



A SNAGGLE-TOOTHED SQUAW GRINS WITH ANTICIPATION AS UTES QUEUE UP FOR BARBECUED BUFFALO AND GRAPE PUNCH DURING BEAR DANCE FESTIVAL

UTE INDIANS HIT A \$31.7 MILLION JACKPOT

While the rest of the country wore a sober expression, 3,000 short, deep-chested Ute Indians were grinning and chortling last week with the enthusiasm of the rotund squaw above. Since 1880 they had waited for the last laugh on the white man, and when it finally came it was worth \$31.7 million. That huge sum, biggest judgment ever awarded by the U.S. Court

of Claims, was granted the Utes in payment for lands taken from them 70 years ago.

In the days when Grant was President, the Utes had sullenly watched the invasion of the rifle-toting white man. The rich 700 square miles of the Utes' Colorado domain were overrun by whites digging for gold. In 1879 the Utes put on war paint and wiped out an Army post,

Drunk with victory and the dead men's fire-water, Chief Douglas sang *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* over the body of Indian Agent Nathan C. Meeker. Quelled and called to Washington, the Ute chiefs in 1880 reluctantly ceded their 11 million acres to the Great White Father. Last week, after decades of controversy, he was getting ready to pay them for the land.