

For picture/

Harvey R. Cox, 27; Anna Caroline Weller, 21. Married Sept.  
22, 1881, at Puyallup.

~~Gown of gray broad silk~~

Gown of gray, broaded silk, worn with a little gray satin hat,  
with white plume. The train of the gown was detachable so gown could be  
worn for travel.



23NWCO

7-1-68

tetlbylzyy

rg825a 1

Indians

DENVER, Colo. AP - Six tribal elders, all past 70 and representing five tribes, told sociologists how the ancient wisdoms, philosophies and intuition of the Indian could be used to cure social ills in the society that replaced the Indian.

The week-long discussions that ended Saturday were sponsored by the Myrin Institute for Adult Education of New York City, Arrow Inc., a non-profit corporation devoted to Indian development, and the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Tribal elders brought to Denver for the closed-door conferences included Alex Saluskin, a Yakima from Toppenish, Wash.

Sylvester M. Morey, chairman of the organization, said the tribal elders discussed education juvenile delinquency and its causes, morality and character, man's relation to nature, man's relation to man and other subjects.



many of

~~the~~ ~~greater~~ majority of the ~~100~~ families are self supporting through stock raising, farming or ~~100~~ individual <sup>occupation</sup> ~~labor~~

But the fact that approximately ~~one~~ 100 families are only partially self supporting, is cited by some tribal leaders <sup>to show that</sup> ~~as a basis that~~ the people are not yet ready for termination of government control.

~~One hundred and one families are self supporting through stock raising, farming or individual labor.~~  
To further bear out their contention <sup>point to</sup> they cite <sup>income</sup> agricultural ~~income~~ <sup>per family</sup> figures averaging approximately \$2,500 annually and incomes of less than \$2,000 for other families, too low for individuals they assert, <sup>and far too low for</sup> ~~irrespective of~~ ~~entire~~ families.

Even the successful negotiation of settlement for loss of salmon at Celilo Falls, where The Dalles Dam is being constructed, <sup>would</sup> ~~not~~ raise the income only temporarily, they point out. Settlement has ~~been~~ been discussed at a figure approximating "0600 16 to 23 million dollars. This, they say, would <sup>maybe</sup> ~~not~~ ~~only~~ average \$2,000 to \$3,500 per individual, but it would not be paid in that manner. The fishery, a traditional site for the Yakimas, is tribal property and the ~~money~~ ~~if ever paid, would go to the tribe as a whole.~~ The tribe of course, acting as in the case of the approaching dividend, <sup>could</sup> ~~make~~ ~~good~~ larger dividend payments, were their money on hand.

But they were quick to point out that the figures, and negotiations are speculative only ~~and that means too large a sum~~  
The dividend is different. That is money, banked with the government, the President's plan and conservation, ~~and that even though they the sum \$8400,000 is large, it goes out small to the individual.~~



~~go up the waches.~~ high <sup>in</sup> the upper waches <sup>peak</sup>  
~~eat~~ the Indians eat ~~the~~ there

Season needs  
of roots.

~~General~~ The <sup>devoted</sup> strictest adherents of this old <sup>the</sup> ~~Indian~~ custom, the last of the Wanapums, gathered at their ~~old~~ old home at Priest Rapids <sup>a</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>to give thanks and feast on We-oh-wo - the</sup> huckleberry feast, ~~and because~~ They wanted some of their ~~own~~ friends to see how they lived in the good old days, so the door of the long ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> tule mat-covered long house was thrown open.

For two days

As the preparation of the food was completed and noon approached the noon-hour waned, a small hand drum <sup>Sung</sup> thrummed out a signal. and It summoned the men and boys and women gathered to men, and women gathered, dressed in buckskins of the old days to dance the wah-shat, the dance of the Wanapums. "even times the song was chanted and ~~and~~ by the drummers and the men and boys, and in one line and the women and girls facing them across an open end rectangle joined in the "standing-dancing " ritual. Then they filed out of the long house, circled to the left and around the flagpole from which fluttered the white flag of ~~Mo-ha-la~~ of Mo-Wha-la the Prophet of the Premer religion faced the leader, ~~Mo-mal-a~~ Mo-Mal-a-



After the head man, Puck-Hyah-Toot gathered the feathered fans from the dancers the group, at a hand-bell signal from the leader, wheeled in unison and with upstretched arms, ended the dance.

The men returned to the long house and began another series of songs

mo-Shin-Wy, daughter of the head man dished out the food for the feast, finishing by filling plates of huckleberries that were placed at regular intervals around the long mats on the floor. The singing closed and extra mats and blankets were spread around the inside of the rectangle for the white guests and visiting Indians. The leader arose and with a bell signal announced the start of the feast. He told in simple words the story he has so often intoned at feasts--thankfulness for the food of the land, the water and mother earth, the hope that Indians would never forget to give thanks.

"<sup>Hasan</sup> No-look" (salmon) he said and everyone the Indians raised a small spoonful bit of salmon to their mouths and ate. The guests watched and followed suit.

"Choos" came the command from the venerable head man and mouthfuls of water were dispensed with. And then in routine came bitterroot, the skol-kohl, chokecherries and finally came the order:

"We-Oh-No," (Huckleberries) These were taken, by hand, from the bowls on the table.

"Now everyone eat," said the leader and the food was passed briskly from plate to plate and the meal proceeded.

But before it was finished came another solemn moment. The women servers, traditionally guided by mo-Shin-Wy was passed around pouring water into the cups, asking those whose cups had been filled with coffee to rinse them.

~~at~~ the evening before the feast they started ~~arriving~~ <sup>Today</sup>  
~~canon~~ arriving at the big flat along the Columbia river, upstream  
from the atomic project city of Hanford and the old Indian ~~home~~ and  
winter home at White bluffs. He followed the Moxee highway to the  
atomic project barrier and then ~~turned~~ <sup>upstream</sup> to  
Pasco the old Richmond ferry, Vernita. The black-top highway <sup>played out</sup> ~~trickled~~  
~~away~~ to a gravel road, then to a <sup>Rocky</sup> ~~narrowing~~ strip along the  
basalt bluffs of the river and finally a trail through a pasture.

They came from the berry ~~patches~~ patches on the coast where  
work was scarce and jobs far between; relatives by blood and marriage  
came from White Swan ~~and~~ <sup>small</sup> and "apato where they have productive  
farms <sup>and well furnished homes</sup>. Others came from Pasco and Kennewick where they had been  
digging potatoes.

That night they spread their blankets in small family groups  
~~on the floor mats~~ <sup>around the car-side</sup> in the long house and told stories of  
the long ~~ago~~ long ago, until one by one, they dropped off to sleep.

By But by daybreak next morning they arose and started preparations  
for the big day.

After breakfast, eaten in the <sup>old</sup> custom of ~~the long ago~~ old times,  
one group of elders went upstream to visit the <sup>River people's</sup> ~~family burial ground~~  
~~burial~~ graveyard, now proclaimed, by resolution of the Yaki a  
county commissioners, a ~~burial~~ cemetery. It is here that ~~all~~  
burials ~~have been made in secret~~, high on a bluff overlooking  
the big Columbia and the rising ~~steep~~ <sup>burials have long been made in secret</sup> Wahluke slope. The secret  
was carefully <sup>until this season</sup> ~~preserved~~ <sup>guarded</sup> to prevent relic hunters from disturbing  
the dead. But now that the last survivors look forward to the  
time they will be buried in the same brush dotted ~~valley~~ swale,  
they have turned to their white friends to see that the strong law of  
America prevents dispoilation as has been the case of other burials



up and down the river. And they have gained the ear of their friends.

For that matter, they have been told, the law of the state sets up heavy penalty for grave robbing and persons persisting in ~~relic hunting~~ *while Relic hunting* and disturbing burials, face the prospect of prosecution, whether the ~~on~~ burials are in a marked grave yard or not.

"They are our ancestors," the *River people* ~~anapums~~ told the whites. "We did not ~~hid~~ *E* their burying places until we were forced to."

And on the way back from the graveyard the *y* on a bluff *scan* paused to ~~look over~~ *boiling slipping seaward between* the wide sweep of the Columbia, against the ~~of the~~ sand flats and the curve of browning hills, ~~one~~ folded one against another.

Here, on one big flat had been the home of So-Happy and his family.

~~Older faced crowd older and older~~

Mildly curious white-faced cattle stared up at them.

"That is To-Mash-Ko-Nee" said one of the old-timers. "See the big whirlpool there." When the railroad came through they dug up the grave of So-Happy but he *and others - say* was given another burial."

Then facing upstream Twin-Nye -Koo pointed to place after place  
....Pan-*shib*, Wa-Pixi, *archestan* ~~Carson~~ Kar-Stan, up by Saddle Mountain  
O "Boy" Beyond that said an old Wallulapum is *Panko* ~~Pank-Hoh~~, you call him  
Vantage bridge. *The people lived all up and down here on*

*ret way - men prepared -*

When all the cups and water was poured into all the cups, again came the command:

"Choos." And again the handbell signaled the end of the feast.

But for the old men, who had gathered there, it was not the end.

Clustered about the head man, in the ranking order of age and blood lineage, they chanted song after song, interrupting their ceremony only to bade good-bye to their white guests as they took leave and to chat with friends who had come from distant camps to the once big village on the Cha-wana, the Columbia.

The night wind whipped down from Beverly gap, rattling the tule mats on the long house and when the singing ended the soft-spoken Puck-Hyah-Toot, known to his valley friends as Johnny Buck arose. With a handbell he rung down curtain on the wah-shat. The Indians could take off their moccasins and buckskins. They could pack away their bright-colored blankets and put on their work clothes, because tomorrow they had to go out and hunt for jobs or finish up in the fields where they find occasional employment. They have families and that means the responsibility of food and clothing because summer is passing fast.

A few remained. They had to take down the mats and store them away so they could be brought out again this fall to cover the long house when the Wanapums, the last 10 of them, retreat there to live through the long winter, in isolation, as their fathers and grandfathers lived.

What else can they do? Where else can they go? They know only one home and near it, their mother earth shelters the bones of their fathers and mothers.



A westerner whose fame and ability has spread faster to the east than toward the Pacific will address the Yakima Rotary Club at its August 23rd luncheon in Hotel Chinook.

And it is because James H. Gipson, president of the Caldwell Printers, Ltd. of Caldwell, Idaho has heard so much about the growth of the Yakima valley in recent years, that he's coming for the speaking engagement. His firm has published books for several Yakimans--H. Dean Guise and Mrs. Eva Louise Richards (now of Seattle) H. Dean Guise and the late L.V. McWhorter. And this winter the manuscript of McWhorter's account of the Nez Perce war has been edited and is to be published, posthumously.

The New York Daily Mirror wrote of Gipson:

"..one of the big little anonymous men who gave something of themselves to the march of men to keep faith that there is a march forward.

He is listed in International and world's Who Who. In fact a brother and two sisters had the same distinction, one is a noted historian; another an author of girls' books and the third dean of a college.

Here were the headlines in New York again a few months ago when he made an appeal there for the younger generation to "get out and battle for good government." He's a disciple of the late Theodore Roosevelt whose Bull Moose campaign in 1913 he managed in Idaho and he leaves his Idaho mountains every few years to "strike a blow for the country."

"The last time I saw Col. Roosevelt," he said, "he made me promise that as long as I lived I would be active in the fight for the men and measures I believe in."



"You can't have a republic without republicans--and I mean with a small r," The reason for our troubles today is that the average man has said 'This government is too vast, I can't contribute anything to it ' and has let the politicians run the show. We've got to realize that the problem of government is our job, not the the job of the politicians.

"We've failed in our generation but I have an abiding faith that we are going to win through eventually , simply because the Johns and Jims of the country get out and battle for good government."

Gipson drifted into the publishing business after his father founded a small paper in 1896 for Idaho farmers. And one of his reasons for visiting Yakima is to inspect the new home of the Yakima newspapers."

~~He moved and~~

Caxton Printers puts out about 20 books a year, in the Americana field-- authentic books of local history, particularly Idaho.

He's looking toward the day when he like the old monks, he can go back to hand methods that made his books true works of art. The last depression put him in the red but he kept everybody on the payroll and says that if another comes along, and wipes out his shop, he'll keep them busy on his farms.

Every once in awhile he strikes out against government encroachments and to gain a new perspective on the west. country. He has written



*Although* remarkable progress  
has been made <sup>in</sup> marking historical sites as the State of ~~Washington~~  
~~prepares for its Territorial Centennial~~ <sup>but</sup> the surface of the  
vast field has hardly been scratched.

*The aboriginal inhabitants had their own historic sites. One is*  
~~It's an old, old story~~ however for the state's first  
inhabitants, the Indians.

~~One of the tribesmen's historical sites is so old it needs~~  
~~"refinishing."~~ *Restoring*

*ancient*  
Tane-Chas-Pum, the Giant's Place, nine miles south of  
Toppenish on the Goldendale highway <sup>near Dry Creek</sup> is an example and the Yakima  
Tribal Council has acted to restore and protect it.

*Only*  
~~Only~~ a few of the ~~old~~ grandfathers know the story of the  
Two Sisters. *Old men are the ones*  
~~Preparations for restoration of the site shows that~~  
~~the Yakimas aren't to be outdone by the Washington Territorial~~  
*who want the place preserved as an aboriginal*

*days*  
~~Centennial committee, because they are reviving the old things for~~  
the younger generation of Indians.

*main villages were*  
It started back in the dim corridors of time in the Yakima  
valley when there were more giants ~~living in the valley~~ than  
Indians *people and birds + animals who would fall* and the tribesmen lived down on the Columbia, especially *then*  
at the big fishery of Celilo Falls *which* ~~where~~ The Dalles Dam will *draw out*  
~~draw out~~ and destroy the salmon fishing.

Eventually only two sisters, wicked old women, survived of all  
the giants. They preyed on the Indians, devouring men, women and  
children, ~~keeping the valley devoid of life and population~~ and the result  
was there were no Indians living in the valley.

*W*  
~~When~~ one fall they grew so hungry they pursued Speel-Yei,  
Coyote, the demi-god of the Ancient Animal ~~World~~ *Woyote*  
a trickster and a benefactor ~~Coyote~~ *took*  
Toppenish. *Refuge in a hole about 50 y 200 p.m.*



## Petroglyphic Giants

The wicked sisters (they are the ones pictured in the petroglyphs at Vantage holding Indians by ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> hair) were patient and waited for Goyote to come out of his den.

But he didn't. ~~When~~ <sup>Supernatural</sup> When he got hungry in the early spring he used his ability as a transformer to eat himself. ~~Finally~~ <sup>When</sup> there was nothing left but bones, ~~and~~ when he turned around in his den the bones rattled.

When the sisters heard ~~that~~ Goyote's bones rattling ~~they~~ and said: ~~to each other~~

"That sounds just like flies. It's spring now and the people will be going down to the river."

So they went to Celilo to catch Indians, ~~and eat them~~ but the people ~~soon~~ <sup>feast on</sup> fought, and routed the giant women who ran north, even though they were stabbed many times with stone knives. <sup>after ages centuries of resentment</sup>

Raven, another demi-god of the Indian world who ~~had~~ <sup>possessed</sup> strong power pursued them. He caught up with one of the sisters in ~~at~~ <sup>near Dry Creek</sup> the gap and pulled a stone knife from her, taking away her power, and she fell ~~there~~, tearing a slice out of the mountain in her death throes. <sup>struggles</sup>

Here she ~~fell~~ <sup>fell</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>is outlined on the Barren</sup> ~~is the~~ <sup>is the</sup> ~~markings of a fallen~~ <sup>is the</sup> ~~giantess~~ <sup>is outlined on the Barren</sup> ~~arms and legs out stretched.~~ <sup>is the</sup> ~~Sha-Bok-Ha-Nike or~~ <sup>is the</sup>

"where she lay" is ~~there~~ <sup>Exact</sup> the name of the place." She was called

That sister was called ~~La-Th-Lee~~ <sup>La-Th-Lee</sup> ~~The Big One.~~ <sup>The Big One.</sup>

Her sister ~~ran~~ <sup>also</sup> ran down to Satus creek and died there.

~~Decided~~ <sup>she is</sup> and you can see her standing ~~on~~ <sup>at</sup> there in stone, 30 feet high at the edge of the water, if you take a several mile hike from ~~the main highway.~~ <sup>against the Pale River of Satus Canyon Creek Canyon</sup>

With the death of the ~~giantess~~ <sup>evil ones</sup> giant women the Indians came back to the valley, following the old trail, ~~and for good luck,~~ <sup>they dropped</sup> started dropping tokens, bits of

turned in front of project.



*just like a wishing well*

buckskin, twigs or ~~bits~~ <sup>OF</sup> food at the Giant's place until it became the custom ~~for~~ <sup>bringing</sup> all travelers ~~to do that~~ <sup>to bring</sup> it brought good luck to fishermen who were headed for Wy-Am and Skin ~~and~~ <sup>fortune</sup> (Celilo Falls) and it ~~brought good luck to the~~ hunters on their return trip.

The old ~~wagon~~ road that helped open the Yakima Valley to settlement passed to the west of the Giant's place. *but the dreamers, sitting on the highway, sent a*

When the <sup>Automobile</sup> highway was pushed through, ~~balloons and~~ graders were almost cutting into the landmark when the Indians ~~intervened~~ <sup>Protested</sup> and the ~~highway~~ <sup>course</sup> was changed just enough to miss the location. ~~At the~~ <sup>Stones</sup> ~~rocks~~ stacked to make the head, heart and other parts of the body were carried away to go into ~~red~~ <sup>by unsuspecting motorists</sup> gardens and construction work <sup>Finally</sup> until Tane-has-Pum was just a ~~mere~~ skeleton of itself. *level*

When the Indians restore it and protect it by a fence, it will be a tourist attraction because it is ~~right on the highway~~ just a few feet off the ~~highway~~ highway, and it will be a means of preserving lore of the tribesmen for the younger generation.

Another ~~so-called~~ <sup>The long-haired elders say</sup> similar giant's place is on Toppenish ridge at the top of the Eel trail, south of "White Swan". It has ~~the same~~ <sup>elder</sup> curative power. That place is called Ho-dat Tw-lee. Small coins and tokens left there in the heart helped effect a cure <sup>s</sup> for an ailing Indian. He knew that his prayer ~~for~~ for recovery was to be answered if the stone covering the heart, turned warm in his hands when he lifted it to leave an offering. Another ~~would be~~ <sup>Such</sup> giant marker was high on Toppenish ridge, east of the ~~head~~ <sup>isolated</sup> the Eel trail, close to camas digging grounds. It is so far removed from even the Indian trails that the rocks are undisturbed. <sup>Among the other</sup> ~~fourth~~ <sup>one of</sup> wishing well was at Horseshoe Bend ~~of the~~ along the Chinook

*along old Indian trail was*



pass highway but most of the Indians forgot about it long ago ~~and~~ in  
later ~~years~~ someone took a tractor and pulled ~~over~~ <sup>apart</sup> a large ~~rock~~  
~~and found a~~ large split rock to find the "hidden hoard" Indians  
had been dropping there for generations. <sup>that possibly could</sup> ~~All they found could~~  
<sup>been</sup> have found would have been pebbles, pieces of shell, a few beads ~~and~~  
~~things of no value to the curious but~~  
~~perhaps and things like that, things~~ mighty important ~~things~~  
items to the Indian ~~but of no value to to others.~~

<sup>who dropped the</sup> ~~and~~ with a  
little prayer for good luck.