

DEATH ON MOUNTAIN TRAIL CAUSED BY EXPOSURE

INDIAN WOMAN'S BODY LAY ON
TRAIL FOR TWO DAYS AND
TWO NIGHTS.

The inquest held Saturday at Berry Creek resulted in the Coroner's jury returning a verdict which stated that Mrs. Alice John came to her death from the combined effects of exposure and alcoholism. The jury also censured J. M. McClung, the Berry Creek saloon-keeper, for selling liquor to Indians, which, by the way, are full-blooded members of that race.

The death of the woman occurred probably on last Monday night. Notwithstanding the fact that the death had occurred that early in the week, the Coroner was not aware of the fact till last Friday morning. At that time Deputy Coroner A. A. Ward was in receipt of a letter from a resident of the Bald Rock country, in which the death occurred. The letter stated that a squaw had died under suspicious circumstances. Also that the Indians at "Bill's Camp," a rancheria in the wilds of the Bald Rock country, were going to bury the departed member of their tribe with tribal rites.

Coroner Wallace, of Chico, and his deputy, A. A. Ward, of this city, left Friday about noon for the scene, and took charge of the body. Saturday morning a Coroner's jury was empaneled and the inquest held.

JOHN, Mrs. Alice
Oroville Daily Register
2-14-1910

The husband, Louis John, told his story. It was as follows, and covered the happenings of a period of several days. One week ago he returned to his camp and found it deserted. He immediately set out over the mountain trails for Berry Creek, where he discovered his recreant wife. According to his story, she was not under the influence of liquor when he found her. However, he purchased a jug of whisky in McClung's saloon, and together they started back toward their camp over the lonely mountain trail. Numerous drinks were taken by them, and as a result they became inebriated. In this condition they spent the night upon the mountain side, without protection from the elements. The next morning he was still under the influence of the liquor, but got up and staggered on over the mountain trail to his camp. Tuesday night he slept in the camp, and awoke Wednesday morning sobered up. Upon finding his wife missing he went back over the trail, and at the spot where they had slept during Monday night he found her, a corpse. The remains were taken to "Bill's Camp," and the body was dressed, without notifying the Coroner of the death.

The story which the husband told was apparently substantiated by the fact that there were no marks of violence upon the dead woman's body and nothing to indicate that a struggle had taken place.

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4-14-1910

CAREFUL COUNT OF INDIANS IS REQUIRED BY CENSUS

Full Information Regarding Red Men
to be Obtained This Year.

[Special to the Register.]

CHICO, April 13.—A. L. Kofer, of the University of California, has been appointed instructor for Northern California for enumerators who have been assigned the task of taking the census for Indians. It is the plan of the present census to obtain complete information relative to the Indians, and accordingly special forms have been prepared. The questions have to do with the tribal relations of the Indians, the degree of mixture with white blood, if any such mixture exists; the education of the Indian, and other questions of a like nature.

Soconna (Molly)

Gridley Herald

4-29-1910

Deaths of the Week

Mrs. Harriet Nolen of Chico died Sunday morning at the age of 80 years.

The oldest Indian woman in this section of the state died Tuesday at the Rancheria near Chico. Her name was Soconna but was called Molly by the white people, She was more than 100 years old.

KERR, Sewatha
Chico Record
10-25-1910

**INDIAN WOMAN IS
VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION**

Mrs. Sewatha Kerr, an Indian, aged forty years, died Saturday in the Indian village. Consumption was the cause of death. The funeral was held yesterday afternoon from the Indian chapel. Rev. W. G. White officiated.

VOICE THAT EXCITES MASTERS POSSESSED BY INDIAN OF CHICO

WORLD FAME IS BELIEVED TO
AWAIT RESIDENT OF BID-
WELL VILLAGE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 6.—In person of C. N. LaFonso, an Indian born and brought up on the famous Bidwell ranch near Chico, Miss Nales Green and Dr. C. B. Cromley, both of New York, and both musicians of note, believe that they have found a person whose tenor voice will become world famous. Young LaFonso, who is only 22 years old, came to the Stewart Hotel yesterday from Chico, and the two musicians tested his voice and unite in pronouncing it to be marvelous.

Young LaFonso some time ago attracted the attention of Mrs. John Bidwell, widow of former General John Bidwell and owner of the famous ranch. Miss Green and Dr. Cromley are friends of Mrs. Bidwell, and to them she had expressed her opinion of the value of LaFonso's voice. So it came about that when the New Yorkers came to San Francisco they communicated with Mrs. Bidwell to the result that she sent her Indian protege to this city.

While no definite arrangements have been made as yet, the probabilities are that young LaFonso will be given a musical education by the most competent instructors.

The San Francisco Call

5-28-1911

ABORIGINE SINGER HAS QUIVER FILLED

Lafonso Appearing in Vaudeville With Many Red Men Melodies

Son of Princess Has Tenor Voice That Is Peculiarly Resonant

By WALTER ANTHONY

Elmer N. Lafonso has the right idea about the influence which will be exerted on American music by the picturesque and effective songs of the American Indians. Doctor Dvorak thought we might found a school of American composition on the melodies of the negro; Edward MacDowell thought more likely Indian music would supply the characteristics which would serve foundationally for a superstructure essentially American; but the advocates of neither theory have progressed further than the mere presentation of the idea. Neither negro melodies from the south nor Indian melodies from anywhere will serve except as a graft upon a sturdy American stock which must some day be thriving.

Elmer Lafonso is a full blooded Indian, a member of the Mechoopdas. He is the son of the tribe's last chief, who is dead, and of a princess of the Mechoopdas, who is living near Chico. Lafonso abandons the empty titles; so there will be no more chiefs of the Mechoopda tribe. He has come to San Francisco as a singer, and departs soon as a vaudeville artist. He owes his vocal training largely to the beneficence of Mrs. Bidwell of Chico, and it was in that little town that he was educated and weaned from whatever of Indian modes and manners he might have acquired from his father, who before him

Indian Melodies to Help Music World



ELMER N.
LAFONSO

had indeed forgotten everything of the past save his real Indian name and the fact that he was chief of the few survivors who now live in the little Indian village near by Chico.

Lafonso has secured a quiver full of Indian songs, mainly by Charles Cadman, based on the tribal music of the Indians. These he sings with a rare charm and spirit, and it is these he hopes some day to present to European audiences.

By the preservation of these Indian themes from their songs of war, their cradle croonings, their serenades, their love songs, their religious and harvest music, there will be something gained by musical literature. The addition of a new note and idiom which otherwise would remain unuttered will be made. The language of music will be enriched by a few new expressions, but Indian music is so primitive and foreign to a Caucasian race that it is inconceivable it could supply a basis of American composition. Those are Lafonso's theories about the value of his own music, which, indeed, has many impressive periods to reward the student and composer.

By presenting these Indian melodies throughout the country, Lafonso will be doing a service to art, and his career will be watched with interest by many.

His voice is peculiarly resonant, and has a strange note of sympathy that makes a quick appeal. It is scarcely a matured science of singing that he brings, though his vocal study has been well directed as far as it goes—he studied, he says, "the Italian method." In quality it is tenor with a suggestion of barytone quality, and in range it compasses easily an A. Besides the Indian ballads, he sings from the florid school of Italian opera, as well as the songs that are dear to the popular heart.

Lafonso's opportunity to appear professionally came about through Ernest Howell of this city, who is booking vaudeville acts, and heard of him through agents at Chico. With Hawthorne—another American Indian, from New York—Lafonso will present a sketch in which he and his partner will present their songs.

To those of us whose fathers and grandfathers had "scraps" with the natives a time ago, it seems strange—this Indian chieftain's son, a singer, a tenor, and a good-tenor, too.

SLACK, Jesse
Chico Record
7-12-1911

FUNERAL AT RANCHERIA

Jesse, the two-year-old son of John Slack, an Indian of the Chico rancheria, was buried in the Indian cemetery yesterday afternoon. The little fellow's death followed an illness of several days' duration, from a form of paralysis.

HUNDREDS CROWD PRISON TO GET GLIMPSE OF MAN

WILD INDIAN SMILES AND SMOKES WHILE MANY
GIFTS OF FRUITS, CANDY AND TOBACCO
ARE GIVEN HIM

Candy, fruit, cigarettes and even flowers were presented to the Indian, captured near the slaughter house last evening, by the hundreds of persons who filed in and out of the county jail today to take a peek at him. The man seemed to enjoy the visits as much as did the crowd and he grunted his satisfaction.

Anyone believing the man weak minded or insane had better dispel this illusion. He is the picture of vigorous manhood and good health, although one glance is sufficient to show the man has never been close to civilization.

The Indian is in a cell on the second floor of the jail. He is comfortable and happy for probably he has never had such an abundance and variety of food as he has at present. The man is of athletic build. He shows that he has always had sufficient food.

In his ears two buckskin rings are

hung. He wears a long dirty gown, the only garment, until the Sheriff gave him a suit of underwear which he put on and seemed well satisfied with it. His hair is short and black like a Jap's, and his face is clean shaven. His feet show clearly that he has never worn shoes for the toes are spread wide apart.

There was no look of surprise on the man's face and he had no trouble making his wants known. He grants in a regular Indian manner and his skin is much darker than the ordinary Indian, probably due to exposure. Many expected to see a large man similar to the pictures which have been so common on advertising matter. Instead he is a short, perfectly built man of about 5 feet, 3 inches.

He is evidently only in the early part of his life. There is not a

semblance of gray hair and he walks with the firm step of the athlete. Today he smoked in an easy accustomed manner and showed he was not a stranger to the weed.

The theory that he is one of a band of three bucks and a squaw, chanced upon about two years ago by a surveyor gang in Deer Creek is still the impression. He is evidently greatly adverse to being near civilization probably carrying the in-born hatred for the white race which is so common still among the Indians.

The man had evidently lived on what he could steal. It is the belief that he went to the slaughter house to steal a piece of meat but as Will Kruger was there at a later hour than usual he happened to get caught. The barkings of the dogs first attracted Kruger who went out to see what they had treed. He was surprised to see a man in the tree and notified the Sheriff's office.

Sheriff Webber and Constable Toland went out after the man and he accompanied them without a murmur. He is good natured and so far has shown no signs of wishing to be liberated. This afternoon Deputy Sheriff White drove out to the slaughter house to see if he could find where the man was camping or any of the remainder of the band.

Just what to do with the Indian is a question. He cannot be sent to jail or retained long because he has done no wrong. He is not insane so it is possible that Sheriff Webber will ask the government authorities to send him to an Indian reservation.

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INDIAN DRAWS FORTY DAYS.

Charles Gramps, the Indian arrested in Chinatown on Sunday night by Officer Miller, was sentenced to serv forty days in jail or to pay a fine of \$10, yesterday, after pleading guilty to the charge of resisting an officer. Gramps was given until to-day to pay the fine.

ABORIGINAL INDIAN, THE LAST OF THE DEER CREEKS, CAPTURED NEAR OROVILLE

**DRIVEN TO SLAUGHTER HOUSE BY STARVATION,
LAST SURVIVING MEMBER OF PROUD TRIBE OF
WARRIORS IS FOUND, STILL UNTOUCHED BY
CIVILIZATION THAT HAD DESTROYED HIS PEOPLE**

An aboriginal Indian, clad in a rough canvas shirt which reached to his knees, beneath which was a frayed undershirt that had been picked up somewhere in his wanderings, was taken into custody last evening by Sheriff Webber and Constable Toland at the Ward slaughter-house on the Quincy road. He had evidently been driven by hunger to the slaughter-house, as he was almost in a starving condition, and at the Sheriff's office ate ravenously of the food that was set before him.

Not a single word of English does he know, nor a single syllable of the language of the Digger Indians, the tribe which lived around here. Where he came from is a mystery. The most plausible explanation seems to be that he is probably the surviving member of the little group of uncivilized Deer Creek Indians who were driven from their hiding place two years ago.

News of the presence of the Indian was telephoned to the Sheriff's office by the employees at the slaughter-house. They informed Sheriff Webber that they had "something out there," but they did not know what it was.

Sheriff Webber and Constable Toland immediately left for the slaughter-house. Upon their arrival they found the men standing guard over the Indian, who was sitting crouched up in a corner. He offered no resistance when the Sheriff motioned to him to come with him, but for safety's sake handcuffs were clasped upon him.

Untouched by Civilization.

In the Sheriff's office he was surrounded by a curious throng. He made a pathetic figure crouched upon the floor. He is evidently about 60 years of age. The canvas from which his outer shirt was made had been roughly sewed together. His undershirt had evidently been stolen in a raid upon

some cabin. His feet were almost as wide as they were long, showing plainly that he had never worn either moccasins or shoes. In his ears were rings made of buckskin thongs.

Over his shoulder a rough canvas bag was carried. In it a few manzanita berries were found and some shews of deer meat. By motions, the Indian explained that he had been eating these.

Not a Digger Indian.

The appearance of the Indian shows that he does not belong to the Digger tribe. Supporting the theory that he may be the last surviving member of the Deer Creek tribe is the fact that he resembles the Modoc Indians, to which tribe the Deer Creek Indians belonged.

Ravenous With Hunger.

On his arrival in the office Under-Sheriff Will White immediately placed a meal before him. The menu included beans served piping hot, bread and butter, and doughnuts. The Indian ate ravenously, tearing the bread apart bit by bit. An amusing incident occurred while he was eating the beans. Under-Sheriff White interrupted him to press a doughnut upon him. The Indian took it in one hand gingerly, still holding the bowl of beans in the other. He examined the doughnut suspiciously. Then in an experimental fashion he tasted a small piece. No sooner had the doughnut touched the palate than he dropped the beans, seized the doughnut in both hands, and there was

nothing more doing for the beans until the doughnut had been finished.

Not Acquainted With Firearms.

After Sheriff Webber had removed the cartridges from his revolver he gave the weapon to the Indian. The aborigine showed no evidence that he knew anything regarding its use. A cigarette was offered to him, and while it was very evident that he knew what tobacco was, he had never smoked it in that form, and had to be taught the art. His curiosity, however, was chiefly aroused at writing. This seemed to amuse him greatly, and as the operation was shown him he watched the marks with the greatest amazement.

Apparently the Indian has never come in contact with civilization, except as he has assisted in robbing some lonely cabin near his hiding places.

In an attempt to ascertain something about him, Charles Gramps was found. He conversed with the aborigine in the tongue of the Digger Indians. The latter comprehended nothing of what he said, nor could Gramps understand a word that the aborigine uttered.

Last of the Deer Creeks.

The attire of the Indian, his general appearance, and his presence here, are strongly indicative of the fact that he belongs to the Deer Creek tribe of wild and uncivilized Indians. These Indians were originally proud and warlike, and their frequent depredations upon the white settlers led to an organized war against them. Robert A. Anderson, the father of R. N. Anderson, of this city, later Sheriff of the county, was the leader of the band that attacked the Indians, after repeated forays upon the white settlers had been made. The band was practically exterminated, but as Mr. Anderson states in the book he has written upon these Indian wars, "a remnant of the Indians who caused so much uneasiness in those early days still remains hidden away in the dark caverns of the hills. They haunt that stretch of country from Deer Creek to Mill Creek, making stealthy descents upon the cabin of the white man, but committing no serious crimes. They have developed the art of hiding to a perfection greater than that of the beasts of the woods, and, while in no wise dangerous, they are probably today the wildest people in America."

Two years ago a surveying party drove the Indians from their last hiding place. As far as could be ascertained, the remnant of the once proud tribe at that time consisted of four bucks and one squaw. Apparently they again disappeared. It is believed that the aborigine who was captured last evening is either the last surviving member of the party, or that he was one delegated by the others to make a foray upon the slaughter-house. Had the men not been working there later than usual, and had the dogs not detected the wild man, the foray would have been successful.

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MYSTERY YET CLINGS TO CAPTIVE INDIAN ABORIGINE

INDIANS VIEW TRIBESMAN BUT ARE COMPLETELY MYSTIFIED---CAPTIVE HAPPY AND APPRECIATES HUMOR OF SITUATION

The developments of yesterday in the case of the aboriginal Indian now a captive at the County Jail tended more and more to confirm the opinion that he is of local origin. The news of his capture has been disseminated among the Indians of the county, and many of them wandered into town to see him. He was addressed in the tongues of the various Indian tribes, but the efforts of those seeking to learn anything of him proved almost wholly barren. He does not understand the language of the Digger Indians or of the Yuba or Bidwell Indians. Neither could he understand Chickasaw, Choctaw, Chinook, or Cherokee. Nor on his part was it possible for him to make his auditors acquainted with his language.

Knew Word "Chico."

The single exception, that tends strongly to support the theory that he is of local origin, occurred when Mrs. C. F. Belding, who speaks four Indian languages, spoke to him, and when Will Conway, an Indian from the Bidwell Indian village, addressed him. In a sentence addressed to Mrs. Belding he distinctly said the word "chico." To what he referred is not known. The word "chico" is itself an Indian word, and his ignorance of all things civilized precludes the idea that he could have intended it for the city that bears that name. It was apparently rather used in its original Indian sense. Will Conway at one time seemed to make himself intelligible by an Indian sign, but the Indian in his turn could not make himself intelligible to Conway, nor could Conway again make himself understood by the aborigine.

Indians Completely Mystified.

The Indians who gathered to see him were as much mystified as were the whites. He had never been seen by any of them, nor had any of them heard of or about him. He was as strange to them as a visitor from another world.

Thinks He Is in Happy Hunting Grounds.

Again yesterday there was a continual stream of the curious at the County Jail to see the strange captive. While he cannot express himself, it is a safe bet that the Indian half believes he has reached the Happy Hunting Grounds. With all he wants to eat, an audience watching his every movement, he is thoroughly enjoying himself. Moreover the humor of the situation is not lost upon him. When a party including three ladies was taken to his cell last evening he broke into a loud guffaw. When he rose from his bed in his tattered one-garment canvas shirt to greet his visitors the situation seemed to appeal to all as deliciously funny, and Indian, white people and all laughed until the very jail rang.

Likes Civilized Food.

The Indian is also receiving his first introduction to civilized food, and he appears to enjoy it. Bananas, oranges, apples and other fruits have been sent to him. He knows how to eat none of them. The banana he started to eat skin and all, with an evident lack of

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relish. When he was instructed how to peel the fruit he gave evidence of enjoying it hugely. A tomato was next given him, and he immediately started to peel it as he had done the banana, but there he bumped against some of the inconsistencies of civilization, and was instructed that he must eat it without peeling it. An orange was entirely new to him, and he also had to be instructed that it was to be peeled before taking.

Territory of Deer Creek Indians.

Among the visitors at the County Jail yesterday afternoon was County Surveyor M. C. Polk. According to Mr. Polk, who is well versed in the matter, the Deer Creek Indians had as their zone a territory reaching from Mill Creek in Tehama County on the north to Concow in Butte County on the south. They would pass from one part of the territory to the other, going through the Cohasset district, where, years ago, in cold blood, they killed a settler. Driven out of the Deer Creek country, it is believed that the band of four wandered to the south over the ground that members of their tribe before them had passed, and that, as related in the Register of yesterday, death took three of their number and starvation compelled the other to forego the hiding habits of years and to seek civilization for food.

Will Be Shown Implements of Tribe.

Mr. Polk has in his possession some of the arrows, blankets, and other implements of the Deer Creek Indians. He will bring these to the County Jail and exhibit them to the aborigine. It is thought that their recognition by him would be proof positive of his origin.

Indian Says He Understood.

Upon his return to Chico yesterday William Conway, the Bidwell Indian, gave out a statement to the effect that he had conversed with the aborigine and that he had been told a number of things by the Indian. He states that he gave the Indian the high sign of the tribe, and that the aborigine immediately responded. The officials state that an Indian sign given by Conway was understood, but beyond that it was plain that neither could make himself intelligible to the other.

Conway states that the jargon of the Indian closely resembles that of the Tehama tribe of Indians. He states that the aborigine told him that he had traveled for ten days without food, and that when he was first taken captive he thought the white people intended to fatten him and kill him. He further states that the aborigine told him his pappoose had died, but that his squaw was still in the mountains.

His statement contains a number of other matters so improbable that little credence is given to the whole tale.

Keeps Hair Short By Burning.

Much curiosity has been expressed relative to the manner in which the Indian keeps his hair short. The officials of the jail managed to convey to him this idea, and by lighting a stick he showed how he singed his hair, according to a custom not uncommon among Indians.

INDIAN LAST OF HIS RACE

PROFESSOR WATERMAN OF UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA STARTS TEACHING THE QUEER PRISONER.

Smiling and trying hard to convey to his teacher the thoughts running through his mind that the perspiration at times shone forth on his forehead, the Indian curiosity today spent several hours with Professor J. C. Waterman, of the University of California. The day was taken up with trying to teach the Indian to convey his thoughts.

The Professor arrived last evening and brought with him a large volume containing, he says, the words used by several different tribes of Indians. The Professor declared emphatically that the man in jail is the last of the Deer Creek tribe. The Indian evidently understood the words and answered by shaking his head. Whenever the Professor would hit upon a word which he knew the man would plainly show by his action that he understood.

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It is the impression of the linguist that the Indian can speak the tongue of the Northern Yanas and he has sent for an Indian to come from Redding and talk with the man. This Indian is due to arrive tonight.

The Professor does not claim to talk fluently with the strange man. He declares that he only hits upon words at varied intervals but has succeeded in finding out that the man is the last survivor of his tribe.

According to the Professor, the northern group of Yanas inhabited the country in the vicinity of the Pit river in Shasta county while the southern tribe was found along Deer and Mill creek. It is the intention of the Professor to teach the man to talk gradually. He was afraid of tiring his student today so after a few hours would leave him so he could rest up. It is believed that when the Yana Indian arrives tonight the life story of the man will be told.

INDIAN HAS PICTURE TAKEN

QUEER HUMAN IN THE COUNTY JAIL STILL WAITS FOR COM- ING OF BROTHER.

Professor J. T. Waterman wired to Redding again today to find out what had happened to the Indian interpreter who is expected to converse with the man now in the county jail. He received word that Sam Batwe or "Indian Sam" as he is known throughout Shasta county, was afraid to venture unaccompanied to Oroville and was waiting until tomorrow when Acting Marshal Trainor will accompany him here.

No one was allowed to see the Indian today, as his new found friend the Professor, and himself were busy exchanging signs. The Indian had some more pictures taken today and these will be sold as souvenirs. The demand so far exceeds the supply.

Accidentally the queer human got his first taste of civilization by going to Hogan's gallery and having his portrait taken. He was compelled to cover his naked limbs with a pair of "Can't Bust Ems." The Indian showed evidence of having sailed on the briny seas at various times in his life for he had the familiar jerk of the whaler whenever he came near losing them.

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The man is rapidly becoming adapted to American ways and customs. Under the supervision and instruction of Professor Waterman he is rapidly becoming conversant with various words. Professor Waterman has taken up the matter of securing the guardianship of the Indian. He is deeply interested in the man and has asked the Federal authorities to give him control of him.

Professor Waterman was anxious to get a picture of his charge without the dirty shirt which he wore when arrested but as this was the only garment which prevented him from becoming a real savage the Professor took a second thought and declared he would dispel this notion until he got down to the bay.

It was feared that the heathen might think that he was back amidst the tall pines and make a break for liberty. If he should happen to do this without the necessary wherewithal customary in white folks society, it was feared that there would be a few cases of nervous breakdown among the residents on the hill.

The Indian submitted to the snapping of the camera with his accustomed stocial manner. When the shutter popped he shuddered somewhat as if afraid that he was going to be shot. Professor Waterman believes the Indian was driven out of the hills by the recent forest fire and came closer to civilization than has been his custom in order to get something to eat.

LIVING IN THE STONE AGE IN MIDST OF TWENTIETH CENTURY CIVILIZATION WONDER OF ABORIGINE GROWS AS KNOWLEDGE CONCERNING HIM INCREASES

AWAIT COMING OF NORTHERN YANA TO OBTAIN FROM HIM FULL TALE OF HIS WANDERINGS AND TRIBE

❖ "Turn back the hands of time for a period of 40,000 or 50,000 years, ❖
❖ and you would find our ancestors at approximately the same stage of ❖
❖ development as the Indian now occupying a cell in the County Jail has ❖
❖ reached. Or go back to the time that Columbus crossed the seas to ❖
❖ America, and the civilization of the Indians of that time is his civiliza- ❖
❖ tion. In the very midst of the Twentieth Century civilization we have ❖
❖ found a man actually living in the Stone Age, making his living by kill- ❖
❖ ing deer with bows and arrows tipped with stones, or spearing salmon ❖
❖ with a similar weapon. His civilization does not possess even the ❖
❖ beginnings of a written language. His customs and his beliefs are ❖
❖ those of the aborigines. From him we will obtain a wealth of informa- ❖
❖ tion regarding Indian customs. And the beauty of it is that, untouched ❖
❖ by civilization as he is, he cannot lie if he wants to. What we learn ❖
❖ from him, we know will be authentic." ❖

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In this way Professor Waterman, of the University of California, expressed himself, after having spent almost the entire day with the Indian aborigine now in the custody of Sheriff Webber at the County Jail. Professor Waterman was jubilant as the result of the day's work, and openly expressed his opinion that the discovery of the Indian is of the greatest importance to students of anthropology. The most encouraging progress was made in getting into communication with the Indian. This work is slow by reason of the fact that a different dialect has to be used, and that Professor Waterman has to make constant reference to notes, as he does not speak the Northern Yana language. With the arrival from Redding of Sam Batwee, a member of the Northern Yana tribe, it is expected that much more rapid progress will be made in learning from the Indian the story of his wanderings and of the customs and the habits of his tribe.

During the day Professor Waterman was enabled to learn from him many things regarding the ceremonial customs of the people. The Indian showed him how before a net was spread for salmon or before they started to spear the fish, certain religious rites would be performed. He also illustrated to him how the women would grind the acorns in a mortar, how the acorn soup would be placed in a basket and cooked by means of heated stones thrown in. The religious ceremonial observed during a thunder storm to avert evil was also shown.

In each case the use of a word such as "thunderstorm" suggested the thought to the aborigine, who seems to have grasped the idea that all that is wanted is that he shall tell his captors about himself.

Last evening Professor Waterman took the aborigine to the home of Mr. W. B. Duncan Jr., who possesses a large collection of Indian relics. There the Indian was in his glory. The arrows and the wampum seemed to have a particular attraction for him, and it was with great regret that he gave them up. Several of the arrows were without heads, and the aborigine showed how the heads were made and fastened on to the stalk. He gave the call by which the deer were lured to their death, and using a fox-skin there, showed how the fox was killed. A number of the relics common to all Indians he called by their name in the Yana tongue. Others, used only by certain tribes, he appeared not to know at all.

"The fact that the Indian smoked is not at all a mystery," said Professor Waterman yesterday. "All Indians smoke. There is a tobacco indigenous to California, which they used, which is undoubtedly the vilest smelling weed that was ever burned. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of how vile its odor is. To be understood it has to be experienced. It was this weed that the Indians here smoked.

"The idea that the language of the Indian is limited also by the simple character of his life is erroneous. They say things that we do not see. There are 250 food plants that the Indians constantly used, that we know nothing about. For all of these they had names. Then, their language is much more expressive than ours. We say, 'I put it on the table.' The Indian would describe it, tell what it looked like, whether it was hard or soft, and so forth. While they did not have many of the things in their lives that we have in ours, there were many things in their lives that we do not have in ours. In fact, the English language is crude compared to many of the Indian dialects.

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"The religious belief of this man, as of all Indians, is that of many spirits. The belief in a Great Spirit is simply a fiction of the white men. The Indians did not believe in it. Neither did they believe in a happy hunting ground. That is another invention of the white man."

The arrival of Batwee is awaited with great interest inasmuch as the tale of the Indian can be learned by him. It will also decide the mooted point whether the Indian is the last of his tribe, or whether there is lurking somewhere around, as some believe, a squaw and a papoose who await his return.

Deer Creek Camp Lately Inhabited.

(Special to the Register.)

CHICO, September 1.—Fred Worrall and Al Henry, who have been hunting in Deer Creek Canyon, returned to Chico to-day, bringing back with them the report that the camp of the Deer Creek Indians, which was supposedly abandoned two years ago, showed evidence of having been very lately inhabited. The information was given to them by members of a surveying party, now engaged in running a line for Z. Crowder, who owns property in Deer Creek. The camp is located in an almost impenetrable thicket. The surveyors visited it, and found that it gave evidence of having been occupied but recently. Indian implements and food were found scattered about, and there was other evidence that Indians had been there but a short time ago. Worrall and Henry knew nothing of the capture of the Indian here, but believe that he is probably one member of the band that recently returned to their old camp, only to find their previous home again haunted by white surveyors.

QUEER INDIAN TALKS WITH EDUCATED ONE

STRANGE MAN REFUSES TO TELL OF HIS PAST TO REDDING INDIAN ALTHOUGH HE KNOWS YANA TONGUE

Fearing that if he told where he came from and who were his people that he would be locked up and probably hung for the numerous crimes committed by his people the Indian locked up in the county jail refused to tell much of his past life to Sam Batwe, or Indian Sam, who is one of the best known survivors of the North Yana tribe.

It has been determined that the man in custody is a Yana. How he ever came to be in this section is explained by Sam who declares he is undoubtedly the last surviving member of his tribe. He also believes that the Indian is of the famous Deer Creek crowd, and the last remnant of that famous band.

There is no doubt but what Sam knows the tongue of the queer individual for the two would converse and the white listeners could see by their motions that what Sam was asking him was being answered as near as possible by the Indian.

"Where are you from, what country did you inhabit and how old are you?" were a few of the questions propounded by Sam.

To these the strange Indian answered that he had been about Oroville all his life and has a camp about two miles from Ward's slaughter house when he was captured. The Indian kept protesting against Sam asking him questions declaring that Sam was too civilized and that the white men had brought him here to find out his past and punish him.

"He refuses to talk to me about his past," declared Sab. "Every time I ask him a question he dodges it. He says that he is afraid of being punished as many of his tribe stole sheep and rifled cabins of the settlers. He also says that he has been shot at and that all the remainder of the tribe are dead.

"He had a wife but she is dead and he is all that is left. I can understand him thoroughly but he evades every question I ask and continues to state that I am too civilized and the white men have brought me to see him so they can find out the truth of his past and punish him.

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"This man is one of my tribe, the North Yana. I have never seen him before and where he could have kept himself mystifies me. He states he has wandered about this section for many years living off what he could kill and steal. I know his language all right. He does not speak pure Yana but has a kind of mixture between my language and Mexican.

"He cannot tell his age for he has never kept any record of it. I believe he is at least fifty years old."

The Indian, while Sam was talking to him, kept pointing to his ears and nose. He wanted Sam to put rings in his ears and a small stick in his nose and become an Indian. He told Sam how he was captured and about how many moons he had been in jail.

Throughout the short conversation between the men the two laughed frequently. It seemed to amuse the strange Indian when Sam asked him so many questions. He would laugh and declare that Sam was not his friend but the friend of the white man and he would not tell anything.

To show how thoroughly he understood Sam an incident at the noon hour might be recited. Constable Toland asked Sam to tell the Indian that he would have to go upstairs and eat. Sam spoke to him and the Indian of his own accord went up to his cell and sat down near his table.

Professor Waterman, who watched the conversation, declared that he will take both Sam and the aborigine down to the University of California tomorrow. Waterman believes that after the strange Indian becomes better acquainted with Sam and gains his confidence that he will tell all. After the University finishes with the Indian Sam will take the matter up with the government and have the man sent to the Indian reservation.

INDIAN TAKEN TO BAY

This afternoon Professor Waterman, accompanied by Indian Sam, took the strange Indian to Berkeley. The man closed his eyes and nearly fainted when he saw the train approaching. He believed that he was going to be killed.

PRESIDENT AND SENATE TO MAKE TREATY WITH ABORIGINE

RELIQS OF HIS TRIBE DELIGHT HEART OF INDIAN CAPTIVE

INTRODUCED TO TELEPHONE
AND OTHER WONDERS OF
PALEFACE CIVILIZATION.

SAM BATWEE HERE AND TO-DAY
WILL BE TAKEN TO
SEE YANA.

That before a final disposition can be made of the aboriginal Indian whose capture here has excited such widespread attention, a treaty will have to be entered into with him by the President and the Senate of the United States, was the statement made yesterday by Professor Waterman, of the University of California. This is in accordance with the law following the disposition of all Indians living in tribal relations. As the last of his tribe, strict conformance with the law will require that a treaty be entered into with him in which the matter of his final disposition will be settled.

Pending a decision of this character, the agent of the Bureau of Indian Affairs for the Pacific Coast has telegraphed to Sheriff Webber instructing him that he can turn the Indian over to Professor Waterman, who is empowered to take him to the University of California until other arrangements are made. Professor Waterman does not desire to leave until Sam Batwee, the Northern Yana, arrives, and through him the story of the aborigine is learned.

The Last of His Tribe.

That he is the last of his tribe has been learned beyond peradventure of doubt. It has been contended by some that the Indian has a squaw and papoose living in the hills. While his first story tended to disprove this, evidence adduced yesterday seemed to settle the question absolutely. He had been given bows and arrows and had shown in a graphic manner how game was snared and killed. From this and other accounts given by him it has been learned that the word for dead was "malus." Taking advantage of the knowledge thus gleaned, Under-Sheriff White turned to the Indian.

"Mahala malus?"

An expression of infinite sorrow passed over the countenance of the Indian and he nodded an affirmative.

"Papoose malus?" again queried the Under-Sheriff.

Again the Indian nodded, and pointing to himself raised one finger, indicating that he was alone.

Shown Relics of Tribe.

The most interesting feature of the day was when County Surveyor Martin C. Polk brought over to Oroville the relics of the tribe found in the Indian camp in Deer Creek Canyon two years ago. With Mr. Polk were former Assemblyman W. J. Costar and J. P. Briscoe.

The relics consisted of bows and arrows, paints, spears, a robe, ropes, and other implements. The ropes had been manufactured of the inside of maple bark and also out of deer Sinew.

The Indian instantly seized them, and was transported with happiness. To the auditors who gathered about him he showed how the snares were laid with the ropes for deer in places where a deer path was found, how the buck would get the snare about his antlers and the does and fawns about their body. He illustrated the death struggle of the deer.

Pointing to the robe, which was made of fox and wildcat skins, he gave the call for the fox and showed how the foxes were shot down with bow and arrow. Again he indicated how the wildcat would crouch upon the limb of a tree, and how he was shot down.

In a graphic manner he went through in pantomime the manufacture of the ropes and the bows and arrows. He showed how they were painted with mineral paints to which water was added. This, he indicated, was the work of the mahala.

A number of the arrows were unfinished, and he asked for feathers, that he might finish them. He will be given these feathers to-day.

Is Introduced to the Telephone.

On Saturday Professor Waterman introduced the aborigine to the telephone. The Professor went to the Marshal's office and rang up the Sheriff's office. They then took the Indian to the phone and put the receiver to his ear. Professor Waterman then said a few words in the Yana tongue. In astonishment and fright the Indian dropped the receiver.

Hot Water a Puzzle to Him.

Yesterday was a notable day inasmuch as the aborigine was introduced to the American bathtub. As the faucet was turned on and the hot water ran into the tub a puzzled expression crossed his face. He could not understand where the hot water came from.

Goes to Moving-picture Show

Last evening Sheriff Webber and his deputies took him to the Gem theatre

for the first time he saw the moving pictures. With the greatest interest he looked upon the rapidly passing films. Containing as the pictures do, a tale which does not need an explanation in words, the aborigine was able to gain some idea of the story told. The expression of astonishment at first gave way to interest and amusement. It was only when the picture of a train was shown, that he gave any evidence of fright, and then his fear was most evident.

Taught Use of Revolver.

His education was further completed yesterday when he was shown how to use a revolver. The bullet was taken from a cartridge and nearly all the powder removed. He had previously been shown how to pull the trigger. He pulled the trigger, and the explosion resulted. This gave the Indian a bad fright.

Batwee Arrives From Redding.

Sam Batwee, the Northern Yana, arrived from Redding last night. "Indian Sam," as Batwee is called, is over 80 years of age, some think he is past 90, and speaks pigeon English. He refused to go to Oroville unless someone went along, and so Officer Trainor made the trip.

Batwee was so tired that he was not taken to the County Jail last night.

Recognized by Surveyors.

Alfred Lafferty and Edward Duen-sing, two of the surveying party who first saw the Indians in their Deer Creek fastness, two years ago, visited the County Jail yesterday. They were almost certain that the Indian they ran across then, as he stood upon a rock ready to spear a salmon, is the present inmate of the County Jail.

Anderson Says He Is Deer Creek Indian.

Former Sheriff "Bob" Anderson, who was in charge of the various parties that were led against the Deer or Mill Creek Indians, visited the jail Saturday in company with former Assemblyman W. J. Costar. Mr. Anderson believes that the aborigine is a Yana boy that he encountered in the spring of 1864, while on an excursion into the home of the Indians to regain some horses that had been stolen.

"Saturday, after viewing the Indian's picture in a San Francisco newspaper, I was struck with the similarity of the face and features to those of a little Indian boy I encountered at an Indian camp near Deer Creek in the summer of '64," said Mr. Anderson last night.

"Yesterday I went to Oroville, in company with W. J. Costar, and viewed the savage, and I feel convinced he is none other than the one we encountered. The boy, as I remember him, had peculiarly bright, intelligent, regular features, greatly similar to those of the Indian in Oroville, and although after so many years it is almost impossible to be certain of the identity, I think it extremely probable that he is the boy, grown to manhood, and now reaching the decline of life."

Recalls Expedition Against Indians.

Mr. Anderson told of the circumstances surrounding the finding of the boy. It was following an Indian horse-stealing raid, and with two companions he was making an excursion into the Indians' country to regain their loot, when they came to a camp that had just been deserted, the Indians evidently seeing the approach of his party and becoming frightened. Only this small boy, about 12 years of age, remained. He had been hiding or sleeping under some blankets, and when the coverings were raised and he was brought to view, presented a frightened, bewildered appearance that impressed the face on the memory of Mr. Anderson.

The expedition returned with the booty, but allowed the boy to remain. He was about 12 years of age then, which would make him in the neighborhood of 60 at the present day, an age which corresponds with the appearance of the red man in Oroville.

Interest in Aborigine Increases.

A peculiar thing is that the interest

in the aborigine shows no sign of decreasing. On the contrary it is increasing. All day long the Sheriff's office is crowded with people anxious to get a glimpse of the aborigine. Time and time again the Sheriff is compelled to lock the door, when the interests of office business require the exclusion of the public. Yesterday the office was thronged all day, many coming from Chico and other points to gaze upon the aborigine.

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9-7-1911

ABORIGINE WILL BE TAKEN ON SIGHT SEEING TOUR

"PANAMA KID WEBBER" NOT
ENOUGH—NAME NOW
"ISHI."

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6. Ishi, as the Oroville aborigine has been named, is going to be taken on a real sight-seeing trip about the city in a few days, when he gets more accustomed to his surroundings—the Primal Man on a privately-conducted rubberneck wagon. And it will be worth more than the \$1 for the alleged twenty-mile trip to know what Ishi thinks of San Francisco.

They have given the Oroville aborigine a name. In the annals of scientific research he will be Ishi, the Man. His own name he will not tell, but the professors in the anthropological department of the University of California, at the Affiliated Colleges, found it inconvenient to have him referred to only as the "Savage," the "Cave Man," and the "Aborigine." So they christened him "Ishi."

9-23-1911

WANTED--A WOMAN--APPLY ISHI, THE WILDMAN, AT BERKELEY

That there is no possibility that the Indian woman reported to have been seen near the Ward slaughter-house could have been the wife of Ishi, the last of the Mill Creeks, is one of the statements made by Professor P. T. Waterman, of the department of anthropology of the University of California in a letter written to James H. Leggett, of this city. In a letter

Professor Waterman states that as soon as the report of the seeing of the woman was brought to him he asked Ishi whether the woman was his mahala. The Indian stated that he had no woman.

When asked whether or not he would like a woman, Ishi answered that he would. When asked what kind he answered, in his native tongue, "any kind."

POWELL, Mrs. Hellen (Ellen) "Sumimi"

Chico Record

9-26-1911

Last of Mrs. Bidwell's Mission School Pupils Dead

Funeral services, intensely impressive in their simplicity, were held yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the little chapel of the Indian Village, over the remains of Mrs. Hellen Powell, Mrs. Bidwell officiating. Death had claimed Mrs. Powell Sunday evening after a long illness, during which nothing that might be done to save her life or afford her comfort was left undone.

Mrs. Powell was reared by Mrs. Keefer, and in 1875 was a pupil in the mission school established by Mrs. Bidwell. She was the last of the Indians who attended that school. For a number of years she resided at the Indian village, was a communicant of the Presbyterian church, and, according to Mrs. Bidwell, who knew her so intimately, she was possessed of a most charming character. Her Indian name was Sumimi.

Death certificate has name as Ellen Powell
Burial in Mechoopda Indian Cemetery, Chico

10-17-1911

ISHI IS CAPTIVATED BY BLONDE WITH BIG HAT

FOR FIRST TIME HEART RE-
SPONDS AT GLIMPSE OF
FAIRER SEX

(From the San Francisco Call.)

Ishi, the aborigine of the wild Deer creek country, held an "at home" yesterday in the anthropological museum in the Affiliated Colleges under the social direction of the University of California. True, Ishi didn't serve pink tea and wafers to his 800 guests during the afternoon, but he did give a practical demonstration of the primitive methods of weaving a fishnet.

It was rather a long day for Ishi. He occasionally complained of being tired. However, he stuck to his task fairly well and by 5 o'clock the meshes numbered enough at least to catch a Deer creek minnow. At times Ishi seemed to be embarrassed by the constant and inquisitive gaze of the many pretty women. He seemed to find relief by hanging his towseled head and scratching one foot with the big bronze toe of the other, and, turning his back, quietly pursue his fishnet knitting.

During the afternoon but few grunts were exchanged between Ishi and Sam Batwee, who officially interprets South Yana into English. Finally Ishi's long face lit up. A few more grunts were exchanged then Sam Batwee sent for W. G. Waterman of the department of anthropology, who was receiving the guests for the host.

Instructor Waterman came in a hurry. He had climbed three flights of stairs and was out of breath. It was worth while, for Ishi, for the first time since being in captivity, had expressed interest in the fairer sex. Or, was it only her hat that Ishi had admired?

A big, tall blond was leaning over the railing of the box stall in which Ishi was confined. Others eager to see the wild man had been compelled to fall back so as to make room for the blond woman's hat. It seemed as if it were some feet in diameter. Ishi's phlegmatic soul was moved. Turning to Sam Batwee, he grunted:

"Heap likee talk squaw big hat."

There was true regret if not a note of sadness, in his voice. He realized his handicap. Here was the one woman he admired, but he might as well have been removed by the seas. He couldn't talk English.

By the time Instructor Waterman had learned from Sam Batwee what Ishi wanted, the tall blond, discerning she was the center of Ishi's admiration, had beat a hurried retreat. With the disappearance of the big hat down the broad stairway Ishi's first romance since captured abruptly ended.

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OROVILLE, CAL.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1911.

NUMBER 95

CRAZED INDIAN MURDERS TWO AND WOUNDS ANOTHER IN ATTEMPT TO SLAY ENTIRE MOORETOWN FAMILY

Crazed with the thought that the woman, with whom he had been living, was leaving him and being half drunk, Edward Williams, a half-breed Indian, shot and instantly killed Miss Inez Brooks, 17, and Mrs. Lillie Ann Mullings, 40, both of Mooretown, last evening. He then took a shot at William Mullings, 19 as he passed a dining room window and seriously injured him in the left leg.

Williams was finally brought to bay by B. J. Mullings, husband of the slain woman and father of the injured lad, who met the Indian crouched near the front gate and grappled with him, shooting him in the left arm in two places, once in the right arm and then in the hip. Williams was captured by Deputy Sheriff William White and Sheriff Webber as he lay groaning in a thicket about 200 yards from the shooting.

The shooting took place about 8 o'clock last evening at the Mullings' home, about a mile from Mooretown. Williams had been living with Inez Brooks, at Cascade, where John Williams, his father, conducts a store. A few days ago the two fought and Williams brutally beat the Brooks girl. She left him and coming down the trail stopped at the Mullings' home, they being her aunt and uncle. Williams followed her to the house and then returned to Cascade. Last night about dusk he showed up at the Mullings home. Calling to B. J. Mullings, from the front gate, he asked that Miss Brooks be sent out to him.

Mullings went in and told the girl, who replied, "Tell him to come in, I am too busy." She was sitting with Mrs. Mullings cleaning chickens for a supper, which was to follow a dance to be held this evening in the Mullings barn.

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Mullings then returned to the gate and told Williams what she had said. "I haven't got time to go in," replied Williams. "I am going away and I want to see her just for a minute. Again Mullings returned to the house and told the girl. "Tell him to come on in," she declared. "I have no objection to seeing him, but I am too busy. He has got more time than I have. Tell him to come on in and have some supper." Again Mullings went out to the gate and told Williams.

"I can't come in and I must see her, you tell her so," said Williams. For the third time Mullings turned and entered the house. Williams followed him through the gate, sneaking along behind him and then ran around the house to the kitchen. There, through the window, he could see the two women working at the table. The window sits up from the ground so that the Indian could see only half of their forms.

He was about twelve feet away from them when he opened fire. The first shot struck the Brooks' girl in the left nipple, she dying instantly. The second shot tore through the head of the Mullins' woman, tearing off the scalp to such an extent that when Deputy Coroner Merrill lifted up the body her brain ran out on the floor.

After shooting the two women Wil-

liams started for the front gate, passing a dining room window as he did so. He saw William Mullings seated on a chair and fired at him, the bullet entering the left leg. Then Williams ran to the front gate crouching down beside it.

In the meantime B. J. Mullings had gone out to the road to tell Williams that the Brooks' girl would not come out. Not seeing Williams he proceeded up a small mountain trail calling to him, as he believed the man had become offended and left. When Mullings returned to the gate Williams sprung upon him firing point blank at his breast. The bullet went wild. Mullings closed with the Indian and in their grappling the barrel of the gun which Williams had pressed against his opponent's breast ripped several inches of skin away. Mullings finally got hold of the lever, used for throwing out shells. Holding on to this he put his hand in his pocket and jerked out a revolver, which Mullings says he put there, when he went in the house the third time, as he began to scent trouble.

With this revolver Mullings shot Williams through the left arm twice. One bullet tore through the arm between the elbow and shoulder, the second between the wrist and elbow. Another bullet entered the right forearm and a fourth tore through the left hip of Williams inflicting a flesh wound.

Weak from loss of blood Mullings easily wrestled the gun away from his opponent, Williams starting up the trail and going 200 yards where he fell in a thicket.

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Mullings returned to the house and sent another son, W. E. Mullings to Enterprise, six miles away, to notify the authorities. The young man made the trip in thirty minutes. In the meantime the Indian, Williams, could be heard groaning in the thicket.

When word was received at the Sheriff's office, Sheriff J. B. Webber, Deputy Sheriff White, County Treasurer J. C. Dooley, District Attorney Jones, Deputy Coroner Merrill, Dr. W. F. Gates and Justice of the Peace J. V. Parks, in company with Court Reporter Duncan C. McCallum, left for the scene. They arrived there at 2 o'clock this morning.

White immediately took a lamp from Dooley and with a revolver in his hand proceeded towards the thicket where he could hear Williams groaning. Sheriff Webber accompanied him with a sawed-off shotgun. When the light flashed upon Williams, White ordered him to surrender. The man showed that he had no gun and White then went up to him and Sheriff Webber followed, the two carrying the assassin to the Mullings home where a fire was built and he was laid alongside of it. He was weak from loss of blood but talked freely. "I remember killing Inez," he stated, "but I do not remember slaying the other woman. I did not want to kill her. I just wanted to kill my wife and then myself."

He steadfastly declared that the Brooks girl was his wife as he said it was the Indian custom to claim a woman as his wife when he had lived with her any length of time. "We had a fight a few days ago,"

Williams continued, "and I come down to kill her and then myself. If she had come out of the house I would have slain her and there would not have been all of this to answer for. I did want to die but I am satisfied to take my medicine. I suppose I will hang for this. It means the gallows, I guess."

The bodies of the two women lay in front of the table. The Brooks girl had arose from her seat, after being shot, and had fallen upon the flat of her back. The Mullings' woman reeled across the room and fell alongside the body of the girl.

There in the early morning, Deputy Coroner Merrill held the inquests. The same men served in both cases, Treasurer Dooley acting as foreman of the Brooks jury and Dr. Gates of the Mullings venire. The other members of the jury were W. H. Mason, H. A. Bundy, W. H. White and J. H. Hedge. They found that death was the result of "gunshot wounds inflicted by Edward Williams."

The two bodies were stretched out and prepared for burial. The body of the Mullings woman presented a gastly sight, while after the Brooks girl had been arranged, the body gave her a natural appearance and she looked as if she was sleeping.

The funerals of the two victims will be held Sunday, the interment being made in the Indian cemetery near Mooretown.

30-30 RIFLE USED

The rifle used by Williams was a 30-30 and soft nosed bullets. The shells were found beneath the window where the shooting took place. Mullings stated that while he was out in the road he heard the shots. He knew the gun Williams had carried the four loads. He counted the first shots which were fired as rapidly as man could pull the lever back and reload. Then he heard the third shot. He knew that Williams was shooting and that he had only one shot left.

When he saw Williams crouching beside the gate, he believed that he was the large black dog which was part of the household. He advanced towards the object when Williams sprang upon him. As soon as he fired he knew it was the last shot he had, and therefore closed on him.

Williams is over six feet tall and of muscular build. The fact that he managed to crawl 200 yards after he had been shot shows what vitality he possesses. He was put on an improvised stretcher and brought to this city this afternoon.

MULLING'S STATEMENT

Mullings declared, that he wanted the law to take its course. "I am a law abiding citizen," he asserted, "and what shooting I did today was to protect my own life. I am glad I did not kill the man although he deserved to be slain." The fortitude and bravery shown by Mulling's was the talk of all who returned from the scene today. They declared that they never saw a man pass through such an ordeal with so much self control.

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The house is a four-room structure and stands considerably back from the road. It is in an isolated place. There are four rooms, two bedrooms on one side of the house and a kitchen and dining room on the other. All of the parties are half breeds.

OTHERS IN HOUSE

In the house, in addition to the two women, the boy and the father, were Thomas R. Mullings and wife, William E. Mullings, a cousin, and Leonard and Henry Mullings, 11 and 13 years respectively. There was also a six-year-old girl, who is the daughter of Thomas R. and wife.

Thomas Mullings stated that he wanted to go out and see what the shooting was about but his wife held onto him and pleaded with him not to go.

SWEAR OUT WARRANT

District Attorney Jones, upon arriving from the scene this morning, immediately went to Justice J. V. Parks and swore to a warrant charging Williams with murder. Jones states that Sheriff Webber found a half-filled bottle of whiskey this morning, which Williams said he had thrown away during the shooting.

BOTH KNOWN HERE

Inez Brooks worked as a waitress in the Chinese restaurant on Huntoon street. Williams states she was infatuated with one of the Chinamen and was going to go away with him, and this as much as anything else caused him to decide to kill her.

Williams lived in this vicinity all his life. He is about 30 years of age and has never been outside of Mooretown and Oroville. He lived mostly by gambling.

INDIAN IS DYING

It was stated by Sheriff Webber this afternoon that Deputy Sheriff White is on the way here with Williams and the Mullings boy, who was injured. The Sheriff states that Williams is dying and will not survive many hours. The man had two bullets penetrate his chest. The boy will be put in a hospital.

Oroville Daily Register

10-23-1911

ISHI'S ARROWS AMUSE CROWD

THOUSANDS OF SAN FRANCISCO
PEOPLE FLOCK TO SEE
ABORIGINE.

FASHIONS ARROW-HEADS IN
PRIMEVAL FASHION OF
DEER CREEKS.

DOES NOT LIKE HAND-SHAKING
FUNCTIONS—WANTS TO
WORK.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 22.—Ishi, the unspolled aborigine, this afternoon demonstrated for the benefit of the hundreds of visitors to the Museum of Anthropology at the Affiliated Colleges the manufacture of arrow-heads from a lump of hard flint in the fashion employed by the members of the Deer Creek tribe, of which he is the only survivor. Thousands of requests from persons anxious to see Ishi, which have swamped the museum force, decided those in charge to devote this afternoon from 1 till 4 o'clock entirely to an exhibition by Ishi, who, in California Hall, on the top floor of the museum, entertained the curious.

Using only a flaker or chisel of elk antler, Ishi makes the finest and most perfect of arrow-heads, his work being accomplished exactly as was the custom of his tribe in past years.

Each of the aborigine's receptions has attracted a big throng, and to-day Ishi for three hours began the first of a series of Sunday exhibitions. Ishi realizes his inability to carry on conversations in any known language of the day, and it was by his own request that the demonstration was arranged instead of routine hand-shaking.

Last week a thousand persons came to see Ishi and as many more have signified a desire to behold the remarkable Indian, most of them designating Sunday as the most acceptable time. It was for this reason that the occasional mid-week receptions have been abolished in favor of a regular Sunday entertainment.

ST. LOUIS WOMAN IS READY TO WED ABORIGINE

FIRST FORMAL PROPOSAL OF
MARRIAGE IS RECEIVED
BY ISHI.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 14, Filled with the ardor of twentieth-century romance, and daringly invoking the prerogative of the hobble-skirted woman, an unnamed fair wooer in the heart of congested St. Louis begs Ishi, the aborigine from the wilderness of Oroville to unite in wedlock the stone age and the era of universal suffrage.

Ishi, whose hunger led to his being dragged in his uncontaminated perfection into the midst of frail civilization, has become famous as the pure relic of past eons.

He has become the theme of savants and magazine writers, who spread his fame into the tenements and slums as well as among the social butterflies.

Hence the offer of marriage from the St. Louis belle.

Ishi is just tickled to death. Of course he wants a wife. He confided as much recently to the scholars of the Affiliated Colleges, and they let the world in on the secret. Ishi at first thought he would be forced to the humiliation of chasing the woman who might stir his heart through the maze of Market Street, as per the stone-age manner of courtship. But now his fears are at rest and nothing remains but for his mentors to discover the wealth and worth of the St. Louis woman who wrote the letter to Professor Kroeber.

It is a most formal offer, but as Professor Kroeber points out, it gives no information of the writer's station in life further than to say that she is comfortably fixed and enjoys the friendship of a large circle. She wants more intimate information of Ishi and lays special stress on a request for photographs.

Oroville Mercury

Jan 15, 1912

FRED GRAMPS IS TAKEN VERY ILL

Fred Gramps, of Big Bar, was taken very ill yesterday and was brought to this city for medical attendance. He was immediately ordered to the Oroville hospital, where it was stated today that he showed slight signs of improvement.

Oroville Mercury
1-19-1912

FAMOUS INDIAN TENOR WILL
WARBLE AT GARDELLA SHOW



ELMER LA FONSA

Elmer La Fonsa, a full blooded Indian, reared in the Mechoopda Indian Rancheria on the Bkiwell ranch at Chico and the special protege of Mrs. Bidwell, who possesses a fine tenor voice that bids fair to make him famous, will give a recital at the Gardella theater Friday evening. La Fonsa is the son of Chieftain La

Fonsa, the last chief of his tribe.

Upon discovery that the young Indian possessed a fine voice, Mrs. Bidwell educated the boy in music, and in a number of private recitals in San Francisco and Oakland his voice has excited favorable comment in musical circles. His voice is declared equal to that of Richard Jose.

ISHI TELLS WHY HE CAME TO OROVILLE

DRIVEN BY GREAT LONELINESS,
FINALLY DARED TO ENTER
WHITE MAN'S CAMP.

(Louis J. Stellman in Sunset
Magazine.)

"I was so lonely that I didn't care what happened. Always we hid from the white man—I and my people. They slaughtered our fathers with their fire magic and noise that kills from afar. And so we feared them and hid from them many seasons—more than I can count. It was not lonely then. We had each other to talk to and mate with, even if we were few. But, one by one, they left me. They sickened and died—and I was alone.

"Many, many moons I was alone. I saw the white men come and go but I hid from them still in fear. There was only myself. Morning and night, in the light and in the darkness, there was no one—and that is not good.

"So, at last I said, 'I will go to their camp. Doubtless they will kill me as they killed my fathers, but I do not care any longer.' There was something within me like a hunger. It was to see men, even if they were my foes; to hear them speak, even if they condemned me to death. That was all I know. I could not help it. I could stay no longer alone."

At the Affiliated Colleges in San Francisco is a man who has discovered these truths, who has put them into words, as best he may, in a tribal tongue that, but for himself is extinct, like his race—the Deer Creek Indians. Through the medium of an Indian interpreter, who comprehends him but imperfectly at best, he tries to tell of "the great loneliness" which brought him to civilization. Could he speak or write, fluently, any modern tongue, he might produce one of the most pathetic and stirring human chronicles that could be composed.

Oroville Mercury 1-19-1912

Ishi has not even a name. At least Sam Batwee, the Yana interpreter, has not been able to discover that he has. "Ishi" means only "man" in the Deer Creek tongue. Whether Ishi has forgotten his name, whether he never had one, or whether he strives to conceal it, Professors Kroeber and Waterman, of the State University Anthropological department, cannot determine.

Ishi has found his heaven. At the Affiliated Colleges he has little or no work to do and his simple needs are provided. He answers many seemingly needless and irrelevant questions which the wise-looking white men ask him. Then he walks slowly about in the sunshine or squats on the ground and looks serenely out over the park, the Golden Gate, into fathomless depths beyond.

Doubtless Ishi fears, like many others who find relief after suffering long-endured, that his present state is too good to last. Perhaps he thinks that, after a time, the kind white man will tire of him and send him back whence he came.

Once his guardians took him to a theater where thousands of persons sat about and regarded a brightly-lit area, where divers amusing events occurred, where people made rhythmical noises agreeable to the ear and grotesque motions which caused him to laugh. Ishi says it is a new sensation: this spasmodic relaxation of the lips and jaws and diaphragm, but he likes it and does it more and more frequently. He is learning English slowly.

Just what will become of him is a problem. For some time he will continue to furnish valuable data for the anthropological department of the state university. After he has outlived his usefulness in this capacity, provision will, of course, be made for him. But it will be hard for Ishi to leave his present abode. He does not want to go to any Indian reservation. To all questions on this matter he says: "I am happy. I want to stay here."

Sacramento Union

1-22-1912

Williams to Have Hearing in Butte on Murder Charge

Giant Halfbreed Who Nearly Annihilated Family Will Be in Court Today.

Special to the Union.

OROVILLE (Butte Co.), Jan. 21.—Edward S. Williams, the halfbreed murderer, had his hair cut and was shaved today in preparation for his preliminary examination which takes place tomorrow before Justice Parks. This will be merely formal and the man will be immediately held over to the superior court and probably on Tuesday will go before the high tribunal and plead guilty and will be either sentenced to hang or given life.

Williams, on October 26, in a small cottage at Mooretown, killed his sweetheart, Miss Brooks, and Mrs. John Mullings and shot William Mullings, son of the last named woman, in the leg, seriously injuring him and causing the amputation of the member.



EDWARD WILLIAMS.

VAUDEVILLE MEN NOW SEEK TO SECURE ISHI

“ACADEMIC DIGNITY” THE ONLY
BAR TO LIMELIGHT CAREER
OF THE ABORIGINE

SAN FRANCISCO, February 6.—Ishi the Indian fresh from the forests, the primeval man who even now, after some months in a large city, doesn't know the difference between a gin fizz and a barbecue, whose quaint antics and still more quaint accomplishments have drawn great, curious throngs to the Affiliated Colleges' Museum each Sabbath afternoon, can now name his own figure and bust right into vaudeville. During the past week the sole remaining representative of a defunct tribe has been made four separate and distinct offers to step right out on the stage platform and act, while managers of local show houses are willing to let Ishi sign his own contract.

Speaking of his theatrical offers yesterday afternoon, the Indian shrugged his shoulders and said, “Wotumhelum” which, translated, means “I'll go as far as they'll let me.” Ishi's stage debut however, does not rest entirely with himself. Nor have those at the Affiliated Colleges who have been studying the aborigine a word to say as to whether Ishi will bask in the flattering rays of the spotlight. All offers for Ishi's act have been referred to Ralph

Oroville Daily Register
2-6-1912

Merritt, controller of the University of California, and the Indian's fate, as just plain Indian or star performer, is decidedly up to him. In turn, Merritt will probably refer the offers to the University Regents.

Ishi is wanted by the Empress, Pantages and Portola theaters on Market street, the fourth bidder wishing to keep the name of his showshop a secret. The representatives of each house suggested that the act consist of an Indian song and dance, an exhibition of bow and arrow marksmanship and the kindling of fire without flint or matches, together with a short lecture on Ishi by some one representing the college faculty.

While it is admitted that Ishi's salary for a week or two in vaudeville would materially help as far as his sustenance goes, a matter of what the learned professors term “academic dignity” is holding the Indian's debut in abeyance.

Oroville Daily Register

2-9-1912

VAUDEVILLE STAGE BARRED TO ISHI SAYS WEBBER

ANY ATTEMPT TO EXPLOIT THE
ABORIGINE WILL RESULT
IN ARRESTS.

That if an attempt is made to place Ishi upon the vaudeville stage it will be followed immediately by the arrest of Ishi and also that of Professor Waterman, of the Anthropological Department of the University of California, is the statement made by Sheriff J. B. Webber. Of late the San Francisco papers have reported that flattering offers have been received from various persons for Ishi to go upon the vaudeville stage. It has been intimated that it is professional conservatism alone that prevents these offers being accepted.

According to a statement made by Sheriff Webber, when Ishi was turned over to the University authorities, the matter of his being used for vaudeville purposes was discussed. At that time the Sheriff states that he was informed by the Indian Agent that if such an attempt should be made, he should arrest both Ishi and Professor Waterman. This Sheriff Webber states he will do.

Although Ishi is the last survivor of his race, he is considered by the Government to be living in tribal relations, and hence is a ward of the Government.

PREACHER, William
DAVIS, Rosa
Plumas National Bulletin
3-14-1912

GREENVILLE INDIAN MAID MARRIED IN OROVILLE

OROVILLE, March 13.—With James Conway, chief of the Mechoopda Indians, acting as interpreter, William Preacher, a full-blooded Mechoopda Indian from the Bidwell rancheria, who speaks the language of the “pale faces” very poorly indeed, took as his bride Rosa Davis, a half-breed Indian maiden of thirty-eight summers, from Greenville, Plumas county. The ceremony was performed in the Supervisorial chambers in the Court-house by City Recorder James Lafferty.

BURCHARD, Daniel Webster

The San Francisco Call

5-19-1912

**D. W. Burchard, Well
Known Lawyer, Who
Died on Thursday**



**Attorney Was Long Known in
Law Circles Here and in
Other Bay Cities**

Note: Practiced law in Covelo

Daniel W. Burchard, a well known attorney of this city, died Thursday, May 16, at his late residence, 644 Fifty-third street, Oakland, after a short illness. He was well known in San Jose and Santa Clara county, where he served as district attorney for six years. He opened offices in this city in 1900, where he continued to practice until his health failed in 1909. He was the son of the late Rev. John L. Burchard, a well known Methodist minister of this state, and a brother of the late Dr. L. S. Burchard, a prominent physician of Oakland. The deceased leaves a widow, Nellie G. Burchard; three daughters, M. Mildred and Mary J. Burchard, and Mrs. Ethel M. Fichel, one son, Ernest B.; a grandson, John D.; and a sister, Mrs. Mary M. Twombly of Oakland.

Funeral services will be held Monday, May 20, from the Shattuck Avenue Methodist church, Shattuck avenue and Sixty-fifth street, Oakland, at 2:30 p. m.

Interment will be private, at Mountain View cemetery.



ISHI HAS RIVAL IN WILD MAN CAPTURED IN SHASTA

CAVE DWELLER IS CAUGHT AFTER CHASE

Shasta county has produced an Ishi an aborigine from Sweden, a cave dweller who lives in the dirt, shuns human kind and mucks the railway tracks for food thrown from the diners. He is the dirtiest man ever brought to the county jail, but withal is possessed of a degree of intelligence that manifests itself mainly as shrewdness. However, he does not pretend to know anything and when

told that Taft and Roosevelt were nominated he offered to plead "not guilty." A politician standing by remarked that he would be good material for the bosses to make president.

Ishi, the second, is known by the civilized name of Ernest Johnson. He did not confess it himself and no one would have guessed it to look at him, but there was the strong evidence of correspondence in his pocket, said to be his own, and bearing this name, from the head of a department in the university of California. Can it be that this wild man, with a Yens Yensen accent, was a rah rah boy before the elemental call came to live on refuse in a hole in the ground that would doubtless appeal to the home ideas of a badger or a mole?

The Swedish Ishi, or Ernest John-

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son, is an importation to the county jail from the river shore a mile above Sims. It is there that he has his humblest of habitations and carries on the most primitive farming. His life was so rugged that the people of Sims, and neighborhood, feared that their lives might be in danger if the strange man creature, who bored in the ground, should come to fancy that he was a cannibal and thirst for blood as an alternate to his diet of dining car scrap. They complained to the sheriff's office in Redding.

Sheriff Montgomery went to Sims yesterday to capture the man animal. He found his dirty premises on the south side of tunnel No. 11 but not the tenant. It proved that he was out marketing, having accumulated a supply of free refuse from Redding restaurants while the sheriff with Agent Martin of the Southern Pacific dining car service, searched for him in the north. He had stolen a ride here and was on his way home when the searchers, who were returning to Redding, chanced to spy him at Keswick station, where they effected his capture.

At the county jail, the wild man maintained that his hole in the

ground was a homestead and that he supported himself by agricultural pursuits on land at the river's edge said to be as steep as a cliff. It is true the he had cleared away some brush, planted a few cherry seeds and has a few vegetables sprouting.

Oroville Daily Register

11-12-1912

ISHI APPEARED IN FULL DRESS SUIT

ADORNS HIMSELF WITH NOSE
AND LIP RINGS AND IS
READY FOR AUDIENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 11. The series of lectures on "Dress and Adornment" given by E. W. Gifford, assistant curator, in the museum at the Affiliated Colleges, was continued yesterday afternoon by his illustrating and explaining the various types of earrings, ear plugs, nose and lip ornaments used by the savages, and comparing them with the jewelry used by the civilized races.

He said: "Civilized people seldom pierce the ears any more in order to wear earrings, but use the type of earring that can be readily taken off or put on by simply adjusting a screw, for the reason that the styles change so often, while the savages are not content with a small hole, but continue to enlarge it by forcing a tapering pin through as far as possible.

"Among the savages it is the men and not the women who adorn themselves profusely. They are not content with earrings of enormous size, but pierce the lips, the cheeks and the nose, and in these holes place their adornments or 'jewelry,' consisting of rings, sticks, shells, et cetera, composed mainly of metals, glass, ivory, bone and wood of all sizes."

Ishi showed the audience how the savages placed these articles of adornment in the holes made in their bodies.

11-25-1912

EXPECTED WILLIAMS TO BE HANGED TOMORROW

Edward Williams, the Giant half-breed murderer of his sweetheart—Inez Broks, and of Mrs. John Mullings, at Mooretown over a year ago, will expiate the crime on the gallows to-morrow, if Governor Johnson does not grant another stay of execution, as has been done a number of times in the past. Williams, it is understood, is ready to go to the gallows, and has in fact desired that he be punished for the crime earlier and that the awful suspense he has endured be put at an end.

Sheriff Webber stated yesterday that he felt certain the big Mooretown Indian would hang, and he will be very much surprised if the Indian gains a further lease on life. The Sheriff is one of those who believe that the Indian should gain no leniency at the hands of the State's chief executive.

WILLIAMS PAYS PENALTY FOR CRIME ON GALLOWS

LAST EVENING IS SPENT LISTENING TO MUSIC BY ORCHESTRA.

UNAFRAID TO LAST

GIANT INDIAN GOES TO DOOM WITHOUT EVEN QUIVER OF MUSCLE.

(Special to the Register.)

SAN QUENTIN, November 29.—With all the stoicism of the Indian race, Ed Williams marched to the gallows today, and without a quiver of a muscle, stood awaiting his doom. The trap was sprung at 10 o'clock, and in a few moments the attending physicians pronounced Williams dead.

Last night Williams asked that music be played to him. A five-piece orchestra was procured, and for three hours they played to the condemned man. He appeared to enjoy the music greatly. After the orchestra left him, he went calmly to sleep. This morning he ate a hearty breakfast.

Williams, who is the tallest prisoner ever executed at San Quentin, walked to the scaffold accompanied by his guards. On the scaffold he stood quietly while the noose was adjusted, without a murmur and without the noticeable quiver of a muscle.

All through his imprisonment Williams has reiterated his profession of sorrow at the death of Mrs. Mullings, although he has expressed no particular regret at the death of Inez Brooks.

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11-30-1912

Williams was found guilty of murder at Oroville on January 26th of this year. Judge John C. Gray passed sentence upon him.

After shooting Inez Brooks, 17 years old, at whom he shot through a window, at Mooretown, Williams shot and killed Mrs. A. Mullings and wounded William Mullings, her son. He was driven off by Mullings after a hand-to-hand revolver duel. The Brooks girl had been living with Williams, but had left him. The crime was prompted by rage at his desertion by the woman.

STOICISM OF RACE REMAINS TO LAST



ED WILLIAMS,
Who Yesterday Paid the Penalty for
Fearful Mooretown Crime.

Plumas National-Bulletin

SEMI-WEEKLY

INTERESTING PERSONAL NOTES FROM BELDEN

12-26-1912

BELDEN, Dec. 23.—Robert Belden, merchant and owner of the Belden hotel, and well known business man of Plumas county, is wearing smiles and passing around the best cigars this week. Friday morning a telegram announcing the arrival of a baby boy to Mrs. Belden at Sacramento was received, and Mr. Belden made a hurried trip to that city to see his new heir. Mother and son are doing well. Mr. Belden's brother Charles conducted the business in his absence.

B. D. Maynard, section foreman for the Western Pacific at this place, predicts a winter of uninterrupted traffic so far as rock and dirt slides are concerned, on his portion of the road. Mr. Maynard has been busy all summer removing all dangerous rocks and strengthening the dirt retaining walls to prevent a repetition of last year's accidents and delays. The company officials regret that all their canyon foremen cannot be as optimistic as Mr. Maynard.

Joseph Horat, manager of the J. F. Nash mine, reports encountering many large boulders in the drift toward the back rim. In their effort to run to the back of the channel, many obstacles have been met, giving lots of trouble and expense. Mr. Horat is of the opinion that present evidence indicates the approach to the rim.

G. W. Johnson, until recently superintendent of the Neville mine and to whom considerable credit was given for the rich strike made there, is finishing his residence near the Nelson hotel. It is rumored Mr. Johnson

will include in his house furnishing that ornament "without which no house is complete," and that he will not leave Belden to make his "purchase."

William Clark, well known local mining man, is stopping at Smith's resort on Workman's Bar. Mr. Clark is a writer of note, and purposes to do considerable magazine work this winter.

J. W. (Happy Jack) Wade is another guest of the Smiths at Workman's Bar. Mr. Wade made considerable money in a lease on the North Fork this summer.

Ray Cooper, better known to the old river men as "D'Boon," is in town getting supplies for the winter. Cooper belongs to that type of frontiersmen rapidly disappearing in the West. The higher the hills, the taller the trees, the happier is he. The solitude and quietness of the forests are his nearest friends. Cooper will hunt and trap during the winter, not returning from the hills until late in the spring.

Mrs. W. H. Day and her sister, Mrs. Maynard, were in Oroville last Tuesday.

T. L. Rees, manager of the Hotel Belden, was in Sacramento and San Francisco on business last week.

Jules Weil of the Smith's Point resort, was in San Francisco recently conferring with Mr. Lomax, Traffic Manager of the Western Pacific, concerning plans and improvements for next year's business.

Mrs. C. M. McNallen, wife of Agent McNallen of the Western Pacific, was in Sacramento Monday and Tuesday.

Charles E. Castle, recently appointed Justice of the Peace in Belden, has resigned his position with the Western Pacific and is now located in Marysville.

J. F. Baxter, third operator at the depot, is on a thirty days vacation, relieved by Operator Callahan of Chileoot.

L. R. Harnae, surveyor, is doing some engineering work for Charles Belden.

Leland Crowe and Jimmie McKenzie have taken a wood contract from Mr. Rees, for cutting thirty cords of firewood.

N. P. Nelson, proprietor of the Nelson hotel, is afflicted with rheumatism in the hands. Mr. Nelson has been bothered more or less with this ailment for two months.

Oroville Daily Register

2-7-1913

WILD INDIANS IN CAVE ARE FOUND IN TEHAMA

ABORIGINAL RELATIVES OF ISHI
ARE DISCOVERED BY
HUNTERS.

RED BLUFF, February 6.—One is reminded of the tales of the Arabian Nights when he hears the story being told by Messrs. Heckle and Joy, who recently returned from a camping trip far into the hills near the source of the Los Molinos River.

While out hunting they saw a wildcat on a narrow ledge. They shot at it, and as the animal fell they felt certain that it had been killed. The hunters started scrambling over the rocks, and were amazed to see four Indians leave a cave and start on a dog trot over the hills.

Heckle and Joy tried to locate the cave, but for some time were unable to, because of its being hidden by the bushes. After some little search they found it and entered.

What few things were found on the inside were similar to the articles which have been found in the homes of the cliff dwellers. A few pieces of mouldy meat, some charred bones, a large corn grinding stone, a small pile of a crude variety of barley, were about the only articles in the cave.

Joy and Heckle state that the Indians were dressed in skins and were barefooted, and appeared very frightened when they saw them.

Their story is given credence by the fact that several others have reported seeing strang looking humans in this locality. A very peculiar Indian aborigine was recently found near Oroville. He is now at the State University. It is thought that the four men are from the same tribe.

KILLING OF H. GOOD, INDIAN FIGHTER



PAGE FROM COUNTY'S EARLY HISTORY

ONE OF THE STIRRING INCIDENTS IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE
EARLY SETTLERS OF BUTTE AND SAVAGE FORE-
FATHERS OF ISHI—HOW WHITES REVENGED
DEATH OF THEIR LEADER.

By SIM MOAK.

[In the early history of this section of the State, when the law of the land was just past that stage where the right belonged to the strongest and when the Mill Creek Indians were a thorn in the side of the early settlers on account of their depredations, which oftentimes amounted to murder, H. Good was the active leader of the white men in their raids upon the Indian strongholds.

A great deal of interesting local history clings to this early-day character—strong, fearless and a leader of men. Good's dramatic death and the events which led up to it are here told by Mr. Sim Moak, a resident of Chico, who has written an interesting account of just what happened. Mr. Moak and his brother, Jake, were active participants in the early-day struggles between the whites and the red men.]

"Good was born in Ohio. His age I did not know. When I first knew him he seemed to be about 31 or 32 years of age. He was a tall, athletic fellow, and very handsome—straight as an arrow, and brave as a lion. It was to him and Bob Anderson that the people living in and along the near foothills that the cottles and workmen confided in when they wished their wrongs avenged—wronges that had been committed by the Mill Creek Indians.

Was an Indian Trailer.

"This very Good was one of the best Indian trailers in Northern California, and one of the few dead shots. He was in the sheep business, and in need of a herder at the time I speak of. Dan Sill, a friend of Good's, had an Indian with him in Tehama. Good asked for the boy, but Sill told him that he had better not employ the Indian, because he was a bad one, and that as sure as fate some day he would kill him. Good laughed and shrugged his heavy shoulders, declaring that he and the Indian would get along all right.

"All went well until the spring of 1870. Good sold a portion of his sheep for \$7,000. He borrowed \$3,000 from Sam Gyle, of Tehama. This sum he paid after the sale, and buried the \$4,000.

Go Prospecting.

"It was the 27th of April when Good and his boon companions, Sandy Young and Abe Fields, left on a prospecting tour. They left with the purpose in view of finding the Mills Creeks and getting their booty. It was generally known that they had \$2,000 or \$3,000 when they started. Good told the Indian that he did not need to herd the sheep, as Jack Drennan, the other herder, could do all the work in caring for the sheep, and for him to stay about in camp and do the cooking.

Searched For.

"The Indian knew Good had the money buried, and as soon as Good was gone, he began hunting for it. In his effort to locate the coin he tore up the cobblestone hearth in front of the fireplace, and took up some of the wood floor. When Good returned, the 29th, of April, he determined immediately from the condition of the house what had been going on. Ned had taken the ashes from the fireplace and gave the hearth and floor a good scrubbing.

"'What has been going on here?' exclaimed Good.

"'The camp got so dirty I thought I would clean up a bit,' said the Indian.

"Good lived in the Acorn Hollow section, and had a ranch on the bottom land of the Deer Creek section, and another garden one mile south of Acorn Hollow.

"'I will go to the garden and get some vegetables,' said Good.

Took His Gun.

"Sandy came to Chico. As soon as Good left, the Indian said to Abe:

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"'I'll take his gun and see if I can kill some squirrels.'

"Abe being an elderly man, sought the comfort of one of the beds and went to sleep. He said he did not hear the Indian shoot, and that if he did, he would not have remembered it, as the Indian boy was always doing more or less shooting about the place.

"Soon thereafter the Indian came back and got his supper. Good, however, did not put in his usual appearance. After breakfast the next morning Abe said he would saddle Bally and go to the ranch and see why HI did not come home. Instead of going the beaten trail, he passed over the hill, traversing the track he would have been most probable to meet Good on the return.

"Upon reaching the garden, Abe inquired for Good, and was told that he had left before sundown. Abe returned via the same route. Returning to the house, the Indian was on hand with Good's horse, saying that he found Buck up the hollow, tied to a tree. Abe announced that he was going to the May Day picnic which was being held on the Deer Creek grounds. Here he found Dave Delaney, George Carter and a number of HI's best friends, and they all started back.

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Evidence of Foul Play.

"In crossing the rocky plain one of the party exclaimed, 'Hol' on, there! Something has been dragged here.'

"Abe looked, and stated that it was Buck's tracks. They followed in the direction of the shoe marks, and in a desolate ravine, near a tall tree, they found the body of the stalwart, athletic Good, practically covered with rocks.

"After leaving Good there, dead, the Indian went down to the widow Lewis, on Deer Creek, and told the woman and her daughter that he 'would give this,' showing a twenty-dollar piece, 'to see Good's boots.' In flashing the surrency he showed Good's gold ring on his finger.

"As soon as Good's body was found, one of the party went to Tehama to notify the coroner, while another came to Chico to notify Sandy Young. They went to the camp, and finally the Indian came. They asked him about Hi. He said he didn't know anything about him, and went outside and sat down on a bench and placed his head in his hands.

"Abe sat down alongside of the aborigine and asked the Indian where the first shot hit Hi, calling attention to the fact that three shots were found in his body.

The Indian Trapped.

"The Indian said, 'Through the hips,' and then jumped up and caught Abe about the neck, exclaiming, 'Don't you tell them, because they will kill me!'

"'Keep still,' said Abe, as he returned to the cabin, meeting Sandy, who had arrived at the place.

"'Ned killed Hi,' said Abe.

"'How do you know?' said Sandy.

"'He told me,' was the answer.

"'Tell him to come in.'

"The Indian came in, and was asked by Sandy why he had killed Good.

The Killing of Good.

"'I don't know,' said Ned—'I guess just to see how he would act.' Thereupon Sandy began to cry, and said, 'Boys, take this Injun up the trail, and we will see how he will act.'

"They tied him to the limb of an oak, and Sandy went about sixty feet away and turned and fired. The bullet struck the Indian in the back of the neck. The Indian fell and quivered. They cut him loose as he died. His bones lay there two years. Brother Jake and I used to drive cattle by them. Two young students from Colusa took the skeleton away. Good is now buried in the Tehama cemetery. Sandy sent his gold watch to his father, living in old Ohio.

"If any one doubts this story, I refer them to any old settler of the Deer Creek section.'

A BUTTE COUNTY INDIAN RAID



MURDER OF LEWIS CHILDREN IN 1863

(From the Chico Record.)

Nearly all of the residents of this locality at the present time cannot easily realize that fifty years ago the inhabitants of the large ranches in this section of Butte county had occasion to live in fear that hostile Indians would swoop down upon them with murderous intent, and that their families, unguarded, were in danger of being slain. There are a few of those who experienced these dangers here and who assisted in fighting the Indians back from the advance lines of civilization in this section of Butte county, still living in this community.

Stories of the depredations of the Mill Creek Indians have been told in great number and various have been the versions of the worst depredations committed by them. One of the worst and most brutal of the crimes of that time was the murder of the Lewis children. Three of these children were taken captive, two of whom were murdered and the third escaped after a most trying experience. The survivor continues to be a resident of Chico.

Sim Moak, a member of the party in pursuit of the murderous Indians, entertainingly relates herewith the story of that tragedy of fifty years ago, as he recalls it, and his version is verified by Mrs. Thankful Carson, who is the surviving Lewis child.

Depredations of the Mill Creek Indians.

(By Sim Moak.)

The murder of the Lewis children was in the summer of 1863, about the 5th or 6th of July. Sam Lewis lived on Clear creek, ten or twelve miles southeast of Chico, on the Cherokee road. His three children, the eldest Jimmy, eleven years old; the little girl, Thankful, nine, and Johnny, six years old, were going to school, which was about two miles from their home. As they were returning from school they were met by nine Indians and were taken captive. As the children did not return, the father thought that they had stayed with their grandmother, who lived near the schoolhouse. He was worried about them, however, and the next day he saddled his horse and went to see what had become of them. As he was passing a neighbor's home, his neighbor said: "Where are you going this time of day, Sam?"

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He told of his children not coming home and the neighbor said, "They passed by here before sundown."

Mr. Lewis turned back and soon saw the Indians' tracks in the road. He then notified his neighbors, and they took the trail and followed the Indians till they came to Berry canyon, where they found the oldest boy murdered.

After capturing the children the Indians took to the hills, forcing the children to go with them. When they came to Berry canyon the older boy, being barefoot, was nearly given out, and as he lay down to get a drink one of the Indians shot him. The little girl stood by and saw him shot to death. They then took rocks and threw in his face till it was all mashed.

The Indians then came north. About 11 o'clock at night, as they were about to cross the old Neal road, a wagon came up the road. It was bright moonlight. They took the little girl back out of sight. One of the Indians put his hand over her mouth so she could not call for help. They came on and lay down in the bed of the creek in Nance canyon, there being no water in it. They lay in a circle around the little girl and her little brother to prevent their escape. The little boy and girl would cry at times and they would punch them with their guns and make them be quiet. The girl could not sleep.

As the little fellow lay in her lap the next morning, they asked the girl if her father would follow them. She said he would, and the Indian said, "Well, boys, we had better be going." They could talk good English. They came on north. When they came to the top of the ridge south of Butte creek, some of the Indians took the little girl ahead with them and some stayed back with the little boy. She knew they were going to kill him and

asked to go back and kiss him. They said no, and said they would not kill him. After a while those who had stayed back came up. She said, "You have killed little Johnny." This they denied. She said she knew, as old Big Foot, the chief, had Johnny's little hat tied on his head.

They next crossed Butte creek near the Groves place. When they came to the first hollow after crossing the Humboldt road, they shot a steer belonging to John Bidwell, and cut off so much meat that they were very heavily loaded when they crossed Big Chico creek.

The little girl and the Indian who had her in charge were some distance behind the others. She told the Indian she wanted to rest. He said all right, if she would not run, and said, "If you run, I shoot." She said she would not run, and promised to wait till he could get some of the Indians that were ahead to come back and take a part of his load of meat. She sat down behind a big rock. As the Indian was going up the hill she raised her head above the rock. He looked back and pointed his gun at her and said, "If you run, I shoot."

Just as soon as the Indian was out of sight she lay down and rolled down to the foot of the hill, crossed the creek, and ran down till she came to a pile of drift, and she crawled under it and lay very still. She said she could hear the Indians talking as they were hunting for her, and if they had come nearer the creek they would have seen her, but they thought she had gone back the way they had come, and they went back looking for her. When all was still, she crawled out and ran down the creek to the Thomasson house and was met at the door by Mrs. Thomasson, into whose outstretched arms she fell, and told how the Indians had had her and she had got away.

Just at that time Nath Thomasson came on horseback. They had put the girl on the horse behind him on a pillow and started back. She took them to the butchered steer, and told them to take her back to the place where the Indians had captured them and she could take them to where her little brothers were killed. They took her home when they got there.

Mr. Lewis and his friends had found the older boy. She then took them to where she last saw the other brother, and told them to hunt for him. They found him thrown into a large manzanita bush, stripped naked. He had been clubbed and beaten with rocks until dead. He was so horribly mutilated that they could not dress him for burial. They rolled him in a sheet and put him in the coffin.

The Mill Creeks were not punished for this, as a great many of the whites thought it was the Bidwell Indians, so there was a great Indian mass meeting held by the settlers at Pence's Ranch. General Bidwell was there and pleaded for the Indians, declaring he knew them to be innocent, and I believe they were. Then all the Indians in the hills were notified to be at the Bidwell Rancheria by a certain time or if caught in the hills after that date would be shot on sight. A great many came and a day was set for Mr. Lewis to investigate. There was one Indian who had the name of being a bad one, and the little girl said one of the Indians who was in the party that captured her left the others and came to the valley. So it was supposed he was the one. At that time it did not take more than suspicion to shoot an Indian. They took this one down the north side of Little Chico creek about where Pomona avenue crosses, tied him to a tree and Sam Lewis and several others shot at once, and he dropped and became a good Indian.

The little girl of whom this story is written is now Mrs. Thankful Carson. She lives in a comfortable home in the Boucher addition to Chico. The good old lady, Mrs. Thomasson, who pulled the sticks and briars out of her little feet, washed and greased them, and made her as comfortable as possible, lives on Humboldt avenue in Chico.

MARTIN, Frank
Oroville Daily Register
4-25-1913

**DEAD BODY FOUND
BENEATH MASS
OF MOUNTAIN
DEBRIS**

FRANK MARTIN VICTIM OF ACCI-
DENT WHILE MINING
ON RIVER.

SLOWLY BLED TO DEATH

PINNED BENEATH ROCK MASS,
AWAITED COMING OF CER-
TAIN DEATH.

Lying in a pool of blood, with both arms and legs crushed and one arm nearly severed from his body, as the result of being pinned beneath a slide of lava rock, Frank Martin, a well-known resident of Enterprise, was found dead by his wife, at the junction of the South and Middle Forks of the Feather River, about midnight last Wednesday.

Martin had been crevicing along the two streams for some time past, and was working about five miles below Enterprise when he met with the accident.

FALLING ROCK KILLS MINER
** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** ** **
TRAGEDY DISCOVERED BY WIFE

When he did not return home for supper Wednesday evening his wife became alarmed and thought that something must have happened to him. She notified an Indian, by the name of John Pinkie, who was living near the Martin home, and together they started out to find him. His wife knew about where he was working, and at about midnight he was found, half-buried under the lava rock.

He had evidently been mining the dirt away from beneath the pile of rock, when without warning the rocks broke loose and the tons of debris piled

on top of him. The largest rocks fell on his arms and legs, although a few smaller ones fell on his waist. There was only one scratch on his head, which would lead to the conclusion that he must have been conscious and that he was aware that he was slowly bleeding to death from the deep gash that was cut in his arm by the falling debris. Both legs and both arms were broken.

Coroner John Wallace and Deputy Coroner Hamilton went to Enterprise from this city yesterday, and held a coroner's inquest over the remains. The jury returned a verdict that death had been caused from hemorrhage, occasioned by falling rock. It was necessary to carry the body about two miles to where it could be put in a wagon.

Martin had been a resident of Enterprise all his life. He was an Indian, but was respected by all those who knew him, both whites and Indians.

The funeral will be held this afternoon at Enterprise. Burial will be in the Indian burying ground at Oregon Creek.

SILVERS (SYLVER), Robert
Chico Record
7-18-1913

RANCHERIA YOUTH DIES

Robert Sylver, the fourteen-year-old son of Pablo Sylver, a resident of the Indian Village on the Bidwell Rancho, died at Big Meadows yesterday morning. The body was brought here last night.

The boy has not been well for some time. About a month ago he was given a horse with which to go to the mountains for his health. He was accompanied by his sister.

The deceased was born at the Rancharia and lived there all his life. Funeral arrangements have not been made yet.

WOULD SLAY HELPLESS MAHALA

Miner, Second Oldest of Bald Rocks, Revives at County Hospital

Miner, also known as "Old Punk" and who is the second oldest member of the tribe of Bald Rock Indians which now numbers about 30 persons and who nearly starved to death after she had been abandoned at the Indian campoodle at Sulphur Springs five days ago, was brought to Oroville late yesterday and now is at the county hospital. Food, water and careful nursing have revived the mahala, who now is on the road to a rapid recovery, according to the nurse.

The woman is not nearly as old as was at first believed. From a story told this morning by Jennie Wilson, once a member of the tribe through inter-marriage and now one of the Bidwell Rancheria Indians, it is becoming evident that the squaw is but little beyond eighty years old. The nurse at the county hospital said this morning that he thought she no more than eighty years of age.

It was on Sunday last that Ed Moore of Berry Creek, who was hunting heard the woman's moans and found her a half mile from the camp, clawing at the rocks and muttering, "bread and cold water." The squaw is blind and was unable to find water. She was followed by her two dogs, which themselves were starving and scarcely able to stand. Moore carried the old woman back to the campoodle and started out to find assistance.

When Deputy Sheriff Milton Webber reached the camp yesterday after a hard tramp on foot into the Bald Rock canyon and to the habitat of the tribe, he found the main houses nailed up, the old woman clothed in a skirt tied about her waist with a rope and wearing a boy's sweater. Five pounds of withered white beans, three pounds of potatoes and two peppers lay about her. She had several pieces of old bedding, which would fail to keep her warm in the canyon these cold nights. She had no way to kindle a fire and in several days more would have passed on to the happy hunting grounds.

The dogs alone had remained faithful and fell over when they tried to attack Webber and the members of his posse. The dogs were starved to death. They were dispatched by Webber.

According to information gleaned by Deputy Sheriff Webber the members of the tribe desired to be rid of the old woman and an Indian named Alec was to kill her. He refused to commit the deed and it is said a squaw intended to commit the crime but was prevented from doing so. The tribesmen did not want the trouble of caring for her in this dry season when food is scarce and it is a question of the survival of the fittest.

The woman was left there five weeks ago.

Alec, the Indian who was asked to murder the mahala figured in the death of his squaw, known as Alice, six years ago. They were coming along the trail one winter night and had been imbibing in fire water. There was a struggle in the snow and later the squaw was found frozen to death in the canyon. An inquest was held but the Indian was allowed to go free. Jennie Wilson said today that it would go hard with Alec if the other members of the tribe learned that he had given the information related above to the officials.

Billy Day, who is captain of the tribe, has been working in the valley. He has always cared for the members of his tribe and probably will take the tribesmen to task for their shortcomings as soon as he returns to the camp. Day was in Oroville today on his return from the prune orchards near Haselbusch.

10-13-1913

INDIAN BURNING IS ATTENDED BY MANY

CEREMONIAL DID NOT COMPARE
IN ANY WAY TO THOSE OF
PAST YEARS.

A number of Oroville people made the trip to Enterprise Saturday night to take in the Indian burning which was held on Oregon Creek. They report that there were fully one hundred aborigines gathered at the place, and the entire night was taken up by the weird methods of honoring the dead.

A group of large pines marked the place where the burning was held, and this was adjacent to the burial grounds. Upon one of the largest pines the Indians hung clothing, baskets, and other articles, and after going through a series of dances, the tree was stripped of its load and everything was piled on a large heap of long and dry brush, which had previously been prepared. The fire was started, and the ceremonies then began in earnest.

The mourners would dance around the flames, wailing in their native tongue and throwing articles into the flames. While there was a large crowd of Indians there, but few took part in this phase of the proceedings. They were nearly all of the older generation, as the young men and women, who have become more highly civilized, do not regard the burning as sacred, as do the older people.

The local people who attended state that there were many valuable baskets burned and much clothing. However, the burning did not compare in any way to those which were held in past years. A. L. Smith, a moving-picture man from Chico, was present, and took a film. This will be exhibited in Oroville, if it proves to be a success.

This will probably be the last burning that will be held, owing to the lack of interest.

BIG BAR MAN GETS \$25 REWARD FROM FOREST SERVICE

HENRY GRAMPS REWARDED FOR
CAPTURE OF MEN WHO
STARTED FOREST
FIRE.

The Secretary of Agriculture has authorized the payment of a reward of \$25 to Henry Gramps, of Big Bar, for furnishing information which led to the arrest of R. T. Reese and H. C. Bird for starting a forest fire on one of the National Forests.

Reese and Bird are two young men from Wisconsin who one hot day last September stopped to cook their noon-day meal along the Western Pacific right-of-way in Plumas County. Not being familiar with the danger of forest fires they did not take proper precautions and a light breeze soon spread the flames through the dry grass and beyond their control. Alarmed at the size of the fire they attempted to escape from its vicinity, but were seen by Gramps who informed the forest officers. The boys were later arrested, taken before United States Commissioner Webster, in Stockton, where they plead guilty and were released on parole. The fire which they allowed to escape burned over 500 acres before it was extinguished by the forest rangers and a force of temporary fire fighters.

There is a standing reward offered by the Department of Agriculture for information which will lead to the conviction of anyone responsible for the starting of forest fires either through carelessness in the handling of fire in the woods.

Oroville Daily
Register
1-15-1914

ROGERS (RODGERS?), Ethel
Chico Record
4-7-1914

BUTTE CITY GIRL DIES

Ethel Rogers, fifteen years old, died yesterday morning at the home of her sister, Mrs. L. P. Nuckolls, north of Butte City. The body was brought to Chico last night. Funeral services will be held probably today from the Fetters & Williams chapel. Interment will be made in the Bidwell cemetery beside a sister of deceased who died about nine years ago.

Bidwell Cemetery also known as Mechoopda Indian Cemetery

TRIBESMEN OF ISHI NOT ALL DEAD IF STORY IS CORRECT

CHICO, April 23.—That Ishi, who is now doing stunts in the Affiliated Colleges near San Francisco, is not the last of the Mill Creek tribe of Indians has long been the belief of the stockmen and others who live in the Deer Creek canyon, but it is now definitely certain that there is a straggling band of Ishi's tribesmen wandering up and down Mill Creek and within thirty-five miles of the town of Vina.

Jacob Moak, who in the early days drove cattle in the Deer Creek region has just returned from a six weeks' visit to his old haunts. Moak brings with him many Indian relics and a story that a party of stockmen he was with discovered on March 17 unmistakable evidences of the presence of more of the Mill Creeks.

While hunting cattle up Mill creek thirty-five miles from Vina, on the 17th the party, consisting of George Groves, Charley Groves, John Hobson, Jim Ellis and John Morris, discovered a huge cave that had never before been seen. They exploited this cave and found, to their surprise, a smoldering campfire that had been hurriedly left. Piles of acorns, manzanita berries and Indian potatoes were on the floor and other indications of the presence of the Indians were at hand.

Oroville Mercury
4-23-1914

The men tore up things generally in the cave, scattered the supplies about and left, returning in five days. They found on their return that the Indians had been back, straightened things up and had used the cave again.

The campfire had been rebuilt and used and more acorns had been piled in the place. Not a trace of the Indians other than this was found and it was evident the redskins had heard the approach of the party and hidden.

The cave is the biggest yet seen in the Mill Creek region it being large enough to hold a large-sized house. The party searched for a day to try and find the hiding place of the Indians, but to no avail.

It is understood that an expedition will soon be started to make a thorough search through the Ishi country in the hopes of locating more of the Mill Creek tribe.

7-11-1914

FOUND INDIAN RELIC ON LINE

STONE EARRING RECOVERED BY FISHERMAN.

CHICO, July 10.—Fred Williams spent yesterday fishing in the Sacramento River, and while he did not break any records in the matter of catching fish, he brought home something that is a decided relic and novelty.

It is a stone earring, made evidently by the Indians years and years ago. It is a piece of stone two inches long and over an inch wide, thin, and with a hole bored through as large as a 25-cent piece. The rims of the hole are smooth, and the workmanship is splendid.

The stone was evidently worn by some Indian belle or brave in years gone by, and had become lost and was swept down the river.

Oroville Daily Register
7-16-1914

INDIAN BOY FREED.

CHICO, July 15.—Aaron Wilsey, 13-year-old Indian youth, arrested yesterday morning by Deputy Constable Allwardt on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon, for stabbing his stepfather in the back with a knife, was freed of the charge late last evening by Probation Officer Cline.

On investigation it was learned that the lad committed the act in behalf of his mother, Mrs. William Conway, who was being beaten by the irate father.

FRANK, Mrs. Tom
Chico Record
9-6-1914

OLD INDIAN WOMAN DEAD

Mrs. Tom Frank, an old Indian resident of the Rancheria, died last night at her home after a long illness. She was one of the oldest residents of Chico's Indian colony.

FRANK(S), Lucy
Chico Record
9-8-1914

INDIAN VILLAGE FUNERAL

Funeral services over the remains of Lucy Frank, the aged Indian woman who died at the local Indian village, were held at the Indian chapel Sunday and were attended by the majority of the inhabitants of the village and a few white persons. Rev. Moore conducted the services and the interment was in the village cemetery.

HENRY, William
Chico Record
11-18-1914

INDIAN BOY IS BURIED.

William Henry, a twelve-year-old Indian, who died of typhoid fever at his home seven miles north of Colusa Sunday, was buried in the Rancheria Cemetery yesterday. Rev. Madison Slaughter officiated.