

Paloose.. from Henry Reimers notes, Half-Way House by a Trail.

A. G. Lloyd..as the first step in preparing a home in the new country purchased 400 head of stock. ..the claim to the land was based on squatter's right, a common enough procedure with one exception. The land was considered by the Palouse Indians as being their property and despite the fact that Col. ~~Stephens~~^{George Wright} had followed up the Steptoe disaster with a punitive campaign that completely broke the power of the Palouse, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Indians, the issue could have been a touchy one. The soldier's policy that "might makes right" had left the plains of the Northwest dotted with "good Indians" either as the result of lead poisoning or acute animated suspension, otherwise hanging, another favorite measure employed by that hard fisted commander, but the young soldier had no inclination to take advantage s of the Palouse tribe's defeated status.

Instead he negotiated with Chief Big Thunder in a way that ended to the complete satisfaction of both sides. Lloyd ended up with the rights to the land which would enable him to hold it until the Homestead Act should give him title in the eyes of Uncle Sam.

The Palouse Indians gained permanent campaign rights and though this has been little used in late years, it remains an obligation which all future owners of the property must assume. The satisfactory conclusion of this bargain with the redmen must have convinced the pioneer that the way was properly cleared for moving his family from Oregon. He returned to the Willamette in the fall of 1855 and wintered there.

The following May a son was born and when the boy was but two months old the settlers began their journey to the new home site. They traveled by boat as far as the Dalles, the horses having been shipped by boat also. There the family disembarked and made the long trek by horseback to Wallula, then on over the scene of the battle of a few years

before to the new Fort Walla Walla. There was only a brief stay in this little frontier outpost for the travelers were injured to the tedious journeying and the final destination now lay only a few miles away. It was late in July when the cabin home was reached. Mr. Lloyd occupied the land by virtue of squatter's right for it could not be filed on as a homestead until the government surveys were completed which at that time was some years in the future. The young family was now thoroughly launched on its course.

It was six months before Mrs. Lloyd saw another white woman.

...Other members of the Lloyd clan found the region an inviting one.

John Calvin Lloyd, brother of Albert, took up a farm adjoining that of his brother, a site which placed it on a short distance west of the present city limits of Waiatsburg. Another brother, Abner, selected a tract some distance up the river, a favorable location as events of the future proved. With the coming of the railroads a station known as Lloyd was built on his property. The Odd Fellows cemetery now occupies most of the land. Still later the huge plant of the Pictasweet foods incorporation was to be established on the original Abner Lloyd claim.

The valley of the Touchet continued to attract settlers and fortune favored the Lloyds until 1861 when the Indians threatened trouble and many of the pioneers had to gather at Fort Walla Walla. The danger passed, following a parley with the natives and an ample gift of food. The next hard trouble was not so easily dealt with. The winter of 1861-62 was a terrible one with drifts of five to 20 feet blanketing the valley and continued sub zero weather. Pack trains were unable to break through from Walla Walla and food supplies ran out. For six weeks the family lived on parched corn, boiled wheat and pancakes made from cold water and grain ground in a little coffee mill.

One of the first things required was to replace the stock which had perished in one of the worst winters on record in the Northwest.

Another drive from the old home in Oregon supplied the nucleus for herds

of cattle and horses that were to bear the big L brand by the thousands. Another gesture toward the abundant life was the development of an orchard from the parent stock also brought from the Willamette region. In this the help of an old orchardist, Ritz, for whom the town of Ritzville was named, was later obtained. A pear tree set out at this time bore fruit until very recently but apples dominated the scene: Winesaps, Astricans, Gloria Mondays, Tollopy, Hawkins, Rambeau, Blue Pearmain, White Winter Pearmain and Ben Davis.

During these years of first white settlement the Nez Perce trail which ran near by was bearing a heavy traffic of miners bound for the Idaho gold mines above Lewiston. Some rather notorious characters passed over that route and a few became for a while residents in the community.

Bill Bunton ran the way station on Whiskey Creek where the relays of stage horses were changed. Clubfoot George Lane also hung out there. Compatriot of these two was one George Ives who herded horses for the U.S. Cavalry in the pastures along Dry Creek. Eventually all three felt the wrath of law and order, the spark which ignited the powder being furnished by Bill Bunton when he gunned one Dan Go Cogswell during a dance at Coppell Coppei Falls, a settlement which has ceased to exist, but which was located on the McCown property near the lower rapids of Coppei creek. To escape vigilante action the desperadoes made their way to the gold diggings in Montana and joined the gang which the bandit-sheriff Henry Plummer had organized there.

All of them were hanged along with their chief when the outraged miners of Alder Gulch and Virginia City staged a hanging bee that wiped out every known road agent in the territory.

Stubbs Schnebley and Big Red Learn were another pair of hard cases who occupied claims in the valley and seemed on the way to becoming residents until they stole a herd of government mules and ran them out

of the country. They were overtaken by soldiers near the mouth of the Okanogan and shot as a climax to the ill-starred venture after which comparative peace and quiet reigned.

Those Idaho mines opened up a fine market for the newly settled farmers and A. G. Lloyd was one of the first to sense the advantage of raising hogs. The only dark cloud over this particular silver lining was that there was no demand for spare ribs and back bones and they had to be thrown away. Cuts of meat and lard could be packed on horses and mules conveniently. There was no great amount of wheat raised at the time because it had to be harvested with a cradle and later threshed out by flail.

..In 1864 with the arrival of Sylvester Wait, an ambitious promoter who saw the possibilities for a milling industry in the valley..the settlers themselves would purchase much of the flour, some of it of it could be packed to the mines, the remainder could be hauled to Wallula and shipped down the Columbia. Some of the farmers were making the 70 mile haul to the river with their extra wheat and it would be much more profitable to transport flour.

With Mr. Wait to think was to act and his mill was soon under construction. Mrs. Lloyd's two brothers, Andrew and Bill Jasper hewed out the timbers which were hauled to the mill site by Doc Williams, an early settler whose holdings are now occupied by a large part of the city of Waitsburg. The Jasper brothers erected the framework for the big building, fastening the beams together with wooden pins. The millstones or burrs were shipped from England coming around the horn and up the Columbia and overland the remainder of the way. A ditch was dug which tapped the Touchet several miles east of town bringing water to drive the big wheel and the first wheat went into the hopper. This was not the first mill in the state of Washington but it is today the oldest mill east of the Mississippi in which flour is being produced in the original structure.

...The erection of the mill and the establishment of a payroll industry determined the future of the little settlement at the junction of the Coppei and The touchet. Previously its supremacy had been threatened by both Coppei Falls and Huntsville ^{the} ~~and~~ later at one time being being under consideration as the County Seat. Coppei Falls went completely out of existence, most of the buildings being moved to the booming little mill town while Huntsville settled itself to maintain a placid existence that continues to the present. The new metropolis now went about the serious matter of determining upon a permanent name.

Known variously as Delta, Waits Mill and ~~Wait's~~ Wait's Town, the name of Waitsburg was finally selected and remains the designation at this writing.

Mr. Wait, having developed the mill and bestowed his name on the settlement, now took his empire building farther afield. He moved to Dayton, became interested in the milling business there and died only a few years later. It is a trifle ironic that, living so near to his namesake city, he could not have been buried at Waitsburg.

...The Lloyds----a new house had been built farther back from the river. Under her management the establishment became a half-way house and a very busy one too, just a day's travel from Fort Walla Walla on the old Colville Trail. That girlhood training in the Willamette valley came in good stead now. Miners and packers going through could obtain meals, lodging, supplies of cured meat and vegetables in addition to having clothes laundered and stockings darked.

Lloyd's House thrived for nearly 20 years and for the surplus went toward expanding the original holdings. ...For years Mrs. Lloyd furnished all the tallow tapers that were needed at the near by flour mill while another neighbor lady, Mrs. William McKinney, made the first flour sacks.

In time there was sufficient to buy forty acres of land just east of the house. A little later the sale of a fine mare brought enough money to buy another forty acres adjoining the first tract. Patents to this land were signed by President Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson.....during these years Mrs. Lloyd "proved up" on his homestead, being accompanied to Walla Walla on that occasion by his earliest Touchet valley neighbors, Bob Kennedy, Martin Hauber, Jonathan Pettijohn and George Pollard.. On August 9, in the early 60s, the holdings became his own, at last.

..The Lloyd holdings increased until they owned 1,000 acres near LaCrosse in the Whetstone and in Whitman county, in addition to the 400 acres west of town.

Their livestock accumulated in such numbers that one five day roundup netted 1,000 head of horses bearing the Lloyd brand on the left shoulder. It was necessary to drive most of the horses cattle back to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to find a market.

Of their children, nine outgrew infancy..A 12 room dwelling was erected..A.G. Lloyd, a man of democratic principals played a leading part in political affairs. A member of the Masonic lodge, he in time attained the degree of Shriner.

He was a frequent delegate to both county and state conventions and was four times elected state representative in the Territorial Assembly legislature, 1867 and was a delegate at the state constitutional convention.

To Mr. Lloyd more than any other single individual goes credit for establishing the state university at Seattle, when other cities were being given serious consideration. The allotted land which was originally chosen for the site gave every indication of becoming exceedingly valuable as business property. After a prolonged debate which it was later decided to move the University of Washington to the plot where the World's Fair had been held and lease the other property, a deal which

has repaid high dividends every since and will continue to contribute increasing revenues to the institution.

.....Harbors of Indian trouble, 12 room house burned, three years bad luck in early 90s, grain fire, grain rotted in fields because of rain..courage, managed to hold 400 acres of 1200..

..Wes Lloyd married to Miss Ina Boynton in 1909 and fell to them to take over burden of running ranch...Town different than cluster of claims dotted valley in 1860... hotels, mercantile establishments, blacksmith shops, livery stable, etc. William Smith opened the town's first school in April, 1865 ..town twice razed by fire during 1880, one blaze coming in spring, another in September, there had been a time when most of the town lay on the north bank of the Touchet

..The Lewis Neace ranch was also topic..it was supposedly started by David McLaughlin, half-breed son of the famous superintendent of the Hudson Bay company establishment whose headquarters had been at Fort Vancouver. Place later taken over by James Dobson and James McKay, supposedly a stepson of Dr. McLaughlin and kin of trader Tom McKay and John Jacob Astor expedition who died in the ammunition explosion which wrecked the merchant ship Tonquin, killing Captain Thorne practically all of his crew and several hundred Indians who were trying to capture the vessel. This place was by some credited with having the oldest stock brand in the state, the H-L. It had also been a roadhouse along the Colville trail and was the scene of some rather stirring happenings.

Jesse James was alleged to have spent a winter in the Touchet while he was on the dog dog dodge..

Hank Vaughn, the Pendleton gunman was well known to many local citizens. He was reputed to be a robber of trains and banks, possibly a member of the McCarthy gang which terrorized much of southeastern Washington and Northeastern Oregon in the 80s but no one ever proved anything on him in that respect.

The miraculous escape of Mrs. Charles Shaffer and her brother Charles from the Indians who killed the children's parents was another epic, though that had happened in the Burnt River region. The guilt was finally pinned on an Indian renegade named Bigfoot and his followers. His menace to the early settlers was wiped out by a rifle in the hands of a pioneer named Charley Wheeler who trapped the big brave and slew him in a rifle duel.

Dying, Bigfoot confessed his 60 crimes and also implicated Joe Lewis, instigator of the "hitman massacre, stating that his companion had been killed during a stage holdup and secretly buried on the banks of the 1000 Payette river.

...

There had been the Rice and Montgomery Cattle outfit which ranged from Pomeroy to Wallula running 15,000 to 20,000 head. Drivers would come through the country buying cattle, building up herds to market in Cheyenne. When it was necessary to add to the herders, local boys sometimes were given an opportunity. Some of the Lloyd family made the long trek via Glenn's ferry. Another outstanding event had been the occasion when the Needringhouse brothers, New York millionaires, had sent agents through the country buying cattle to stock their huge Canadian ranch. In this way they acquired 40,000 head and drove them north. Fat steers were marketed but the she stuff was pushed on the main spread. Some of the Lloyd family took part in this drive when it reached the Walla Walla vicinity and followed it to the end.

Jack Splawn was known to the family as was Ben Snipes who herded in the Bickleton country and Ben Rosencrantz who operated in the territory around Pasco.

..Mr. Lloyd died in his home on January 5, 1915. (legislator)

Wes..braided bearded..tucked in shirt, only fringe showed...

During most of Wes's boyhood days there were endless streams of packers and freighters bound to and from the Kamloops, Pierce City,

Caribou (Cariboo) Orifino diggings or others that developed. Pack mules in most cases with old bell mare out in lead to toll them. Wagons, heavy, pulled by three to eight teams depending upon road conditions.

Even more dashing than freighters and packers were stage drivers, they used fine horses, usually part Morgan, hitched to colorful coaches, their mission to speed passenger service..to "as there could never be another reinsman quite on a par with Felix Warren. "Erect and prideful as any soldier, this veteran "ship king" could tool a hitch of four or eight horses in matchless fashion and make the job look easy. Warren free of holdups, also saw service as a scout in Nez Perce war.

As for the Indians that camp right in the cottonwood grove was much exercised during youth of Lloyd children..full fledged encampment, watermelons, no pay for apples or watermelons.. buck picked melons, squaw carried them//..gifts in return for favors, food, bailing out of jail..elk gun, stone tied to thong, pit dug, elk fell in , retrieved, thrown again.

"Among the Indians of the Lloyd family there were many distinct characters. The name of a few should serve to reveal what A.G. Lloyd bequeathed to posterity when he negotiated his first local and deal with Big Thunder.

The Indian sachem ,wise leader of the Palouse tribe had dealings with Col. George Wright and Territorial Governor Isaac I Stevens though he did not sign a treaty. Much of his life was spent in the vicinity of Lyon's ferry, taking into account the numerous pilgrimages the early Indians customarily made to other regions for trade or friendly visiting.

Another individual was Old Jack who stood in line to inherit the mantle of Chief Big Thunder when he passed on. Jack's outstanding achievements were in the realm of whiskey drinking and poker playing @edBd so Big Thunder arranged that he should never become leader of the Palouses.

A person of considerable esteem among both white men and red was Old Bones. Though he did nothing to gain prominence he must have been an exemplary disciple of the Good Neighbor Policy for in his decline years white friends realigned to his support and many a gift of food came from the Lloyds, Pettijohns and other families while the county contributed a small pension for his relief.

The father of Old Bones, Umtippe, was the Indian who found the body of little Alice Clarissa Whitman when the child drowned in the Walla Walla river, and restored it to the grief stricken parents.

As a token of appreciation the Whitmans gave him a fine dark velvet shirt adorned with white stars. This became a highly prized family possession. Among the Lloyd pictures is one of Old Bones wearing this shirt and he was ~~there~~ later buried in it. There are probably no other pictures of this unique heirloom in existence. When this old native died, former County Commissioner George Bassett had a marker prepared and set up at his grave. All of these Indians were buried at Lyon's Ferry.

Another Indian acquaintance, Sam Fisher or fishman, is at present living on the old tribal grounds near the junction of the Palouse and Snake Rivers. By some he is regarded as a sort of caretaker but little remains to require attention on the site which was once the home of a recognized nation. A few crude hovels, whirling sand, lonely graves and the wind whining through the gorge seem to tell the story of the decline of a people from who no less a leader than Kamiakin claimed descent.

Mention should be made of Pocahontas, in this case a brave, though whether he deserved such a rating the reader must judge. He had two daughters, Tootsie and Alice, the former having been left a cripple as the result of a runaway horse. Wes Lloyd remonstrated once with this particular warrior when he saw him loading down the girls with a tremendous cargo of watermelons. "Pokey" he said "you ought to be

ashamed to load "ootsie and Alice so heavily. "Take some of those yourself and carry them."

"Umph" said Pokey "too hebbie--me" and he gallantly led the way back to the campground to enjoy the feast. Later one of the daughters was terribly sick. Mrs. Lloyd felt that a doctor should be summoned but her husband, well informed on Indian idea, knew what such help would be rejected. For many hours the tom-toms thudded and boomed, to the accompaniment of weird incantations but in this case the patient recovered.

Susie Bones was the daughter of Old Bones and seriously crippled. Her husband, Moses Kentuck, despite the Squaw's ailment, was unable to gain the upper hand in domestic affairs to the extent common in Indian families. On one of the many occasions when the couple visited Aitsburg, Wes Lloyd helped them procure a big stock of groceries. To carry philanthropy farther he arranged to have the load hauled back to Lyon's ferry. A nephew of the late Marvin Pinky Lloyd who had also donated agreed to drive them home in his pickup.

Susie appropriated the front seat, leaving Moses Kentuck to sit in the back where the dust was rolling like fog and her attitude plainly revealed her triumph in this display of woman's rights. Handicapped by injury, and many products of her ingenuity, the ingenuity of Old Bones daughter are numbered in the Loyds' collection. From her came the picture of her father and the famous shirt, a final token of esteem to friends who had never been found wanting.

Ernest Johnley was another well esteemed red friend. His acquaintance dated from the time when the river bank camp site was a populace place on through the days of automobiles and at the time of this writing was still being actively maintained and at the time of this writing was still being actively maintained. It was the misfortune of this Indian to outlive his six sons, a tragedy which even a person not intimate with the nature of these natives can sympathize with and

particularly understand.

Less personable was Young Bones who found his way into numerous scrapes. On one occasion he became involved with one Bud Pettijohn who shot the native squarely in the forehead. The bullet detoured around the skull beneath the skin and it later fell to the lot of Wes Lloyd to remove the leaden pellet by operating with a butcher knife and prying out the leaden missile from its temporary lodging place behind the left ear.

Others on the roster were Big Sunday, a very fat young Indian who died when only 35; Old Uhandler of whom there is nothing special to mention; Old William, a very good man and quite noted as a horse raiser.

Chief Setise of the Couer d'Alene Tribe was another rather prominent member of his race who frequently passed this way. There was also Fishhook Jimmy and his sons, Harry and Thomas.

One who would really like to know the complete story of Five Sack, George Lucas or Star Doctor as he was variously called. This young man of the Palouse Tribe was one of the restless souls who went on the war path and joined Chief Joseph's band. After participating in several skirmishes he was taken prisoner. He was sent far away as a punishment. It is possible that he was one of the group of redskins who were taken from Fort Lapwai, Idaho, by boat down the Snake and Columbia rivers to Portland by ship to San Francisco via the Union Pacific railroad to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas and then by stagecoach to Indian territory.

Five Sack did not like conditions there in the concentration camp and took French leave, heading for home. Travelling by night guided by a sure instinct, he made his way overland, provisioning himself as best he could. On one occasion he "borrowed" a sheepherder's horse and rode it for several miles. At length he reached the headwaters of the Snake river and some voice told him this was the stream on whose

banks he had been reared. Many weeks of weary journey finally bore out this truth.

One day the dusky rider halted by the Lloyd gate to receive a greeting from West.

"Hello Five Sack."

"Me no Five Ours. Back. Me George Lucas."

Wes had known the fellow for years, but saw no point in argument George Lucas or Five Sack the Indian was on the "dodge" and if the cavalry had caught him he would have been sent back to Indian territory and that was clearly no place for a Northwest Indian.

Judge E.V. Kuykendal of Pomeroy was a small boy at Old Fort Simcoe and remembered when a band of the non-treaty Nez Percés were brought there after several years of misery at the southern location to which they had been sentenced. "A more unhappy people could not have been described. They were destitute, broken, defeated, ill, half starved, with no hope of returning to the original home or of being united with others of their tribe. The secret of Five Sack was safe and well he must have known it. For years he made his way about the country, spending much of time on the Umatilla Reservation near Pendleton. He became a Medicine Man among his people and then took the name Star Doctor.

Between him and Wes Lloyd considerable correspondence took place of which the following examples are fair illustrations:

"es Lloyd. George Lucas all same brother to you. I big
basket, 1 woman from Celilo skukim basket worth \$10, you send me \$5
that is all I want from you. The woman stop here six days ago,
hurry up \$5. Star Doctor.

~~Code and the Code~~----- The Palouse veteran possessed a deep lying sense of humor, interpret that as you will. On one occasion when queried in regard to his matrimonial status he replied carelessly that he was not quite sure, but ~~to~~ though that at different times he must

have had at least 25 wives. The old warrior went to his grave credited with that distinction. He gained notoriety in other means as well. For many years he had been a well known figure at the Pendleton Round-up distinguished in particular by a ~~poor~~ porcupine skin cap with the full array of quills still bristling from it. His grotesque head-gear was rendered still more impressive by the long tail which dangled over the shoulder of the wearer. If George Lucas considered himself as being still on the dodge his colorful outfit certainly provided him with an effective camouflage despite all of the attention it aroused. When he died in the late 1930's at the age of about 85 he took with him to the happy hunting grounds the full particulars of an Indian saga that would out rival the best efforts of any fiction writer. He was buried by the Walla Walla tribe near ~~Ogish~~ Cayuse, after serving them as a Medicine man for 50 years.

Even the redoubtable George Lucas, Five Sack or Star Doctor seems to have played second fiddle to Old Pasco Sam in the affections of the Lloyd Family, but since the two were such distinctly different characters, perhaps it is more just to say that each was outstanding in his individual role.

Pasco Sam was a White Bluff's Indian who worked as a cowpuncher for the Lloyds and for other ranchers in Southeastern Washington. He was involved in numerous adventures and was a master at describing them. His vivid acting out of the episodes was both dramatic and comic, for the old native was a typical clown.

While working for Billy Splawn, a well known rancher in the Kittitas country Sam's horse unloaded him squarely in the path of a charging steer that was definitely on the prod. Sam took off through the sagebrush in high gear with the brute close behind. Billy Splawn galloped along on his horse yelling "Iskim ho'ns, Injun, Iskim Ho'ns, which freely translated means, Catch him by the horns. On that day Pasco elected to let his feet serve him rather than his hands and so lived to

describe the scene to his friends with a keen sense of the rather doubtful humor involved.

When Sam chose to take a cross-country pilgrimage to visit other scenes or distant friends he would ask Mr. A.G. Lloyd for a letter of introduction which was always forthcoming. Armed with this document he could be sure of lodging wherever night overtook him in the homes of ~~white~~ white settlers.

One evening he stopped at a ranch home in the Big Bend country and was told that there was no room for him. He hauled out his letter and the white man immediately changed his tone, invited him to put away his horse and feed it, then come to the house for supper. When seated at the table the Indian's eyes noted the platter heaped with biscuits for which he seemed to have developed a particular yen. Sam promptly snared one of the buns then noted that the rancher's head was bowed and that he was returning thanks, in Sam's words:

"Yes, me plenty good hungry, takum biscuit, white man talk to his spuds. Yes, me puttem biscuit back.

On another occasion Sam was on a deer hunt and brought down his quarry across the Canadian line. The Mounted police caught him and he was haled before the magistrate. Pasco Sam elected to be his own lawyer and he pleaded his case with eloquence and guile. He said that the deer had been wounded in the United States and that he had trailed it across the boundary all unknowing. He was of course fully within his ~~right~~ rights to be hunting deer on American soil, so he was acquitted. He gleefully recounted this event to his friends, somewhat as follows:

"Me say 'shootem deer, Uncle Sam, Catchem in Canada.'" and here Sam would throw an imaginary rifle to his shoulder before continuing the narrative "but West, me shootem Canada."

During a roundup north of the Snake River Wes lost one of his best saddle horses and asked Sam to watch for the animal, but it was under the

of one Jack Smith, well known to the Lloyd family. Sam claimed the horse belonged to his friend, Wes but Smith, either from scorn of the Indian or for the sake of a little fun with the old fellow declared that it was his horse. Sam was wily enough to realize that he was not going to gain his point that way so he subsided, but that night he took the horse from the barn and made the long journey back to the Lloyd ranch and gave a full account of the circumstances

"I knew Jack Smith. He would have returned the horse time he was down this way," Wes told him, but the Indian considered that a real service had been rendered and dented the Lloyd treasury five dollars worth for services performed.

After a rather lengthy visit Sam prevailed upon Mrs. Lloyd to ~~On~~ bake enough ~~bisc~~ biscuits to fill a flour sack so that he and his squaw would have sufficient provisions to last them during the trip home to the Colville reservation. This was done and the couple set out, but after traveling a few miles came to the Aldrich ranch. Mrs. Aldrich (Angelina Lloyd) knew the Indian well, which called for a visit but there was another attraction. One of the hired men had been injured and one of the treatments consisted of generous applications of rubbing alcohol. Pasco Sam developed a severe case of lameness and tried in every wise to obtain a supply of the alcohol to ease his suddenly acquired pain. Beyond a doubt he would have taken the medicine internally and then perhaps have rubbed his stomach by way of massage. Sam took advantage of his visit to talk Mrs. Aldrich out of a stylish dress which he wanted to give his ~~squaw~~ ~~squaw~~ squaw and in this mission he was quite successful, considering the fact that Mrs. Aldrich was very slender while the Indian woman was definitely robust type. Triumphantly bearing his gift the old buck made his way back to camp and returned presently to report:

"All right--one side..Not much left on the other." A hearty laugh and wide flung hands completed this account.

Another anecdote serves to cast further light on his way as a humorist. He was once standing in the Waitsburg meat market, then operated by George Lloyd. Ostensibly he was doing little except kill time. Several white youths vainly attempted to engage the veteran in conversation but received only unintelligible grunts by way of response. He then fell to discussing the old native in loud and somewhat uncomplimentary terms, with no verbal punches barred. Suddenly, to their great discomfiture, the Indian stepped to the counter and addressed the proprietor in very precise English.

"George, give me a dollar and a half's worth of meat and charge it."

The effect on the palefaces was similar to that occasion many years before when troopers in Idaho walked into a camp car carefully prepared ambush in Whitebird Canyon.

Dark days caught up with Pasco Sam eventually. One day Wes received a letter from a doctor in Richland, Washington stating:

"Pasco Sam was in to see me today and in a very bad way. He wants you to send two jars of Soap Lake ointment to him---His wife has been sick two days. She has rheumatism. No eat, not put horses in pasture, too much money. Run horses in hills. He is living at the dam on the Yakima river about eight miles above Richland. He says you and I are his very good friend and he sends his best regards to you." The ointment was immediately forthcoming.

When Sam was living on the Colville reservation Wes Lloyd made the long journey there to see him. He stopped at the little settlement of Nespelen to ask a storekeeper how to locate the friend and found that the name of Lloyd was well known to the merchant. In fact the storekeeper knew Wes on sight merely from Pasco Sam's description. There was nothing to do but remain overnight on the merchant's insistence and these two white men, who seemed alike in their understanding of the Indians, spent many hours exchanging reminiscences and swapping yarns. Pasco Sam, away on a salmon fishing expedition

was delighted to see his long time friend and highly enthusiastic about the new automobile or gas horse, the first one Wes owned, which he brought to them much closer together.

The friendship which united Wes and the venerable Pasco Sam involved an occasional financial bond but the older generation of Indians were as dependable in such matters as they were forthright in making a touch or perhaps loan is the preferable word since some space was devoted to Star Doctor's personal technique it is only fair that Pasco Sam be granted the same privilege

..There were other reasons why Pasco Sam felt it necessary to have all debts paid. He was definitely religious, in his own way and conducted regular services, some of which his white neighbors listened to and even attended.

The rites were a mixture of Christian and native ideas and there was no mistaking the sincerity. Sam explained his belief to Mrs. Lloyd on one occasion

"When people die they are put in the ground. One day the world will come to an end, then the ground burst open. God and the good people come out on top."

Being a White Bluffs Indian, reared near the site of the encampment where Smohalla originated the Dreamer faith which won much acceptance among the Northwest tribes, Pasco Sam was possibly partly influenced by the beliefs of that cult but regardless of where he developed his ideals, he lived and died true to them. The old fellow passed away in the middle 20s and was buried on the Colville reservation near Nesmepele. His Squaw survived him by several winter and though she endured trial and hardship during those sunset years the burden was lightened by the white friends at Waitsburg who never forgot her and proved in a substantial way that Indians are not the only people gifted with long memories. The accompanying letters serve to indicate something of those last days.

Nespelem, Washington, March 23, 1927. Dear friend.

I received your letter day before yesterday and old lady (Mrs. Pasco Sam) she was sure glad to receive the money and she was staying with quite a few houses and all of them runned her out and last time she was staying with one woman and her familys. And them peoples just eat her money up, until she was broke, and they fihted her, slapped her around and kicked her around, and she was swelled up on her face and legs and she's getting better now and we are ~~not~~ only the cousin of hers and nobody else besides us and she is going to stay with us forever. That's what she said and that's fine for us. "All keep her forever, alright because she is awful poor to be kicked out. I know it aint right to kick old lady out. She is my father's sister and her man was my mother's brother. But all the rest of the Indians are well. Will let you know how she gets along later on. There is still snow here on north side of the side hills. And up the mountains its five feet deep and ain't even melting yet. And don't know when it will melt. Goodbye. I am your friend Willie Simpson.

The foregoing letter has a sequel which followed a month later.

Nespelem, Washington, April 24, 1927:

Dearest friend:

Let you know my friend I am awfully sorry just now. You know the widow of Mr. Pasco Sam, she died Saturday morning, April 23, 1927 and now I am feeling awful sorry for her. That old lady made me feel awful sorry for she was just like my mother. I help my old lady when she went to the ground with \$29 (twenty-nine dollars)

He said to me, you will be just like in my life when I'm dead.

He said you was just like her son when she received that money and she was awful glad. And all the important letters they had for their purposes of introduction, such as Mr. Loyd gave Pasco Sam, also let me know the news of important what kind of law is against us Indians. That's all, my friend, to let you know, so please answer soon. I remain. Your friend. Charley Simpson.

The death of Pasco Sam's widow marked the passing of probably the closest and lengthiest of the Indian friendships but the skein has by no means been entirely unravelled. Letters still come, old friends still travel through Waiatsburg and stop to visit and the younger generation of redmen are still aware of the long time pact of friendship that was sealed nearly a century ago.

Among the Indian friends are graduates of Haskell and Carlyle as well as the blanket warriors.

One Indian in the experience of Wes Lloyd will remain forever a complete mystery and we must back track to the year 1877 to bring him within the scope of this story.

Before the Nez Perce war broke out small bands of Indians were scouring the country on horseback. Ostensibly peaceful, they were actually on journeys to other tribes to seek recruits