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Journal of John Colton Sumner - NAA MS 4419

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All have a "hankerins" after "Aqua" and when drunk the squaw can outtalk a "Billinggate Fisherman". The Chemoheries Indians are a different class and I think all together better as they work more and dress much better. They raise pumpkins beans and melons and cut cord wood to supply the steamers flying between Yuma and Mohave. They [[striketrough]]i[[/strikethrough]]are a smaller race in fact a branch of Utes, as also are the Yumas and Mohaves - on e trib with two names. The country bordering the lower Colorado is one better than the upper, but still nothing to brag of, as it is a desert

of[strikethrough]]c[[/strikethrough]]ff from the river bottoms. The bottom is moderately well wooded with cottonwood, mesquit and willows but none large enough to make lumber, at least I have not seen any that was. The soil when well cultivated yields well of corn and pumpkins, but I have not heard of its raising anything else to good advantage. A few words more and my weary work is done. After two years [[strikethrough]]f[[/strikethrough]]of hard work of exploration of the Colorado and its tributaries I find myself pennyless and disgusted with the whole thing. Sitting under a mesquit bush in the sand I write this journal hoping that it will give a faint idea of the country at large. If anybody disvelieves any of this or wants to know more of the Canon of the Colorado, go and see it.

Before we started I was called a damned fool, for embarking in such an enterprise, for nobody possibly got through. Since I have got through I have been called a damned fool for the same thing because there has been many men long since that have proved that there was nothing to go for

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