

The Story of the final battle of the Walker War

Between the whites and indians, in the mouth of Little Creek Canyon.

Told to Rhoda Wood by D. S. Pendleton, who was one of the company sent to bring back the stolen animals.

I am a Utah Pioneer. I was a little boy coming six yrs., the summer my parents came across the plains. I was just the right age, to ride the spare animal of our team, which I did, sometimes an ox or a cow, or a horse. As one would become tired, sore shouldered, or lame Father would rest him by letting him follow along, I on his back. We were nearly five months from Kanessville Iowa, to Parowan Utah, so you see how much a part of the animal I felt. I was six years old in September of 1852. From 1866 to 1870, were the years that we in Southern Utah, suffered most, from the indian deprivations. These same years, I and others lived almost entirely in camp, as Picket Guard, out near the Lake on Parowan Chimney Meadow Bottoms, ready ~~in~~ at a moments notice to give the signal to the watch on the Fort wall, of one fire--Suspicion, Two fires--Be ready, and three fires--Come.

These bottom grass lands furnished our animal pasturage, and while there was always some one with the animals, the indians succeeded in driving off, one night about 70 head of horses and 75 cattle. They were but a few miles from hills on three sides but Little Creek Canyon offered the best protection,. We tracked them to the mouth, but knew that it would be almost certain dearh to ride into these high, narrow, rocky walls where the enemy had all the advantage; so, under Captain Ed. Dalton and under cover of night, we rode north several miles, to Cotton wood,canyon, then East into the hills, and then South, we knew this route would bring us back to Little Creek Canyon, some where between Upper and Lower Bear Valleys. Amongst this company of men were

Zachariah Decker, Neils Rasmussen, Wm. Lefever, Morgan Richards, Peter Mortensen, Wm. West, Ebenezer Hanks, Alan Miller, and beside Captain Dalton and myself, some others I cannot remember.

The Indians were unsuspecting, therefore unprepared, wWhen we saw the situation, cattle feeding, horses mostly loose, some with long rawhide lassoes dragging, and with the exception of two or three guards on the west side, the indians, lazily lying about on saddle blankets, we decided to make a rush, as soon as they were aware of us. So keeping hidden as long as possible, we made a rush, just at sunrise, taking them completely off guard, and after a sharp brisk skirmish we were left in possession with no dead on either side. One Indian as he ran crouching low, up a hillside, when he thot he was out of rifle-range, flourished a sword, which had been taken from the scabbord hanging on the saddle horn of Neils Rasmussens stolen horse, shouted to the 'white squaws' to come on and get him. We tried to reach him with a Sharps rifle, but only kicked the dust about his feet, The last we saw he was still running.

As spoils of war we got, two blankets one buffalo robe, three saddles and four or five long lassoes. We were not thru with our trip yet, a very dangerous part of it was ahead. Capt. Dalton started the animals out in small bunches, a man to the bunch so that we would not be such a big target when we got into the narrows, and wo that only one at a time would drop. The animals were going home so they traveled right out. By the time we were into the most dangerous part we had them on the run. Tho sweating with worry and work, the chills chased up and down my spine and I expected a bullet any second. It seemed that the shots were all aimed at me.

The indians were bunched on the south side well protected in the rocks. We fired four or five volleys at them, but never knew if we

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killed any. Twice we saw one fall, but that it was staged, just to lead us to grow foolish and come into their power, for in a hand to hand fight they could easily have over-powered us. They could not have had many guns or much amunition, and volleys of arrows flew wild, but they made us all pretty nervous. Tho we all came out alive.

You have to go thru that canyon to realize the danger we were in. Alan Millers rovolver at his hip, took the impact of a bullet which ruined the gun, but saved the mans life. Chief Walker said, afterward, 2that he was never ushipped until he came to this valley.