

## ***Journal #4732***

*Have a question? Find your answer on History Hub!*

*How wild rice has sustained the Ojibwe people*

*Nuclear power: Still a rip-off after all these years*

*Shoshoni Language students acted out the Creation story*

*A Visit To the Los Pinos Indian Agency in 1874*

*Famously clear Lake Tahoe has been polluted by climate change*

*Andrew Davis-Blackowl "Oddie"*



## **Have a question? Find your answer on History Hub!**

We invite you to explore History Hub, our pioneering crowdsourced history and genealogy research community.

Free and open to anyone, you can ask questions and get answers from multiple sources including National Archives staff, other archives, libraries, museums, and a community of genealogists, history enthusiasts, and citizen experts.

Make [History Hub](#) your first stop! You can ask—or answer—questions on History Hub, or see if your question has already been answered.

History Hub offers resources like discussion boards, blogs, and community spaces to bring together experts and researchers interested in American history, whether it's wide-ranging or more personal, like about your own military records or family history. Think of it as a one-stop shop for crowdsourcing information related to your research subject.

Interested in what kinds of questions are asked on History Hub? Here are some of our most viewed questions:

- [\*How many women voted in the 1920 Presidential election?\*](#)
- [\*Is there a list of purple heart winners from WWII?\*](#)
- [\*Where would I look for a military award citation?\*](#)
- [\*How do you request a copy of your SF50?\*](#)
- [\*Seeking marriage/birth/divorce certificates to help solve questions\*](#)

## **Communities**

You can also browse [topical spaces](#) within History Hub, like those for Military or African American history, to help hone an inquiry. Researchers, historians, and members of the public can ask and answer each others' questions related to history and genealogical research.

Here are a few examples of the communities available on History Hub:

- [Military Records](#)
- [Genealogy](#)
- [African American Records](#)
- [American Indian Records](#)
- [Legislative Records](#)
- [...And more!](#)

[Citizen Archivists, there's a group just for you!](#) You can share tips and strategies, find new challenges, and get support for your work.

Once you've signed up, check out our poll:

[What kinds of records do you like to transcribe? →](#)

You can also browse (and answer!) some [recent History Hub questions](#).

More about History Hub:

- [How to create an account on History Hub](#)
- [How to post a question on History Hub](#)
- [History Hub Help & Support](#)

**Have you found your answer on History Hub? Let us know!** Use the "I have the same question" link beneath posts to indicate that you have the same or similar question, or reply to that question in the comments section. We also invite you to [share your success with us!](#)

**Do you work for a library, archive, museum, government agency, or other historical organization?** [Contact us](#) to learn how your organization can participate on History Hub!

**Color Photographs of U.S. Navy Activities, 1939 - 1958:** [National Archives Identifier 521010](#)

The use of color photography was in its early years when World War II began. The development of Kodachrome transparency film in the mid-1930s brought about greater interest because of its use in the new 35mm "candid" cameras then being developed.

Filed in this series are many views of Navy ships, including battleships, cruisers, and aircraft carriers (both standard identification views and closeup scenes of activities on the deck); aircraft used by the Navy, in the air and on board carriers; activities of Naval personnel on board ship; award ceremonies and surrenders of enemy forces; training activities; coverage of the major invasions of the war, including Anzio, Sicily, Normandy, Iwo Jima, and Saipan; and major U.S. Navy personalities, including Adms. William Halsey, Ernest King, and Aubrey Fitch. There is some coverage of Korean War activities also.



[View Final Checkup at Vega Aircraft Corporation Plant in Burbank, Cal.](#)  
[National Archives Identifier 176217239](#)



[Working on Inside of SNV Fuselage at Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Plant in Downey, California, 7/1943.](#)  
[National Archives Identifier 176217199](#)

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**How wild rice has sustained the Ojibwe people | MinnPost**

<https://www.minnpost.com/mnopedia/2020/07/how-wild-rice-has-sustained-the-ojibwe-people/>



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[Nuclear power: Still a rip-off after all these years](#)

[Norm Cavanaugh](#)

shared a memory.

Throwback, **Shoshoni Language students acted out the Creation story** of how the animals decided on the number of months in a year, although the Izape had other ideas:)

[July 24, 2014](#) ·

Pic of SYLAP students working on a Western Shoshoni Creation story. They act out the story as a play on Sat. It will be awesome.



### **A Visit To the Los Pinos Indian Agency in 1874**

Extract from the Diary of W. H. Jackson, 96 Years Old, with an Introduction and Notes by the Original Diarist.

An article of much interest to old-timers and many present residents of Gunnison country appears in the November edition of The Colorado Magazine. The article is re-printed here by permission of the State Historical Society. Cuts used are also by courtesy of the Society and notes accompanying the story are those of the editor of the Colorado Magazine.

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We are exceptionally fortunate in having "the pioneer photographer of the Rockies" introduce and edit a portion of his own diary, written sixty-four years ago. Mr. Jackson, after service in the Civil War, came to the West in 1866, driving an ox team across the Plains. He continued to the Pacific Coast and, on returning next year, drove a band of horses from California to the Missouri

river. His interesting subsequent career we shall not attempt to outline here. For several years past, as Secretary of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association, he has been making paintings of travel, stations, and life on the old Trail, based on his original sketches made seventy years ago. He now lives in New York, but visits Colorado and other sections of the West each year. In his ninety-sixth year, with brilliant mind and agile step, he is taken for a man of seventy. A remarkable character, a wonderful person. - Colorado Magazine Editor.

## **Introduction . . .**

The Hayden Survey (U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, F. V. Hayden in Charge) operated systematically over Colorado during the years 1873-76 inclusive. For field work it was organized in three or more divisions with geologists, topographers and other assistants to the number of six or eight in each party, and assigned certain sections of the country, usually about six or eight thousand square miles, for the season's work. There was also a photographic division - a free lance outfit for working with, or independently of, all others.

I joined the Survey in 1870 and, during the first three years of my occupation with it as photographer, in northern territory that included the Yellowstone and Wind River regions, I was part of the main body of the expedition under the personal direction of Dr. Hayden; but, when the Survey was transferred to Colorado, I was assigned a separate party, made up like the others, of two packers, and a cook. Previously I had had a regularly appointed assistant, but, under the new set-up, one of the packers, or one of the two or three naturalists usually attached to it, acted in the capacity as occasion required.

It may be necessary to mention here, in view of what photography is today, that this rather extensive outfit for picture making was due to employment of the "wet-plate" collodion process. Heavy boxes of glass plates, chemicals and solutions with accompanying apparatus, and a hooded box or small tent as a "dark room" to work in, made up a considerable part of our pack train loads. For every negative that was made a glass plate was prepared, sensitized in a bath of silver nitrate, exposed in the camera, and, while still wet, developed on the spot. Enlarging on bromide papers was still far in the future, and all printing was by contact, so different sizes of plates and cameras were required, ranging, in my experience at various times, from 5x8 to 20x24 inches.

The photographic Division of 1873 included, in addition to its regular staff, Lieut. W. L. Carpenter (on leave of absence), entomologist; J. M. Coulter, botanist; and a young son of Senator Cole of California, as ornithologist. Leaving Denver early in the season, the party first proceeded to Estes Park, then along the Front Range of the Rockies to South Park and over on to the Arkansas. The Sawatch Range was crossed at Lake Creek pass, and presumably now Slumgullion pass, and the country between the Gunnison and the Grand (Colorado) explored; finishing my season's work with photographing the Mountain of the Holy Cross for the first time.

In 1874 Ernest Ingersoll, naturalist and correspondent for the New York Tribune, and two young boys from New York, Anthony and Smart, were added to my party. The season's route, as laid

down, included the Middle Park region, the Arkansas Valley to Poncha Pass, and thru San Luis Valley to the San Juan region beyond the headwaters of the Rio Grande. It was on this part of the trip, after leaving the Arkansas, that I learned of the great gathering of the Utes about to take place, at the Los Pinos Agency for the distribution of annuity goods, and as it would be a fine opportunity for Indian photographs, I decided to detour around that way.

The following extract from my diary is the story of what happened:

**Sunday, August 16, 1874.**

After dinner, Steve, Bob and myself saddled up and rode in (to Saguache, Colorado). Found my lost voucher book in the mail, that had been forwarded, as I requested, from Fairplay. Made our purchases of sugar, bacon, &c. Saw our man of the mule trade, offered him \$15 and he took it, riding into Camp with us and taking our mule back. Saw the whole town, congregated in this store. The town itself consists of about 20 buildings. More than half are Mexican adobies and a portion of the new ones of very presentable log and frame buildings. Travel into the San Juan country, and business with Los Pinos, has given the place a start and may make a permanent place. There are a good many Mexicans among the population and all the adobie buildings look very much Mexican. At present all complain of stagnation by the fact that there is no money in the place and all business has to be carried on by exchange. Bishop Randall from Denver was in the place for the purpose of holding service. Business was carried on during Sunday the same as usual.

**Monday, 17th.** Took up our line of travel for the Agency, getting off by 8 o'clock. Passed a number of ranches in the valley, some Mexican and some American, but all looking alike and all having Mexican Senoritas about them. Tried to get some new potatoes but no one had any dug, and could not wait. A short distance up we struck up the left and passed for 5 or 6 miles over the basaltic mesas and tables and intervening valleys, down to the Saguache again. On this detour, we passed quite a number of Utes moving from their agency down to Saguache. Our mules were unused to the scene and stampeded all over the side hills, and my own little Dolly was somewhat frightened at the enormous packs surmounted by papooses, and the poles dragging behind. In the little valley tributary to the Saguache, when we struck that stream, were six or eight lodges of Indians with some 200 or 300 ponies, making a very picturesque scene. Soon after getting down into the valley again, with its interesting palisades of basalt, a thunderstorm came up, accompanied by hail and wind, that was very severe while it lasted, fairly flooding the whole surface of the country and making torrents in every gully. It was cold, raw and disagreeable. It was fairly over when we crossed the Saguache for the last time, 18 miles from Saguache, leaving it on our left, and then struck up a small branch three or four miles and camped in a canon-like valley, walled by these perpendicular palisades of trachyte. Rained just as we got in, and rained some afterwards but not to amount to anything.

**Tuesday, 18th.** Did not get under way for some little time and made a late start, 9:15. Pursued our way up Creek a little ways and then stopped to cinch up. While waiting, a man from the Agency came along, and, from him, learned that it was not much more than 20 miles to Agency

and that there were a lot of letters there for us. At this point, or a little below, the trachytes seem to pass into very slightly metamorphosed sandstone or almost pure sandstone, that weathers into curious shapes. Striking out ahead of the train with Ingersoll, we followed the little creek up, crossing occasionally, passing through a canon-like gorge, with a very prominent bluff on our right. As we neared the pass, we rose rapidly through quaking aspen and pine timber, to the divide and passed over a smooth, regular slope. Going down the western slope, we noticed, on a tree, a rude carving, evidently made by Indian hands, and made a drawing of it. Followed down a small stream, opening up gradually into an open valley-like country for some ten miles, and then swung around to the left, leaving a road which went on over to the Gunnison, and soon reached Cochetopa Creek. In the broad valley-like bottom or meadows at the confluence of the Cochetopa with Los Pinos creeks was the encampment of the Utes, some seventy lodges in all, scattered all over the plains, for at least a square mile. In a little while, we got a glimpse of the Agency buildings four or five miles away and hastened on, stopping at the last crossing of the creek to wash and brush up. Riding into the Agency, we found it to consist of about a dozen buildings, with one exception (the Agent's), built of logs, plastered with mud and whitewashed: arranged in a square, with a building, intended as a schoolhouse, occupying the center. The Agent's, a later and better structure than the others, occupied the northern end. Upon inquiry, found the Agent at the workshop and put our question for letters. Went in with him to his house and on the way introduced ourselves and our mission. Was very glad to see us, but I thought seemed more anxious for pictures of themselves and the Agency than the Indians, although wished very much indeed to get Indians in connection with the Agency. Spent some little time talking about various matters and then went out to hunt up a camping place against the time the outfit came in. All the letters we received were in one package and had been forwarded from La Loma. Marshall's outfit is camped just above the Agency. Went up there to see if Gilpin (*Bernard Gilpin, nephew of William Gilpin, first Territorial Governor of Colorado*) was in, but he would not be back until evening. Decided to camp three-quarters of a mile back of the Agency, on a small stream coming out from the hills. Remained up there to read my letters while Ingersoll went down to intercept and bring up the outfit, which he saw approaching. As it was nearly sunset, we had no more time than necessary to get dinner or supper and make camp in a presentable shape. Gilpin came by and stopped a few moments just as we were eating.

**Wednesday, 19th.** After getting things in order, went down to the Agency to make arrangements for the views (photographing). Agent took us over to see Ouray, head chief and Interpreter. Was living in a small adobie house on one corner of the square. Found him at home, alone, reclining on a rude couch covered with blankets. Room was very simply, even rudely, furnished, couches or lounges of rough boards forming the beds, a few chairs and a stool; his beaded dress and a few prints from illustrated papers decorated the walls. Gilpin was with us. Had quite a long talk. Became interested in his stock of Navajo Blankets which he had just brought from the Navajos. Bought a couple, not the ones I wished to have got, but nice ones for all that. Paid \$20 for a large blanket and \$2 for one for the saddle. Decided not to do anything in the forenoon as no one was ready. Went back to camp for lunch and walked back afterwards. Commenced operations on the agent's family, extemporizing a gallery on the porch. Ouray and his squaw came in next and I got

negatives of them. A storm then came up and I could do no more, giving up eventually and going back to camp.

Mr. Ingersoll, in his book **Knocking Round the Rockies** (Harper & Brothers, 1883), mentions this incident at some length, having taken part in the first interviews with Agent Bond and Ouray about our purpose to make photographs. To this, as Ingersoll relates, Ouray "acquiesced heartily, promising to sit himself, and have his brother-in-law (I believe it was) also sit, with all their best regimentals on. That afternoon, therefore, there was a large gathering on the veranda of the house of the Agent, the Rev. Mr. Bond, a Unitarian clergyman from Boston.

"Ouray ordinarily wore a civilized dress of black broadcloth, and even boots, though he had never cut off his long hair, which he still bound up in two queues, Indian fashion. But now he came out in buckskin costume of native cut, full and flowing, with long fringes trailing from his arms and shoulders, skirts, and leggings, until they dragged upon the ground. These garments were beaded in the most profuse and expensive manner; and as he gravely strode through the circle of spectators and seated himself in a dignified and proud way, his medals flashing, he looked every inch a monarch.

"His wife (Chipeta) was that day about the most prepossessing Indian woman I ever saw, and Ouray was immensely proud of her. She evidently had prepared with great care for this event, yet at the last was very timid about taking her place before the camera; but the encouragement of her husband and assistance of Mrs. Bond, soon overcame her scruples, and she sat down as full of dimpling smiles as the veriest bride. The doeskin of which her dress was made was almost as white as cotton, and nearly as soft as silk. From every edge and seam hung thick white fringes, twelve or fifteen inches long, while a pretty trimming of bead work and porcupine-quill embroidery set off a costume which cost Ouray not less than \$125.

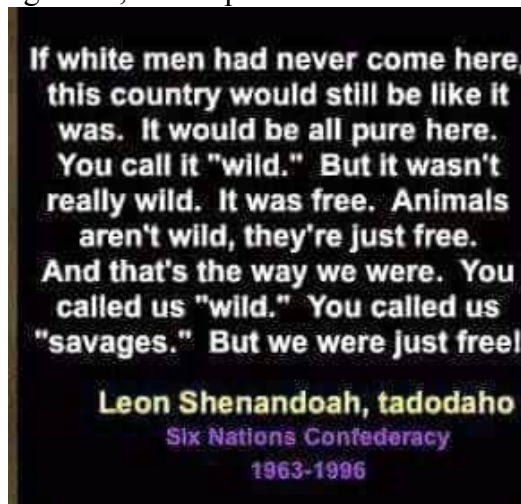
"The third negative made was that of the brother-in-law, and chief medicine-man of the tribe, whose dress was more resplendent than even his royal brother's, being almost wholly covered with intricate patterns of bead work. He was a tall, straight, broad-shouldered fellow and had not an unpleasant face, but it was thoroughly painted in vermilion and yellow - a bit of savage full-dress which Ouray and his wife, with liberal taste, had discarded. The most notable thing about this great sorcerer, however, was the evidence of prowess in war. The fringe on his coat, from shoulder to elbow, consisted wholly of locks of human hair - the black, straight hair of Arapahoe and Cheyenne scalps that had fallen to his valorous share in battle. The heart he wore upon his sleeve was a dauntless one.

"We made good pictures of all three of these, singly and in groups, and had much fun out of it; but the consequences were dire."

**Thursday, 20th.** By the time I had sent down to Agency for my traps and had put everything in the good order that I wanted for a day of photographing in their village, it was 10 o'clock and by the time that Charlie (the cook) and I had reached them it was near noon. The agent and his family had gone down in their carriage and we found them there. Commenced operations by



having a sort of talk among the principal men, and soon learned that they had imbibed some sort of prejudice against our photographing and many of them declared openly that they were **no wano**. Shavano, Guerro and one or two others declared openly that they would have nothing to do with them. Stopped in front of Peah's tent and unloaded pack. Got him good natured, Ingersoll buying a Navajo blanket from him, and Anthony one from another one for \$12 and \$13 respectively. Commenced operations then and made negatives of half a dozen groups when, storms coming up, we had to suspend operations. Took refuge in Peah's tent, and had a long talk with him, in his broken English and Spanish, mixed with Indian. He had his squaw and three papooses, an old man who declared himself "heap lazy," and a young buck. Talk was random and amounted to nothing. After an hour, the rain ceased a little, though the clouds hung low and dark, and we packed up in the interval and started for home. Just as I was getting on my mule, she started and jumped away so fast I could not get into the saddle and had to let her go. Gave us nearly a half-hour's chase before securing her again. Got back in camp in time to just avoid heavy rains which came pouring down, close upon our heels.



**Friday, 21st.** We're on hand early at the Agency and set up tent in the stocks for ox shoeing. It was ration day and the Indians were to draw beef, sugar, &c. All the village would come up and we expected great times, and much rich material. As they were slow in coming up and would not be on hand before 11 o'clock or noon, commenced operations on some tepees near-by, securing half a dozen negatives. Some ponies came under my instrument and got good pictures; then, by a little sharp practice, we got capital negative of Peah's papoose. Tried to get the squaw too, but failed, as Peah came and took her away. Tried then to get a group from the Agency porch, but Peah and some half dozen others came up, protesting vehemently, taking hold of the camera and preventing me from either focusing or making an exposure. Peah kept on exclaiming that the Indians **no sabe** picture, making all Indians **heap sick**, tapping his head at the time. Would listen to no explanation whatever, but reiterated his assertion, that it make Indian heap sick, all die, pony die, papoose die. His idea seemed to be that no harm would result from making a picture of one Indian, or two or three men together, but I must not attempt their village, their squaws or papooses. Defeated in that quarter - for they were persistent and stood all around, watching closely - we went over to the cook house, taking the camera inside the door and intending to get

groups outside. Just as I was ready to expose, an Indian rode up on horseback and tried to spur his horse into the doorway, and, failing in that, wheeled himself across it and throwing his blanket over his arm, placed it so that he completely covered the doorway. There was no fooling about him either, and he was well backed up by half a dozen others who seemed to wait upon his movements. Gave it up then, for the usual afternoon storm was coming up and the sky was overcast with dark clouds. For the rest of the afternoon, watched the Indians drawing their rations, and a lively bustling scene it was; squaws, nearly all with papooses, settled about in a semi-circle and taking their turn drawing sugar, &c. The beef is drawn, by apportioning one steer to every six lodges for ten days. The Indians are drawn up in a line, the cattle turned loose, from a corral and then they chase them down with pistol and rifle, as in a buffalo hunt. The scene was very picturesque and somewhat exciting. Indians were scattered all over the valley, groups of eight or ten after each beef and popping away until brought down. Some were too tame to run much and were easily dispatched. Others, more wild, gave them a lively chase, and scattered away a mile or two from the post. The sight was a fine one could it only be caught in the camera, but 'twas no use, it was beyond us.

What a great opportunity it would have been for a movie camera of today.

In the evening, just as we had finished our meal, one of the Chiefs, called Billy, came in and we had a long talk with him. Said he came up to see how many there were of us. Wanted to know how long we were going to stay, when we were going, and what we were doing. They don't recognize the boundary line as laid down on the maps, but claim all the Western Slope for their reservation, including all of Middle Park and all this portion of country up to the Saguache range; and complained very much indeed of the encroachments of the white men, the miners, and the toll road particularly. Found fault also with the hunters, who came in and took away their game.

Nearly nine o'clock, as we were preparing to turn in, we were surprised by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Bond, agents. They leave for Saguache in the morning and, thinking they would not see us again, made this call; remained only a few minutes.

**Saturday, 22d.** Spent the whole afternoon in making camp groups in every possible phase. A little after noon, had another call from Billy. Shot at target with our rifle for quite a while and then went away to the camp or village with Bob, Steve, and the two **Kinches**.

Nickname for the two boys, Anthony and Smart, imposed by the packers.

Remained in camp and varnished all negatives, tightened up negative boxes and set about strengthening up old negative baths. Had a call from Gilpin during afternoon. Boys did not return until late. By some fooling operation, Bob's horse had fallen with him and hurt his (Bob's) shoulder a good deal.

**Sunday, 23d.** Remained in camp all day, writing and filtering solutions alternately. Everything very quiet. Finished letters in the evening.

**Monday, 24th.** All hands up very early, but did not succeed in making a very early start. Bought a Navajo blanket from Harris, just as we left, for \$4. Left Ingersoll behind to bring to us any mail that might arrive, being due this evening.

For additional data on Mr. Jackson's work, see his article "Photographing the Colorado Rockies Fifty Years Ago," in the **Colorado Magazine**, III, 11-22, and Jackson and Driggs, **The Pioneer Photographer** (World Book Company, 1929). Both have illustrations of his photographic works.  
- Colorado Magazine Editor.



#### Joe Rhoan

Maggie Howard beating grass seeds into burden basket. Probably taken during filming of movie "Yosemite Native Americans". Baskets were in Yosemite Collections (@ that time)

Courtesy National Park Service.....

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#### Famously clear Lake Tahoe has been polluted by climate change

By CBS, 7/25/20

Despite the pandemic, even on a weekday, people still crowd Pope Beach at Lake Tahoe. "I like camping and having a bike ride and going swimming at the Lake," said one girl named Dakota. "This is something beautiful everybody wants to visit," said Emerica Benitas. Which is why Matt Meunier's dive business is still going strong, even in a pandemic. He says he sees "exceptional clarity. Lake Tahoe is the cleanest, most wonderful lake, I think, in the country." Now the bad news: Lake Tahoe's not as clean, not as clear, as it used to be when he moved here over two decades ago.

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***"Our work has indicated that the EPA continues to struggle with integrating environmental justice across all programs and Regions."*** — Excerpt from an [EPA inspector general's report](#) on the agency's top management and oversight challenges in the next two years.

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In Loving Memory  
of  
Andrew Davis-Blackowl



“Oddie”

Viewing to be held on Saturday, August 1,  
2020

8am to 11am

Funeral Service @ 11am.

At Ross, Burke and Knoble

2155 Kietzke Ln.

Reno, NV 89502

Burial @ Nixon Cemetery Approximately  
1pm

Traditional Burn at Judie's House on  
Friday, July 31, 2020 @ 7pm