

Meeting Chaffee County Historical Society at  
McCray School June 2, 1942.

Statement of Joe Cuenin. (notes on)

Last of September 1879 I was at Del Norte where parents ran a Hotel. A troop of cavalry came by (negro cavalry). Indians in north-west of state were about to go on War Path. This was just prior to Meeker massacre. Gov. Pitkin had repeatedly asked for troops. Captain Dodge and his negro troops were the first to start. Then Major Thornburg and his troops were sent in.---- When Merritt finally got into Meeker he found the ~~xxxxxx~~ women all gone and 14 or 15 men all killed including Meeker. Meeker was naked with stake through his mouth, head mashed in and chained. Several others were in the same condition.

Ouray was a good friend of our family, he always stopped at our place and he used to give me candy.

Ouray's son was kidnapped by the Kiowa's when very young. Later he was discovered with the Kiowas, being identified by certain birth marks. Ouray was taken to see the boy but the boy refused to return with Ouray. Ouray was so broken hearted he died soon afterward and I think that was considerable of the cause of his death.

Some people think that Ouray is buried near Montrose but I feel certain that he is buried on the Los Pinos near the old agency and his home. It was a custom of the Indians that only two people were allowed to know the burial place of an Indian Chief. Ouray's wife Chipeta's brother and another were the only two men that knew. It is also a custom ~~ax~~ that when one of the two dies another is told and so on so there are two Indians now that know the place of burial, but I am satisfied that Ouray was buried near the Los Pinos Agency, where Ouray had his home and in the country he loved. At their home Ouray and Chipeta used to set out in the evenings near their home and watch the deer on the hillside. Nat Rich came over and worked for us on the Cochetopa once.

Notes on statement of Arthur Hutchinson:

My mother's family, McPhersons left Wisconsin in June 1860 by ox team. They arrived in Canon City in October 1860 then went to California Gulch in 1861. Shortly afterward some of the family went on to California, others to Montana and some back east. My father came from Indiana in 1866. He married my mother at Helena, the first post office, about 3 miles below present Buena Vista. In 1868 my father bought Nat Rich's squatters right at Poncha. I was born in 1870.

There was an election here in 1868. The precinct extended from Browns Canon to the south boundary of the county and west to the Utah line but there were no <sup>white</sup> people west of the continental divide. Every man in the precinct voted and the total votes were eight.

The houses were all log cabins. Utes frequently came through. The cabins had dirt roofs and fire places in the ends. Indians were always "sour". Always said "white man take too much". The Cheyennes were east of Colorado Springs and the Arapahoes to their north and the Kiowas to their south. The Utes held all the mountain country. Battles were frequent between the Utes and the plains Indians. There was one every year anyway.

There was a major battle between the Utes and Cheyennes in this Valley. The Cheyennes came down Ute Trail. Referred to Mr. Thomas's story.

DeAnza came through here in 1879.

My father ran a store in Saguache in 1871. My mother met Ouray there. He tipped his hat and shook hands which was quite a surprise to her

Everyone that went through here went via Poncha Pass, and all stopped at our place. Travel was all by big six horse stages which was a thrill for anyone to see.

All stage coach horses were big fine high stepping animals. One could hear a stage coming for a mile.

When I was six years old I rode the stage to Canon City. We left here in the morning and arrived there in the afternoon.

The Indians used to come to our house— 8 or 10 at a time-- and just sit on their horses and stay there for hours. I would run under the bed when they came. They camped a lot on Poncha Pass. They never camped in trees but always out in the open.

Christensen's cabin was built on the place now owned by us in 1867. <sup>CHRISTENSEN</sup>

No Indians have been through here since 1878.

We knew every ~~every~~ person between Saguache, <sup>d</sup>Denver and Canon City and everyone knew us.