

Clifford Polander
(Yakima Valley Museum)

Mrs. W. H. L. Wright, from The Daily Journal, Freeport, Ill, Oct. 27, 1897. (Mrs. Wright was the mother of Clifford Wright, one of our museum directors, this was paper she left at the museum)

North Yakima, Wash, Oct. 21 Editor Journal: The great Siwash carnival following directly the hop harvest has come and gone. They estimate that there were 100,000 boxes of hops picked in Yakima county. They were very fine quality and a good many yards run over a ton to the acre...

The Indians come from all over the state and from some parts of Idaho and Oregon to pick hops. The growers and merchants give them a jubilee before returning to their homes, which goes along way toward inducing the Indians to turn out in full force each year at hop harvest and prevents a scarcity of pickers. They are paid \$1 a box for picking. The merchants always reap a good harvest, one firm took in over \$100,000 in one day mainly on blankets and silk handkerchiefs. The more civilized squaws wear hats, while the others tie their silk handkerchiefs around the head. It was estimated there were not less than 4,000 Indians here this year. Each Indian owns a fine riding horse besides two or three other horses used as pack horses, at a little distance they resemble camels. Many are superstitious in some things, for instance having their pictures taken. I have seen them run at the sight of a camera and throw themselves flat down on the ground behind a sage bush and you could not persuade them to come out.

While others enjoy it....

For three days they gorgeously decked red men revelled in sports in which they most delighted, horse racing, dancing and feasting on food furnished by the white men, who also supplied them with hay for their horses. They are not quite as enthusiastic about the

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racing this year as there was no money in the prizes. They had been spoiled with money lavished on them in previous years. They were only given the blankets, shawls, guns, saddles, bridles, knives, handkerchiefs etc. They all have the best of saddles.

It is interesting to watch the squaws saddle their horses before starting; they put several blankets on their horses, then the saddle, then four or five shawls and blankets, making a very soft seat. They all ride astride. The last day at noon 4,000 loaves of bread and three beaves were served to them in the grove at the fair grounds.

The most noted chiefs were Moses, the chief of all the chiefs, the Montezuma of the northwest, chief of most of the tribes between the Cascades and Rocky Mountains, living on the Colville reservation with his tribe, the Chownapam or Columbia River Indians, whose hunting grounds are from Allula to the British border.

His features are unusually bold and masculine, showing him to be a strong character. His forehead is very high but slightly sloping from the sides and front upward, showing the lack of that development which comes from culture. His face is devoid of hair as the palm of a man's hand. His age is sixty-seven and his hair quiet gray. He is five foot nine in his stockings, straight as an arrow and weighs over 200 pounds, being quiet portly. His coat last year was a long, loose sack reaching to the knees, the material being nicely tanned buckskin trimmed with strips of otter fur and the skins of 200 white weasels (conconoche) and orange and blue ribbons and at the seams long fringes of buckskin. This year his dress coat was of blue broadcloth, sack shape and very long. It was trimmed with beaver, otter and hundreds of weasel skins formed a fringe from the shoulders and along the edges. Across the back, around the sleeves and along the skirt were heavy bands of bright bead work, while his

gaily decorated leggings and his deerskin moccasins were likewise trimmed. He carried a fan of eagle feathers and rode a horse on which were martingales covered with small bells, which musically announced his presence.

The first white man he ever saw named him Moses, because he said he would make a very wise man and rule over his people with great wisdom, as his father had done before him. His mission is one of recreation and peace, and especially to visit his old tillicum, Pearne, whom he had heard was dead.

Umohalla, the prophet, who in all the campaigns and forays of the northwest had had been the ~~constant~~ running mate of Moses died two years ago at Priest Rapids (Note by Me: Untrue, authenticated interviews with Umohalla relatives who knew Moses)

Moses wears as his epaulets two beaver tails hanging over the front of his shoulders. On the upper portion of these is a half moon which he explains represents his grandfather, who, like the moon, stood next to the sun as the greatest power in the universe. Underneath the half moon is a star, which represents Moses' father, this star being the only one in the firmament that never moves. Below the star are four lozenges, and these complete the coat of arms of this family of chiefs.

Moses has twice visited the Great Father at Washington City. In each instance three other chiefs accompanied him, and all six are dead. On his first trip he was so surprised to find so many whites that when he returned he called his people together and told them they were like the leaves that drop from the trees you could count them, but the whites were as the sands of the sea.

He says the whites are encroaching on the lands of his people, and he is weary of trying to stand them off, and he therefore seeks repose with his old friend Pearné. Moses talks no English. He and Pearné say that more than 100 years ago the tribes of central Washington were having their annual spring salmon dance in Tietan basin, and one Indian went along the river early in the morning and saw immense schools of salmon run up the stream. When he turned to camp he was amazed at beholding that for the first time some wizard had painted the face of the "council bluffs" in many colors and hues. He went to camp and asked his fellow braves, telling them what he had seen. The warriors arose and accompanied him and saw in vivid stripes ~~thaxx~~ of red, orange, blue, black, green, purple and white drawn across the face of the cliffs.

The chiefs held a council, and each chose a given color for the color of his tribe's blankets. They then repaired to a medicine spring at the foot of the council bluffs, and by drinking the water they were cured of all infirmities.

Moses' father was named Taskoshem. He was a great warrior, and when he was fifty years old he led his tribe to the buffalo country east of the Rocky mountains and there engaged in battle the Blackfoot tribe. For seven days and nights the deadly conflict waged, and then Taskoshem fell, to rise no more this side of the happy hunting grounds. That was forty-seven years ago. He was an eloquent ~~warr~~ orator as well as a valorous warrior. Moses went into an attorney's office in this city with a view to having his will made. While there he made a statement which he desired to have perpetuated in that document as his history, it was this, as near as his language can be interpreted by his ~~idddadidnt~~ interpreter:

"My name," said the chief "is Moses Half Sun. I was born in the region known as Moses Coulee. When I was a young man all the Indians living between the Cascade and Rocky mountains were always engaged in wars. They were killing each other and stealing from each other. My father was then a chief, and at one time brought all the other chiefs and all the other Indians together at the place where the Yakima river runs into the big river (the Columbia) and there all of them stayed for four days. My father made a law that any one that would fight and steal and kill should be punished, and addōr after they stopped doing bad and were good. When I was a young man I was a great warrior. That was before my father made the law. I used to kill and scalp, but never afterward except when I fought the white people for Kamiakin. I was very sharp when I was a young fellow. I was shot pretty nearly everywhere all over, but they never killed me.

"When my father died Kamiakin was the big chief, and then the Indians started a war. This was away long time ago. When the white people came they fought the Indians about the land and they all got nearly beat. Kamiakin got scared and came to me and hired me to be a warrior for him. He gave me a whole lot of horses. He started a war here and killed most of the soldiers. He kept fighting the soldiers right here at Toppenish on the little river that runs into the big river, and drove them down to the Dalles. Then we quit and came back, and after that I was good and peaceable. I went back to Washington city and saw the president. I said, "President, I come back here to see you, for I have been a great warrior, and have come with clean water to wash the blood off, and when I go back I will be clean forevermore,"

and so - came back and was better in my mind after that towards the white, xxxxxxxx people, and I love the white people all the time ever since, and I will until I die. Joseph of the "e, Perce was a warrior long, many years ago, just as I was a warrior. He is no relative of mine, but some of my people married his people, and I said to the President and Gen Howard: "Let me take Joseph and I will take him in my arms just like a child, and the president said "all right" and Gen Howard said "all right" and so I took Joseph and kept him. Joseph is coming here with some of his people. I have sent for him since I can here so many people want to see him. I want to meet all my people here at Yakima. He have all come down to that. My people number about 9,000. All of them are not on the reservation, but they are coming in all the time. I have not counted them, but there are all be many of them here, all the Indians coming from all around, Indian men have been sent out to tell them all to come in and have a good time; that Moses and Joseph want to see them, and old men who have not seen each other since they chased the buffalo together long many years ago, will be here to see one another, maybe for the last time too, and we are going to have a big time. All the old customs and dances will be given, such as white people never seen before .. - have a little money every year (I understand it is \$8,000 a year to be a good Indian, he can well afford to be good) but I give it to the poor people among my people and the old people that can't see any more and can't walk any more, I give it to them first. When I am dead some one whom I picked out will be chief, just as I have been, but they will not have the bullet marks and knife marks and tomahawk marks on them that Moses Half-Sun has."

When Ex-governor McGraw was here last fall he was desirous of meeting the chief and considered it diplomatic courtesy to go half way, but the dignity of Moses is supreme at times and he must be approached properly and even after the introduction he turned coldly away until his official interpreter conducted the affair. Then and he relaxed and said he was an untutored child before his excellency but he welcomed him to the land which had been his and his people's. His heart was an open book for his friend to read and it told of his friendship to the whites. He traveled much and saw more pale faces than there were leaves on the trees, and they must follow in the footsteps and practice the ways of the whites or perish like much grass before the plow. He Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard from Washington City was also here and lectured before the Commercial club and Chief Moses was one of the invited guests and made the following speech:

I never Oodk got so d in my heart when I was young, when the first old Indians they never knew anything. When I find out I got big I never know anything, the time when I find out myself and knew I didn't know anything from that time I got smart. Then pretty soon I got smart, and when I saw the first whites I saw they looked just like my people. If I knew this man from Washington City was going to make any kind of a (re)mark I would make different way of my own mark. The white people are the biggest, and the Indians thought they were the biggest, so they were more trouble to the whites. I always thought this way for my own opinion that if all the people were just like those sitting here, all the best people, we wouldn't have any bad people. When the time was another poodd president gets elected and he changed the laws, that makes me feel sore. We were happy and now we feel bad because the president changed the laws, I am head chief of

all the Indian tribes, so that any whites be elected and he makes the laws and any Indian does wrong he will be punished. "Then the first whites came here and did wrong we never did anything to them at all. I came here visiting friends and wish I knew how to write, so that they could hear back in Washington City what I say, besides you people. A short time ago I got on a different road from the good side. "Then I got back and found I knew anything I could be a good kind of a man for a short time, and now I am back on the safe side again, any whites or bad Indians that do wrong I will punish them, and we will have nothing but good people. I am very glad to meet you folks here tonight and I heard there was a man from Washington City here, and one time I got in a very bad fix. I wish that man from Washington would make a report when he goes back that I am well and healthy tonight. That's all.

Moses likes to be noticed and we all went up and shook hands, and as he never does any work his hands are as soft as a baby's.

Joe Stwire (White Swan) is chief of the Yakimas. Captain Simpson chief of the Fort Simcoe's Looksi; Johnnie Smith, Charlie Skumick. Of the Nez Percés in Idaho the chiefs and their bands were Jim Moses and Chief No-Shirt, but the most noted were Steven and James Reuben. They were the most distinguished looking Indians and kept rather aloof from the crowd of "first citizens," although they were interested spectators. Their fine raiment was studded with brass-headed nails, while rich otter fur, armlets of silver and cuirasses of beads, bones, teeth of wild animals and shells shown with the distinguished eagle feathers told of their high birth.

"Then approached James Reuben and said they were Sioux." Then asked their names for publication he said they didn't want to have anything to do with newspaper men, but later on he relented and spoke

freely about himself and brother. He said they claimed to be Sioux because the whites were generally afraid of that tribe, and in this way they escaped from the inquisitive, but in fact they were representative men of the Nez Perce and had just arrived from the Crow agency in Montana. They had frequently heard about the hop picking gatherings and great jubilee held in Yakima, but this was their first visit.

James is one of the most influential Indians in the Northwest. He is ~~xxxxxx~~ highly educated and ~~ex~~ has traveled throughout the east as a public lecturer. On one occasion he entertained an audience of 5,000 people at Boston.

One of the queer characters was the head medicine man of the Yakimas, who is known among the whites as Doctor Salmon, which is the translation of his Indian name. He is humpbacked, old and deaf, but is greatly venerated by his tribe. He was so covered with furs and feathers that very little of the "injun" was to be seen excepting his ancient face, on which was spread a very liberal amount of red, yellow and blue paint. Chief Wolfe and his brother Hosus Mox Mos, a son of the Palouses. Chief Wolfe is a very large stout built Indian, wears his hair pompadour in front and braided in a long braid in the back, always bare headed and so sits as straight as an arrow on his pony. He never pays the least bit of attention to you no matter how much you ride around and look at him. Hosus Mox Mos owns thousands of ponies and has countless gold eagles cached near where the Palouse river empties into the Snake.

The father of Hosus Mox Mos was named Pap-Swakes and he was the brother of the first or principal chief, Two-it-mire. Wlyotze, the chief reported in the works of Gov. Isaac Stevens as the man he talked to in 1853 was the second chief of the Palouses, and they claimed to the Yakim nation, of which Amiakim was their great

with his residence or ill'hee a short distance below below North Valina. Hosus Mox Mox is sixty-five years of age. His long, straight black hair falling over his shoulders, one as black as the raven's wings is almost as white as snow, or would be but for the dirt pigment he uses to give it a ruddy complexion. Other chiefs were Peop and Lattosh, of the Umatillas, and Peo Peo Mox Mox Elijah Naptakusha (The yellow bird with two thicknesses that fed Elijah) and many others too numerous to mention.

The races are always run for blood; there is no jockeying with them.. The principal fault with the riders is that they commence to whip from the start and that instead of leaning forward to assist the horse in his strides they lean backward and that impedes the movement of the equine.

Some pretty races and hurdle races were given by the squaws, followed by the Indian boy's four mile race, the winner being a 12 year Columbia River Indian named Johnnie Muntain on a bay horse from below Umatilla which did not sweat a hair. The boy's face every time he passed the judge's stand was full of laughter. He rode on all the principal tracks of the east with Al Lillie and therefore knew just what he could do. When the new Winchester rifle he had won was placed in his hands, and the judge led him forward to present him to the fast audience, silver half dollars and dollars fairly rained on him.

In Indian races the horses were bare back; for the boys they strap a s reeple around the horse and put the boys' knees under them to keep from falling off. They all stand abreast under the wire and across the track in front of the judge's stand, and when the word "go" is given, off they dash. My request they danced six three quadrilles after the manner of the white people with music by the band.

Abe Lincoln, interpreter...to a nounce the hour had come to form their people into line. Led by their chiefs they marched up the race track.....after the march Tattosh asked for a drum. The bass drum of the band was given him..He grouped several dozen of his people around it, several of whom proceeded to beat it while others chanted their war song...Meanwhile Chief Moses on his spotted horse rode around them and by word and gesture fired their hearts to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Three such dances were given. Then Moses faced the grand stand and said "That's the way we used to do a long time ago when we went to war."

Following him White Swan said, "Fifty years ago when I was a boy the Indians and the white were not intermingled like they are today. I am 78 years old now. Forty three years ago much blood was shed at the Cascades of the Columbia. Gen Grant was there. Right down below Union Gap on the Yakima River Colonel Wright fought a battle with the Yakimas. The whites were poor then, and had not much to eat, the same as the Indians. I am not the chief of my tribe but only one of the head men whose business is to make the people behave. All the old settlers here present knew me. I was on their side during the war of 1854-55 and I said to them "I'll die if necessary on your side." I was a scout in your behalf, traveling night and day without anything to eat. Today whites and Indians are good friends. We maintained your country for you, and we ask you to keep our reservation intact for us; your food and my food are one. We are pleased with the way

you planned with us the festivities of the jubilee, and the way the program has been carried out." Drawing his sword he continued, "You will never see blood on this long knife anymore. You have the same law as the Indians. I want you to help us keep peace and have no more war. This was spoken in Klickitat and interpreted one sentence at a time.

Another feature of the grand march was a number of Nez Perces and Unstilla warriors, naked to the waist, their bodies and their horses hideously painted to represent wild animals, for instance one man's skin was painted yellow and spotted with black to imitate a leopard. ...Hosus Mox Mox mounted on a gray charger, his long white hair streaming in the wind, rode back and forth through and across the column as if he needed an imaginary foe, exciting the braves to deeds of prowess and valor. Lattoosh, with his headdress of eagle feathers reaching from the crown of his head to his heels and the balance of his costume in keeping was the most thoroughly typical Indian on the grounds. Chief Wolfe made a little speech in which he told them that he had been here several times at fairs when the Indians got drunk and he hoped they would not do so this time, but conduct themselves as respectable citizens.

Mrs. W.L. Wright

From the Daily Journal, Freeport, Ill, October 27, 1897.

Spirit dance..Pendleton, Ore. March 1 - ~~A~~^{be}rt Minthorn, an educated Indian, on the Umatilla reservation asserts that the Indians are again indulging in the spirit dance, cutting and slashing ~~the~~^{themselves} ~~the~~^{the} ~~Orhemawlewa~~ in the frenzy which always accompanies such ~~evolutions~~^{evolutions}. ~~The~~^{The} Indians on Tuesday, according to Minthorn, ~~were~~^{were} at Joe ~~Allen's~~^{Allen's} place and at his ~~insistance~~^{insistance} revived ~~the~~^{the} old custom and proceeded to invoke the good ~~will~~^{will} of the spirits. ~~They~~^{They} ~~can~~^{can} danced and sung their wierd songs until reaching so great a degree of excitement that they whipped out ~~20~~²⁰ knives and in a moment ~~the~~^{the} were streaming with blood. Arms, legs and muscles were ~~made~~^{made} to look like ~~Mince~~^{Mince} meat.

~~Minthorn~~^{Minthorn} says that ~~Allen~~^{Allen} is a Nez Perce Indian who married a Umatilla squaw and has lived here since the war waged by Chief Joseph. ~~Allen~~^{Allen} teaches the other Indians that if they will but listen to the voices of the spirits, wisdom will be learned that will enable the successful hunting of the deer and bear during the coming season. The spirits are supposed to ~~be in~~^{be in} the various animals.

Minthorn asserts that when once a young Indian has taken part in the spirit dance he turns away from all the ~~benefits~~^{benefits} of civilized life and becomes again a wild savage--^{The} The Spokesman Review, March 2, 1901.

Medicine dance Nez Perce..

An Indian medicine dance in a weird sight but a exceedingly interesting one according to Miss Frances A. Gilbert of Spokane who witnessed a dance at Sweetwater on the Nez Perce reservation a few days ago. Miss Gilbert who had been spending a month at Spaulding Idaho, modeling in clay from the Nez Perce Indians returned home yesterday..

..The tent was lighted in two small fires, one to each end, attended by two very old women.

There was only one means of entrance, and that was through a very low opening. The smoke was almost stifling. The tent, of canvas, was about 18 feet wide and perhaps 60 feet long.

There were about 150 Indians in the tent and they were joking and laughing in thorough enjoyment. The dance is started by an Indian taking his place in the dancing circle and going around the tent vigorously jogging up and down on the heels and chanting their peculiar songs. Other Indians fall in line close behind him and follow him around much after the fashion of the penitentiary lock step, all jogging.

The Indian who leads a dance sings a song in which he relates what he claims has been told to him by some animal, through a dream or in some other manner. None of the Indians however will interpret the song for you and if you ask them they will put you off by saying that they will tell you after awhile. The song they sing will sometimes run high and low and then it will come down chromatically until the music would be that of a jolly hunting song.

The exercise of jogging up and down on the heels was very exhausting but they would continue until worked up in the highest pitch of excitement. Then palid and thoroughly exhausted they would frequently fall or as the Indians say, die. Then the old medicine man, Jonas Hayes, would take them in charge and by his incantations bring them

to life again.

The women also joined the men in the dance.

The authorities are trying to stamp out the custom of these medicine dances but if they were to flatly deny the Indians the right to indulge in the dance it would make them surly and ugly. So they allow them to dance but if they carry it to brutal excess or get drunk they are arrested and punished. In this way some of the bad features have been eliminated.

There are two factions among the Indians--the medicine dancers and the church members. John Jonas Hayes, the medicine man was formerly a Methodist or as the Indians say, a church house Indian but he is now a backslider and does not bear a very good reputation.

While in Spaulding Miss Gilbert took models in clay from three Indians--Captain Kane, Chief Peo peo tahlikt and Hey-om-sop-los-somny an Indian maiden. Captain Kane, who is about 80, was an employment of the government in the early days and was engaged in bringing supplies to the fort at Lapwai when it was first established--The Spokesman Review, Feb 23, 1902.

Tekoa, Wash, June 19, 1909- A big barbecue and feast was given yesterday by Spotted Louis, a prominent Indian at his home at Desmet mission.

A large beef was roasted whole and all kinds of substantial provisions and delicacies provided for the entertainment of the guests.

Practically all of the native red men on the reservation with their families were present, numbering in all 600 persons.

David Campbell, a merchant and Jay G. Alexander, a retired hardware dealer of Tekoa were present at invited guests.

Speeches similar in tone and effect were made in the Indian tongue by Chief Pierre Mootine and several sub chiefs and Mr. Campbell who is acquainted with Chinook dialect responded in a 40 minute speech, in which he expressed his appreciation of the kindness and courtesy of the hosts and of the friendly relations which now exist between the members of the different races.

These feasts have become an annual event and Louis, who is considered quite wealthy has a reputation extending over the reservation for his hospitality.

Indian beauty..

"ood Dove of the Umatilla tribe has been chosen as the most beautiful Red-Indian girl in America at the Pendleton, Ore. round-up has a paleface name too, Melissa Parr. (2 col picture) with headband. Yak m^a Republic, Oct 10, 1925.

If bobbed hair entrants are to be considered in the Indian girls' beauty pageant to be held at Spokane in connection with the council of northwest Indians October 30 and 31, the Yakima tribe will refuse absolutely to compete in accordance with their belief that two long braids of glossy black hair are an essential to proper Indian beauty.

Francis A. Garrecht of Spokane, formerly U.S. district attorney here and now counsel for the Yakimas visited the reservation yesterday in interest of the Indian council and incidentally suggested a pretty daughter of the tribe as a princess candidate.

He was greeted with scornful disapproval. "The girl had bobbed hair. The ultimatum concerning bobbed hair contestants followed--The Yakima Republic, Oct. 14, 1925.

Sheridan, Wyo, May 8, 1926-Medicine men of six Indian tribes of Montana, South Dakota and Wyoming will weave their charms and sound their chants trying to convince the God of Thunder to lose rain from the clouds in a feature event of the semi-centennial celebration of Custer's last Stand to be held in June at the battlefield site of the Little Big Horn river.

They will contest to see who can make the best medicine on the last day of the celebration.

The medicine men, each representing a tribe--the Cheyenne, Crow, Blackfeet, Assinbone, Flathead and Sioux, will be more than three score and ten years. The chief medicine man of an Indian tribe must be one of the oldest members of the tribe.

Their bodies covered with white clay and faces and limbs painted with red, orange and yellow hues in wierd designs, each Indian will carry a staff tipped with brilliantly colored feathers.

With a whistle in his moth he will ride through the Indian camp on the battlefield, blowing the whistle and chanting wierd phrases. All the while his arms will be outstretched to the Great Spirit

Each medicine man will be allotted thirty minutes to mix the medicine that will precipitate rain.

In Bear Trail oldest medicine man of their tribe, the Montana Crows of the Pryor reservation have a participant who is expected to mix heap big medicine. Five years ago Bear Tail warned the tribe that it would rain on a certain day when a rodeo was to be held. He was jeered at by younger members. But when rodeo day approached, he mixed medicine and his squaw make the tepee fast, warning her a big storm was coming.

Not a cloud obscured the sky so the youths prepared for the rodeo. Just as it started a drenching rain occurred, supplemented by a strong gale which blew away all the tepees not securely fastened.