

Opening. Regarding drive results.

y valley annual museum
10-12-54 - Lewis and Clark
75 percent =

Recognition: Walter Purdin, Dick Smith, Leslie Shaw, Mrs. C.E. Udell, Mrs. Claude Smith, Lois Hoff. Mrs. Lockwood.

Recognition to the Daughters of Pioneers for the award of Merit given by the Association for State and Local History as announced by Chapin Foster, director, state historical society. One of 47 given in entire United States, one of four in the state of Washington. Pace setting.

Paper Recognition - Public Service -

I want to touch on two subjects. History and Indians. And in my remarks, implanting thoughts, because you are thinking people you can see why I believe the museum idea has grown and will fruit.

~~I further wish to warn. Now the show is about to commence. As one old circus man said: "You could not well expect to go in without paying. But you may pay without going in. I can say nothing fairer. You have been warned."~~

Now about history. After trials and tribulations of attempts to perpetuate it, many of us have reached the same conclusion as Mark Twain. He said, after much historical research and writing, that he was convinced the American people would rather see Lillian Russell half clothed than General U.S. Grant in full uniform.

And there is the old ~~Kent~~ timer I once ~~interviewed~~ interviewed who asked: "What do you want to know about them fellers fer. They ~~are~~ air all dead, ain't they?"

Here I should point out that I'M a plain man and don't know nothing about the dead languages--Latin and Greek... the truth is I'm a little shaky on the living ones.

I don't believe that one should go around eating dictionaries and then set out to ~~scare~~ scare ~~won~~ the women folks and children with big words.

Moreover, I do my own punctuating. The publishers I have dealt with, I find, can't punctuate worth a cent.

And I'll also add I'm not ~~up~~ a politician and my other habits are generally good.

History offers a perspective. From our present day vantage point we can assess its significance accordingly. What has happened is not nearly as important as knowing why it happened.

When we meet as we do here as a museum minded group, we are aware of the gap between the professional and amateur historian. It requires a bridge to close a gap. That bridge is made up of state and local historical societies. I think that due consideration should be given toward revitalizing the defunct Yakima County Historical Society.

There has been a trend in late years toward closing the gap. Professionals are helping rather than sitting in isolated splendor with a mental snobbery ~~toward~~ toward the feeble efforts of the beginner. We have much ~~more~~ more in our favor now than existed 10 or even five years ago.

This leads into what I am going to term the ~~Balkan~~ Balkanization of history, which is also applicable to museums. ^{yes even to human beings.} The total disregard for proper interpretation in historical writing and evaluation. ^{is a result} It may be unfortunate ~~in addition~~ that the U.S. is divided into geographical units which extend to our states and interior regions. Mountains and rivers set up drainage ~~and~~ divisions and economic boundaries.

Each state is jealous and reluctant to recognize history to the extent of considering its prior right. This, I regret to say, extends into our concepts of teaching history and into ~~the~~ museums ^{and among human beings.}

This subdivision could truly be called ~~Balkanization~~ Balkanization--as in Europe, boundaries ^{along} ~~around which~~ each of which the sovereignty has erected a blockade that amounts to intellectual tariff barriers.

Any local history to be of value should have a connection with the larger picture...related movements and parallel events, or it is meaningless.

~~Too often~~ The gems of history, mined from the depositories and

polished for display will only have the fullest brilliancy or meaning if they are placed in a proper setting of utility and significance. ~~They are not to be displayed in the museum of the~~

If that is not done, historical societies will go on, collecting relics. They will ~~spend~~ spend their time and money, ^(off the rolls) dusting them off and loving them. AWAKENING

Has it not occurred to you that the removal of these Balkanized barriers is demonstrated by the ~~late~~ lives and wishes of the late Alexander Miller, and by John Miller. They came from ^{a distant place} ~~one place into~~ ^{to our valley} ~~another~~ and it was their wish, ^{BORN 60 years ago} that a living museum be created here.

All history is local in a sense. Each region is a miniature nation. But the town or local historian, working the tailings left by ~~others~~ others usually finds the panning pretty light.

And there's another aspect. Too much ~~western~~ history is embalmed. You read it or see it weakly interpreted in a museum. It's like the tired author ^{OR} ~~curator~~ curator, in his old fashioned process of embalming, too often ^{he was} is tempted to throw in a ^{hunk} ~~chunk~~ of tired history.

Characters have to be more than ghosts. They have to be personalities, set in a time and place. Tinkering with facts, however, muddies history like ^{the} ~~disfigurement~~ disfigurement of a tombstone.

What has prompted us to ^{appetize} ~~associate~~ ourselves with the museum. "We love the west and the Yakima Valley."

Along the streams we see the primitive life of the past. On the ridges we see the Yakimas passing. We find an arrowhead and it becomes a chase. An ox yoke becomes a wagon train.

The cowboy, the gold hunter, ^{The} ~~who passed through here~~, blue coated dragoons and the cattleman and the early irrigators-- they people our world. They tear assunder the dust covered drapes of the impassable years.

They move against the great backdrop of sagebrush plains and valleys and mountains that still echo to the shouts and whispers

and cursing and praying--the whine of dry axels.. the boom of cap and ball.

All are dust yet they rise from dust through the magic of the ~~daydream~~ *dream* of the youngster and imagination and interpretation of the adult. And arising from dust ~~in~~ in ~~an~~ *a* museum such as we contemplate gives them a richness of life. That is ~~the~~ the responsibility we have assumed. *This drive is only the prelude.*

I confess to being an antiquarian. Flint and steel interest me more than the everlasting match. I prefer the muzzle loader to a machine-gun and I can get more excited over a wagon train than a jet plane. The tribesmen, the original occupants of the Yakima Valley--and our forebear s who settled it, possessing land to which they had only the vestage of a right or title, stay in my mind after the boys of the wild blue yonder have left it.

The great men of the past are too often made to appear spotless. Perfection is something we strive for but no one ever attains, and thank goodness for that. As one old timer said: "I've tried sinning and not sinning and I confess I like sinning the best."

Ben Ames Williams once wrote:

"There is no past. The past is now. ~~only~~ ^{Possess} only those who have lived the facts of history and the magic of ~~the~~ ^{our} the ~~imagination~~ ^{imagination} can know what he meant. *We know - don't we?*

I've a few words now about ^{your} Indians. *Columbus says they would have been better off - if he had given them a hot meal*
 You, whose fathers and grandparents ^{who} lived in the Valley when the ~~red men~~ ^{red man} ~~was~~ ^{was} frantically seeking to ~~preserve~~ ^{preserve} a foothold and his ~~meager~~ ^{meager} Indianhood, and were subjected to the Indian scares, ~~and~~ ^{and} my wife, have much in common. *with my wife.*

It happens that I am mixed up to my neck in the Indian situation. When my friends descend upon our house--frequently about the time we are ready to leave for a show or to keep a dinner engagement, my wife feels

In those Indian scare days.

the same as your forebears. As ^I said, my wife and the settlers had ~~much~~ ^{much} ~~something~~ in common in regard to Indians.

So does our orphaned cat and our 12 year old dog. They have to give up their easy chairs--the preferred locations in the house--when company arrives. And we discuss problems--the loss of a traditional fishery that the state of Washington, which not so long ago passed a special law permitting my brothers to fish for salmon--a livelihood and their sacred salmon for their traditional feasts feels must not now be used by the Indians--another expansion by the Yakima firing center, overlapping the graveyard of the people along the Columbia River; the necessity for obtaining eagle feathers to perpetuate the traditional and religious dances. *Letters - F. L. S.*

Now in this regard, (explain-treaty and non treaty) -

live and there People.

Suffice it to say ~~they~~ have much in common--the disregard of moral rights and all other rights in this present day.

My especial friends are the Wanapum or Priest Rapids People, whose home was, and still is, at Priest Rapids. Their leader was Smowhala, the prophet, who died in 1895 after living 82 years. He was a prophet who foresaw the extinguishment of Indian right to lands, the building of dams and he pleaded with his people to retain the ageless culture of the old days. Some did. Others went onto the reservation or intermarried there. Now of his band and the true believers of a faith he founded, building it upon precepts of an older Indian faith, only eight remain.

These are homeless and forgotten people. They live by sufferance along along the Columbia River, ^{where} and acre by acre it was ^{peacefully} wrested from their occupancy until all that remains is the Priest Rapids village of Shoptalok at P^{na}, the site of the ^(proposed) Priest Rapids Dam.

^{trained} True they have ~~with~~ the kind ear, but not yet the full and necessary support of Congressman Hal Holmes and Senators Warren G. Magnuson and

Henry Jackson, that some relief for them may be forthcoming. They have no fully legal right, being non-~~tribe~~ treaty people, but they have a greater right upon which the very foundation of this nation ~~was~~ ^{the} built, a legal right to worship as they pleased, ^{and earn their} ~~own way in the world.~~ It will take some encouragement from people like you to bring this about, through congressional legislation or Presidential ~~proclamation~~ proclamation.

They are a historic people, and ~~while~~ cognate with other interior bands and tribes they have a way of life that because of its culture is worth preserving .

I have operated a one-man Indian agency long enough and the time is coming when I must turn to you for petition and aid. And I hope it will be forthcoming.

We hear much about partnerships--the government, the administration and the people , having the initiative. So we Wanapums are proposing a partnership.

The government has the land. And we the Wanapums have the free enterprise

Look at it this way. In Yakima County there are 2,734,720 acres of land.

Of this 1,839,102 is federal land. close to 70 per cent .

Only 895,618 acres is private land. Think of ~~it~~ ^{that}.

We ~~think~~ ^{believe} a small bit of this should be restored to the Wanapums in their home area, the land they know ~~that~~ is made up of the blood and bones of their forebears mixed with their mother the earth.

A land ~~so~~ saturated with an old culture, ^{the Wanapums of the past.}

We think that in time when the development that ^{is} coming to the river flourishes, that these people not be forgotten and that the historic place, bearing one of the earliest named locations in the northwest--Priest Rapids, named in 1811, be perpetuated.

"e think it entirely proper that a true partnership be considered and that the "anapums, through Congressional legislation or Presidential proclamation, receive a small bit of their home, to call their own, and live thereon to die out their ~~short~~ ^{ing} lives while they finish writing the interest ^{ing} pages of their ~~short~~ ^{brief} ~~period~~ period of history.

Congress has been operating too many federal groceries while the Wanapums and others have been harrassed and distressed too much by those who wish to wrest the final acreages of God-given land from the original possessors.

When we see a brother going down a hill, let's not give him a push. Let us rather seize him by his coat tails and pull him back.

And like the Daughters of Pioneers and their perservance which won them national recognition, we'll fight till there's nd thing left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle. ~~And~~ we are hopeful, ^{ing} and ~~trusting enough~~ in the ~~fair~~ fairness of the great heart of the American people ~~to~~ believe that many will join with us and demand that relief be given.

Now I like to keep at peace with all mankind (~~and~~ women folk too ~~and~~ especially as far as Lorraine (that's my wife's sir name) is concerned.

Like the old pioneers I want to lift the ^{there ind} Indian seige. Now granted for the sake of an argument ~~they~~ ^{arent} are brothers--but my wife insists ^{they} ~~he~~ isn't, ~~and~~ as well, ~~our~~ sisters, ~~our~~ wives and ~~our~~ uncles and ~~he~~ ^{our} isn't all my wife's relations.

There is much more to do and you'll hear more about the "anapums and their ^{long enduring and determined} ~~nearly hopeless~~ fight for a small acreage along the Columbia River. And you'll hear much about the fight against hopeless odds of the Yakimas and other great confederacies of Indian tribes wth enrollment of 4,500 or more persons, ^{running into} ~~hundreds of thousands, dependent upon a majority of millions~~ - Somay I leave this previously expressed thought with you.

A great American, a comparatively few short years ago said:

"We want an America that will have no sense of insecurity, which will make it possible for all groups, regardless of race, creed or color to live in friendship, to be real neighbors.

This man, ~~William H. Hall~~, far removed from the west was an inspiration, a living memorial. He sought ^{to} and did throw light on the important issues of his day. The Indian peoples of this country need a man like Sidney Hillman to give them the endurance and perservance they need against the odds that confront them. His inspiration was born in the east but spread westward, with a fuller development of the country.

May I leave this previously expressed thought with you?

Indian hunting... ~~object~~ ^{object} ~~object~~ dusting across the plains

He thought it is an animal.

Nearer....an ~~see~~ enemy, must hide so ^{he} can slay him or be slain.

The object approached closer and he saw it was an Indian on a horse, a member of his own tribe.

And then the rider drew close by. He saw the man was his own brother.

So when we hear of these problems, Indian or otherwise, if we approach close enough, we usually find out we are face to face with a brother. Not an animal,

Not an enemy

Not merely another fellow man, a member of our own tribe, but in reality, a brother.