

^{Ketukeseh}
(Pahaukeeh?)

nicknamed him Padouxi, Sleepy Head, a name instantly adopted by the tribe.

Joes was the factotum of Big Joe Nicola. He was a quiet, silent, little man, with a very happy disposition & a smiling face. He always wore a green pea-jacket reaching below his hips.

Once my father came very near shooting him at Burn Pond mistaking his bobbing black head for a bear. (Story printed in Forest & Stream; ditto's ^{is this one} come -)

Skimoon, about 1887 I was told what father told me, that John (a ~~attempt?~~) Skimoon used to live at Bull Hill, an Indian from another tribe, Mohawk I believe. He came up river intending to kill Pill Tom of our tribe. Brought brandy and intended to make him drunk and then murder him. Tom foresaw his purpose & got Skimoon drunk while he himself remained sober. They fought with knives and Tom killed Skimoon on the north bank of the park bend of the Saw-dog-creek stream. There is more about this in Boga's Historical Magazine & History of Pennsylvania.