

# Indian Village Fate to be Set

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What disposition is made of the Chico Indian village will depend on a ruling by Superior Judge Harry Deirup in the case, which he took under advisement yesterday afternoon.

An argument that the property was held in trust in accordance with the wishes of the late Mrs. Annie E. K. Bidwell and should go to some trustee, was made by Attorney Liking, from United States Attorney H. H. McPipe's office in San Francisco.

Appearing in behalf of the executor of the estate, J. D. Peters of Chico and Attorney Falconer of San Francisco, said that the executor, the Wells Fargo Union Bank and Trust Company, does not dispute the Indian's right to the village. However the attorneys said they believed the bank should get some return for thousands of dollars paid out in taxes on the property.

Liking said that he believed a compromise suggested by the executor, that the government pay approximately \$4,000 for the village and the 43 acres lying just south of the Rancheria, should be followed.

Frederick J. Rose of Chico appeared in behalf of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

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HUGHES, William  
Oroville Mercury Register

1-10-1935

Hughes Brought  
To Butte County  
As Indian Waif

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When death claimed William Hughes, 77, Swede's Flat Indian, yesterday, his friends revealed the interesting story of how he came to California as a child of 2 years.

A caravan en route to California was attacked by Indians in Nevada. After the onslaught had been repulsed, an Indian baby was found near an Indian camp. One of the women in the caravan brought the child with her to California. When she died another woman cared for the boy, who was given the name of William Hughes.

Hughes had lived at Swede's Flat for many years.

His widow, who is nearly blind, still lives there.

When friends of the couple brought Hughes to the county infirmary, recently, they tried to induce her to remain, but she insisted on returning to Swede's Flat.

# Oroville Mercury Register

3-26-1935

## U.S. May Take Over Chico's Indian Village

Negotiations With Federal  
Government Disclosed By  
Rev. Pillsbury

CHICO—Progress in negotiations to have the federal government take over the Chico Indian Village and create a United States Reservation was reported last night by the Rev. Harris Pillsbury, newly appointed trustee for the village.

Rev. Pillsbury revealed that he has been in communication with government agents recently and that the project was "very favorable."

"It is quite possible that the government may take over the land, create a reservation, and eventually provide farming or orchard lands for the Indians," Rev. Pillsbury said.

### Election Necessary

Before the reservation can be formed under the Wheeler-Howard law, recently passed, it will be necessary to hold an election among the Indians to determine whether they wish to be taken in under the act, Rev. Pillsbury announced.

Superior Judge Harry Deirup recently handed down a ruling which held that the village was a trust and appointed Rev. Pillsbury as substitute trustee for the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian church.

Deeds of trust for the Indian Village were filed in superior court yesterday.

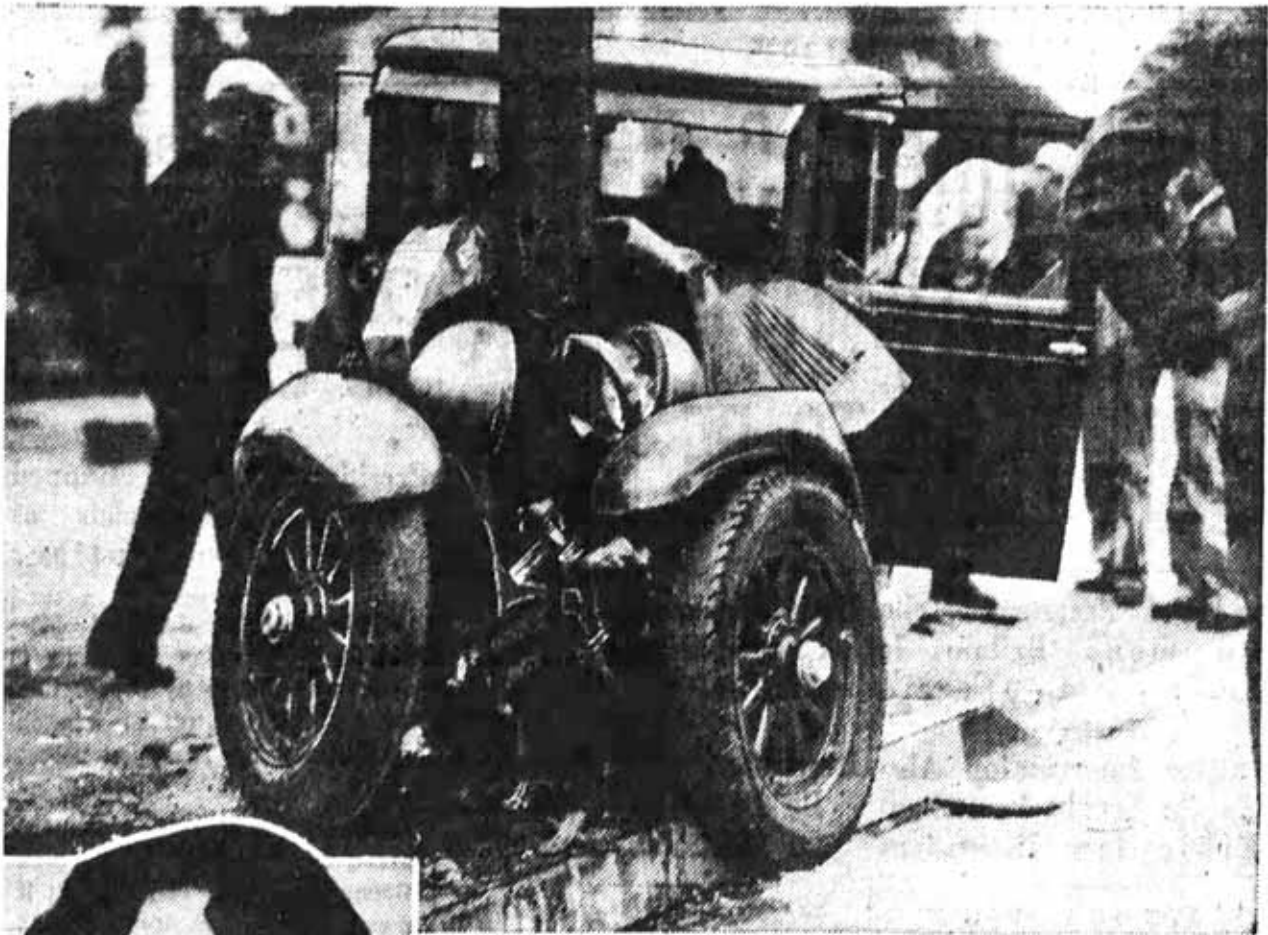
# Indians Vote to Request Election On Land Rights

Practically all the adult Indians residing in the Indian Village on Sacramento avenue last night attended a meeting at the Indian church and voted unanimously to request Rev. Harris Pillsbury, recently appointed trustee of the Indian Village, to correspond with O. T. Lipps, Indian agent at Sacramento and urge him to communicate with the secretary of interior to call an election under the Wheeler-Howard act.

This act provides that Indians shall have the right to vote on all matters pertaining to their lands and privileges and that the government can no longer dictate policies or otherwise exercise arbitrary control over the Indians.

In the case the local Indians will have the right to vote whether they will exchange their holdings in the Chico Indian Village for lands elsewhere, where farms, schools, orchards and other modern conveniences will be provided by the government.

## JUST ANOTHER ACCIDENT



When his automobile fell into this "embrace" with an electrolier at 38th Street and San Pablo Avenue, **John Cunningham**, restaurant man, went to a hospital, unconscious and near death. His companion, **Katie Ramsey** (lower), estranged wife of a Carmel highway patrolman, is in a critical condition.—*Tribune photos.*

### Driver Dozes, Two Hurt, Car Wrapped Around Pole

John Cunningham, 41, of 339 Myrtle Street, an Oakland restaurant proprietor, is near death today, and his woman companion, Mrs. Katie Ramsey, 32, of 827 16th Street, an employe, is in a critical condition as the result of an automobile accident at San Pablo Avenue and 38th Street early this morning.

The automobile in which they were riding crashed into a cast-iron electrolier at high speed as Cunningham apparently turned from San Pablo Avenue into 38th Street.

According to Patrolman E. P. Wilson of the Emeryville Police Department, first at the scene, Cunningham apparently dozed at the

steering wheel after turning from the arterial street. The car struck the light standard with such force that the front was wrapped around the pole. The injured couple was rendered unconscious and had to be removed from the wreckage.

Cunningham sustained internal injuries, a fractured left arm and deep lacerations about the face, arms and legs. Hospital attaches expressed the belief that he would not recover. Mrs. Ramsey, estranged wife of Leo Ramsey, Carmel highway patrolman, and mother of a 10-year-old daughter, suffered deep lacerations about both legs and possible internal injuries.

JEFFERSON, Michael  
Oroville Mercury Register  
12-27-1935

## Bidwell Indian

### Dies At Village

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CHICO— Death yesterday stilled the dancing feet of Michael Jefferson, one of the last of the Bidwell Indians, at his home in the Indian Village.

Renowned as a ceremonial dancer Jefferson was the oldest existing member of the Machoopda Tribe. Although his exact age was not known, it was believed to be over 80 years.

Jefferson was born in Chico and resided here his entire life. While only a youth he was employed by General Bidwell, and upon the general's death, he continued to serve Mrs. Bidwell. He was active on his little piece of property until about 10 years ago, when he retired.

Funeral services were held at 2 p. m. today at the Rancheria Church in the Indian Village with Rev. Harris Pillsbury officiating. Interment was in the Indian Cemetery.



PARKER, Emma  
Oroville Mercury Register  
1-25-1936

# Emma Parker, Indian Aged 106 Years, Dies

**A**N INDIAN woman who remembered the days before the white man settled in upper California died at Enterprise at 10:40 a. m. Thursday.

She was Emma Parker, who claimed to be 106 years of age.

She died in the very district in which she had been born, and in which her father and mother had been born and had died.

The Indian woman had married at the age of 15, and had been the mother of six daughters and

five sons. Four daughters and a son survive her. They are: Mrs. Lizzy Spencer, Mrs. Margaret Mix, Mrs. Polly Williams, Mrs. Kate Maxson, and a son, Lewis Parker, all of the Enterprise district.

She also has 12 grandchildren, 33 great grandchildren and four great, great grandchildren, and is survived by three sons-in-law.

Graveside services were held at Oregon Creek cemetery at 2 p. m. today under auspices of Hamilton and Riley.

# Indian Valley Record

## 4-30-1936

The recently organized orchestra of Greenville, consisting of four professionals, rendered some new and old-time music at the "Dutch" Stampfli residence Tuesday. Bryan Beavers leading on his Hawaiian guitar, Miss Marie Smith with guitar, Katie Lou Stampfli on piano, and Lee Laufman with his banjo.



The Chico Enterprise

5-13-1936

Dewey Conway

Jodie Conway

# ARROWHEAD

## Indian Herbs Company

1st Ave. & No. Ivy St.

Chico, California

PHONE 772

We desire to state at this time, that most of our patrons are people who have tried every other kind of remedy for their ailments and when we are able to have these people secure relief from the use of our herbs we feel that there is some merit to the herbs.

We desire, therefore, that regardless of what experience you may have had before with others, that you give our herbs a trial. A consultation is free and it may be the means of your securing relief when, as in many cases all hope had gone.

## Judge Guilty Of Selling Indians Rum

**Mono Man Given 8 Months  
In Jail, Fined \$700  
After Federal Conviction**

SACRAMENTO — Climaxing a year's investigation by the federal government, Justice of the Peace Roy Tracy, 61, lifelong resident of Coleville, Mono county, late yesterday was convicted on all four counts of an indictment charging sale of liquor to Indians.

Federal Judge Harold Louderback sentenced him to eight months in county jail and fined him \$700.

Tracy was arrested Aug. 17 by J. Allison Moore and H. H. Quackenbush, government agents, who revealed they had been present at Tracy's auto camp and beer parlor on several occasions and had witnessed "wild drinking and petting parties, attended by all races and classes of people."

Quackenbush said:

"Once, after a few rounds of drinks, Tracy told us he had been bootlegging liquor to Indians for about 20 years. We sent him several warnings, but he completely ignored them."

The agents claim the judge, who has a license to sell beer and wines, purchased most of his liquor from A. A. Pitts, a member of the Mono county grand jury who is under indictment for operating a still. Pitts is scheduled to go on trial during the November session.

Tracy, who pleaded not guilty and waived a jury trial, contended that the government's Indian witnesses had represented themselves as Mexicans.

Woodland Daily Democrat  
12-17-1936

## **Indian Woman, 106, Asks for Federal Aid**

OROVILLE, Dec. 17.—Kitty Williams, 106, has decided to ask the Great White Father for old age aid. Not that she is helpless—she walks five miles twice a week to deliver manzanita cider, but she is eligible.

Kitty, the last of the Concow Indian tribe, has outlived two husbands. Her manzanita cider is used to sweeten coffee and foods. She also makes willow baskets to obtain pocket money.

MARTIN, Dan  
Oroville Mercury Register  
1-2-1937

## Indian Hit By Train Killed

CHICO— Dan Martin, Indian trapper, was killed early New Year's day when he was struck by a north-bound Southern Pacific train. Martin walked on the track in the path of the engine, investigators reported. The accident occurred just south of the Diamond Match Co. plant on Crouch ditch, near the Indian's camp.

# Glaring Lights Get Blame For 1st Auto Death

*George Martin Of Enterprise Killed,  
Law Absolves Driver*

Glaring headlights of a car coming from the other direction which blinded Glen McMillen as he was driving out on the Quincy road Saturday night

were blamed for the death of a pedestrian, George Martin, 58, in Butte county's first traffic fatality of 1937.

Captain Grover Mitchell, of the highway patrol, who with Sheriff Alvin Kister investigated the accident, said McMillen had been absolved of blame.

Martin, the father of seven children, was apparently walking eastward along the

side of the road when at a narrow stretch he met the car driven by McMillen. Another car, driven by Ted Kellogg, approached behind him.

**1**  
**Auto  
Death  
in  
Butte  
to date in  
1937  
1936  
total  
20  
1935  
total  
12**

MARTIN, George  
Oroville Mercury Register  
1-4-1937

## Swerved Out, Hit Man

Instinctively swerving out to avoid the Kellogg car because of the blinding lights, McMillen said he failed to see the man until it was too late to miss him.

Martin's death was caused by a skull fracture. Examination of the body showed his skull was fractured, both arms broken, left leg fractured and several ribs broken.

There will be no inquest into Martin's death, according to the sheriff's office.

Leonard Beebe was a passenger in McMillen's car. Both are employed at the Midas mine at Forbestown.

## Born At Enterprise

Martin was born at Enterprise and had lived in that district all his life. For the last 20 years he had been a wood contractor for mines and mills.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Sadie Martin and the following sons and daughters, all of Enterprise: Albert Martin, Mrs. Ray Angle, Henry, Josephine, Stanley, Vera and Ralph Martin.

Services will take place at 2 p. m. tomorrow in Oregon Creek cemetery, with Hamilton and Riley in charge.

MARTIN, George  
The Sacramento Bee  
1-4-1937

## **BUTTE INDIAN IS KILLED BY AUTO**

**Enterprise Resident Steps Into  
Path Of Car Driven By  
Forbestown Man**

OROVILLE (Butte Co.), Jan. 4. George Martin, 57, an Indian resident of Enterprise, twenty-three miles east of Oroville, was killed almost instantly here Saturday night when he stepped in front of an automobile driven by Glen McMillen of Forbestown.

No arrest was made after McMillen reported the accident. The accident was witnessed by Theodore Kellog of Vallejo. McMillen's car came from the opposite direction on the Quincy road beyond the town. He was unable to avoid Martin when suddenly he turned from the gravel on the roadside into the path of the car.

Sheriff Alvin Kister investigated and termed the death as unavoidable. McMillen is employed at the Midas Mine.

Martin was well known in Oroville. He had lived in Enterprise all his life. He leaves his wife, Mrs. Sadie Martin; four sons, Albert, Henry, Stanley and Ralph, and three daughters, Josephine, Vera and Mrs. Ray Angle, all of Enterprise.

Funeral services will be tomorrow afternoon at Enterprise under the direction of Hamilton & Riley's of Oroville. Burial will be in the Oregon Creek Cemetery.



MARTIN, George  
Oroville Mercury Register  
1-6-1937

# 100 Attend Martin Rites

*Services At Oregon  
Creek Cemetery*

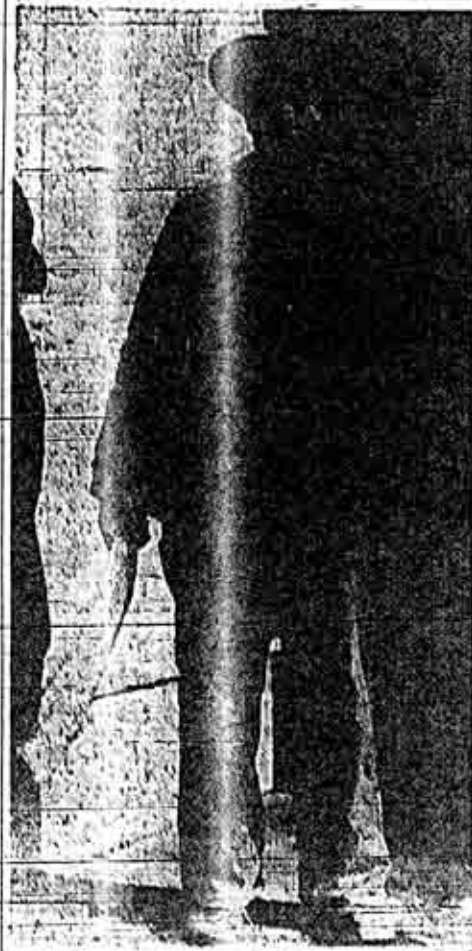
More than 100 persons attended graveside services Tuesday afternoon for George Martin of Enterprise, killed when he was struck by an automobile on Oroville-Quincy Road Saturday night in the first 1937 traffic fatality in Butte county.

Rites were held at Oregon Creek cemetery at 2 p. m. Reading of the scripture by Mrs. L. F. Sweet was followed by the Indian burial service, conducted by Fred Johnson.

Casket bearers were Norman Whittier, Hood Smith, Ray Angle, Jim Terry, John Williams and Elmer Smith.

Arrangements were in charge of Hamilton and Riley's.

INDIAN CHIEF SHOWS WAR AXE



"Old Man Smoke" is the picturesque translation of the Indian name Ponne Carno, by which Fred Johnson, 77-year old chief of the Pulga branch, is known to his fellow Concoaws. Holding a vicious looking old war axe dug up by Carl E. Tharaldson, Yankee Hill miner, Fred is shown above as he looks today. Despite the loss of his arm in youth he has made a living for years as a wood-cutter.

Read More About  
**CONCOW**

Continued From Page 1

bright eyes shine fiercely. One feels that he regrets his inactive role in it.

Like all of the old Indians, Fred is uncertain as to his age. On his pension application he is registered as over 70. "As near as I can figure out, I was born about 1859," he says.

**A Crack Rifle Shot**

Fred is one of the best deer hunters in that district. He is a crack shot with the old rifle given to him by his friend Carl Tharoldson who swears that Fred can hit a half-dollar every time at fifty yards.

At the age of about 15 Fred lost his arm. "I saw an old blind man trying to get a load of wood up on his back. I laid my shotgun against a log and helped him. When I picked up the gun by the barrel, the hammer caught on a log and it blew my arm off."

Until about two years ago he

# Concow Chief Recalls Battle In Which Tribe Was Subdued

*Fred Johnson Known As Ponne Carne To  
Own People, Aids Them In Troubles*

By DAVE LOEWING

Old residents of Oroville know him only as Fred Johnson, the aged, one-armed Indian woodchopper who for as long as they can remember has eked out a living swinging an axe with his single arm, panning out tailings at the Cherokee mine and guiding hunting parties. They designate him as a "character."

But to his own people, the Concoaws, he is known as Ponne Carno—"Old Man Smoke," chief of the Pulga tribe.

Fred inherited the title of chief after the death of Frank Johnson, his uncle. It is more than a title, however. As chief he watches over his people as carefully as any paternal chieftain before the advent of the white man.

**Conducts Last Rites**

It is Old Man Smoke who is called in when any member of the tribe is sick or in trouble. Though many of them are half-breeds and most now are accustomed to the ways of the whites, he is often asked to conduct last rites in the language of their forefathers when one of the members dies.

Fred and Kitty Williams are all

who are left of the old-timers of the Concow tribe in this district and as such they are properly revered by the youngsters.

Wandering through the territory between Cherokee, where he now lives, Yankee Hill and Pulga, Fred recalls the landmarks of another era when as a lad he saw his elders looking askance at the steady encroachment of the white people.

Engraved on his memory is the day when the soldiers came and, after a great battle in which many of the Concow braves were slain, subdued the wild people.

**Remembers the Battle**

"I was only a little one," says Fred. "I did not fight. I stayed in camp with my mother. But I remember the excitement before the battle—and afterwards the sadness."

"I saw the other day the place where the new sweat house was to be. It's in the Big Bend country about two miles from Intake. It was never finished. They had dug a big hole, pretty deep, and started to put up the sides when the battle came."

As Fred talks of the battle, his still

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

made most of his living by chopping wood with his strong right arm. Now a government pension solves his living problem except for the little gold panning he is able to do. This nets him about fifty cents a day when he feels strong enough to do a day's hard work.

# Concow Chief Waiting For Land Payment

Fred Johnson, 70-year-old Indian chief of the Pulga tribe of Concows, was today hoping for the passage of two bills in congress that would recompense him and his fellow tribesmen for lands taken by the whites when Butte county was first settled.

Taking collections from members of his tribe, the aged one-armed chieftain has for more than 15 years contributed to the support of an organization of California Indians which have attempted to force legislation through congress to gain payments promised under old treaties.

Fred, known among members of his race as "Old Man Smoke," yesterday received word of the two bills from F. G. Collett, executive representative of the organization.

The bills, introduced in the senate by Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma and in the house by John Steven McGroarty, provide that Indians can sue for \$1.25 per acre for the limited acreage of land they originally "used and occupied."

About 25,000 Indians in California would be eligible as beneficiaries under the bills, according to Collet.

# Oroville Mercury Register

3-20-1937

## Tribal Songs Of Maidu Indians To Be Preserved By L. A. Museum

CHICO—Music and songs of the Maidu Indian tribe, the few surviving members of which live in Chico, have been recorded for posterity by Miss Frances Dinsmore, field worker for the Southwestern Museum of Los Angeles.

Miss Dinsmore, who has done several years' work for the Smithsonian Institute, plans to leave Chico today for Los Angeles, after spending several days in research work among older members of the tribe who still remember the songs.

Mrs. Amanda Wilson and Pablo Sylvers, two of the tribe's oldest survivors, aided Mrs. Dinsmore in her research by singing the old songs into a recording apparatus. From these phonograph records,

Miss Dinsmore will write out the notes. The records are kept by her, and are never, said the museum representative, copied or used commercially.

Many of the Maidu songs, Miss Dinsmore said, tell stories or are interwoven with tribal customs. The field worker found the Butte County Indians extremely interesting, and willing to assist her in order to have the material preserved for their grandchildren.

She also made a study of the musical instruments of the tribes, and found them different from other groups.

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MARTIN, George  
Oroville Mercury Register  
4-5-1937

## George Martin Of Brush Creek Dies

George Martin, 17-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Martin of Brush Creek, died yesterday at the Oroville Curran hospital after a lingering illness.

Besides his parents, the boy is survived by three brothers, Gus, Dick and Ebenezer; and four sisters, Relia, Vivian, Lorraine and Theda.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. tomorrow at Bald Rock cemetery under direction of Hamilton and Riley.



# Old Indian Legends Centering About Barteas Bar Retold

*Concow Indians Worshipped Sun God Who Helped Them With Herbs and in Fishing*

By EVELYN HENDRICKS

The official opening of the new Feather River Highway tomorrow will not be merely the opening of a new highway to the traveling public.

It will open up a vast rugged country rich in historical events and Indian legends.

The Feather River country is also rich in historical events and Indian legends.

The old Indian fishing ground mentioned in the following legend is located near Barteas Bar below Pulga and will be remembered by many of the older settlers, as it was a favorite fishing ground for both the Indians and the white men.

## Fish Traded For Salt

It was in the canyon of the North Fork of the Feather River that many legends were told by the tribes of the Concow Indians. Salmon were more easily caught at this waterfall where in the early day Indians caught salmon and traded the dried smoked fish to the Indians of the Coast Range for salt.

It is said that this place had all that was required to make a perfect fishing ground. I've heard the Indians and some of the old miners tell of the natural resources of this particular spot.

Also they talked of a large pillar of rock evidently worn round by the swirling water and moving gravel. This pillar, grown smaller toward the top, supported the overhanging rock, which formed a recess or cavern back and to one side of the waterfall, where fishermen were able to spear salmon and even trout. There are many stories of the still visible picture writings of some prehistoric tribe of people.

## Place Changed Now

However, this place is greatly changed. It is no longer a fishing ground, since dams and other construction work make it impossible for the salmon to swim up that far. Debris fills the long stretch of deep water up to the level of the top of the waterfall—debris from construction work along the North Fork Canyon.

I have heard many versions and many contradiction as to how the Feather River got its name. Can some reader furnish authentic information on this subject?

## LEGEND OF THE NORTH FORK FISHING GROUNDS

Many moons ago, long before the white man came to this land, a Paradise or Happy Hunting Ground was being prepared for the Concows, a tribe of Indians who inhabited the northern part of California, by Wan-a-mankua, "the Great Spirit."

Many years he toiled in the canyon of the north fork of the Feather River. For here it was that the gods of storm and of the sun were active in helping Wan-a-manku in his work by causing the rain to water the vegetation and to keep water in the river, so that fish might be had for food.

## Sun, Wind Sought After

The sun gods sent out heat to warm the earth, and grass and

herbs grew in abundance. The wind god came puffing up the steep mountains from the north and his breath was the north wind which helped dry the fish and venison hung on bushes to dry for food.

Wan-a-manku remembered all these things and caused them to take place so that his people might be provided for and have a free and happy life. He made for them a fishing ground, a small waterfall in the river, above a deep, still stretch of water where salmon were to be found in both the spring and fall run.

## Salmon Jumped In Nets

Across the waterfall grew long grape-vines, which he taught the people to use as pulleys to pull the nets of straw and mile-weed, so that when a salmon jumped up the waterfall it landed in the net and the waiting fisherman hauled in the net and took out the fish and once again replaced the net so that the next traveler who came along could also have fish. In a crevice or pot hole at the side of the waterfall, a fisherman could always reach in with a spear and catch trout and other smaller fish. It was while Wan-a-manku was busy at his work on the fishing ground, which was only partly finished, that "Hen-o-cano" (the devil) entered and drove Wan-a-manku out of his unfinished paradise. He was loath to leave, as he wanted so much to finish this fishing ground for his people.

## Sad For His People

Sadly he took up his bow and arrows and started up the river into the north. After a while he became weary and hungry. He paused to rest on the sandy shore of the river, when a flock of quail whirred past him. Swiftly he took up his bow and holding the quiver between his crossed legs he drew out an arrow and killed a quail. The print of his moccasined feet still remain in the sand. As he continued his journey up the canyon, still having the good of his people in mind, he paused occasionally to perform some act that would make life easier for them. On the steep sides of a mountain (Ben Loman), at the north of a swift stream (Grizzly Creek), he killed a deer. Then, making a level place on the mountain side, he made a nice clean carpet of leaves on which he butchered the deer.

## Left Head As Marker

High upon the side of the mountain he left the head and entrails of the deer so that the people might know that here was the place to hunt for deer, and to this day the entrails and jaw bone of the deer may be seen from the opposite side of the canyon. The skin of the deer he spread to dry on a huge pile of rocks on a sandy bar (Shorse's Bar) so that the people he had been forced to desert might know that the skins were to be tanned and used for shoes and clothing. Thus they were able to trace the exiled Wan-a-manku and to know that he watched over and provided for them even though they no longer saw him.

Oroville Mercury Register  
8-13-1937



# Oroville Mercury Register

8-13-1937

## Aged Indian Helps Inspire Search For "Healthy" Water

**G**ENE PHELPS of Mayaro Lodge attributes to the chance remark of an aged Indian, nearing death at the age of 105, the discovery of a mineral spring that is the most famous feature of his picturesque resort.

Doxy Reece, who was born and raised in the Indian village that formerly was located where the lodge now stands, used to come back to his birthplace once a year to sit and watch Phelps work and once in a considerable while make a remark or two.

On one of these visits he watched Phelps for a while and then the old man's mind reverted to his childhood days.

"Where is the medicine water?" he finally asked.

Phelps heard him and asked to be told more about the "medicine water." Finally he got from the old man the story of a fabulous spring that the Indians had considered of

such a healing nature that when they became sick they would travel to it from many miles around, and remain there at the village until they felt well again.

### Mineral Spring Found

The scene had changed so much under the white man's hands and because of nature's work, too, and Doxy Reece had not heard of the spring for so long that he was not sure he could point out the location. Finally, he waved his hand down towards the river and expressed the opinion that the spring was "down there."

This wasn't much help to Phelps, for since the days of the Indians the mountainside, with its plentiful water, had grown into veritable jungle, with ferns and mould of dead leaves from the many years combining to hide all traces of a spring. The search continued, however, off and on, for two years, when one of the men noted traces of iron stain. Then the digging began and finally the spring was uncovered.

Water from this spring has been analyzed by physicians, who report that two minerals, iron and calcium, predominate. They report that it has an alkaline reaction, so

probably the sick Indians were suffering from acidity. Several rather remarkable "cures" led Phelps to inquire of his physician friends as to curative properties of the spring. He was informed by them that it does not cure, but that it builds up the blood and cleanses it, and that once that has been done the body itself throws off disease.

The water of the spring is cold and very pleasant to drink, which is unique as mineral springs go.

Phelps has named the springs "Noxage" after the famous spring in the Nebbs comic carried by the Mercury.

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### TRAIL MARKED

The Native Daughters of the Golden West, have marked old Emigrant Trail at Elizabethtown with a handsome monument, so that all who may chance to go the short distance off the present highway may become acquainted with the fame of a mining town that was outstanding in the days of old.

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The Butte County Free Library was established Sept. 3, 1913, in Oroville.

# Oroville Mercury Register

5-20-1938

## Oldest, Newest Methods Used To Carry Air Mail From City

### Swift Feather Delivers Air Mail



—Photo by Sorenson.

—Mercury Engraving

In observation of air mail week, Swift Feather, Indian boy, is seen here delivering a pouch of mail to Larry Martin, pilot, at the air port. Martin and the Indian boy then flew the mail to Sacramento.

Combining the oldest and newest methods of communication, an Indian runner and a plane pilot carried the mail here Thursday afternoon to commemorate air mail week.

Swift Feather, 19-year-old Quincy Indian, took the pouch from the hands of J. E. Byrne, Oroville postmaster, at 3:30 p. m., ran to the city limits and was picked up by automobile. At the airport, Larry Martin, local pilot was waiting for the mail pouch. At 4:05 p. m. Martin and Swift Feather, whose real name is Billy Epperson, were headed for the Sacramento airport, where Martin sat down the plane at 4:40 p. m.

#### 800 Letters In Pouch

Eight hundred letters bearing the special stamp commemorating the twentieth anniversary of letter service by air were immediately turned over to postal clerks for re-dispatch by plane.

Nearly 75 persons stood on the steps of the Oroville post office to watch Swift Feather, in native costume, start his run. Others watched from the street as he jogged down Robinson street.

At Oroville Municipal Airport another crowd waited. Several persons obtained photographs of the runner and the pilot.

#### Crowd At Sacramento

Those who gathered on the post office steps to see the start of the run included Mayor A. R. Hoke, D. M. McLeod, president of the Chamber of Commerce, Clarence Pierce, Gridley postmaster and H. A. Brown, postmaster at Honcut.

C. F. Huntington, representing the Oroville Chamber, drove Swift Feather to the airport.

At Sacramento, crowds gathered at the airport to see the Indian runner. Scores of Sacramento women were on hand to welcome him and many amateur photographers and others who wanted to preserve a record of the occasion took pictures.

#### Gets Much Attention

The Indian runner carried the mail pouch from the plane to the post office on the airport and was shown through the building.

The Indian's picture appeared in a Sacramento newspaper this morning.

Swift Feather and Martin left the capital airport at 5:15 p. m. and arrived in Oroville on the return trip about 40 minutes later.

FLYNN, Henry  
Oroville Mercury Register  
7-11-1938

## **Henry Flynn, Bald Rock Chief, Dies**

Henry Flynn, 85, chief of the Bald Rock Indians, who received his authority by ancient rites more than 30 years ago, died in his cabin southwest of Bald Rock Saturday night, it was learned here today.

The man who was the head of 200 Indians, part of the Concow tribe, had been ill much of the time since last winter. Death was attributed to infirmities of old age.

Flynn's wife, Emma, died several years ago.

Elmer Smith, a nephew, said the Indians may appoint someone to take Flynn's place, but he doubted whether the ceremonies once followed would be used.

Flynn will be given a simple burial at the cemetery in Bald Rock, probably tomorrow.

Oroville Mercury Register

8-9-1938

# Indians Leave Messages Upon Rocks Smoothed By Glacier

A great area of inscribed rocks, covered with signs pecked by Indians into the stones left smooth in the path of a glacier, has been discovered in the Feather river canyon near the head of Rock Creek by Eugene Phelps of Mayaro, Ed Russ of San Francisco and Frank Kester of Oakland.

The glacier is believed to have moved along in the Sierras north of the Feather river at about the 7000 foot elevation, then moved south down the slopes, and eastward to form canyons at the head of Rock Creek. Centuries later, Phelps said, bands of roving Indians crossed this region, leaving the signs and markings as a record of their visit. The inscribed rock area is believed to be the largest in this state.

The glacier left the smooth granite stones sloping to the east with about a twenty degree dip, he said. All the signs and marks are found on the eastern side, facing the rising sun.

Phelps has notified forest service officials of the location of the area, and said he believes steps should be taken to improve the present rough road leading to them, and to preserve the ancient inscriptions.

Indians of the Kimshew and Concow branches of the Maidus, living in the region now, said they have no traditions in their tribes telling of the writing of the inscriptions, and had only seen and heard of them a year ago.



Oroville Mercury Register

12-5-1938

# Concow Indian Chief Invades S. F., No Confab

**S**AN FRANCISCO — Fred Johnson, Oroville one-armed chief of the Concow Indian tribe, came to San Francisco to attend a convention of Indians, but when he got here there was no convention and the city was full of palefaces who hadn't seen any redskin delegates.

At the Travelers Aid Society where Johnson appealed for help he said he had received a letter from F. C. Collett asking him to attend a convention of "The Indians of California Inc. at the Drake Wiltshire Hotel. When he finally found the hotel, however, there was no trace either of Collett or an Indian convention.

The office of J. W. Henderson, attorney, who is president of Indians of California Inc. said Henderson had scheduled the convention for today but had been called out of town and had postponed it.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN—HE'S LOST



On the forest trails, Chief Fred Johnson, 79-year-old one-armed tracker of the Concow tribe of California Indians is a sensation. But his cunning bogged down in San Francisco's traffic and he got lost. The Travelers' Aid is going to help him to get back to Oroville.—Tribune photo.

## Indian Confused, Loses Trail in S.F. Traffic Hubbub

The arts of finding concealed trails and tracking elusive game through the wild woodlands were of little avail to Chief Fred Johnson, 79, of the Concow tribe of California Indians, when he became lost in big city traffic today in San Francisco.

Traffic at Third and Market Streets proved too much for the one-armed veteran tracker, and he was forced to avail himself of the assistance of the Travelers' Aid Society and police to get located.

He told officers that he had left Oroville on a borrowed \$5 bill, but that the wampum was exhausted and he wanted to get back to his tepee.

Johnson told police he came to the city in response to a summons from F. G. Collett, to attend a convention of Indians at a San Francisco hotel, but the convention could not be located, and at Collett's hotel at 340 Stockton Street, it was learned that he was out of the city.

Collett, according to officials at the Indian Affairs Office in San Francisco is endeavoring to seek legislation to aid the Indians in land matters.

Travelers' Aid workers assured Chief Johnson that they would assist him to return to his home.



# Oroville Mercury Register

12-6-1938

## Concow Indian

## Sees Sights As

## Guest Of S. F.

**S**AN FRANCISCO —(U.P.)— Fred Johnson, 79-year-old Concow Indian from the Oroville district, awoke today in one of the best suites in the Sir Francis Drake hotel after city officials helped him celebrate a "one-man" convention.

Johnson borrowed \$5 and came to town yesterday for a scheduled meeting of the Indians of California Inc. He found out later the "pow wow" had been postponed. He was referred to the travelers aid bureau and was due to be put up for the night in a waterfront hotel.

That was before the city's convention and tourist bureau heard about it. Deciding that San Francisco's reputation for hospitality was at stake, they took Johnson out of his humble quarters, escorted him to night clubs, let him have a look at Sally Rand and then left him for the night in the "luxury" suite at the Sir Francis Drake.

12-10-1938

## Money Gone, Concow Chief Won't Attend Convention

**T**RAVELING money gone, spent to attend a "ghost" convention of Indians of California Inc., Fred Johnson, chief of the Concow tribe here, is making no plans to attend the powwow which will be held Dec. 19.

A letter from the office of Indians of California Inc. in San Francisco telling of the deferred convention, arrived for Johnson after he had left.

"Now I've spent the money for the convention that didn't happen. I don't expect to be able to go down again on the 19th," he said.

### FIRST IN 15 YEARS

His trip this week was the first he had made to San Francisco in 15 years. At that time he went down to confer with the White Fathers regarding the rights of Indians and to plead for their just dues.

"In 1921," he said, "there were 20,000 Indians in California. Today there are only four left in the Concow tribe. That shows how fast we are disappearing. I don't count the younger generation. I mean real Indians."

He was born at Belden in 1857. He had no schooling as at that time "the whites never allowed the Indian boy to mingle with them. We couldn't go to the same school. So I never went to school," he said.

### ONE-HANDED, SAWS WOOD

Johnson is typical of the older Indians. His shock of gray hair, thick, overhangs a broad brow. His soft brown eyes are clear and his copper-colored skin is firm and glossy with outdoor living.

His left arm is missing, amputated after a gunshot wound when he was quail hunting. Undaunted by the loss, Johnson "saws wood" by holding the pieces with his left foot.

### SHOWN GOOD TIME

He had good words for his treatment at the hands of Indians of California Inc. whose officials, hearing of his plight from Travelers Aid bureau where he had appealed for information, gave him a tourist's time of his stay.

Bedded and boarded luxuriously at Hotel Sir Francis Drake, he was shown the sights of the city, visited Treasure Island, was given a glimpse of glamorous night life and received "fine treatment." Johnson takes it all with native stoicism.

He could hardly believe, the Indian chief said, the great changes that have taken place in San Francisco during the last 15 years.

Everywhere he went, he said in answering the question, he was the center of crowds. He told them he was from Oroville, was of the Concow tribe and was really an Indian.

HOGAN, Billy (Indian)  
Oroville Mercury Register  
5-22-1939

## **Indian, Aged 107, Expires**

**B**ILLY Hogan, 107-year-old Indian, died at Feather Falls late Saturday, Golden Land informed C. O. Hamilton, deputy coroner, by telephone. Death was due to old age.

The aged man was born in that country, and had lived there all his life, Land said. Two wives preceded him in death.

Burial by Indian rites will be held Tuesday at Mooretown cemetery, Hamilton said, weather permitting.



# Pulgan Recalls Ceremonials Of Concows Held Years Ago

## HEADS CLAN OF GRAMPS



Mercury Photo and Engraving.

Introducing Henry Gramps of Pulga and his pet dog Teddy. Gramps was born in the Feather river country. His father was a German and his mother a full-blooded Indian. Read this story as told to a Mercury reporter.

By **RICHARD DUDMAN**

An old man in jeans and a worn sweater looked up from the dismantled automobile engine where he was watching a couple of younger men tinker.

"Yes, I'm Henry Gramps," he said. "I'm half-blooded Indian; you couldn't say I'm the last of the Concow tribe, but there's getting to be mighty few of us left."

Asked if he was the oldest member of the tribe still living, Gramps snorted, "Hell, no. I'm only 73, but Harry Edwards—he lives up the hill there—is around 80 or 85. They say he's 102 sometimes, but Indians don't often know their exact ages, and that's putting it too high."

### FATHER A GERMAN

Not the last nor the oldest, Henry Gramps, with his straight black hair and two-weeks' growth of sparse gray beard, is an interesting person to meet. Living with his wife and a daughter on his 46 acres across the river from Pulga, he centers most of his activities there, getting into Oroville only about once a month. Down the road 100 yards lives his son's family.

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12-5-1939

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"Quite a clan we have," he admitted. "I must have more than 20 grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Quite a number of them are in Billy Woods' family—he's my son-in-law—in Oroville." He's dead, but his wife, Laura, lives there and has three children in school—Ivan, Adeline, Jennie, and Billy. Gladys went to the high school, but now she's in Sacramento."

Every since he was born, Gramps has lived in the Feather River country, he says. His father, a German, Martin Gramps, owned a large section of the mountainous land across the river from Pulga. Martin Gramps married a full-blooded Indian girl.

## HIS INDIAN NAME

"Mother never told me her Indian name," says Henry Gramps. "We never kept records of anything like that. I don't even know her regular maiden name, but I know she had one."

He knows his own Indian name, however. It is "heeby-mono," as nearly as he can spell it, and means "burr on bush," the bush being a type of birch that grows in the region and is called deer birch.

Henry attended school in the '70's at the Yankee Hill school. He boarded there and kept on through the fifth grade.

It was before Henry was born that his father sold most of the land to B. K. Perkins, who was an Oroville merchant at the time—it was 1855. Straining to remember the details, Henry said that Perkins was killed in '85 when his horse and buggy ran away with him. The land was sold subsequently for taxes, and now, says Gramps, 90 acres

of it is owned by George Matthews of Oroville. Gramps' 46 acres adjoins the Matthews' property.

## REMEMBERS CEREMONIALS

Land in that region used to be very valuable on account of the gold deposits, he says, but it has been almost worthless since hydraulic mining was prohibited in 1888 because the silt was blocking the river.

Gramps remembers some of the Indian customs, but they're mostly discontinued now, he says. He remembers the tribal dances, when the chiefs would put on their head-dresses and other regalia.

"We weren't allowed to touch any of the ceremonial dress," he explained. "When a chief died, they burned the regalia with him. They haven't had one of those burnings for a long time now—I think the last one was in 1925."

Although Gramps is half Indian, most of his life has been tied up pretty closely with white civilization. Last century, when Oroville was a booming mining community, he used to spend a lot of time down there. He used to shoot rabbits, getting 10 cents a scalp, out towards Winters, going hunting with Henry Strohman, who still is a bricklayer and plasterer in Oroville.

## KEEPS WELL POSTED

He learned the carpenter's trade at one time, and for two years in the middle '80's he had his own carpenter's shop in Oroville.

Gramps says he still knows a lot of the older men when he drives into town—mostly the ones around the court house. L. L. Winters, retired Western Pacific clerk who lives at 1715 Hammon avenue, is a close acquaintance of Gramps.

One of the last members of a race

that rapidly is dying out, Henry Gramps seems healthy enough as he watches his relatives work on one of their three not-so-old automobiles. He likes to talk over his experiences, but he keeps up with the present besides. He has the figures on how many deer were killed last hunting season. To talk to him, you don't realize he is 73 years old, that his ancestors probably roamed north as a branch of the Incas of Peru.