

**NEVADA
Historical
Society
Quarterly**



Winter • 1972

VOLUME XV
NUMBER 4

WINTER • 1972

EDITOR

JOHN M. TOWNLEY

Contents

The Bullion-Tax Controversy	3
<i>by Lynn E. Williamson</i>	
The Last Indian Uprising In the United States	23
<i>by Frank Vernon Perry</i>	
Notes and Documents	39
From Our Library Collection	43
What's Being Written	45
What's Going On	51

EDITORIAL BOARD

LYNN E. WILLIAMSON
Assistant Editor

ROBERT DAVENPORT
LAS VEGAS

HOWARD HICKSON
ELKO

JAMES HULSE
RENO

WILBUR S. SHEPPERSON
RENO

HARRY WILDER
PIOCHE

The Nevada Historical Society Quarterly is published by the Nevada Historical Society, 1650 N. Virginia St., Reno, Nevada 89503. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society; single issues, when available, may be purchased for \$1.50. Orders for changes of address should be addressed to the Society.

Second class postage paid at Reno, Nevada.

THE COVER

Inquest of the four
murdered stockmen, Little
High Rock Canyon. See page 23

The Last Indian Uprising In The United States

*Little High Rock Canyon, Nevada,
January 19, 1911*

by Frank Vernon Perry

The following account of the last Indian uprising in America, also known as the "Indian Massacre of 1911," was written by Mr. Frank Perry some years after the incident at Little High Rock Canyon. Mr. Perry was a member of the posse that pursued and caught Shoshone Mike and his small tribe. Perry's description of the chase and massacre is presented here as he wrote it, without correction.

THIS ACCOUNT is of the last Indian uprising in the United States with its complete story of the tragedy that occurred in Little High Rock Canyon, in northeastern Washoe County, Nevada. The massacre of four stock men, by a band of outlaw renegade Indians, their pursuit, and the battle that followed in Humboldt County, Nevada; a trail of over two hundred miles through the northern wastes of Nevada, in the middle of winter, snow knee deep to a saddle horse, on the start, blizzards and plenty cold weather.

This part of northern Washoe County, and Humboldt County was principally controlled by Miller and Lux Inc. Land and Cattle. From Surprise Valley east to Pine Forest Range was known as "Black Rock Division." From Pine Forest east and including Quinn River Crossing was known as "Quinn River Division." To the Oregon line and on into Oregon ranches were few and far between. Humphrey and Moffitt Co. ran considerable cattle in Surprise Valley, and holdings east of Surprise

Valley, known as Home Camp Outfit, of which Harry Cambron was overseer. Gerlach Land and Livestock owned ranches, land, and cattle from Gerlach, Nevada to the lower end of Surprise Valley, having a large ranch there known as the "Bear Ranch."

At this time there were quite a few Basque sheepmen in Surprise Valley that ran their herds in the warmer range in the summer and wintered at or near Little High Rock Lake, and on the edge of the Black Rock Desert. They nearly always had a sufficient supply of cottonseed meal on hand or where it could be easily reached in case of a severe winter.

William Scott, of Eagleville, California, started in sheep business in 1906. He branched out to Denio, Oregon where he became affiliated with Thomas Dufferino. At his death in 1922, Scott and Dufferino were the largest sheep owners in northern Nevada and southern Oregon, running and having interests in over one hundred thousand head. Their headquarters, shearing corrals and supply camp were at Denio, Oregon.

The winter of 1910 and 1911 was a very mild winter up to January 9th, 1911. It started snowing and kept up for several days, with a wind that kept drifting snow into huge piles which made travel almost impossible. In those days there was no equipment like we have now. It was horse and man power then. After snowing for a week or more, it turned cold, below zero weather. It was a very severe winter, and continued so until our return back to Surprise, which was about March 8th.

John Erromousse, John Laxague, were very prominent sheep men of Eagleville, California. Bert "Dominic" Indiano worked for them as camp tender. John Erromousse was married, and the father of two small boys. John Laxague was also married, and the father of four children. Dominic Indiano was single. Harry Cambron, long time resident of Surprise Valley, and as mentioned before, associated with Humphrey and Moffitt. Harry was a very ambitious young man, efficient, capable, and held by the highest esteem of all who knew him. He was to have been married very soon at the time of his death, to Miss Laura Murphy. Her folks being old time residents of Surprise Valley.

January 17th, Harry Cambron, John Erromousse, John Laxague, well mounted, and dressed for the cold, started out for High Rock Lake to learn how their stock were making it on their winter range. Their first day was made to Home Camp. The next day, January 18th, they arrived at William Denio's homestead ranch, a distance of about 60 miles from Eagleville. It was slow going, for they had to break their own trail. Snow was around three feet deep, and in places horses would flounder to their bellies in drifts.

It is about four miles from Denio's place to head of Little High Rock Canyon. There are three tributaries to High Rock Lake. Big High Rock Canyon, possibly twenty five miles long flowing in from north west, fed by several other streams which flow considerable water in the spring runoff.

Cottonwood, and Wall Canyon Creeks from the south slope. Badger mountain, Hanging Rock next flowing into Big High Rock and Yellow Rock flowing in below. Little High Rock Canyon flows into the lake about six miles south of Big High Rock, next to Smoky Canyon, flowing in from southwest. High Rock Lake is dry most of the time excepting flood time in the spring runoff.

The old Immigrant road or "Applegate Trail" as officially known, wound through Big High Rock Canyon, coming out of High Rock at what is known now as Massacre. There an attack was made by Indians on a train of Immigrants. There were several massacred and buried there. There still can be seen the initials and names of several of the parties near the mouth of the canyon, dating back to the early 1850's.

High Rock Lake vicinity was a very suitable winter range for sheep, and it was undoubtedly these sheep men's intentions if necessary, to haul feed, cotton cake meal or corn, from Gerlach, Nevada, which they had undoubtedly had stored at the time. The evening Cambron, Erromousep and Laxague arrived at Denio's place, they were met by Dominic Indiano. He was coming up Little High Rock Canyon from sheep camp on High Rock Lake. At this time there was a band of roving renegade Indians camped in Little High Rock Canyon, a mile or so below head of canyon. This band was headed by a stalwart old Indian, who called himself "Shoshone Mike," or sometimes known as "Salmon River Mike." These Indians were seen coming through Surprise Valley, from Oregon way sometime before the big snow. They stopped at Eagleville, Modoc County, California, and bought supplies. Afterwards headed out east into Washoe County, Nevada, and on into Little High Rock Canyon where they made their camp at or about the time of the snow on January 9, 1911. No one paid any attention to roving Indians in those days, as they were a common sight. Their camp was situated about three hundred feet above the floor of the Canyon, under an overhanging jet of rim rock which offered them protection against storm, and any kind of attack that might ensue. They had killed a good many cattle belonging to outfits that were unable to get them out before the storm. It looked as though they killed these cattle for two reasons. One for the meat they needed, and the other to attract someones attention to get them in the canyon where they could ambush them. They got what horses they could and pulled out, as they had lost practically all their horses from starvation. They would shoot a critter down, and maybe only cut off a hind quarter, leave the rest, and cover with sagebrush; possibly to keep wild animals from molesting. There was one cave found that had near a ton or more meat they had cut up to make into jerky.

There was an open draw which could be descended from top of rim rock above their camp to the bottom of the canyon, which passed within a hundred yards west of their camp. From their camp to the bottom of the canyon was a well beaten path, as they used it coming to and fro. It was

the same passage used by Cambron, Erromouspe and Indiano, as they descended from the rim rock above to the bottom of the canyon to investigate slain cattle Indiano told them of seeing the night before. And to their awful fate. No one knows what they thought, but they undoubtedly knew something was wrong, and they must have seen human tracks. The only weapon they had was a 32 automatic belonging to Harry Cambron.

Billy Denio and his wife were the last ones to see these men alive. It was said later by "Snake" the Indian girl taken alive that her father "Shoshone Mike" must have been on the look out and saw these men riding into Denio's place that evening, for as Indiano rode through the canyon he evidently stopped to notice a couple of beef that had been killed near the trail he was following. Some of Mike's band wanted to kill Indiano then, but Mike said "no, in the morning three more men come, get more horses." Mike must have figured Indiano would tell them of seeing slaughtered cattle, and would be sure to investigate. Indiano never knew he was being watched by Indians.

William Denio and his wife lived alone in their three room house on their homestead. They had a one room building with accommodations for anyone staying for the night, and another out house used as supply house. Sometimes it was used by sheepmen for supplies. The night before we left on the Indian trail there were nearly fifty-five men at Denio's. They were very hospitable people, and did everything to make everyone as comfortable as possible. We all took our turn at helping out, with chores, cutting wood, washing dishes, etc. we had plenty to eat but not enough beds. With three feet of snow and crusted over, it was quite a chore to gather sagebrush and keep a fire going all night to keep us warm.

After Indiano told Cambron and others what he had seen in High Rock, they must have known something was wrong, for instead of going down the canyon Indiano had come up the night before they took to the north rim and followed to draw mentioned before. The Indians were concealed in the willows along the creek bank waiting for them to approach the dead animals Indiano saw the night before. As they drew near, possibly seventy-five yards, Indians started shooting. They had no warning, no chance. Cambron never had a chance to draw his automatic. The men were all shot through the head. After they were shot down the Indians must have walked up and shot them through the head to be sure they were dead. The Indians then proceeded to take all their personal belongings, including clothes. They were stripped of all their outer garments, their undershirts pulled over their heads, arms outstretched, socks taken, everything they took that was not saturated with blood. They then laid the men in a creek bed, side by side, with the intent that if they were not found soon, a possible February thaw would wash them down stream and never be found. They made preparations and left that night, January 19th, going down the canyon, across High Rock Lake, and onto Black Rock Desert. A shepherd, camped near the lake was awakened

by his dog barking about one o'clock that night. Next morning he saw where Indians had passed in the night.

As time went on, no word was heard from the missing men. They had not arrived at their respective sheep camps, and no one had seen them since they left Denio's ranch. Indiano not returning alarmed the herders, so a rider started for Eagleville to find out what happened. On his arrival at Denio's place, he learned that the sheepmen had left there for High Rock. Denio, being worried, wrote a note and sent by this rider to Mrs. Erromouspe, and Mrs. Laxague, reporting what he knew. The news soon spread. Everyone knew something had happened. Some thought they were buried beneath a snow slide on their way down some canyon.

A searching party was soon organized. Among the searching party were; Dr. Kennedy, Ben Cambron, brother of Harry, Warren Fruits, Ed Hogh, Henry Hughes, George Holmes, Mort West, Joe Reeder, and Otto Van Norman.

The next morning this party left Eagleville in a snowstorm, well mounted, and equal to any occasion that may be theirs, and with the determination to know what had happened to their fellow men. On their arrival at Denio's they learned that the men had left for High Rock Lake heading down High Rock Canyon. The posse headed down the canyon. They soon found cattle that had been slain, and higher up on the side of the canyon they found an Indian camp made of willows and covered with rags. They saw where the sheep men had come down off the north rim. It was Warren Fruits who first found them. It was a gruesome scene. Bodies laying side by side frozen solid in the snow. It was pre-arranged that whoever found them was to fire three shots. Warren was so shocked he emptied his gun, five shots. The rest of the posse hearing the shots rushed to locate Fruits, thinking a battle royal was taking place. It proved beyond a doubt it was Indians that had done the deed. Mort West, one of the party was dispatched to go back to Eagleville with the news. Messages were sent to Nevada State Police, Captain J. P. Donnelly, Chas. Ferrill, Sheriff of Washoe County, Nevada. Elza Smith, Sheriff of Modoc County, California. With Captain Donnelly were his guards; Sergeant Buck, Privates Chas Stone, and Newguard. The coroner and county physician were also present.

Dick Cook of Eagleville volunteered his services. With four good grain fed horses, and a sleigh large enough to convey the bodies from High Rock to Cederville Calif. He also brought out four stretchers to carry the bodies from where they lay to the head of Little High Rock, which was done by man power. The canyon was so narrow and rocky it was impossible to go only single file.

It is here where I come in. I would have left with the searching party, but was laid up with pluresy in my side. But after Mort West brought in the news of what happened and after all details carried out, and with

plenty of ammunition, He and I left for Denio's ranch before state Police and other officials arrived.

I was some anxious as my father had homesteaded at Wall Canyon. Together with my mother, younger brothers and sisters, we had moved out there in November 1910, with lumber for a house and plenty of supplies to last until spring. Wall canyon was about twenty-five miles from Little High Rock, the scene of the massacre.

Jim Tahem, after leaving the posse, rode through about March 1st, on his way from Soldier Meadows to Surprise Valley, and told my folks of the massacre and my being in the posse. The only news they had heard from December 26th 1910, until March on account of deep snows.

The bodies were brought into Denio's that evening arriving about dark. There were large sagebrush fires made and some effort made to thaw out the bodies, which proved to be a useless task.

In the morning, February 16th, a posse was organized and left Denio's place to track down the murders, who had about three weeks start. In the posse were, Captain J. P. Donnelly, Sergeant Buck, Privates, Chas. Stone, and Newguard, Sheriff A. E. Smith, of Modoc County, Calif., Sheriff Chas. Ferrill of Washoe County, Nevada, Surprise Valley posse; Ben Cambron, Joe Reeder, Henry Hughes, Jack Ferguson, William Parsons, Ed Hogle, George Holmes, Warren Fruits, Mort West, Otto Van Norman, Chas Demick, foreman for Miller and Lux ranches in this section, Fred Hill, and myself, Frank Perry. Later we were joined by Jim Tahem, at Soldier Meadows, an Indian bucarrou for Demick.

The first day was made to Soldier Meadows. Snow was very deep. Everyone took turns breaking the trail. Chas. Ferrill was a real good fellow. He was not used to riding horseback, especially in deep snow. If his horse would stumble in the snow he would swear and threaten to shoot his horse. That evening on our arrival at Soldier Meadows, he had to be helped off his horse, he could not make it alone. He said that if he got back to Reno alive he was going to get a string of horses and ride forever.

The next day we laid over at Soldier Meadows, shod our horses, got everything in readiness for the days ahead, warm clothes, good horses, plenty of ammunition and firearms. Chas. Demick outfitted a pack train loaded with bedding and supplies which was not much used, and later turned back at Quinn River crossing. Charlie was very busy with his cattle interests and could not continue on with us, but anything we needed at any of the ranches he was in charge of was at our disposal. The morning of February 18th, we left Soldier Meadows, headed south, pick up the Indian trail at the south end of Pine Forest Range, bordering the Black Rock Desert. The Indians were headed east toward Winnemucca, Nevada. That night we pulled into Piute Meadows, another Miller and Lux ranch. We had plenty to eat at these ranches, but there were so many of us, we had to take turn about sleeping with our clothes on.

February 19th, pack train and most of the posse went north to Quinn River Crossing, another ranch property beonging to Miller and Lux, in order to cross the Quinn River.

Quinn river ranch is on the highway from Winnemucca to Denio, Oregon. It was here that Captain Donnelly telephoned Sheriff Lamb of Winnemucca, Humboldt County, that Indians were headed for Winnemucca vicinity.

To anyone not familiar with Black Rock Desert, it is void of any vegetation, heads below Quinn River ranch and from Jungo, Nevada, in a south westerly direction, to below Gerlach, Nevada, a distance of about seventy-five miles, and in some places thirty miles in width. Quinn River has a channel flowing in from the north, to a point of about on a line between Sulphur, Nevada, and Piute Meadows, where it spreads out on the Black Rock Desert. The morning we left Piute Meadows, four of us, Sargeant Newguard, Jack Ferguson, Jim Tahem, and myself, Frank Perry, cut back south and picked up the Indian trail. When the Indians crossed Quinn River on the Black Rock Desert, the river was frozen solid, so they had no trouble going across on ice. There was snow on the desert when they crossed. Their trail was plain enough most of the way. The horses stepping in one anothers tracks had packed the snow. All other snow having melted, one could tell their general direction as they were taking the low passes and keeping in the most isolated country, for they didn't want to be seen. When we reached Quinn River, it was partly frozen over. On our side ice was thin, but gradually thickened toward the other. The opposite bank was nearly perpendicular. We went up and down the river for some distance, but could find no better crossing, so decided one place was as good as another. It was bitter cold, a blizzard blowing from the north. Jim Tahem rode his horse in and broke the ice by stamping with his feet. Newguard said that he would undress and try it. We gave him a Riata which he put around his body. In he went with his rifle. Up to his neck in water. He broke considerable ice, but with the intense cold he turned blue and hollered "Pull me out." I then rode my horse in, and with my rifle kept pounding and breaking ice. My horse was swimming, as we neared the bank I jumped off with "McCarty" in hand and up we scrambled to the opposite bank. The other boys were soon across in wet frozen clothes, nothing to build a fire with. Barren desert. I took off my chaps, overalls, and socks to wring out water, for I was wet to my waist. Came damn near not getting dressed, for they were freezing solid. It was getting late, and we did not know where we would get any shelter. If we could get to where there would be sagebrush we could at least get thawed out. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The day was waning fast. We went on following the trail. Along towards evening we sighted a tent in the distance, pitched on a road leading from Sulphur to Lay's ranch, Jackson mountains. There was a small pile of hay, we figured someone left there for an overnight stop.

Any old port in a storm, we took possession, it was getting dark, and we did not know where we were. But we were still on the Indian trail. We had hay for our horses, a tent for a windbreak, sagebrush for a fire, so we were happy.

The next morning we sauntered north to Lays Ranch to see what had happened to the rest of us. We had about as hard a time keeping track of the posse as we did the Indians. There we learned that Sheriff Lamb was on his way out from Winnemucca via Sulphur, with his brother Kise, and an Indian trailer called "Skinny Pascal." With all due respects to Sheriff Lamb and his brother Kise, I would like to state that Skinney Pascal never took the lead at any time on the trail, nor took any participation in the battle that ensued. He was asked by Captain Donnelly, and later by Newguard to act as interpreter to ask the Indians to surrender, but as the battle started at about four hundred yards, with a blizzard blowing snow and sleet, a conversation was void.

We stayed over at Lay's ranch waiting for Sheriff Lamb. Our next stop was at Willow Creek, north of Jungo. It was thought the Indians would rest up in the silver state range between Willow Creek and Paradise Valley. On leaving Willow Creek that morning, it was agreed between Sheriff Lamb and Captain Donnelly that we all should meet at a certain small butte in the distance in the Silver State Range. The renegades trail was getting fresher, and it was thought they may rest up as the feed was fairly good, but no water that we saw.

Captain Donnelly, Ben Cambron, Sheriff Smith, Jack Ferguson and I soon found the Indian trail. Sheriff Lamb and the rest of the posse were scouting the country north. As we neared our meeting place it was getting late, and no sign of any one. We had just run into one of the Indians Camps, they had killed one of their horses and a dog.

There were two of these buttes, perhaps five miles apart. Lamb figured the butte nearest Willow Creek, Donnelly figured the one further on. As we neared the last butte which was a short distance from the Indian trail we were following, Captain Donnelly, (I knew it was coming), asked me if I would ride over to this land mark and wait for Sheriff Lamb and tell him that they were going on in to the Toll House for the night. I don't believe any of us were in this part of the country before. It began to get dark, cold north wind blowing sleet and snow. I decided to look out for myself. I was riding a young horse I had ridden since starting out, but I did not know how much farther I could go that day. I went back to the trail and started on. So dark, I just could see the outline of the trail, could not figure what happened to Sheriff Lamb and the posse. I was looking back and could see small sage brush fires at different places. It worried me for I did not know what it could mean. Next day I found out Sheriff Lamb and his men had been separated and were building fires to get together.

Sheriff Lamb escorted them into Winnemucca that night, which was

about a twenty mile ride. In the meantime, Sheriff Ferrel and Sergeant Buck of the Nevada State Police went on to Elko to form another posse to head off the Indians if they went that way.

I was so interested in watching behind me while my horse was walking long, that I did not realize until I turned to look ahead whether I was on a trail or not. After getting off and lighting a match, I saw my horse was on the Indian's trail which had turned in a northerly direction. The four men that were with me had turned off and headed east for the Toll House. I knew I was due for a night out. My horse could not go much farther that day. No feed and no water. I wanted to get some place where there would be little shelter. Over one sand dune, then another, small brush and sand grass, I finally came to where there had been an old well which had been blown over with sand. There were three or four posts still standing and a small pile of old lumber, and a large goods box buried in the sand. This was it. I unsaddled my horse and covered him with a saddle blanket. I would have given anything if I could give him a drink of water. I tied him to a post and got the box unloaded of sand and turned it against the wind so I could watch my horse in case anyone approached. I did not want to make a fire for fear of attracting unwanted attention. I put in a miserable night. At daylight I saddled up and took off in a southeastern direction to pick up the trail of the men the night before. I arrived at the Toll house about 10 o'clock pretty well jaded. Captain Donnelly met me at the watering trough and said "I guess there is no need to ask where you stayed last night." I told him what happened. He told me what happened to Sheriff Lamb and the posse, and that Eagleville Posse would soon be out from Winnemucca. My horse was taken care of so I went in the house and laid down for a little rest, was soon awakened by the boys coming from Winnemucca. They had celebrated in town all night so it was not long before I felt as good as they. Donnelly had called Lamb that night and I was the only one not accounted for, so they were glad I was still living. That day we went to Golconda for the night, at last a bed we knew. Indians had crossed Paradise Valley between Toll House and Paradise Hill, both were stations on the road from Winnemucca to McDermott and Denio, Oregon. We intended the next morning to head north and pick up the Indians trail. This was the first new we heard since leaving Denio's ranch, we also learned there were rewards being offered for the slayers of the sheepmen. Nevada offered five thousand dollars, California one thousand dollars, Humphrey and Moffitt one thousand dollars, Mrs. John Erromouspe one thousand dollars, Mrs. John Laxague one thousand dollars. We were out to avenge the death of our friends and fellow men, not for reward money. We absolutely refused Mrs. Erromouspe's and Mrs. Laxague's offer, they lost enough. California turned down the reward likewise Humphrey and Moffitt. We had turned over to Sheriff Smith a power of attorney to act in our behalf in the distribution of the reward money, which was finally

turned over to a lawyer for collection. After a year or so we received at or about \$126.00 apiece, the thirteen of us the day we got to Golconda.

A prospector was out in the hills west of Paradise Valley and ran into these Indians. He had heard about them before and had presence enough of mind not to let on he had seen them. When out of sight he hurried to the nearest telephone and I believe called Charles Byrnes, Constable of Paradise. Charlie then relayed the message to Sheriff Lamb, Lamb then called Captain Donnelly. Charles Byrnes picked up his Deputy Merl Prussia and went into this certain canyon to search for evidence that the Indians might have been there. Word came from Donnelly at Willow Point to Private Charles Stone, who was with us at Golconda, to leave before daybreak. The next morning Charles Stone with three of us deputized left unbeknown to the rest of the posse. When we arrived at Indian's camp we were met by Charles Byrnes, Merl Prussian and Captain Donnelly. There was a dead indian pony, blank checks from the murdered men's check books, and scraps of leather and hair from chaps they had been working over. There was no mistake, it was definitely the same Indians. We then made preparations for the next day. We left Golconda and met Captain Donnelly and his guards, including Chas. Byrnes and Merl Prussia, near the abandoned Indian Camp. It had snowed the night before. We soon found where they made another camp not far from the one we found. Their horses were all in and they were not making much headway. We knew we were near, for there were still live coals in their campfire. They were nearly all walking on foot, their tracks were fresh in the snow. Evidently it took all their horses to pack their belongings.

Captain Donnelly, Chas. Byrnes and I were riding together some distance behind the posse. I do not think Captain Donnelly wanted the "Honor" of taking the Indians, as he had given Sarge Newguard word to take the lead, and if the Indians surrendered not to shoot. But most of us knew they would never surrender. I soon caught up with the posse, and as we rounded a small rim rock we sighted the Indians, perhaps a half mile down a draw, practically in open country. Newguard called a halt, and said, "Boys, if they will surrender don't shoot"! and he gave Skinny Pascal orders to ask them to surrender, if we could get in speaking distance. It started hailing quite hard, and the view was some blurred. We started on a trot towards them. This was Sunday, February 26, about 10 o'clock, ten days since we left Denio's ranch. The Indians had evidently just finished making camp and were getting ready to eat, for there was a pot of water on a fire made in the center of their camp. Sagebrush was banked up around about twelve feet in diameter. Their saddles and blankets were thrown against this as a wind break. There was a smaller camp a few yards from the larger camp. A squaw sighted us first coming from the smaller camp to the larger one, and she soon gave the alarm for Indians were scrambling everywhere. Three or four grabbed rifles and started running toward us. We kept on riding towards them. They soon

squatted down and started shooting at us at a distance of about four hundred yards. We quickly got off our horses and the battle was on. Most of our saddle horses stampeded as soon as the shooting started, but were soon rounded up and brought back. A few horses that were not too weary stood by. It was a wonder some of our horses were not hit as they were behind us, and the Indians were overshooting us most of the time.

There were three horses grazing on a hillside beyond their camp. One of the squaws ran out and was trying to drive them back to camp as a means of some of them to try and get away. Bullets were spitting up snow around the squaw and horses. Some one yelled "Don't shoot the squaw, shoot the horses." They were soon down and the squaw ran back to camp.

There were three Indians between us and their camp, the ones that had come out to meet us. Old Shoshone Mike, and two other big Bucks. They would shoot at us from behind sagebrush. Sometimes they would raise up and shoot and start on the run for camp. A volley of shots would be fired at them, they would drop down whether hit or not. Someone in our bunch would holler out. "I got him that time"! We were formed in a line abreast slowly advancing towards them. About this time one buck, two boys, probably sixteen years old, two squaws, a young squaw and two young children, a boy and a girl, and a papoose tried to make their getaway by running down this wash, or rabbit creek as it was called. But we had our eyes on them and they were headed off about half a mile below where the battle started.

Chas Byrnes had brought back our horses that stampeded. Part of the posse were battling below. There were seven or eight of us left. As there had not been any shots fired at us for some little time, and as it was getting late, Chas Stone suggested that a couple of us ride around on the opposite side of the Indian's camp for a look see. If all seemed clear ride into camp, and then ride in a circle where Indians were last seen. Merl Prussia and I rode across, stopped, and were viewing their camp and grounds. Chas. Stone and the rest had us covered. We saw an object that moved occasionally, but as no shots were fired we figured they were out of ammunition. All the while we could hear the battle going on below us. Merl and I decided time was wasting, so we galloped down to the Indian camp, quickly dismounted, and threw saddle blankets and everything pell mell, thinking and hoping a buck would be in hiding. They surely were crafty workmen when it came to making anything out of rawhide, hair, or silver. They had worked over all the outfit they took from the murdered men. We then rode in a circle from the camp towards our men. Saw two dead bucks and came up to where old Mike lay dying, moaning and groaning. All he could say, "Me heap sick, me Shoshone Mike". He had been shot six or seven times, through and through, he had crawled and drug himself for some distance from where he was last

shot. He had plenty of nerve and guts. His 45-90 was loaded and cocked in a sagebrush, still pointed in direction where we first spotted him. We searched him, thinking he may have a weapon of some kind on him. He had on plenty of clothes, although some of the rest were nearly naked. His clothes were oozing with blood. We took a pocket knife and I think twenty-six dollars in cash off him, which we later spent in Golconda for drinks, but we had to make it good before we left Golconda, for the Coroner said he needed it.

By that time our boys had walked up. Ben Cambron wanted to finish him off for killing his brother, but Mike was dying then. Part of the posse stayed at this camp, and some of us went below to join the rest of our posse. The squaws were shooting at us with bows and arrows. Arrows were flying every direction, and some with accuracy. George Holmes got a direct hit in his coat lapel. He smiled, pulled it out and was going to keep it as a souvenir.

This young squaw, "Snake" would run from this wash with a long spear, with an overhead thrust she would run towards someone who would try to catch her. She would then run back to the wash as though she were giving this Buck in the wash a line on some of us for a last shot. The two older squaws were doing most of the fighting. They started picking up rocks to throw at us. One squaw hollered, "Go back you white dogs". The two young bucks lay dead in the wash at this time. It was almost certain that if there was an Indian Buck living, he would be waiting with his last shot to get someone. I worked over to the right and started crawling down this wash to where I would have a good view of this Buck waiting with his last shot. There were probably ten or more of us there. None of us over fifty yards from the Indians. Ed Hogle, Henry Hughes, and I believe George Holmes, were walking abreast within a few feet of where this Buck lay. It all happened in a flash. Ed happened to be the first one to come in sight of the Indian. He was shot through or near the heart. He said "Get back fellows, I'm shot"! Shot with the last shell from the 32 automatic the Indians had taken from Harry Cambron. The instant the buck shot Ed, he jumped up and started to run down this wash. We were all ready and it looked as though the force of bullets lifted him off his feet and slammed him face down. In the volley that was fired at the Indian, also killed the two squaws. The battle was now over. The young squaw Snake, threw herself on the ground with the little girl and the papoose. Wailing and sounded like she was crying, but we didn't see any tears. A kind of death song we guessed. The little boy had run down the wash trying to get away, but was soon overtaken by Jack Ferguson. He fought like a little demon. Jack put him in the saddle, and got on behind. He scratched and bit Jack's hands trying to hold him. When Jack returned with the kid his face was all bloody. When I asked what he had been doing to the poor little fellow, Jack said that the kid

tried to beat his brains out on the horn or the saddle, but he also told me afterwards that he slapped him in the face.

A messenger was dispatched to Kelly Creek Ranch about six miles from where we were, to get a team and spring wagon to haul Ed Hogle and our captive youngsters in for the night. We all felt so bad about Ed getting killed after it was practically all over.

The morning leaving Golconda, Ed was riding a little buckskin horse, we were trotting along when Ed's saddle turned. He got skinned up a little and he remarked "I guess I'll get mine today, I'm getting a damed good start."

The team and wagon arrived just about dark. We loaded up and started for the ranch. We were riding along behind the wagon, 'twas a mornful ride. Snake and the kids wailing their monotonous tune. After arriving at the ranch we placed Ed Hogle's body in one of the rooms at the ranch house. There was a large room with a fireplace. We placed some bedding down on the floor by the fire for the squaw and children.

As the telephone was closed for the night at Golconda, we could not telephone any news of the battle to the outside. Ed Hogle's death, or the capture of the young Indians until next morning.

There was a shoshone buccarou at Kelly Creek Ranch. Captain Donnelly asked him to try and talk to the young squaw, Snake. Some one had just brought her in a tin plate of food to eat, some milk for the younger children. This Bucarrou started to talk to her, she threw the plate food and all at him. She thought him a traitor, that he was probably in the battle against them. The next day she confessed to several crimes her band had committed. Probably more before her time. Mike and his band killed a young fellow near Tuscarora a year or so before. This boy was trying to round up some horses that belonged to him and his father. The boy was killed and Mike got away with the horses. A small posse was organized and a running skirmish, but no justice was done.

They had killed a chinaman near Oregon California state line, for four dollars. They scalped him and took his queue.

John Erromoupe, one of the sheep men killed in High Rock, had a heavy mustache and some gold teeth, They cut his mustache off, lip and all, and knocked out his gold teeth.

The next morning, Captain Donnelly called Sheriff Lamb, and he arrived that day. We went out to the scene of the battle. The coroner and constable from Golconda expected us to bury the Indians. Sheriff Lamb said "No, these boys have done enough". He told the constable to go back to Golconda and get some dynamite and men, blast a hole and throw them in it. Which was done. We gathered them in a pile where they could easily be seen. The ground was frozen and it would of been quite a task to dig a hole. The grave could not have been made very deep, for years later human bones were found near the grave.

If we had not overtaken the Indians when we did, they no doubt would

have made a raid on Kelly Creek for horses to travel on with, and probably killed another man or two. The next morning, Tuesday, we left Kelly Creek for Golconda, a distance of about twenty five miles. As we neared Golconda, we were met by thongs of people anxious to get a look at our Indian prisoners, and to see what we looked like. It seemed good to see folks again, and to know our mission was ended, our long man hunt across the snow covered wastes of northern Nevada through blizzards and intense cold to the battle just ended, and the justice done to those that had massacred our fellow men in Little High Rock Canyon. Captain Donnelly and others arrived the same day in a spring wagon with Ed Hogle's body. Our Indian captives arriving in another rig.

After the coroner's inquest, Ed's body was embalmed in Golconda, and sent on to Reno. Ed's brother Robert Hogle, accompanied the body to his home town, Anderson, in Shasta County, California, where Ed's Mother was living. We all wrote Mrs. Hogle a letter regarding the battle and Ed's death, and our past friendships. We received a very appreciative letter in return.

We were held in Golconda three or four days on some kind of a coroner's inquest as to whether we were sure we had killed the Indians that had massacred the men in High Rock. We had a few arrows and trinkets we had picked up for souvenirs in the express office we had mailed home to Eagleville. The constable was ordered to go take them out as they were needed for evidence. They said that we would get them back, but we never did, someone else wanted them for souvenirs. We thought we got a rotten deal. Otherwise everyone treated us like one of the family, the drinks were on the house wherever we went. When I was being questioned by the coroner and asked what I found on Mike, I told him about the money and pocket knife. After he was through questioning me, he said that I would be excused but would have to make the twenty-six dollars good. George Holmes spoke up and said, "Why?" The coroner replied that it is against the law to search a dead man. George replied, "Hell, he wasn't dead". With all the evidence in our favor and the Indian girl's testimony, it looked to us as though they thought we were the renegade bunch and didn't know our way around. We thought we were being mistrusted.

After our business transactions were over in Golconda, we headed homeward. We stopped over in Winnemucca for a short visit with Sheriff Lamb and his family, and others. With our horses and baggage loaded on the western pacific for Gerlach Nevada, we seemed to be a traveling attraction. Sheriff Lamb and his wife were at the train as we were leaving Winnemucca. Mrs. Lamb said, "There's only one thing you boys didn't do that you should". When we asked her what it was, she said, "Rats breed lice, you should have killed them all." Her parents were massacred by Indians.

We received a hearty welcome on our arrival in Gerlach. From there

we took to our horses for our ride back to Surprise Valley, to our relatives and friends who were eager to learn the story of our chase and details of the battle.

It was now about March 8th, when we arrived in Eagleville. The posse from Surprise Valley gave Sheriff Elza Smith power of attorney in our behalf for distribution of the reward money. State Police could not share any of the reward money. There were eighteen in the battle counting Skinney Pascal, who retreated soon after the battle started. Captain Donnelly, Sargeant Newguard, and Chas. Stone, of Nevada State Police. Sheriff Smith of Modoc County, California, in command of Surprise Valley posse, including Ben Cambron, Mort West, Henry Hughes, Warren Fruits, William Parson, George Holmes, Otto Van Norman, Joe Reeder, Jack Ferguson, Ed Hogle, and Frank Perry, and Chas. Byrnes, and Merl Prussia, who were with the posse the last few days. There were eleven of us from Surprise Valley. Chas. Byrnes, and Merl Prussia from Paradise, Sheriff Smith from Alturas, that would make fourteen of us eligible for reward money. Elza Smith, being Sheriff, I do not know if he shared in the reward money or not.

A banquet was given us at Cederville shortly after our arrival. They had a couple of old Indian fighters in our crowd. A few speeches were made, and excellent supper was served, and the hospitality shown us was appreciated by all.

This was the last Indian uprising in the United States, and happened thirty-eight years ago this month, February, 1949. After all these years the boys are pretty well scattered. Some have passed on, I suppose. There may be some incidents of this story that I have forgotten as it has been some years ago. The old saying, "There are always two sides to a story". I have tried to give a true account of all that happened as I saw it, and to all that were with me, the highest regards.

Nally Willy, manager for Humphrey and Moffitt, stationed at Eagleville at the time, told me sometime after the battle, that he had the occasion to meet Shoshone Mike's brother on a train on his way to Elko, and had quite a talk with him. He seemed to be glad Mike was dead, for he was very mean to him and all the other Indians. There was a section of country called Salmon River, near the reservation, plentiful with game. Mike would never let anyone hunt there only himself and his band. Mike's brother told Nally, "Maybe we hunt there this fall". Shoshone Mike, at the time he was killed was about sixty-five years old.

So ends the story which I probably never would have written unless persuaded by others.