

## [Jimmy Scott]

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Jimmy Scott, of Elba, who had just passed his 84th birthday, stopped for a little visit at my office on Monday, and as is natural with old Settlers, we soon drifted into discussions of Old times and incidents of the early settlement of the Countu, and with Jimmy doing most of the talking, the conversation went something like this: "You see, I was farming in Platte County in 1870, on a rented farm about a mile from Columbus, and it was a season of good deal like this: we had plenty of rain in the spring and everything grew fine until along in the middle of the summer when it turned hot and dry and kept it up until everhing everthing we had planted was burned up, so that we didn't raise anything at all. It was pretty discouraging, but this country looked good to me and I made up my mind to stay and the next spring Lute North and I started out to look for land. We drove up the North side of the Loup River, through the Pawnee Indian Reservation (Now Nance County) and on up the river until we [crossed?] Cedar Cree. (Just Northwest from and across the North Loup from St. Paul) This river valley land looked good to us and Lute picked out the South half of the [Northwest?] [quarter?] and the North half of the Southeast quarter of Section 12 Township 15 Range 11, for a homestead, and I picked one between that and the river, for our future homes. Lute had brought a plow with him, and on his place, in the spring of 1871, Lute North broke out the first furrow that was ever plowed in the Loup Valley above the Pawnee Indian Reservation, and I think the first furrow ever plowed in Howard County. Well-Lute soon got sick of it, sold his right to my father, and we built our first dug-out, broke out a few [acres?], and father lived on that farm until he died in December, 1901. [???

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["I had an Aunt that has settled at a homestead way up the river near the Cedar Canyon, (Jones Canyon, [?]) opposite [?], in Valley County) and I took the [?] and went up there for a load of Cedar Posts. The Sioux used to [?] down the Valley pretty often to raid the Pawnees and steel their ponies; we were friendly with the Pawnees, but we were always afraid of the Sioux, for they were - pretty bad set and I was always afraid we might run into a bunch of them. I had got my load of Posts and drove back to my Aunts place. She had two or three boys, and they had raised some ear corn, and they had also got a load of Posts, and were planning a trip to Grand Island to sell them, and Aunt had cooked up a lot of Grub, enough to last both the boys and myself for the round trip. There was another man with us, but the boys were not there yet, and the man and I was timbering around getting ready to start out the next morning when he called out that there was a lot of Indians coming, and were enough there was, we counted 27 of them, big strapping fellows, all tall mounted and all with good guns, and [?] with a belt full of cartilages, and were driving 29 or 40 ponies. Do you suppose they are Sioux or Pawnee? He say: Because if they are Sioux, we are a goner, he says: They don't look like Pawnee to me I says, and sure enough they were not, they were Sioux all right, and coming straight for the house. I tell you I was pretty scared. I hurried to the house but before I got there some of the Indians had got there ahead of me. Aunt was [sure?] white as a sheet. I told her she had better feed them the best she could, and maybe it will be all right. Well she did, [??] in the house, and the Indians began rummaging around to find something more. [Dust?] under and old table Aunt had a dish-pan full of old scraps that she had saved for soap [?]; there was [?] a near a half bottle of it, but they cleaned it up to the last scrap. Then when they could find nothing here to eat they went outdoors, but pretty soon one of them come back. And motioned for me to come out: I sure thought my time had come, but they only pointed at a small pile of corn. I nodded my head at them and they took the corn and fed their ponies. There was three cows in the corral and they took the best one of the three, and drove it off with their ponies: they looked the house over and found the Needle [Buck?] the boys had and took them along, and they found an old smooth-bore manual leader

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market, and this they broke to pieces; then driving their ponies ahead of them they drove off up the river.

“In a little while some men came along and asked if we had seen any Indians, and we told them what had taken place. Among these men ([?] or [?] 10 in all) was a young fellow named Littlefield Anyway: nothing [????] fellows but they must go after the Indians and make them pay for the cow and other things they had carried off. I told them it was foolishness; that there was 27 of them Indians, all strapping fellows, all well armed, and with lots of ammunition, and that I didn't believe that all the settlers in the Loup Valley, if they were all here and all well armed, could [get?] up - fight against them. I told them that I talked with Captain Manson, and he told me never to attack the Indians unless we was equal in number and all well armed, or they would [?] us out. But nothing I could say done any good: they were going after them Indians.

“Well they did go, and just as they came to Pebble Creek ( a little Northeast and across the river from Burwell) they ran into the Indians camped in the brush. They had picked Littlefield for a kind of captain, and he was for pitching into them right then, but some of them thought they ought to talk with them and demand that they pay for the cow and 4 and other property they took, and this plan won out, but Littlefield told them: he says boys if we do that we are lost; but they would have it any other way, and so Littlefield went down to talk with the Indians; they had an interpreter and Littlefield told that they had a hundred well-armed men just over the hill, and that if they didn't pay for the things they took away they would attack the, and the Indians said bring on your hundred men, and then the chief held up a cartridge as high as he could reach, and gave three whoops and dropped the cartridge, and then the Indians opened fire behind the brush; most of the shots went high, but one struck Littlefield square in the forehead.”

Jimmy's voice quivered just the least, he cast his eyes to the floor and then continued: “It was a dirty shame too, for Littlefield was only a boy, about 20 years old, and mighty fine young fellow that everybody liked.”

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Littlefield was the only man among the early settlers of the Loup Valley ever killed by the Indians; it happened the year before I came to Nebraska, I had often heard about it in a roundabout way, but had never heard the particulars about it until this story of Jimmy (James P. Scott.) Jimmy had forgotten many things that happened yesterday, or last week or last year, but the things that happened to him when he was a youth are as fresh in his mind as it written on parchment, and I believe that the story he told is absolutely true, as he believes it, as Jimmy never lies, never exaggerates, or tells a story because it sounds big, he is past 84 years old, and the asking the very few left that can tell, first [bred?], of these early incidents of the settlement of the county, and it seems to me that such stories as this ought to be preserved in some manner, while it is yet possible. It would be nice if some one of the Old Settlers who live, or did live, near Burwell, when this happened, would tell us more particularly of the death of Mr. Littlefield.?)