these interviews I have put in a lot of matter that
is immaterial, in the belief that a name or an incident might be a clue to something else. I have treated the pioneer's statements purely as source material.

I have a note book full of material that will be coming in to you as time permits. I leave in the morning for Meeker and will probably see you in Denver in the next few days.

Yours faithfully,

J. Monaghan.
THE PICTURE OF SUSAN.

Every prominent Indian on the reservation has seen the picture of the so called Susan. They showed a great deal of interest in her. The chief remark was "Old fashioned dress," and the cut is very different from the buckskin dresses of modern girls. The bead work across the breast and the fringe in front is similar to the dresses worn by the Fremont women in the cliff-dwellings in Yampa Cañon.

Tim Johnson did not recognize the girl. I found only one Indian who did - an old, old woman, Tem-buitch, wife of Unca Sam. She recognized the picture instantly and identified the girl as her niece Ta-ach-che-ah-veuits. She said that this girl's family lived near Denver. In the early days they roamed the country between the Uncompagres and the White Rivers. They had no fixed abode. The place of her birth is not known. She died in an Indian camp between the Bear's Ears and Lay on Bear River while she was still a young woman. She was married, Indian custom, to Unga-pasant and had no children. Her husband died on the Uintah Reservation.

Spear Hubbard stated that she was not Susan, his mother.
CUT-CHE-AT-OFF my mother, Merry-cats call 'em Susie. He capture
by Arapaho long time ago. Catch'em out by Tansas City. Tansas City
Indian country long time ago. She live Tansas City, then white man Curtis
take him to Spanish Fork and he sent back to Ute people. Susie Un-
compagre, my mother, but live with White Rivers. Young Uncompagre mans
at White River that time but old mans go back. Susie talk about Captain
Jack, Pavits, Colorow. Susie marry Mince Yaman, big man with one eye.
She die at White Rocks, old, old woman.

ADDITIONAL NOTE BY JOHN DUNCAN;

CUT-CHEAT-OFF captured by Sioux, get away in night, go, go,
go, go, go, soon up. Sioux follow. No can see her road. Day time she hide
in willows. Sioux hunt all around. No find her. Next night she go, go,
go, go, go. White man find her. She sent back to Ute people, marry
Novitch (Big Nose), no children, die long time ago.

ADDITIONAL NOTE BY MRS. HENRY HARRIS;

Onza-te (Red deer) was an Uncompagre woman captured by the Sioux and
carried to Oklahoma. She married a Sioux man and when her baby boy was
two years old she ran away, with him. Ran north, came to big river.
She took off her buckskin dress. Tied it in bundle on head, put boy on
her back and told him to hold to her hair, hold tight. She swam big
river, swam good, but Sioux catch her when she almost home. Next time
she run away she leave baby boy with Father and hide with Mexicans. That
time she get away. That woman was grandmother to Orin Curry.

ADDITIONAL RESERVATION RECORDS ON SUSAN:

As stated in previous report the agency records on Susan are shad-
in 1897

In a forgotten roll of Indians on the reservation I found the name
of Susan aged 10 years. This girl was numbered. In 1901 an old woman
named Susan died. This old woman had the same allotment number as the
young Girl. When the land was distributed in 1905 this parcel was held
for the heirs of the old woman. The young Susan seems to have vanished
from the picture. The heirship was determined in 1916 and I have sent a copy of the conflicting testimony at the hearing. If Spear Hubbard was her son, as he states, he should have got her inheritance. The testimony shows that, "Spear Hubbard took care of her when she was little." As she was much older than Spear Hubbard the interpreter probably transposed the guardian and the guarded in the translation.

Cut-che-ah-off, Cut-cheet-chow-off, Cut-cheet-chow and Que-cheesa-rop may very probably all be the same woman. There is quite apt to be an error in my ear hearing different people pronounce the name and the name is very apt to be pronounced differently by old people remembering a sound they heard years ago. The meaning of the name is hard to determine. It has something to do with elk teeth, - perhaps woman-who-wore-elk-teeth, or elk-tooth-dress. At the time she was given her name, and known by it, the people knew what was omitted and it was not necessary to repeat it every time she was spoken of. The Ute language is full of such abbreviations. For instance; Wee-tup (old time) muuch (Indian) mamuch (woman); is spoken Wee-nu-mamuch. And "Tap puh-ah-nup puha" (Tap pencil, or writer, that writes) is just Tap puha (Tap writer). When it comes to "oats-for-butterfly-wagon-that-runs-by-itself" a young Indian will not say "gasoline" but he will say "oats-for-runs-by-itself."
Account of

BOB BRYANT, Craig, Colo.,
as told to J. Monaghan.

I was born in Arkansas in 1854. My parents moved to Illinois when I was four years old. I got my schooling there during the Civil War. When I was a man grown I came West. This is the way it happened.

I was moshed on a girl in Illinois whose father was a cattle buyer. He told me about the western country; the big wages; how shepherders got $75 per month and cowboys $45. I was a carpenter and only made $1.50 a day so it sounded good to me. There was a depression back east and work was scarce, so I landed in Pueblo in September 1877. For two years I worked at odd jobs around Pueblo and Cañon City.

The Santa Fe railroad had the Rio Grand road leased and the Grand wanted the road back. The courts wouldn't give it to them so they tried to take it by force. One day I was standing by the telegraph office near the depot. I saw Pat Desmond, the marshal, coming down the street with a squad of men. When he got opposite the telegraph office Pat said, "Ready," and his men came up with their guns. I scrunched against the wall between the window and the door. "Fire," he yelled and they shot through the door and window and me in a four foot space between them. One man in the telegraph office must have been standing up. He was shot through the middle. The other two in the office got out the back windows.

The Grand had an army to protect the Royal Gorge so the Santa Fe couldn't build through it. They were paying men $5 a day and furnishing them guns. I would have joined that army but I had another job by this time with a stage line owned by a man named Morris. There was a stage line from Cañon City to Silver Cliff. Morris ran another stage line from Pueblo to Silver Cliff. I met people getting off the train at Pueblo and talked them into taking our stage instead of going on the train to Cañon City.

Next year (1879) I freighted into Leadville from Cañon City. There was another freight road over Mosquito Pass from the C & S rail-head in
South Park. I drove that road in 1880. Skinners got $60 a month for driving six mules. There were no oxen used on either of these roads. Most outfits had a lead and trail wagon pulled by six or eight mules. Mules were shipped in by the thousand from Missouri. The men didn't understand them and they died like flies.

The mules came from a hot damp country and they were soft. They were put at hard mountain work all day. At night the skinner would pull off his harness and let the mules go down to a cold stream and drink. When they came back a nose-bag full of oats was put on them. Then the mules would get belly-aches and the next morning they would be sick. If the men worked them they'd die. If they didn't maybe they'd die anyway.

I came over Mosquito pass one day in the worst blizzard I have ever seen. When we got to the timber on the Leadville side we stopped, drug a lot of logs together with the mules and set them on fire. We were fine and warm all night. There were thirty of us freighters around that blaze. We didn't loose any of our stock but forty mules belonging to other freighters on that road died that night.

In the fall of 1880 I went back down the mountains to Wetmore. I worked there for a year or two as cowpuncher, then farmed a little, then got married. When I had a wife I wanted a home. A friend of mine, William Banks, was living on Bear River and he wrote telling how easy it was to make a living over here. I decided to come see for myself. We started with three teams and wagons and a little bunch of cattle, came across South Park, down the Blue, over the Gore and landed on Bear River in July 1885.

The massacre was over and Leadville had blew up - settlers were pouring into Bear River. They were staking out claims on all the river bottoms. Men showed me where the old Indian trading stores had been. There was one very old traders' fort nobody knew anything about. It was on the north bank of Bear River a half mile west of the present Elk Head Bridge, where the river makes a big bend, where the dividing line between Boone and Spence places are now.
The fort was a fourteen by sixteen foot cabin surrounded by a stockade of cottonwood logs. The uprights were not sharpened, just stopped off and some of them were ten feet high and some eight. It was seventy or eighty feet across the stockade corral. The men who built it had set the uprights in a trench and bound the tops of the posts together with rawhide and willows. There were two gates in the stockade, one toward the river and toward the hills. They were made of black birch, split light as boards and hung on hand-made hinges. The stockade was rounded on the river side and square on the side toward the hills.

The cabin in the middle of the stockade had a doorway and a window without a sash. The Morgan boys had camped there the first year they were in the country and had changed things around some. They built their trading post on the bench east of Elk Head the second winter.

The old cabin had rifle holes sawed in the logs. There were two rifle holes in both gable ends and looking through them you could see over the stockade. Another rifle hole was over the window. These rifle holes had had slide shutters. The groove the shutter worked in was still there.

When I first came to the country there wasn't any town at Craig. L.H. Rose and a man named Berkley had cabins where the town is now. Taylor brothers and a man named MacLaughlin had ranches on Bear River just below town. There were fifteen or twenty settlers between there and Maybell. Lay was the main post office and town of the whole country. It was the stopping place for ox teams that brought in all our supplies from the Union Pacific. My wife and I spent our first winter on Bear River at Mill and Henry Templeton's ranch below Maybell.

The country wasn't like I thought it would be. There was a mining excitement at Aspen so we hooked up the team and started. We went by way of New Castle and found another boom there. The merchant had his store in a tent and when he heard that I could cut stobs and do carpenter work anything would do but that I stop and put up a store for him. By the time we had finished, coal had been discovered and I helped sink an eighty foot
to the vein. Then I helped timber the main tunnel. While I was working at that my wife got typhoid fever and died leaving me with two babies. I brought them back to Bear River and I've been here ever since.

The cattlemen always fought the sheepmen on this river. The first outbreak I remember was against an old man on the head of Fortification. A hundred cowboys and three bed wagons went to move him. One of the wagons belonged to the Two Bar outfit and one was L7. I don't know who owned the other wagon. Word had been passed to all the cattlemen that a lot of sheep were moving in to the Fortification country. Cowboys came clear from Grand River to turn them back. Everybody thought that they were going to meet a big outfit but it was just one old gray beard with eight hundred ewes. The big outfits in Wyoming had put up a job on him, telling him this was open range. He had crossed Snake River and found a good lambing ground. He said he was sorry and if they would let him finish lambing he would go back. The cowboys felt foolish and rode off.

I'm sure that wasn't in the eighties. I was working for road superintendent Brotherton when the cowboy delegation from Burn's Hole and Eagle county came by. That was in 1893 or '94. The delegations all met at Craig, bought supplies and started up Fortification.

Massey was the next man. He got a herd as far as Cedar Mountain three or four years after that. The cowboys MOVEd him. Massey told me, "If it wasn't for my wife and kids I'd make them kill me right here, before I'd move a step."

There were other troubles. The cattlemen were determined to keep sheep out. They drove them out time and again but sheep kept coming back. Most of the killings were on the public domain but not all of them. George and Charlie Wooley had three hundred sheep on their ranch just east of Craig in 1903. They ran cattle too. The sheep paid better than the cattle so the Wooley boys dealt for more sheep. When George went out to receive them the cowboys around Craig came to his house one night and clubbed
most of his sheep to death in the corral. Charles was at the other ranch across the river that night. There was nobody home but Mrs. Wooley, the children and the hired man. Charles sent word to George what had happened and he didn't bring in the big bunch.

Now the country is all sheep. It came about this way. The cattle overstocked the range until it got too short to be any good. Homesteaders took up most of it and the Forest Service permitted sheep to graze on the summer range. The sheepmen leased the homesteads that were taken up and pretty soon they had the whole thing.

Like everybody else I lost a little money in the Four Mile Placers. C.W. Law had enough capital to put in a good ditch for that placer ground and he made money, but he was the only one who did.

The last fight with the Indians came about this way. In the summer and fall of 1896 an army of cowboys had put Edwards' big sheep outfit out of the country. Now they wanted to get rid of the Indians. People coddled the game warden about being afraid of the Utes and he went down the river to make a rep for himself. His men caught a big Ute and were tying him on his horse to take him to town. Another buck in camp didn't like it, swapped ends with his rifle and popped Al Shaw, one of the rangers, behind the ear. Then the shooting started and several Indians were killed. Both sides backed off to take items. When Craig heard about it he said all the young fellows in the country started down the country looking for Indians and the Indians flew for the reservation. I was working for John W. Lowell in Lily Park when the thing happened. We saw the Indians go by after the fight. Some of their horses had packs and others wore harness with poles attached to their sides and baskets swinging from the poles. The Utes went down the north side of the river, crossed at the mouth of Disappointment and went over Blue Mountain.

Jack White and Tom Armstrong came down to Lily Park and told us about the fight, said they expected the Indians on the reservation to come back for revenge. They rode off up Snake river canyon and in a
couple of hours they were ambushed by some Indians who were still in the
country. The cowboys lost their horses and saddles but saved their lives.
Jack White died of typhoid before spring. I saw him when the worst was
passed. He said, "I'm going to make her, Bob." He was hungry and the
doctor wouldn't let him eat all he wanted. He got up at night, went to
the pantry, filled up and died.

After White and Armstrong had give us the word we hit out for Lay.
A hundred and twenty settlers from the lower country were bunched there
for two weeks.

We had left Lily Park in a hurry and Bill Templeton and I slipped
back to fix things so we could be gone for a spell. Coming back we left
the Park at dark and took the trail over Cross Mountain. When we got
on top I heard some hoofs on the trail ahead. We jumped out horses over
a ledge and lay quiet. The trail was on the sky-line and we could have
seen the Indians if they had come along. Then I heard a whistle, kind of
a snort, and I knew it was cattle that had spooked us.

After the sheep and the Indians were cleaned out the big outfits
started to kill off the little fellers to make room. Matt Rash was the
first to go. I don't think he was a rustler. He had a ranch in Brown's
Park and that was the main winter range for Haley's Two Bar outfit. Haley
didn't want any settlers down there so he got Tom Horn to kill them. Nig-
ger Isam was killed for the same reason. Isam was a nice nigger, big
grinnin' feller, always showin' a row of white teeth. Next Tom Horn took
a shot at Longhorn Thompson and missed. Thompson moved to the house next
door to me in Craig. One evening Thompson opened the door to go down town.
A man was standing by a little tree in my yard. Thompson shut the door and
saw up the idea of going down town. Just as that happened I stepped out
the back door of my house and came around the corner. The man started
for the gate. I said, "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, just looking around," It was Horn. I recognized him plain, —
only we called him Mr. Hicks in them days.
From then on Thompson never stepped out of the house after dark and you never could see a light in that house either. Thompson moved to Vernal in a few days.

George Banks claimed Horn missed a shot at him on the range but that was somebody/with a personal grudge working in Horn's shadow.

Brown's Park on the border of three states, got to be a regular pest hole. Whenever anything turned up missing people said its gone to Brown's Park - and it generally had. Finally posses from Wyoming, Colorado and Utah combined in that country to clean it. They had a good round-up and split up the prisoners, giving them to the state where they had the worst punishment coming. I was in Craig when they brought out Lant and Tracy, taking them to the County seat in Hahn's Peak. Tracy was shackled upstairs in the Craig Hotel, now the Aristocrat.

He and another feller went up to see him. This feller with me had bought a new lariat rope and had it on his arm. Tracy looked at him and said, "My God, boy, are you bringing the rope already?"

Tracy was a big jolly fellow and we sat and listened to him spin yarns for two hours. He told about all the meanness he had done and laughed said he was in New York once and was broke so he stepped into a big house, found some money in a table drawer and was putting it into his pocket when in walked a woman. "I beg your pardon," said Tracy. "Does Mr. Smithers live here?"

"No," said the lady. "He lives down the block. I'll show you the house."

Tracy said that he didn't know there was a Mr. Smithers in New York until then but he guessed there was.

Another time he said he broke jail and didn't have enough money to get a meal. He saw a kid playing with a cap pistol, took it, stuck up a man and got his money.

The law could knock Tracy down but it never took him long to get a start in life again. He's better than I am that way. Here about five years
ago I spent eighteen thousand dollars for a cow ranch and had some money in the bank besides for a reserve. The first year I shipped a car load of steers and they brought $3,100. The next year I shipped two car loads of steers and they brought $2,700. The next year I had to ship some old cows. I shipped three car loads and they brought $2,100. That wasn't enough to pay my interest and taxes so I lost the ranch. Then the bank closed and I'm flat broke today. That's the history of one man out West. And Judge J. Foster Symes only gave the crooked banker who took the last of my lifetime's savings, eighteen months in the penitentiary.
Bear and White River, in northwestern Colorado, rise in a volcanic wasteland over ten thousand feet high, known as the Flat Tops; a level alpine meadow tufted with picturesque clumps of Engelmann spruce and jeweled with millions of glittering lakes. At this altitude the baby rivers, with clear small voices crying in the rocks, splash, foaming into deep, somber canyons, gloomy with forests of lodge-pole pine and spruce. As the twin streams flow to lower elevations the spruce give way to trembling waves of aspen on hillsides knee deep with wild flowers. Still lower, at the foot-hill elevations, a geological fault, running north and south, creates a zone of saw-toothed ridges, covered with scrub oak; an impenetrable barrier between the high mountain or "upper" country and the sea of desert or "lower" country stretching to the Utah line; the summer and winter ranges of the game herds.

The twin rivers run parallel for a hundred and fifty miles and in that distance traverse every change in flora and fauna from the arctic tundras of Labrador to the sun burnt deserts of Sonora. On the highest peaks are found big-horn sheep. In the timber at lower elevations are elk and mule deer, on the flats of the lower country, antelope and in the deep desert canyons below the flats, big-horn sheep appear once more - just as they appear in the green mountains of British Columbia and reappear in the rocky wastes of old Mexico.

Early journalists state that the best and biggest buckskins from the Rockies were obtained from the Indians in this area. Buffalo were the only typical western game that did not flourish in this country, having all been killed off, according to Indian tradition by the hard winter of 1886. Only five hundred red men subsisted on the game multitudes in this year and consequently made no impression on them whatever.

When the Indians were removed from White River for massacreing their agent, Meeker, in 1879, the country was immediately overrun by speculators with big appetites and small incomes, from the waning mines at
Elk and deer made regular migrations, spring and fall, from the mountains to the desert country, and knocked down settlers' fences and consumed their hay in a single night. Elk that by 1934, learned to winter in deep snow on the roughest foot-hills, wintered in the treeless flats in the 'ninties.' It was not uncommon to see twenty bands of elk on an afternoon's ride on the desert in winter. This accounts for such incongruous names as Elk Springs and Wapiti Peak in places that are a hundred miles from the nearest elk range.

In December, 1893, the Craig newspaper reported, "Thousands of elk are pulling from the mountains for the lower country" and two years later, "...are pulling (through town) daily to the elk hunting ground."

Of all the game, mule deer were the most numerous. On their annual migration long lines of them could be seen extending from the top of one mountain, across the valley to the top of the next mountain. Hillsides that were brilliant with flowers one afternoon would be mowed as by a herd of sheep in a single night. Settlers killing their winter supply of meat would wait on game trails and let hundreds of deer pass, shooting only the fattest.

Antelope swarmed like bees in the lower country. From the store windows at Craig their white rumps could be seen sparkling like salt crystals in the surrounding plains. A band of five thousand ranged on the flat between Bear River and Williams' Fork. To the north of Bear River where the plains extended into Wyoming, they were countless as grains of sand and were shot for sport alone. In a hot month of April, when meat will not keep, I read, "A.G. Wallace shot fifteen fat antelope and has them hanging on the end of the Lay post office."

Such multitudes of game were despised by the stockmen as a menace to the grasslands, but were a source of revenue to settlers trying to get a start in life. A settler on upper White River remembers that in the fall of 1889, he shipped 700 deer hides to Back & Beckman, Chicago. His
neighbor shipped 500. Folded four ways with the hair in, and baled, they
netted $1.25 apiece. A settler on Bear River traded 100 quarters of elk
to Charles Perkins for whiskey. Another shipped 22,000 pounds of venison
to Denver at one time in 1896. The freight wagons that brought supplies
into the country had a profitable back-haul to the railroad carrying such
loads.

The first butcher shop opened in Craig in 1889, and closed within
thirty days. Nobody would buy meat when it could be shot from the door-
step.

Hide hunting was a business in itself. As late as 1896, "carcasses
(of deer might) be found all over the hills and there is one continuous
har of guns from daylight to dark." 20

An English visitor to the country wrote in 1895; "I visited a store
in a little settlement just across the line in Wyoming where I saw 1,500
or 2,000 hides of deer in bales awaiting transportation. There were great
piles of deer and elk heads in the ware house and every indication was
presented of wholesale destruction among the game of the country." 21

When a game law was passed in the winter of 1892, the local news-
paper supported by stockmen who wanted the grass, declared: "The present
game law is a farce; it is absurd to restrict the number of deer allowed
each hunter," 22 and a year later, "The elk will soon come down from the snow
backs and the settlers will replenish their larders, though the law says
they 'dissent'." 23

This law prohibited the killing of elk, deer and antelope except
from August 1st to November 1st, and limited every one to one deer, one
elk and one antelope in his possession at one time. 24

The editor of the Craig newspaper announced, "If they think that
the settlers of this and adjoining counties will deny the game to themselves,
they are completely off their base. Whenever a settler needs meat he will
still do it as heretofor, and kill as many deer or elk as he can use - at any
This attitude toward the game was not confined to the stockmen and settlers alone. In 1893, J. F. Murray, state superintendent of schools, while visiting Bear River in July, killed a buck and was so proud of the fact that he reported it to the Steamboat paper. And in June 1895, with perfect unconcern, the Craig paper stated that Mr. W.H. Tucker (one of the founders of Craig) failed to get a deer on his recent outing because he had forgotten his cartridges.

When two men were arrested in 1896, for killing five elk on Bear River in January, the newspaper announced with satisfaction; They were given "the lowest fine that can be imposed under the state laws." However the turn in the tide was at hand. "Each year sees an increased revenue from sportsmen. Each party leaves from $500 to $1,000 in the country. Hide hunters should be given the full extent of the law so the game will be preserved for settlers and sportsmen."

And in December, 1896, "Citizens of Meeker are endeavoring to effect a game protective association." And in January, 1896: "Many citizens of Craig favor prohibiting the killing of elk for a period of three years."

However, this sentiment did not grow as fast as the elk herd shrank and (1910) fourteen years later the band of elk north of Bear River which was said to have numbered 20,000 in 1880 had only fifteen survivors. With rigid protection this little herd grew to 320 individuals by 1923, 645 by 1926 and 4,500 by 1933.

The story of the deer is approximately the same. Low tide in their numbers was reached between 1900 and 1910. At the first census taken by the Forest Service in 1923 it was estimated that 1,729 deer ranged on the Routt and White River National Forests. By 1933 this number had increased to 4,850. The gains in the game herds are satisfactory and the forest service believes that they have range available for three more the game that now grazes in northwestern Colorado.
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J. Monaghan, Interviewer

Pamphlet No. 69 missing from box. Shows on Index Sheet as "Social Aspects of Indian War of 1887."
J. Monaghan,
Interviewer

Pamphlet No. 70 missing from box.
The history of northwestern Colorado is an account of the struggle of 16,000 Steel Age people to make a living in a country that supported less than 500 Stone Age people. Northwestern Colorado, as defined above, is the drainage system of White and Bear Rivers. These twin rivers rise in high green mountains and flow down into broad deserts. The entire area is roughly 135 miles long and 35 miles broad. A line drawn north and south through Craig and Meeker divides the area into the upper, or mountain, and lower, or desert country. This geographical division is important in the history of northwestern Colorado because a different class of people settled the two areas and developed them differently.

1879 is the first date of any importance in the development of northwestern Colorado. It is the date of the Meeker Massacre and the opening of the great silver camp at Leadville. These unrelated occurrences are the main factors in the country's development.

Before the Massacre, White River supported twelve agency employees. Bear River supported two Indian traders, Joe Morgan and Charles Perkins. Perhaps a dozen additional men made a living in the country by driving teams from Rawlins, Wyoming, to the Indian Agency. The few stockmen who raised their herds on Bear River north of the reservation, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Northwest of the reservation was the little mining town of Hahn's Peak close to the Wyoming line. On Bear River, where Creede would later stand, was a post office on Smart's Ranch and a store at Major Thompson's, but there was nothing that could be dignified by the name town. In 1873, Steamboat Springs was only "Crawford's homestead."

The Meeker Massacre was first page news in every paper in the land. It gave the country wide publicity, but opening the reservation did not have a "rush" similar to the opening of the Oklahoma Strip. Settlement was gradual. Sheep came in 1882; a few cattle herds in 1883; many cattle in 1884. With the cattle of 1884 came Leadville miners with recently acquired fortunes to be invested, or broken hopes to be forgotten. The next half decade was the boom years in northwestern Colorado.
The miners settled among the peaks and green meadows that they understood, a broken country suitable for many small farms. It was not the traditions of the range but the miners' credo that shaped the destiny of the upper country.

The plainsmen, stockmen by birth and training, settled on the desert. This selection of land was a paradox, for the upper country grew the best feed for stock and the sand bars of the lower country contained the gold. This unequal settlement of the country was still noticeable in 1934 when one tenth of the area, a little strip of upper country, contained twice the population of all the rest of the country drained by the two rivers. It is noticeable in history that the upper country, with its majority, always took the lead, the lower country always followed.

During the soldiers' occupation immediately after the massacre, a road and telegraph line were built from the Union Pacific railroad to Fort Meeker. Two mail stations were built by the soldiers on this freight road, Easts and Lay (named for a lieutenant's sweetheart).⁷

When the soldiers abandoned Fort Meeker in 1883, the barracks were converted into stores and residences and the old post became the distributing center of the northwest. During the summer months the parade ground between the old officers' quarters and the barracks, were a solid mass of freight wagons waiting to load and unload at the Huges warehouse.⁸

The names of two famous bull-whackers have been preserved in folk-tales of these by-gone days - Frank Kelsey and Denis Caloney.⁹ Kelsey has been remembered for his picturesque profanity and urchins in Meeker in 1934, repeat his phrases with relish. Caloney is remembered for his Celtic independence and ability. His outfit consisted of nine wagons, hooked in units of threes, each unit pulled by nine yoke of oxen. Denis is said to have rolled a hundred thousand rounds of freight into
Wecker on a single trip. Once when returning to Rawlins empty, he discharged both his helpers and drove the three sets of wagons, pulled by fifty-four oxen into Rawlins alone: "Hejusas, Denis Caloney never owned more bulls that he could drive himself."  

The first change brought about in the country by the Leadville miners was the abolition of work-cattle. Oxen had not been fast enough to get supplies to the mining camps where money was no object. When Leadville freighters moved into northwestern Colorado they brought their teams with them. Running up and down beside a line of plodding oxen did not suit men used to riding in a saddle on the "nigh-wheeler" where he could control six and eight horses with a "jerk-line." When a fewer number of horses were used, these Leadville teamsters sat on the wagon-seat and drove.

By 1885, the Leadville teams had supplanted every ox drawn outfit on the Rawlins road but one, and it was taken off the stage a year later.

This change in two years from work-cattle to horses had far-reaching effects on the development of the country. The oxen were turned loose on the range and fattened marvelously, making big profits for their owners. This was the origin of the small cowman. The big cowman, the big sheepman and the small cowman became the three contenders for the range.

That the number of small cowmen grew rapidly is not surprising. Possessed of small farms that would eventually raise wheat awarded the Grand Premium at Chicago, the original owners were miners, not farmers. It was twelve years after the country had been opened to settlement before the Cheyenne Herald announced with surprise and satisfaction, that Potatoes could be raised satisfactorily.

With the advent of the small cowman the range soon reached the saturation point and some class of livestock had to be precipitated. The passing of the game herds helped to some extent. The next demonstration was made against the common enemy of all, - the Indian. - who with
hundreds of horses and some 5,000 sheep, were put out of the upper country in 1887. The lower country, still thinly populated, did not participate, in fact sympathized with the Indians.

With the upper country free from both game and Indians, it was still overstocked. Sheep and cownmen, who had agreed on expelling the Utes, now found themselves in a dispute over the range they had won. Still in accord, they combined against emigrant or "tramp sheep outfits" and the demonstrations of 1893 put a stop to such emigrants. With success, and a sentiment aroused against sheep, the resident owners were put off White River in 1894, off Bear River in 1895, and off Snake, the main tributary of Bear, in 1896. Then the lower country, always following the lead of the upper, in action if not in thought, published the Declaration of Rights and put sheep off the desert, in January 1897. With this accomplished, the lower country, following the example of the upper country ten years previously, opened a campaign against the last stronghold of the Utes in the north-west.

Cleaning them out was a small task but it could not be accomplished immediately after the departure of the last sheep, because the Indians visited Colorado but once a year, in the hunting season in the fall.

There had been considerable agitation for some years, for the game warden to arrest the red hunters and intimidate them from coming on their annual trips. However, the game department seems to have been largely political and the appointees had no stomach for war. The local citizens pleaded for the appointment of a local man who would understand local needs and prosecute the red men. This plea was granted in 1896 and a choir singer in Craig received the commission, went to the lower country two months after the Utes had returned to the reservation and reported them gone.

The movement of Griff Edwards' sheep followed this report and kept the citizenry interested until the middle of the winter. With the last sheep gone, everybody knew that the following fall would bring the
Indian trouble to a head. A new warden, G.W. Wilcox, was appointed with the avowed purpose of prosecuting the Indians.

The summer dragged slowly by. As fall approached, settlers began to watch anxiously for the Indians. Would they be disappointed? On October 16th, it was reported "The Utes are coming up." 26 "Deputy Game Warden Wilcox left yesterday to make preparations for a descent on the Indians in the western part of the state." 27 Wilcox and ten deputized cowboys met the Utes on October 24th. 28 It is thought that five Indians were killed. 29 On October 25th the Indians ambushed three of the possessors, unhorses them, burned a deserted ranch house and hay-stack and fled to Utah. An investigation followed that lasted well into the winter. The cowboys were exonerated. 30 So with resident and non-resident sheep and the Indians all expelled, the range had been won for cows — but it was still overstocked.

Nothing to do now but for the big and little owners to see which could annihilate the other.

The first hint that all was not well between the big and little settlers occurred immediately after their combined forces had hanged Jack Edwards in the upper country. That was in June. In July appeared the following announcement in the Craig Empire: —

**NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.**

From and after July 1, 1896, all persons coming to our round-up and possessed or ranches for accommodations, will be charged 25¢ per meal and 25¢ per day for wrangling horses and hauling bedding. It has been the custom of certain parties to take up and ride horses belonging to our outfit and also to drive our bulls off the range to be run with their cattle. Hereafter in no case will any person be allowed such privileges.

Ora Haley.
J.C. Temple.

In the lower country, the last sheep walked out on January 9th.

On January 16th a mass meeting for thanksgiving was held at Hayden at which the citizens declared that now when the country was rid of sheep, war should be inaugurated against prairie dogs. Dissent broke out between the big and little owners at this meeting and it was evident that
The next war would be fought against one another.

The large cattle owners wanted a law enacted to prosecute settlers who did not supply sufficient bulls for the range. Some form of punishment must be meted out to riders who had no visible reason for being on the range, yet who disturbed the grazing cattle and prevented them from fattening.

In April, Ora Haley filed a fifty-three page complaint against the Routt County commissioners for seizing his cattle for taxes. The rift between the big owners and the settlers who controlled the elections was growing.

In May, a local association of cattlemen resolved: "WHEREAS, Non-residents (Haley was a Wyoming man.) have unscrupulously and sudaciously turned loose hundreds of head of stock upon the range," etc. And in June: "Moved, seconded and carried, that no member be allowed to gather any stock for anyone whatever unless he be a member of this association, or other associations throughout the country."

These range wars are much the same in the development of any grazing country. The big outfits have so many cattle that they cannot keep all their calves branded. They claim that the little men on the range brand them for themselves and build up herds of stolen cattle rapidly. The little men claim that the big outfits in moving from the upper to the lower country, drive off the little men's cattle, eat them on their round-ups, ship them with their steers. "They're worse thieves than we are, who only take a slick-ear now and then." Associations always bloom like flowers in May. Sometimes these associations are composed of big owners, sometimes of small. In the latter nineties there were fifteen cattle associations in northwestern Colorado, known by such names as The Williams' Fork Cattlegrowers' Association, The Axial Basin Cattlegrowers' Association, The Vampa Valley Cattlegrowers' Association, etc. Then a sixteenth was formed by a group of men notorious for the liberties they took with other men's calves, called the Honest Man's Cattlegrowers' Association.
The last sheep walked out of the country in January, 1897. The last Indian in October. In the spring of 1898, the cattle war commenced. It was most violent in the lower country between Haley's big outfit and the small cattlemen. Here in a basin ten miles wide and thirty-five miles long, known as Brown's Park, six men were killed and three sent to the penitentiary between February 1898 and October 1899, - as many casualties as the entire county had known in the twenty years of its existence.

This range war did not stop with the turning of the century. The Queen Anne Trial almost a decade later was another phase of the dispute and called out the only special edition of the Craig Courier that was ever published. Assassination as a means of controlling the small owners was resorted to as late as 1914.37

The final determination of the use of the range was not settled in 1934. Sheep, Indians, game, all made renewed attempts to claim their own.

The Geddes Sheep Company bought out Jack Edwards' interests and believing the Colorado cowboys bluffing, sent a herd of 2500 ewes into the state, as a "feeler" and had a thousand of the sheep clubbed to death on lower Snake River. In 1908 Charles Wooley had 300 farm ewes clubbed to death in his barn yard five miles from Craig. In 1919 several herds advanced into the forbidden country from Utah. Two herds were raided, a herder killed, but the march continued. It is interesting to note that in 1896, one of the complaints registered against sheep was that they "poison and destroy flowers;" in 1920 sheep were found to have an odor offensive to cattle. Some of the sheepmen questioned this and in 1925 offered a wager of a thousand dollars in the Meeker Herald, that cattle would survive sheep on an overstocked range. The bet was not settled but in 1926, a sheepman's hay was burned and poison was put out for two different herds.

The Indians showed as much reluctance to leave the country as the
sheepmen and returned in 1904, 1906, 1908, 1913, 1929.

Friends of the game continued to fight for its protection, and were opposed by both sheep and cattlemen. As late as 1933, a stockman's association passed a resolution against the Forest Service's policy of withdrawing grazing ground for game refuges.

As Jack Edwards said when he was defeated in 1897, "The sheep war is not dead, I suppose it will go merrily on."
1. Records at Fort Duchesne Agency.
5. Tom Morgan, Jensen, Utah.
7. Tom Warren, Meeker, Colo.
10. Simp Harp, Meeker, Colo.
11. Ed Houghay, Craig, Colo.
12. Simp Harp, Meeker, Colo.
13. Ibid.
15. Tom Wise, Craig, Colo.
17. Ed Hall, Meeker, Colo.
18. Al Strahlike, Meeker, Colo.
20. Ibid., Sept 14, '94.
23. Ibid., Dec. 27th, 1896.
24. Ibid., Dec. 5th, 1896.
25. Ibid., Jan 2nd, '97.
26. Ibid., Oct 16th, 1897.
27. Ibid.
28. Ibid., Nov. 6th, 1897.
29. Henry Templeton, Maybell, Colo.
30. Craig Empire, Jan 1st, 1898.
31. Ibid., July 4th, 1896.
32. Ibid., Jan. 16th, 1897.
33. Ibid., April 24th, 1897.
34. Ibid., May 22nd, 1897.
35. Ibid., June 12th, 1897.
36. Ralph MacLaughlin, State Bridge, Colo.
37. Death of Mike Flynn.
38. Craig Empire, Nov. 18, 1899.
41. Ibid., Jan 23rd, 1897.
Pamphlet No. 72

Diagram Colorow-Geneology.
1834-1932.

Family Tree - in pocket of inside back cover this volume.
# PAY ROLL OF EMPLOYEES OF THE INDIAN SERVICE

For services rendered during the period from __________ to __________, at __________.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Authority Number</th>
<th>Place of Employment</th>
<th>Time Employed</th>
<th>Compensation</th>
<th>Deductions</th>
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<td>Jam</td>
<td>Chief</td>
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**Remarks:**
- Service of person copying from the full payroll should be submitted to the D.S.O. in charge of the office, or any other 法人 who may order pay to be increased or reduced.$\{Son of Chief$\}
White men weren't allowed on the reservation and while I was working for Meeker he heard of a trespasser. Meeker told me, "Go find out that man's business."

I took an Indian woman named Jane (Red Jacket Jane) and her husband Pah-veets and a pack horse. Pah-veets rode ahead and he never took his eyes off that man's track. Jane rode behind and never took her eyes off the hills. We rode on a trot, up hill and down. Finally the track went into a little wash. and Jane said, "There he is! There he is! Across the wash." We stopped in the bottom and the Indians asked me, "We find 'em. What we do now?"

"Let's ride up to him," I said, "and have a talk."

He was no only but a new settler who was riding around to see if he could sell some butter and eggs and such stuff.

Jane may have worked for Mrs. Meeker just before the massacre but if she did it was after I quit them. She never worked for her when I was there. Jane could talk good English and had lived with white people and she told me she would rather live with Indians as equals than with whites and be called "a squaw."

The White River Indians had horses and sheep. They didn't have cattle. The government had six or seven hundred head of cattle branded I D (Indian Department), that they man for the Utes. These belonged to the Indians I guess, but the government took charge of them.

I remember an Indian once, named Jenkins shot another Indian, a medicine-man, right at the agency. Jenkins's wife had died and he killed the medicine-man for not saving her. The medicine-man lived for two days after he was hit.

Yes, I remember Douglas, the little son-of-a-tinker. He is the only Indian I ever saw who had a moustache.

In 1878 I took up a ranch on Collum Creek and cut a hundred tons of hay on the meadows. Next summer I cut the hay again. There wasn't
from Perkins but pulled out with his stuff and delivered it to him on
Snake River. We hadn't been there but a couple of days when General
Merritt come along with a lot of soldiers.

Wilbur Hugus made a business of following soldiers with a sutler's
outfit. Wilbur was a brother of the Judge Hugus who had a chain of
stores in this country ten and twenty years later. When Merritt's
soldiers piled in on White River, Wilbur Hugus followed them. He wanted
to get his goods moved to the new fort. I had a team of oxen that could
walk as fast as horses and got the job. On the way to White River we
camped one night on the battle ground. The dead were not buried very
deep. Soldiers came back later and moved them. The grass had been
burned and my oxen quit us in the night. Next morning I left Wilbur
Hugus in camp and set out to find them. I rode all day. They had
gone home to my place on Collum Crick and I found them in the meadow,
and started back after dark. When I got to Mountain Meadows I saw
some tents. I was tired and awful hungry. I jumped my horse across a
ditch and rode up to the first tent I come to. It was Captain Henry's.
The white horse cavalry was camped there. Captain Henry came bouncing
out and said, "Who are you?"

I told him.

"Don't you know you will be shot for riding into a camp like that?"

"Captain Henry," I said, "I didn't think the soldiers would shoot
without halting me first. I didn't mean no harm. I'm hungry."

He gave me a bite to eat and kept me prisoner by the fire all night.

"Captain Henry," I said, "This ain't right. If that property of
Hugus's is stolen, it will be your fault.

Next morning he turned me loose and I rode to the battleground.

My wagon was empty. "Now who's got away with my load," I thought. Then
I saw a black horse tied in the brush. "Humph," I said, "That's a trap.
They want me to go to that horse and if I do, as like as not, I'll catch
it. I looked around some more. Then I decided to go to that horse anyway. He didn't have a brand on him. That made me think he was an Indian pony. I untied him and led him back to Mountain Meadows. I wanted to tell Captain Henry he had made me lose my load. The horse I was riding was getting tired. I wondered if the horse I was leading was broke. He seemed gentle but there weren't any saddle marks on him. Finally, I took a chance and put my saddle on him. He didn't mind that so I got on him and rode to Captain Henry's camp.

Captain Henry told me that Wilbur Hugus had sent a man from White River to get the freight and the black horse belonged to that man. So I rode him to White River. There was a big camp there with lots of soldiers.

The man who had the contract to furnish these soldiers with beer did not show up so John Gordon and Wes Travers got a new contract. They furnished the soldiers with beef all winter. They bought four steers from Baggs, the cattleman, to do it with. Nobody could prove it but we all knew they must have been butchering I D cattle to fill that contract.

There was a lot of that kind of thing going on. Young fellow, you can figger this; If there was a white man around an Indian agency or an army camp he wasn't there for his health. I know for a fact that rations were shipped to White River; condemned; bought by Hugus and sold back to the soldiers. John Gordon was in with Hugus in that mixup. United States Marshal Al MacGarger was sent in to arrest them. MacGarger deputized John Baker to arrest Gordon. He took Hugus himself. Gordon ducked into the brush and got away while Baker was bringing him down White River. MacGarger sent Hugus with some troops to Rawlins.

MacGarger was a corker, whiskey controlled him. After the soldiers had been gone a couple of days with Hugus, MacGarger got excited, deputized a lot of us to follow him.
We left White River on a big lope. One man's horse played out at Axial, another threw up his tail at Duffy's on Bear River and the third quit at Lay.

What was left of us caught up with the soldiers at Snake River, and MacGarger rode up to the officer in charge and said, "I have come for my prisoner."

"MacGarger," said the officer, "we'll not give him to you but if you want to ride in the ambulance with him you are welcome to go on to Rawlins."

MacGarger studied a minute. Then he says to us, "You boys go up Snake River to my ranch stay all night and feed your horses. In the morning take the east road by the grove and meet us at camp tomorrow night. We'll find out whose prisoner this is." Then he got in the ambulance.

Next morning we started from his ranch by the east road. We were packin' a lunch and when we got to the grove we set around eatin' it, when here come a rider on a big horse, steppin' wide, his head in the air. The man had his hat off and he waved it and yelled? "Hurray for the world."

It was MacGarger!

When he rode up he said, "Boys, we got to hurry back to White River and keep things straight there."

So we had took a two hundred and fifty mile ride and bed-rocked three horses, all for nothing. Why of course they had bought him off. Humph! Quite a MacGarger.

I don't know anything about the Indians' trouble with the game wardens except this. I was riding across Josephine Basin, south of Meeker, one day when I come to a awful pile of stuff. I see a feller and I asked him what it was. He told me, "The game warden was chasing some Indians across here. They was loaded heavy and when he got close
they cut the cinches on their packs. The Indians lost everything but their horses." I don't know what year that was. I never paid no attention. I didn't know there was going to be a history of this proposition.

I sold my ranch on Collum Crick to Gossard, the corset man. I spend my winters now with my daughter in California. This ain't an old man's country.
Professor LeRoy Hafen,
Colorado Historical Society,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Professor Hafen;

I have edited the Joe Collum account. By changing the 4th page in the manuscript you have for the page 4 I am enclosing and discarding everything after page 6 and substituting the pages 7 and 8 that I am enclosing I believe that you will have a more coherent and readable article and one that is not libelous.

I have just worked up my Templeton interview and to save me cannot get it below sixteen pages. The man's life has been interesting history. I will sent it along in a few days.

Yours faithfully,

J. Moanganian
Professor LeRoy Hafen,
Colorado Historical Soc'y,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Professor Hafen;

I just received yours of January 29th. By this time no doubt you have received some information from me on Lewis Simmons. I will collect some more as time goes on.

I hope that this project can be extended past Feb, 15th as I am just getting started and I know that I can get some interesting material if I have time. You and I know that with an Indian you have to talk the first day, ask him what you want to know the second day, have him reply "I don't know" the third day and then on the fourth day he generally tells you something.

I will see what I can do about the Colorows. They are like the Smiths and Jones.

Ouray is the most picturesque spot on the reservation. Here at the junction of the White and Green and Uniah and Hill, 200 Indians have congregated for the winter. The government buildings are all of logs with the exception of the Indian Day School. These buildings are situated on a low bluff overlooking Green River. Most of the Indians are camped under the cottonwoods on the river flats below the buildings.

About a mile south of Ouray stands the remains of an old trapper fort. Dr. Reigan, who is school teacher here thinks that this was built by Kit Carson and Capt. Lee in 1833-4. In the spring they set out to find Bridger and Fitzpatrick who were camped on Snake River? Dr. Reigan wants to check on his date and I told him that I thought he could check this by a date from you on Fitzpatrick. When were Fitzpatrick and Bridger camped on Snake river?

This old fort was originally built on the river bank. Now it is almost a mile from the river but the old dry channel still shows plainly. Some sort of the river similar to this may account for my difficulty in finding the remains of Fort Davy Crockett. The fort down here is 95 feet long and 78 feet wide. There are three rooms on the east side along the river and two on the west. The center was an open plaza. There are large bastions capable of holding ten men each on the opposite corners. One of these bastions protects a small door that leads to the river. The Ouray trader, Mr. Broom, says that there is another similar fort on down the river 20 miles. He says that it is located on the east bank of the river and that it is constructed...
The CWA enumerator has just been here and he reports that there are 231 White River Utes, 438 Uncompagres and 546 Uintahs. In all conversations it is noticeable that the Uncompagres are considered, and consider themselves, outsiders from the south. The Uintahs are the only Indians who can remember anything of the old days along this river. They belonged here. The White Rivers are the bad boys. Neither of the other Indians like them. It almost lead to war when they were first settled here upon them. The Indians believe that Fort Duchesna was founded to make the Indians peaceable among themselves.

I interviewed Pete Dillman until he was too tired to talk farther. I will see him again. When I get his entire story I will send it on.

Dr. Reagan of Ouray has done quite a bit of historical research in this neighborhood. In case you do not have references on his work the Vernal Express Dec. 14th, 1933 has an article on the early trappers. He has another article on Ouray and Chipeta, entitled Chipeta Queen of the Utes, Reagan & Stark (Gov't blacksmith at Ouray) Utah State Historical Soc'y, July 1933. Also a paper now in press for Proceedings of Utah Academy of Science. You no doubt know about the Robidoux inscription in West Water cañon. If not, it is said to be located just above the Tom Lawson ranch. William M. Kirk in Vernal Express Aug 24th, 1933 gives some Ute history from 1864 to 1890.

Yours faithfully,

J. Monaghan.

J. Monaghan.
Necker, Colorado.
January 10th,
1934.

Mrs. Elizabeth Allen,
Linwood, Utah.

My dear Mrs. Allen;

Mr. Stanley Crouse tells me that you are one of the old timers in Brown’s Park. I was just over in the Park trying to locate the ruins of old Fort Davy Crockett that old journals show to have been in the Park in 1839. I searched the ground around the old Jarvis place at the upper end of the Park and around the Bridgeport house and could find no trace of an old building. There is an old dugout in the middle of the flat between Bridgeport and the Jarvis place. Mr. Crouse tells me that he is sure that this was built as a smelter, and could not have been an early fort.

I will appreciate it if you will write me in the enclosed envelope and tell me the location of any old building in the Park that was ever found by the first settlers.

The early accounts place the old fort just below the north canon and above Swallow canon. Mr. Crouse who was born in the Park was sure he knew who built every house or ruin in the park but referred me to you, for additional information.

Yours very truly,

J. Monachan
Meeker, Colorado.
January 10th, 1933.

Miss Edna Bassett,
Craw, Colorado.

My dear Miss Bassett:

A day or two ago Reverend Bridges spoke to me about writing the account of Anne Bassett that was suggested by the board for the historical research program being conducted by the Civil Works Administration, and asked me to write it with a view to the economic development of the country.

I think that you are the person to write the life of Anne Bassett rather than myself. Of course I realize that Anne has many more years to live and it is rather odd to write her life at this date but if you can give us an account of her colorful years during the settlement of the country I am sure that it will satisfy the committee and the State Historical Society will be glad to have the true, not the newspaper account of her activities.

If you care to do this please send the manuscript to me and I will forward it to the historical society.

Yours very truly,

J. Monaghan.
Meeker, Colorado.
January 12th,
1933.

Mr. John Jarvis,
Linwood, Utah.

Dear Mr. Jarvis;

I have been trying to find the remains of an old trading fort that was located in Brown's Park in 1839. This fort must have been between Red Creek and Swallow Canon. It was built of mud and logs with dirt roof and dirt floor. The fort was in the shape of a three-quarter-box brand. Do you remember ever seeing any sign of it in Brown's Park.

Were there the ruins of any cabins between Red Creek and Swallow Canon when the first settlers came to Brown's Park?

I am enclosing an envelope, stamped and addressed for your reply.

Yours very truly,

J. Monaghan.