

Glendale 7, Calif.,
401 E. Mountain,
Aug. 17, 1951,

Mr. Click Relander,
Route 3, Box 149,
Yakima, Wash.

Dear Mr. Relander:

Your letter of the 15th inst. received. Am afraid I wont be of much help in giving you information on the Siwashes, as I knew them, on the Palouse River. I was employed on the bridge as time keeper and cost clerk during the erection of the river spans from November 1913 to September 1914 to their completion. I, of course was interested mostly in the bridge construction, anything else was secondary, however, I did get acquainted with some of the indians and did some riding about the country on their ponies.

Pete Bones whom you speak of in your letter, was the youngest male indian in camp as I remember now. (could be mistaken) Some of us young fellows would notify Pete Saturday evening that we wanted to ride on Sunday and Pete would have about twenty horses in the corral to choose from, which he had run in from the hills when we got there. Pete was about sixteen years old and was a hunch back. Pete never had much to say but was a good listener and was very agreeable.

I recall Big Sunday, a fine looking indian about thirty or thirty five years old and weighing around two hundred. He loved his whisky and would show up in our camp on Sunday mornings looking for a drink. Some of the boys would hand him a bottle which contained about ~~1~~ half a pint or pint and Big Sunday would drain it down with out taking a breath. I never saw him drunk.

Old Bones was around eighty years old or older when I knew him and was totally blind. He was tall and thin and very dark, and also very straight in stature. He wore a dirty cotton band across his eyes and generally knew where he was going. Had seen him down at the ferry landing many times, which was some distance from his camp.

There was a big fat indian woman in the camp who walked on all fours. She was about thirty or thirty five years old, maybe older. When a child she had her back broken. Was a mother to some children and when some of the indians left for the mountains in the summer season, they tied a feather mattress on a sway back cayuse and placed her in the middle and they were off to cooler climates.

There were other indians there whose names I have forgotton. Wish now I had taken more snap shots of their camp and of them, as the bridge is an ever lasting monument to the men who risked their lives every day to build it, but the poor indian left few marks in their passing. They die and are burried without head stone. Their tepee falls to the ground and becomes dust. Their tomahawks and arrowheads are lost in the sands: It is difficult to pick up