Exhibit 11:

Autobiography of Big Bill Haywood Excerpts

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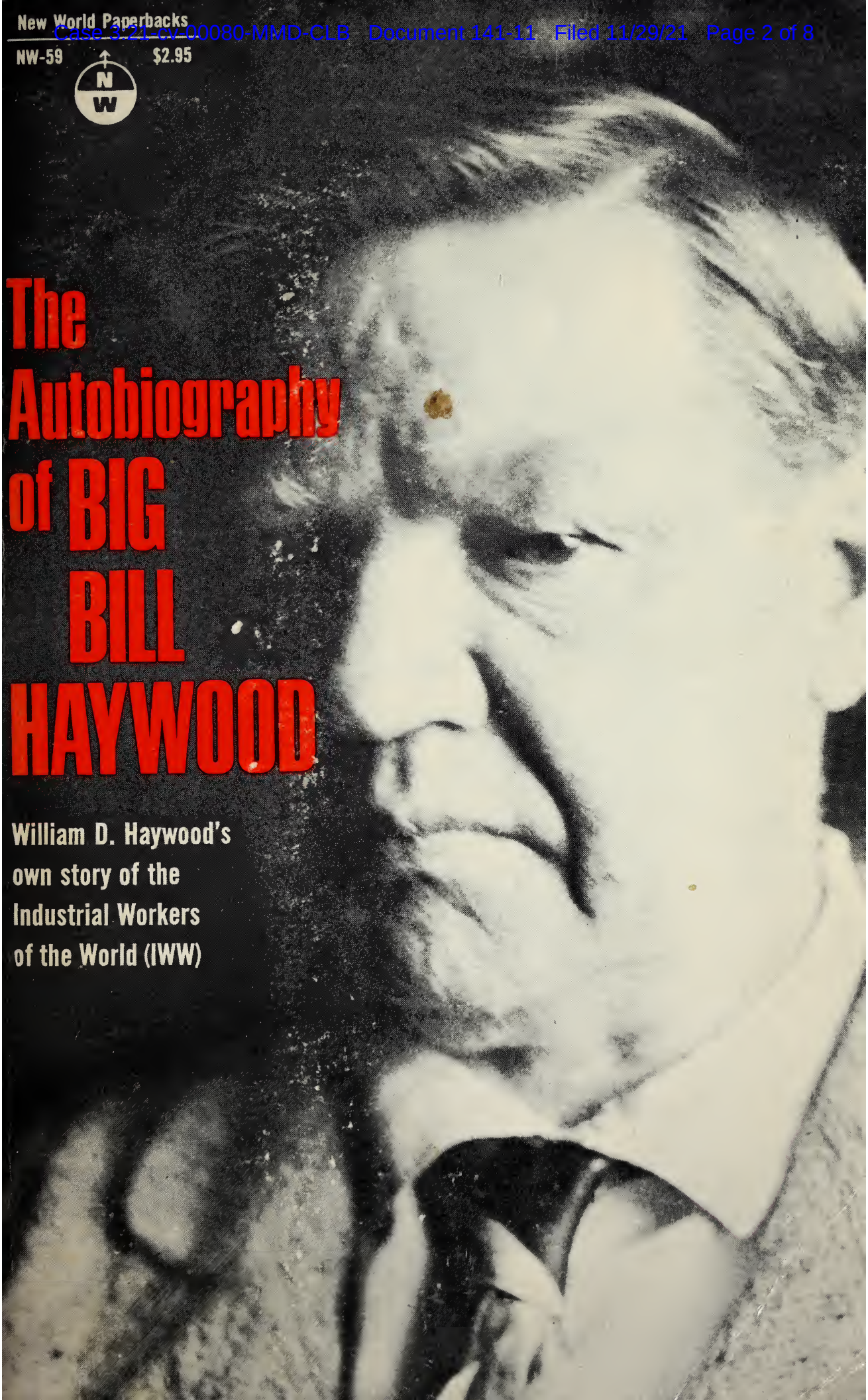

The Autobiography of BIG BILL HAYWOOD

William D. Haywood's own story of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW)

BILL HAYWOOD'S BOOK

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

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was left exposed, the other half was covered by eighty feet of solid rock and alluvial soil. One realized that it was just a little too late; the animal had passed by, perhaps two hundred thousand years before. The wall of time had arisen to prevent our following.

People were sociable in the frontier country. A dance was quite an event. It would be planned some weeks ahead, and people would gather from thirty to forty miles around. It was not unusual for some of the ranchers with their families to drive forty miles to a dance, dance all night and all next day, then drive home. As for dancing partners, there were girls and old women from the ranches, and sometimes Indian squaws would take part. At an impromptu dance at Kinniger's place Mrs. Snapp from the station at Rebel Creek played the dance music on a three-stringed fiddle, accompanied by Tom Melody, who had contrived a tambourine by putting beans in an empty cigar box.

But more interesting were the Indian dances, where, in a circle cleared on the sage-brush flat, the Indians would gather for their pow-wow and dance sometimes the snake-dance, the ghost-dance, the sun-dance, or some other just as mysterious. Their only music was the drums and the lilt of the squaws. The tunes were plaintive and fantastic, and sounded much alike to me. In the night when the fires were lighted, the hypnotic rhythm of the drums and the springy furtive dance steps of the Indians, accompanied by the low crooning song, were thrillingly weird.

The story of the massacre of the Piute Indians at Thacker Pass was told to me first by Jim Sackett, one of the volunteers who took part in the killing. I also heard the story from Ox Sam, a Piute who had made his escape, one of the only three survivors.

I first heard this hair-raising narrative when old Sackett happened to be a chance visitor at the Ohio mine. It began with an explanation of the many depredations on the part of the Indians throughout southern Oregon and northern Nevada, which caused the white men to organize a volunteer company which, he said, was for mutual protection. This company had been famous as the crack Indian fighters of that section. Their quarters were at Fort McDermitt; from this base they scoured the country looking for Indians. McDermitt was on the western slope of the Santa Rosa range, in the mouth of a branch of the Quin River.

Sackett was an old pensioner who roamed about the country doing

little, as he was then too old to work much. There were only a few of his type left. He was at home in the mountains at the cabins of the prospectors or at the ranches along the river in the valley. He wore his hair and his beard long, both grizzled gray. His eyes were weak and looked as though they were sore from alkali dust. As he talked he would squirt tobacco juice at an object he had located as a target, and hit it with remarkable precision. His story started:

"That day we had camped at the mouth of Willow Creek, just above where Andy Kinniger's house stands now. We were settling down for a good night's sleep when the call came for boots and saddles. Now what's up? The outfit was ready to move in a very short time, mules packed and horses saddled. The captain coming up pointed across the valley in the direction of what is now called Thacker Pass, saying, 'If you look close you can see a fire there. Before dusk I thought I could see smoke but now I see the fire. It is an Indian camp. We've got to get there by daylight. We'll start when it gets a little darker.' It was a long ride across the sage-brush flat and through the meadows as we got close to the river, which we had to swim. More meadows and then the sage-brush again. One of the horses stepped into a badger hole and broke his leg. We couldn't kill him until next day. They might have heard the shot and we did not want to alarm them. Here the company divided; part were sent ahead to ride down the pass to the camp, a small detachment was left with the pack animals and extra saddle horses, the rest of us rode up the pass.

"Daylight was just breaking when we came in sight of the Indian camp. All were asleep. We unslung our carbines, loosened our six-shooters, and started into that camp of savages at a gallop, shooting through their wickiups as we came. In a second, sleepy-eyed squaws and bucks and little children were darting about, dazed with the sudden onslaught, but they were shot down before they came to their waking senses. The other detachment came rushing in but did no shooting until they were close up. From one wickiup to another we went, pouring in our bullets. Then we dismounted to make a closer examination. In one wickiup we found two little papooses still alive. One soldier said, 'Make a clean-up. Nits make lice.' When Charley Thacker spoke up, saying, 'I'd like to keep those two if there ain't no serious objection.' Before it was decided, some one

sang out, 'There's one gettin' away!' He was already a mile off on a big gray horse going like the wind. Some of us began to shoot, several got on their horses and started after him. But it was too late, he escaped. They soon returned. Those of the Indians who were only wounded we put out of their misery, and then mounted and rode away, Charley Thacker carrying his two papooses behind him."

These young ones grew to manhood and were known as Jimmy and Charley Thacker. When I knew them they had gone back to the nomadic life of the Indians. Both were fine, stalwart men; as men, I imagine, much better than those who had helped kill their fathers and mothers, relatives and friends.

Old Sackett's tale seemed to pull a lot of the fringe off the buckskin clothes of the alluring Indian fighters I had read about in dime novels. There was nothing I had ever read about, with heart palpitating, of killing women and little children while they were asleep. The old volunteer's exploits were at a discount with me after that, and declined even more when Ox Sam, some months later, told me in his pidgin English what had happened at Thacker Pass. He made no additions to the story, but it was the feeling in the things he said that Sackett did not possess. The old Indian buck was one day sitting on a sack of charcoal at the door of the half dug-out cabin which we used as an assay office. I went out and sat down beside him, asking him how his squaw Maggie and his papooses were. "Pretty good," he answered. I said, "Sam, tell me about Thacker Pass." He glanced up with a distant look in his eyes, murmuring, "Long time ago. No much talk about now." But I said, "Sam, I would like to know why the white men kill Indians. Do you know?" Sam's eyes narrowed. "Yes, I sabe. You no sabe?" I told him that I did not. Sam began:

"Long time ago same time I born, maybe before, no white man stay in Nevada. That time Piute live pretty good. In spring, catch em plenty fish, dry em, smoke em. Lots duck, lotsa goose, smoke em, too. In the fall, kill em deer, jerk em meat. First time frost come, catch em plenty pine-nut. All time lotsa rabbit, lotsa sage-hen. Piute no sabe big ranch, no make em farm, all same live pretty good. Some time Bannock, some time Shoshone man steal em Piute squaw. We make em fight. Some time Piute steal Shoshone, Bannock squaw; make em pretty good fight. Some time make em

big gamble; some time big dance; some time big pow-wow. Hot, cold, all same. Piute live. When him die, make up big pile rock, him stay inside. Got bow and arrow, good knife, kill em good pony, Piute go happy hunting ground. Everything good.

"White man, he come. He make em little farm, some time marry Piute squaw. That's pretty good. Mix em blood all same like Bannock, Shoshone. Pretty soon come more white man. Him prospector; him pretty good. I no sabe, all time dig hole, make em big pile rock, dig em more hole. He no stay long one place. Soldier man come. No sabe soldier. He no got em farm, he no dig em hole, he no do nothing; say all time 'Uncle Sam.' He all live one house, no woman. I no sabe. All time talk em 'squaw, squaw.' He got fire-water, give em Piute, make em crazy all same white man. All Indians have big pow-wow. Big Chief say, what matter now? Too much trouble all time. Indian like em fire-water, fire-water he no good. Soldier give Indian fire-water. No like fire-water. Indian sell em mink-skin, badger-skin, all kind of skin to soldier. Sell em squaw, too, for fire-water. By and by Indian he crazy. No more fire-water, all same crazy. Chief say soldier not much good. Indian say all white men not much good. Pretty soon white man kill em Piute. Indian no much sabe, he kill em white man. That's pretty bade time. Soldier hunt Piute all same coyote. That's time Thacker Pass. Lots of Indians going Quin River sink to get ducks, goose. That morning soldier come quick, shoot, shoot. I cut wickiup skin behind, go quick and get on big white horse, ride fast; soldier no catch em, no shoot em. I ride Disaster Peak. Long time hide. My father, my mother, my sisters, my brothers, I no see no more. Long time ago. Not much talk about now."

Old Sam ended with a tremor in his voice and moisture in his eyes. "Yes, I sabe, I sabe." Grasping his hand, I said, "You stay a little while, Sam. We'll have dinner pretty soon."

There was a wide historical meaning in the brief story that Ox Sam, the Piute Indian, told me. It began when the earliest settlers stole Manhattan Island. It continued across the continent. The ruling class with glass beads, bad whisky, Bibles and rifles continued the massacre from Astor Place to Astoria.

Half-way between the camp and the mouth of the canyon there was a big ledge of quartz, the outcropping of which stood high, cleaving the mountain from base to summit. Charley Day, who was