

OLD SOURDOUGH RECALLS BITTER INDIAN FEELINGS

By J. C. REYNOLDS
Sourdough Sage and Wit of the Big Applegate Country

I LANDED in Colorado in 1876, the year it was admitted as a state. The now great city of Denver at that time was a small place, its entire police force consisting of three men. In the surrounding country Sheriff Dave Cook and his Rocky Mountain detectives kept matters well in hand.

The Utes then were a powerful Indian tribe, numbering 8,000 warriors beside the squaws and youngsters and were causing Uncle Sam a lot of grief in his efforts to civilize and control them. They were spread over the whole state and were the meanest dispositioned, most insolent and most treacherous Indians I have ever come in contact with.

They hated the whites and in a way should not be blamed for that. At that time large numbers of the trappers were suffering from a mysterious disease which their medicine men were unable to cure. I have seen scores of them with their noses rotted off, others with roofs of their mouths eaten away and still others dying from slow, malignant, festering sores.

Finally they were made to comprehend this contaminating disease was simply syphilis which their squaws had contracted in their heretofore unrestrained relations with white men.

The tribe then made a rule which was strictly enforced for a number of years afterward, that any squaw having anything to do with a white man should have her ears, nose and tongue cut off and be driven into the wilderness with whips to whatever fate awaited her there.

This was one of the things that set the Ute Indians against the whites, though they had many other grievances against the newcomers. Game was plentiful everywhere but oftentimes the Indians became too lazy to hunt for it and would set fire to the woods to drive the game out to some convenient place where they could get what they wanted without the hard labor of hunting. Many thousand acres of fine timber thus was sacrificed, which wanted destruction was certain to anger the settlers.

All over the state in the magnificent yellow pine belts could be seen millions of fine trees girdled by a foot-wide blaze and slowly dying. The Indians, wherever they camped, chipped off the outside bark with their tomahawks and hunting knives to get at the inside skin of the trees, which they made into soup. I have been told this soup is very nourishing but never tasted it, as I have a strong dislike for the flavor of turpentine.

Ouray, head chief of the Utes, and his wife Chipeta always were friendly to the whites but a lot of the sub-chiefs were not and bitterly resented Ouray's efforts to live in peace with their new neighbors. One of the hardest of these to handle was Colorow, who was cordially hated by whites and reds alike. He always was up to some wickedness and with his chosen band of cutthroats roamed the whole state raising the very devil wherever he showed up. For quite a while the government made a pet of him but it was no use. Then it was decided to take him and some other unruly sub-chiefs on a visit to Washington to show them the greatness of the country, the immense resources of their white neighbors and the thousands available, which might impress them with the futility of fighting against such overwhelming odds.

Arrived in Washington, a banquet was provided to which many notable were invited. Colorow and his Indians in their blankets, paint and feathers were silently but voraciously gorging themselves when one of the fine-haired society ladies sitting next to Colorow, with the intent to make con-

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versation, said, "Oh, Mr. Colorow, how many squaws have you?"

"Ugh! me got um six," replied the chief who could talk a little pigeon English when he wanted to.

"Oh my," said the lady, "what do you do with so many?"

Colorow's rejoinder was so terse, concise and to the point that the lady fainted and others had immediate recourse to their smelling salts. And since that day no society lady in Washington has ever dared to ask a visiting Indian too many questions. But this story has provoked much laughter around camp fires of the west among men who are familiar with the Indian habit of calling everything by its name.

One day early in summer four of us were on our way to the newly discovered gold mines of the San Juan country. Leaving

our camp on the Piedra river in a freight wagon drawn by four mules, we drove the 18 miles to the southern Ute agency on the Loa Pinos (Pine river). The trading post, an immense log building, stood in the center of this beautiful valley of several hundred acres, sprinkled here and there with stately yellow pines.

As we drove down to the river about 400 yards below the post we could see hundreds of Indians racing their ponies up and down, yelling at the top of their voices and shooting their guns into the air at intervals. Unhitching the mules, we watered and fed them and started a fire to cook our dinner. As we were getting short of coffee and tobacco, I volunteered to go up to the post and buy what we needed. Outside of the post I ran into a dense crowd

of scowling Utes, but pushed my way on through and banged on the door which appeared to be locked. Then I noticed that all the windows were closed with heavy shutters and that no one seemed to be at home.

I kept banging away though till the agent opened the door a couple of inches and inquired what the h—ll I wanted. "I want to get in and buy some coffee and tobacco," I told him.

"Good heavens, man," he replied. "I can't let you in. Don't you see all these Indians around here?"

I said "Yes, but what of it?" "Plenty," he answered. One of them killed one of Colorow's Indians this morning and he and his band are due to show up any minute and when they do there will be h—ll to pay."

He went on to explain that there would be a big battle among themselves and they probably would clean up on every white man around that they could get their hands on.

I said, "Don't you need some help? There are four of us and all well armed."

"The only help you can give me," he said, "is to get away from here and out of this valley before h—ll starts popping. It may be they won't bother the post here, but I won't be responsible for the safety of any strangers."

I went back and told the boys. "Well," they said, "we've simply got to let the mules eat and rest after that long trip and we'll just take a chance and eat some ourselves, because we have a long hard pull ahead of us."

So we did that and after an hour hitched up and went on and got out of it all right. Afterward we heard that when old Colorow rode into the valley that afternoon and started in to raise the dickens, there were enough other Indians to overawe him and make him listen to reason, so the big massacre didn't come off after all. But believe me, things looked pretty bilious around in that valley while we were there.

H. L. Gregory, Mrs. Arthur Sellers and daughters, Allene and Lucille, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mark True Sunday.

LEGAL NOTICES

4-3486

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
General Land Office at
Roseburg, Oregon

Notice is hereby given that Arthur G. Porter of Applegate, Ore-

gon, who, on November 2, 1933, made original homestead entry No. 021127, under Acts 6-6-1912 and 6-9-1916, for NW 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 19, Township 39S, Range 4W, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Victor A. Tengwald, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 8th day of July, 1937.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. S. Edwards, of Applegate, Ore.; W. M. Johnson, of Applegate, Ore.; John Pernoll, of Applegate, Ore.
GEORGE FINLEY, Register.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and for Jackson County

NELLIE RUTH COTTON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM LEE COTTON, Defendant.

SUIT IN EQUITY FOR DIVORCE SUMMONS

To WILLIAM LEE COTTON, the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby summoned and required to appear in the above entitled court and cause and answer the complaint herein against you, within 10 days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if service be made within the county of Jackson, state of Oregon, or within 20 days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if service be made within any other county of the state of Oregon, but if service be made upon you by publication, then within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons; AND IF you fail to appear and answer within the time as above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her complaint.

By order of the Honorable H. D. Norton, judge of the said court, made and dated the 30th day of April, 1937, this summons is served upon you by publication for four successive weeks in the Southern Oregon Miner, a newspaper of general circulation, print-

ed and published at Ashland, Jackson county, Oregon, the date of the first publication being May 7, 1937, and the time for answer expiring May 29, 1937.

BRIGGS & BRIGGS
By Wm. M. Briggs,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Post office address:
Pioneer building,
Ashland, Oregon.
(May 7-14-21-28)



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