

COMMITTEE SELECTING HISTORICAL DATA
FROM NEW ULM, MINNESOTA,
Aug. 5th and 6th, 1924.
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On August 5th and 6th, 1924, a Committee, consisting of J.A. Ochs as Chauffeur; H.H. Walters as Sporting Editor; Ed.A. Stoll as Financier and Official Entertainer; Mr. Gust Mummell as Historian; Hon. Richard Pfeifferle as Indian War Veteran and Alex Seifert, as reporter, proceeded to the Old Battle grounds of Woodlake, Camp Release, located near Granite Falls and Montevideo, Minnesota, and interviewed various persons who claimed to have had something to do in connection with the Indian Outbreak of 1862. Photographic views were taken by Mr. Ed.A. Stoll of the Woodlake Battlefield and dinner was then had at the city of Granite Falls, Minn.

After dinner, through the courtesy of Atty. H.P. Bengtson, of Granite Falls, we were given the honor of meeting Mr. Olds, an old Pioneer, who homesteaded the place whereon the barracks of Hazelwood are now standing, and whose son is now working and cropping the same place. Some historical data was written down and preserved. Thereafter the party proceeded to the city of Montevideo, Minnesota, where thru the courtesy of Atty. C.D. Benschel, an old time resident of that city, we were escorted to the place of Camp Release, near that city. Here also were seen the original rifle pits and dugouts used by those citizens at the time of their capture and pictures of the monument were taken by official photographer, Mr. Ed.A. Stoll. Mr. Benschel informed us that he was a carrier of ammunition during the time of the Indian Outbreak between Hastings and Redwing, for use of settlers west of those places, and that he had a faint recollection of what took place in those stirring days.

Mr. Benschel then escorted us to the home of Mr. Stay, an old Frenchman living northwest of Montevideo, Minnesota, where the party had a long visit and where the story of Mrs. Stay of her capture and stay at Camp Release was detailed and taken down by the reporter. The committee desires to thank Mr. Benschel for all courtesies extended and information given.

After the story of Mrs. Stay had been given, the party proceeded to Ottenville, Minnesota, where we stayed for the night. The next day we proceeded north to Graceville, then to Beardsley and Browns Valley, Minnesota, which place is the source of the Minnesota River, and Lake Traverse, whose waters run to the north. Here we drove to the South Dakota side of Lake Big Stone and then we drove down on the southwest side of the lake to Big Stone City, viewing the high South Dakota hills and valleys with the Minnesota Waters to our left. We drove to Appleton, for dinner, on Wednesday, and then the party proceeded home thru Montevideo, Granite Falls, Delhi and Redwood Falls, Minnesota. The trip was a most enjoyable one; the weather was excellent for traveling and whenever the party became quiet, Mr. Ed.A. Stoll

would enliven the bunch with some good live songs. On the return home, the barracks at Hazelwood were inspected closely; three U.S. Government cisterns were found; the old officer's house and storehouse were seen. Of the latter two buildings, pictures were taken, for future use. A stenographic report of the entire trip, conversations had, notations made and interviews had, are as follows:

(Note) At the home of Mr. Olds, in Granite Falls, Minn., in the presence of Mr. H. P. Bengtson, Mr. Richard Pfefferle, Mr. Gust Hummel and Atty. Alex Seifert.

Mr. Pfefferle: Mr. Olds, when did you come in this part of the country? A. Mr. Olds: I came here in 1866.

Mr. Pfefferle: Well, I came here in 1863.

Mr. Pfefferle: Were you here in the winter of that great blizzard, when so many people were frozen to death? A. I don't know anything about a snowstorm. I --

Mr. Pfefferle: In 1865 and 1866 we had a terrible blizzard and many people froze to death in this part of the country?

Mr. Olds: Well, I came up from the south in 1865 and went back in the winter of 1866, so I don't know what they had here while I was gone.

Mr. Pfefferle: Well, you know in 1865, five or six families settled at Montevideo, the Spicers, Browns and Silvernales. A. Mr. Olds: Not until '65.

Mr. Pfefferle: Yes, that is so. Mr. Olds: I know them all, that is right. They came in there and established themselves, Joe Brown was established there; come down from Ft. Wadsworth where he ran a pony express down here.

Mr. Pfefferle: Wasn't Eldred the first settler in Montevideo? A. The Silvernales, Spicers and two Browns ~~xxxxx~~ and a man by the name of Wilkins were there.

Mr. Pfefferle: Yes, but they came in '66. A. No, they came in 1865.

Mr. Pfefferle: No, the first settlers down in Yellow Medicine was the Browns and Silvernales and the Spicers; they all came here from Philadelphia because I used to get the mails for them, at New Ulm, and I got their names there.

Mr. Seifert: Will you please let Mr. Bengtson do the questioning and in that way we shall get quickly the information that we desire. Mr. Pfefferle: All right.

Mr. Bengtson: Down at the Old Government Fort, you see a barn with some holes in there, was that used as a Government barn at the time? Mr. Olds: It was a Government barn but it was not used as a barn; it was used as a store house.

Mr. Pfefferle: Do you know Joe Fletcher pretty well here? A. Why---my wife was a witness when he was married at the Pennsylvania house, in New Ulm, Minnesota.

Mr. Bengtson: When--how old is Mrs. Olds? A. She is 84 years.

Q. What time did you come into this part of the country, Mr. Olds? A. I came up in the fall of 1865; I and my brother-in-law came up in March the next Spring again; you see we went back in the fall or winter. My brother-in-law he had a double sleigh and then I went back after my family, and in July, 1866, I moved up here with my family.

Q. You were married then when you came in here? A. Oh, yes, I had one girl, three years old.

Q. Mrs. Olds is still living and spry and healthy? A. ~~Yes~~---Yes, laughter.

Q. And how old is she? A. She is 84 years.

Q. And you are how old? A. I am 89 years.

Q. How many children have you raised, Mr. Olds? A. Four living, and one is dead.

Q. Where did you take your homestead at that time? A. I took it down adjoining Langleys on the east half in Section 30.

Q. What township? A. 115-39.

Q. That is what they call down there, the Upper Sioux Agency? A. Yes.

Q. And that is where the battles with the Indians were fought: those Wood Lake Battles?

A. Yes, down there by the Government Agency.

Q. That is the place what you now own and on which your boy, George, not George, Ben Olds lives on, that is where the old Government Fort was? A. --No Fort, but Agency.

Q. Government Agency? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And one of those buildings now standing down there, with those holes on the south side, was a Barn, wasn't it? A. Yes, Government Barn, the brick part of it. It was a double barn about 40 feet by twenty.

Q. Well, tell us some of your early experiences in those days, Mr. Olds? A. Oh---I don't know, I can't tell all of them.

Q. Well, what---where were the settlers in those days? What part was settled and what part was not settled around there? A. They settled from just below the Yellow Medicine River, below the Yellow Medicine Bridge up the Yellow Medicine River.

Q. In that Township? A. Well, in the township of Sioux Agency, Hanley Falls. I don't know where Lynde was at that time.

Q. Do you remember some of the other early settlers that came here about the same time that you came here? A. Ingabret Johnson--he is dead now; Gerber Garmann, and Hely Clime--he is dead; they are all gone now.

Q. Is there any of them living besides yourself then, outside of that? Mrs. Ingabret Johnson

was living at Hanley Falls the last I knew; I don't know whether she is still living or not.

Q. Hanley Falls, is a village down here on the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad? A. Yes.

Q. When did the Winters come in here? A. The Winters came here before harvest--came up in the summer of '65, and he and Ben Sanders ~~and~~ put up hay on the Minnesota Bottom, and then he moved up in the fall, and then Sanders' mother and sister came with him, Ben Sanders and his sister. His mother settled there in the Old Government Jail. Winters and Ben Sanders fixed up that jail while they was here in the summer.

Q. Did you ever meet Mills, or knew of him, who settled near Lac Qui Parle? A. Yes.

Q. Is there any of the folks living now? A. I could not tell you, I don't know; I haven't had any connection with them or correspondence.

Q. What did you folks do for schools or churches out here in those days? A. Didn't have any---
(laughter--brightening up)

Q. (Mr. Pfeifferle: You were all good christians then?) Mr. Olds: Yes, sure.

Mr. Bengtson:

Q. What did you do for amusements in those days? Have any dances? A. Oh, we had dances all right.

Q. I have been told that you and Mrs. Olds, I think, were quite proficient participants at that time? A. Oh, I guess we was always there; we couldn't go to church then.

Mr. Pfeifferle: Did you know a man by the name of Dahl who settled down here? A. I didn't know him.

Mr. Pfeifferle: He is now at Pine River Falls, as postmaster, and he has lived here also.

Mr. Bengtson: Let's see, That man Williamson had a place down here some place, did he not?

A. Well, he settled afterwards. He had a place just at the top of the hill, where you turn east.

Q. The Williamson that was a Missionary, was the father of the Williamson that visited you last summer? A. No, that was Riggs.

Q. Where is he located now? A. He is in South Dakota.

Q. He is near where? . near Pierre, South Dakota.

Q. Where is this Williamson now? A. That was this last year, that Williamson was here.

Well, he was here but we did not meet him.

Q. Well, isn't he located at Rock Island or Davenport, Iowa, where this College is down there?

A. May have been; I hardly know where they are. There were several Williamsons, doing the same work amongst the Indians here. One of them was in Nebraska.

Mr. Bengtson: What Indians had settled down along here in those days? A. Well, there is no

Indians had settled here. The fall, or winter before I came in, in the winter of '65 and '66

there were forty lodges of Indians wintered in the timber of the S.A. Hall farm, but they went away the next spring and got supplies at Ft. Ridgely and went west.

Q. They were all Sioux? A. Yes, all Sioux.

Did you ever know if Little Crow was in here? A. No, sir, never saw him here.

Q. But there is a niece of Little Crow, down here in the Indian Village, as I understand it?

A. That is what she claims; I can't dispute it.

Q. And what is her name? A. Rebecca Williams; she has been married so many times, I really don't know how many names she has got.

Q. She is the same lady who claims to have some money in a St. Paul bank? A. Yes.

Q. And of whom there was so much written in the paper about a year ago? A. Yes.

Q. And she pretends to be a niece of Little Crow, as I understand it? A. Yes.

Q. Where did you do your trading in those days? A. Well, in New Ulm at first; and afterwards at Redwood Falls, and then Williams.

Q. How long after you came here did those railroads get in? A. Oh----

Q. Was there a railroad in New Ulm in those days? A. A railroad?

Q. Yes. A. Oh, no.

Q. They said that the railroads started the country towns first? A. Yes, but the Northwestern had just got up to Owatonna then.

Mr. Pfeifferle: They weren't at Owatonna in 1868? A. Mr. Olds: That must have been about the time that they come to Owatonna.

Mr. Pfeifferle: The stage ran from Owatonna to St. Peter in those days.

Q. What buildings did you have then, in those old days? A. They didn't have much, believe me.

Ingebret Johnson had some means; Garwans was a poor man; Lang did have something and a man by the name of Adne didn't have anything until the next spring. Ingebret Johnson helped them out until the next spring.

Q. How did they get enough to live on? A. They went and got some trading; little bit at New Ulm and later at Redwood Falls. The Behnke's at New Ulm had a store there then.

Q. What did you all do for a living? A. Why, we killed some animals--(laughter) and taught some others to fight.

Mrs. Olds: We were fixed up for the winter. We drove up to and Mr. Olds brought up supplies. Of course, he also killed a big ox and we dried the meat and we managed to pull thru.

Mr. Bengtson: I suppose there was some game in those days? A. Yes, always some along the gulleys.

Q. Were there any buffaloes in those days? A. There was a buffalo killed at Lac qui Parle in '66; but the next year they had to go to Big Stone to get them.

Q. Did you ever see any ~~xxxx~~ on the prairie here? A. No, sir, but I wseen a deer here.

Q. You know that Johnson should have killed a buffalo here at that time? A. I think it was the first man, Ingebret Johnson, that killed a buffalo cow with an ax and a dog.

He found the buffalo down in a valley where it was wallowing in the mud; you see the flies were so bad; they had to do something to protect themselves.

Q. How soon after that did you get anything into crops? A. We raised corn the first year.

Q. You did? A. A little; had seven acres, but the black rust took most of it; left a little around the bottom of the cornfield.

Q. I suppose you got oxen and broke them so you could do some breaking? A. I bought a yoke of oxen but we didn't break much up; we had no market for the grain. Eli Barber was the first man to raise wheat here.

Q. Mrs. Olds, where did you first settle? A. In St. Paul.

Q. How soon after that did you do a little farming? A. In 1867 and 1868.

Q. Then they began wheat raising? A. Yes, and we had to go to New Ulm to get the wheat ground. It was but very little wheat that we had, but we had raised some of course. Mr. Olds:

I went down to New Ulm at first, and later to Redwood Falls. As I was going to the mill there at Redwood Falls and / they had some trouble with the county commissioners about the assessments and taxation; so they refused to grind for toll charges, but wanted some cash payment for grinding as a spite against the Redwood county commissioners. I was going way back to have plenty of supplies for the winter. We had two boys to take care of, and also haul for the neighbor, Mr. T. M. Ault. He had a big tract of land out here, and they entered here at the same time we did. So we went down to Redwood Falls and when we got there Mr. Rooter was in the mill and I walked into the back part of the mill and asked him if he ground flour for some folks. Crossing his shoulders, he says, "for some folks we do and others we don't". I stood there some 20 or 30 minutes and I says to Mr. Ault, "let us go to New Ulm where the mills grind for all people; let me take the load down to New Ulm. And the next day, before going to New Ulm, I thought to myself (you know it made me mad to have a fellow talk to me in those days; now I don't mind it anymore), I will speak to Mr. Rooter once more before I go to New Ulm and see what he has got to say. I had some poor wheat, all shrunken, poor wheat. I saw him once more, and says, how much do you exchange flour for

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wheat, how much do you give? He says, we give 32 lbs. of flour; 13 lbs. of shorts and 8 lbs. of gran. I didn't know how much flour a person could get out of wheat, but I figured it over, and I was satisfied that it was more than my wheat would make. And I says, "have you got good flour?" And he says, "yes, take a look at it." So I put my hand into the bin, and it was fine flour; and I took up his offer and went home. That was the first experience I had in getting wheat exchanged for flour at Redwood Falls.

Q. I suppose you had your ponies and visited back and forth, and you had wagons too?

A. Yes.

Q. There was no automobile in those days, as I understand it? A. Not, that I can remember-- (laughter).

Q. And no flying machines? A. No, laughter.

Q. Any deer? A. There was some deer. I killed one down on the bottom. There was another one killed down there at one time as he was chewing on a haystack.

Q. Where was the game warden then when you killed them? A. I don't know we didn't have any then, no game warden and no fish wardens then.

Q. Lots of fish in the Minnesota River? A. There was no fences to hinder us to go, and no gates to open, and we went all over.

Q. When you first came in, how were the Indians? The Indians at first were peaceable.

Q. How many Government Agencies or houses were down here at the post? A. I couldn't tell you for certain; but history tells us that.

Q. Did you ever go up to Lac qui Parle? A. I have been there once, to that monument.

Q. At Camp Release? A. Yes.

Q. How far is that from here? A. Oh, I suppose two miles from here.

Q. When was that? A. Mrs. Olds and I was up there and called at an old Frenchman that was here before the outbreak. He and his wife were released at Camp Release and his wife was released at Camp Release also. His name is Mr. Stay.

Q. Well, that is the man that these people are going to see? A. Oh, is that so. Well, they cannot get much out of him anymore; he has had three strokes and is in pretty bad shape. He can't talk some; but his wife has a keen memory of what took place then. These men should visit him by all means.

Q. What--was that where they had this celebration the other day? A. Yes.

Q. Were there any Indian Chiefs here in those days? A. There was two Indian chiefs died here, they were Iron Heart and Big Eagle.

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Q. And when did they die? A. Well, I can't tell you the time. They were buried out at the cemetery; I suppose the stones out there would show that, I don't remember.

Q. What connection did they have with the outbreak. A. Big Eagle was in the outbreak so that he drew sufficient notice from the government. Big Eagle was a very pleasant-bearing Indian and I knew him well. His wife lived quite a number of years after he did.

Q. Is there anything else that you wish to tell us today? A. I don't presume that there is. I presume Big Eagle's niece is still living.

Q. Daniel Eagle is a nephew of Big Eagle lives here in the woods? A. Yes.

Q. And where is Iron Heart? A. Iron Heart was an Indian Scout in the Civil War and the son lived down here in the woods, but died a few years ago; but his widow is still living here.

Mr. Bengtson: Well, I guess that is all.

(Note: Here the party adjourned to go to Montevideo)

(Story of Mrs. Celia Stay, as related to Mr. J.A. Ochs, Alex Seifert, Richard Pfeifferle and Mr. Frank Stay, Sr. on Aug. 6, 1924, twelve miles northwest of Montevideo. R.F.D. No. 6.)

Questioned by Mr. Seifert: How old are you Mrs. Stay? A. I was 75 years old last tenth of Oct.

Q. And how long have you lived here? A. I have lived here since ~~18~~ 1879.

Q. Lived here all the time, have you? A. Asince and also before that.

Q. And how ~~old~~ old is Mr. Stay? A. He is 87 years, this last tenth of July.

Q. And when were you married to him? A. In 1880.

Q. At the time of the Indian Outbreak, how old were you at that time? A. I was 14 years old, the day we got back to our home in Traverse de Sioux.

Q. And where had you been living before then? A. Well, sir, I was born in St. Paul in 1848, and then my grand-father was United States Interpreter for the Indians here.

Q. At where? A. St. St. Paul, Minnesota.

Q. And what was his name? A. His name was Scott Campbell. He died in the early 1851. Of course, I have no records; that is in the family records somewhere, but I ain't got it right now. And then after that, father became Interpreter in his place.

Q. What was his name? A. Antoine Joseph Campbell. He was named after this Hennepin Falls, at Minneapolis, Minnesota. I don't know just how old he was.

Mr. Pfeifferle: Where was he born? A. He was born at Mendota, Minnesota, Nov. 25, 1825. I don't know just where; that is all new there, you know.

Q. Did you have anything to do with the Indian Outbreak at New Ulm or Fort Ridgely, or any experiences to relate to us? A. No, we were at the Lower Agency.

Mrs. Stay talking: We were at the Lower Agency, and it was on the 18th day of

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August, 1862. The outbreak started that morning, it was a little after sunrise when the Indians marched in there where we were living. They were going from this way down to the east, towards Redwood Falls. There is a Rice Lake there somewhere, and near there Rice Creek, and some of the Indians, the Little Sioux's Band, the Blue Earth band, and they were the first ones to make the start. And they came down all in a parade style, marching down the valley. When we seen that we were on the prairies at the Lower Agency, and the ferry was down below, under the hill where Marsh was killed. I seen the Indians coming, there was a man on a white horse and he was in front of the rest, and he crossed and re-crossed, and rode first this way and then that way (indicating by hands), and then they would stop a while and then they would start again; the way it seemed to me, as though he was trying to stop them from time to time and then moved a little further, but he couldn't do it. So when he came opposite the house he called and wanted to know if Joe was at home (that was father). They said "no", he hadn't been home, neither Saturday, Sunday, and this was Monday morning, because they was at work hauling. And he says, "is there a team here?" and they said "no," "they got to have them down there, they have got to haul loads from New Ulm with them." And so, he stood there a while and he says, "Too bad, we could take you in your wagon and cart you down to the Fort or down to Traverse de Sioux, or St. Peter, didn't make any difference, just so we got away. And he then says, "as long as Joe ain't home and no team here," he says, "I will go down this way. There is where four friendly Indians held father at Merrick's store to keep him from getting into the store, and he struggled to get away from the four Indians. He wanted to jump into the store, and he took a hold on each side of the door, and he told my uncle when he came to the door, "Brother, they kill all, like a lamb." "Well," he says, "let us go back in the store, close the door and defend it and so don't let that man get in; hold that man back." That is just what he would say; they knew that. They said he will defend the store if he gets in, but they held him back, and then Merrick, he always had a sixteen shooter, and a double barrel shot-gun which he always had standing in the corner, and plenty of ammunition, so that he would have a chance to shoot, if the time come. I, however, watched the plan, so I know he never looked up and then these eight come, these eight friendly Indians, and they told him that if they hold this man off, some of them would lay with him. So they took the two brothers---there was eight you know--- and they kept moving around in such a direction that if a stray shot would come, the Indians would get it instead of the two brothers, and they brought him right to the door to where they lived. Their home was a log house, I guess you have seen it, that is a log house, they used to call it grand-mother's house.

Mr. J.A. Ochs: At the lower Agency? A. Yes. I don't know, just how far it could have been, I

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Don't know, as it was there almost a mile from the other houses, and a man by the name of Iron Elk, he had stayed at the house to guard us, and I had an uncle, Hugh Polite Campbell, he came from the Red River to visit us at that time. His wife was just then living in one of the log houses and we were in the other. At this time, he sat down on the banking (wall) of the house and he laid his double barrel shot-gun on his knees and put his sixteen shooter down there by him, and he says, "if they want to come around him," he says, "they will find that there was a man here." And he told mother, not to look up, Mary Ann, they are watching pretty close every move; don't show your face at the window." And she was sitting just below the half-window, and she couldn't help but look now and then. Just then a large drove of Indians were seen, all leaning on their guns, and facing the house, and they never said a word. Then uncle told them, "What are you watching for? Do you think that there are only women here?" "If you think you can scare them, better try it." "Don't you know that there is a man here?" When my uncle said that, they then disappeared. I don't know whether they went away entirely, but they did not remain standing there any longer.

And then there was poor Francis Yore, he was up there at Forbes' store when they shot into that, so he came running on a jump, leading an oxen, or rather, they were leading him--dragging him. These oxen he tied back of the house on a fence so the view was unobstructed between the Indians and the house. And mother says, "was you hurt?" "No", Yore says, "I was not." And after a while she grabs him on the pants leg and that was all full of blood. Then mother says, "Why, yes, you are hurt, see the blood running!" Uncle never said a word, ---and then he says, this is the way it happened: "Joe Bellong, he says, he fell over him and this man on the counter lay across him when the shot was fired, and that is how he was covered with blood. And he said that as they were going at the barn and house, he jumped up and then he came on down to our place, and he told mother, "If you are going to die, I want to die with you." (Wiping tears from her eyes). "I always took you and Mr. Campbell for my father and mother, and your children are our brothers and sisters to me. He says, "I have nothing else; if we die, we all die together." "Hoh-kah-dah", he says, "which means friendly Indian", or friend, always was used as a word of greeting. He says, "we have a chance of being saved by these friends, the Campbells". He says, "save only yourselves--save yourself first." "Tell the people below how we was situated." And then Iron Elk, says, "you give the little Frenchman a blanket; that men came to look for him; they will be back and that then there will be trouble." So we called him down stairs and she gave him a blanket to wrap around him so that he appeared to be an Indian; and they told him not to look at the Indians for if he did, they would know him he was not an Indian and they would kill him.

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I remember well, when Uncle told him in French, "you wait until I tell you to go." So Iron Elk stretched his blanket clear across this way (indicating across face, shoulder and head), pass between Iron Elk and go between the two log houses and the Indians; hold this blanket this way (indicating) and he went thru. Hide in the day time and travel at night, and you will save yourself." And then they commenced to bring in some of the prisoners: There was a Lou Marlha, his wife and three children; and there was one, they called Faribault; and Louis Antoine Finney. I think she had a step-son, Billy; and there was the La'Battes. Frances La Batte's daughter, and her husband, whose name was Ramass. Frances LaBattes; Hugh La Paw-chee, and the Indians brought her in. You see he had gone, I think with the Renville Rangers and so she was with March's troops at the Fort. And then there was Paul Taylor---when they later killed---and they held them at Wagner's House. And then the Indians began to take these folks--

Mr. Ochs: You were always at the house? A. Yes, always at the house.

Q. They left you alone there, though? A. Yes, Iron Elk was there. He was a man carried his head-dress from the middle of his head,--that it dragged way down on the ground back of him. That was all feathers standing right straight out; that mean every Chippewa which he had killed, represented a feather. He was a regular old Chippewa fighter, and he stood there. We didn't hear no remarks from him, but Uncle was armed, in case of trouble.

Mr. Ochs: Then what happened after that? A. Well, you know we hadn't eaten anything for a long time, and mother then went into the other log house where we had a stove, and she went to frying bread, what we called saleratus bread, made of bread flour and saleratus mixed. She kept on baking bread and had a pile twice as high as usual. You make a sort of dough in each hand and then put the two pieces together and fry it in hot lard. And, my goodness, she had piles all along the table. "My goodness," we says, what do you want with all that bread?" Well, she says, "we don't know where we are going to wind up; we got to have bread to eat. And then Little Crow and this Spicer's Conrad, they called him Chaske, that is, Thunder, they came in and struck the house. You could see Little Crow was a banished man, so far as a man goes. His eyes looked like they were faded and he shook his hands and then he talked to mother. He was so leashed, I suppose, that they were alive, that he talked around there for a while, and then he walked off.

At that time this Iron Elk's nephew, Chathan, he was a splendid man. He was looking around to see if he could get a horse, or team and take us away, and he said, "I could not find a horse team, nor a wagon. That is all taken. All I find is a yoke of cattle and a Red River Cart." He said, "that will be all right, and it is getting late now and we will have to move on. At that time, Chief Passing Nail, he was a friendly Chief, and he was the

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the first Chief to come to the house. He was one of them that saved father. And so, Hail, he says, "I will get them out of there, if that is what you are going to do; better to get some of them away, than to let all be killed." So he goes and gets this ox team and cart and he took two loads from the house up to the village, and before he come back, this little Billy Finley and little Brother, Chathan, they were scouting around. I didn't know what they were looking for; mother, knew, I suppose. The little boys said, "the soldiers are coming!" and Mother says, "Where?" He says, "They are just crossing Faribault Creek." And she says, "are there many?" And he says, "Oh, a few of them." So we said, "let us go and see". So we run to the edge of the bluff and we could see them cross Faribault's house, one by one. And the soldiers come, a handfull, glittering soldiers, just a morsel for the lion's mouth! Poor Soldiers! We all then said, "Let us get away and take out belongings, as fast as we can go. I said, I don't want to see and hear a shot that kills a man." So I had a little treasures myself, a few toys and some small things and I tied them in a handkerchief myself and hung them on my arm and put the little bundle on my back. And mother wouldn't let me have baby. She says, "I want my baby myself." So we put her on her back and her shawl across and we went and walked terrible fast, and we couldn't keep up to grand-mother. The ferry was ahead of her all the time; and pretty soon a sound came from under the ground, just as if the whole ground would give way, and mother fell, and she fell like a shot pigeon. Miss Finley says, "Look at your mother!" So we ran up there and I offered to take the baby, Jane, and carry it. "No," mother says, she wanted her baby herself. So we put the baby on her back and grandmother said, "Don't hurry her so until she gets on her feet more; she is more dead than alive. Then we passed some camps of Indians and we kept right on going. Grand-mother had worked on our sympathy and we walked more slowly. The Indians stood up near the fence and grand-mother spoke to them and they never said anything to us, and we passed on to the Little Chief's house. He had a frame house close to a field. So we stayed there that night and my uncle had gone to bury the dead. And they thought that if they looked into the cellars and crawled thru the buildings where they knew had taken refuge, that they would give an answer if they called for them, and they could possibly free them; but they didn't find anyone. They were forbidden to bury the dead. That is all. He covered Andrew Merrick, George Washington Diebold and James Lynd and old man Fritz, the Cook, they never found. I don't know any other name for him, other than Fritz, the Cook. He was cooking for Merrick's store. They said father and my uncle would have been on the road if it had not been for Merrick not wanting to give up, or lock his door. Father said, "I have to be on the road most always on the hottest part of the day on the road to New Ulm and back; I want to go early so we miss the hot sun." --12--

And so he went. "Andrew," he said, "get out of that place, we got to be moving," but uncle would not move. Then he stumped his foot on the floor and he said, "get up", I am thru making a speech every time you are to get up in the morning." Twice there, we heard the old Chippewa words, and he thought he wanted to tell him Mo-kah-dah, like as usual, that is a polite way of saying "Good friend", and then the two, Uncle and father were killed. And while we were at the Little Chief's that night, mother went to work and helped the women cook and we had supper late, and then we slept on the board floor upstairs. Mother, of course, had a feather-bed and we went upstairs. Oh, there was a pile of them laying around there on the floor.

The next morning orders came that Little Crow wanted everyone to move into his Village--they had to be in one camp. So we went up there, and this was then, Tuesday morning, and we seen the Indians trotting around, always going to the west it seemed. They had small rails about so high (indicating) and square, about 8 x 12 inches, in which they had all kinds of ropes; they was all wrapped around it, with a handle so that you could carry it. And mother had told us, "You finish up here and you will get some Pole Dashes. Mrs. Finley's brother, why, he says, you are going to have some Tadoo Soup." "Yes," they said, but they don't seem to be very proud of it; and I am not sure, but it looked as though they were having scalps there. I didn't know for sure, but that is the way it looked to me. It was Tuesday we moved in there and mother was not satisfied to stay where she was; she was not well enough off. She told father, she didn't want to go to Little Crow's village, and didn't like to stay in a teepee; she would rather live in a house, she says. He said, "you are better off here with Passing Hail to stay here, he says, he is the best friend we have got, he and his band. You know where you are well off, you can go and see that it won't be safe anywheres for you. So we went up there and one of them came and put on an Indian dress, and he took off her white clothes. Then they took my sister, Emily, and they changed her and she cried like a whild while they were dressing her, and mother says, "that is all right; that is just as right to live in a teepee, you won't get your clothes soiled." And so pretty soon they came, all ragged. Then one of Little Crow's wives ran in the hut and we heard Little Chief say: "All the beasts that there are here, stay right here." "Somebody talking mean." (Little Crow was not there just then). So mother turned around to see if we were all gone, and she missed my oldest child (sister) Emily. "Why," she says, where is Emily?" I says, "didn't you see Little Crow's wife keep her back, She was going to stand outside. I seen her standing outside in the yard with her, and she said, "I will save Emily anyway". Emily has the name Wee-noon-nah. And mother says, "did she say that?" She says, "Yes,." "Don't look good to me," mother says, we will all be butchered --13--

here like sheep. If we got to die, Emily has got to die too." "Emily, Emily!", she says, "he is making such a fuss over there, he must be drunk", referring to Little Crow. So there we stood, no yelling, no screaming, or crying; no, not anything, awaiting the presence of Spicer's Comrade. Just then Little Crow's soldiers came around the house, and he said, "what is all this about?" And he had a hatchet on his arm, like this (indicating), and he kept it pointing that way (indicating), that we recognized where he came from. So then he waited a while, and then he swung the hatchet this way (indicating) and said: "If any of our men," he says, "come one here, I see if you hurt any of my relatives, or not." And he says, "You will lie on the ground if you hurt a one." And so it was all quiet. And mother told them, ~~xx~~ you go to him, he is the one who saved us", and he put his arm around her and she cried. She is the only one that felt like crying. Mother says, "Let us go back to your father". Father says, "Old Woman, you are going to stay over there in the house", and she didn't say anything. "No," I said, "we don't want to stay in no house, rather than go over there." "How did they receive you?" she says. So we youngsters told them all about it. So he says, "yesterday morning he was caught right in his bed." He was to die at daylight, or leave. And so they made him the black sheep. He said, "he would rather have us alive in his bed, than to die at daylight." And he never offered to go back to Little Crow's anymore. But at the same time Little Crow did some good things, for he saved Charley Blaire, Major Brown's son-in-law. He gave him a blanket----and I had a letter here this spring from Allenson, and he said he had been down with his mother, that is Lois Brown, and she showed him the ravine where Little Crow had taken this Charles Blaire to go down to save his life. And he happened to be the first one, I guess, to die at Ft. Ridgely. The first cannon that was shot, was intended for him, and he died.

Mr. Ochs: Then you did what? A. Then we stayed there a few days, through the battles, you see, at New Ulm, two battles, at Ridgely. After those battles some of them that left the Fort and came back to us. These were the happy Indians, and they came back and they were the ones that told us that the Fort was not taken. And we saw that column of smoke which went just straight and just as high as from these big pipes you see in the cities--right straight up in the air. Grandmother says, "Our friends are all gone in the Fort. The Fort must be burning up." And then these fellows come in by Sundown and said, "No, it was not taken; but that they were burning some buildings there."

We settled there and then we moved up, and we moved up and settled down here and then all made their camp into one big circle, on this side of the Yellow Medicine River. Close by the Yellow Medicine River, there is a flat prairie there, and there was a big field of potatoes. Here they camped, right there, on the side of the Yellow Medicine River, and we helped

ourselves to the potatoes. The patch was, just as you go up the bluff this way (indicating) there was one building right on that side of that field, and that is the field where the big potatoes patch was, and we lived on them potatoes during the time that we were there. We were at this place until after the Birch Coulee siege, which was Sept. 2nd, I think--the Birch Coulee Siege, and in not a great while after that, we moved up and we came up to here, what they call Hazel Run, or Hazelwood. We camped there. While there Standing Buffalo came down, I suppose, to look into matters, I don't know what. He was against their outbreak. He was from the Upper Agency and he wanted that we should let them all and go with them up to the Upper Agency.

At that time father had an Aunt Nancy Burke, John Burke's wife, living in Manitoba. He said he would take us right to Aunt Nancy, if we would go. Father said, "no". He told mother she could go with the family if she wanted to, because Pauloy wanted to go. He says, "I can't leave the prisoners because I have had lots of influence here and the people know it. I have had lots of influence with the Indians, and if I should go to save myself and go out of the country and leave these people," he says, "I may be butchered; or maybe, they would hang me the first time they got me." He says, "If you want to go, you go". But he says, "I will take my lot with ~~with~~ these prisoners. And so of course, mother decided to stay at home. Just then some men came down on horseback and they told uncle to start out and to meet them at a certain place and that they would stand and wait for them. So he went and took the Red River Cart and the oxen---

Mr. Ochs: And then you came to Camp Release? A. ---No, he went on up to the Red River.

Mr. Ochs: Yes, and then what happened? A. --Yes, they went that way. His wife was Standing Buffalo's cousin. They went away from there anyhow, and I wouldn't be positive whether Mrs. Prescott left there to go there, or whether it was to Stony Run. She at least got away. Mrs. Prescott didn't get killed but Prescott got killed at Magnus Prescott's. She in some way, was saved with White Buck, with whom she was related. I don't know just how. It was Philander and daughter Prescott, and his wife, ~~xxx~~ Julia. They got him sometime with Dr. Wakefield and his wife Hegmare; Rhibideau and his wife. I believe they had five or six children, all of whom they took up to Granite Falls. So it was somewhere in there that they got away. It was a very dark night. You couldn't see anything for blackness, but the doors were wide open. And the others in the tent, Mrs. Prescott and Julia got there early in the afternoon. At last we youngsters laid down and went to sleep and we wouldn't go to rest, and always inquired if Mrs. Prescott and Julia would get anything to sleep. "Oh," mother says, "You go to sleep and lie down."

In the morning, it was no Prescotts about it. We asked, "where did Mrs. Prescott and Julia go?" "Oh," she says, "they are a long ways off now. They got away last night". Mrs. Prescott talked all the time for your mother and father to ^{go} along but she says, "he wouldn't go." "He was going to stay and save the prisoners."

Then we came up to Stoney Run, which was the next camp we made. Of course, if I was to take these dates going backwards on the dates, I couldn't place myself on these things, but this way I can tell it pretty well. I could not say how long we lived in each place. And here at Stony Run when the Indians broke camp they said it was when the camp got so dirty that they couldn't stand it anymore. Then we moved our load which was always ready. Father had a team of horses and we had a ~~inn~~ Democrat Wagon, which somebody let us have to use. This Louis Martys always drove the ox team. Father drove the Democrat wagon for him and mother and the younger children. He always rode with Lou Martys, or else we walked. Walking was good -- (Laughter).

Mr. Ochs: Probably better than it is today. A. A good deal better. And we were loaded out at Stony Run and were sitting around there. This Little Chief was busy talking with father and some others laying around there, talking, always busy talking. This talk mother understood, of course, but we didn't know what it was about; we had no inkling what they were trying to do. He said, "What are you sitting around here for? What are you going to do?" She says, "Keep still and wait; the Little Chief and your father has got a plan. They are going to camp with, he said, in the morn they are going to another camp". And so we called it "Friendly Camp", which is just west of this Camp, and that turned out to be Camp Release; right there where the Monument is now. And we did. I asked father about how he knew that the camp he was to move to was friendly, and he said there was about 30 Lodges of Indians there, but after the Wood Lake Battle, then they began to leave and move west. They wanted to leave for good. Then those that didn't want to follow, they would go down the big hollow instead of following the others up the hill, and then they turned right around and come up a marsh. They made this ravine and they would circle around and come in back up again into this Camp. So there was only four chiefs when Sibley come. It was only one chief that started it.

They made up then they would have a council near the tent. This was the day before the Wood Lake Battle, which would have been the 22nd day of September. They got there into our tent and had a council. Mother told us to go to bed and sleep because we would take up too much room; and that father had to write some letters. And they had their council in there that night and we never heard a thing. In the morning when we waked up there was a big

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round hole right in the center of this tent, and they said for us to go into it if it comes to a fight between the two camps. They said, they promised your father that. There was another long trench outside that would stand eight men. These eight men were going to stand there and fight and when they got killed others would take their place. And he said, "Just as long as there is a drop of friendly blood--Indian Blood, they would fight for his family--that he was going down with them letters." He went sometime either in the early morning, I suppose between midnight and morning, because he called two men to go with him. And they said ^{Rheuheire} Joseph LaFromboise, and father, Joseph Campbell went with him. And he went with a flag of truce. He didn't get in on the camp until after the Wood Lake battle. They come on too sudden too, you see; they got no experience. Just when they were struggling back into the camp, a drove of Indians rode out and said, "Kill the big traitor". And so these men, when the Renville Rangers came there, they said "no", "these are our friends. We know them; they are all right." And so they took them to Sibley's tent; and he wrote letters answering these letters. And then the Renville Rangers took them way out beyond the camp in South Dakota so nothing would happen to them. And that night mother would not let us sleep in the tent. There was a woman came to the door and whispered she and her two big girls had to go with her and Iron Elk's sister. So she took all of her bundles away from the chief's tent. She said, "Susebetscha", for that was the girl's name, she should put all the little packages back so there was some trap set for the two girls; And then the first thing I heard in the morning, was father's voice, always so sweet, dear and mellow to me (wiping tears from eyes), and I said, "Emily! father is home." "Yes," she says, "I know it". And I says, "I am going to get up and I am going too. I didn't see anything of you for lodging and I am going back. I want to go back with father, and it seemed to me I never could keep my eyes from my father (tears streaming down her cheeks). Father was telling of how they raced going back, of what happened on the Lower Road, and on this side of that was a slight knoll; that is the same as that which extends all along here. They all were there busy talking. I got my moccasin legs and put on my Joo-rea-bookees--my powder-horn, powder and buck shot off from my neck, and he says, "I gave them to Joseph La Fromboise to hold. He says, it was a shame to say it. And he wrapped this string around to tie it. He said he was the enemy's horses that Joseph La Fromboise heard--must have been something, for he started and father's horse along with him. He says I had an awful time to get my foot back, and then my bridle, he says, was way up the head, and he says, he had to stretch and work awfully to get that bridle back on. And he says, I got up to Joe and he says, that he heard a cap snap right by the road and the horse heard it and he

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couldn't get it stopped. So they thought, now what became of Rouheire! He had such a punk horse, he wouldn't run for anything and when Joe comes in, he says, "Why didn't you throw it away?" He says, "I didn't hear anything, I just thought the horse felt like running, so he come up to----

Mr. Ochs: Is that on the day that you were released? A. --No, this is the night of the Wood-lake Battle, when they were going home to Friendly Camp. And then, that morning, you see the Indians were getting ready to go away, and the soldiers came and told father that Little Crow wanted to see him. "Yes," he says, as soon as I got ready, I will go. And mother had changed his socks, put on his moccasins; sitting on the ground he got stiff and couldn't handle his feet very well---so she always put on his moccasins and tied his shoes. And so this Iron Elk's nephew, called "Chathan", he come in and he said to father, "I hear you got orders to go to the other camps?" And he says, "Yes." "You Ain't going." "Yes," he says, "I will go." "Don't you think it is to kill you for what you done for us?" "Well, I believe it myself", father says, but I don't want to show no white feather, I will go just the same as I thought I was going to meet friends. Well, he says, "you can't go alone. He will pick out our eight bravest men, and he says when they come up to the knoll where they had the big tent, that they had taken--Boshesheure made this tent,--he had this tent and used it to draw money besides gymnastics; and they had this tent for their council; and this end of the tent, the open part of it, faced east, this way (indicating) just as if they wanted always to keep ready, keeping my father always in sight, with the corners of the tent raised up. So Lazy Ben and his warriors all stood in single file, all straight down---how they stood there---leaning on their guns. They were all painted and had their best clothes on, and he said, they were a vast body of men. And he says, "my eight cheap little men stood in file opposite them, on the other side, and went in Little Crow's station. Little Crow said nothing. Somebody spread a cover on the ground, whether it was a robe or a blanket or what, I don't remember. Father said, "I expected you wish to meet me--Ho-kah-dah! Crow never let a word---never said a word. So they always call each other cousin--Ho-hah-dah--that is their polite way you see of greeting each other. If they like you they always call you cousin or a friend. "Cousin," he says, "I had a message you wanted to see me", and he says, "I came to see what you wanted to say to me." It was a very solemn affair. "Yes," he says, we wanted to see you, to do a last favor to you. You are the only man that we want to see and would care to see," he says. "You are the man we have all loved and had respected", and he says, "when we were hungry, you fed us; and when we was naked, you clothed us; and when we was in trouble you advised us, and we always followed it until these last weeks, to our sorrow." "But we want to do you a last favor, we want to do you a last favor.--91899

And we may never meet again. And so he told him what General Sibley had commissioned him to say, "To give themselves up unconditionally." But they wouldn't list to that. And he says, "The Long-merchant, they called Sibley--would like to have a rope around my neck and hang me until I am dead, but he wouldn't and couldn't get a chance." "If people want to shoot me like a man, why, we won't object, but to hang like a woman, by the neck, you can't do it." You see, when a woman is jealous, or mad, she would go in the woods and hang herself. And then he says, "if you think that is the way it goes, I have never heard of any Indians being hanged for breaking out before." But if you think otherwise, you do as you please about it." And he says, "if you think you cannot, I would like to have the prisoners". And they all said, "ho! Ho!" And he told his warriors to go after those prisoners and bring them in, and also bring whatever belongs to them; don't keep a thing back; fetch everything in to this man. So father had his paper and pencil and he took the names down as they were brought to them. I knew there was some in the Friendly Camp, and I asked him here before he died, I said, "that would have been on my mind a long time to ask you what you done with that paper that you took the prisoners' names on." And he said, "I must have given it to Sibley when I gave him the prisoners, or I lost it in some way; I ain't got it." I think there was 57 prisoners; I can of course get the exact number by referring to history, I could soon find out who was in that lot. Of course, Mrs. Wakefield, Dr. Wakefield, Dr. Earl, and they each had two daughters, and Mrs. M.D. White had two daughters; all those were with the hostiles.

Mr. Ochs: And then they walked right over to Sibley? Did they? A. ---Not, no-not at that time. You see, that was the morning after the WoodLake Battle, and he told father, "The horses were tired, and the teams hadn't had forage enough, and he said, we will have to rest; you can't look for me until the third morning; you see, the 23rd is the battle; the 24th, 25th and 26th. And he told him, Now Campbell, you meet me with a flag of truce. I will be---there is a knoll east of there; you stop and when you get to that knoll, you meet me. If you don't, I know that you are a traitor, and I will cannonade the camp and shoot all of you.

Mr. Ochs: Sibley said that? A. Yes, Sibley told that. Of course, father didn't think anything was going to happen to him there, but that morning there is some Indians came in and they said, "there is a war-party going on up on the prairie trail; they have got three prisoners with them. Should we let them go on or should we try to get them?" Father says, "we will get them." And he says, "you go and get the horses right-away and call John Moore, and Jos. La Framboise, and his gun, and we will be one to each prisoner. If we got to fight for them." And so then they went up on the prairie trail. Of course, I didn't see, mother was rather queer that way, for she told us: "You keep your head down, when we had to keep out of things."

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And he told this man, "The army is coming and we want to get all the prisoners we can to give them up", to the head man in the lead--the head man is always in the lead. So he went there and then the other two men each had prisoners, and this one man had a 14 year old Swede girl, just as pretty as an angel, and she was from Madelia. I never found out her name though. And the one Indian says, "No, this is my Squaw", I want her for my Squaw," and he says, "you can get her". And so father happened to look at the girl and he put his hand out and she grabbed his and she pulled on the Indian, and the other Indian pulled on her. And he then took his gun and pointed it at his chest, at father's chest; and there was an Indian standing back and he come and pushed the gun away. And he says, "You can hurt him--this man--or you will lie with him." He says, "his brother is married to my cousin, by the church, he says." "Who" he says, you hurt him and you will lie there to, and he picks the girl and puts her up the straddle back, on father's horse, and she took ahold of father. The others seen that girl go by, and they followed up and then they raced for the Camp. And father says, "Help this poor girl off her feet; her feet was tied up in rags. And then someone helped her into the tent. The next morning mother gave her warm water and a towel. She says, "somebody give me a white handkerchief or a rag." "Colia," mother says, "you always have something," ? but I looked into my things and I says, "no, I haven't got a thing that is white to give." And so someone arose, and they had one, that had been used, I suppose, during their captivity--it was quite yellow. And mother gave it to the horseman to go out to the knoll and there he was waving it. Then we all went down to where he was standing there and when he got up, General Sibley said, "what is all that maneuvering out there on the hollow!" Of course these men did not know him at the very minute; they did not know that at that very minute they would be ordered to shoot into the camp. He knew that it was something. He and his staff was apart, looking thru spy-glasses and of course, father told them that. And the next thing we knew, here was the Renville Rangers, all standing in single file along there, facing our tents; and we went out there and shook hands with hem. And that is also the time that my sister Emily gave Dick Holbeck his picture. That was in a square, this picture, and a \$10.00 bill from Mary Anderson. She was wounded the first day going towards New Ulm. And that night we went into the tent with a bowl of beef soup; she didn't get anything to eat at first--didn't care for any thing, but we sat there until she had drunk it. quite a bit, and then she told---asked us if we knew Dick Holbeck. And of course, we knew him quite well in the Agency. We saw him every day, night or morning, and we thought he was a pretty nice fellow. She ~~says~~ says, "you know, Dick and I are engaged to be married, and I am not going to live to get married. I got a commission---here is Dick's picture, I want you to give that back to him, and" 111

and this is our bill." "You tell him to give that back to his folks; they live at Swan Lake." Mother had told us, when she gets thru with the soup, you go there because I am going to stay up with her that night, and so we went back to the tent and mother later on came back and says, I should go back---I think it was about two o'clock. Now the poor girl could not live. "I can leave and lie down and rest a while. "Is she alone?" I asked. She says, "no". The balance of the night one of the girls stayed up with her, and in the morning some Indian came and told us, I guess the lady here is suffering badly-she cries and moans; and then he came back later on again and told us she was dead. And they wanted her to come over to the corner of the fence---there is a fence by Little Crow's Village, and she was buried just there by the corner. And she came out with a nice white cloth. Mrs. White said it was an old table cloth, but it was pretty white anyway. He says; "what are you going to do with that, mother" she says; Mother says, "I am going to wrap her up in it." So mother told them what it says in One Book. So Joseph Campbell be to his mother! And she put--wrapped this cloth around the girl and they put a bark, the smooth side up and laid her in that, and then they put the other one--the smooth side down and buried her.

Mr. Ochs: And then you were out of Camp Release, village? A. Yes. The next thing was Mattie Williams, she was Uncle Joseph Reynolds's niece. She was assistant teacher up here where Mr. Reynolds lived. He kept half-way house between the Agency and the Yellow Medicine River. Out there in what is near John Moore's place, and this Mattie Williams--there was an Indian kept her and she had offered him--she had some gold--and she offered him the money to kill her rather than to live with him the life she was leading, but he wouldn't do it. Everytime she came to our tent she would be talking about this--that hurt her more than anything. Mother told her one time, "Mattie, please don't tell me that, you hurt my feelings so; we can't help you, and even if I told Campbell it would only bring more trouble between the Friendly Indians and the hostiles, and we would get in an awful trouble. And she must have told it to someone who carried it to this Iron Elk's nephew, Thunder, and he got the thing--heard the story. He said, "I aint going to stand to hear that girl have all this trouble; if that girl comes here again, you^{all} that girl to come right straight to my tent, and I will defend her from that man." My mother says, "Thunder! what are you talking about! There is Fire--that was the name of the Indian--right there, and he can shoot you right thru the tent, he hears you talking like that! Well, he says, "I aint afraid of that; I can kill two." Well, she says, he might have a hatchet and knock you--knock you on the head; and he might have a knife and he might slip up to you." And he says, "I will have a knife too." He says, "let him come I take him away from my tent." And that is where she stayed until General Sibley came.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS
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There is another thing that has been given wrong about the surrender at Camp Release, which I want to correct. It is about the prisoners. This Henry Pierce at Lynd he said, that the prisoners stood in two files, like that (indicating with hands), and father came up with the prisoners and came right thru between the prisoners, and gave the prisoners up to General Sibley, out this way (indicating with hands). And this was at the Friendly Camp. Mr. Ochs: That is fine. We are glad to get this story. Some other time we are going to come up again, Mrs. Stay. Now, however, we must go to Ortonville, because it is a long ways off yet for us to travel tonight. (Conference adjourned)

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(Note by reporter: In taking down this conference, every word was taken down verbatim, just as it was delivered; but in transcribing the same, some small changes for editorial effect were made. The balance, as much as possible, was left in the exact words to secure the Indian conversational style of delivery and retain the original words. Alex Seifert, Reporter).

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Transcribed August 12, 1924, by Alex Seifert, Springfield, Minn.