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Half-Way House by a Trail

Henry L. Reimers

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

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HALF WAY HOUSE BY A TRAIL is the story of the Lloyd family and the author, Henry Reimers, is a former graduate of Eastern Washington College of Education who has been for a number of years principal of the grade school at Waitsburg, Washington. Before going to Waitsburg Mr. Reimers wrote the life story of Frank Magars, one of the early settlers in Spokane county. At Waitsburg he was in the historic Walla Walla country where he found many opportunities to record the recollections of the older inhabitants and we have in our own collection a manuscript by Mr. Reimers bearing the title "Reminiscences of the Early Settlers in the Walla Walla Country".

In all of his work the author has shown a keen interest in preserving the history and the spirit of the pioneer period in the Inland Empire of seventy-five years ago.

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HALF-WAY HOUSE BY A TRAIL----HENRY REIMERS

The story of Lloyd's of Waitsburg is also the epic of a trail that has ever led westward. Its exact source is concealed somewhere among the mist-shrouded mountains of Wales, the terminus is beyond our ken, and the way has often been devious and rugged. One guide post has ever served to mark the way, freedom. Sometime back in the pre-revolutionary era an ancestor of the Lloyd family embarked for America. Perhaps he sensed that in the future "Lloyd's of London" would bring sufficient luster to the name of "the right little, tight little island" of England. It is certain that he realized the liberty which probably his people had fought for in the ranks of King Arthur and Owen Glendower, was irretrievably lost to a succession of tyranic English kings who ruled by an alleged "divine right". Beyond the sea lay a new land where individual worth was the true measure of a man, so one more enterprising immigrant was added to the scant roster of transplanted Europeans who were vigorously hewing out homes in a primeval wilderness, and the first lap of the sunset trail was blazed.

There came a time when the business of reclaiming a home from the wilderness had to be deferred while the American Colonists took time out to fight the Revolutionary War and establish for themselves certain political and economic rights that men had never before possessed. It was a bitter struggle, the price was high, but eventually the cause triumphed and a nation came into being where the people ruled.

Pre-eminent as representatives of the Lloyd family during the revolution was one of three brothers, Thomas, whose grandfather had served as acting governor of Pennsylvania, replacing no less a person than Benjamin Franklin when "Poor Richard" had been sent to Europe on a mission in behalf of his fellow Americans.

Thomas Lloyd sought active service and found it as a lieutenant in the North Carolina Brigade from 1781 until the cessation of hostilities. An unsettled career which had found him residing at various times in Virginia, Penn. South Carolina and Tennessee at length became stabilized in the latter state. In this uproarious frontier region Thomas Lloyd developed an extensive plantation. He proved to be a very efficient farmer, conservation minded in a day when Americans could look to the wealth of an entire continent as their's for the squandering.

His fields and woodlot were carefully managed in his own time and the policy has been continued to modern times, thanks to the tradition he established. As another example of his vision, the master of the plantation, though he owned numerous slaves, made provision for their freedom at the time of his death, "in so far as the laws of the state will allow". Thomas Lloyd and his wife, Jame McCullough Lloyd, who would seem to have been a kinswoman of the famous Revolutionary War heroes, John and Samuel McCullough, discussed at length by Thomason in his book, "Famous Scouts", are both buried on the estate. This was the common practice, and state law requires that all future owners of the land must maintain the burial plots in a appropriate manner. The ancestral home remains in

a fine state of preservation near Rutledge, forty miles from Knoxville.

We now take up the story of John Lloyd, son of Thomas whose pioneering instincts had led him out to Missouri and an acquaintance with Daniel Boone. That seemed an ideal place to settle until the stories of the Oregon Country, stimulated by Marcus Whitman's return from the Northwest, began to circulate about. The missionary-states man led a vast caravan of covered wagons when he made his way back to the Waillatpu Mission near Walla Walla in 1843. By 1845 John Lloyd was infected with the Oregon virus and had determined to migrate to that promising land with his wife, Nancy, and children, William, Abner, Albert, John, Calvin, Lucy, Mary, and Elizabeth, from the home at Liberty, Missouri.

It is doubtful if many persons realize the scrupulous care and planning which went into the organization of those pioneer expeditions which wended their way along the overland route from 1843 to late in the seventies. True, many set out ill-equipped, inadequately provisioned, poorly guided, without a proper sense of discipline and responsibility. True, also, we have stories of tragedy along the way, such as that which met the Donner party, the Ward Caravan, and the immigrants who died in the Mountain Meadow massacre. With such obstacles as red nations at war, towering ranges, torrential rivers, starvation, thirst, disease, treachery, and the rebellious disposition which frontiersmen so frequently displayed towards authority half way measures would never have been enough to guarantee safe passage across the continent.

The group to which John Lloyd attached himself was captained by Col. Tetherow and was known as the Savannah-Oregon Emigrating Society. Its organization provided numerous bylaws, outlining every possible crime, murder, indecent language, and larceny included, together with the punishment to be meted out for the various offenses. Liquor was barred, except as a medicine. Death, or the generous application of the lash were the most common penalties. A constitution containing 20 articles, with provision for amendment by a two thirds vote, was drawn up, together with a roster of all the armed men in the party. Boys over sixteen were admitted as full fledged members if they could pay the initiation fee of one dollar.

With every advance preparation carefully made, the train rolled its irresistible way westward along the Platte, corraling by night as a protection against marauding redskins; on past Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluff, Red Butte, Independence, Rock (where many members of the expedition carved their names, and where they are yet visible) past the Devil's gate, over South Pass, across the desolate reaches of what is now Southern Idaho, through the Blue Mountains, then a visit of several days duration with the Whitmans at Waiilatpu. From there the route (paralleled) followed the mighty Columbia until the final destination was reached at Portland.

Thus John Lloyd came to the Willamette Valley and found it indeed a promised land, for he prospered there to the full extent of his expectations, and his family with him, on a farm near the present city of Corvallis.

The hardships of the overland journey and the labor of clearing fertile acres for the plow were not the only prices to be paid for the western land, however, and the settlers were soon introduced to that fact.

The Cayuse Indians near Whitman's mission in the Walla Walla valley began to show unmistakable signs of resentment toward their white benefactors. Undaunted, Marcus Whitman and his no less courageous wife, Narcissa, remained at their post trying to teach the natives a better way of life. Their intentions were misinterpreted, best efforts were to no avail, and on November 29, 1847, a brutal massacre began in which the lives of women and children, as well as grown men, were forfeit. Dr. Whitman and his wife were among the first to die, and all told more than a dozen persons perished before the crafty Cayuses decided the surviving whites would make good slaves.

The captives were taken to various places in the region, the mission buildings of logs and adobe were destroyed as best the savages could manage with the means at hand, and Waiilatpu, which had for years been a haven for ill and worn-out immigrants, ceased from that time to be an important factor in the development of the Oregon Country. Today the site is a neglected cow pasture with little evidence available to show the true significance with which the incoming whites regarded it. Here could be obtained medical care, flour and vegetables; trail-worn oxen and horses could be exchanged for fresh animals, broken wagons and equipment mended, children could be placed in school, and here one could make new acquaintances

and exchange news of the east for that of the Oregon settlements. Tomahawks in the hands of Tomahas and Tamsuky brought an end to all of this, and ushered in a decade of Indian warfare that rocked the new frontier from border to border.

Peter Skene Ogden, adroit Hudson Bay Company employee, rose above national prejudice to come to the rescue of the survivors of the Whitman massacre. He loaded several bateaux with trade goods at Fort Vancouver and came up the Columbia with a crew of courier-de-bois. At Old Fort Walla Walla, a trading post at the junction of the Walla Walla River and the Columbia he dis-embarked and sent word that he had come to ransom all of the prisoners. The Indians came with their slaves, some eagerly, some reluctantly, but eventually all of the prisoners were restored to safety after undergoing an ordeal which has too often been the price paid for the coveted land of the redmen.

There is grave doubt if any trader except Ogden or Dr. John McLaughlin, head of the Hudson Bay Company in Oregon, could have negotiated so successfully with the savages. The Cayuses desired the good will of the "King George Men", as they called the English, in the struggle which they must have foreseen would soon take place with the "Bostons", as they called the Americans, hence the amiable exchange which was finally arrived at. Temporarily at least, the Indians had driven the Americans from their land, for the Spauldings abandoned the Lapwai Mission on the Clearwater, while Eells and Walker fled from Tchimikane, north of the Spokane, all of the whites seeking safety at

Oregon City. There, as they discussed mutual vicissitudes and losses, retribution against the Indians was being organized. The entire nation was incensed and especially those immigrants who had met with kindness at the hands of Whitman and his wife.

In December, 1847, a law was passed in the Oregon Legislature providing for the organization of fourteen companies of volunteers. The men, for the most part, provided their own horses, guns, clothing, and served without pay or hope of re-imbusement. The volunteers rendezvoused at the Dalles, and commanded by Cornelius Gilliam, pushed on from there February 27, 1848. Several battles were fought as the troop progressed, until on March 4, the desolated mission at Waiilatpu was reached. Most of the whites had been buried in a common grave which had been dug into by the coyotes. The volunteers provided a proper burial and then pursued the retreating Cayuses north through the hills.

By some clever deception and strategy the Indians out-generaled the Oregonians, forced them back to the Touchet River where the whites had to release a large herd of captured ponies; and then showed a disinclination to fight. Finding that peace was impossible unless the instigators of the Whitman massacre were surrendered, the Indians scattered. Colonel Gilliam was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun, and the volunteers returned with little gain from the expedition except a trip through a rich region which stimulated many of the troopers with a desire to return as settlers. Two years later the Umatilla

Indians delivered several members of the Cayuse tribe who were accused of guilt in the slaughter at Waillatpu. Five of them were hanged, guilty or innocent, at Oregon City in June 1850, but Joe Lewis, a half-breed, and considered the principal motivator of the deed, was never taken by the whites. Several years were to elapse before his fate was revealed, and then under the most unusual of circumstances.

The expedition against the Cayuses did lead to some settlement in the Touchet Valley and vicinity, Louis Raboin, Henry Chase, P. M. LaFontain, Lloyd Brooke, George Bumford, and John Noble being among the first to make the venture. The last three were stockmen who had used the Waillatpu site as headquarters about 1852 prior to settling on land between the locations of Waitsburg and Huntsville, where they opened a trading post and dealt with the Indians in addition to their livestock enterprise. The future looked definitely rosy, especially when, in the summer of 185 , Territorial Governor Isaac Ingalls Stevens met with numerous Indian tribes at Fort Walla Walla, now Wallula, to draw up treaties, arrange for payment of their land, and to provide for settling the Indians on reservations where they and the whites would have no occasion for violent clashes of interest. Stevens, brilliant West Point graduate, knew little of Indians. He thought he was doing a brilliant stroke of statesmanship, but all of the time his life was actually in danger, saved only by the intervention of Chief Lawyer of the Nez Perces, who believed in what was to be called nearly a century later, The Appeasement Policy.

Opposed to the Stevens treaties was Kamiakin, brilliant chief of the Yakimas. This warrior deserves a place alongside

those of Pontiac, Tecumseh, and Joseph, in the annals of history. He sensed the injustice of the treaties and the in-experience of Stevens. Most of the ranking chiefs sided with him and before the ink was dry on the government papers the Indians were determined to bar whites from the hunting grounds, whether they came as traders, hunters, missionaries, or were merely passing through to gold fields near Colville or the Salmon River district.

The murder of Indian agent Bolon at the hands of a band of Yakima braves precipitated a war that was to wage for several years with varying success for each side until the final embers of rebellion could be quenched with the blood of some of the outstanding Indian leaders, notably Owhi and Qualchan.

Into this conflict, armed with his Kentucky rifle, rode Albert Allatin Lloyd, son of John Lloyd, named for his kinsman, that Albert Gallatin who served with such distinction in the cabinets of presidents Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and whose ancestral home, on the boundary of Virginia and Pennsylvania, is now a memorial park. A youth of 19, he invested \$1500, his life, and some Indian fighting experience, gained on a trip to the Yreka gold mines of northern California in 1849.

On the California junket young Lloyd had been accompanied by three comrades, Bill and Andrew Jasper, and Tom Pearshall, They met with better than ordinary success for some time until they were "jumped" by a band of Indians whose surprise attack left Tom Pearshall dead and Bill Jasper critically wounded. The shattered group returned to their Oregon homes.

Jasper keeping his wound free of infection by soaking a silk handkerchief in whiskey and drawing it through the gaping injury, until the services of a doctor could be obtained.

Far from tempering Albert Lloyd's inclination for adventure, the adverse fortunes of the "gold rush" served only to whet his interest in this new and definitely warlike expedition. He had done well in the Willamette for one of his comparatively "green" years, but he was yet subject to the call of the frontier, hence it was that November, 1855, found him enrolled under Colonel Kelly of the Oregon Volunteers, along with more than 450 other men of similar inclinations.

Kelly's major campaign was launched from the vicinity of old Fort Walla Walla, after a vigorous push up the Columbia during which only minor contacts with the savages took place. That Hudson Bay Post, which was located near the present site of Wallula, had been abandoned when it became evident that a full scale war was about to be waged, and approximately \$37,000 worth of trade goods were left behind by the hastily departed employees. Chief Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox of the Walla Walla's "expropriated" all of the merchandise and demolished the fort so thoroughly that today nothing marks its location but lines of stone which once formed a foundation. To his chagrin the wily chief could find no ammunition or weapons of warfare, and when he and his braves withdrew there was nothing left for anyone to find except miscellaneous articles of no value except to the sourvair hunters of later decades. The warriors had withdrawn into the bunchgrass-clad hills to the northeast when the

volunteers arrived on the scene. The latter did not delay long, but after establishing a base pushed on up the Walla Walla River, the date being December 2, 1855.

After several miles of travel the whites were greatly surprised to encounter Chief Peu-Peu-Peu-Mox--Mox of the Walla Walla tribe in person. He was accompanied by a boy, and came under a flag of truce, but as to exactly why he came to meet the whites in such a manner there was a difference of opinion. It may as well be stated now that the course of events which followed spread over a rather broad terrain, which helps to explain why different versions of the succeeding days have been recounted by veterans of Kelly's command. When one considers the area covered, and reflects that there was to follow nearly a week of stirring action perhaps the real wonder is that it is not more difficult to fit the pieces of the puzzling past together in order to gain one whole, comprehensive picture.

As to why Chief Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox met the whites there may have been a difference of opinion, but as to how to handle him there was singular unanimity. The Indian leader and his comrade were surrounded and swept along with the expedition. Young Albert Lloyd, riding beside the stalwart redman, was in a good position to size up his erstwhile foe, and could not fail to be impressed. This warrior, whose name in translation meant Yellow Bird, was six feet two inches tall, dignified, straight as one of his own lances, middle aged, with piercing eyes and a hawk nose. He was a very wealthy man, measured by white or red standards, for he owned a fine farm, and numbered his horses and cattle by

by the thousands. He had travelled widely, some of his journeys having taken him as far afield as Mexico for the purpose of trade. He had been in California when John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder", had launched his scheme to seize that rich region for the United States. The Walla Walla chieftain had allied himself and his band with the Americans, rendering timely assistance and helping give the venture a semblance of success.

Hard on the heels of the American triumph, however, had come a quarrel between the chief's son, called Elija Hedding, and one of Fremont's overbearing followers. After a mutual show of guns the paleface shot down his redskin adversary under circumstances so unfair that the entire episode must have earned for the whites the hatred and contempt of the great Walla Walla warrior. But here he was, a helpless prisoner of those same whites, or was he helpless? The red mask was inscrutable, and the troop pushed on, the hoofs of the horses stirring up a film of dust from the dry-frozen earth.

Through his boy companion, a Nez Perce, member of a tribe noted for amiable relations with the palefaces, Chief Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox spoke to his captors and explained his position. He had no wish to fight the "long knives" but had come to talk with them of peace. It was cold, they were hungry and tired, having come a long way. He had come to point the way to an excellent camp site. Near by his people had prepared ample food for the soldiers. Tonight the white men should camp in comfort and tomorrow treaty could be arranged.

It sounded like straight talk to Colonel Kelly, a West Pointer, and he suffered the Walla Walla warrior to direct the course. The way led toward what is now known as Van Sickle Canyon. Young Albert Lloyd took stock of the hills that began to close in on either side of the trail and it took no Napoleon to figure out the potentialities of such a position. A chill that was not induced entirely by the 20 degrees below zero weather coursed up and down his spine. Other soldiers were gripped with the same idea; the entire troop came to a halt. In vain Kelly ordered his men to proceed. It was to no avail. In the harsh school of the frontier they had absorbed an attitude of suspicion where Indians were concerned. This chief was too friendly, too effusive in his protestations of friendship. Darkness was rapidly closing in and that narrow, horseshoe-shaped canyon was built to order for a trap.

In despite of their commander the Oregon Volunteers withdrew from the entrance to the pass and prepared to camp for the night. Colonel Kelly berated his men harshly, whereupon they removed his stripes and reduced him to the ranks for the balance of the evening. Ill equipped and inadequately provisioned as the companies were, camp that night was anything but a pleasure. It was made even more worse by an event that has become so beclouded with the passage of time, and so distorted by varied versions, that we choose to accept the recounting of the episode as told by A. G. Lloyd to the exclusion of all others because he had no axe to grind, and ever bore a reputation for reliability and fair dealing among white men and red men alike.

The "old heads" among the Oregon volunteers were inclined to regard the affability of Chief Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox with more than a faint tinge of suspicion. For his part, when he found his overtures of friendship and hospitality rebuffed the pride of a free Indian warrior asserted itself. The white s determined to insure freedom from attack by holding the Walla Walla sachem as a hostage, for the night at least, and made signs that he would submit himself to the ropes with which they meant to bind him hand and foot.

"I am no dog, to be so tied up!" shouted the outraged chief, and he made a desperate attempt to break away from the half dozen stalwart soldiers who seized him. For an instant it seemed he might make good his escape as he attempted to wield his weapons and clear a path through the ranks of the volunteers. It was a brave and defiant onslaught, though a vain one. These were men worn with the travail of a rigorous campaign under highly unfavorable conditions, and for the most part they were indoctrinated with the typical pioneer concept of a "good Indian". For a fiery instant they overlooked the odds of approximately 400 to one, and discounted the bargaining power they possessed in the person of a live chief of the Walla Wallas.

A few seconds of rearing rage and it was over. Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox lay dead, smashed to earth by the rifle barrels of his foes.

After that a sullen hush settled over the invading army. The bitter night wore along. It was made even more unendurable by the thought of the feast and the comfortable quarters which their late influential captive had promised them.

A bleak dawn broke at last. The men snatched a hasty breakfast and prepared to push on, but first they released the Nez Perce Indian boy, well aware that he would return to the Walla Walla encampment with the tale of all that had transpired.

Van Sickle Canyon, explored in the daylight, proved much less forbidding, but definitely surprising. Along the ridge on either side of the trail a continuous series of rifle pits had been dug, and the camp site, where fires were still smouldering, would have been a veritable death trap had the whites elected to tarry there until daylight. Out-numbered as they were later proven to be, it is doubtful if a single volunteer would have ever lived to see the Willamette valley again. By such a narrow margin, then, did Colonel J. K. Kelly miss immortality in history books, a full twenty years before "Custer's Last Stand".

The line of march was now directed on a course parallel to the Walla Walla River and it was not long until the hostiles began to show themselves. Shots were exchanged, and the Indians attempted to rout the whites by daring charges on horseback, and by sniping from the sage-clad hills along the flank of the volunteer troop. The fact that their chief had been slain did not deter the red warriors a wit. Instead, they went on the offensive in a desperate, furious fashion, as new leaders yelled to the braves in stentorian tones, inciting them to destroy their enemies to the last man.

Again the overnight camp was anything but an experience of pleasure, in fact that statement could hold true for practically every night to come during the rigorous campaign.

The Walla Wallas were evidently determined to fight it out with the invaders in this region of grass and brush clad hills. More than twelve hundred savage warriors pitted against three hundred ninety nine volunteers gave the natives the benefit of overwhelming odds, while the terrain was also greatly to their advantage.

Much of the fighting during the several days duration of hostilities was waged in the vicinity of Frenchtown, extending all of the way to the site of the demolished Whitman Mission at Waillatpu. An old cabin which stood near that place was for a time used to house some Indian prisoners, and Waillatpu was temporarily recognized as Kelly's base headquarters. It was here that an event occurred which is largely responsible for the disputes which have arisen regarding the fate of Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox.

The volunteers had by this time captured several Indian prisoners, six, according to the most reliable accounts. As the fighting waged with increasing intensity Colonel Kelly became hard pressed for men and could ill afford so many guards on duty at the hut. He told his soldiers to secure the captives in such a fashion that most of the volunteers would be free to go to the front. The solution seemed to be merely a matter of binding the redmen and leaving one white soldier on guard.

The sight of the ropes seemed to throw the Indians into a frenzy. Perhaps they recalled what they themselves did to helpless prisoners. Possibly they associated ropes with "the hangings" which the whites meted out to those considered guilty of treachery or other high crimes, at any rate the

entire group made a wild effort to overcome their guards and escape. One savage had a knife concealed in his legging and with it he wounded some of the volunteers, not seriously but enough to inflame men already stirred by the heat of battle.

The Oregon Volunteers were short on time, temper, ammunition: and entirely converted to the belief that "a good Indian was a dead Indian". Their orders had been to secure the captives and get to the fighting front and they promptly fulfilled that command. The prisoners were clubbed to death in short order and presently Colonel Kelly's front rank fighters were augmented by the fire of several additional guns at a time when they were critically needed. Out of the confusion of that day has arisen the story that Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox was one of the warriors so efficiently "secured" on that occasion, but this must be regarded as a misinterpretation of facts or else as a case of mistaken identity. At that time there was no special reason to "whitewash" any of the "red" details surrounding the death of that famous chief some days previous.

For many hours the issue of battle stood in doubt as the Indians held their ground with a tenacity uncommon in clashes between the opposing races. Combat was at white heat for four days and nights but reserves dispatched to Kelly's support turned the tide in his favor. The beaten Walla Walla tribe retreated along the Nez Perce Trail, closely pursued by the victors. On Mill Creek an encampment of 196 fires was discovered, showing every sign of hasty abandonment. The soldiers followed the trail on the Coppei

Creek, and then over to the Touchet, beyond the station founded by Brooke, Noble and Bumford. Pursuit of the hostiles did not cease until the mouth of the Tucannon was reached, when it appeared that the enemy had crossed the Snake to seek refuge in the hills beyond. The horses of the command were so jaded that a further attempt to overhaul the thoroughly mauled foe seemed useless.

Collecting nearly one hundred head of stock which were found along the way, the volunteers turned back. On this return trip Albert Lloyd found the first opportunity to view the land which was to one day become his home, through years would intervene before he could claim it. Instead of retracing their route over the Nez Perce Trail the Oregon Volunteers followed down the Touchet along the way made public by the Lewis and Clark journal. Near the present site of Bolles Junction the troop encamped, taking advantage of the large spring which is located now on the Chet Woods property.

Here the Indians made one last bid to drive the hated whites from the region. Apparently crossing the Snake near the mouth of the Tucannon had been a ruse to lure their enemies into a feeling of false security. The Walla Wallas had rallied in force, cut across the hills from the Snake directly to the Touchet, and their sudden onslaught turned the volunteer camp into a welter of confusion. Men died in that sudden attack, many were wounded, but the whites fought back with every resource at their command, blunted the fighting edge of the desperate opposition, and eventually

drove it into the hills, a scattered, decisively whipped horde of redmen. Such was the introduction of A. G. Lloyd to the soil he would one day reclaim with a plow, after basing a preliminary claim on his effective use of the rifle, but now there was more immediate work in prospect for the command.

Col. Kelly put his men to work establishing a headquarters which would be more suitable than the temporary camp at Waillatpu. He chose a place a few miles above the Whitman location because there was better grass for the horses. Flour supplies were exhausted, and the men lived on beef and potatoes which had been stored in caches by the departed Indians. The weather was extremely severe, 20 below zero much of the time, yet the men survived. They managed to build 13 little huts of cottonwood logs, mud, and other available material on land where the Jensen store is now located, a settlement which became the nucleus of the present city of Walla Walla, though it passed through a stage when it was called Fort Steptoe, Steptoeville, and Fort Walla Walla.

A. G. Lloyd spent the winter of 185 -56 in that desolate camp. He had no funds and there seemed little other outlet for his time. He managed a scouting expedition back to the Touchet Valley to look over that land which had caught his fancy. The plot which best suited him lay just below the junction of Coppei Creek and the Touchet. From then on much of his planning would revolve about that land and the area embracing it.

Eventually that harsh winter passed and with it the

term of service in the volunteers. In July of 1856 the experienced Mr. Lloyd found himself once more busy at farm work back in the Willamette valley. A covered wagon pioneer at the age of nine, he recalled the events of the crossing in the Tetherow caravan quite distinctly, and now he could add a strenuous campaign against Indians to his list of laurels.

Theoretically the Oregon Volunteers were to draw compensation for their services, but such pay as ever was received came only after interminable delay. Fortunately Albert Gallatin Eloyd did not have to rely on money from the government. He still had a backlog of resources accumulated during that eventful mining venture at Yreka, and so in time he was able to hearken once more to the siren call of the all but unsettled Walla Walla region, and the Touchet Valley in particular.

In the fall and winter of 1856 Colonel E. J. Steptoe had established a U. S. Army fort on the site of the winter camp where the Kelly command had spent such a desperate winter. During 1857 the army forces were increased and various improvements made with a view to impressing any unpacified Indians by a display of strength. The fort served that purpose well enough for the immediate area but to the north the Spokane, Palouse and Coeur d'Alene Indians failed to take the hint. Stories were bruited about regarding miners being waylaid along the trails. Then too, the murderers of Indian Agent Bolon had never been given up for trial. It was rumored that they had sought refuge with the northern tribes.

Military policy dictated a show of strength in that region and Colonel Steptoe marched with a force of dragoons, early in May. After a pleasant journey to the approximate site of the town of Rosalia the command ran out of luck and encountered Indians by the hundreds. The ill-equipped soldiers had no choice but to retreat and the savages harried them every mile of the way, picking off an occasional horseman and cutting down stragglers. Kamiakin was leading the red hordes, but for all his zeal he could not kindle his followers into an assault that would have placed Steptoe's expedition on a par with the immortal Seventh Cavalry. Near Pyramid Peak, now called Steptoe Butte the victorious redmen called it a day. In vain Kamiakin exclaimed, "If we only had Qualchan to lead us no palface would escape." Most of the troopers made good their withdrawal but the fate of some who fell by the wayside is unpleasant to contemplate.

On May 20, 1858, at Corvallis, when the specter of fatal pursuit still threatened the exhausted soldiery, Albert G. Lloyd was being united in marriage to a relative of the late President Zachary Taylor, Miss Lois Jasper, aged 17, a pioneer lady in her own right, and like him a veteran of the Oregon trail. The beginning phase of domestic life was made in Oregon Trail. The beginning phase of domestic life was made in Oregon but the young couple were bent on making a new start in an even newer country than the Willamette Valley. Perhaps, like Daniel Boone, they felt the need of more "elbow room."

Since the trails of the Lloyd and Jasper families have now been merged it is appropriate to bring the story of the

latter up to date. Lois Jasper was born in Lexington, Kentucky in 1841. If such things had not been largely taken for granted in that time she might have boasted about the exploits of some very redoubtable kinsmen. American History, especially that written by Southworth, makes much of a daring act by a Sergeant Jasper during the defense of Fort Moultrie in the Charleston, South Carolina harbor, during the early years of the revolution. A British fleet had been stubbornly bombarding the sturdy palmetto log structure which Colonel William Moultrie was determined to hold at all costs. A lucky shot smashed the flag pole and the American colors dropped to the earth. In an instant young Jasper had leaped over the barricade to retrieve the flag and restore it to position. It was necessary to splice the broken flagstaff with the ramrod of a cannon but the repairs were so effective that when the British Men O'War finally withdrew to seek an easier quarry the Stars and Stripes still waved definitely in the name of Sergeant Jasper was fixed forever in our traditions.

The war of 1812 found members of the Jasper family again playing interesting roles in the adventures of one Andrew Jasper were unique. This enterprising Kentucky planter had loaded a flatboat with cotton from his plantation and embarked downstream aiming for the markets at New Orleans. Despite the hazards of sand bars, hostile Indians, and river pirates. the heavily laden craft reached the Mississippi and floated leisurely down the "Father of Waters" toward the creole city which had so recently become a possession of the United States.

For once that placid city was in a complete dither. A

large British army, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham, brother-in-law of the famous Duke of Wellington, had landed at the mouth of the Mississippi, intending to take New Orleans and then push upstream, sweeping from American hands all of the territory involved in the recent Louisiana Purchase. To oppose these troopers, fresh from victory over Napoleon at Waterloo, was a small force of American frontiersmen commanded by Andrew Jackson. This resolute Scotch-Irishman was mustering every man able to shoulder a gun, and his raw levies were commandeering every article that could be used in the construction of breastworks and fortifications, for the English hating commander meant to thwart the ambitious plans of the enemy despite the disheartened attitude of the citizens of New Orleans.

Andrew Jasper's boat had scarcely docked before his prized bales of cotton were on their way to form a line of defenses for the American soldiers. Mr. Jasper was somewhat taken back, for that cargo represented his entire crop for that year. Since he was a personal friend of Andrew Jackson he thought an appeal to "old Hickory" might solve his problem. The interview which followed has been preserved through the years in family papers, as well as elsewhere, and apparently proceeded in somewhat the following vein.

Mr. Jasper; "General Jackson, your men have siezed my load of cotton and are preparing to use it as a barricade against the British! I thought you might be able to tell me what to do about it."

General Jackson: "Friend Jasper, you came to just

exactly the right man and I'll tell you just what to do about it! Here's a rifle! Now you get out there and help defend that cotton."

Of Andrew Jasper's personal record in the battle which followed there is no specific report, but he must have given as good an account of himself as the other fighters who helped make the Battle of New Orleans the most outstanding military triumph ever scored by American arms, for it gave us something in the way of a land victory to match the sea conquests of "old Ironsides."

The brief interview between Jasper and Jackson was dramatized most effectively in the celebrated motion picture. "The Buccaneer", and is preserved in celluloid film for all future posterity. A skit based on the incident was also a feature in the graduation exercises of the 8th grade at Waitsburg Central School in the Spring of 1946, and thus many local residents were introduced to a bit of Americana not commonly known: and to an event in the career of Andrew Jackson not previously mentioned in the ordinary textbook.

Following the battle at New Orleans Andrew Jackson went his way toward the Presidency of the United States: Andrew Jasper made his way back up the Mississippi Trace to his plantation home, and there he would bow out of the picture if it had not been for his love of horses and racing. An ardent devotee of "The Sport of Kings", the planter had a fine race course on his own property and a string of fast animals to take advantage of it. It is by no means coincidence that the famous Churchill Downs Track,

where the Kentucky Derby is run annually, is located on land originally owned by the Jasper family.

We return to the family of which Lois Jasper was an immediate member. When she was a year old a move was made to St. Joseph, Missouri, where, within a few years her father died. Mrs. Jasper resolved to travel on to the far west where two married daughters and a son had already journeyed. In 1854, when Lois was but 13, the trek across the plains began. The little girl walked barefoot practically every step of the way, a pilgrimage that at length ended near the present site of Corvallis, Oregon.

That was not the end of hardship, however. Her mother operated various boarding houses and there was much work for a girl to help with, laundry, soap making, cooking scrubbing floors, and waiting table or preparing rooms. A prized family heirloom was a cleverly wrought spinning wheel, now in the Ferry Museum, which she understood would one day become hers when she was ready to start housekeeping in a home of her own. Did that day seem long in coming as the harsh work of maintaining a boarding house continued? Probably not. Pioneers, for the most part, had the priceless gift of patience, and for this girl who had made the overland journey on foot, seen the buffalo in their teeming millions on the Great Plains, and learned to take desert, mountain, forest and torrent as they came, the four years that followed must have seemed full and fleeting.

Then came Albert G. Lloyd, a stalwart son of the frontier, six feet two in height, weighing more than 200

pounds, with a background as rich in tradition as her own, a veteran of Indian campaigns and venturesome journeys to storied places of the Northwest. When the young couple were married neither could have considered that the event marked the end of an argosy of overland travel and frontier hardship. Rather they must have regarded it as marking the opening of a campaign to bring the American way of life to a region that was vastly more primitive and untamed than the one which had lately been home to them. Surely there must have been a sharing of plans for the development of that tract of land in the distant valley of the Touchet.

As the first step in preparing a home in the new country, A. G. Lloyd purchased 400 head of stock. He had noted that the Walla Walla area was a stockmen's paradise, and now, with the aid of his brother John he drove his herd to the Touchet. How simple that looks in print, and that is as much as we know about the trials and obstacles that had to be overcome en route. Every hazard of the old Chisholm Trail must have been potent along the way but the cattle arrived and the two men were free to turn their thoughts to home building. The result was a crude log cabin, with a puncheon floor and no wind wns, the latter handicap being a concession to the Indian menace.

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 Colonel George Wright had followed up the Steptoe disaster with a punitive campaign that completely broke the power of the Palouse,

Spokane and Couer d'Alene Indians, the issue could have been a "touchy" one. That soldier's policy, that "Might makes "Wright" 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 settler had no inclination to take advantages 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 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 camping rights in the cottonwood grove which borders the river, 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 1858 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 travelled by boat as far as the Dalles, the horses having been shipped by boat also. There the family dis-embarked and made the long trek by horseback to Wallula, then on over the scene of the battle of a few year's before to the new Fort Walla-Walla. There was only a brief stay in this little frontier outpost for the travelers were inured 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.

The young mother would take the baby and hide in the woods during the days when the men were absent at work, for she entertained a real fear of the Indians. It was six months before she saw another white woman and though this gave her the distinction of being one of the first ones to be permanently settled in Walla Walla county, it gave her no special satisfaction at that time. She showed resourcefulness by planting garden seeds in the mounds of dirt thrown up by the gophers, for it would be ten years before the arrival of the first plow, and resourcefulness must take the place of resources. Thanks to this foresight she was enabled to increase the store of garden seeds and be well prepared for bigger agricultural ventures the following spring.

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 only a short distance west of the present city limits of Waitsburg. Another brother, Abner, selected a tract some distance up the river, a very favorable location as events of the future proved. With the coming of the railroads a station known as Lloyd, was built on his

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property. The Odd Fellow's Cemetery also occupies part of that land. Still later the huge plant of the Pictsweet foods, Incorporated, was to be established on the original Abner Lloyd claim. All of this is proof of progress which those hardy pioneers anticipated but it is unfitting to pass so lightly over the years of incessant toil which intervened.

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 trouble was not so easily dealt with. The winter of 1861-62 was a terrible one with drifts of five to 20 feet in depth blanketing the valley and continued sub-zero weather. Lloyds were considered well-to-do-ranchers but now they watched their wealth dissipated as cattle and horses froze to death on their feet and remained as icy statuary until the thaws would bring them down in a heap. It might be more to the point to say the pioneers saw their assets being "frozen", but there was no time for commiserating over the fate of livestock for the specter of starvation haunted the residents of the little puncheon-floored cabin. 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, but the arrival of spring found every one ready to carry on the fight against a seemingly hostile environment.

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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 more abundant life was the development of an orchard from parent stock also brought from the Willamette region. In this the help of an old orchardist, Ritz, for whom the town of Ritzville is named, was later obtained. Before long the plot of young trees numbered many varieties almost lost to the knowledge of present day persons. A pear tree set out at this time bore fruit until very recently, but apples dominated the scene; Winesaps, Astricans, Gloria Mondays, Tollop Hawkins, Rambeau, Blue Pearmain, White Winter Pearmain, and Ben Davis. Some land was fenced with split rails and crops of corn, various grains, garden truck, squash, pumpkins and watermelons provided welcome additions to the bill of fare.

During these years of first 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 the "law and order" citizenry, the spark which ignited the powder being furnished by Bill Bunton when he gunned one Dan Cogswell during a dance at 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 vigilant 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 settle residents until they stole a herd of government umles 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. These animals, properly fattened, commanded a fine price for several reasons. They supplied meat, and even more important, lard, and when cut up according to plan they could be packed on horses or mules very conveniently. The dark cloud over this particular silver lining was the fact that there was absolutely no demand for the spare ribs and back bones and they had to be thrown away.

There was a ready sale for most other farm products with the possible exception of grain which was too heavy to be easily transported. There was no great amount of wheat raised at the time, however, because it had to be harvested with a cradle and later threshed out by flail. The problem of fencing a sizeable field with rails was another obstacle. Time was to greatly alter the point of view with regard to wheat growing; and the change came 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 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 Willard, 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. They also split the shakes with which the structure was roofed.

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 flour 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 Jasper brothers built well, indeed, but none who knew them would be surprised, for they were recognized as master craftsmen, whether as millwrights, lumbermen, blacksmithing or woodcarving. Among the Lloyd heirlooms are some chairs which they whittled out and finished with rawhide, for being uneducated, when others were reading they were wont to be busy with jack-knives creating some serviceable article. The day may come when the mill will cease to be a monument to their skill, but Jasper Mountain, southeast of town will keep the name alive in the community for all of the fore-seeable future. Both brothers took up land here and Bill became a permanent settler. Andy Jasper later was killed in a cave-in at the mine in California where he and his comrades had Indian trouble years earlier.

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 latter at one time 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, Wait's Mill and 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.

With all of his ventures flourishing, A. G. Lloyd was tempted to risk a venture in the gold mining region of Florence, Idaho, but after reconsidering, abandoned the idea. It had been his intent that the wife and children should return to the home folks in Oregon for a stay. Mrs. Lloyd had other plans, however, and she resolutely set about carrying them into effect. 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, being just one 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 darned.

"Lloyd's House" thrived for nearly 20 years, and all

of the surplus went toward expanding the original holdings. Mrs. Lloyd saved every cent possible, storing the money in a little sugar bowl on the top shelf of her cupboard. She missed a chance to really "strike it rich" when a successful miner from the Volville region stayed overnight and stacked several well filled pokes of gold dust on the floor.

"You can have one of those if you can lift it" he invited, but though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak and the only dust the miner left with her was generous pay for his night's lodging.

Ingenuity provided other sources of revenue, one of them being candlemaking. For years Mrs. Lloyd furnished all of 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 money in that fund 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. The patents to this land were signed by Presidents Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, respectively. The years to follow would witness fine fields of grain ripening there, to be harvested respectively by cradle and flail, being trodden by stock and then winnowed, then reaper, binder, header and thresher, and lastly by combine harvester as man reached the zenith in the development of improved farming equipment.

During these years Mr. Lloyd "proved up" on his

homestead, being accompanied to Walla Walla on that auspicious occasion by several of his earliest Touchet Valley neighbors, Bob Kennedy, Martin Hauber, Jonathan Pettijohn, and George Pollard. The men acted as witnesses for each other and all were granted their land patents at the same time.

It was something of an milestone in the Lloyd anecdotes when on August 9, in the early 60's, after years of varying fortune, the ranch holdings were their own at last.

The years brought prosperity to compensate for the earlier adverse times. The Lloyd holdings increased until they owned 1000 acres of land 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 round-up netted 1000 head of horses bearing the Lloyd brand on the left shoulder. Since the main market lay east across the mountains it was necessary to drive most of the cattle back to Cheyenne, Wyoming, a trying journey for man and beast even though the animals were grazed slowly along the route to assure their arrival at the shipping point in good condition.

There was a constant effort to improve the type of livestock. Eventually widespread attention was drawn to this area, especially regarding horses. Some of the Lloyd horses were to win recognition, even in a region where classy mounts were an accepted factor, Little Buck and Norfolk being two outstanding members of the equine elite.

It was well that prosperity seemed to smile for the Lloyd family was increasing. Of the eleven children, nine outgrew infancy to assume the role of citizens in a land where bunchgrass pastures were rapidly giving way before the onslaught of the plow. It was but natural that a newer and larger house should replace the second home on the valley farm. A 12 room dwelling was erected and its construction might be said to mark high tide in the Lloyd fortunes. Their name was one which connoted both affluence and influence. A. G. Lloyd, a man of democratic principles, played a leading part in political affairs of the state. 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 4 times elected state representative in the Territorial Legislature, 1867, and was a delegate at the State Constitutional Convention. His interest in behalf of agriculture and education exerted a profound effect on the legislation enacted during those years.

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 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 ever since and will continue to contribute

increasing revenues to the institution.

Mr. Lloyd continued his friendly relationship with the Indians, often acting as interpreter and representative for them in their dealings with the pale-faces. He was equally at home among the natives or the ever increasing white settlers and for a time was employed in the State Land Office where his broad experience was of real service to the state.

Mrs. Lloyd was no less congenial than her spouse, as she became a member of the Eastern Star, the Rebekah Lodge, and the Presbyterian Church, in contrast to her husband's Methodist Episcopalian standing.

The even tenor of nearly 30 years, had rolled by with few discordant notes. There were years when crops were light due to the vicissitudes of weather and the terrible winter of 1889 riddled their live stock herds as had the one in 1861-62, but now firmly established by years of progress, recovery was much easier. One Indian War of prominence threatened to seriously involve the valley settlers but because they had for years maintained a high standard of conduct with regard to their red neighbors the event passed them by. This conflict was the so-called Nez Perce War which Chief Joseph and his branch of the tribe waged with the whites for possession of the Wallowa Valley, which had been guaranteed to the redmen by the treaties of Isaac I. Stevens. When encroaching whites moved into the region the Indians sought legal redress, and aid from the Army which was not forthcoming. Some of the wilder spirits among the Nez Percés took matters into

their own hands and made attacks upon the unwelcome settlers.

Seeing that his people were definitely committed to war Chief Joseph had no recourse but to assume his responsibility as leader, a post in which he won the acclaim of military experts everywhere, and even grudging plaudits were bestowed upon him by the whites whose over-eager land grabbing brought on the trouble. During the campaign which followed Joseph won the title of "The Red Napoleon", but his tribe eventually lost the war, this despite the fact that restless braves from many other tribes drifted away to join his forces. There in lay the peril for the Touchet settlers for if the Palouse braves decided to go on the warpath real danger lay immediately at hand.

Chief Joseph did not approve of these free lance warriors who chose to commit depredations in the name of his tribe, and the Nez Perce band was blamed for many outrages of which they were innocent. The volunteer braves were unwilling to submit to his orders and for the most part gave his cause a measure of disrepute. The courageous Joseph soon realized he could not hold his valley against the overwhelming odds of U. S. soldiery and frontiersmen. Encumbered by a tremendous baggage train, squaws, papooses, and all of their livestock began a masterly retreat by which he hoped to elude the pursuing whites and eventually reach a haven in Canada where the Sioux under Sitting Bull had found sanctuary the year before after wiping out Custer's detachment of Seventh Cavalry in the Battle of Little Bighorn.

The Nez Perce Chief's Indian name meant "Thunder-rolling-in-the mountains", and during the months that followed thunder rolled and lightning flashed as Generals Gibbon, Howard, and Nelson A. Miles vainly sought to corner the retreating redmen.

After roundabout manouvering which involved crossing the Bitterroot Range by way of the Lolo Pass and a dip into Yellowstone National Park, General Miles overhauled the fugitives in the Bear Paw Mountains just as it seemed they might make good their escape into the territory of the "Great White Queen". A bitter battle resulted in which both soldiers and natives paid dearly but Joseph saw that the resources of his people were rapidly being exhausted and that a prolonged battle could have only one result. He surrendered his rifle to General Miles, saying. "From where the sun now stands I fight no more against the white man". He was as good as his word. After years of exile with his people on an Oklahoma reservation he was allowed to return to take up land near Nespelem. If he was ever allowed to revisit the Wallowa Valley it was strictly without fanfare and there is no record that the whites were ever gracious enough to grant him that privilege. He became a successful farmer and stockmen, and lies buried in the Churchyard at Nespelem with a white man's gravestone and some Indian "medicine" articles both marking his burial plot. Thus he sought double assurance of reaching "the land of the hereafter".

A very sympathetic treatment of Joseph's case is found

in the story by the western novelist Ernest Haycox, entitled "The Man Who Looked Like Napoleon". Doubtless the great chief will remain an enigma for all future generations, for an Indian war in the pages of a book is much different than the experience gained by those on the actual fighting scene. Also, the point of view adopted by soldiers and professional fightingmen is in marked contrast to that of harried civilians fighting for home and family. Perhaps one factor involved, that of treaty violation, is the only item which can be determined without contradiction, and that lies beyond the scope of this work.

General Miles, riding high on the recognition of his success, won further distinction by capturing Geronimo, the broncho Apache chief who terrified the Southwest for many years, defying the efforts of every skilled commander who opposed him until the conqueror of Joseph appeared on the scene. Later the famed soldier served in the Spanish-American War. He has left a complete record of his campaigning while Joseph's side of the problem has been based on hearsay, bits lifted from prejudiced records and a scrutiny of such facts as still exist.

It is certain that a feeling of relief came to Waitsburg and its vicinity when the Nez Perce War was concluded. Hollis Conover, a long time friend of the Lloyd family had a rather close contact with the scene of action, his work having taken him to the Cottonwood section of Idaho just prior to the opening of hostilities, and again shortly after some of the bitterest skirmishes, for the redmen more than held their own in that region.

The hazards of Indian warfare could be more readily combatted than the troubles that the Lloyds were next called to face. In the early nineties came three successive years of trouble and misfortune. The huge new house burned with most of its contents. Unseasonable summer rains prevented harvesting and the grain rotted in the fields. Then a terrible grain fire destroyed another summer's crop. By a courageous struggle against odds the family managed to hold 400 acres of the 1200 which were at one time owned. In time additions were again made but by this time Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd were about ready to turn the reins over to the children and withdraw from the front in good order, Mrs. Lloyd kept title to 200 acres, as well as the 80 which she had obtained while operating the half way house. They owned a small home in Waitsburg and this became the headquarters for the pioneer couple.

Wes Lloyd was married to Miss Ina Boynton in 1909 and it fell to them to take over the burden of running the ranch when his parents retired that same year.

The Waitsburg in which the Lloyds took up residence was a vastly different place than the straggled cluster of claims which had dotted the valley in 1860. It boasted hotels, mercantile establishments, blacksmith shops, livery stables, every business that could hope to serve the interests of an agricultural community, saloons, churches, lodges and schools, the latter having blossomed handsomely from the impetus which William Smith had given to education when he opened the town's first school in April, 1865.

There had been a time when most of the town lay on the north bank of the Touchet, in contrast to its present position. The river had ever been a wayward stream, changing courses at will, and remained a truant until hemmed in by levees which were constructed as "relief work" during the dark depression years of 1933. Despite a willing fire department the town had twice been razed by flames during 1880, one balze coming in the spring, the other in September. Every rebuilding found the little city assuming a more modern air and it proved an entirely pleasant spot in which to spend declining years.

Here one could meet with old cronies and mull over the hap enings of by-gone days, or discuss politics, a live issue to those who had helped expand the civilization of our land and push back the frontier.

Talk would be of the exploits of trailblazer Captain John Mullan, who built a road from the head of navigation on the Missouri, at Fort Benton, overland to Fort Walla Walla, a route which was designed to supply that Northwest military base with material for the Indian Wars.

There might be much barbershop debate as to why the fate of Chief Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox was subject to so many different versions. It was somewhat beside the point since the Walla Walla warrior had been "good" for many years.

Exploits of the vigilantes, whose rigorous methods had done much to make this locality habitable in the early years, was also food for conversation, though in a rather

wary vein, since the personnel of those early law enforcing units was not definitely known.

The Lewis Neace ranch was also a topic of interest, since it was supposedly started by David McLaughlin, half-breed son of the famous superintendent of Hudson Bay Company establishments, whose headquarters had been at Fort Vancouver. The place was later taken over by James Dobson and James McKay, supposedly a stepson of Dr. McLaughlin and kin of trader Tom McKay of the John Jacob Astor expedition, who died in the ammunition explosion which wrecked the merchant ship Tonquin, killing Captain Thorne, practically all of the 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 the scene of some rather stirring happenings.

Jesse James was alleged to have spent a winter in the Touchet while he was on the "dodge", and this talk led in turn to the problem of whether Quantrell, the famous guerrilla leader in the Civil War was actually buried in Walla Walla. While recounting the stories of such characters the adventures of Hank V^ugn were certain to be mentioned since that 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 80's but no one ever proved anything on him in that respect.

The miraculous escape of Mrs. Charles Shaffer and her brother from the Indians who killed the children's parents was another epic, though that happened in the Burnt River region. The guilt was finally pinned on an Indian renegade named Bigfoot, and his followers. This 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 crimes and also implicated Joe Lewis, instigator of the Whitman massacre, stating that his companion had been killed during a stage holdup and secretly buried on the banks of the Payette River.

George Loudagin was another enterprising settler who built a small mill up Coppei Creek. Here he turned out a well known brand of corn meal, and also ground home grown castor beans into oil. Both of his products were in great demand for many years. The old mill has since been torn down, but one of the small stone burrs may be seen at the John White home.

Levi Ankeny, pioneer packer and soldier and later Walla Walla banker, who once owned First National, oldest in state, was another personage who achieved outstanding prominence, as did George Phllard, whose early cabin home stood in the valley until it was removed in 1946 to clear the way for an airport. The Drumheller clan was another group who were well known, and whose arrival dated away back to the early campaigns to wrest from the red man his broad holdings. Jesse "Curly" Drumheller

was the first of that name in this region but his sons, won recognition by their own accomplishments. Drumheller, Alberta, is named for Samuel, while the others remained in the Inland Empire to hew out their careers.

George Hunter, a famous Oregon Volunteer friend of A. G. Lloyd, who fought in several Indian wars, aroused considerable interest with a book which he wrote in collaboration with a newspaper man named E. J. Burk. This volume, entitled, "Reminiscences of an Old Timer", covered a very interesting period in Northwest History and Colonel Hunter made the most of his adventures. Much of the actual writing occurred while the old frontiersman and his assistant were in winter quarters at Grange City on the Snake River! Somehow the book never "took" with the reading public to any real extent but all of Hunter's friends bought a few copies just to help the cause along, and as a source of information or argument.

The old days must have been good days in their way, for certainly no one seemed anxious to let their memories die, and the young hangers on found themselves absorbing a fund of historical information in a comparatively painless fashion when the veterans retraced campaigns or re-fought hard won fields from Wallula to the Snake.

Not all of the talk dealt with sensational adventures, as can be judged by the foregoing. Business men had played important roles in the past, Anderson Cox, pioneer sawmill man; Martin Weller, miner; Preston brothers, who took over the mill from Sylvester Wait, and added to their revenue by fattening hogs on the offal from the flour

mill, thus selling both pork and flour to the Idaho miners.

There had been the Rice and Montgomery Cattle outfit, which ranged from Pomeroy to Wallula, running 15,000 to 20,000 head. Drovers would come through the country buying cattle, building up herds to market in Cheyenne. When it was necessary to add to the roster of 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 which they drove 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, pioneer Kittitas cattleman and author of the book on Indian wars, "Kamiakin," was well known to the Lloyd family, as were Ben Snipes, whose herds ranged in the Bickleton country, and Ben Rosencrantz who operated in the territory around Pasco.

"Doc" Williard, who once owned most of the land on which the eastern part of Watsburg is now located was another person whose doings were preserved in various stories, as were those of William Smith, the town's first school teacher. He launched his pioneering educational venture in April, 1865, and later became a merchant and postmaster.

Josephine Corliss Preston was another Waitsburg teacher who gained even more distinction in her chosen profession, for she rose to hold office as State Superintendent of Public Instruction during the years 1913-29. Her assistant was another Waitsburg teacher, Mrs. Albert Dickinson. The precedent for Miss Preston's high position had been established still earlier by C. W. Wheeler who served as Territorial Superintendent of Schools in 1881-1883 and later bought the Waitsburg Times, which was published by his family from 1878 to 1942.

While these educators were achieving prominence Mr. Lloyd had opportunity to note the succession of buildings which housed their efforts. The city made use of no less than nine buildings over the broad span of years, including the old Academy which filled a very important niche in the promotion of culture until the development of increased interest in public secondary schools led to development of increased interest in public secondary schools led to development of a four year high school here.

One early school teacher, who held forth at nearby Bolles Junction, was to assume a stature of national importance and influence the future of America in a definite way. In the early 80's a young man named George Norris taught school at that site. He had few pupils and was able to peruse his law books in spare time, of which there was an ample supply, since there was little to do except shoot the woodpeckers which threatened to demolish his flimsy wooden sanctum.

Mr. Norris eventually returned to his home state, Kansas, and as Senator from the state he waged a campaign for liberalism and honesty in government that has earned him the right to be designated a statesman, rather than a politician. Norris D^m, key structure in the TVA program on the Tennessee River, is one monument to his memory but there is no memorial to show that he was once a Touchet Valley authority, unless it is the memory of him that is retained by a few residents who were his scholars in that long gone day.

Another resident of long standing is Dr. R. E. Butler, born in southern Oregon in 1856. He, too, ventured in school teaching, and enjoyed practically every experience possible to a pioneer before he prepared to practice medicine. Dr. Butler lived at Fort Simcoe when that strong point was still an important factor in the control of Indians whose anger at the palefaces sometimes led them to forget past defeats and take to the warpath again. He has seen or taken part in every major trend that has transformed a raw frontier to an integral part of the nation.

Recounting the early days kept life interesting for Albert Gallatin Lloyd, as did the no less stirring events of his later years, for he saw his country emerge as a world power following the Spanish American War of 1898. Waitsburg was capably represented in that struggle by Company K, composed of more than 100 of the community's finest. Company K came back laden with laurels, but with ranks decimated by fever and enemy bullets.

The Klondike Gold Rush, occurring at approximately the same time, must have aroused nostalgic yearnings, but the far adventures were for those who were young in body as well as in heart.

If one wished to get away from town for a few days or weeks, Thayer's sawmill on the South Touchet provided an adequate place for an outing. This pleasant spot was about twenty miles from Waitsburg on a road that led over Jasper Mountain past the site of homesteads which Mrs. Polly Jasper and her sons Bill and Andy, mother and brothers respectively of Mrs. A. G. Lloyd, had taken up there. Once on the summit the road led down the bluff to the stream, and here was as delightful a summer camp as one could wish. The wives and children of local business men spent weeks here every summer. Each week end the men would come out with supplies to supplement the catch of fish which some of the youngsters would be certain to land. Every day some of the parties would journey back over the ridge to the Jake and Clem Keve place for fresh eggs and milk.

On the fourth of July there was sure to be a gala picnic and all-round celebration. A dance platform was built and received a heavy patronage every Saturday evening and holiday. On one occasion a sudden storm arose and a heavy tree was blown down across this platform. The dancers escaped injury and several of them manned cross-cut saws. In a short while the tree had been reduced to cordwood and was stacked aside out of the way. By that time the wind had subsided and the dancers went back

to "rug cutting", if a strictly new expression may be applied to the old time dancing. People then sometimes went farther afield for their fun, but none ever had better times if we accept the views of those whose opinions are based on first hand experience at the Thayer Mill camp grounds.

Mr. Lloyd lived to see the World War I begin. With his broad experience he must have foreseen that America would eventually have to take sides. When it did, Waitsburg youths, again prepared themselves to bear the brunt of battle, but he did not live to see that fateful hour arrive.

The numbering of his days came to an end and Mr. Lloyd passed away at his home on January 5, 1915. Of him a former colleague in the State Legislature, Mr. Masterson, addressing a joint session of the House and Senate, spoke as follows: "His best monument will be the good report he has left behind--him. He exemplified by his pure and honorable life and teachings of the Golden Rule and unflinchingly evinced a piety that will long be remembered as the best of profession."

Mrs. Lloyd survived her husband many years, taking a keen interest in all that occurred on the ever-changing American scene. She was featured in several newspaper feature articles, most of which were based on experiences of the past, unfortunately, only a few of her experiences ever became matters of written record. The Waitsburg Times, the Walla Walla Union Bulletin, and the Toxoma Times were some of the periodicals which related her pioneer experiences to the reading public. One essay on her life won first prize in competition sponsored by

the American Legion, the theme being, "Our Heritage". Helen Lloyd, great-grand-daughter, was the author of the sketch.

In this account we learn of a particularly harrowing experience Mrs. Lloyd encountered during the Nez Perce War. While visiting a sister in Oregon she learned that Chief Joseph had gone on the warpath. Hurriedly hitching a team to the wagon she handed the reins to a young man in the party and then wielded the whip all of the way in a frantic dash to what is now Bingham Springs. She and her baby spent the entire night in the backroom of a saloon that was crowded with settlers who had flocked there for protection.

Despite a most interesting past Mrs. Lois Jasper Lloyd by no means lived in it. The problems of the community and the accomplishments of the present were as stirring to her as had been the challenge of building a pioneer home on an untamed frontier. Almost to the last her determined spirit enabled her to care for all the chores of housekeeping unassisted. Just before her passing on Sept. 25, 1930 "Grandma Lloyd summed up her philosophy, likening herself to "The Old Oaken Bucket." Remembering the sturdiness of that vessel, its dependability and the stimulation it brought to people who were toil worn and wary, her words were considered entirely apt by the ones who knew her best.

"I hung on a long time before the iron bound bucket rose from the well," she said, but for the ones who were left behind the time had not been nearly long enough.

Of the 11 children born to Albert and Lois Lloyd, nine reached maturity.

John Clavin became a farmer and blacksmith.

William Ray, known as Tony, became asstockman.

George Martin, named for the old neighbor Martin Hauber, was a railroad employee and later a meat market proprietor. He served Waitsburg as Major, school board member, connilman, and was prominent in county politics.

Albert Andrew, better known as "Skook", was a famous rider and trail boss. With borthers John and Tony he made thecattle drive to Cheyenne, and also took part in the Need ringhouse drive to Canad a. His prowess as a buckaroo won him a spot on "Buffalo Bill's" wild West Show, along with Bill Ireland, from Oregon.

Charlie, who died when comparatively young, was a ranch hand and cowboy.

Wesley, who has always resided here, and who kept the home ranch going while the others were free to try their fortunes elsewhere.

Gilla, Mrs. C. C. Mellinger, who now lives in Tocomo, and whose research is responsible for much of the material in this tory, now owns most of the old home place.

Ralph, who has farmed and resided here.

Angeline, (named for Princess Angelina, daughter of Chief Seattle) who married Fred Aldrich and lived on a ranch north of Waitsburg.

Time has laid a toll on this once extensive family and at this writing, January, 1947, only three, Gilla, Ralph and Wesley survive.

O,,r narrative from now on will deal primarily

with Wesley Lloyd and his family, since he operated the holdings when his parents retired, after several years of what might be termed "apprenticeship" of learning how to keep the farm going by doing it.

Wes was born in 1871, and his was a vigorous boyhood.

There was very little formal schooling, in fact it is rather hard to extract a definite attainment in the elementary grades from him. Wes does admit going half a day on one occasion, to pinch hit for his brother who was sick, and mentions that during his youth school was apt to be pretty much a winter affair. Despite possible lack of textbook ritual he seems to have acquired quite an education in some fashion and to have mastered the lesson suggested by Kilping in his poem, "If".

Though he may have been out of school he never became a juvenile delinquent for father Lloyd saw that he put his hand to the plow at the ripe young age of 9, and there it remained, figuratively speaking for the next 40 years. Ranch hours from four in the morning to darkness do not leave much time for bubbling over in the prankish manner that confounds modern parents. The natural transition from this early "breaking in" was to be expected, for his life from boyhood on had been one continuous training in responsibility.

As a small boy choring around the half-way house he had learned to meet and readily establish congenial relationships with people in all walks of life. He numbered among his acquaintances several of the more renowned among the "mountain men", Stephen Meek, Joe Meek and the celebrated Jim Bridger. Both of the latter had daughters perish in

in the Whitman massacre. There were others, too, of a similar category.

From his earliest years Wes had been accustomed to the heavy-bearded frontiersmen he saw so frequently. His own father had a hirsute adornment on his face second to none, and every Sunday he devoted considerable time to washing, combing and braiding that beard. The braids were tucked inside his shirt collar, leaving only the outer fringe for general display, and few of his friends ever really saw his face until in later years an attack of eczema made shaving a necessity. It happened that Henry Spaulding, the famous missionary, was another who tarried at the Lloyd's "Wayside inn". Wes prepared to find something distinctly different about the Rev. Spaulding but at first glance it was not in evidence. His beard was as ample and flowing as that of any frontiersman and he was stalwart and confident of carriage. Then he doffed his hat and the boy quickly discovered at least one distinction, for the zealous missionary was as bald as the proverbial egg, the first such case the boy had ever seen.

Wes knew Elize, and young Henry Spaulding, who once operated a ranch near Prescott. He was also acquainted with some of the survivors of the Indian uprising at Waiilatpu, including Catherine Sager, whose brothers John and Francis were among the first to die in the massacre.

John Sager, when only fourteen, was famous for bringing his brother and sisters through the Blue Mountains to the Whitman Mission and temporary safety, after their parents had died and the immigrant train had left the children behind.

John's adventures have been the theme of at least two well known books, "On To Oregon", by Honore Wilson Morrow, and "The Valiant Seven", by Netta S. Phelps. His story was also featured in a radio production on the Cavalcade of America during the fall of 1946.

One of the Sager girls, the baby Hannah Louisa, died of measles and complications resulting from lack of care immediately after the savages had completed their cruel deed. The graves of the Sager children and others who died at Wailatpu can be seen near the original mission site a few miles west of Walla Walla.

During most of Wes's boyhood days there were endless streams of packers and freighters bound to and from the Kamloops, Pierce City, Caribou, and Orofino diggins, or others that developed from time to time. The pack animals were in many cases mules, with an old bell mare out in the lead to toll them along with their burdens. The freight wagons were heavy, strongly built conveyances pulled by three to eight teams, depending on the road conditions, which were precarious at best. The men were rough, hard handed fellows for the most part, but they could take an interest in a wide-awake lad, especially one who was handy and liked to be around them and help.

Even more dashing than the freighters and packers were the stage drivers. They used fine horses, usually part Morgan, hitched to colorful coaches. Their mission was to speed passenger service and they did so in spite of crude roads, inclement weather, and hazards both human and natural. To Wes there could never be another reinsman quite on a par

with Felix Warren. Efect and pridedful as any soldier, this veteran "ship king" could tool a hitch of four or eight horses in a matchless fashion and make the job look easy. Wes often obtained free rides when there was ample room, and a fine friendship developed between the mature driver and his young pal. Warren's career as a stageman was remarkably free from hold-ups at the hands of road agents, accidents, or other undue delays. Warren also sa w service as a scout during the Nez Perce War. The veteran, clear eyed and distinguished looking to the very last, was well known throughout the N_rthwest until his death in 1937. Wes Llloyd hoped to have a last visit with the old frontiersman, but when word came that Warren was apparently traveling the trail that led over "the last divide" he was unable to reach the final beside. Through all of the years that intervened, however, the two had never lost contact, regardless, of the ventures that occupied their attention.

As for the Indians, that camp "right" in the cottonwood grove was much exercised during the yough of all the Lloyd children. The atmosphere of a full fledged encampment, with all of its color and sound effect, was an ingrained part of childhood. It led to a feeling of fellowship for the redmen, and a sympathetic understanding. There would be times when the trib s would be on the trail, bound on trading missions to other villages, or away to dig camas and cowas, which supplied an important portion of the native diet.

If the watermelons were ripe one could safely count on a visit from the red brethren, for though the Indian appetite for watermelon is not so highly publicized as that of the southern Negro, it is equally impressive. Having obtained

the customary invitation to "help themselves", for no Indian ever paid Lloyd's a cent for apples, other fruit, or watermelons, the buck would lead the way to the patch and help themselves", for no Indian ever paid Lloyd's a cent for apples, other fruit, or watermelson, the buck would lead the way to the patch and help pick out a load. It was always the task of the squaw, assisted by a tote rope around her forehead but otherwise unaided, to transport the burden back to camp, no matter what the distance.

If Wes did not entirely appreciate the attitude of Indian men toward the women he could at least appreciate their qualities in other fields of human conduct. They received from him many favors, and they returned the compliment sooner or later. Let him but show an interest in a basket, hat, water-bag, buskskin, garment or something with an exquisite beadwork design and it was apt to become his property with scarcely a word of comment. This involved some understanding of Indian nature because it was almost certain that later on he would be called upon to reciprocate in what the brave considered a satisfactory way. It might be a gift of food, clothing, or some utensils, and it might involve bailing a redskin out of the calaboose if he had found the means of taking on an unduly festive mood. As a result of this exchange Wes Lloyd today owns what is probably one of the best of Indian relics to be found anywhere outside of a museum, including: elk teeth, precious stones, pipes, skinning knives, arrow heads, bead work, vests, head-dresses, bags and containers of every design, baskets, gauntlets, belts, photographs of Indian friends,

and a varied assortment of odds and ends that bely description. One of the most interesting is an unusually shaped stone called an "elk-gun".

This so-called "elk-gun" was a rather unique weapon, but practical withal. Before the white man brought his powerful weapons into use among the Indians one way they had of killing large game was to dig a pit somewhere along a game trail, and then cleverly disguise it. When an elk tumbled into the pit the hunters would bombard the unfortunate creature with the elk-gun, merely a stone with a thorn tied to it so the marksmen could haul it back for another "shot" if the first one missed.

Among the Indians acquaintances of the Lloyd family there were many distinct characters. The names of a few would serve to reveal what A. G. Lloyd bequeathed to Posterity when he negotiated his first local land deal with Big Thunder. This Indian Sachem, wise leader of the Palouse Tribe, had dealings with Colonel George Wright and Territorial Governor Issac I. Stevens, though he did not sign a treaty. Much of his life was spent in the vicinity of Lyons 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 when Big Thunder passed on. Jack's outstanding achievements were in the realm of whiskey drinking and poker playing, so Big Thunder arranged that he never should become leader of the Palouses. In our own

time we recall another Jack, "Cactus Jack" Garner of Texas, one time vice-president of the United States, who was branded by the opposition as "as a whiskey drinking, poker playing, evil old man". Some one must have been quoting Big Thunder's opinion when he vetoed "old Jack" as his successor.

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 declining years white friends rallied to his support, and many a gift of food came from the Lloyds, Pettyjohns, 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 the Old Bones wearing this shirt, and he was 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 Lyons Ferry.

Another Indian acquaintance, Sam Fishwr, 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

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 girl with a tremendous cargo of watermelons. "Pokey", he said, "you ought to be ashamed to load Tootsie and Alice so heavily. Take some of those yourself, and carry them."

"Umph," said Pokey, "too hebbic--me!" and he gallantly led the way back to the camp ground to enjoy a 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 ideas, 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 Waitsburg Wes Lloyd helped them procure a big stock of groceries. To carry the

philanthropy farther he arranged to have the load hauled back to Lyons ferry. A nephew, the late Marvin "Pinky" Lloyd, who had also donated, agreed to drive them home in his pickup. Susie expropriated 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, this daughter of Old Bones was a remarkably skilled worker and many products of her ingenuity are numbered in the Lloyd 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.

Erenst Johnley was another well esteemed red friend. His acquaintance dated from the time when the river bank camp site was a populous place on through the days of automobiles, and at the time of this wrightn 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 partially 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 young Indian who died when only 35; Old Chandler, 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 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 warpath and joined Chief Joseph's band. After participating in several skirmishes he was taken prisoner. He was snet far away as a punishment. It is possible tht he was one of a 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 hight, guided by a sure instinct, he made his way overland, provisioning himself the best way he could. On one occasion he "borrowed" a shepherders 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 a dusky rider halted by the Lloyd gate to receive a greeting from West.

"Hello, Five Sack!"

"Me no Five Sack! 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 Perces 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 tothers 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 time on the Umatilla Reservation near Pendleton. He became a Medicine Man among his people and then took the name of Star Doctor.

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

Wes Lloyd, George Lucas all same brother to you, I Big basket, 1 woman from Celilo, skukim basket, worth \$10,00, you send me \$5.00, that is all I want from you. The woman stop here 6 days ago, hurry up \$5.00.

Star Doctor.

Hargreaves Library
 Eastern Washington
 College of Education
 Cheney, Washington

Other Examples:

You send me \$10.00, 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 \$15.00. you all well, you can send letter back here. My sister and papoose good well, no sick. All papoose good well. 2 house Indian dance pretty soon Chinhook come.

White man, way sie, 5 horses in his pasture he wants \$10.00 to get them out and you sent \$10.00, I ketchum horses. I will pay you in April, 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 bruied. 1 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 Wes good man good papoose, no sick, are there lots of corn and potatoes at Waitsburg to gather, I like to work with potatoes, 1 Indian man died on Jmatilla Reservation. All Indian good well now. Lots Indian go to Yakima, Washington, lots Hops, Pendleton. Lots of Indians.

You hiup send me \$10.00, me ketchem skukum, Indian bag, me send to you. Woman wnts \$15.00, 1 little bag, heap nice. Indian woman sick, to day go d nice day, chinhook, Lots of Indian hi up Chinhook winds, now. Peter's House they dance for chinhook. All Indian good well on Umatilla Indian Reservation. When you ketchum letter hi u send \$10.00

You send me \$5.00, one woman way sie, basket, \$15.00, you send \$5.00, I am broke, hiu quick, nead money had, If you raise lots of corn me to Waitsburg, may not planted yet. My Niece and sister all good well no sick. Are your boys good well? and wife and you alla well, now. One Indian go to jail house, Portland, Oregon. He hi u fight woman, now in Jail house Portland, Oregon. One Indian cloied, he died. One woman name palousewoman, died, me little talk.

I herewith hand you one Indian bag, \$11.00, bag, 1 woman heap fine bag. All sugar and flour gone, you send me \$10.00 Send to Pendleton, Oregon, right a way. Bag in separate cover.

All my neices good well no sick. May be me 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 hurry up me go to work.

May be 2 weeks more me go to Moses Lake. Me like to borrow \$10.00, Moses, Lake Moses Lake ketchum little shack, me go to Moses Lake, All Indian good well. Me mine 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 same brother to you, 1 big basket, 1 woman from Celilo, Skukum Basket, worth \$10.00 you send me \$5.00, that is all I want from you. The woman stop here 6 days hurry up \$5.00.

No money, now may be in April, Ketchum money, you loan me \$5.00. Will pay you in April, 1930 \$5.00, you loan me now. My sister and papoose al good well no sick. All same lots of Indian no sick. May be big Xmas at Cayuse, Oregon. im Calalli chief may be at Cayuse Xmas. White man Pendleton all well. You ketchum hiu come back. y u woman, papoose all well.

4 Umatill a Indian died,. I do not know thenames, 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 lit le dog, pretty me ketchum money, \$5.00.

Wes Lloyd, Old Man's Boy, me loosem shoes, at my house, a cross the crick, at my House. You ketchum, and I get them when I come back there. 4 Indians dead on Umatille Reservation. Totanic big Cal died. Tomoch and PaPa and MaMa dead. Yellow Jack Woman mabe deat and mabe halo. all my sister neice and good well, no sick, Mountain Snow, none in valley.

Toolock, Boy's wife died last night. Luby's woman, died. All rest good well. Big rain now snow. Stardoctor, good well, and my sister and papoose, You send me \$5.00, will pay you April, next year. Send him right a way. Write 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 onformed that your mother, died is that so. Write me and let me know. All Indian go by Yakima, Wash. You loan me \$5.00, pretty son \$10.00. 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.

-*****

Wil you take a beaded Bag, or an Indian Bag., for what I owe you, Now if you do not want to take the Bag for themoney I will send you the \$10.00. 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 1 Indian purse, \$8.00., 1 Indian sick, all the rest are well. 1 Indian he freeze to death in mountains. My sister and Niece, well my house no sick. I hope you and woman and papoose godd well, 1 chief Yakima, Indian he died, Emanie Pilacki, he died he chief. My nice man sick, hue, Lots of Medicine pretty soon Mamalocs, his name Yeamautt.

I herewith hand you 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. Tie man Til icim, sick. All my house good well no sick. Big snow in mountains. No xmas. Write me at Pendleton, Oregon.

Sir I herewith hand you \$5.00, borrowed from you some time ago., many thanks, all good well my sister a nieces, no sick.

So end the Chronicles of George Lucas, Star Doctor, or Five Sack. Every attempt has been made to copy faithfully the spelling, punctuation, and general expression of the original typewritten copies which were addressed to Wes Lloyd, Wess Lloyd, or the Old Man's Boy between the years 1923 and 1930. We find ourselves visualizing this old warrior who wielded a rifle in the Nez Perce uprising of 1877 as he calmly dictated this collection of epistles to his typist. We begin to realize some of the steps by which the Lloyd collection was accumulated. Reading between the lines we see an aged Indian, once the pride of his tribe, fighting a stubborn battle against old age, hardship and grief, forced to call time and again upon a friend, no, a brother, for aid to tide him along until fortune should smile again. There is abundant reason to believe that no call ever went unanswered.

This 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 though that at different times he must have had at least 25 wives. The gullible reporter accepted this figure at face value and 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 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 shoulders 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 outrival the best effort of any fiction writer. He was buried by the Walla Walla tribe near Cayuse, Oregon, 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 Bluffs Indian who worked as a cowpuncher for 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 Sam 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 the 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 immediately noted the platter heaped with delectable biscuits, for which he seems 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 own words:

"Wes, me plenty hungry, takam biscuit, White man talk to his spuds. Wes, me puttem biscuit--back."

On anothr occasion Sam was on a deer hunt and brought down his quarry across the Canadian line. The Mounted Police caught him and he was hailed before the magistrate. Pasco Sam elected to be his own lawyer and he pleaded his case with eloquence and guile. He said tht the deer had been wounded in the United States and that he had trailed it across the boundary all unknowning. He was of course fully within his 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 thrown an imaginary rifle to his shoulder before continuting the narrative, "but, Wes, me SHOTTEM 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 saddle of one Jack Smith, well known to the Lloyd family. Sam claimed the horse belonged to his friend, Wes, but Smith, edither 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 know 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 once prevailed on Mrs. Lloyd to bake enough 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 they came to the Aldrich ranch. Mrs. Aldrich (Angelina Lloyd) knew the Indians 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 message. Sam took advantage of his visit to talk Mrs. Aldrich out of a stylish dress which he wanted to give his 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. Triumphant bearing his gift the old buck made his way back to camp, and returned presently to report:

"all right, ---one side! No much left on the othah!"

A hearty laugh and wide flung hands completed this account.

Another anecdote serves to cast further light on the old fellow as a subtle 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. They 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 carefully prepared ambush in Whitebird Canyon. The immediate results were also similar for the boys were too astounded to even make an attempt to conceal their consternation and the entire group retired from the scene in great confusion.

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 is 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, No put horses in pasture, too much money. Run horses on hills. He is living at the dam on the Yakima River about eight miles above Richland.---. He says you 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 Nespalem to ask a storekeeper how to locate the red 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 then 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 had brought them so 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 Doctors personal technique, it is only fair that Pasco Sam be granted the same privilege, as follows:

Mr. Low Loid, Waitsburg:

Dear Friend Low,

I am at 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 8 days in all the Salmon Run at Keller is light this year. They are not catching many The watter is to low I will close
Your friend

Pasco Sam

The next message is 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 version of the "Chinook Jargon", for the words are on stationery of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and were sent to Waitsburg.

Pasco Sam, Care of Wesley Lloyd, Waitsburg, Wash.

Hi you man; No ketchum money for klick klack telegraph Red Star Nespelem two Moons April 19. You say squaw sick oom oom very sore stop springs two weeks big medicine klick klick to Red Star, no money, you pay, No ketchum money when you pay. 50¢.

Tick Tack Klick Klack Man Waitsburg, Washington

The next missive helps clear up the matter.

Wes Lloyd, Dear Friend:

Will you please pay the 50¢ that I owe the man mentioned above. I haven't decided whether I will go to hops or to your home. I will pay you the 50¢ 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

There we perhaps have the origin of another article in the Lloyd collection, one of the elaborately designed vests. We may be sure that Sam was as keenly aware of the obligation to his friend as he was of the debt he owed the Tick Tack Klick Klack Man (Telegraph operator).

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 but there was no mistaking the sincerity. Sam explained his belief to Mrs. Loyd on one occasion.

"When people die they are put in the ground. One day the world will come to an end, then 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 20's and was buried on the Colville Reservation near Nespelem. His squaw survived him by several winters, 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

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 fought 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 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. Will keep her forever, alright, because she is awful poor to be kicked out. I know it ain't 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 them mountains its five feet deep, and ain't even melting yet. And don't know when it will melt. Goodby. I am your friend.

Willie Simpson

The foregoing letter was 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.)

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

She 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. Lloyd gave Pasco Sam.) also let me know the news of important what kind of a 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 unraveled. Letters still come, old friends still travel through Waitsburg 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. It is quite unlikely that any known to the Lloyds today were ever upon the warpath, except through the medium of the courts, as the "Charley Simpson" letter partially indicates.

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 and try to incite the peaceful natives to ally themselves with Joseph. These braves would stop at the Lloyd Halfway House for meals and to feed their horses. Usually they would be followed in a few hours by white scouts intent on keeping the Indian renegades under surveillance. The scouts would take places at the table so recently vacated by the redman, and after eating, and allowing their horses a rest, they too would resume their way. Fortunately no clashes ever occurred, but the whites were under orders to avoid skirmishes so long as hope remained that peaceful negotiations might be concluded between General Howard and the Nez Perce leaders.

The leader of one party of Indians had an especially fine bow. It was approximately four feet long, shaped from hackberry, decorated with tassels, and in every way a marvel of craftsmanship. The back of the bow was reinforced with deer sinew, glued to the wood in some fashion that added

and try to incite the peaceful natives to ally themselves with Joseph. The braves would stop at the Lloyd Halfway House for meals and to feed their horses. Usually they would be followed in a few hours by white scouts intent on keeping the Indian renegades under surveillance. Fortunately no clashes ever occurred but the whites were under orders to avoid skirmishes so long as hope remained that peaceful negotiations might be concluded between General Howard and the Nez Perce leaders.

strength and suppleness to the weapon. After watching the Nez Perces practise and display their marksmanship during the noon hour, Wes bargained with the redman and bought the bow for a dollar and a half. The warrior and his followers rode away to encounter whatever fate had in store for them in the stormy months to follow, and the young white boy was never to learn any more about the bow than the article itself revealed. Whether some especially wise Nez Perce fashioned it, or whether it was the result of trade with tribes beyond the mountains in the "buffalo country" has never been decided, and never will. This bow, one of the most prized in the Lloyd collection, disappeared later on, under circumstances that pointed to theft on the part of a hired man. Though Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd have given away hundreds of their Indian souvenirs to friends and to young people starting collections, the one relic they would have parted with most reluctantly vanished without a trace, a by-your-leave or a "Thank you."

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 cavalcade 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, Jedediah Smith, the pioneer missionaries, Gov. Isaac I. Stevens, and the poet Joaquin Miller, author of the celebrated poem, "Columbus", once served as a dispatch bearer in this region.

This list could be extended indefinitely, John C. Fremont "The Pathfinder", Kit Carson, Colonels Steptoe and Wright, "Cherokee Bob" the gunman, and a grand succession of Indian Chiefs including Lawyer of the Nez Perces, always a friend of the whites. As the boom at the mines continued a tremendous volume of traffic rolled along that once famous thoroughfare borne in freight wagons and stagecoaches as well as on the backs of horses, mules, in a few rare cases camels, and on the sturdy shoulder of hundreds of Chinese coolies who found a ready use for their Oriental type of transportation. Today scarcely a sign remains to mark the route of that old native highway: a few ruts in some of the wheat fields, an occasional hard packed strip which refuses to yield to the plow, places along the streams where the bank was shoveled away to permit the approach of vehicles, and occasional relics turned up by field machinery are all that remain to indicate the men who passed that way. The town of Coppei Falls, previously mentioned, was an important way station along the trail and numerous articles have been uncovered on the site of that long vanished settlement. 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 partners 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 Walla came to 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.

The destruction of their thriving industry nettled Bill Bunton and his comrades into a few rash acts, previously mentioned, and they retired from the scene with some haste. 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 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. The reasons are obvious. The Indian took 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. The vales and ravines were commonly choked with trees, brush and varied undergrowth. A reasonably steep slope was no serious obstacle for a travois or pack animal, with the coming of the white settler and his cumbersome vehicles, all attention was turned toward seeking the easier grades, and they followed the streams generally. The newcomers built their homes near an abundant water supply, also, and the cabin dwellings became like beads on a string as the roads gradually developed, connecting the increasingly numerous homesteads. The historic route had outlived its usefulness by the 80's and vanished beneath the furrows as one of the significant changes that were sweeping the country.

After the building of the mill by Sylvester Wait, it was later taken over by the Preston Brothers, Preston and Parton, and then Preston-Shaffer interests, but it gave decided impetus to the wheat growing industry. The coming of the railroads stimulated that phase of agriculture still more, for the local flour processing plant did not provide sufficient market for all of the grain which could be produced and the long haul by team to Wallula was a prolonged task that could not be looked forward to with any real enthusiasm. Dr. Dorsey Baker, of Walla Walla, was the first person to attack the problem of improving transportation to fit the needs of the farmers. Under his promotion a narrow gauge railroad line was constructed tying Walla Walla and the river port together. As the task of obtaining steel rails was a difficult assignment to meet, the track was at one time formed of timber and shod with strap iron.

When the supply of this was exhausted strips of green steer hide were nailed to the planks and served with some degree of efficiency. During a severe winter, however, the famished coyotes gnawed the hide away completely, leaving the cars to bump along over the still protruding nails.

The small locomotive was brought by river boat, with Indians hired to help transport it by hand around The Dalles. What the savages thought of carrying an "iron horse" can better be imagined than described. Possibly they wondered if the means they used on their own ponies when the little animals balked might not have been worth trying. They must have been more than ever convinced the idea would have been worth trying at Wallula when the engineer fired up the boiler for the first time and the stubby little engine snorted away on its initial run.

Dr. Baker's experiment attracted the attention of the big railroad interests and in 1881 the first railway train was operated over the newly completed branch of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, now the Union Pacific

This was the climax of an impressive construction job which saw 600 Chinese laborers imported to handle the rock work. This group camped near the site customarily occupied by the Indian village on the Lloyd property, When both yellow and red groups were on hand there was always the possibility of some excitement, but the hottest time occurred when the straw ticks in the Orientals camp caught fire. The flames made a clean sweep of practically all possessions of the unfortunate laborers. Incidentally,

one of the conflagrations which burned out Waitsburg started from the pipe of a stupefied Chinese opium smoker, so the misfortunes were hared upon a somewhat even basis though after that, the town became fire conscious and set about organizing an efficient fire department.

During construction of the railway right-of-way many Indian graves were revealed, extending from Bolles Junction on past Waitsburg. The hill north of town had evidently been a popular burial site, for many were unearthed there, during railroad excavating, and still later when the city reservoir was built. Some of the bodies found near Bolles may have been those of warriors who died in the encounter with the "Oregon Volunteers", but at any rate enough relics were found to enable many families to start private collections had they so desired.

At this same time a railroad line was extended over the hills north to Starbuck, thence down the Tucannon to the Snake River. This route branched off at Bolles Junction, explaining the name of that place. Near Alto it was necessary to build a trestle about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long over a deep gulch. This structure collapsed in 1894., resulting in severe injury to several men. The gap has been overcome by an earth fill. From Starbuck a branch line was also extended to Pomeroy.

All of these projects required much hand labor in addition to a big demand for teamsters. Business boomed in the rapidly growing town of Waitsburg, in fact the city of that decade was able to boat a large population than the present, and more business establishments, despite

setbacks caused by a yellow fever epidemic in the 70's and a serious outbreak of smallpox in the 80's. The town's numerous saloons, of course, did an especially thriving business, and the big day of the railroad building era, the day headlined by the arrival of the number one train on July 7, called for a special celebration that all but rivalled the events of the Glorious Fourth just preceding.

Liquid toasts were of course in order, and then free rides to Dayton and back were offered through the courtesy of the O. R. & N. Officials. To Dayton "and Back" was the literal truth, as the train did have to make the trip in reverse. This proved exceedingly unfortunate for on the return trip the cars collided with a range bull who saw fit to dispute the right-of way with this new monster that was invading his bunchgrass home. The consequences were immediately fatal to the bull and two men who were riding as passengers, while two others were seriously injured. The opening of the railroad thus became a much more impressive occasion than had been intended. In 1889, when the Oregon and Washington Territory Railway, today the Northern Pacific, but then known as the "Hunt Line", was completed through town, local enthusiasm did not wax quite so feverish.

The year 1881, which had witnessed the inauguration of a new transportation system, also saw the village where the streams unite take on the full responsibilities of an incorporated city, with provision for police and fire protection, as well as all other measures dedicated to

the protection or uplifting of society. These were not the only changes of note. As the farmers gradually revealed the productiveness of the land the "big" cattle growers began to worry about holding on to 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. His 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 that field crops were to replace the cattle industry. Those with ambition 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-emptions. 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 appalousie ponies were not of a 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 60's 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 his animals proved to be sensational, to name just a few: Steamboat, Johnny Moore, Trifle, Sally Goodwin, Glass-eye, and Maggie Thompson. The LaMar spread also boasted the possession of Jim Miller, a peerless quarter horse who still ranks as tops in his class with a record that 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. Though dead for several decades, Jim Miller is still a very live memory to most of the earlier inhabitants of the Touchet Valley and they can become as enthusiastic today over his speed as they did years ago when their money was wagered on his nose. The fact that he was not a thoroughbred and therefore ineligible for registration counts for nothing when balanced against his all-round class and performance.

A few years later Jim Trask could brag about some outstanding horses: Vanderbilt, Bankroll, Roley Poley and Kitty Vgn. These animals perhaps reflected the desire of the ranchers for high class mounts, but they also led to a pronounced interest in running and harness racing. Naturally this called for a track of some sort. The

rising settlement tried various locations, one west of town in "perkin's Lane", another on a site between Coppei Avenue and the cemetery, a third on a plot between the grade school grounds and the present track, and last of all came the Days of Real Sport Arena. Early in the 1890's this course was developed by private individuals. It was obtained for use by a riding and driving club, of which Wes Lloyd is believed to be the only surviving member. Gradually the use of the track, generally recognized as one of the best in the Northwest, was broadened until it became the scene of many outstanding racing meets.

Along with the improvement of racing facilities came a lengthier list of famous thoroughbreds: Sugar in the Barrel, Sir John Henry, Ben Hutchinson, Hugh Morre, Huckleberry Ben, and in comparatively late years, Georgie Drum and Sirde, good horses all.

Wes Lloyd has long maintained an interest in horses and in racing. His father, A. G. Lloyd, despite his southern origin, did not entirely approve of the latter, and it was necessary to employ considerable strategy when entering "nags" at the various racing meets which enlivened the spring and summer months.

There came a time, however, when the Lloyd name was known the length and breadth of the Pacific Coast. That was when Wes owned Utillus, a speedy competitor who could click off a half mile in 45 1-5 seconds, and frequently kicked dust in the faces of the best at Juarez, Salem, Walla Walla, Tia Juana, Agua Caliente, Bay Meadows and Elsewhere. The career of this fine Thoroughbred ended

at the old Spokane Interstate Fair Grounds after he had been sold. Rounding a bend in the track, Utillus crashed into a gate which had been allowed to swing inward, and was so mangled that he had to be destroyed.

Old's Eight was another Lloyd horse that brought attention to his owner and community. This racer was unusually successful on northern tracks and to this day holds the Canadian mile and one fourth record. A poster featuring this fast stepper was commonly used to advertise the racing meets held in Canada. In addition to entering horses of his own in races, Wes Lloyd was for many years associated with the Walla Walla Frontier Days as a member of the Board of Directors. He also served on the board of Days of Real Sport, Incorporated, Waitsburg, and it is to the credit of this latter association that there has never been a mortgage on any of its property, and the ventures have ordinarily returned a substantial profit, which has been invested in further improvements.

Harness racing also claimed numerous devotees in this locality, and as a result some outstanding horses and trainers won recognition.

Best known, probably were:

Bonnie McKay--trainer Charlie Wilbur
 Kid Riley-----Rock St. Jacque--trainer (Fred Aldrich owner)
 Lou Dillon--owned by Charlie Bowman
 Cayuse Molly--Lou Schell owner
 Park Line--Joe Fontaine.

It is readily apparent that the Indian cayuse had little standing in such equine society as has been recently listed, and neither was there a place for him in the heavy field work that came with the increased growing of wheat.

Margieaves Library
 Eastern Washington
 College of Education

The ranchers had a preference toward heavier animals, Belgians, Clydesdales, Percherons, and Shires, or some cross that would include a strain of Morgan blood. The hairy hoofed Clydes and Shires found some disfavor, the latter due to weak feet, and the better dispositioned Percherons were generally rated high in popularity. There were farmers who preferred mules, but every one who lived out of town was united in one respect, and that was in the need for good driving animals. The community teemed with fast roadsters, and driving as well as riding horses were gaited so that a reinsman could practically "shift gears" while traveling along the road. It was dangerous to show off a favorite steed at his best or some spectator was apt to ask you to "name a price". Even replying with what the owner considered was an outlandish figure was no guarantee, for the interested party was very apt to counter by writing out a check for the amount and take over in less time than it takes to tell.

The emphasis on fine horseflesh led to staging annual horse Shows on Main Street, a celebration that rivalled the Days of Real Sport as a drawing card. It took some spirited competition from tractors and "tin-lizzies" to crowd these gala attractions off the roster of worthwhile civic events.

A typical Wes Lloyd comment was to the effect that no one ever passed him during horse and buggy days, and that with the advent of the automobile it seems that every one passes him.

Wes Lloyd's farming activities centered around the

growing of wheat, as livestock industry with its round-ups, long drives, small scale rustling, and other incidentals, was giving way to grain. Barbed wire now enclosed fields that had formerly known nothing but rails, or sod and ditch barriers. These sod fences were interesting, practical, and quite efficient. Some of them still exist, though not much in use after the passing of so many years. They were especially effective on hillsides. The builder plowed several furrows, cut the sod into slabs, and piled the pieces up to form a barrier. The height of the sod wall, added to the depth of the furrow, was enough to discourage all but the most stubborn of animals.

Different varieties of wheat have at different times reigned as popular favorites, the most prominent having been: Little Club, Red Chaff, Bluestem, Squaw Wheat, Club 128, Jenkin's Club, Hybrid 143, Federation, No. Name, Both spring and winter types have found favor, the practice of summer following being largely responsible for the value of the latter.

At the greatest extent the Lloyd operations required the employment of about four hired hands on a year around basis, and 36 to 40 during the 45 day harvest season. Wes Lloyd and Marcus Zuger harvested together for 18 years, using headers and stationary threshers, powered by a steam engine. The field labor invariably consisted of a crew who worked in the woods during the winter and the wheat fields during the summer. The same men came back year after year, an indication of satisfaction on the part of all concerned.

The first steam engines had to be hauled by horses to the site of threshing operations and over some of the slopes this was no easy assignment. Later tractors had their own motive power. The earliest makes of machine commonly used for harvesting included: Hodge headers: Buffalo Pitts threshers, and Case tractors.

Wes Lloyd engaged in wheat farming for 45 years, enjoying a few bumper crops of 40-45 bushels to the acre, contenting himself with lighter yields of 20 bushels, and experiencing all of the hardships and perils incident to the industry, especially the northwestern wind which used to cook the wheat in the summer, and freeze it in the winter.

Sharing in these ventures and contributing her full part was Mrs. Ina Lloyd. She was educated in the Huntsville United Brethren Seminary, and graduated from the Waitsburg High School.

Huntsville, placid little settlement, after once rating high as a prospective county seat, seemed to abandon all desire to gain distinction in size, and concentrated on becoming a good place for its citizens to live. Saloons have never opened there, and the early emphasis on education was continued into the present. Huntsville today could be mentioned as one place in the state where water-power operates the equipment in a wheat warehouse. The valley between Waitsburg and Huntsville, (and well beyond, contained a large acreage of apple orchard, and other fruit as well, but Mrs. Lloyd made the transition to the fields of amber

grain with no discomfiture.

When Wes had first come calling on her, behind his team of fast stepping roadsters, neighbors and friends had teased Ina no end, reminding her of the affinity between the Lloyd family and the Indians. They warned her that she would have to become accustomed to Indians in the house at all hours and that there was no telling when the "massacree" would start. She was not long gaining experience in separating the wheat from the chaff, so to speak.

The Indians did come and go, and some of their ways were very upsetting, but the time soon came when Mrs. Lloyd felt as much at home with the red neighbors as did her husband. She was accepted by them in a manner quite befitting, and the only uneasy occasions were those when some native managed to get hold of some "fire water".

One of these "warriors" came to the house one day and asked for some vanilla extract. Mrs. Lloyd said there was none in the house, that it had all been sent to one of the ranches some miles away, where themen were then working. As the Indian turned away he noted a barrel of vinegar on the porch and asked if it was cider vinegar. There was nothing to do but say yes. He then asked how much for a quart, and when Mrs. Lloyd named an exceedingly steep price he was undaunted. Scooping out a jar filled he mumbled, "Me pay Wes," and staggered away. Atleast, if the high price had not kept him from buying, the stuff was sufficiently potent to lay him out in camp so that he did not come and bother again.

Another somewhat inebriated redman once came to the

screen door latched. The thumping sound brought Mrs. Lloyd to see who the visitor was. The noble red man seemed to feel hurt.

"You no scare for me", he said reproachfully, "Wes my brother."

The squaws would come in, their moccasined feet making no sound, and Mrs. Lloyd would open a door to find herself confronting one of them who wished to borrow some sap-a-lil, (flour), or--with an armful of cloth, waiting to use the sewing machine. The Indian women possessed real skill as seamstresses, and they found ways to show appreciation. Sometimes they would care for the Lloyd children when household duties were pressing and the boys proved restless. This was only turn about, however, for Wes always made much fuss over the Indian children and kept the house stocked with candy especially for them.

He still smiles when recalling an Indian child, who came to the ranch. His own boys each had an all-day sucker, so Wes gave one to the little redskinned four-year old. The youngster mouthed the candy a couple of times, then "rared back" to look his gratitude. At that precise moment a big dog grabbed the sucker and stalked away with it. Indian children are supposed not to indulge in the luxury of tears, but this little fellow was on the verge of giving way. His white friend gave him another sucker and the boy headed for his camp, with the sucker safely tucked away in his mouth, looking back over his shoulder at the dog. His expression was anything but "poker faced" as he made his strategic withdrawal.

Mrs. Lloyd learned to accept the Indian ways to such a degree that she could watch them scooping out the heart of a mushy, over-ripe watermelon and devour it gustily, without a qualm. The same was true when they feasted on the rotted apples that they found in the orchard after a freeze. With the natives fruit was always in season. They would plant potatoes, if given some seed, then growing tired of waiting for the crop to come, they would dig up the seed potato, decomposed though it might be, and eat it.

It became no longer an occasion for surprise, when visiting a teppe, to duck through the entrance and straighten up, to find the place festooned with streamers of drying meat, together with lengths of cattle intestines or paunch. The situation was indelicate, from white standards, but Mrs. Lloyd had reason to believe that these Indians, before their association with white man and his ways, had lived up to a much higher standard. When his had been a land of plenty what reason would the red man have had for trying to make every possible item serve as food. As wards of the white men he had to eke out subsistence the best way he could, and the best was too often an entirely miserable one. When his horses and cattle were numerous life must have been vastly better.

The Indians and the varying fortunes of farm life were taken as they came. In addition to bringing along one wheat crop after another, the Lloyd's two sons demanded and received a just share of care and attention. These boys, Tony born March 12, 1915, and Milton born July 20, 1918,

were a source of pleasure and pride to both parents, and to the friendly Indians who still made their pilgrimages across country and took advantage of the age old camp right. The red neighbors took unusual interest in the little boys, bestowing on them every consideration that could possibly be due a "chief's" sons. They brought them presents, made toys, taught them the native language, the songs and legends of native folk lore, and gave them full fledged courses in doing the Indian war dance to the accompaniment of the appropriate chant and gestures.

The two little boys were as much at home in the Indian camp as in the family living room. Tony had a complete outfit, headdresses, moccasins, gauntlets, and suits of carefully tanned and beaded buckskin. At times it appeared their education in the Indian way of life might outshine the paleface course of study, especially in the case of Tony, who, being the oldest son, naturally rated a little extra prestige to the redman's way of thinking. When school days rolled around, however, both children proved adaptable to textbook learning as well as "the lore of fields and brooks", if we may quote Whittier's Snowbound.

Tony and Milton graduated from Waitsburg Central School's elementary classes, continued on through Wait-hi and its secondary work.

Milton's graduating class provided the school with an interesting souvenir, for the group brought in a stone from the former Calvin Lloyd place west of town. This

boulder was placed near the high school at the spot where classes pass each day going to and from Preston Hall. In honor of their Commencement year the students managed to chisel and numerals--36 on the boulder's hard surface, so that particular memorial seems destined to withstand the vicissitudes of time for decades to come.

Both Tony and Milton turned their thoughts toward college enrollement at the conclusion of high school work, with varying degrees of success.

Waitsburg, as well as every other hamlet in America, was vexed, about this time, by the problems inherent upon the great "Depression". Prices were low, work difficult to obtain, and it seemed all of the burdens which should have been spaced over the preceding "boom" years had been waiting to jump on Uncle Sam when he was down, if not yet counted out.

It has been stated that during periods of "depression" the biggest "gold strikes" are made. No "Mother Lodes" were discovered in the Touchet valley but in the past a few individuals had struck it rich in a manner of speaking, for every community has its story of a treasure trove. These dark days provided a good background for repeating the old tales. During the days when A. G. Lloyd had been active, a neighbor "Old Man" Atwood, who lived near Bolles Junction, passed away. Mr. Lloyd, in helping prepare the body for burial had discarded a heavy canvas vest, and threw it out on the woodpile. A few days later, while making a last clean-up 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 resewed. It was then discovered that \$3500 in bills was concealed in the garmet. Prompted by the idea that anyone who carried that much money on his person must have a great deal more hidden some where 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 for merely 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. In prying up one corner he loosened a rock which helped support the structure. When he rolled away the stone it revealed a kerosene can nearly full of gold pieces, \$20,000 worth. Bill familiar with the distrust which many farmers manifested where banks were concerned, realized the significance of his discovery and immediately resorted things to their former condition. The owner, however, knowing the cache had been located, merely told his hired hand to say nothing about it as he would find a new hiding place when he could get around to it.

The case of Bill Tillison is another that deserves mention since it is quite on a par with the two previously observed. Bill was a distinctly hard-shelled customer in every way. He seemed to have to have no friends. His "hang-out" was

a ranch on the 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 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, while 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. Bill's rage, when he found he had been duped, was a marvel of choice invective. The lady who operated the establishment came to have Bill "thrown out" but Wes now came to the rescue by declaring that his partner was showing as good sense as he had ever been known to display, and was really quite happy. This magnanimous gesture won little appreciation you may be sure.

During the bad years, however, a tract of land was up for sale which Wes wished to bid on. Old Bill came riding over from the Tucannon. He put up his horse, stayed over night and talked of various community topics. The next morning he saddled up to return home. Wes stood by to exchange a few final words, and then the full import of Bill's visit was revealed.

"Wes, he said, "They are going to offer that land for sale. I think you should have it. I've got \$13,000 that's

yours if you want it."

This was a windfall indeed, but as plans had already been made in regard to the place in question the generous offer was declined, but not forgotten.

Some years later Wes was informed that the old timer, who was at that time living on a ranch near W_olla Walla, was very ill. His comment at the time was, "That it must be some livestock disease as Bill would be immune to any human ailment". Nevertheless, he seized the first opportunity to make a trip and see his friend. Bill was in the bunkhouse, feeling pretty low, but still peppery enough to demand if Wes had made the remark about him having a "livestock disease." Wes admitted his guilt and took the "cus ing" which promptly followed. Bill then admitted that he was "pretty sick", and when it was time for the visit to end he would not let his friend leave. Wes remained with him all night, and charged with carrying out the last wishes of old Bill.

"Wes, will you put a flower on my grave?" the veteran demanded, and the promise was given, and kept. In fact it is still being kept for on each Decoration Day Wes Lloyd pays a visit to the cemetery and places a fresh flower on the last resting place of Bill Tillison. A tombstone also marks the spot, and rightly so, for when the "chips were down", the rugged old veteran had proved that beneath an unprepossessing and rough hewn exterior there lurked a very high quality of neighborliness and humanity.

Before departing from the discussion of money and incident pertaining to it, mention must be made of an interesting

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item on March 8, 47, regarding the Ralph Lloyds. The family dog, while busy on some important canine project, burying or else excavating a bone, unearthed a fifty cent piece. The coin was dated 1855, differing from modern pieces by being much thinner. The money was significant in calling to mind the fact that A. G. Lloyd came to the Touchet Valley for the first time in that year. The money might have been welcome indeed to an Oregon Volunteer during that hard winter on the site of the present Walla Walla. The dog's achievement may have inspired hope of excavating the "treasure trove" of some pioneer who hoarded his wealth by hiding it in the back yard but at the time of this writing no new "eldorado" had been announced. Still, as a souvenir of collector's item the four-bits alone represents a real "find", considering its intrinsic value and the "interest" it has created.

Stories of fabulous sums hidden in the most improbable spots served as a pleasant "escape" from the troubles of the day, but they provided a very weak antidote for the situation that everywhere prevailed. The true significance of the times can be noted when, for the first time melons from the Lloyd patch were sold or traded for groceries. They were still given away free to those who called at the ranch, and some of those "gifts" resulted in a surprise for several parties. Young folks would ride out to the home guildings and get permission to get a few melons. When told to help themselves the boys would pile a few

extra in the "flivver" and haul them to town. The storekeeper bought them, and knowing they came from Wes Lloyd, though in a most indirect manner, he considered it a huge joke, which he kept very much to himself until the watermelon season was over. That solved the most pressing financial problems of some juveniles, but for the older people, harassed with payments, taxes, interest, and the cost of supporting and educating families, the problem was much more serious.

The Touchet River contributed here, and again the assistance came indirectly. This turbulent stream, winding its way back and forth across the valley, has been inclined to change its course frequently. Evidences of this can be seen up and down its entire length. Farms have been cut up in a most ruinous fashion and the town itself has on numerous occasions felt the wrath of high water in the spring. When the full force of spring freshets strike the Touchet and Coppei Creek simultaneously the runoff has invariably been followed by serious consequences. At different times much of Waitsburg has been under water, with cellars flooded, floors covered with silt, furniture and finishings ruined. Lives have been lost during high water, and during the worst flood riders on surefooted horses or mules had to rescue some persons from their imperiled homes. Mrs. Mount, wife of a local doctor, had the most precarious escape of all, from her house near the Potlatch Lumber Yard, for at that time the city park and nearly all of that section was under 36 inches of water.

Thanks to a public works program developed to provide work for worthy citizens, the dynamic Touchet was harnessed in such a way that no further damage from that source is foreseen. Levees were built on either side, beginning near the east city limits, and extending to the city limits to the west. This project was completed in 1934, and while the danger of floods has been eliminated another trouble still exists, for the waters of the stream are always a rich chocolate brown after every rain, and there is no telling when a wall of silt may again divert the stream far above the levees and bring a fresh flow of disaster.

Most serious of all, that rich silt represents the toll paid to erosion by the fertile hills and productive fields of this region. Here the fault is not with the river, but it clearly reveals the problem faced by all local farmers if they expect to hand down a heritage to their children. This situation has become increasingly serious during recent years despite soil conservation work by government agencies and methods adopted by progressive farmers who clearly realize the menace. Action has been taken toward promoting a flood control project, combined with irrigation, for the entire Touchet Valley but such movements involve time, and meanwhile the river rolls the best land in the region away by the thousands of tons.

In due time, Tony Lloyd completed four years, at the University of Washington, majoring in Chemistry, and achieving distinction in R. O. T. C. work and in marksmanship with rifle and pistol. It was while visiting Tony during his school days in Seattle that Wes enjoyed a lengthy

visit with Professor Burd, and learned that A. G. Lloyd was given credit for making Seattle the University town.

Milton was less favored in advanced schooling for he finished high school just when the depression was at its worst. He attended Oregon State College for one semester, and also went to business college.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Lloyd gave up their ranching activities in 1936, with the exception of a place they still hold on Jasper Mountain. They came to Waitsburg to live in the little house that had been the last home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lloyd. After 38 years together, busy with the multitude of detail that is involved in keeping a farm on a going basis during "depression" years, it would be nice to leave this couple living in peace and contentment, but this story was written years too late.

In 1939 war broke out in Europe, and the holocaust spread until its falme of hatred seemed to engulf most of the world. On Dec. 7, 1941, Japanese bombs rained on Pearl Harbor, and on bases in the Philipines, and the conflagration was upon the United States.

The trail of the Lloyd family, which we have followed from England to America, down through the decades, now leads on past the site of the old halfway house, and continuing its westward course extends far out across the Pacific.

There is a tiny island called Corregidor. It is unnecessary to repeat here a story that will live through the ages like the fight at Thermopylae, the defense of Malta, and the battle of the Almo, Tony Lloyd, like

others in his family during the past, was among the first to be called up when war had seemed imminent. It seemed like the workings of inscrutable fate that in the last hours of that rockribbed fortress, the commander and one of his officers should be sons of men who had known each other well in better days back hom, Captain Wainwright, Wes Lloyd: General Jonathan Wainwright, Lt. Tony Lloyd. Officers and men alike had become expendable, and the surrender of Corregidor found the largest American Army laying down its weapons, in the history of our nation. The story of the "Death March" and prison camps is too well known to repeat here, and the following story from the files of the Spokesman-Review suffices to give the Lloyd family's connection with the disaster, providing at the same time a brief summary of the life of Tony?

"For Mr. and Mrs. Wes Lloyd, pioneers of this community, a weary period of alternatè hope and despair, extending from Wainwright's wurrender on Corregidor to V-J Day and the months immediately following, came to an end with the advent of the Christmas holidays in 1946. A telegram from the war department informed them that their son, Lt. Tony Boynton Lloyd, died in a Japanese prison camp on January 7, 1943.

Born March 12, 1915, at the family home west of Waitsburg, Lt. Lloyd as a small boy played among the Indian teepees which dotted the traditional camp site near the ranch buildings.

The Lloyd family was one of the first to settle here. Curiously, Wes Lloyd once sold a horse to "old" Capt.

Wainwright of the cavalry when he was stationed at Walla Walla. By coincidence Wes Lloyd's boy later served under Captain Wainwright's son, General "Skinny" Wainwright.

Esteemed by the Indians as being the oldest son in a family whose friendship dated back to the 1850's, Tony acquired much native lore, various buckskin garments, numerous headdresses, and the ability to carry on ceremonial and war dances long before he reached the proper age for entering elementary school.

He attended the Central grade school here, graduated from high school, and completed four years at the university of Washington, majoring in chemical engineering. While there his natural skill as a marksman won for him signal recognition. Equally adept with rifles or revolvers, a painstaking artist who loaded his own ammunition, Lt. Lloyd was prominent in rifle team activities during his entire university career.

He was a member of the rifle team that won national collegiate honors and the Hearst trophy in 1936. He also won the individual intercollegiate rifle championship in 1938. As a representative of the university he competed in the national rifle matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, winning top honors for his R. O. T. C. team and qualifying for that highly coveted position, a place on the President's Hundred.

Called up with other reserve officers in August, 1940, he reported for duty with the coast artillery corps at March Field, California, and a year later was transferred for duty in the Philippines, at Fort Mills, Corregidor.

That he was taken prisoner there was strikingly revealed

on the screen of the Waitsburg theater when a newsreel prepared from captured Japanese war films was shown. One scene featured several American prisoners, hands in air, awaiting the next commands of their guards. The parents were positive one of the captives was their son, and when a special reprint was made from the film any lingering doubts were removed.

It was thought that he later escaped. Consistent rumors had him serving with Filipino, and later, Chinese guerrillas, where his resourcefulness and skill with weapons were being utilized against the common foe. Now it is known that following the surrender he was variously at Bilibid prison, Cabanatuan, and finally Kokura, Japan, on Shokuku island.

His death there was due to malnutrition, but of the events during the preceding months it is thought nothing further will ever be made known, except by survivors, or through later War Department releases.

Lt. Lloyd, now established as the first Waitsburg man to die in the service of his country, was affiliated with Tau Kappa Epsilon, was a member of the national military honorary organization, Scabbard and Blade, the Ammonii Socii, a chemistry professional honorary, and the Masons. He is survived by his parents, and a brother, Milton Lloyd, recently discharged from the army, and now residing in Walla Walla.

So ends the story of the Lloyd family's journey along

the westward trail, except to say that in the weeks that followed there came from the War Department the notification that a Silver Star had been awarded the lost son for his valorous conduct during those days of grim trial. In due time the parents received the award. There came, too, a buddy who had been with Tony much during the last days, but his story can scarce add to this account since the story of Jap atrocities has been much publicized, and the Lloyd spirit during adversity has been revealed throughout these pages.

Following the war Milton Lloyd was mustered out of the Army, after four years of service. Married, he resides with his wife in Kirkland, where he is employed by the Kirkland Real Estate Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd live on in their home, and red man as well as white still find a hospitable welcome awaiting them. One Indian, who was taking a census of the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation, was quite interested to find Mrs. Lloyd making the farm census in the Waitsburg vicinity.

Alice, niece of George Lucas, and previously mentioned, has found an occasional opportunity to re-visit her friends.

Though it has been long since Indians in any number used the ancient camp site, during the days of gasoline rationing some of them found themselves stranded in Watisburg because of car difficulties, and they knew where to seek aid. They found the "friend of the Indians" still on the job. One of the Indian travelers was a very old lady, almost entirely helpless, but her grandson and his wife showed her every courtesy and consideration that would have been

expected of white people. Civilization as we think of it is catching up with the redman and the day is coming when he will know the old ways no more.

It would seem that Wes Lloyd is just about the last link binding the old roving days of the past to the more responsible present. It was certainly significant that after having given aid and counsel to so many Indians in the past during the dark days of their trouble, when his oldest son was lost during the war there was no message from any redman. It is obvious that the older natives who knew the cottonwood grove, and who delighted in instructing the white "chief's" boys, have all passed on. The younger generation of natives also took part in the great conflict, and they want freedom from their role as wards of the government. They wish to go and come when they please, and for a camping spot they will prefer a hotel or motel. They wish independence instead of a dole and may yet achieve it.

Happily, the Lloyd name seems destined to carry on. There are still several members of the family living at Waitsburg. Another branch of the family settled near Colfax in the early days, helping to establish that settlement. Descendants still survive there.

Members of the Jasper family settled in California and still keep that name going. At one time 40 acres of land where the city of Los Angeles is located was their property.

It is not the least surprising to find the name of Lloyd still connected with pioneering ventures. During

a recent Commercial Club meeting a paper was read regarding development of the Touchet River for irrigation purposes. This document revealed that the first appropriation of water on record in this valley dated back to the Civil War. It was by Lois H. (Jasper) Lloyd, living near the town of Delta, (Waitsburg), for the year 1863, and was for one acre. How that gopher mound garden must have produced then, and still a bright future remains in store for it. That land by the old Half-way House is the site of a very recent pioneering venture, one that may in its way rival some of the others launched there.

During recent years part of the ranch had been operated by the late Marvin "Pinky" Lloyd; Following his death the widow, Calla Lloyd, continued to manage the property. Late in 1946 a deal was closed with the Pictsweet Foods, Incorporated, which will result in the land being set to asparagus. This crop, if successful, is going to make a very material contribution to the prosperity of Waitsburg, giving the town an extensive payroll to supplement the ones derived from pea-canning, wheat, and livestock. It means a more comfortable living for every settled resident of the community, and will be a special boon to many workers dependent upon part time employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Lloyd, in retirement with the exception of the ranch on Jasper Mountain, which occupies some of their attention during the summer, are always willing to display their collection of Indian relics, pictures, and files of interesting news clippings which reveal the growth of the Waitsburg region.

Wes can recall at will numerous tales of the rugged old days, many of which have been recounted here. His list of acquaintances harks back to many of those who were chosen "pards" of his father, and includes Charles Sprague formerly superintendent of the local schools, who later became governor of Oregon. He is accepted as quite an authority on matters of local history, and if not possessed of the exact information wanted, he can name another person who does have it.

Neither Mrs. Loyd nor Wes dwell in the past except when the time for questions and answers arrives. For the former there are lodges and service clubs to be combined with the tasks of home-making. For the "Friend of the Indians" everything that concerns his home town is of live interest. He can ordinarily be found in the vicinity of Main Street but his interest and knowledge is by no means centered there, for he personifies the character in Kipling's poem who was charged with learning to "walk with kings, nor lose the common touch". Wes Lloyd has been equally at home in Indian tepee and home of the rich and influential, and that implies a broadness of view that Main Street alone can not impart.

Only a scant few of the covered wagon pilgrims remain to answer roll call, and their ranks are being rapidly depleted. In his admittedly brief schooling it is unlikely that he ever had much opportunity to think about formal poetry, attention in those days being somewhat concentrated on the three R's and the A, B, C's. We are inclined to believe, however, that Wes's story knowingly or otherwise,

has been the theme of one outstanding poem in American Literature. Summing up his relationships with white, yellow, and red neighbors down through the year, it would seem that his life experiences parallel the words of Samuel Walter Foss who wrote:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road.
And be a friend to man".

Gone are the last of the Oregon Volunteers, the fur traders, the packers, the prospectors who followed the lure of gold into every corner of the Northwest. Departed also are the freighters with their ponderous wagons, and the fierce red warriors of the bunchgrass hills. The bunchgrass, too, is practically a thing of the past. To the discerning observer it seems that the hills themselves may follow in the wake of all that has gone before.

The dust of many years has settled over the last traces of the halfway house and it would be a diligent seeker indeed, who could find any evidence of that crude but kindly hospitality where every traveler was made welcome. A new era and age is developing the Touchet Valley, bringing with it problems to confront those who are prepared to accept the challenge of "A new frontier". The success of these moderns, however, will depend on how well they have interpreted the lessons of the past. The most imposing objective is that of guaranteeing a permanent peace. Hope of attaining that ideal course stirs the pulse until it seems to echo like the pound of hoofbeats along the old trail. Perhaps these pages will contribute toward that end. This much is certain. While the name of Lloyd endures it will provide ample testimony

that once upon a time men of different race lived side by side, learned to reconcile their differences, shared common pleasures, work, grief: exercised toleration, fullfilled mutual obligations, ever played the part of a good neighbor, and regarded each other with that decent respect which is the highest attainment of humanity.

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