

[Richard and William H. Eeisle]

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Subject Indians

RICHARD AND WILLIAM H. EEISLE's-

Indian Relic Collection

William H. Eeisle was born at Shawnee Mission, Kansas in 1842, the first white child to be born in Kansas. Mr. Eeisle is now the oldest Odd Fellow in the world.

In 1862 he first entered Las Vegas driving a yoke of oxen. Mr. Eeisle had dealt with the Indians ever since, and can give some remarkable facts. He has never had been in any conflicts with the Indians either in a party or alone, which he attributes to the fact he had red hair which was held sacred by the Indian tribes. He has smoked the peace pipe with different tribes of Indians among them the Rappajo and Crow Indians.

Once he was without water and the Rappajo's were camped by the only water near him when his water supply gave out. Mr. Eeisle say's "I thought I'd just as well give my scalp to the Indians as my body to the coyotes and desert. "I grabbed my canteen and went to

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the water. A large brave walked up and motioned me to follow. I followed him trembling thinking my day's were past. The brave went in his tent got out his pipe took three puffs and gave it to me. I now knew I was safe because he was offering me the peace pipe. I made signs to the brave that the pipe would make me sick but would accept their sacred fruit the plum, which he gave me. I met different tribes of the Rappajo Indians after that which I was never afraid of but looked on them as friends.

Mr. Eeisle was a friend of Scout Bridgiers' who raised him about his Indian friend's as he was a great ally of all Indians.

Mr. Eeisle started the collection of his treasures dear to his Indian friend's many years ago and he claims is unsurpassed by no private instution.

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His son Richard is a close companion in his collection. At present the Eeistles are touring California with their Interesting collection.

The most valuable of the collection for historic age is a piece of material, resembling burlap, and a moccasin of the same material and weave, but much coarser. These two pieces were gotten from a cave which authorities say is a prehistoric cave and material.

"Mr. Eeisle," I asked, "Did you collection cost you much?" "Not much in dollars and cents", was the answer, "but year's of patient searching. You think thing's are high now, but I remember in Ohama I sold a ton of coal for one-hundred sixty-five dollar's. In Denver I paid fifteen dollar's for two sack's of flour and one dollar a pound for salt at Prives Virginia, Montana, and twenty dollar's to ride from Helena to Virginia City a distance of one-hundred miles."

"Won't you tell me about your relics?" I asked. "Well, I could talk all day about them. We have over seven-hundred pieces alike, all designs having a meaning. In all of this pottery not two are alike. You will notice many resemble our modern art the lines are very simple,

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but clearly signify their meaning. Many of these pieces are of prehistoric value, others aren't very old. We have collected them from caves, old digging's, and graves."

"See this piece that resembles a pig with his mouth open, when sitting on its leg's now turn it up we have a jug which came from the Tonto Basin. There is only one other piece in history known like this. It is also from the Tonto Basin".

"This string of shells look the smallest the size of a pin head, the largest size of a bean. There are over three-thousand shells on this string. To those who can read them they fell a story, probably [??? ?????????????? ??????????????]

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"We have a great number os skulls, notice the formation of the bones, we surely can't say from these formations that the Indians weren't smart alert tribes of people. Some were more ambitious than others just as we find today in the Causcian race. They were rambler's, but neither the less some made their crops, and it took smart swift people to hunt and succeed by their method. We aren't capable of succeeding in their art."

"This is a basin of human bones. The Indians have had a form of creanation not like ours but the building of a funeral pyre, and after the fire burned down they collected the bones which they put in the basin, and either buried or closed up in a cave."

"This basin contains something like one hundred bone bracelets some well preserved others nearly decayed or worn out."

"These are moccasins", "But some look like roots or twisted tobacco," I remarked. "Yes, they are queer, aren't they? They represent different ages, and tribes, look at these made of cloth, other's were made of skins, and other's we can hardly say what they are made off."

"What do you think of the corn?" I was asked.

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“The ears are so small,” I remarked. “Yes but look they become larger, look at these older one's now at the one's of later years even the Indians improved in their agriculture. This is their protection, and weapon to obtain meat —arrows and Tommy Hawks. There is over one-hundred arrows some are small others large. How would like to handle that rude instrument resembling our axe?”

“It looks very heavy and clumsy to me,” I quickly replied.

“These are to sew and mend with, bone needles, they would be useless to us, but think os some of the beautiful Indian rugs you have seen and imagine them being made with suck crude equipment in this modern day of quick machinery.”

“This statue probably resembled a god. Pay close attention to the lines in his face maybe he is the medicine man. How do you like this snake which 4 forms the handle for this basin.”

“This is the high lights of my collection. I could talk for day's telling stories of the Indians and their deeds and I'm thankful to say all of them good.”

One could not spend a more delightful day than listening to grandpa Eeisle if you can get him to talk, I spent three day's getting acquainted but then I went into his house car and storage room and was shown his relics and told about them, it was time well spent.