

Lucas..Star Doctor or Five Sack..Letters..

You send me \$10, horses in pasture and want to get them out. Send it right away, need him bad. Pretty soon woman come from Celilo with some fine baskets me ketchum, pretty soon. Sack aprom may be worth \$15 you all well you can send letter bak here. My sister and papoose good well, no sick. All papooses good well. 2 house Indian dance pretty soon Chinook come.

"hiteman say way sie, 5 horses in his pasture he wants \$10 to get them out and you sent \$10. I ketchum horses. I will pay you in April when 1926 when I get my rent money. Send me money right away as I want to get my horses. All my house good well no sick. All papoose good going to school. Paul Showaway he died and buried. One other Indian died and buried. I Indian boy he died. 1 Indian young man sick now. All sam sick Umtiba.

I got poisoned face all swelled up 1 week no eat, pretty sick. Indian clatawa mountains. You was good man good papoose no wick, are there lots of corn and potatoes at Waiatsburg to gather. I like to work with potatoes. I Indianman died on Umatilla reservation All Indian good well now. Lots Indian go to Yakima Washington, lots hops, Pendleton, lots of Indians.

You hiup send \$10, me ketchem skukum Indian bag, me send to you. Woman wants \$15. 1 little bag, heap nice. Indian woman sick today good nice day chinook Lots of Indian hi up Chinook winds now. Peter's house they dance for Chinook. All Indian good well on Umatilla reservation. When you ketchum letter hi u send \$10.

You send me \$5, one woman way sie, basket \$15, you send \$5 I am broke hiu quick need money bad. If you raise lots of corn me to Waiatsburg may not planted yet. My niece and sister all good

well no sick. One Indian go to jail house Portland, Oregon. He hi u
fight woman, now in jail house, Portland. One Indian cloied, he
died. One woman name Palousewoman, died, me little talk.

I herewith hand you one Indian bag \$11, bag, 1 woman heap fine
bag. All sugar and flour gone. You send me \$10 send to Pendleton
Oregon, right away. Bag in separate cover

All my nices good well no sick Maybe no go to Moses Lake. All
Indian good well. A white man Pendleton, good well no sick, pretty
soon go away. Are you bosy and wife well. Write me to Pendleton
Oregon Hue write George boy good well. You have lots of
potatoes, you hur y up me go to work.

May be 2 w eks me go to Moses lake. Me like to borrow \$10
Moses Lake Moses Lake ketchum little shack me go to Moses Lake.
All Indian good well Me mine a sisters cousins all well. All nieces
good well. Wess Lloyd good boy. Good well. Tony no sick, wife no sick.

Wes Lloyd, George Lucas all some brother to you, I big basket,
1 woman from Celilo Skukum basket worth \$10 you send me \$5
that is all I want from you. The woman stop here six days, hurry
up \$5.

No money, now may be in April, Ketchum money, you loan me \$5
I'll pay you in April, 1930, \$5 you loan me now. My sister and
papoose all goo well no sick. All same lots of Indian no sick.
May be big Xmas at Cayuse. White man Pendleton all well. You
ketchum hiu come back. You woman, papoose all well.

4 Umatilla a Indian died. I do not know the names, my
sister sick Nyack, all the rest of the Indians are good
well. Are your papoose and woman, all brothers and sisters good well. You

write me at Pendleton, Oregon. My little dog , pretty me ketchum money \$5.

Wes Lloyd, Old Man's Boy, me loose shoes at my house, across the creek. You ketchum and I get them when I come back there. 4 Indians dead on Umatille reservation. Motanic big Cal died. Tomoch and Papa and MaMa dead. Yellow Jack woman mabe deat and mabe halo. All my sister and neice and good well, no sick, mountain snow, none in valley.

Toolock, Boy's wife sick, died last night. Luby's woman, died. All rest good well. ~~Good~~ Big rain now snow. Star Doctor good well and my sister and papoose . You send me \$5 Will pay you in April next year. Send him right a way. Wright me at Pendleton, Oregon. Come back good papoose and woman well. All well at Waitsburg. One Indian woman died last night Lubert woman.

I have been informed that your mother died , is that so. Write me and let me know. All Indian go by Yakima, Wash. You loan me \$5 pretty son \$10 Indian Anson Indian sick may be die and may be good well. Me Medicine may be get well To s mama go to Yakima pick hops one woman sick.

Will you take a beaded bag or an Indian back, for what I owe you. Now if you don not want to take the bag for the money I will send you the \$10 Please answer to Pendleton, Oregon. All my sisters and nieces all good well, no sick white man in Pendleton, good well.

I herewith hand you I indian purse , \$8 1 Indian ~~good~~ ^{sick} all the ~~good~~ rest good well I Indian he freeze to death in mountains. My sister and niece well my house no sick. I hope you and woman and papoose good well. 1 chief Yakima Indian he died, Emanie Pilacki he

he died he chief. My nice man sick hue, lots of Medicine pretty soon
~~Mano~~ ~~Mano~~ Mamaloos, his name Yeamauitt.

Therewith handyou 1 bag , you can wash it and it will be clean
and pretty. The Bag is a Christmas present. 2 Indian he die
niece sick. All rest good well. The man til icim sick All my house good
well sick. Dig snow in mountains. No Xmas. Write me at Pendleton,
Oregon.

Sir: I herewith hand you \$5 borrowed from you some time ago.
Many thanks, all good well my sister a nice and nieces no sick.

Pasco Sam letters:

Dear Friend Low: Mr. Low Loid, Waitsburg:

I am a Nespelem now I am well Hoping you are the same.
Can you send me some money We are going to have a big July here. The Indians
are going to celebrate eight days in all the salmon run at Keller
is light this year. They are not catching many. The weather is cold
water is too low. I will close. Your friend.

Pasco Sam

The next message is the one to induce chuckles and would seem to
involve a definite need for an interpreter. It apparently comes from
a telegraph agent who undertook to use his own version of the
Chinook jargon for the words are on stationery of the Western Union
Telegraph company and were sent to "Waitsburg" Waitsburg:

Pascor Sam, care of Wesley Lloyd, Waitsburg, Wash

Hi you man. No ketchum money for klick klack telegraph. Red Star
Nespelem two moons past April 19. You say squaw sick oom oom oom very
store. stop springs two weeks big medicine klick
klick to Red Star, no money you pay, no ketchum money when you pay 50
cents. Tick Tack Klick Klack man Waitsburg Washington.

The next message helps clear up the matter:

Wes Lloyd, Dear Friend:

Will you please pay the 50 cents that I owe the man
mentioned above. I haven't decided whether I will go to the hops or
to your home. I will pay you the 50 cents when I get money I see that woman
about that leather vest she has half of it worked with silk but run out
of silk. I think she will get it finished about harvest time
and will send it to you. Very truly yours. Pasco Sam.

Palouse country routes..Snake river, etc. Names. Tough/s

Lloyd family account, "Aitsburg.. Reimers mscpt.

In addition to the Mullan and Colville trails which ran near the original homestead the Nez Perce trail, a few miles to the southeast, for many years continued to serve a calvacade of travelers, distinguished and otherwise.

The first whites to traverse it in any part were the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition, to be followed later by Captain Bonneville, Jediah Smith, the pioneer missionaries, Gov. Isaac I. Stevens and the poet, Joaquin Miller

This list could be extended indefinitely, John C. Fremont, The Pathfinder, Kit Carson, Colonels Steptoe and Wright, Cherokee Bob the gunman and a grand procession of Indian chiefs including Lawyer of the Nez Perce.

The town of Coppei Falls, previously mentioned was an important way station along the trail. The place also boasted an impressive boot hill which has also been lost without trace. The ambitious little cemetery is supposedly located in the small field between the Coppei Grain warehouse and the road which parallels the creek.

On over the divide lay another station or shebang near the crossing on Whiskey creek. It was at this place that Bill Bunton and his pardners hung out, changing the stage teams and refreshing the weary travelers with a potent brand of liquor from their own private distillery farther upstream.

A fellow by the name of Graves presided over this infant industry with such efficiency that he earned the title of Whiskey Bill. Unfortunately for the proprietors they fell into the habit of dispensing their liquid lightning to natives as well as whites so a detachment of soldiers from Fort Walla came to the call. The bluecoats.

destroyed the still and dumped all of the mash and moonshine for which they had no immediate use into the stream, thus giving that innocent little rill the name of Whiskey creek.

For many years the land on which their hangout was situated was farmed by Will Vollmer. Among the souvenirs he uncovered were gold coins, blacksmith tools, guns and a part of a stagecoach axle. On this farm the signs of the old trail are quite easily discerned where it came over the bluff from the southwest, forded the stream and continued on over the hills in a northeasterly direction to strike the valley of the Touchet in the vicinity of Dayton.

Why did the Nez Perce trail disappear so thoroughly from the picture.

A few brief decades of use by the whites and it was discarded. The redman had used it through countless generations. Thereasons are obvious. The Indian too the most direct path whenever feasible. He preferred a route that followed the high ridges for then he could survey the surrounding country for game. observe signs of a possible enemy and easily notice the smoke column signals of his fellows.

Eastern Washington settlement ..

Lloyd report. Heimers msct.

(1881)--- As the farmers gradually revealed the productiveness of the land the big cattle growers began to worry about holdings on the range.

One favorite method was to stake an employee sufficient backing so that he could file a homestead right on a choice quarter section, preferably one with a spring or ideal grazing. This loyal follower would then be expected to sell out to the ranchman as soon as clear title could be provided.

It was a good idea, one which had been tried elsewhere in the west with some success, but many of the cowboys could read the writing on the wall, so to speak and see the field crops were to replace the cattle industry. Those with ambitions could get a start for themselves and took advantage of the opportunity to do so. Still more land could be obtained by developing timber cultures or through pre-emption.

Many of the ranchers, however, succeeded in carrying out the original plan and the development of their broad holdings into cultivated fields created impressive wealth.

The Indian cayuse began to find the competition rough and his going was evidence of another change being visited upon the region. The colorful roan, pinto and appalouise ponies were not of a 610 caliber to impress the white settlers. Tough, stubborn, good rustlers as they were, these qualities were not sufficient to enable them to hold their own with the blooded stock that was being steadily introduced.

In the late 70 60s a rancher named LaMar who lived several miles down the Touchet brought in the first thoroughbreds to improve his herd.

He hired two excellent trainers, Bish Goodrich and later Ed Stoley when the racing bug bit him. Some of the animals proved to be sensational to name a few: Steamboat, Johnny Moore, Rifle, Sally Goodwin, Glass-eye

and ♀ Maggie Thompson. The LaMar spread also boasted the possession of Jim Miller, a peerless quarterhorse who still ranks as tops in his class with a record that ~~ya~~ has yet to be surpassed. The bones of this celebrated little gamester are now bleaching in the rye grass pasture out behind the double cabin and dog run style pioneer home which still stands on that celebrated ranch a few miles west of Prescott.

A few years later Jim Trash could brag about some outstanding horses, ♀ Vanderbilt, Bankroll, Roley Poley and Kitty Van.

Gold..Lost treasure

Lloyd's account. "aitsburg. Reimer's mscept.

No Mother Lode was every discovered in the Touchet.

During the days when A.G. Lloyd was active a neighbor, Old Man Atwood who had lived near Bolles Junction died. Mr. Lloyd in helping prepare the body for burial discarded a heavy canvas vest and threw it out on the woodpile.

A few days later while making a cleanup of the premises the vest was called to his attention and upon examination it was revealed that the heavy flannel lining had been cut open and re-sewed. It was then discovered that \$3,000 in bills was concealed in the garment. Prompted by the idea that anyone who had carried that much money on his person might have a great deal more hidden somewhere near the home, several members of the party did considerable digging and searching with no success.

The next family to own the property, however, after making an ordinary start displayed a marked prosperity within the next few years, in fact so flourishing that the sudden wealth was hard to account formerly on the basis of ranching activity.

Another "find" was made by Bill Clark, a laborer who worked at odd jobs on the ranches in the neighborhood.

He was out on a job and during a few slack moments undertook to level up a chicken house that seemed to need attention.

When he rolled over a stone it revealed a kerosene can nearly full of gold pieces, \$20,000 worth. Bill familiar with the distrust of many farmers, manifested where banks were concerned, realized the significance of his discovery. The owner, however, knowing the cache had been located merely told his hired man to say nothing about it as he would find a new hiding place when he got around to it.

The case of Bill Tillison is another that deserves mention

Bill was a distinctly hard-shelled customer in every way. He seemed to have no friends. His hang-out was a ranch on the famous Tucannon where he ran a few head of stock mainly horses. Bill's language under any and all circumstances was such that most of his acquaintances might have been excused from acknowledging him in public. Bill and Wes Lloyd understood each other, however, regardless of the mode of address which they adopted when having a pow-wow. Bill's ~~profanity~~ profanity was unparalleled so Wes could only hold his own by figuring out ingenious ways of arousing fresh outbursts if the talk showed any signs of becoming respectable. As an ~~example~~ example when dining at the hotel Wes Coaxed Bill into telling one long winded yarn and in the course of the monologue he ate his own piece of pie and that of the story teller as well. The end of the tale and of comparative peace and quiet came simultaneously.

Language: Palouse

Flour-Sap-a-lil

From Lloyd's account, Waitsburg.

Homesteads filed for final proof. U.S. Land Office,
Walla Walla Wash Ty, July 17 1884. (Palouse Indians.)

Young Charley.	parts of Sec	17 & 20	Twp 13, N.R. 37 E.	W. Mer.
Young Bones.	" "	17 & 20	"	"
Swanee	" "	8 & 17	"	"
Kamiakin	" "	8 & 17	"	"
Lean.	" "	8 & 17	"	"
Fisher.	" "	8 & 17	"	"
Toch Sites	" "	8	"	"
Toch-o-toch-ite	" "	7 & 6	"	"
Pol-o-cotts	" "	6	"	"
Williams	" "	19	"	"
Old Charley	" "	17 & 20	"	"
Palouse Jack.	" "	17 & 20	"	"

This land was located at the mouth of the Palouse River and on the north side of the Snake River.

Hudson's Bay Company, Indian population statistics at the close of the year of 1835.

Cayuses.	2,000
Walla Wallas,	500 over.
Nez Perces.	2,000 over.
Palouses.	300
Yakimas.	700

Old Bones, the account of his death and etc as given in the Waitsburg Times of October 1916, gave his Indian name as Muquosqui and the date of his death as October 20 1916.

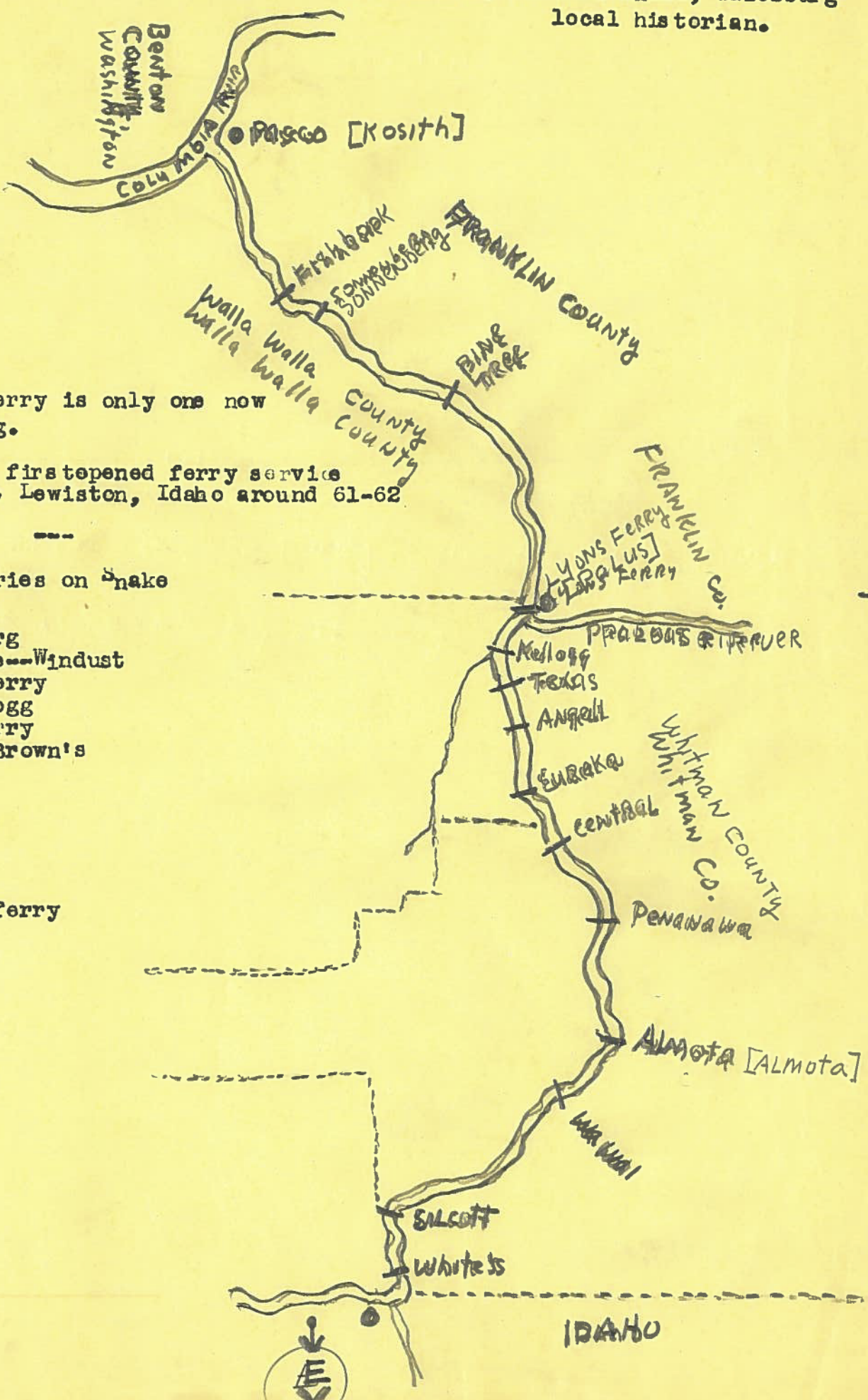
Note: The ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ best enlarged picture of old Chief Bones was the one that the late Jack Pettyjohn of Prescott had for many years, and after his death it was given to the Whitman College Museum & Library in Walla Walla, this was the most natural picture that I ever saw of him, (Old Bones).

When I became acquainted with the Chief he was blind and was an old man, and I never had any photo or picture of him, but had many chances to take pictures of him, but for some reason or other I never took any of him, but have wished since that I had of taken some of him. A year or so after his death I took a picture of his old Tepee that stood for many years before the elements of time finally destroyed it, this stood near his little old wooden shack that he also lived in, but he slept in his tepee at nights. I also have a photo of his marked ~~or~~ monument that was erected over his grave after ~~his~~ his death. I have the negatives for those pictures.

From what records that I have been able to obtain from the old Palouse Indians, I am of the opinion that there is not now living any pure-blood PALOUSE Indians, as they all have become mixed with other Indian tribes, and have been for some time.

(Waitsburg Wash. Sept 8 1951.)

(Snake River..Old Ferry locations prepared by John R. White, Waitsburg local historian.



Lyon's Ferry is only one now operating.

Wm. Craig first opened ferry service across to Lewiston, Idaho around 61-62

Early Ferries on Snake

- Fishhook
- Sonnenberg
- Pine tree--Windust
- Lyon's Ferry
- Ike Kellogg
- Texas Ferry
- Angell--Brown's
- Eureka
- Central
- Penawawa
- Almotia
- Wai Wai
- Silcott
- White's ferry

Waitsburg... Palouse Indians... Aug 10, 1951.

From John R. White, Box 433, Waitsburg.

Henry Reimers of our city told me a few days ago that he had nice visit with you this summer while he was attending summer school at Cheney (To Dr. Kingston.)

some of the names of the people that knew "Chief" Old Bones of the Palouse Indians.

Well I knew him in a distant way, that was after he was blind and during his ~~early~~ ^{old time} days when he lived in his little old shack and tepee at the mouth of the Palouse river.

However I believe the following named people that knew him personally for many years could give you some more data pertaining to his life etc.

Mrs. Olive Fine of Prescott, Mrs. Sherman Pettyjohn of 5125 Division st, Walla Walla; R.D. Abraham of Starbuck, Wash.; Hollis D. Conover and Ralph Lloyd of Waitsburg, Wash.

The late Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pettyjohn had a fine enlarged picture of "Old Bones" which I understand has been donated to the Whitman College museum.

Mr. Jack Pettyjohn was the party that purchased and erected the monument on Old Bones grave in that old lonely cemetery at the mouth of the Palouse, the only marker in that cemetery of over 400 or more Indian graves..

I am

John R. White.