Drummond Earley  
UIC Program  
Utah Division of Water Quality  
PO Box 144870  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84114-4870

Public Hearing January 19, 2022

My Name is Julie Stevenson, and I am a resident of Lower Lisbon Valley and co-owner of 3 Step Hideaway.

I would like to encourage all those involved at the Utah Department of Water Quality regarding these Aquifer Exemption and UIC Permits for Lisbon Valley Mining Company (LVMC), to actually make the time to visit Lower Lisbon Valley, in person, before making your final decisions.

You will immediately notice that the entire region is in an extremely severe drought, and in fact has been for several years. To even consider issuing an Aquifer Exemption in our high desert region is completely irresponsible. We do not have the lakes, rivers, and streams that are common in the greater Salt Lake Valley. Water is scarce in all of San Juan County, and to exempt any aquifer in part or whole, from ever being available for domestic water use to the people who desire to be good stewards of the land and local resources, is a cruel abuse of power. And let’s face it, the aquifer doesn’t know if part or all of it is exempt. The Burro Canyon aquifer is a living, fluid body of water, that abides within its geological boundaries. It knows nothing of surface maps or lines of exemption drawn on pieces of paper, in some office miles away, and rubber stamped. It’s waters ebb and flow with the seasons and are dependent upon snow melt and rainfall. It has no other sources to draw from.

I don’t know who started or spread the rumor that the water in the Burro Canyon Aquifer is unfit for human consumption, however, as stated in our previous group comments at last year’s public hearing on this very issue, we have had both our well and the Wilcox well water tested by a third party. The water quality from both the Stevenson and Wilcox domestic wells is comparable to water quality from nearby municipalities such as Moab, La Sal, and Monticello. Based on these results, we are completely comfortable drinking it untreated, daily.

The landowners and residents of Lower Lisbon Valley respect the land and all of its limited resources. We strive to be responsible stewards of our small, but vital community. The Wilcox family has been ranching in the valley for 5 generations. No one gets that kind of return from the land unless it is properly taken care of. The 3 Step Hideaway B&B is located at the historic homestead of Frank Silvey, a prominent local pioneer, utilizing his refurbished log cabin and other original structures, built in the mid to late 1800’s. We have had requests to catalog this historic site and its artifacts, by agencies hired by LVMC to survey Lower Lisbon Valley; and even have a wonderful document written by Frank Silvey, telling of many adventures in San Juan County, given to us by Lantz Indergard, a manager at LVMC. I can only imagine that the presence of a historic, archeological site located within their proposed project boundary was somehow inadvertently left off their applications.

Again, I would like to invite you to come to Lower Lisbon Valley and see it with your own eyes, and to truly consider the pristine valley and its historical homestead, as well as the consequences of permitting LVMC to disrupt and forever destroy it for the sake of profits for themselves and their investors.
From: Lantz Ingergard
Subject: History and Settlement of Northern San Juan County
Date: Feb 19, 2020 at 11:25:28 AM
To: Chris Torres, Dennis Davis, Jim Gill, Bruce Swenson, Eli Jones, Audren Adams, Brandon Williams, Cory Williams, Bryan Russell, Bryan Cowley, Scott Stevenson

Gents:

I’ve attached Frank Silvey’s writings, a low-brow romp through San Juan County history. Silvey once occupied homestead which was renovated to the current 3 Step Hideaway. Also known for Silvey’s pocket. Enjoy.

Lantz M Ingergard PG
Manager Bioleaching and In Situ Recovery
Lisbon Valley Mining Co LLC

Tel.
Cell.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface 1
Introduction 2

**SECTION 1**
History and Settlement of Northern San Juan County 3 . . . from the writings of Frank Silvey

History of La Sal, Utah . . . by Kathleen Anne Redd (Mullins) 44

History of La Sal to 1984 58 . . . by Charles Hardison Redd and Jessie L. Embry

History of La Sal Post Office 63

Invitation to the Redd Ranchers' Picnic 64

Short Cut to the San Juan . . . by Charles Redd 65

San Juan: A Hundred Years of Cattle, Sheep, and Dry Farms 79 . . . by Charles S. Peterson

Comments on "San Juan: A Hundred Years of Cattle, Sheep, and Dry Farms" . . . by Hardy Redd 92

**SECTION 2**
Life Sketch of Lemuel Hardison Redd 97

As I Remember Him—My Father, L. H. Redd, Jr. . . . by Charles Redd 104

Patriarchal Blessing of Lemuel H. Redd, Jr. 110

Charles Redd: Profile of a Renaissance Man as Rancher 111 . . . by Karl Young

Newspaper Articles on Charles Redd 132

"Stockman of the Century—Charlie Redd of Utah"
"Business Profile—Charles Redd"

**SECTION 3**
Charles Redd's Memos and Letters of Advice to Family 140

Annaley and Charles Redd's European Tour, 1957 160

Charles Redd's Australian Tour, 1961 179

Charles Redd's European Trip, 1962 181

"No Lack of Variety At This Utah Home" . . . by Mrs. Charles Redd 191
HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT OF NORTHERN SAN JUAN COUNTY

From Writings of Frank Silvey

Foreword by Becky Walker

This History of San Juan County by Frank Silvey was written over a period of years. Most of it has appeared in other publications at various times.

The only changes that have been made were in clarifying some of the language such as cutting out redundancy, some non-pertinent observations and reducing the length of sentences. Rearrangement of material has also been done to make the material more readable. The style of writing has not been changed nor has the language been corrected in such a way as to change any of the meanings or the 'flavor' of the writing.

It is to be regretted that some of the events in this history are described vaguely as Mr. Silvey took for granted every reader would know what the backgrounds were. Therefore, some of the incidents are not readily understood. Some of the names, dates and perhaps brands may not be exact as Mr. Silvey was well along in years when he wrote the various essays—as were the participants in the events whom he consulted.

All things considered, Mr. Silvey's account is very interesting and a valued addition to the literature of pioneer San Juan County of Utah.

Other histories of San Juan County have been written by various other people and are available in book form. However, no two people ever view the same events from the same standpoint nor do they interpret the events in the same manner. For this reason, this history is valuable.

San Juan County is one of the world's most beautiful areas. It has a pioneer past to be proud of in every way—including it's outlaws.

HAYDEN'S SURVEY

In order to understand the naming of our mountains and valleys of this district, comprising about one-half of San Juan County, it is necessary for the writer to go back to the period of Hayden's surveying party, who spent four and a half years in Colorado and eastern Utah in the years 1866 to 1871, exploring, mapping, and surveying this vast territory. Hayden's party consisted of about twelve men, and they endured many hardships. At times they ran out of supplies, and were caught several times in the early snows of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains where they suffered from the intense cold. It is said that Hayden had only an ordinary education, but he seemed gifted as a great geologist, metallurgist and explorer—Nature's child. Mapping all this vast territory, marking mineral mines here, valleys there, and mountains here. In looking at one of Hayden's maps today, one will find that in his markings of minerals and ores, there is a mining camp at every
east side of the then called Grand River (Colorado) in safety. Here they camped near the old fort that had been built about 1855 by a colony of Mormons numbering about forty, who were going to settle the valley and try to convert Indians to their religion. But the Indians were no doubt jealous of the white man's settlement of the country they had always claimed as their own.

The Mormons were attacked by the Indians and two white men were killed and one wounded, and all were told to leave "pronto." As they knew the Indians would be reinforced by large numbers, the Mormon colonists decided to abandon the fort and leave the valley. This they did. This first settlement of the Moab Valley being a failure, the valley was for a number of years deserted by the white men. The Rays found only two settlers here in 1877, a Frenchman and "Nigger" Bill. The Negro said he had forty head of "horned stock" (cattle) running near the river. He had brought them into the valley that year from "the settlement."

The Rays were looking for good range and ranch so they struck out for the mountains. Upon reaching Coyote they were better pleased, but exploring about six miles further on they found what they wanted in La Sal. Here they settled on what they named Deer Creek, about one mile southwest of where the main settlement of La Sal was made a year later.

About two months later came Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Maxwell, parents of Mrs. Tom Ray, Philander Maxwell, Sr., Neals Olson and Tom Maxwell. Later came Billy McCarty and family. They settled on Coyote Creek, which is about one mile northwest of what is now called the La Sal Post Office. Here they built good, substantial cabins, three in number and about seventy-five yards apart, for protection from the Indians. Philander Maxwell and Billy McCarty had at that time about two thousand head of cattle. This was the first large bunch of cattle to locate in San Juan County.

About this same date Lester Taylor, "Buddy" Taylor, A. A. Taylor, and Crispin Taylor came to Moab Valley. Later Norman Taylor, the first Postmaster of Moab, the Wilsons, John Shafer, Sr., and a number of other settlers arrived.

Lester, Buddy, and Arthur Taylor and John Shafer, took up homesteads in the Moab Valley, but as they had a considerable number of cattle (about 3,000 head), they wanted a summer range for them, so they went exploring and found a great range on the northeast side of the La Sals. About a year after the settlement of La Sal, the Taylors and John Shafer drove their cattle to what is now known as Taylor Flats. Here they built a cabin and corrals. About a year later they built a corral near the head of Hop Creek on the east side of the La Sals. Kirk Puckett came to the Taylor district in 1880. He was a prospector and owned a small bunch of fine Oregon horses. He explored and found Sinbad Valley. He lived there a few years and then left the country. Kirk's Basin was named in his honor. Sally's Hollow was named after "Sally" (a man) Culbertson who located there about 1885, but who left the country soon after.

Mancos or Bust

Neals Olson, a friend of the Rays and Maxwell's at Mount Pleasant, hired out to drive an ox team for Andy Hanesbee in an effort to cross the country in some manner to
The Webbs, Tom Goshorn, Bill Hamilton, King "Can" Young, all settled here that year. The Webbs, King and Bill Hamilton built their cabins of nice pine logs, a mile northeast of the Ray Ranch, about the middle of La Sal Flats. Because of possible Indian outbreaks, the cabins were built sixty yards apart, and in a triangle. The King cabin was much larger than the others and was a two-story affair, with loopholes all around the upper story for riflemen in case of trouble with the Indians. (We never had any killings or serious trouble at La Sal proper with the Indians at any time. And most of the settlers remained at their homesteads during the serious outbreak in 1881.)

COMING OF THE CATTLEMAN

Cattle were cheap (about ten dollars per head) in the settlements of Utah in the years 1876 to 1881. In southern and eastern Colorado, they were worth about thirty-five dollars per head, yearlings up. A few Colorado people found this out in time. Among these was "Spud" Hudson, a rich cattleman running his cattle on the "Picket Wire" near Trinidad, Colorado. He decided to investigate, so early in the spring of 1879, he made a trip from his cattle ranch on the "Picket Wire" to the settlements of Utah. While on his way he saw the vast virgin range of the Blue Mountains and decided he would stock it up with cattle.

On reaching the settlements he found a good grade of cattle could be bought for around ten dollars per head and he bought about two thousand head at that price. He became acquainted with John E. Brown, Dudley Reese, and Green Robinson whom he hired to help him drive the cattle to the Blues. He also became acquainted with Peters who had cattle, and a few months later Peters moved his cattle (about two thousand head), to the Blue Mountains. Arriving at the Blues, Hudson located his first camp on the Vega near a large spring, and built two cabins end to end. For years this camp was known as "The Double Cabins", now called Carlisle.

Leaving the cowboys to look after his cattle, Hudson left for his cattle camp on the Picket Wire, selling out all his cattle there at a good price he came back to the Blues, and hiring a couple more cowboys to look after the cattle, in company with John Brown, Dudley Reese, and Green Robinson, he again left the settlement to buy more cattle. They bought about two thousand head. Hudson loaned Dudley Reese and Green Robinson five thousand dollars each to buy cattle which they drove to the new range on the Blues. At this time Peters came in with about two thousand head of cattle and located and built a cabin two hundred yards west of what has been called Peters Spring since 1880. The following year (1880), Hudson made a number of trips to the settlements, returning each trip with larger herds of cattle. The range was getting fairly well stocked with cattle now. Next the L. B. interests came in and ranged their cattle southward and eastward from South Montezuma Creek so that the greater area of San Juan County had become stocked with cattle, and the little colonies of Bluff, La Sal and Coyote were the only towns within the county.

In the spring of 1879 a mail route was established through La Sal and Mrs. Tom Ray was appointed Post Mistress. This mail route started at Salina, Utah, thence on to Green River, to Moab, La Sal, Paradox, Nautrata, Placerville, and on to Ouray,
After this territory was opened to settlement and homesteads to the whites, large numbers of the white people came into the Gunnison City country, then Montrose, Grand Junction, etc. Rich silver and gold mines were struck at Lake City, Ouray, Telluride, Silverton and Rico. Soon after the town of Durango boomed bringing in many thousands of miners, prospectors and ranchmen to this district where the Indian roamed free from the white man’s domination.

San Juan County settlers being at that time only a few in number, this looked like a happy hunting ground for the dissatisfied Indians, who did not want any reservation restrictions. This group of Indians included both northern and southern Utes with a few Navajos and what we called in those days, Plutes or "Renegades."

Early in the spring of 1881, a number of small bands of Plutes invaded northern San Juan County. They were impudent and carried a chip on their shoulders. One band was camped at La Sal, another band camped near the head of Pack Creek, and a large band near Dodge Springs on South Montezuma. Their ponies were fat and they no doubt felt like going on the war path and getting some fresh new horses. The band of Plutes at La Sal were almost constantly running horse races. They made a race track near La Sal and would rope yearling calves and drag them up, and down the race tracks, (trails about 20 feet apart is the way they made the race tracks those days), to make the tracks smooth and also to anger the settlers.

They would beg for biscuits constantly from the housewives. Finally Mr. Ray told them that his "papoose" would soon be out of biscuits and so they must go to Durango, a distance of 135 miles to get flour, as he could not and would not give them any more biscuits. Then they demanded biscuits, "Your squaw cook 'em!" they ordered.

"You go! Vamoose, pronto," Ray told them, and at the same time took up his forty-four Winchester rifle. Suddenly they left for their camp. The next day the old Indian, "Wash," rode over to Coyote and finding no one at home but Grandpa and Grandma Maxwell, he was very bold. "Your squaw cook 'em biscuits for me!" he told Grandpa.

"Damn you! Get out!," Grandpa replied. Wash was sitting on his pony near the small gate that led to their cabin. Raising his quirt he struck Grandpa Maxwell over the head and shoulders. Grandpa made a rush to the cabin for his gun and sticking it through the open window he tried to get a bead on Wash to shoot him, but by this time Wash was some fifty yards away and had gained the timber, dodging among the trees. It was hard to get a good shot, but finally grandpa got a bead on Wash and started to press the trigger, but just then grandma knocked the gun up and it was discharged in the air. Perhaps this act of Grandma Maxwell saved the small bunch of settlers from a complete massacre, as the whites were outnumbered ten to one, and most of them had but a few rounds a cartridges, while the Indians were well armed and always kept a reserve of fifty rounds of cartridges in those days.

AMBUSH

Shortly after this event, Philander Maxwell made a visit to Moab on horseback.
Leaving Joe, Ervin Wilson kept to the timber and rocks most of the day. As Coyote was much nearer than Moab, Ervin headed for that place. Running and trotting as fast as he could, he would become exhausted at times and rest a spell, then hearing the Indians coming close behind on their ponies, he would make another dash for Coyote, where he finally arrived at sundown. Bursting in on the settlers he shouted, "The Indians are after me!" There were five men in camp at that hour. Each had some kind of a gun or six-shooter, but Grandpa Maxwell was the only one that had any cartridges to speak of. As all the guns did not shoot the same kind of cartridge it left a cartridge famine in the camp, but they prepared the best they could, getting all the women in one cabin. The Indians did not attack them however, had they known the whites had so little ammunition, they could have wiped out this little settlement completely. The whites saw several Indians peering over a ridge near by, but they refrained from firing on them, and darkness coming on, the Indians retired without firing a single shot.

The shooting of Joe Wilson and the attempted killing of Ervin, was one of the most dastardly deeds ever committed by the Indians in the West. The Wilson’s at their home in Moab had always fed and treated the Indians kindly. The Wilson boys were unarmed and why they were attacked in this manner no one will ever know.

THE KILLING OF DICK MAY

A few days after this event, the band of Piutes camped near Dodge Springs, numbering it is thought about forty besides squaws and papooses and old men to look after the extra ponies and goats, left the main body of Piutes and struck out on a foraging trip to the Big Bend of the Dolores River and Mancos. In this district they gathered up a bunch of the settler’s horses and started for their camp near the Blue Mountains. Near the Big Bend of the Dolores, Dick May (a brother of Billy Mays), rode over a ridge and saw the Indians driving a bunch of horses. Thinking that they probably had some stolen horses with them, he rode over and stopped the bunch. No doubt he saw some of his own and his brother’s horses as well as several of neighbors’, as some of these horses were caught after the La Sal Mountain fight. Billy May came in sight of the Indians about this time and saw his brother trying to cut out some of the horses. He heard a shot and saw his brother fall from his horse. Being unarmed he could not do anything. The Indians hastily left, driving all but two head of horses that got away from them. One of the horses found a little later bore a May brand.

As soon as the Indians disappeared, May rode to where his brother had fallen. Dismounting, he found that his brother had apparently died at once from a bullet which penetrated his chest near the heart. Jumping on his horse he galloped home. A neighbor was there and May told him what happened. They circulated the news of the tragedy as fast as possible, but settlers were few in number those days and it was several hours before any one could be reached. Finally four men were gathered and the body of Billy May’s brother was buried.

The news spread. Mancos people were notified, as also were the people of Rico and Disappointment Valley. A number of Dolores River and Mancos settlers missed horses, and they felt certain the Indians had them, but the country was so isolated and thinly settled, it was slow work to get enough men together to cope with so large
found here led the cowboys to believe that they would overtake the Indians in a short time. The cowboys were now out of grub of any kind and they had gone for twenty-four hours without eating. They were in a strange and unexplored country for them, and following a desperate bunch of Indians who had left a trail of blood from the Dolores River to the Blue Mountains.

Some of the cowboys began to get nervous. About half way up Hart Canyon they made a halt and discussed the situation. Here the trail made a mule shoe bend for about a mile, in order to head a narrow canyon. The rim rocks of the main trail on each side of the narrow canyon made an ideal place for an ambush or a trap for the cowboys. Tom Peppers, a prospector from the La Plata Mountains was the first to speak.

"Boys," he said, "This don't look good to me. We do not know the country ahead, and the Indians have all the best of us. I am in favor of turning back and trying to find another trail out of the valley. The Indians are bound to make a stand soon and we have no chance against such odds."

John E. Brown, Dudley Reese, Green Robinson and Peters were among the cowboys. Brown said, "Boys, we are handicapped in a way, but we have been following the Indians a long way, so lets not turn back. We will get them yet, and I am willing to scout ahead a half mile from the main bunch so that we will not be trapped." To this plan they all agreed. They came out of the canyon safely and soon reached a fine large spring with a nice, natural meadow surrounding it. This spring later was named Hatch Ranch. Being very thirsty they drank from the clear cold spring many times. The Indians had apparently camped there the previous day, and having left some scraps of food, it was eagerly eaten by all. After a night of rest for both men and horses they shot fresh meat nearby and again took up the Piute trail.

Captain Dawson and his Rico-Disappointment bunch were met at Plute Springs by a carrier from the Double Cabina bringing detailed news of what had happened at the Blues and that the Indians were apparently steering toward the La Sal Mountains. Dawson and his men thought the best way to catch up with or head off the Piutes would be to go as quickly as possible to the La Sal's by taking the route that the Neal's Olson and Menefee party had blazed in the fall of 1878. Going down the Three Step Hill into Lisbon Valley, thence up the Valley to the Big Indian and on to the head of Pack Creek.

Near there they struck the Plute trail looking fresh as the Indians still had a large bunch of ponies and a considerable herd of goats which slowed them down.

Near the head of Mill Creek, Billy May and his men from Dolores and Rico numbering about sixty, overtook Captain Dawson and his outfit but did not "throw in with them" for some unknown cause. Instead, they trailed along a short distance behind. As Billy May's brother having been killed led to all this, many of the men were surprised that he did not take the lead with his men, at this stage of the game. Dawson and his son decided to go on at any cost and to accomplish what they had set out to do, which was seeking revenge for the killing of three white men, and the recovery of all stolen horses.

For a number of miles along the trail, goats and an occasional Indian pony had
One Indian, supposed to be a Chief, climbed up on a big boulder. The white men could hear his voice, no doubt shouting instructions to the other Indians how to proceed to get a shot at the whites without taking chances themselves. Many of the whites fired at this rather bold Indian, but the slow-moving bullets of their old-fashioned guns fell short, so he escaped unharmed. At this stage of the battle the whites heard several shots in quick succession a short distance down the valley. The next day, they found the bodies of two men apparently unarmed, with their bodies riddled by bullets. After a time they were identified as the Wilson brothers of Moab who had been camped on Castle Creek and it is surmised that they were curious about all the shooting and wanted to investigate and in so doing the Indians surprised and shot them.

Captain Dawson and his men wondered why Billy May and his sixty men did not come to their aid knowing that with a small force of men he could not hope to make a flank movement on the Indians to try to rescue the boys in the gulch. Not knowing that the greater number of them had already been killed and to wanting help them at any cost, he knew something must be done at once. So far it had been every fellow for himself, hunting the best place possible for shelter against the Indian bullets. Captain Dawson talked with a number of his men and it was decided to get a volunteer runner to make a running dash for the gulch and try to persuade the boys to make a run for the main body of men and get away from danger. Pat McKinney volunteered to do this dangerous mission.

"I am the fastest runner in the crowd," he said, "and once an Irish prospector and they seldom get killed, at least by Indians. So here goes." He stripped to his underwear and socks, and hatless, he was ready for the run. Crawling forward through the brush and boulders as far as possible, he suddenly stood erect and made a dash for the gulch where lay the remainder of the advance guard. The Indians saw him at once as he streaked across the open space and a hail of bullets cut up the dust all around him but for a wonder he was unhurt, arriving safely in the shelter of the last stand of the trapped boys. Upon learning that eight of their number had been killed Pat thought it best that they all remain where they were until darkness of night would allow their escape. This they did and quietly escaped under cover of darkness.

In the meantime, Captain Dawson had dispatched one of his riders, mounted on the swiftest horse they had to Rico for reinforcements. For even May's bunch, when they should arrive, might not be sufficient in numbers to cope with the Indians.

Dawson and his men waited eagerly for some sign of Pat McKinney and the trapped men, but saw nothing of them. The Indians kept up a fire on the whites at intervals, thinking, no doubt, they could get in a killing shot, as the whites had but little cover to protect themselves against the bullets. And here at this stage of the fight, they wounded two Rico boys (Jasper B in the head and Hugh Bskidefe in the foot).

**BILLY MAY ARRIVES**

At twilight they saw a cloud of dust up the trail and soon Billy May's bunch arrived. May explained that they did not arrive sooner because they had thought
Courier sent to Rico changed horses many times (and he was gladly furnished the best). He arrived in Rico, 140 miles from the battleground in 22 hours. Quickly the news was given out that the Rico-Disappointment boys were trapped by the Indians on the Northwest side of the La Sal Mountains. Rico was at that time a lively mining camp of about 1,500 men composed of miners, prospectors, teamsters, saloon-keepers, and merchants. The news spread like fire, and all was hurry and excitement of men quickly gathered in the streets to learn the news and what was best to do.

John Clark was the Sheriff at that time, a tall former miner and prospector. He said, "Boys, we must organize and get out of here at once to try and help our boys who are trapped and a number killed by the Indians near the La Sal Mountains. Get horses, a little grub, a good gun and plenty of cartridges as soon as you can and assemble here on the Main Street. Remember, get good horses that are fat regardless of the owner may be."

The writer's brothers, Jack and William Silvey, and C. B. Kelly had just gotten into Rico from a long trip from Arizona and their horses were leg-weary, but Jack saw a slick, fat horse near by, saddled and mounted him and rode down the street toward the bunch now assembled and almost ready to start. "Hey, that is my horse," shouted a saloon keeper, running out on the street and heading off Jack. "Get off of him, and damn quick or I will have you arrested." Being a stranger here Jack was at a loss what to do, but the Sheriff, John Clark, saw the altercation and came over and said, "You let the man alone. He is going with us to try and help out the boys who are in danger and are trapped by the Indians. Get back to your own business and pronto or you will get in bad." Without a word the saloon-keeper walked away.

The sheriff, John Clark, then said, "Boys, how many of you are ready to go?" Fifty-one men rode forward and said they were ready. "Boys, I am going with you myself but do not wish to be captain. My old friend here, Worden Grigsby is one of Quantrell's men who you all must know. Made a big 'rep' for themselves during the Civil War in Missouri. Let's make him Captain. He knows how to fight, I do not." Agreed, said all the men, and in less than an hour after Dawson's courier had arrived, this second bunch of Rico men were on the way.

Traveling as fast as possible, they reached La Sal the second day out from Rico. Here they were met by another messenger from Dawson telling them the Dawson, May bunch and cowboys were all returning as it was no use to follow the Indians on played-out horses, and no doubt, the Indians were now safe or soon would be on the Uintah Reservation where they had many friends. No serious trouble with the Indians occurred for some time. The Indians had been victorious in a way, but had retired, and they knew now that the white men from Colorado were numerous and when aroused would be on their trail.

**MORE SETTLERS ARRIVE**

Many white men saw this Southeastern Utah for the first time and were greatly enthused over its great possibilities. Among these was the writer's brother, Jack Silvey, who after reaching Leadville, Colorado, where he had resided since 1873 (then known as Ore City), he wrote back to my parents at Warrensburg, Missouri, to
Wash at its mouth on the Colorado River.

Early in the year 1882, an old prospector "Doby" Brown settled at an un-named spring about five miles northwesterly of the Maxwells and McCarty's who lived what was at that time called Coyote. After a few months residence here Doby Brown abandoned this location and located near the head of Castle Creek at about the spot where Castleton Post Office now stands in Little Castle Valley. Here he resided a number of years. The abandoned place he had left west of Coyote was named after him and called "Brown's Hole." Indian Creek was not settled until 1884.

A number of settlers and prospectors fearing an Indian uprising during the fall and winter of 1881 and 1882 again congregated at La Sal. About twenty men put up in the winter and the greater number of these lived in the two-story building that answered as a fort. No Indians showed up during this period and as spring opened up early this year nearly all settlers and prospectors pulled out, some to Paradox and others to prospect in the mountains but the Tom May family and Neal Olson remained.

The Mays milked from thirty-five to forty-five cows and packing the butter in whiskey barrels, they hauled it via the Three Step Hill to Durango, a distance of 135 miles where they sold it at fifty cents per pound. They would then load back with supplies of all kinds to last for eight months to a year. The round trip would take about two weeks.

In order for the reader to comprehend better this narrative, and to understand the impression of a "tenderfoot" boy of fifteen years of age in this, at that time (1882) wild and practically unexplored district, and bring out the Indian character as I see it from a personal view, it will be necessary for the writer to use "I" sometimes and trust my readers will pardon me for doing this.

MY FAMILY COMES WEST

Early in April, 1882, my father, John Silvey, left Warrensburg, Missouri and came to Leadville, Colorado, where he met my brothers, Jack, Will and Charles. All the Silveys were born near Zanesville, Ohio, of pioneer stock, and my grandfather came from Ireland when a mere boy in 1776 and then after a number of years came out to Ohio and took up a homestead near Zanesville in 1808. Here my father was born in 1833. Then emigrating to Missouri in 1867, thence to Iowa in 1874, then back to Missouri in 1876. Then, in 1882, out to La Sal, Utah.

Leaving Leadville about April 10th in company of Jack, and little later at Saguache by William Silvey and Frank Hulburt, they started on their long trip with a team and wagon for the La Sals. Gunnison City, Colorado, was the first little town that they hit on their route. Its population at that time was about four hundred. Coming on to Montrose they found the town consisted of two stores, a saloon, blacksmith shop and a barber shop. Upon reaching Grand Junction, it was found to be about the same as Montrose and my father remarked, "All this country around Grand Junction is fit for, as I see it, is for the boys to play marbles on."

Reaching at last the head of Moab Canyon about the first of June, they had considerable trouble getting down the "dugway" but finally reached the river. The
hobbling out the horses, we retired for the night, and all being tired out were soon asleep. At about midnight, I was awakened suddenly by a series of, to me unearthly yells and yip-yapping. Jumping up in bed with gun in hand, I shouted, "Indians!" My brother Will laughed heartily. "That is only a coyote," he said, "Go to sleep; you are a sure enough tenderfoot."

After two days more of travel we reached the top of the Old Three Step Hill overlooking Lisbon Valley about two miles westerly of the road now leading out of the valley, and is still called the Three Step Hill. Cutting down two good sized cedar trees, with log chains we trailed them behind the wagon. We also used a rough log on one of the hind wheels but found this did not work so good as the team would get almost stuck in places where the rough log would catch on the bedrock and would cause delay. Reaching the bottom of the first step on the hill, we unloosened the tree from the wagon. After traveling about a mile we reached the second step where trees were again cut and chained behind the wagon. This step is the steepest of all and the wagon crowded the horses almost off their feet here, but they reached the bottom of the hill safely. Going on about one and a half miles we came to the last step of the hill. There was considerable bed rock and the team did not hold on this good, so we again had to rough log but without any mishap we reached the level floor of the valley and found water through a little signboard that some kind hearted prospector had no doubt placed there to guide the thirsty to water. Charcoal had been used to paint this sign of a burro with its ears pitched forward, towards the water hole, with the words, "See, See Water, underneath!" The next day we arrived at Coyote where we were kindly welcomed by the Maxwells and sure we must stay overnight with them and no getting away.

The next day after traveling over a low divide we reached the Rays on Deer Creek a distance of six miles from Coyote. They also greeted us with glad hands of fellowship. The Rays kept the post office and the family consisted of five boys and three girls, all of school age except one. Also we met Neals Olson and they had all been rather uneasy about us as we were three days behind the time set for our return.

At the Rays my folks met Neals Olson. "How many homesteads you people want?" he asked. "Two or three," they replied. "I have a ranch of my own and have charge of two more that have three good cabins on them, and I will sell the improvements to you at a reasonable price." Looking them over they soon made a trade, and obtaining some potatoes from Tom Ray they planted a good sized patch at once.

Soon after our arrival, we began building and repairing the cabins. We must have lumber and the only way we could get this was by "whip-sawing" it out by hand. Tommy Goshorn had the only known whip saw in all the district at that time, and had taught Neals Olson and Neals taught Ray how to use it. They in turn taught my father, Will and the writer a little later on to use the saw. It was a slow way to get lumber and hard work. Two men could saw out from two to three hundred feet per day on an average so in time we got enough lumber for a floor, roof, etc.

OUR FIRST INDIAN EXPERIENCE

About two weeks after our arrival at La Sal, the men left early in the morning to whip saw lumber about a mile from our cabin leaving my mother and me alone. At about
OUR FIRST FARMING

In the spring of 1883, after much difficulty we got some oats, at a cost of six cents per pound and sowed about twenty acres of the same. It came up fine and as we had plenty of water near at hand we felt safe for a crop, but we did not know how to irrigate and as my brothers had gone to Telluride to work in the mines we were in a way "up against it." We got Neals Olson to come and teach us which he did for the greater part of a day with considerable success, we finally got over all the ground. After about ten days we went out to see how our crop was getting along and were surprised to see about one-fourth of the twenty acres bare of crop. Watching, we saw a number of prairie dogs digging the oats up by the roots and seeding. Not knowing what to do we again consulted Neals Olson. "Drown them out with water," he said, "and I will be over tomorrow and help you."

The next day we cut many small ditches with our shovels and started to drown the prairie dogs out. About noon a dozen or more Utes came and helped us, and we got many prairie dogs that day. The Indians took all the drowned prairie dogs with them as they left that evening, and I asked Olson what they were going to do with them. "Eat them," he said. The next day, in company with my father, we visited the Indian camp about two miles away on a ridge east of La Sal. We found they had roasted the prairie dogs, hide, hair, and entrails all night in the hot ashes and coals and now they were eating them. Stripping the hide off with their long fingernails, the meat looked good and I was tempted to try some of it, but after seeing them eat the entrails, after stripping the refuse out of them, I balked and did not care to try any.

By continuing the war on these prairie dogs by drowning them out, we saved our oats crop, but little did we dream at this time what a great menace the prairie dogs would be in the future of San Juan County. At La Sal was a prairie dog town of perhaps a section of land and near Dove Creek another colony of prairie dogs. These two colonies were the only ones along the route from Durango to La Sal in those days.

HORSE RACING

In August and September, 1883, occurred two events that helped to make the history of San Juan as it brought many people together to see two wonderful horse races and to discuss many plans for the future.

The Rays, Maxwells and McCartys were all related and all horse lovers. No one had fast horses at that time at La Sal but they liked to run horses even if they were slow and could only catch a good swift calf cleverly. The Rays had a horse named "Tobe" that they thought was somewhat swift and the McCartys were just as proud of their own horse, Selim.

One day they got to arguing in a friendly way which was the fastest. "I'll bet you a thousand dollars and twenty head of horses that Selim can beat Tobe a quarter of a mile," remarked Billy McCarty. "Take you up," said the Rays, and a friend, Wilken "and we will run you in five weeks." The horses were "fitted" carefully and a good race track, Indian style, was made on the ridge above the Ray ranch, near the pines. Several days before the race a number of families from Moab arrived in their old-
starting, the riders should start themselves by what was called those day "Ask and Answer" start, one rider to say "ready," the other to say "go." A little Cornish miner, Johnnie Lesslie who had been a Jockey in England rode "Sagebrush Jack" while Bert Graves, a fourteen year old boy of Disappointment was mounted on "Swayback Johnny." Sagebrush Jack proved to be a bad actor on the score and could not be kept on the track at the scoring place. After three hours of scoring without a start being made, the owners finally agreed to put off the race a week, fence part of the track with a high willow fence and double the bet all around. This was done, and more money and steers rounded up and placed in corrals at night.

The day set for the race again arrived and much betting by nearly everybody was done. The Disappointment boys running out of ready money and being too far away from home to gather more steers, bet their saddle horses, saddles, spurs and anything and everything that would be covered by cash, on their home horse, "Swayback Johnny." With little trouble and a fair start the horses came out of the chute like a bullet. "Swayback Johnny" "daylighted" into the lead, but at the 300 yard mark "Sagebrush Jack" slowly but surely crept up on "Swayback Johnny" and at the finish he was half a length in the lead.

Bert Graves, only a boy of fourteen, cried bitterly at his defeat. "Boys, now we are all afoot, and maybe it is some of my fault." "No," they said, "You did fine, and we will not be afoot long." They gave the proper security to Dick Netherly, and they all got their horses and saddles back. "We will run you one-fourth mile in two months," they said to Netherly and soon after the race was matched, and about two months later was run in Montrose, when Swayback Johnny won the race this time, thus evening up the score somewhat.

THE GREAT DEER ROUNDUP

In the spring and summer of 1884, the Utes and Piutes came in greater numbers than ever. They saw the settlers increasing in numbers here and the great numbers of the white men in the mining camps of Telluride, Ouray, Silverton and Rico. They saw plainly that they had lost San Juan County as a happy hunting ground for all times. They decided to kill all deer possible and drive the remaining deer south, towards their own reservation. I do not think the Piutes, even at this time were in favor of this plan by the Southern Utes, and two years later they were utterly opposed to it as the Piutes intended to remain in the district indefinitely. The many fights they had with the Southern Utes for many years was based on this disagreement.

This year, however, they all slaughtered deer and the district around La Sal Mountains was, in some places, stinking with dead carcasses of deer. Our cattle and horses were so frightened that they would not stay on the fine grass on the mountain but would string out for the low country. After about a month of this slaughter of deer, and there being about 300 buck Indians all together, they made a systematic drive south as a great roundup would be made, killing deer and wounding many on their way, shouting and at times waving their red blankets. The poor frightened deer drifted south across canyons and rivers. They seemed to be so panic-stricken, few halted on their way, and as the Ute Indians kept after them camping on their trail at night, they drifted many thousand of them south, towards their reservation. The
COMING OF THE BIG COW OUTFITS

The summer of 1883 at the Blue Mountains, Spud Hudson, Peters, Dudley Reese and Green Robinson sold out their cattle interests to an English syndicate headed by the Carlisle Brothers and they got thirty-five dollars per head for yearlings, range delivery for the greater part. Peters ran all on the left hip, as his cowbrand and it was decided to run this brand hip, side and shoulder, placing one bar in a place on all increase of the Carlisle Cattle Company. So this was the start of a brand of the largest herd of cattle in eastern Utah or western Colorado.

Spud Hudson, soon after the sale of his cattle left for his old home near Trinidad, Colorado. Green Robinson went to the settlements of Utah, and again bought more cattle (about a thousand head) and drove them to Coyote where he located for a short time and employed John E. Brown as a company cowboy to help him look after his cattle interests. Early in the spring of 1885 the writer got a job as cowboy from Mack Goode, Carlisle cow foreman. Mack was an old Texas cowboy and his crew of cowboys were nearly all from Texas. Tom Trout, Harry Green, Frank Allen, Tom Roach, Jim McTurner, Hickory Dennis, Jim Moore, were among these. Later came Latigo Gordon and Bob Kelly, making a total crew of about twelve men.

We started to drift cattle out to Dry Valley about May first and the final drive, ended near the foot of Peter's Hill. At this roundup it was estimated we had near ten thousand head of cattle on the bunch ground, and during this drift in Dry Valley we branded many calves and two hundred and fifty head of straight Mavericks and that year the calf tally was five thousand three hundred. The calf tally was this year perhaps greater on account of more or less Indian troubles in the two previous years.

During this summer Charles H. Ogden and Jim Blood, representing Pittsburg Cattle Company capital came and after some delay, bought the cattle and ranch interests of Philander Maxwell, Tom Maxwell and Grandpa Maxwell, Billy McCarty, Green Robinson, the Rays and Neals Olson. The cattle were all tallied over and branded two circles on each rib (Billy McCarty's old brand), which was changed two years later to the Cross "H" and this old cattle brand is still being ran by the La Sal Livestock Company. Charles H. Ogden was at that time manager while Jim Blood was range foreman, and this company was known as the Pittsburg Cattle Company.

During the late fall of 1885, D. M. Cooper and Mel Turner settled with small bunches of cattle, on Indian Creek near the mouth of Cottonwood at the Dugout. A prospector by the name of George Johnson Wilbourne (the original Indian Creek Johnson), had trapped some there, but had made very little attempt at any permanent improvement, so Cooper and Turner were the first to attempt a bona fide settlement. Shortly after this came V. P. Martin, Brewer, Davis, Wilson, Harry, Green, Lee Kirk, Henry Goodman and others. In 1887 John E. Brown settled here, planted a fine orchard at once, built good cabins and corral, with good fence surrounding this crop. The second year he had considerable hay ground and soon after had big hay stakes for the winter months. About 1895 Dave Goulden settled on the head of Cottonwood where he made a very good ranch. After a number of years Goulden, Cooper and Martin fused all their interests together and formed what was called the Indian Creek Cattle Company. A few years later they sold out all their
called them all cowards. "I will go alone," he said, "if you are all afraid to go." Wornington, the scout then said, "Jimmy, if you must go I will go with you." About halfway up the hill the Plutes opened fire on the two white men, and it is thought wounded them both. The whites could see the two scouts were at intervals replying to the fire of the Plutes but were unable to help them, as it was certain death by flute bullets if any one attempted to aid them. There was only one trail up the hill and every yard practically could be covered by the flute bullets from the rim they lay behind. The Plutes seemed to be afraid to venture down to finish up the two wounded white men so waited until dark, then sent their dogs down to do the job, as the next day the bodies were found badly torn up by dogs.

After following the Plutes for some time in a canyon rim rock country, the whites finally gave up the chase and returned to their own camps.

In July, 1887, two flute runners came to La Sal and reported the killing of the L. D. Cook near Dodge Springs, but they denied any part of it, and said he was not shot, but that he was killed by the "Great Spirit" by means of lightning. At that date many small Indian camps were near La Sal and that evening we saw several smokes from high points surrounding us. There was little doubt but what the Indians were uneasy.

The following day Hickory Dennis arrived from the Blues to ride with us as a "rep" of the hip, side and shoulder (Carlisle) cattle. He reported that he and another cowboy had found the body of L. D. Cook about 200 yards from the camp, shot in the back, and had fallen forward on his face, dying apparently instantly. He had a pair of field glasses in his hand and was unarmed. It was thought he was looking to see if he could sight some horses he had in charge. The L. C. cowboys had left with peck horses and extra horses to ride in the rim of Recapture Creek several days previous, so he was left alone. No horses were taken nor was anything disturbed around camp. It was never known why he was killed but he certainly must have been killed by Indians as pony and moccasin tracks were in evidence near by.

Early in the spring of 1886, John Brown and Neil Savage had found a lone pony near Lisbon Springs. He was poor and seemingly half starved. Taking him up to the ranch he was fed hay for some time and then turned into a pasture of fine grass. He soon became fat and slick, and they named him "Doggy" and decided to ride him and were surprised to find he was a cow pony. He could turn on a "saddle blanket" and could best all the cow ponies we had running, which Dogy seemed to enjoy greatly. After the race he would start grazing in an unconcerned manner and never became excited. As no one claimed him at that time we thought he must have been deserted by some prospector and left to starve. After riding him one day, I was so stuck on him that I at once decided to try to get him if possible and made Brown an offer of a fine mare and colt for him. Brown said it was a "go" but he might be an Indian pony so I would have to take a chance. I agreed to do this. Each day I rode Dogy, I liked him more and more, and no money could have bought him at that time.

Late in August as I returned home riding a fine, big horse of the company, I found a bunch of Plutes, six in number, at my home. Among them was Hatch and Bridger Jack. "Maybe too you got an Ute pony, my brother's pony," Bridger Jack said. "No savy," I replied. "Maybe you heap lie," remarked Hatch. I saw red at this remark and walked into the cabin and put on my "chaps." On the inside of my chaps I always
Soon after this my father bought the Hatch Ranch from Henry Wood, a Texas cowboy who was holding the place and working for the Carlisle Cattle Company. The Hatch Ranch at that time was an oasis in the desert. A fine large spring and natural meadow where we cut from thirty to forty tons of hay each year. Near here the old road ran connecting Monticello and Moab, and this Hatch Ranch soon became the half-way ranch for nearly all freighters and cowboys.

In April 1888, Monticello had its first bone fide settlement. The greater part of these settlers came from Bluff City. Soon after this settlers came from the settlements and Monticello had quite a population. The pioneer settlers, as they had done at Bluff City, at once planted shade trees and tried small orchards, but as a drought period came on shortly after the first settlement, and lasted about seven years, the pioneers had a hard struggle for existence. Many had to leave for a time and get employment in the mines in western Colorado. But they all came back and soon the seasons changed. With the water rights and ranches purchased from the Carlisle Cattle Company, who had shipped about all their cattle at this time Monticello soon began to build up. The county seat was moved from Bluff City some years prior to the purchase of water rights, so that Monticello became the central point of San Juan County with the largest population within the county at that time, although Blanding (settled a few years later), today has the largest population.

J. M. Cunningham was at this date manager of the Pittsburgh Cattle Company. After much advice from pioneers, he decided to try to take the water of the La Sal Creek across a divide from La Sal to Coyote Flats. A survey was made and it was found that this could be done and at comparatively small cost. Soon the canal was finished and larger houses, stables and other necessary buildings were constructed. A considerable acreage was fenced and put in alfalfa and other crops. Shade trees and a fine orchard were planted. This new headquarters ranch of the Pittsburgh Cattle Company because noted as the finest and largest ranch in eastern Utah.

After the Silveys left La Sal, J. M. Cunningham became postmaster. After suitable houses were built at the new ranch, the post office was moved from La Sal to the new headquarters ranch (a distance of about six miles), and called those days Coyote. But the post office held its name of La Sal, thus the confusion of names since the moving of the post office.

In 1900 Cunningham, Carpenter and Frewer bought out the interest of the Pittsburgh Cattle Company and in later years built up and improved this large ranch until it became the model ranch of eastern Utah as well as the largest. This helped in a very large measure to build up northern San Juan County. About 1914, Cunningham and Carpenter sold their interests to the La Sal Livestock and Stores Company with Charles Radd as manager and they are still improving their holdings to this date.

KILLINGS AT PETER'S SPRING

Peter's Spring is always remembered by old pioneers as a spot where a number of shootings have taken place. In 1888 John Gibson and an ex-soldier had a shooting match here. They both emptied their sixshooters at one another at ten paces with the result that Gibson was unharmed but the soldier was seriously wounded in the
asked Mons. "My grandmudder she die at Uintah, leave me pony." After some talk Bridger went on. About a month later Mons met Bridger in Dry Valley alone and driving a number of ponies ahead of him. "Well, Bridger, you get more ponies?" asked Mons. "What do you do with so many ponies?" "My brother at Uintah he die and leave me more ponies and me swap 'em off to Navajos." After a little talk they again went on their ways.

A few weeks later on a trip out, Mons saw a cloud of dust down the valley and a bunch of ponies with a lone Indian chasing them. At a short distance from the wagon, the Indian roped a fresh pony, changed, and came on at a run. Now Mons saw it was again Bridger Jack with a bunch of ponies, "Your grandmother die again, Bridger," Mons asked. Bridger grinned and said, "Maybe so, me no time to talk, heap go." About four miles down the valley Mons met four Uintah Indians. "You see um my pony?" one said. "Injun heap steal um." Mons replied he saw no brands but saw a bunch of ponies up the valley. They went on as fast as their ponies would carry them but they never caught up with Bridger and his no doubt stolen ponies. It is said that Bridger soon gambled them off to the Navajos at "Monte."

Some years later in 1894, Bridger Jack and his little band were camped at Peter's Spring. A bunch of Flutes also camped there. Wash and Bridger got to gambling with cards and finally got to quarreling over the game, and both became so mad they decided to fight a duel with rifles. The agreement was to stand back to back, then each step off twenty steps, turn and fire. This they did and both wheeled and fired at the same time, but it is said Bridger for some unknown reason fired at Wash up in the air, while Wash's bullet penetrated Bridger's heart killing him instantly.

A few years later the writer saw Wash at Navajo Spring on the Ute reservation, and Wash looked very old and depressed, and I was told he was at times a little crazy as he brooded a lot over his shooting Bridger. They had always been good friends up to the time of the quarrel and shooting.

The Indians slaughtered and drove off the deer after they had found they must finally go to their reservations (the southern Utes), for the greater part of their time at least. They hunted now, virgin ground where deer were plentiful. This was the Disappointment Plateau and Lone Cone Mountain where the Indians had done little hunting prior to 1888, but this year they started to kill deer for their hides in large numbers. The settlers in this district around Dolores and Disappointment had little use for Indians as they remembered the killing in cold blood of May, Dave Williams, the unknown prospector at Flute Spring, and also the battle or rather massacre on the north side of the LaSal Mountains in 1881 when ten white men had been trapped and killed. So they warned the Indians to keep out of that district and not hunt there any more. The Indians, after much slaughtering of deer, left that year.

In 1891 the Indians came back in large numbers and were saucy and defiant, and killed a number of calves that belonged to cattle men and ranchers. Again they were told to "vamoose," pronto, and never show up again on the east side of the Dolores River. After a few days the Indians suddenly retired back to their reservation.

In June, 1892, near Stump Springs, about twenty-five miles northeast of Dolores and near the head of Beaver Creek a band of Utes were camped in an isolated
it to them. The Indians were honest in this matter and were overjoyed. Very little beef was killed by them at the start and they wanted to make friends with the settlers.

J. M Cunningham, Harry Green and Jack Silvey, left for Salt Lake City to see Governor West and get the people stirred about our troubles here in San Juan County if possible. Utah at that time, was still a territory of the U. S. and West was governor by appointment by President Cleveland. Governor West had been an ex-confederate officer in the civil war and truly made a real far-seeing and statesmanlike governor of Utah.

Governor West asked many question of Cunningham. "What is your occupation?"

"I am general manager of the Pittsburgh Cattle Company, with about 12,000 head of cattle ranging on the La Sal Mountains and Dry Valley," was the reply.

"Mr. Green what is your occupation?"

"I am a cattlemen. I range cattle on Indian Creek, and Dry Valley," was the reply.

"Mr. Silvey, what is your occupation?"

"I am a rancher and own some cattle and they range in Dry Valley," was the reply.

"How many ranchers and small cattle owners are there in San Juan County?" was asked. "At Monticello, Bluff City and La Sal perhaps about 50 families in all," was the reply.

"How long have they resided there?" was asked. "Some families have been there since 1880 and 1882," was the reply.

"Who are the largest cattle owners?" was asked. "The Carlisle Cattle Company with 20,000 head, the Pittsburgh Cattle Company with about 12,000 head and the L. C. Cattle Company with about 10,000 head," was the reply.

"And a majority of the Southern Ute Indians absolutely refuse to go back to their reservation?" was asked by the governor. "Yes," was the reply.

"Gentleman, I have learned from your replies that that district is not all just a cattle country, but have a number of homesteaders with families who want to make their homes there. As to the large cattle interests there, it's a question with me who are the trespassers, the Indians or the cattlemen as it's all government land. The homesteaders must and shall be protected at all costs. I will get in communication at once by wire to Washington and will call a mass meeting tonight here in Salt Lake so the people may know the facts," said Governor West.

Thousands attended the mass meeting that night and Salt Lake City was aflame with the sentiment that the Indians must go back to their reservation. Colonel Tatlock, head of the state militia, and Lieutenant West (the governor's son) stated that one thousand well drilled soldiers when needed will be at the disposal of the
bloodshed.

Marianna, head chief under Ignacio, spoke first at great length in a fiery impassioned manner on behalf of the southern Utes. In substance he said: "Washington City man tell us to come here sit down all over this country. It is ours. Now you say get out and go back to our reservation. What's the matter now?"

"We stay. Our fathers, our grandfathers and our great, great grandfathers have hunted here for many, many moons. We love this country, it's the Happy Hunting Ground for us on earth. We feel the Great Spirit wants us to stay here, Washington City man say all right, so we stay." Sub-chiefs spoke along the same line as did their head chief.

Colonel Day then spoke representing the government. He said that Washington had investigated and had found out that many homesteaders lived in San Juan County and had their all invested here. Also that many thousands of cattle ranged and wintered, as a rule, in good shape, that instead of being a desert as was thought by many, it was a rich and resourceful country and settlers must be protected. Utes have a good country also. So they must return to it at once.

A few settlers gave their views stating that they had undergone many hardships in order to make homes for their families and could not give them up as they loved this country and wanted their children and their children's children to live here in peace always.

Governor West then spoke: "As governor of this state, I feel that I must protect as far as possible the interests of all its people. I find that the majority of you settlers here are bona fide homeseekers, have built up your homes with many untold sacrifices. I feel that you have been unjustly encroached on by the Indians although they are right in a way. They MUST go. And I will use all of my power as territorial governor of this district of the U. S. to do this."

Marianna again spoke as did also some sub-chiefs. They again said they would NOT go back to the reservation. Colonel Lawton then arose and said: "We have spent two hours in talk and we have not gotten anywhere. Now I say, you Indians MUST go back to your reservation and at once, or I will bring in soldiers and put you out."

There was no answer made by the Indians to this. Only sullen silence on their part so the meeting was dismissed. Colonel Lawton was a man of action and calling Governor West, Colonel Tatlock, Lieutenant West and Colonel Day in conference, decided to at once send for Federal soldiers.

Dispatches read about as follows: "Comandant Fort Chivantor (near Denver). Get three troops of cavalry in readiness to be shipped to Thompson, Utah. Indian trouble. Dispatches follow in three hours." Signed, Colonel Lawton, U. S. A.

T. B. Carpenter and Jack Silvey were selected to carry the dispatches to Thompson 105 miles from Monticello, the way the road ran those days. They made the ride in eleven hours.

Three hours later another bundle of dispatches were in readiness. "Get forage
so isolated a district there were so many educated and bright children. He said, "I shall remember always your hospitality here at Monticello and will often think of you pioneer settlers here and you certainly deserve peace and prosperity for all time."

The governor danced nearly every set and had a great time with everybody.

The following day all visitors departed. The Indians in Dry Valley a day or two after began to move their camps farther east except for a few still sullenly lingering in Dry Valley and Hatch Point. By the middle of March few remained in the valleys but there were many along the eastern part of the county and few had gone back to their reservation at that time.

We petitioned Governor West to help us move them faster. He notified Washington and soon Indian police rounded the balance up. By April 1st few remained within the county, with the exception of the renegades (so-called), numbering about 70 divided into small bands. Old Mancoas Jim, Poke, Posey and Bridger Jack were chiefs to each little band. They had always remained for the greater part of the time here in San Juan County and we did not object to their staying as long as they were good Indians.

Thus ended the invasion of the Utes when San Juan Company was given to them. We lost thousands of cows that spring on account of the Indian invasion. A conservative estimate was that cattlemen lost fully 50 percent of their cattle that winter and spring. Under trees, rimrocks and in Hatch Wash they lay in countless numbers.

Many cowboys rode "bog" that spring. We would pull out cows all day long trying to get them on their feet then go on and pull out many more. The next day many would be back in the bog again. Some in to their necks and the miserable cows would pick out their eyes as the cows lay helpless. We would shoot all the cows that were helpless to put them out of their misery.

Much has been written of Poke and Posey's last stand in recent years. Another Colorado boy was killed in this Piute uprise, Joe Aiken of Dolores, making a total of twenty men killed in San Juan County and just over the line as far as Dolores. Fifteen of those killed in all Indian uprisings have been from Colorado, the miners and prospectors were numerous and were always willing to go.

In 1895-1896 the drought period continued with the low price of cattle the majority of the cattlemen sold their interests and the cattle were shipped to Montana. Among those selling out were the Carlisle Cattle Company (they had been shipping for four years), the Taylor Brothers, Silvey Brothers, the L. C. and others. Then sheep started to come in. The first bunch of sheep were put on the north end of La Sal Mountains by the Taylors in August, 1895, under guard of Joe Bush, a United States Deputy Marshall. This was the first bunch of sheep to come into eastern Utah or western Colorado. They feared trouble with cattlemen, thus the guard. Soon after this more sheep came and a number of local former cattlemen went into sheep so in a few years the sheep outnumbered cattle many times.

Today the vast domain in eastern Utah and western Colorado has been invaded by
mine as a specimen. As the lead has never been found to date, it is more than likely this is true.

Among the prospectors who came from Rico and stayed with this district for a number of years were Johnny Maloney, Case, the Martin Brothers, Jack Wright, Doby Brown, Gus Manville and others. Gus Manville and Jack Wright located at what is now called lower Big Indian in 1881. In 1882 they got a Cincinnati, Ohio company interested and they sent A. J. Kile out to investigate with the result that they formed a company and secured a small diamond drill. With this they did considerable prospecting around lower Big Indian and what is now known as Lackey Basin. Little success was had and in 1893 all work was abandoned. At upper Big Indian, Mat and John Martin located and did considerable work on their claims, which today are known as the Big Indian Mining District and Milling Company.

After about two years, the Martins abandoned their claims and no one was interested enough to locate them until 1893 when Can Young, Cap May, King and Judge Hall of Ouray located the property and did some work. In 1894 they shipped a carload of very high grade copper ore having considerable silver value to the smelter near Salt Lake City. This shipment of ore made the sale of this mining property for sixty thousand dollars cash. This property resold twice since the first sale was made, and a large reduction mill built but it seems the process is wrong, as the mine has never paid its way.

Johnny Maloney was the first discoverer of the Lucky Basin prospects but soon became discouraged and left the district for all times. About 1891 Tom Daly, Darrow, Rhone Higgins, Charley McConkie and others came to Lisbon Valley and made a number of copper-silver locations. They did considerable work in development of their property but finally abandoned it. Tom Daly stayed with his property many years and did considerable development work. He was made two good offers that would have been enough money for any man for his prospects but he refused to sell and had to finally abandon his property.

In 1905-1906 H. B. Banks located the old Darrow-Higgins property, put on a small crew of miners and did a lot of development work. He also built a new road up the Three Step Hill which was used many years by the settlers in reaching outside towns and helped a lot in the settlement of this district. At Miners Basin and Beaver Basin, considerable activity in mining was experienced in 1890-1900. Wilson Mesa experienced a small boom also, but lack of transportation, poor roads, isolation and many other causes were a serious handicap those days, so that no permanent mining has ever been established at these points. The same can be said of the Blue Mountain district but with roads and the right kind of capital it will no doubt come to the front in the near future.

In October 1898, Tom Dolan at Rock Creek, twelve miles east of Paradox found the first known radium bearing ore, called Uranium or Carnotite. In 1879 the Talbot brothers had found this fissure lead and had sent off samples to the Leadville Smelter for assay. The smelter did not know what it was so the claim at that time was not located. Dolan gave some samples to Tom Swain at Paradox, also left some ore with Charles Paulit and M. Voilique, two French chemists recently from Paris, who were at this time doing assay work for the Cashin Mine on La Sal Creek. Tom Swain sent the samples Dolan had given him back to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington
This offended both cowboys and Dean Short arose and said, "I have been in high "percidity" and low "percidity" but this is the dauntlest "percidity" that I was ever in and drawing his six shooter, he shot out all the lights and there was no dance that night!

OUTLAWS

The western central portion of San Juan County is mountainous around the Blue and Elk Mountains while the western portion lying along the rims of the Colorado River and Cataract Canyon is "cut up" by large and small valleys, mesas, canyons, and rims. On the last terrace or rim of the Colorado River which has precipitous walls of alternate layers of red and white sandstone known as the Dolores, and LaPlata formations are located the small valleys ... so called by the old time cowboys as they have no outlets.

As this part of San Juan County is very isolated, only a few cowboys and rarely a few scientists ever sees the district. At a point near the Elk Mountains there is a "secret" crossing of the Colorado River, known as THE BUTLER TRAIL crossing. Mont Butler was the leader of the noted ROBBERS ROOST bunch, that operated in southwestern Colorado and a part of San Juan County driving stolen cattle via this secret trail and crossing of the Colorado River.

In this great isolated region these stolen or "wet" cattle were held on virgin grass lands, then sold to a southern Utah cattle buyer. This outlaw Robbers Roost gang operated during the years 1894 to 1899. Finally nearly all the cattle were sold and shipped out of San Juan County and southwestern Colorado and sheep took their place. At the end of 1900 this outlaw bunch disbanded and scattered to the four winds.

Prior to the organization of the so-called Robbers Roost bunch, the writer rode with and knew the members fairly well.

They were a jolly bunch, and had good qualities as well as bad. Mont Butler, "Kid" Jackson, Al Akers, "Butch" Cassidy, "Kid" Parker and Bert Madden were all members of this outlaw bunch and to say the least they were all sure enough cowboys and cowhands.