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If a principle is involved in this Mississippi situation, then, as David Lawrence so rightly and sufficiently pointed out, the whole subject of the legality of the 14th amendment, as well as the Supreme Court decision based on it, "should be opened up for trial after 94 years of tragic silence by the Supreme Court of the United States." This matter of school integration was never put up to the States for a decision, knowing that the Southern States would probably never ratify it. It is one of the slickest deals ever pulled off by a powerful lobby group in the politics of our country. The naked military force shown in the little town of Oxford, Miss., poses the question "What has become of State rights—of State sovereignty—of the very cornerstone of our country, and the basis of the name, United States?"

The real neglected minority is the American Indian, the first and true American, because his voting power is weak and unimportant. This whole integration problem is for political purposes, for votes at home and to try to win over the Afro-Asian block in the U.N. In spite of all the high-flown moral reasons given, votes are the real basis for the deplorable situation * * * but at what cost in prestige abroad and at the risk of open rebellion among our own people. It will take a long, long time for the wounds of this new-Reconstruction to heal.

The Chief Joseph War

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. WALT HORAN

OF WASHINGTON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, January 28, 1963

Mr. HORAN. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Appendix of the RECORD, I am pleased to include a very interesting article reprinted from the winter, 1963, issue of Montana, the magazine of Western history, written by Rowena L. and Gordon D. Alcorn, of Tacoma, Wash. Both Dr. and Mrs. Alcorn have been deeply interested in the Nez Perce Indians for more than a quarter century and Mrs. Alcorn is internationally famous for her paintings of outstanding Indians of the past and present.

This story concerns Sam Tilden, a nephew of Chief Joseph, one of the oldest survivors of the famous retreat in 1876 of the Nez Perce from central Idaho through the Lolo Pass, down the Bitterroot Valley of Montana, thence southeasterly into the general area of Yellowstone Park and then north, heading for the Canadian border. This retreat is sometimes referred to as "the Chief Joseph war." Many colorful sidelights are set out in this account of this famous retreat in which the Indians, although greatly outnumbered, were successful in many pitched battles and, in fact, were never defeated until the last battle which occurred in northwestern Montana east of the Rocky Mountains. The Indians thought they had reached Canada when the troops, under Gen. O. O. Howard, caught up with them and Chief Joseph,

because of the exhaustion of his entire band, was forced to surrender.

The article follows:

OLD NEZ PERCE RECALLS TRAGIC RETREAT OF 1877

(By Rowena L. and Gordon D. Alcorn)

"Under a buffalo skin robe, I was sleeping soundly in our tepee beside Chee-Nah my grandmother. Suddenly a rifle shot, then neighing of startled horses roused us. Chee-Nah rose to peer out and a bullet pierced her left shoulder * * * blood streamed from the wound as she pushed me from the tepee crying, (Suhm-Keen run to the trees and hide.) I raced up the slope as fast as I could * * * bullets kept whizzing past clipping off leaves and branches all around me. I was very afraid * * * soon some other boys joined me there and we watched trembling at the awful sight below. Our tepees were set afire and our people shot as they tried to run for cover in the timber."

Thus recalled our aged friend Sam Tilden, whose Nez Percé tribal name, Suhm-Keen, means "shirt on." We visited him again last summer (June 1962), and he was telling us boyhood memories of the historic Battle of the Big Hole on August 9, 1877. Tilden was 10 years old when he went along on that tragic retreat. Five nontreaty bands of the Nez Percé Nation were forced to flee their homeland in what was a part of Washington, Idaho, and Oregon, to seek sanctuary in Canada, "Land of Redcoats."

After they had crossed over the Lolo Trail of the Rockies, the tribesmen hoped they were safe from pursuit by Gen. O. O. Howard's U.S. Army forces. So, exhausted from their arduous trip (encumbered as they were with old men, women, and little children) they at last stopped to rest at Big Hole, which they called "Is-Kum-Tse-Talik" (Place of Ground Squirrels).¹

Scouts should have been sent up the pass to be sure they were not being followed, but in the council of chieftains, Looking Glass vehemently insisted that it was not necessary: "Montana people our friends." This decision that speed was most imperative was to cost the Nez Percé many lives.

Lulled into a false sense of security, they made camp. Tepee poles were cut, squaws dug camas bulbs, and soon roasting pits to cure them were smoldering. They would need as much of this nourishing food as they could prepare for the long trek to Canada. Two camas bulbs and two kous roots could sustain one for a day.

Tilden continued his account of the battle: "About 4 a.m. before dawn, one of our old men, Nata-Le-Kin who had poor eyesight, heard the ponies stirring restlessly up on the hillside where most of them were hobbled. It was a chilly night, so he drew his blanket around his shoulders and rode up to investigate the cause of that disturbance. Colonel Gibbon's troops were hiding up there ready to attack the sleeping camp, when Nata-Le-Kin appeared. They shot him and the report of the rifle roused our encampment and our warriors rushed from their tepees to do battle. Many of the tepees were set afire by the soldiers, who shot our people as they tried to run for cover in the timber. The first warrior to be killed was Rainbow (Wah-Chum-Yus) who had always told us

that if he had to fight before dawn, he would surely be killed."

It was not yet light when the battle started. Five Wounds (Pah-Kah-Tos), lifelong friend of Rainbow, had made a pact with him that they would die on the same day as their fathers had died many years before. When Five Wounds saw that Rainbow was slain, he deliberately walked out into the enemy fire and died. Tilden also saw other great warriors killed: Red Moccasin Tops (Sarpsis-Ilp-Pilp), Shore Moccasin (Wah-Lit-Its), Woodpecker (Woo-Kaw-Kaw) and Circling Sun (Wet-Yet-Mas-Lik-Leinen).

In spite of the surprise attack, the Nez Percés were able to drive off the enemy, and even managed to capture the one howitzer hidden in the timber. Then, while a number of warriors held the troops pinned in rifle pits, the other tribesmen buried their dead. Then they hastily fashioned travois from poles of the unburned tepees. On these they placed the wounded and left the sad "Place of Ground Squirrels," and again headed toward Canada. Riding on fast ponies, the fighting men joined the others when they made a camp after traveling "one sun" from Big Hole.

The name of this place they called Tak-Seen (The Willows). Here Ollokot's wife, Ai-Hits-Palo-Jam (Fair Land) died of the wounds she had received the day before. She left an infant baby, Husis-Ow-Yeen (Wounded Head), whose Indian name was given to him from the severe head wound received at the battle, had tallied the dead at Big Hole on his buffalo drinking horn: 63 had been killed, 32 of them men. All the others were women and children. There was much grieving and wailing in camp that night.

Sam Tilden was born in 1867 when his parents were camped on the Musselshell River during a buffalo-hunting trip. His father was We-Ahch-Chech-Kan (Packing Blankets), his mother Ka-Too-Cham-Miyah (Horse Chewing Grass Noisily). The name of Samuel Tilden was given to young Suhm-Keen by a teacher, Frank Kettenbach of Lewiston, Idaho. The names were frequently given to Indian children by teachers or ministers.

Chee-Nah, Suhm-Keen's grandmother, was the sister of Chief Old Joseph, and she was known as Martha Joseph. The wound she received as the attack at Big Hole started, gradually healed during the retreat. She was captured at Bear Paw and taken prisoner with Chief Joseph. She returned to Lapwai where she died after the war, many years later.

"During the early summer of 1877," Tilden remembers clearly, "we were camped on the bank of the South Fork of the Clearwater River, not far from the present village of Stites, Idaho." After the Battle of White Bird Canyon on June 17, 1877 the Nez Percé moved up onto the Camas Prairie and then down to the South Fork of the Clearwater River (Koo-Koo-Kie). There they made a camp in the sloping meadow directly across from what is now known as Battle Ridge. There, Tilden's family joined the other tribesmen.

On July 11 and 12, a band of 24 Nez Percé warriors, led by Yellow Wolf, Ollokot, Wottolen, Peo-Peo-Tholekt, Rainbow, Five Wounds, and others, held off the Army forces along this high promontory. Meanwhile salvos from the two howitzers landed in the Indian encampment. Finally it was decided that their camp should be moved for safety, and so the Nez Percé headed for Kamiah while the warriors held the soldiers on the ridge. The last to leave was Yellow Wolf, who helped Springtime, Joseph's young wife, to mount

¹ Located on State Highway 43 in western Montana, the spot is now marked by a monument maintained by the National Park Service. It is 12 miles west of Wisdom and 21 miles from its junction with U.S. Highway 93. Shallow, grassy trenches and many battle-scarred trees remain as evidence of the historic encounter here.

turers, and to materials producers. I know your organization can be counted on to offer helpful and constructive comment. And you can be sure your comments will be given careful attention.

Hereafter, the book will have final review by AASHO and will be voted on by the States. I am hopeful of seeing the final product before the summer of 1964. Then we will have a complete and modern guide specification book for the construction of highways. I am confident it will lead to what we aspire among the State specifications—standardization, simplicity, and uniformity. It is an objective that will help all of us.

While I'm on this subject I want to tell you that the Bureau of Public Roads is fostering a greatly expanded research program, on its own and with the States. One important research area is better quality control in highway construction.

I don't mean restraints, either. But we have a great need for a scientific approach to sampling and testing. In the end, it will mean less interference with the contractor; and assurance that materials and methods are checked out before it is too late.

One final word, for the future. When one tries to look 100 years ahead, one wonders what kind of transportation systems we may have, perhaps radically different.

But, for a somewhat lesser range, we must remember that planning for, say, 1980, is already on the drawing board or in the thinking stage. The United States will be even more urbanized then. But I cannot foresee drastic change in the shape of our cities or in the forms of our transportation.

By 1980 we may have some forms of automated highway in the development or try-out stage. We will probably have more rail transit in our very largest cities. I certainly expect much more urban bus service, perhaps some of it in little local buses, such as are to be tried out here in Washington, as well as express buses running on special or reserved lanes of freeways.

But the public is unlikely to forego, by 1980, its great desire for personal mobility. We will probably have additional mileage of freeways in the Interstate System, financed by Federal aid or otherwise, and thousands of miles of primary highways will be rebuilt to higher standards; thousands of dirt roads will be surfaced.

In our lifetime, you need have no fear of running out of a market for limestone.

In closing, once again I express my gratitude for the award you conferred on me last night, and I appreciate this opportunity to talk with you.

Your organization has cooperated fully with us and with the States, in the past, and your help has been very real. I know we will continue that friendly and useful relationship.

the State of Maryland, which I feel deserves the attention of this body:

IS OXFORD THE REHEARSAL OF THE TAKEOVER?

(By Katharine Phelps Close)

Well, the sound and the fury seem to have quieted down for the time being in Oxford, Miss., and I have been watching for some reply to David Lawrence's cogent article (Oct. 3d) on the "tragic silence" concerning the validity of the controversial 14th amendment to our Constitution, but I have seen none so far. Therefore, I am impelled to add my few words that may help clarify the Southern point of view to some readers who may not be familiar with the Reconstruction era in American history. As a Southerner from the State of Maryland I had ancestors who fought on both sides of this terrible conflict—brother against brother—and one of my grandmothers was from Mississippi, so I was raised on stories of the Old South and the terrors of Reconstruction. They lived through a crisis not unlike that which happened recently in the Congo.

The Southern people can never forget. But through the ensuing years following the horrors of the Civil War they have tried to work out a decent solution to the Negro problem, giving the Negroes equal but separate facilities which were improving with every year, and they lived side by side in peace and mutual respect, until lately. (Had Abraham Lincoln not been killed, his plan was to send all the freed slaves back to Africa to settle Liberia, a name derived from Liberty, and whose capital is Monrovia, so called for our patriot James Monroe of the famous and now forgotten Monroe Doctrine.) As a Southerner, but a non-professional one, I am proud of it, and I feel it is unfair that the brutal subjugation of the Southern people following this war has been glossed over by historians (Northerners most of them. Surely the basic sin was slavery at all, from which the Northern slave-traders profited handsomely.) There is an old proverb which so aptly says: "The past foretells the future."

The War Between the States ended April 10, 1865, after 4 bloody and terrible years. The 14th amendment giving citizenship to the freed Negro slaves was first proposed June 12, 1866. By July 28, 1868, the prostrate former Confederate States were forced by Federal arms to ratify this amendment, and it was a shocking and brutal scandal at the time. The 15th amendment, giving the freed slaves the right to vote was put into force in March 1870. (The American Indians were only franchised in 1924.)

In those days following the Civil War many of the Governors of Southern States were Negro puppets put in power by the Federal conquerors, and their legislatures were a rabble of white renegades and newly free black men, many of them illiterate. The intolerable situation created by the Federal victors in the South during the Reconstruction, as it is called, gave rise to the Ku Klux Klan (since shamefully degenerated) but which was, in those days, a respectable organization made up of white gentlemen in an effort to protect their homes and their women against barbarism. These Southern white men had been stripped of all they possessed, their homes and plantations had been burned and property destroyed or confiscated (stolen) by the swarms of carpetbaggers from the North—and by roaming bands of bewildered free Negroes used to a paternalistic way of life and who, faced with the responsibilities of freedom and of earning their own keep, resorted to pillage and rape and brought terror to their homeland. All this was graphically shown in an old and historic movie by D. W. Griffith of the silent picture days, called "The Birth of a Nation," which has now been muzzled as

it is no longer politically popular to remember the painful, historic truth as regards the South.

It would be interesting to know just why this 29-year-old Negro, James Meredith, was chosen by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, over many applicants, to be the martyr-hero he now is to his race in breaking, with the aid of thousands of heavily armed Federal troops, the solid white barrier at the University of Mississippi. It would be even more interesting to know how much James is being paid to endure this education. It would be further absolutely fascinating to know how deeply the Communists have penetrated in this powerful and rich political lobby of the NAACP, which, in appealing to the huge Negro vote in the United States, is now a power to be reckoned with in our national politics. It is not as if Meredith were unable to obtain a satisfactory education in his own State of Mississippi, for he had been attending a well accredited Negro college there for several semesters (and which his colored wife is still attending), when he demanded and got a transfer to the previously all-white State university. Some may say, "There is a principle involved and by the recent Supreme Court decision this man was given the right to go to the university of his choice." But what about the majority? Don't the majority have any rights any more? (The Negro minority, certainly in the South, pay no taxes, or, if they do pay taxes at all to the State or Federal Government they are negligible in proportion to the rest of the population.)

And what about the serious consequences of using force to push through this issue at this time, knowing full well what the reactions of the white citizenry would be? Of the wisdom of sending 14,000—or was it more?—armed military including Negro troops (an added insult) to this small town of little more than 5,000, so that one stubborn Negro could make himself a public figure, a hero, to his people, and crack the hitherto barrier there, backed up with all the strength of Federal might. (The old wounds of the Reconstruction days have been opened up afresh all over our South. A wedge, driven at the national Achilles heel, has been driven in to divide our people once again.) And what about the other students? Certainly the tense atmosphere of an armed camp is not conducive to quiet study for anyone, white or black. Will having this Negro there make others more acceptable? I don't think so. This one needs guards day and night, shameful as it is, and he will continue to need them as long as he remains there. If education is really what this Negro wants, wouldn't the more tranquil campus of his former Negro college with the companionship of his wife, be preferable? On being admitted to the University of Mississippi in the midst of the wildest melee seen there since the Civil War, James is reported to have said, "This is not a happy occasion." This remark wins my personal prize as the understatement of the year. Then to further enhance his importance publicly and in the eyes of the Negro voters, this colored student—a true troublemaker if there ever was one—gives interviews to the press, criticizing the Federal Government that had just saved his life with the aid of an army invasion into the State, by saying that not enough Negro troops had been used in Mississippi, claiming this as segregation of the Negro service personnel, and useful to the boys in the Kremlin for propaganda purposes. (The very fact of having any Negro troops there, armed against the white citizenry of the South, was enough to madden the population, remembering as they all do the days when a Negro was in control with his henchmen.)

Is Oxford the Rehearsal of the Takeover?

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. JOHN BELL WILLIAMS

OF MISSISSIPPI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, January 24, 1963

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the appendix of the RECORD, I am including a thought-provoking article written by Mrs. Katharine Phelps Close, a native of

her rearing pony frightened by the roar of the howitzers. With the cradleboard containing her baby, she could not handle the terrified animal. Together, Yellow Wolf and Springtime rode to join the retreating Nez Percé.

Tilden recalls the stormy council of chiefs—Joseph, Looking Glass, Ollokot, White Bird and Too-Hool-Hool-Zote—after the next attack which came the following day on July 13 at Kamiah Crossing. Chief Joseph suggested that they go back down into the rugged terrain where they could easily elude the soldiers. This was the Salmon River area which is gashed by awesome canyons. Joseph was overruled by the others who wanted to leave Idaho and go to the "Land of Redcoats," and so preparations were made to leave at once.

Several of the warriors who had fought bravely at White Bird Canyon, the Clearwater Battle and at Kamiah Crossing, decided to remain behind at Kamiah with Chief Red Heart and his band which had just returned from Montana where they were hunting buffalo. These tribesmen were all taken prisoner and were later held for a year at Fort Vancouver. Among them was Halfmoon, and an old man, Chief Jacob, who had signed the Treaty of 1855. What a change had taken place in 22 short years.

"On the way up over Lolo Trail," Tilden told us, "we had plenty of wild game. I was usually put on night duty to guard the horses. Chief Joseph was my uncle and he asked me to do this."

After the Battle of Big Hole, the Nez Percés were attacked again at Camas Meadows (Kamus-Nim-Takin). This was on August 20. It was while they were still in this area that some of the Nez Percés warriors led by Yellow Wolf and Peo-Peo-Tholekt ran off some of the army animals in a night raid. This was a daring maneuver, especially since the redmen had to stampede them into joining the herd of Indian ponies. However, when it grew daylight, the raiders were chagrined to discover that there were only three horses; the rest were mules. Suhm-Keen (Tilden) laughed when he remembered this incident. "I helped to guard those animals—those mules which they thought were horses in the dark."

On and on the fleeing Nez Percés traveled northward toward Canada. Then at Canyon Creek, Col. Samuel Sturgis' troops tried to corner them on September 13. Only one warrior was killed in this encounter. Tee-Wee-Wow-Nah's pony became terrified by the shooting and bolted, running out into the open where the soldiers found the redman an easy target. Canyon Creek, although not a narrow place, was skillfully defended by the expert marksmanship of the Nez Percé.

"It was growing colder every day as we headed northward," Tilden continued. "On September 29 when we finally arrived in the Bear Paws at the place we called 'Ali-Kos-Pah' (Place of Manure Fires), it was already starting to snow. I helped to gather buffalo chips and before long many fires were burning."²

"We are at least two suns ahead of the soldiers and only two suns from the 'Land of Redcoats,' so we can rest here awhile." This was again Chief Looking Glass who had spoken. However, the other chiefs seemed

to agree that they might be safe now to remain there at least "one sun."³

Several scouts had arrived at the camping spot ahead of the main body of the Nez Percé, and had shot some buffalo. Soon meat was roasting over many fires. The Indians, their hunger appeased and warmed by the buffalo-chip fires, felt at ease now that they were such a short distance from Canada. All night long the fires were kept aglow by the squaws. To keep warm enough this was necessary, for many of their thick buffalo robes had been destroyed when their tepees had been burned at the Big Hole.

A light snow had fallen during the night and it was bitterly cold as dawn broke. The camp was just stirring when scouts were sent out in different directions as a precautionary measure. "But we were not worried," says Tilden.

"The scouts had been gone just a short while when suddenly we heard a distant rumbling * * *. We all knew that this was not Hein-Mot (real thunder). It was the ominous sound of stampeding buffalo * * * this could mean only one thing. At that very moment one of our scouts appeared on top of the highest ridge. He yelled, then he fired his rifle in the air, at the same time he waved a blanket giving us the signal, 'Soldiers coming—soldiers coming.'

"While this scout was still waving the blanket to warn his tribesmen, there suddenly appeared two long lines of cavalry from the ridges; as they raced toward us, they formed two wide arcs to encircle our encampment.

"My mother screamed at me, 'Suhm-Keen, grab your pack and get away to the Redcoats.' I ran to my pony and galloped him as fast as he could. The noise of shooting had stampeded the Indian ponies and they were running away from the encampment. As I left the others, ahead I saw another Indian on a pinto pony. He had a long war-bonnet on. This Indian rode toward me and tried to shoot me but missed." (He was no doubt one of the Cheyennes who were helping the soldiers. Some Crow Indians were also at Bears Paw, and it was a great shock to the Nez Percé to see that these Crows who were supposed to be their friends, had turned against them. The help of these Indians to the troops made the plight of the Nez Percés even more desperate.)

"It was again snowing as I rode on to the north. Toward evening I crossed the Milk River which was almost dry. Here I stopped for the night; my horse was too tired to go on. I had no food, no blankets except the one I used for the horse's saddle-blanket. Along came an Indian, and when we 'threw the signs,' I discovered he was a friendly Cree. He was kind and generous, for he gave me a pair of moccasins and some food. He was a good-looking Indian."

Sometime later, about 30 or 40 Nez Percés arrived at the Milk River, and among them, to young Suhm-Keen's joy, were his parents. They had waited until dark, and then slipped away from the camp, and fortunately had located some of their ponies which had run away when the shooting started. Later, more Crows came along and provided these shivering refugees with a few blankets, food and moccasins. Many had arrived barefoot, and it was very cold.

² According to some historians, Joseph and his chiefs believed they had actually reached safety in Canada when they arrived in the Bears Paw country of northeastern Montana. "The mistake was discovered when General Miles attacked on September 30," states the Montana Guidebook. "A 4-day battle forced Joseph to make a decision—he must either surrender or abandon the wounded, the old women, and children."

Several days later this bedraggled party slipped over across the border of Canada and at last arrived at the camp of the Sioux Indians. There, Chief Sitting Bull welcomed them and they were treated well. (Sitting Bull rode out to assist the Nez Percé when the word came that the tribesmen needed his help. While he was en route to the Bears Paw, he met some of the tribesmen who were on foot led by Chief White Bird. When Sitting Bull saw their said plight, he dismounted and stood there and wailed in sympathy for their lost cause.)

When Chief White Bird arrived with the news that Ollokot was dead, Too-Hool-Hool-Zote was dead, and Looking Glass was dead, they were shocked but almost worse was the dreadful news that three of their bravest warriors had been killed by mistake, by one of their own tribesmen. White Bird told them too that Joseph had surrendered on October 5, and there was much grieving and wailing among the Nez Percé in far-off "Land of Redcoats." They all knew now that this was the end of all the things they loved.⁴

Tilden's parents remained at the Sioux encampment until 1878, then they crossed into Northern Montana where they lived about 2 years on a small ranch near the border of Alberta, Canada. The father worked for some white settlers there, milking cows and doing other farm chores. In 1880 they moved onto the Flathead Indian Reservation where they stayed until 1910; then they returned to Lapwai, Idaho.

Gradually more and more Nez Percé tribesmen drifted back into the United States. Some were caught and sent to the Indian Territory where Chief Joseph was being held with all who had surrendered with him at Bears Paw. Chief Joseph was permitted a last visit to the Wallowa Valley, the "Land of Winding Waters," in August 1899.⁵

Sam Tilden says "I was one of the two first Nez Percé Indians to attend Carlisle Indian College. When I returned from there, I was through school, so I married Amy who was half Nez Percé and half Yakima. We moved back to the Flathead Reservation where I worked as a teamster. We had three boys, Harry, Lawrence, and Ralph. In 1914, I became a member of the Flathead Indian Reservation police force, and served on that force for 20 years. During World War I, I was on duty guarding the border between Montana and Canada."

Sam Tilden, a gentle soft-spoken man, lived 30 years of his life in Montana, but when he retired from the police force, he returned to live near Lapwai, Idaho (Valley of Butterflies). His home was between Lapwai and Spalding in a grove of tall locust trees. In the early 1940's Ralph, his eldest son who was deaf, was run down by a train just a few hundred feet from their house. His son Lawrence and family now live in this house, for Sam Tilden has for the past 2 years made his home in the Orchards Nursing Home at Lewiston, Idaho.

For many years he took part in special Indian celebrations throughout the North-

⁴ Chief White Bird (Peo-peo-hih-kis-klok), known as a great medicine man as well as warrior, never returned to the United States. He died about 5 years after the surrender and is buried near Fort McLeod.

⁵ Max Wilson, an attorney who has lived almost all his life in Joseph, Oreg., recalls this sad visit by Joseph to Wallowa. Although he was only 14 years old at the time. Wilson followed the famed chief around during the 3-day visit. So much had changed during the 22 years which had passed that Joseph realized there was no hope of his people going back to their beloved homeland in Idaho, although he continued to press for permission until his death.

³ This site of the last major Indian battle in the United States is located 16 miles south of Chinook in eastern Montana. It is a little more than 40 miles from the Canadian line, across which Joseph believed he would find refuge for his people. It is now a Montana State Park.

west. He was active in the Stevens Treaty Centennial at Walla Walla in June 1955, and was always there for the Chief Joseph Days held each summer at Joseph, Oreg. Although he no longer takes an active part in most of these things, he rode in the Lewiston centennial parade in the summer of 1961. He was dressed in his unusually handsome white beaded buckskins.

"I am very proud that my uncle, Chief Joseph, asked me to go back to Washington in 1903 (the last time he made a trip there to plead for the return of the Wallowa country to his people). He told me that I was one of the few people left that he could really trust." (On that trip, James Stewart, Joseph's relative, went along as an interpreter. Tilden speaks perfect English, but there had to be an official interpreter along).

"Chief Joseph wore civilian clothes back there, but always wore moccasins. He never put on shoes of the white man. We went to the White House to meet President Roosevelt * * * you know, the roughrider. We had dinner, too, with General Miles; we ate buffalo meat. Then, Congressman Charles Curtis from Oklahoma took us to the Congress where we shook hands with many people."

The next year, Chief Joseph was dead, many said with grief.

Sam Tilden is not the lone survivor of the retreat over the Lolo Trail in 1877. There are two other Nez Percé still living who were with their fleeing tribesmen.

One of them is Josiah Red Wolf, grandson of the famous Chief Red Wolf who ruled with Chief Timothy over the Alpowa Band. (Both were signers of the 1855 treaty at Walla Walla.) Josiah Red Wolf's mother and baby sister were killed at Big Hole. When Chief Joseph surrendered at Bears Paw, Josiah Red Wolf went into captivity to "Eekish-Pah" (Hot Place). He was 5 years old in 1877, so he remembers everything.

Then there is Lillie Lindsley, of Lapwai. She was only 2 years old in 1877, so she can recall nothing of the war. Last summer, death came to Shining Light* (Johnson Hoyt) who had reached the century mark. He, too, had been on the retreat, and had escaped at Bears Paw when he raced to the Canadian border on his pony as the shooting started.

The oldest living Nez Percé tribesman was 101 on November 19, 1962. He is Albert Moore, whose Indian name is Peace Pipe (Tuk-Tar-Mal-Way-Une). He watched the Battle of the Clearwater from the Nez Percé camp on July 11 and 12, 1877. When the five bands started over the Lolo Pass after the Battle of Kamiah Crossing, Peace Pipe wanted to go, but his mother, In-Mah-Mah, persuaded him not to go. "There are too many soldier-coats along the way. Our people will never reach the Land of Redcoats."

So Peace Pipe stayed behind. But he, along with the remaining few old Nez Percé, witnessed some awesome history. It is more than likely that 1962 was one of the last years in which any of us will be permitted person-to-person contact with them.

Salute to Thailand

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. DONALD C. BRUCE

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, January 28, 1963

Mr. BRUCE. Mr. Speaker, earlier this month the people of Indiana saluted the people of Thailand. The city and

State of Indianapolis, Ind., joined with the Indianapolis Council on World Affairs and the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra January 12 and 13, 1963, in the Salute to Thailand. The 2-day civic and cultural activities were cosponsored by the U.S. Information Agency and the Voice of America.

The tribute to Thailand marked the beginning of a second decade of Hoosier salutes to other lands and people of the free world.

Welcoming His Excellency Visutr Arthayukti, Thai Ambassador to the United States, were Indiana Gov. Matthew E. Welsh, Lt. Gov. Richard O. Ristine, and Indianapolis Mayor Albert H. Losche. Indiana news media, businessmen, and civic and social leaders also joined with the sponsoring organizations to make the salute a success.

An exotic Thai menu and ball was held the evening of January 12, attended by the Ambassador from Thailand and ranking city and State officials and members of the Indianapolis Council on World Affairs and the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.

The musical salute to Thailand January 13 was the 11th annual salute by the city of Indianapolis and the orchestra to a foreign land. Included in the program was the Thai national anthem and a delightful Thai composition, "Kridaphinihan Dance." As in the past, official exchange of greetings took place at intermission time, with His Excellency Visutr Arthayukti representing Thailand.

The President of the United States sent a special telegram commending the orchestra and the council for their participation in the annual program of musical and civic greetings. The programs, which are recorded by the Voice of America for rebroadcast overseas, have been heard by an estimated 50 million people throughout the world. Obviously, they constitute an important diplomatic activity for the United States.

And the programs are an excellent implement for spreading the name of Indiana worldwide. Further, the programs are an invaluable economic tool for firms of Indiana doing business in the respective countries. Lieutenant Governor Ristine informs me that some 50 Indiana firms have offices or business representation in Thailand—including such distinguished firms as Eli Lilly & Co. and P. R. Mallory. In addition to Hoosier agricultural products, made-in-Indiana drugs and chemicals, machinery, and automotive and transportation equipment are sold in Thailand and other southeast Asian markets.

The success of the Salute to Thailand, the enthusiastic support of the people of Indiana, and the appreciative response of the Thai Ambassador are indicative of the fine work done by the salute committee: Izler Solomon, conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra; Virgil Hunt, president of the Indianapolis Council on World Affairs; Harold Boxer of the Voice of America; and Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Taggart, Albert Losche, Jr., Richard Spikerman, and Harold Sundstrom.

Editorial comment and stories from the Indianapolis Star and the Indianapolis Times about the Salute to Thailand are typical of Hoosier reaction to this important people-to-people program, and I insert at this point in the Record the following:

Editorial, "Salute to Thailand," Indianapolis Star, January 12, 1963.

Editorial, "Salute to Thailand," Indianapolis Times, January 13, 1963.

News feature, "Salute to Thailand Is Set January 12-13 in City, State," Indianapolis Times, January 6, 1963.

Mr. Speaker, the people of Indiana are proud to recognize the people of Thailand and to have hosted that nation's Ambassador and his party in their visit to our State. Let the splendid example of the citizens of Indiana serve as a constant reminder to all of our people that in the area of self-government and relations among mankind there are no political partisans. All of us, Republicans and Democrats, are Americans first, interested in the world about us and in the preservation and advancement of the cause of freemen everywhere.

The material follows:

[From the Indianapolis Star, Jan. 12, 1963]

SALUTE TO THAILAND

It casts no aspersions, in any direction, to confess that the land which will be saluted in Indianapolis this weekend is chiefly known to most of us as the locale of "Anna and the King of Siam," and its musical version, "The King and I."

Thailand is remote and mysterious. Its name conjures up all those mental pictures associated with "the mysterious East"—exotic temples in sultry jungles, dancing girls laden with jingling bracelets, incessant, restless rhythms in cymbals and minor-key music. And so on.

This is all the more reason to rejoice that the occasion of a "Salute to Thailand" brings both incentive and opportunity to get a little better acquainted with this storied land.

Few cherished illusions need be shattered. Thailand is indeed a land of oriental charm and beauty and mystery. It has clung to the deep-running, quiet culture of the East, yielding but little and but slowly to the impatient bustle of Western fascination with growth rates and the industrial revolution. It promises unforgettable experiences to the perceptive visitor. The chance to learn a little about Thailand, and hear some of its music, promises delight to weekend audiences in Indianapolis.

Let it not be thought, either, that Thailand has stood in the shadows while the world passed by. It plays a significant role in the complex and constantly moving affairs of modern Asia. Its government is strong and dependable though turbulence and fear and uncertainty lap at its borders. In any roster of the friends of freedom and the West, the Thais stand up to be counted.

We are happy and proud to join the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra and the Indianapolis Council on World Affairs in this weekend's salute to Thailand. We welcome the visit of the Ambassador from Thailand, and hope he will find this a warm and hospitable city. We wish the two sponsoring organizations gratifying success in this enterprise, and many happy returns of the occasion.

[From the Indianapolis Times, Jan. 13, 1963]

SALUTE TO THAILAND

King Phumiphon Aduldet, of Thailand, is so skilled a musician, and so modern in his