TREATY WITH THE DWAMISH, SUQUAMISH, ETC. 1855.

Articles of agreement and convention made and concluded at Mucklete-oh, or Point Elliott, in the Territory of Washington, this twenty-second day of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, by Issac I. Stevens, governor and superintendent of Indian affairs for the said Territory, on the part of the United States, and the undersigned chiefs, head-men and delegates of the Dwamish, Suquamish, Sk-tahl-mish, Sam-ahmish, Smalh-kamish, Skope-ahmish, St-kah-mish, Snoqualmoo, Skai-wha-mish, N'Quentl-ma-mish, Sk-tah-le-jum, Stoluck-wha-mish, Sno-ho-mish, Skagit, Kik-i-allus, Swin-a-mish, Squin-ah-mish, Sah-ku-mehu, Noo-wha-ha, Nook-wa-cha-mish, Mee-see-qua-quilch, Cho-bah-ah-bish, and other allied and subordinate tribes and bands of Indians occupying certain lands situated in said Territory of Washington, on behalf of said tribes, and duly authorized by them.

ARTICLE 1. The said tribes and bands of Indians hereby cede, relinquish and convey to the United States all their right, title, and interest in and to the lands and country occupied by them, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the eastern side of Admiralty Inlet, known as Point Pully, about midway between Commencement and Elliott Bays; thence eastwardly, running along the north line of lands heretofore ceded to the United states by the Nisqually, Puyallup, and other Indians, to the summit of the Cascade range of mountains; thence northwardly, following the summitt of said range to the 48th parallel of north latitude; thence west, along said parral to the middle of the Gulf of Georgia; thence through the middle of said gulf and the main channel through the Canal de Arro to the Straits of Fuca, and crossing the same through the middle of Admiralty Inlet to Suquamish Head; thence ~~xxxkkxxxxky~~ southwesterly, through the peninsula, and following the divide between Hood's canal and Admiralty Inlet to the portage known as Wilkes' Portage; thence northeastwardly, and following the line of lands heretofore ceded as aforsaid to Point Southworth, on the weste side of Admiralty Inlet, and thence round the foot of Vashon's Island eastwardly and southeastwardly to the place of beginning, including all the islands comprised within said boundaries, and all the right, title, and interest of the said tribes and bands to any lands within the territory of the United States.

ARTICLE 2. There is, however, reserved for the present use and occupatio of the said tribes and bands the following tracts of land, viz: the amount of two sections, or twelve hundred and eighty acres, surrounding the small bight at the head of Port Madison, called by the Indians Noo-sohk-um; the amount of two sections, or twelve hundred and eighty acres, on the north side Hwhomish Bay and the creek emptying into the same called Kwilt-seh-da, the peninsula at the southeastern end of Perry's Island, called Shais-quihl, and the island called Chad-choo-se situated in the Lummi River at the point of separation of the mouths emptying respectively into Bellingham Bay and the Gulf of Georgia. All which tracts shall be set apart, and so far as necessary surveyed and marked out for their exclusive use; nor shall any white man be permitte to reside upon the same without permission of the said tribes or bands, and of the superintendent or agent, but, if necessary for the public convenience, roads may be run through the said reserves, the Indians being compensated for any damage thereby done them.

ARTICLE 3. There is also reserved from out the lands hereby ceded the amount of thirty-six sections, or one township of land, on the northeastern shore of Port Gardner, and north of the mouth of Snohomish River, including Tulalip Bay and the before-mentioned Kwilt-seh-da Creek, for the purpose of establishing thereon an agricultural and industrial school, as hereinafter mentioned and agreed, and with a view of ultimately drawing thereto and settling thereon all the Indians living west of the Cascade Mountains in said Territory. PROVIDED, HOWEVER, That the President may establish the central agency and general reservation at such other point as he may deem for the benefit of the Indians.

ARTICLE 4. The said tribes and bands agree to remove to and settle upon the said first above-mentioned reservations within one year after the ratification of this treaty, or sooner, if the means are furnished them. In the mean time it shall be lawful for them to reside upon any land not in the actual claim and occupation of citizens of the United States, and upon any land claimed or occupied, if with the permission of the owner.

ARTICLE 5. The right of taking fish at usual and accustomed grounds and stations is further secured to said Indians in common with all citizens of the Territory, and of erecting temporary houses for the purpose of curing, together with the privilege of hunting and gathering roots and berries on open and unclaimed lands. PROVIDED, HOWEVER, That they shall not take shell-fish from any beds staked or cultivated by citizens.

ARTICLE 6. In consideration of the above cession, the United States agree to pay to the said tribes and bands the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in the following manner- that is to say: For the first year after the ratification hereof, fifteen thousand dollars; for the next two years, twelve thousand dollars each year; for the next three years, ten thousand dollars each year; for the next four years, seven thousand five hundred dollars each year; for the next five years, six thousand dollars each year; and for the last five years, four thousand two hundred and fifty dollars each year. All which said sums of money shall be applied to the use and benefit of the said Indians, under the direction of the President of the United States, who may, from time to time, determine at his discretion upon what beneficial objects to expend the same; and the superintendent of Indian affairs, or other proper officer, shall each year inform the President of the wishes of said Indians in respect thereto.

ARTICLE 7. The President may hereafter, when in his opinion the interests of the Territory shall require and the welfare of the said Indians be promoted, remove them from either or all of the special reservations hereinbefore made to the said general reservation, or such other suitable place within said Territory as he may deem fit, on remunerating them for their improvements and the expenses of such removal, or may consolidate them with other friendly tribes or bands; and he may further at his discretion cause the whole or any portion

of the lands hereby reserved, or of such other land as may be selected in lieu thereof, to be surveyed into lots, and assign the same to such individuals or families as are willing to avail themselves of the privilege, and will locate on the same as as a permanent home on the same terms and subject to the same regulations as are provided in the sixth article of the treaty with the Omahas, so far as the same may be applicable. Any substantial improvements heretofore made by any Indian, and which he shall be compelled to abandon in consequence of this treaty, shall be valued under the direction of the President and payment made accordingly therefor.

ARTICLE 8. The annuities of the aforesaid tribes and bands shall not be taken to pay the debts of individuals.

ARTICLE 9. The said tribes and bands acknowledge their dependence on the Government of the United States, and promise to be friendly with all citizens thereof, and they pledge themselves to commit no depredations on the property of such citizens. Should any one or more of them violate this pledge, and the fact be satisfactorily proven before the agent, the property taken shall be returned, or in default thereof, or if injured or destroyed, compensation may be made by the Government out of their annuities. Nor will they make war on any other tribe except in self-defence, but will submit all matters of difference between them and the other Indians to the Government of the United States or its agents for decision, and abide thereby. And if any of the said Indians commit depredations on other Indians within the Territory the same rule shall prevail as that prescribed in this article in cases of depredations against citizens. And the said tribes agree not to shelter or conceal offenders against the laws of the United States,but to deliver them up to the authorities for trial.

ARTICLE 10. The above tribes and bands are desirous to exclude from their reservations the use of ardent spirits, and to prevent their people from drinking the same, and therefore it is provided that any Indian belonging to said tribe who is guilty of bringing liquor into said reservations, or who drinks liquor, may have his or her proportion of the annuities withheld from him or her for such time as the President may determine.

ARTICLE 11. The said tribes and bands agree to free all slaves now held by them and not to purchase or acquire others hereafter.

ARTICLE 12. The said tribes and bands further agree not to trade at Vancouver's Island or elsewhere out of the dominion of the United States, nor shall foreign Indians be permitted to reside in their reservations without consent of the superintendent or agent.

ARTICLE 13. To enable the said Indians to remove to and settle upon their aforesaid reservations, and to clearm fence, and break up a sufficient quanity of land for cultivation, the United States further

agree to pay the sum of fifteen thousand dollars to be laid out and expended under the diredtion of the President and in such manner as he shall approve.

ARTICLE 14. The united states further agree to establish at the general agency for the district of Puget's Sound, within one year from the ratification hereof, and to support for a period of twenty years, and agricultural and industrial school, to be free to children of the said tribes and bands in common with those of the other tribes of said district, and to provide the said school with a suitable instructor or instructors, and also to provide a smithy and carpenter's shop, and furnish them with the necessary tools, and employ a blacksmith carpenter, and farmer for the like term of twmety years to instruct the Indians in their respective occupations. And the united states finally agree to employ a physician to reside at the said ~~general~~ central agency, who shall furnish medicine and advice to their sick, and shall vaccinate them; the expenses of said school, shops, persons employed, and medical attendance to be defrayed by the United states, and not deducted from the annuities.

ARTICLE 15. This treaty shall be obligatory on the contracting parties as soon as the same shall be ratified by the President and Senate of the United states.

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NOTE- This Treaty was signed January 23, 1855.
Proclaimed April 11, 1859.
Ratified March 8, 1859.

SEE KAPPLER'S Laws and Treaties Volumn 11. Page 501.

CHIEF COMCUMLY'S FOLLOWERS

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(The following article appeared in the Sunday Oregonian of December 17, 1899. The paper being in the possession of Mrs. Mary Fitzpatrick, of Newport, Oregon, a daughter of Princess Mary (Duchenay) who loaned the paper to Charles E. Larsen, for the purpose of making copies).

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On Elliott's bay of the Lower Columbia, upon the Washington shore, resides the granddaughter of Com-com-ly and the great grandson of that great chief of all the Chinook tribes in the days of Lewis and Clark and of John Jacob Astor. That granddaughter is the Princess Mary, who is the only daughter of Princess Margaret, who was one of the daughters of the famous chief by that one of his wives who was the daughter of the Chehalis chief. The Indian name of Princess Margaret Com-com-ly was Kah-at-lan.

Princess Mary is 73 years old, a fine looking, queenly woman, with an air of graceful command equal to that of Victoria or to that pictured by Dickens in his "Madame De Fargo". She is just 5 feet, 4 inches tall, the sculptors model height for woman. She has a strong, intellectual face, full of character. Her manners are excellent, she having been reared from childhood up to the time of her first marriage at 18 in the family of Sir James Douglas, the factor of the Hudson Bay's Company under Governor McLoughlin at Vancouver. She must have been a beautiful girl and was surely a favorite, since she has been married three times, each time to a white man, and her son-in-law insists he has to stand guard over her even now with a shotgun to keep away her numerous suitors. The picture in the cut herewith gives some idea of the royal carriage

of this of this stately dame of an almost forgotten era. On her right ~~left~~ sits her favorite daughter, Mrs. Sophia Enyart, with whom she resides. On her right stands her oldest son, Louis Ducheney, heir to Com-com-ly's empire. On her left stands the grandson of Com-com-lys friend and ally, Chief Co-ba-way, of the Clatsop natives, Hon. Silas B. Smith, a prominent lawyer, who is the head of the house of Co-ba-way.

PRINCESS MARY'S CAREER.

Princess Mary, daughter of the Princess Margaret, in the year 18-- married Louis Rondeau, a French Canadian, who was a Hudson's Bay trapper, and at once went out with him and the trapping party of 100 into the Rocky mountains. It was truly a wild and picturesque wedding tour for a princess. Princess Mary was born on the present site of Salt Lake City. Her mother died some five years afterward at Sacramenta, and little Mary was taken for rearing by Sir James Douglas. About the same time, her grandfather, Chief Com-com-ly, died suddenly in 1830 of virulent ~~xxxxx~~ intermittent fever, an epidemic that carried off about 1000 of his people at the same time. Princess Mary was married on January 9, 1844, to Roque Ducheney, in St. James' Church, Vancouver, by the Catholic priest, Father F.N. Blanchet, afterwards bishop of that diocese. In the marriage record her name is given as Mary Dondeau. Ducheney was a french Canadian clerk in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1844 he was put in charge of their store at Chinook, which was afterwards the county seat of Pacific county, Washington, but is now wholly deserted.

This was prior to civil government in "Oregon Territory".

Ducheney purchased Scarborough head,(the present site of Fort Columbia) in 1856 at guardian's sale for $1400, after the death of its owner, Captain James Scarborough. Ducheney died in 1861, leaving Princess Mary owner of the ancestral home of the Com-com-lys under the laws of the United States, and the United States government bought the property of her in 1864 for $3000 in greenbacks. Princess Mary had six children bu Ducheney, four of whom are now living. She soon married Solomon Preble, a white California miner, by whom she had two children. He died in 1868, and within four months his widow of royal lineage married another whiteman, whose name smacks of the Emerald Isle, He, too, went the way of all flesh 16 years ago, leaving three children of the marriage. Her last husband's name was John C. Kelly.

IMPORTANT SOCIAL EVENT.

Princess Mary's mother, under the name of Margaret Chinook, married Rondeau at Vancouver, to which place the Hudson's Bay Company had in 1824 transferred its headquarters, and to which in 1829 its main stores and principal depot of supplies were received from Astoria, which was finally abandonded by them in 1849. Her mother's marriage was a great occasion in the highest circles at Hudson's Bay headquarters, since old Chief Com-com-ly was treated as an equal and sat at the table with Sir James Douglas and Dr. McLoughlin. He was in high feather. His principal palace, or royal lodge, was at Scarborough head, where the new fort, Columbia, is now being erected, The bald place high up on the slope that catches the attention of all passers was the eerie from which he spied out the approach of the Hudson's Bay Companys ships which came every spring. Com-com-ly was

made chief bar and river pilot for the company (the first on the Columbia, James Scarborough being the second), and wore the uniform of their service. When a ship came in sight, he had 20 of his slaves launch the royal canoe and take him out to meet the vessel. His canoe and all its crew would be taken aboard, and Com-com-ly would guide the craft up to headquarters at Vancouver.

COM-COM-LYS EMPIRE

Com-com-ly was a mighty chief, and ruled a great empire. He was not only chief of the Chinook tribe opposite Astoria, but he was principal chief of the confederacy of all the tribes of the Lower Columbia (except the Clatsops) who spoke the Chinook language, between the Cascades and Cape Disappointment. This includes some 11 powerful tribes. The Clatsop tribe, while speaking the Chinook language, was not under Com-com-ly's suzerainty. Chief Co-ba-way was an independent ruler. The boundary line between his domain and Com-com-ly's empire ran from Smith's point at the mouth of Young's bay, along the summit of the ridge over Coxcomb hill and up the high ridge between the Walluski (a Youngs ~~Bxy~~ river affluent) and the John Day (a Columbia affluent) to the summit of the Nehalem. To the south as far as Arch cape, Co-ba-way was supreme. This regin, with its five connected valleys, has recently and very fitly been named Capstop valley by a well-known chronicler. To the north of this ridge, from Smith's point as far as Cathlamet head, near Clifton (including Fort Astor), was the territory of the Kathlama tribe, under Com-com-ly's suzerainty. The Chinook tribe proper was located between Cape Disappointment and Gray,s River, at Harrington's point, and back to

the center of Willapa bay. Then continuing on the north side of the Columbia(back to the Puget sound divide), came the Wah-ki-a-kums, extending to west divide of the E-lo-ko-min; then the Con-Kaks, extending to Kalama river divide; the Kalama's reaching to Lewis river divide; the Ske-choot-wha, including Vancouver, and then a tribe, the Wah-Sahl-Ha, reaching to the lower cascades of the Columbia river.

It is to be noted that, in the main, the watershed summitts of important streams constituted their tribal boundaries. On the south side of the Columbia, the Multnomah's reached from lower cascades to East Scappoose divide and south to the Clackamas divide. It included site of the present city of Portland, with the chief's palace at the head of Sauvie's island. Then came the Scappoose tribe, which ruled to the Milton creek divide, and as far back as the summit of the Nehalem divide; then followed the Wah-Can-Na-She-She tribe, which had dominion from St. Helens to the Beaver creek divide, and then the Clats-Ka-Nie tribe ruled as far as the summit of the Coast range at the east boundary of the Kath-la-mas, who governed from thence to Astoria. All of these powerful tribes spoke the Chinook language and acknowledged the suzerainty of Com-com-ly as the principal chief, or king, who had a wife from nearly every tribe, and from some of the neighboring tribes. Possibly Brigham Roberts, may claim descent from this original polygamist.

COM-COM-LY'S DESCENDANTS.

Com-Com-ly's oldest daughter, the princess who married Astor's factor, McDougal, in 1811, was the daughter of her father's Scappoose

wife, who spoke Chinook with a Scappoose accent. She died without any children. Che-nam-us was the oldest son of Com-com-ly, and his mother was a Multnomah princess. Princess was the daughter of Com-com-ly by a Willapa princess, it is said. She lived always with the Chinook tribe (marrying in the tribe), and died in 1861 at Ilwaco, the thriving village named for her. Prince Louis Ducheney (really Duchesne), the oldest son of Princess Mary, and the great-grandson of Com-com-ly by his Chehalis wife, and also great grandson of Cut-cose, the last Chehalis chief, and lineal descendent of the last-named ruler, has been by the Chehalis Indians on that reserv tion named Cut-Cose, and adopted as their legitimate chief. They are in great commotion whenever he visits them, and they implore him to come and dwell in their midst as their heaven-born ruler. But Prince Louis, has a 40-acre tract of land on Elliott's bay with Uncle Sam's patent, and with a royal chinook salmon fishing privilege that is a gold mine. He also has recently discovered a ledge of fine coal cropping out of the bold bluff of the Columbia between high and low tide, while behind in lofty height rises a mountain that gives promise of even a greater fortune than his salmon fishery. He has also an interesting family, his wife being a quarter-breed; the great grand-daughter of a great Chinook warrior (named Os-wol-lax) under Com-com-ly, when that irate chieftain offered his troops to McDougal to fight the British and denounced his son-in-law as a "squaw-man", because he refused to defend the "Boston man's" property. A daughter of old Os-wol-lax, a pure Chinook, now 101 years old, lives near Prince Louis' home. When a represenative of this paper saw Prince

Louis at "chez elle", or his "illihee," his oldest daughter had just returned from Cape Nome, where she had been cooking for $7.00 a day and board, and where she had secured two good claims on Snake river. Prince Louis was somewhat hilarious over this return. He is a hard-working, industrious, substantial citizen. As his photograph partly reveals he has a broad, large, masterful head, as all great rulers have ever had.

RULES OF CHINOOK EMPIRE

Since the death of Dr. W.C.McKay, of Pendleton, Ore., a few years ago, Prince Louis has become the hereditary ruler also of the Chinook empire. McKay was the son of an ther of Com-com-ly's daughters who married a Scotchman in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. Dr. McKay had a most polished education, and was a practicing physician of eminence. He succeeded to hereditary rule (vox et pretereo nihil) on the death of Che-nam-us in 1845. Che-nam-us succeeded in 1830 to all the dominion of his illistrious father, but that power was rapidiiy waning before the encroachments of the whites. By the time he died scarcely a vestige of that power remained. He left no lineal descendents. His wife was a Willapa princess. The early American settlers at Astoria and on Clatsop plains called her "Queen Sally." During her husband's life they lived mostly at his royal lodge on Scarborough Head, though they at times resided near Fort George. The site of their royal place at the latter place, made of two-inch cedar boards, is pointed out now at the base of the hill on Twelfth street, in Astoria, on the margin of a little cove in the bay as shown in Francrere's sketch

of Astoria in 1811, and in Washington Irving's picture in 1835. "Queen Sally" survivied her husband 15 years, dying in 1860. She was a woman of very strong character and commanded high respect from the American pioneers. At the time of her death the glory of Com-com-ly's empire had departed.

The empire, too, of Co-ba-way, the Clatsop chief and friend of Lewis and Clark, had faded like a dream. At the death of Co-ba-way in 1824, without male heirs, he was succeeded by Kate-ya-hun, who was killed in 1829 when the Hudson's Bay ship bombarded the Clatsop village at Point Adams, the present site of Fort Stevens, and destroyed their power because of their plundering a vessel cast away on Sand Island and (falsely alleged) murdering her crew. After that era their chiefs were only so in name. The last one was Tose-Tum, who strutted on his phantom stage from 1851 to 1876.

Princess Mary (Kelly), the present dowager queen of the Chinooks, has an empire as substantial as that of Napoleon's descendants. In fact, more so, since the Indian title to her ancestral lands (recognized by treaty of most of the tribes with the United States at Smith's point in 1859) has never been extinguished, and a bill is now pending in congress to pay for the same. She still holds her court in her grandfather's empire, on Elliott's bay, which extends from Jim Crow point, where the Columbia broadens out under the influence of ocean tides to Harrington's point, some six miles below. The principal men of that region are her sons, sons-in-law and grandsons-in-law, and all acknowledge her sway. One son-in-law, J.G.Elliott, is king

of the bay, and lives in a noble mansion, that is a conspicous landmark on the river. Near by is the handsome residence of another son-in-law, W. L. Enyart, who has a gold mine in the Jim Crow point seining grounds, which yielded him $20,000 in 1895. Not far off is a grand-son-in-law's elegant home. Tenas Illihee, the great and fertile island at the head of the bay, was owned, up to his death, by John Fitzpatrick, then a rich seiner, another son-in-law. The only principal men along the bay, not under her sway, are the Laird of Pillar Rock (cannery) and the postmaster (Megler) of Brookfield cannery.

To the observer on a passing steamer the precipitous character of the shores of Elliott's bay seem to exclude all idea of its being the seat of thriving homes. In fact, there is a vast deal of human life there, and soon a level plank roadway will be constructed by Wahkiakum county on that bay, which has been made into a separate road district. The queen dowager lives in a cosy three-room cottage adjacent to the house of one of her sons-in-law, with whom she boards. ********** Rose geraniums in the front window (of her room) tell of the aristocrati tastes acquired in the home of Sir James Douglas, 70 years ago.

Elliott's bay is a very rough winter harbor. The fearful southwest winds of winter come tearing across the Columbia's wide expanse from the safe lee shore of Astoria harbor, and render this bay unfit for anything but the great fishing industry which is chiefly in the hands of King Com-com-ly's descendants, and under the sway of his granddaughter and her royal son, who can,

from this last fortress of their race, look fxm at Scarborough head, the ancestral home of the hreat chief of the Chinook Empire. From Jim Crow point, on the Washington shore, and Cathlamet head, on the Oregon xhxrxex side, to the mouth of the Columbia, 29 miles awgy, is found what is indeed a noble scene of empire. The dominating features of this scene is Tongue Point and Saddle mountain. The former furnishes a complete view of the river, with its six great bays, viz., Elliott's, Cathlamet, Gray's, Astoria, Young's and Baker's bays, and of the city of Astoria itself. The latter dominates these also, and besides, the five noble little rivers of Clastsop valley, diverging on Young's bay, and the five flowing into the Columbia that fertilizee Knappa valley.

Whenever one, who travels the river, turns amidst this great scene, his vision rests upon both of these dominating features of the region, "Where rolls the Oregon," at the mouth of the "Great rover of the West."

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November 15, 1922.

UNITED STATES

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

March 27, 1943

A group of Indian employees and others ~~xxxxx~~ journeyed to Portland to attend and take part in the launching of the "Victory Ship, Chief Joseph".

The Sponsor: Pauline Wilkinson
Maids: Catherine High Eagle
Luella Wilson
Flower Girl: Delores McConnville

Charles E. Larsen said in part: "The descendents of Chief J oseph and other Indian warriors of old have answered the "Calls to arms" - and it is reported that the Indian has responded to the "Call to Arms" in greater numbers, according to population, than any other racial group in America. Not only have our young men entered the armed forces of the United States - but the Indian people, in general, are putting their money into Victory Bonds and subscribing to the Red Cross We are proud of our Indian warriors - on the battle front as well as on the home front."

CHIEF JOSEPH

Great Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce !
We salute your storied fame
While we launch this gallant symbol
As an honor to your name.

While your sponsors and your people
Etch your name on Freedom's steel-
They remember that you led them -
Never turned the traitor's heel.

An though odds were hard against you
On that vast Wallowa plain;
You defended them with honor
You're defending them again.

As the "Spirit of Chief Joseph"
Slides into the troubled sea-
As a noble allied brother
Choosing Death or Liberty.

Great Good Spirit, guide Chief Joseph
Plowing through the blinding foam,
Keep our stainless banner waving,
Bring the great ship safely home.

ELLA SWINK

2-X

The Indian Peace Pipe

An old Legend- Belonging to the Gros-Ventre Tribe

Many, many Summers and Winters, about 200 years ago, a great Tribe of Gros-Ventre Indians roamed this vast country- living in total freedom and happiness, with a deep and simple faith in the Great Spirit, and they lived up to an iron code of honesty and bravery until their death.

In the winters they traveled South and in the summers they traveled north, to hunt, fish and to pick wild berries, fruits and herb roots- but one day a young Indian scout brought the sad and fearful story of how he had met another tribe of Indians, known as their friends, the Sioux, and of how they had told him that there had come a whole band of people with pale faces; and they were building houses and making ready to live in them, and so naturally the Gros-Ventre's, being a peace loving tribe, did not want trouble so their Chief Bird High called them together and told them that they would have to move farther south, toward the Great Cascades, and that they were to travel early and until just before sundown of every day until they had found a suitable camping place, where they could stay for a long while.

One day after they had traveled many miles, down hearted and sad, their Chief called a halt an hour before sundown and as they had come into a beautiful valley a fewrolling little hills surrounding it, they made ready for camp, and after they had hobbled their horses and put up their lodges and were about to prepare their evening meal- their Chief, Bird High, called together all the braves, both young and old and told them to go with him to the foot of the highest hill, and to wait there for him, while he went to the top of the hill to pray and to converse with the Great Spirit, and to ask His help and guidance as they were terribly afraid of these new people- the Pale Faces.

So when all of the young and old braves had reached the foot of this hill the chief turned to them and said, "My Brothers, wait here for me, I am going to the top of this hill to talk with and plead with the Great Spirit to help us and tell us what to do about this terrible change that has come to our beautiful and great country."

So they all stood at the foot of the hill with their heads bowed in sadness and profound reverence, while their beloved Chief went to converse with the Great Spirit- he was up there only a short time when they all saw a white cloud cover the whole top of the hill and their Chief was lost to their view.

They could not understand what had happened, so they all fell to the ground on their knees, weeping and calling to the Great Spirit not to harm their Chief- but when they looked up again the white cloud had lifted and the sun was shining brightly. Then they saw Chief Bird H igh - the sun had made a bright halo around him and his face was wreathed in a smile and in his hands he held aloft a redstone Pipe and when he reached the foot of the hill he said in a soft deep voice- "My People ! hear me, for I have talked with the Great Spirit I did not see H is holy face, but I heard His kind words, and this is what H e said:

'My bosom friends ! My Brother ! Be no longer sad ! but go back to your beloved people and take this Pipe that I give you, and say to them that I Will always be their friends and brother, and that not many moons from now these people, the Pale Faces, will take all this country for themselves, they will drive you back and back, into lands where there is no hunting, nor fishing- but you must be brave, and strong of heart- call your brothers together in council and as you sit around your camp fires, after the sun has set, in silence and deep thoughts, fill this Peace Pipe with sweet tobacco, light it, and pass it from one brother to another, and to your loyal friends, whoever they may be, and with a prayer of thanks to Me, the Great Spirit, somke it four times, point it first to the North, for your brothers of the North, who are being driven out of their lands too- point it secondly to the South, for your brothers there, point it thirdly to the East, for your brothere there, and lastly to the West for your people and together sing your brave War Song- and I will be pleased, and this I promise to you, that I will be with you as your guide and friend for all time. I want you to keep this Peace Pipe as long as one single Indian is left on this earth, as a lasting token of my deep love for every one of you. Keep it,- respect it- pay tribute to it- and ~~fnt~~ last of all pass it down to your children, from generation to generation- and when you leave this earth I will take you to the Happy H unting Grounds, where you will join your loved ones again, and you will never know sorrow, hunger nor cold. I go jow '.'

So the Peace Pipe has been handed down from generation to generation to this day.

It is still in our possession, and it always shall be.

Among the many Chiefs that have had it to take care of and treasure are- Chief Bull's Lodge; Chief Bear Shirt; Chief Bull-~~ms~~ head; Chief Sitting High; Chief Sleeping Bear; Chief Curly Head, and it is now in the possession of Tall Iron Mah.- It was stolen from our tribe twice in all these years, but after long searching and hard fighting it was recaptured by the Gros-Ventres in the 1880's, and our peopie tribe and our people still have a deep love and reverence for our great gift from the Great Spirit. "The Peace Pipe."

The Peace Pipe is kept wrapped up in rich silk cloth, then an outside wrapping of beautifully beaded buckskin and it is hung up on the walls in the very middle of the room, where a a lovely Indian blanket is first tacked on the wall, ~~tnxthexx~~ then under it a bed is made of skins and willow racks are made to stand at the head and foot of the bed- and eagle feathers and skins of small animals like weasels, muskrats and beaver are hung on these racks around the "Peace Pipe".

The transferring of the "Peace Pipe" from the old chief to a young chief is a three day ceremony- it is a very solemn occasion. The "Peace Pipe" is uncovered twice a year, in the

Spring and in the Autumn.

At that time there is always a great feast, and much rejoicing and thanksgiving for the "Peace Pipe", and also renewed promises by the Chief and all the tribe, to treasure the "Peace Pipe" until death.

The women, mainly the wives of the select braves and councilmen, sing songs, and prepare the feast. Just before the sun sets they all sing a night song of gladness and thanksgiving- then the wife of the chief, wraps the "Peace Pipe" up again in its rich cloths, hangs it up- and then they all depart to their lodges and homes.

This is one version of the Legend of the Peace Pipe. The Assiniboines have their own version.

May 20 1946

PASSING OF THE CLATSOP INDIANS

The once powerful Clatsop Indian tribe has dwindled down until but three full-blooded natives are alive. They have all reached extreme old age, and it is but a matter of months when the last and only survivors will be called to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

Bob-sal-i-kee, who resides near Bay Center, is the only male left. He is very old and has accumulated some property in the way of cattle and ponies.

Jennie Mitchell, whose maiden name was Tsin-is-tum, resides at Seaside and is said to be over 100 years old.

The third is a granddaughter of Twilch, the great elk hunter, who is mentioned by Lewis and Clark in their reports. She lives near Bay Center.

This trio is all that remains of a tribe that at one time numbered over 300, and was the only one that refused to make war on the whites when they invaded the lower Columbia. They were always independent and industrious, and are among the few Indians that never lived from the bounty of the government.

P. W. Gillette, one of the pioneers of Oregon, who for many years lived on the Lewis and Clark river in the Clatsop country and observed closely his surroundings, is the best informed man in the state about the past and present of the Clatsop tribe. Through his courtesy the Portland Journal is enabled to supply such information on this subject that it would be impossible to obtain elsewhere. Mr. Gillette in talking about the Indians told the following interesting story:

"The first authentic history of the appearance of white persons at the mouth of the Columbia is by Lewis and Clark in 1805. Indian tradition has it, however, that a white man, with red hair, appeared among the Clatsops as far back as 1792. The only way that his presence can be accounted for is that he must have been a deserter or in some manner became separated from the ship Captain Gray, after which Grays harbor is named, and a number of years prior to the arrival of Lewis and Clark had sailed into the North Pacific waters.

"In the report of Lewis and Clark is found the statement that the Clatsop Indians numbered about 300. They at that time dressed in skins of animals and clothing made from cedar bark and bear grass. They had no covering for their feet in either winter or summer. For food they depended upon fish, berries and game. They hunted with bow and arrows, traps, deadfalls and pits. Many of these old pits are still in evidence on my old ranch on the Lewis and Clark river.

" At that time, and for many years afterward, the practice of slavery was indulged in. The slaves were mostly women taken in war from other tribes. They were as a rule treated well. The Clatsops flattened the foreheads of their infants by binding a board on the

head. A high, flat forehead was considered a mark of beauty, and a sign of distinction between them and the slaves, who had round heads and who represented the tribes that lived between the mouth of the Columbia and The Dalles.

"The strongest and most savage tribe at that time were the Klickitats, who roamed from Northern California to Puget Sound, and making war on the weaker tribes and capturing slave women.

"Chief Comowooh was a friend of Lewis and Clark, and through his influence the tribe remained at peace with the whites while other tribes were continually at war. Solomon H. Smith, a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition, married a daughter of Chief Comowooh, and made his home on Clatsop plains and during the Winter seasons lived at Fort Clatsop. Silas B. Smith, a lawyer who recently died at Astoria, was the son of Solomon H. Smith, and a grandson of Chief Comowooh. Silas B. Smith, although a half-breed, was a brilliant man, having graduated from Yale with honors. During his life he worked to secure recognition from the government for the tribe to which he was related. He brought legal proceedings to force Uncle Sam to do something for these people, but was defeated. He is practically the father of the bill that is now before Congress to make $50,000 appropriation to support the Indians that now remain.

"Bob Sel-i-kee is the only full-blood male Clatsop left. I knew him well and his father before him, who was called Wak-See. His grandfather was Wa-sel-sel, who was one of the hunters and scouts employed by Lewis and Clark. Bob's uncle Tose-tum was the last chief of the Clatsops. He lived near Flavel, many years ago, and was very fond of dress, as a rule being attired in a high silk hat and a suit of black broadcloth. He was polite and dignified, but as vain as a child. I had a talk with 'Bob' on the subject of the government making an appropriation for those of the tribe that are now living. He stated that it was now too late- it would not do them any good, as they were all about ready to die and the money would be squandered by the white people. I have the only photograph of Sel-i-kee in existence. But for being an old friend of his, he would not have permitted me to have taken it.. He has only one eye and is sensitive about the defect. I also have a picture of Jennie Mitchell, which was taken some 20 years ago. She is standing on the ruins of the place where Lewis and Clark made their salt. The exact age of the woman is not known, but she claims to have been an eye witness and accurately describes the bombarding of an Indian village at the mouth of the Columbia, which was the work of Dr. McLoughlin in 1829.

"The other survivor is a granddaughter of Twilch, who was with Lewis and Clark, and for a time was also stationed at Vancouver with Dr. Wythe and Dr. McLoughlin. She claims that her mother remembered distinctly the visit of Lewis and Clark.

" The Clatsops in eary days buried their dead in canoes and in trees. In '52, when I first arrived at the place where Seaside now stands, there was a spot which covered an acre that was

strewn with the bones of the dead. They had been placed in canoes of fancy workmanship, which had rotted away and left the bones exposed. While Sacajawea is mentioned in the report of Lewis and Clark, I gave her the first publicity in recent history, bringing her to the fore, and now her name is known as broadly as that of Lewis and Clark."

Taken from the Chemawa American, February 19, 1904
Vol.VII No.13.

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THE CLATSOP TRIBE

Warrenton, Ore.,Feb.29,'04.

To EDITOR AMERICAN:

In answer to the article entitled "The Passing of the Clatsops," which appeared in the AMERICAN of February 19th, I wish to say that while the Clatsop tribe has dwindled down, the survivors are not quite so few as stated, nor are they as old; however, as it happens, those who are yet alive are very closely related.

My father, the last chief of the Clatsop tribe, had eight brothers and sisters, Mrs. Jennie Mitchell, who is now about 75 years old, being one of the sisters. Mrs. Adams, a younger sister, who has three daughters alive, resides in Tillamook County, Oregon, but her father was a Tillamook Indian. Bob-sel-i-kee, who resides near Bay Center, is a son of my father's sister. Then there is Clarence Duncan, a former pupil of Chemawa, a second cousin to me on my father's side, and whose mother was a Nehalem Indian.

There is no granddaughter of Twilch living, nor never was, so you see there are eight full blooded Indians, not counting Bob-sel-i-kee's children (I don't know how many he has). There is, first Bob-sel-i-kee, Mrs. Jennie Mitchell, Mrs. Adams, (whose Indian name is Hunguh) and myself, all real Clatsops, then the three adams girls, who are part Tillamook and Florence Duncan, part Nehalem. Solomon H. Smith was not a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition. He came to this coast in about 1835.

There are other minor errors, but I think my letter is already too long, so will close. Trusting that you will sometime have space to correct these errors, I am,

Yours Respectfully,

Mrs. Kate Jouhs
(nee Kate Toastum.)

Taken from Chemawa American, March 11, 1904
Vol.VII No.16

CATHLAMET ON THE COLUMBIA

By. Thomas Nelson Strong
Published 1930

Cathlamet, on the Columbia, was, from time immemorial, the center of the Indian strength on the lower river. The Indian lingered longer and the Indian blood is more conspicuous there now (1930) than at any other place between Portland and the ocean. Chinook was a mud beach, a mere fishing station, but Cathlamet was an Indian town before Gray sailed into the river or Lewis and Clark passed by on their way to the sea. Here at thel last gathered and passed away the Cathlamets, Wahkiakums, Chinooks, and Coweliskies. It was early recognized as an Indian center, and is the only place of the Fish Indians to which Kamiakin condescended to send his messengers when he was organizing the Indian war of 1855. At its best it was the largest Indian settlement on the Columbia River west of the Cascades, and from the Indian stories must have numbered in the town itself from 500 to 1,000 people. Like all Indian towns it changed population rapidly, and when the whites first knew it, it probably had 300 or 400 inhabitants. Sauvie's Island occasionally had more Indians, but they were there only temporarily, digging wapatoes.

Queen Sally, of Cathlamet, was the oldest living Indian on the Lower Columbia in the late fifties and early sixties, and her memory went back easily to the days of Lewis and Clark when she was a young woman old enough to be married, which, with the Indians, meant about the age of fourteen. Seventy years is extreme old age for an Indian, and especially for an Indian woman, but Queen Sally was all of this. Judging from her looks she might have been anywhere in the centuries, for never was a more wrinkled, smoke-begrimed, wizened old creature. Princess Angeline, of Seattle, was a blooming young beauty beside her. *_**Lewis and Clark stopped at Cathlamet, at or xxxx a little above the modern town of Cathlamet and escorted to the Indian village, which was then on the slough below Cathlamet. ** How long they stayed here she could not clearly tell. It was evident she confused their westward and eastward trips and also their winter stay at Clatsop with their stay at Cathlamet village.**

The village was made up of cedar houses thirty or forty feet long and fifteen or twenty feet wide. How they managed to split and cut out the cedar planks, sometimes twenty and thirty feet long, two to three feet wide and three to six inches thick, of which these houses were built, with the tools they had, is a mystery. With wedges made of elkhorn and chisels made of Beaver teeth, with flinty rocks and with fire, they, in some way, and at a great expenditure of labor, cut out the boards. The houses were well built, an opening was left along the ridge pole for the smoke to escape and there were cracks in the walls, but excepting this and the door, there were no openings. Unless destroyed by fire these houses would stand for ages, as the cedar was almost indestructible. Each house was fitted to accomodate several families. Along the sides, which might be six or eight feet high, and along the rear wall were built beds like steamer bunks, one above the other. From the lowest of these bunks the floor of earth extended out like a platform four or five feet to a depression of a foot or two along the center of the lodge, which was reserved for the fire place.

One of the strange sights Lewis and Clark saw about this Wahkiakum village of Cathlamet were the burial canoes. The last of these were not destroyed until ~~xxx~~ late in the fifties, and when Lewis and Clark came they were very numerous about the village and in the Columbia sloughs between the Elokomon and Skamokawa Rivers. The low, deep moan of the Columbia River bar, forty miles to the westward, is clearly heard at Cathlamet, and it may be due to this that these burial canoes placed high in the Cottonwood and Balm of Gilead trees were always placed with their sharp-pointed prows to the west. With every paddle in place, with his robes and furs about him and all his wealth of beads and trinkets at his feet, the dead Indian lay in his war canoe waiting for the flood of life which should some day come in like the tide from the sunset ocean.

The Chinook canoe of the lower river was a beautiful thing and was much a home of the Indians as was the lodge. In Alaska the Indians had good canoes, but nothing that for size, model and finish equaled the Indian canoe of the Columbia. These river canoes were of all sizes, from the one-man hunting canoe that could easily, and which required an expert to handle, to the large cruising canoe forty or fifty feet long and five or six feet wide, which could carry thirty or forty people and all their equipment. The straight up and down lines of the stern and the bewitching curve of the bow were very graceful, and the water lines of bow and stern have never been excelled. The building of one was the work of years. It was painfully hollowed out with fire and flint and beaver-tooth chisel, was steamed within with red-hot rocks and water, and was stretched to exactly the right proportion and kept in place by stretchers strongly sewed in. Its only weakness was in the places where the cedar wood was cut across the grain to give the lines of bow and stern. Here in a heavy seaway the canoe would always work, and from here the canoe would sometimes split from end to end. Many a tragedy of the sea was due to this inherent weakness. for in these and the Alaskan canoes the Indians traveled the entire coast line of the Pacific, from the mouth of the Columbia northward to Sitka and southward to the California line, and even further, and old Indians often told of clinging to the broken sides of canoes when it had split, for hours, and even days, until the surf rolled them ashore.

**The Indians in their canoes were fine looking people. Arms, shoulders and backs were well muscled and proportioned, and they handled their poles and paddles with gracea and skill, but away from their canoes the effect was not so good. They almost uniformly had short, squatty legs, sometimes made crooked by continual squatting in the canoes, and this gave them a curiously top-heavy effect.

Compared with the Horse Indians of Eastern Oregon and Washington they looked weak and insignificant. They were not as warlike a people as the Horse Indian, and in a land battle would have but a poor chance. Intellectually they were superior, and, the Indians of Eastern Oregon complained that at the Cascades, where the native peoples met to trade together, they were uniformly outwitted by their salt-water brethern. Upon the water they were superior also, and no Indian of the plains could handle a canoe as the Salt Water Indian could. The women were short, squatty creatures, with a

tendency to grow fat and wrinkled when they could get food enough to grow fat on; the wrinkles they acquired anyway. From fifteen to twenty the Indian girl was a warm-blooded creature, not at all bad-looking, but after this she aged rapidly; at thirty was old, and at forty fit only to tan buckskins and do heavy work. In their native state very few of them lived much beyond fifty. ****

It was astonishing what good women the native women were, and how patiently and honestly they toiled and suffered for their worthless husbands. Afterwards when the white men came, the chance to marry one of the King George men or Bostons was to an Indian women a chance to enter paradise. No white husband was ever as bad as an Indian, and however drunken and worthless the white man might be considered to be by his own people, he was a marvel of husbandly virtues in the eyes of his ~~xxfx~~ native wife. His word was law, and to him she was faithful to the death. Long cebturies of oppression made the Indian woman thankful for even a poor specimen of a man. Thrice happy was her lot when she was taken for wife by a decent white man. In her inarticulate was she greatly rejoiced and scarificed herself for him gladly. There are many people in Oregon and Washington who have Indian blood in their veins, and few, very few, of them have ever had reason to blush for their Indian mothers.

****Long before 1800 the Indian had evidently reached the height of his power and prosperity, and when the white man came was already on the way to extinction.

The waninf of the Indian power of the Lower Columbia is shrouded in mystery. Young Indian girls told the story of it in hushed whispers, and the old Indians spoke of it reluctantly. Had the Death Angel come in bodily form they could not have been more impressed. The wail for the dead, so they said, was heard all along the rivers, and no one even hoped for life when the slaughter was on.

The Indians named the chief instrument of destruction the "cole sick" With the white man came the smallpox and the measles, but the "Cole sick" was neither of these. About 1820 and 1830 epidemics of the old disease swept among the remaining Indians, and historians are puzzeled to give it a name.

One suggests that fever and ague came with the settlers, but the Valley of the Columbia was never a fever and ague country and the pioneers, however malaria stricken at the beginning, must have been thoroughly disinfected by their long trip across the plains. Others say that the turning up of the soil by the Hudson's Bay people at the farms at Fort Vancouver released malaria from the soil and this caused the epidemic, but the disease was here before the farms, and it was impossible that a disease which raged over hundreds of square miles could have come from so trivial a cause. It may have been the modern la grippe striking an unprotected people. Whatever ~~visitex~~ it was no more potent angel of death ever visited ab afflicted people.

The white man had no need of war or violence in his dealings with these Indians, nor did he employe them, for the "Sahalee Tyee," the Indian god, had struck before him.

About 1800 the smallpox, measles and consumption were always busy, and a death in the Indian village was a common thing. There was no doctor at Cathlamet, and in pitiful dependence upon their superior skill the Indians used to come to James Birnie and William Strong, the only white settlers there, and ask for medicine, which was always given them, although it was no inconsiderable burden to supply it. But sickness in an Indian village was not to be checked by medicines.

THE MEDICINE MAN

In addition to these medicines Indians of the higher circles had Indian medicine men. A sick Indian, a smoky lodge, a hundred Indians beating the roof with poles to a monotonous chant and dance, and a temporary maniac manipulating the sufferer with rattles and Indian trumpery, it was weird medical work, and soon transferred the Indian of the higher circles to the select circle of Abraham's bosom.

The Indian war dance has for the last one hundred years been practically unknown on the lower river. Occasionally some feeble effort was hade to imitate it, but nothing was ever done that could for one moment be compared with the wild rush and frenzy of a genuine war dance about the camp fires of the Spokane and Cayuses. These were performances to stir the blood and raise the hair. Nowhere along the seacoast were there any war dances xxx to speak of. Even among the Hydahs, Tlinklits and Chilcats of Alaska the war dance was a spiritless, tame affair. The medicine dance, however, an entirely different thing, was at its best among the Coast tribes.

There were reports of Indian lodges in Western Oregon that were two hundred and twenty-four feet long, but this is probably an exaggeration, and a lodge sixty or seventy feet long must have been a large one. In such a lodge in case of sickness of some distinguished person, would be gathered at night a hundred or more Indians. In the sunken place in the middle of the lodge cleaned out for this purpose, and between the two end-fires would be placed upon a mat the sufferer lightly sovered with furs. Around the sides and ends of the lodge in double and triple ranks, each with a pole in His hands, would be placed every available Indian man, woman and child.

In Cathlamet the white children would sometimes join in and were always welcome. At a given signal from master of ceremonies, the dance would commence by everybody, at first slowly, but afterwards more quickly, jumping up and down in their places to a loud chant of yo-o-o, yo-o-o, yo, the first two long drawn out and the last shapply cut off and shouted almost explosively. No one stirred from his position except monotonously to jump up and down with the

pole held upright in both hands in front of him, so that the movement brought it into contact with the low roof in perfect time with the chant and the jumping, the movements being so timed that the poles struck the roof all together with the final "yo." The noise was deafening and the lodge would shake in every timber.

After this had gone on with increasing enthusiasm for a half hour or so and the patient was supposed to be sufficiently prepared and the evil spirit properly alarmed, a terr fic noise would be heard in the darkness outside, and suddenly the medicine man and four or five assistants would come bounding through the door with howls and yells into the smoky interior. They looked like f ends, bodies naked, faces covered with a hideous mask, over which towered a frightful headdress, and in their hands rattles, large cumbersome things decorated with teeth and feathers. This dress varied with different people and different medicine men, but the one idea was to make it as hideous and awe-inspiring as possible so as to impress and frighten the demons who had wrought the evil witchcraft upon the sufferer. Not for one moment did the dancing, chanting or pounding cease or vary in its monotony.

The medicine man howling dismally, circled with great leaps and bound about his patient, in sporting phrase, "sparring for an opening" to get to close grips with the evil spirit. Finally his chance came. The spirit, invisible to all but him, had been caught off his guard. He rushed in, seized the sick man, and with hands and teeth attempted to drag him from the demon that tormented him. In the contest the patient was tossed and roughly handled, for Indian devils come out reluctantly.

The perf rmance lasted for hours, taking the greater part of the night and the assemblage was wrought up to frenzy; but the treatment stopped only because human nature could endure no more. Wthe the smoke, noise and general atmosphere the interior of the lodge became unbearable and the physical strain was too great to be longer endured.

Sustained and soothed by this struggle with the evil one in his body, the sick man himself with patience and before many days generally gave up the ghost.

THE SWEAT HOUSE

They had another devise that for quick dispatch was superior even to the personal treatment of the medic ne man, and this was the Indian sweat house. No Indian man in his native state voluntarilly or for the sole purpose of cleansing himself ever took a bath. He trusted to the rain or to the necessary swimming, to passing through the wet woods and grass or to mere dry attrition for all the personal cleanliness he deemed necessary. It created a sensation in the highest social circles of the Chinooks, therefore, when Duncan McDougall caused his Indian bride-elect to be thoroughly soaked and washed preliminary to the marriage ceremony, and the fact was considered of so much importance that history has gravely recorded it as one of the notable circumstances that attended that notable wedding.

History, however, in giving so much prominence to this fact, has done injustice to the Indian woman. She was by instinct more decent than her Indian master and under favoring circumstances was neat and clean. To her a bath, although rare, was not an unknown thing, and therefore the sweat house was not ordinarily for her.

To the masculine Indian, however, a hot bath seemed the greatest sacrific he could make to the deities that ruled disease and death, and so it happened far back in the history of the race that some aboriginal genius with a talent for inventing great sacrifices invented and brought into use the Indian sweat house. They were not much used on the Columbia River near the ocean, but on the Cowlitz and Lewis Rivers, all along the Valley of the Willamette and on the Upper Columbia and its tributaries sweat houses were everywhere to be seen. They were little, mound-shaped structures like a flat, old-fashioned bee-hive, were perhaps four feet in height and five feet in diameter, the size and form varying a little in different localities, and were constructed on the banks of the cold running streams. They were made of willow branches, loosely intertwined after the fashion of a great basket upside down, without any opening except a hole in front of just sufficient size for a man to crawl in.

After the willow work was completed it was daubed over with clay, making an almost impervious hut. The inside dimensions were carefully calculated so as to accomodate one man, crouched into the smallest possible compass, with the necessary apparatus for a vapor bath, and the manner of its use was simple. After heating a number of large stones almost if not red hot the Indian, naked as the day he was born, and with a vessel of water, would crawl in and take the stones in also. Closing the door up tightly he would pour water on the hot stones until he was almost parboiled with the hot steam. After bearing this as long as he could the Indian would crawl out and without any preparation would plunge into the running stream. In this manner would be accomplished the second great medical treatment of the Indian.

This course was taken for any illness or indisposition, and would be taken even in mid-winter, it not being an unusual thing for a sick Indian after such a vapor bath to plunge into the water while snowflakes were whirling in the air and ice running in the river. Where the indisposition was slight or due only to an uncleanly life, the Indian would survive the treatment and be even benefited by it, and it was these cases that maintained its credit as a "good medicine" in the eyes of the tribe.

With measles, smallpox and other diseases of similar character it was almost sure ~~xxxxx~~ to cause speedy death, but as the Indian did not discriminate and with cheerful patience took it for granted that the afflicted one if he died was fated to death anyway, it did not discredit the remedy.

Occasio ally an Indian would kill a medicine man, or, as was once done by a sorrowing chief of the Klickitats, lasso the unsuccessful doctor about the neck and with the lasso fast to the saddle bow, ride his horse at full speed until the medical head was separated from the body, but no fault could be found with the sweat house, which maintained its credit as a sovereign remedy until many years after the coming of the whites, and this accounts for the fact that measles amongst the

Indians was about as deadly as the smallpox.

The Sins of the Fathers

With the white man came whiskey and death hand in hand, and with him came the subtle laws under which nature punishes infractions of its moral code, and these laws struck at the very source of life of the Indian people.

Lucy Quillis, one of several of the name, for it passed from one to another, was the little nurse in the white family. She was carefully taught, clothed and cared for. But in those days you might just as well have put a pretty little tiger cat in pantelets. On her part, with the very best intentions, she taught her infant charges the Chinook language, how to gamble in Indian fashion, and some other things.

When she was fifteen or sixteen years old, after the fashion of the young girls of her race, she fled from the house with her lover, a most unworthy scamp, and so began the life which ended a few years later in all that was left of poor Lucy, a mangled, battered body, being gathered up from the floor of the madhouse and buried. The "madhouse" of the Lower Columbia and of Puget Sound was not in pioneer days a lunatic asylum or a female seminary, only a judicious combination of the two with unlimited whisky thrown in.

The Indian woman of the Northwest Pacific Coast was not a flower-garlanded maiden or a friviolous French soubrette or Light o'Love, as so many Indian romances depict her. There was in her from childhood up a certain gravity and sober earnestness which was the natural result of her sober, hard-working life. For unnumbered centuries the burden of her people had been upon her shoulders, and so far as she had anything to think with, she was a thoughtful, earnest woman. Inarticulate and coy in the expression of her feeling to a degree that imposed upon people who did not know of the fires that glowed beneath, she was in reality alive and earnest and had great capacities for joy and suffering. Above all things she was a simple, law-abiding creature.

In the tribe, as a maiden, she obeyed without question the moral code such as it was, of her people. Married to an Indian husband she was his slave, and married to a white man and made acquainted with his moral law, for his wife, she would have passed through fire, torture and death before she would have gone one step out of the straight path in which he desired her to walk.

There is not on record in Oregon history a single case of an unfaithful Indian wife of a decent white man, and in view of this one cannot recall some particulars of the history of those early times without a shudder or without taking a firmer hold upon a belief in a future life in which the crooked ways of this world may be made straight, for God seemed to deal harshly with the Indian woman.

The spectre of the Eve of St. John when he spoke to "Smaylho'mes lady gay," spoke to understanding ears, and when he laid his burning fingers on her fair arm with the declaration:

"That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive"

and left there the scorched brand of guilt he branded wanton frailty, but God's Angel of Punishment in his dealings with many Indian women laid his hand on innocent victims and no law protected them, no voice warned them, and they did not even know for what they were stricken.

It is difficult for the white men and women of this day to conceive of the Indian code of morals or to appreciate how perfectly it fitted their wandering life or to understand how ~~trusting~~ trustfully and innocently the young Indian woman met the white strangers when they came. No exploring or hunting party, however difficult or arduous the journey, ever lacked Indian women to go with it, and no white man had any diffivulty at any time in obtaining a companion for his camp or home, nor from the Indian point of view was there anything indelicate or immoral in this. It was the old custom of their race come down unquestioned from Adam and Eve and had the full sanction of parents and friends.

Nevertheless to this trustfulness and innocence the terrible physical punishment that had been evolved for a race of men who had been educated for centuries was ruthlessly applied, and to make the situation still more unhappy and apparently unjust, no remedial or palliative agencies were known to the victims. The cruel thing about the early history of Oregon was that the trader came so long before the missionary that death's work was largely done to the Indian woman before either knowledge or help could come to her.

One of the saddest sights of early days was that of young Indian women driven out of the lodges to live or die as best they could alone in the woods. The other Indians would be frightened at their sickness and in their fear knew no pity. Occasionally an old woman or a grandmother, whose life was considered of little value, either to herself or her people, would go out with the stricken one and care for her.

Such girls would patiently live apart in some little hut or wickie-up and without a word of complaint would care for themselves as best they could. The pioneer white women were in the habit of taking out food and such simple remedies as they could think of to these poor creatures, and not knowing the nature of their illness or daring to come close to them, would place it upon a convenient stump to which the sick girl would come when her friend had withdrawn a little, and then the two would cheerfully visit together with ten or twenty yards of pure air between them.

Ordinarily, when white persons were about, when death came, the dead were decently buried, but occasionally the interment was as fearful as the sickness, and this was true of the victims of any disease that the Indian feared was ingectious.

One Winter evening a good old missionary, telling in reflective mood his experiences on the Northern Coasts in a smallpox epidemic, told of sending Kathla, a young Indian girl who had contracted the disease, to a hut far outside the Indian village on a point in

in the bay where her old grandmother went with her as nurse, and how every morning he went in his canoe to a point of tide-washed rocks near their hut, and not daring on account of his people to go nearer, shouted out his in tructions and left there their food and simply remedies.

The missionary then wandered off in his story into a general description of that awful time; how twelve canoes laden with Indians seeking help samped on an island in the bay and after some weeks only one canoe went paddling away; and how, when the scourge had passed, he sent out trusty men immune to the sickness and bid them bury the dead who were ~~lying~~ about lying about in the forest with orders to destroy their own clothing and go a-hunting for six months longer before returning to the village, so as not to bring the infectio back with them.

The old missionary told of one old Indian who had contracted the smallpox and who insisted upon having his grave dug in advance and his bed placed over it so that he could drop handily into it when he died, and added, on a chuckle, that the old Indian did not die after all and the grave was wasted, and then he lapsed into silence, forgetting that he had left Kathla's story incomplete, until some one asked about it.

With an effort of the memory recalling the circumstances, the good man answered as if it were an ordinary occurrence of those old days: "Kathla and her grandmother, poor creatures ! Oh, the wolves took them".

This is the seamy side of Indian life and the process of extinction of the Indian was grim in spots, but strange as it may seem, this period of fifty or one hundred years during which the natives of the Lower Columbia were passing away, was not on the whole an unhappy time for them. The Indian took life day by day and did not worry for the future. Sheltered and with enough clothes and food he was happy. The individual was never seriously sick but once. The life and the medical system insured this and the fear of death was not in them.

One of the most pathetic characteristies of all the Indians on the Pacific Coast was their submission to what seemed the inevitable. A sick Indian gave up at once and died with no more fear or apparent suffering than if he were falling asleep, and his relatives buried him with low wailings, the sorrow of which died out with the echo.

To this day in Alaska the dying Indian will talk of his own coming death with a gentle patience that seems to cast out all fear.

The Broken Tribes

One of the effects of this earlier decimation of the people was a scattering of all of the Indians of the Lower Columbia River Valley. They fled from their homes and temporarily settled in any place that provided them with the means of livelihood or that promised exemption from the plague that afflicted them. In this way the Cathlamets,

whose home was originally upon the Oregon side of the Columbia River, below Puget Island, after wanderings that are not recorded, finally a settled upon the present site of Cathlamet and near the place of the ancient Indian town, and from this people the modern town derives its name.

The Wahkiakums, who lived in the ancient Indian village on the Elokomon Slough, near Cathlamet, returned to the ancient townsite after the panic was over, but only to leave it shortly after the coming of the Lewis and Clark expedition. This people gave their name to the County of Wahkiakum, within which Cathlamet is situated. What final catastrophe compelled the Wahkiakums to leave their ancient village is not known, but charred timbers and burned and blackened soil on the site of the old town point almost certainly to fire as the final scourge of the Indians on the Elokomon Slough.

These fragments of the Wahkiakum and Cathlamet peoples took up their homes together on the main Columbia River about one mile East of the old Indian village. Here they built their cedar houses and founded what is now the modern village of Cathlamet.

What took place near Cathlamet must have taken place all over Western Oregon. Panic-stricken for the time the native people wandered about for several years, and fragments only of the ancient tribes returned to their old seats.

With this dispersion came an almost total disappearance of the tribal bonds and relationships. Every little settlement became a law to itself, and in Western Oregon there were no sharply defined tribal ties or boundries. These peoples, as the white men came in, were gradually given the names of the localities in which they were found, or, as often happened, the locality was given the name of the principal Indian man who was found there, and afterwards the resident people were known by the same name. Thus, Wahkiakum was a chief of the Cathlamets, and yet two tribes have apparently derived their names, one from the chief and one from the locality. These two tribes came together, and the double name, Wahkiakum-Cathlamet, is now perpetuated in the modern County of Wahkiakum and Village of Cathlamet. The building up of Indian names for modern use was a wonderous process, and no man knows just how it was done.

The Chinooks, Clatsops, Cathlamet-Wakiakums and Cowelitskies, with the native people of the Lower Willamette Valley, in this later period, roamed up and down the Columbia and Willamette Rivers between the Cascades of the Columbia and the Falls of the Willamette on the East, and the ocean on the West, and individuals of any tribe took up their residence at any place that pleased them, and in this way a good deal of mingling of the Indians took place.

With this dispersion of the Indians came an absolute failure in chieftainship. From 1800 on to the end it is remarkable how barren the lower river was of chiefs.

Comcomly, of the Chinooks; Chenamus, of the Clatsops; Wahkiakum, of the Cathlamets, and Umtux, of the Cowelitskies, are the only fourborne in remembrance, and of these Wahkiakum is known from a line or two

in Washington Irving and as the founder of Cathlamet, while Umtux emerges from obscurity only by reason of his tragical end at the battle-ground back of Fort Vancouver during the Indian war of 1855-56.

Comcomly was more nearly a chief than any other Indian on the Columbia West of the Cascades, and this Duncan McDougall recognized in 1813 when he married one of his daughters. Many other Indians are named as chiefs in the books, and some of them may have had some claim to the title, but early historians called any principal man of the natives a chief. In fact, from the time of Cartier's voyage, in 1535, when a quaint old historian, writing of the Indian town of Hochelaga, on the St. Lawrence, speaks of meeting an Indian, "one of the principal lords of the said city," to 1608, when in the Long Wigwam of Wesowocomoco, the mighty Emperor Powhattan, was divested of his greasy raccoon robe and gowned and crowned in kingly style by the English, up to the present time, very erroneous ideas have prevailed in regard to the power and authority of Indian chiefs.

In time of war they were allowed a little authority, but not much. In Eastern Oregon, where chiefs were plenty, they were without authori in time of peace, beyond the influence of their personal wealth and character, and on the lower river the villages were without law or authority from any native source.

During the latter days of Indian Cathlamet, Quillis was the principal man of the village, and had the largest lodge and family, and in earlier times would have been called a chief, but poor Quillis squabbled and scrambled with his brother Indians on terms of perfect equality, and if a canoe was to be hired or any contract made, his word was no better than that of anyone else.

INDIAN WIVES:

The relation of the white chiefs of the Hudson's Bay Company with native women presents a point of vivid interest in Indian history. For twenty years Fort Vancouver, like all other Hudson's Bay posts, was the home of fair-faced men and dark faced women.

There is no doubt as to the standing of the women. They had been wedded in the ancient and orderly fashion of their people and in the forum of conscience were as much married as ever Queen Victoria was. They knew that their husbands could dismiss them at any time, but this was the ancient and inalienable right of the husband according to Indian ideas, and so without a thought or care for the future they gladly gave themselves to their white masters and made loving and dutiful wives, and being used to the country and at home, made very effective helpmates. The men accepted them upon the same and not one man in ten dreamed at first of the relation becoming a permanent one. They were not of the class of the settlers, and each man expected in due time to return to England and there marry and found a family.

Some of them did dismiss their Indian wives. There were two ways of doing this. One was to pass the wife, often with a bonus of goods or furs, over to some other white man; and this although a cruel process, was much more merciful than the other, which was to send the woman back to her own people.

No one who has ever seen an Indian wife of a white man sent back to her people ever wanted to see such a thing again. Sorrowfully gathering up her little belongings, lingering over the task as long as possible, the poor dumb creature would finally come to the last parting. Without outcry or struggle she would try to accept her fate. One or two good-bye kisses, for the Indian woman under the training of the white men soon learned to kiss, and then with her little bundles she would make her way back to the lodges.

For days and weeks she would bring little gifts of berries and game and lay them on her husband's doorstep, and for days and weeks would haunt the trading post or humbly stand near her husband's house, where he could see her, not daring to ask to be taken back, only hoping that his mood might change and that she might again be restored to her old place.

Resolute men broke down under the strain of such partings and took back their dusky wives for better or for worse until death should them part.

With the higher class of Hudson's Bay men the original marriage relation was very rarely dissolved. Little by little the light shone in upon him. Seeing at last clearly what he had done and strengthened by love of wife and children after many soul struggles, he faced his duty nobly, and calling in the minister took upon himself the marriage vows that bound him as well as the woman.

Dr. McLoughlin was married after the English fashion in 1836, eleven years after he and his wife had come to Fort Vancouver. Sir James Douglas was married at the same time, while another prominent Hudson Bay man and his wife were joined together in the white man's fashion by the same minister that married their daughter to her husband and at the same time.

Romance treats it lightly, but whole tragedies of self-renunciation were bound up in many of these marriages.

Before McLoughlin came to Oregon another servant of the Hudson's Bay Company had been exercising all the functions and authority of a chief of the Indians. James Birnie was in every respect an interesting character, and had great influence with the Indians of the Columbia River, and from 1846 to his death in 1864 he lived and with his wife reigned at Cathlamet. He connected himself with the Hudson's Bay Company at Montreal, and three years later, in 1820, established a Hudson's Bay Company post at The Dalles. He was at Fort Simpson in British Columbia, where one of the islands outside the harbor now bears his name, and afterwards was in charge of Fort George, now Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River.

In 1846 he severed his connection with the Hudson's Bay Company and settled in Cathlamet, the first white man to make a home there. Here

he and his wife ruled in state and conducted what was in all essential particulars a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The square Hudson's Bay store just east of the present steamboat landing at Cathlamet still stands. At least it is in the same position and is of the same shape, but clapboards and paint have given it a modern appearance. The old Birnie house was on the crest of the hill just back of the store. Like McLoughlin, Mr. Birnie had an Indian wife, brought with him from the Red River Indians of the East; but she, unlike Mrs. McLoughlin, bore herself with all the self-assertion of an English dame of long pedigree. She entertained in her own home and sat at the head of her own table, and no social center in those days in all the country was more fashionably attended that that of Mrs. Birnie. Once only in the year did she resume her Indian character, and that was for her annual trip to Shoalwater Bay for elk meat, clams and cranberries.

Mrs. Birnie's canoe was one of the wonders of the lower river. No larger one in the memory of Indians had ever been seen there. It was said that it could carry seventy people. In the fall of the year this canoe, manned by twenty or thirty men and women, with all their belongings and household furniture aboard, would start seaward from Cathlamet.

Mrs. Birnie, all fire and energy, would be in command, and no woman on the river could command better. To the dip of the paddles and the Indian chant, the big canoes, enforcing respect everywhere, would pass the Chinook village into Chinook River to the portage. Here the expedition would be taken over to the Nasel River and from ~~here~~ there would pass into Shoalwater Bay. After a few weeks of hunting and fishing the party, with its spoils, would return by the same route.

Disposing of her gatherings and scattering her party, Mrs. Birnie would doff her Indian character and again assume her role as the grand dame of Birnie hall.

Here was one of the great gathering places of the lower river, and here at the wedding of Mrs. Birnie's daughters were gathered imposing assemblies. Thomas Fielding Scott, first missionary bishop of Oregon, an imposing figure in full canonicals, performed the marriage ceremonies. The Indians looked on in awe and amazement, and for weeks afterwards the little Indians gave dress rehearsals of the white man's wedding. The white robes of the bishop, which in their untutored way they took to be a glorified nightgown or white blanket in some way peculiarly appropriate for weddings, particularly took their fancy. To see a dirty little brat of an Indian with a piece of old cloth on, through rents in which gleamed a brown little stomach, attempt to repeat the marriage ceremony to a couple of other little brats, was very funny.

*********Already men and women are proud of the Indian blood in their veins, and more and more this feeling will grow, but at this time the Indian wife could only be happy in her native land, and was unfitted for any other; and it speaks well for the great hearts of these noble men that they recognized this and gave themselves a willing sacrifice to a new country and a dying race. They had connected themselves with a changing time and were compelled to change and pass away with it.

The clinging arms of the wilderness women were about them and held them to their forest life. There they lived and there they died, and the God of the wilderness has pronounced their work good.

THE END:

The earlier Cathlamet life was sometimes enlivened by the visits of strangers, and one of these is worthy of remembrance.

Half way between the Hudson's Bay store and the Strong house was a little cove in the low, rocky bank before which, in high tide, floated the Indian canoes and behind which was the Indian lodges. An old logging railway and cannery wharves now hide it almost from sight, but it was in this early day the principal landing place for the Indian village and here in times past McLoughlin, McDougall, Mc-Tavish, and many other notables had landed.

In the Fall of 1852 a canoe turned in to the landing from the Columbia River, and in it were an Indian crew and a rather short young man of pink and white complexion, evidently one of the new United States officers at Fort Vancouver. He was a stranger in the country and was on a trip to Shoalwater Bay and very anxious to get some white man to go on with him. He stayed at the Strong house for several days and so prevailed upon his host that at the end of his visit they went off together to the bay.

No record of this trip exists, and no official report of it was ever made. The Indians were reticent in regard to it, and all the two men vouchsafed to say was that they had had a jolly good time and would have stayed longer had the provisions held out.

Twice again the young officer came to Cathlamet a welcome guest, and then his short stat of a year in this country being finished, went away to the career that time had in store for him, and a marvelous career it was, for it was written in the book of fate that this obscure young Captain Grant should command the ~~grand~~ armies of the great Republic in the mightiest war of modern times, that he should sit as a ruler of the Nation and should finally sleep in the great tomb that looks down upon the Hudson.

CEL
1-22-46

Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc.
48 East 86th Street, New York 28, N. Y.

April 1953

INDIANS ARE CITIZENS, NOT WARDS*

ORIGIN OF THE MYTH THAT INDIANS ARE "WARDS"

The doctrine of Indian wardship arose out of a misunderstanding of Chief Justice Marshall's holding, in 1831, that an Indian tribe was not a foreign nation but was rather a "domestic dependent nation," and that its position towards the United States resembles that of a ward to a guardian...The opinion and several later opinions popularized the term wardship, and the term soon became a magic word in the mouths and proclamations of Indian agents and Indian Commissioners.

Over the years, any order or command or sale or lease for which no justification could be found in any treaty or act of Congress came to be justified by such officials as an act of "guardianship," and every denial of civil, political, or economic rights to Indians came to be blamed on their alleged "wardship." Under the reign of these magic words nothing Indian was safe. The Indian's hair was cut, his dances were forbidden, his oil lands, timber lands, and grazing lands were disposed of, by Indian agents and Indian Commissioners for whom the magic word "wardship" always made up for any lack of statutory authority.

TRUSTEESHIP AND GUARDIANSHIP ARE DIFFERENT LEGAL RELATIONSHIPS

A...confusion that helps to maintain the legend of Indian wardship...is the tendency of non-lawyers to confuse two very different relationships -- trusteeship and guardianship.

Guardianship is a relation that limits the personal rights of a ward. Trusteeship is a relation that limits the property rights of a trustee and makes the trustee the servant of the trust beneficiary.

As a result of many treaties, statutes, and agreements, much Indian property, both tribal and individual, is held in trust by the United States. In the white man's business world, a "trust" is likely to be a property of great value; the trustee is required to protect the trust property and to turn over all the profits of the enterprise to the beneficiaries of the trust; the trustee has no control over the beneficiary's person. In the Indian's world, the same principles should apply; there is no legal basis for the common view that the Indian Bureau may deal with Indian trust property as if it were the owner thereof, or use such power over lands and funds to control Indian lives and thoughts.

THE COURTS HOLD INDIANS ARE NOT WARDS BUT CITIZENS OF THE STATES AND COUNTIES.

During the past five years the question whether Indians are wards under Federal guardianship has been squarely raised in a series of test cases, in which the general counsel of the Association on American Indian Affairs has participated. In each case the courts have held that Indians are not wards under guardianship, but on the contrary are full citizens of the United States and of the states wherein they reside, and are entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizenship.

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*Excerpts from "Indian Wardship: The Twilight of a Myth" prepared by Felix Cohen, Counsel of the Association on American Indian Affairs, for the Association's Board of Directors.

1948 - Arizona - The Right to Vote

The first...arose in connection with Indian voting in Arizona. A 1928 decision of the Arizona Supreme Court had denied the franchise to reservation Indians on the ground that they were "persons under guardianship." Under the Constitution of Arizona, "persons under guardianship" cannot vote.

In 1948 a new test case was brought by Arizona Indians. On their behalf the argument was put forward that Indians as a class had never been placed under guardianship by any act of Congress or any court decision. Such being the case, popular talk or administrative declarations about wardship or guardianship could not deprive an Indian citizen of his rights of citizenship. The Supreme Court of Arizona unanimously upheld our contention and reversed its 20 year-old contrary ruling...

Justice Levi Udall, for the Arizona Supreme Court, declared:[1/]

> No superintendent or other official or employee of the United States has custody of the person of the plaintiffs. They are not confined to the reservation and may leave it at any time they so desire. The plaintiffs are under no duty to follow the advice or instructions of any Federal officials in selecting a place to live. The power of the commissioner of Indian Affairs, or of the local superintendent, to decide what people might visit an Indian reservation and meet the Indians thereon was abolished in 1934. (48 Stat. 787) The plaintiffs have full and untrammeled right to utilize their own property (except their interest in land or other property to which the Federal government has a trustee's title) as they see fit and to receive and expend income therefrom without Federal interference. A cestui qui trust or beneficiary of a trust estate who is a white person does not thereby become a person "under guardianship."
>
> Judicial references to seamen as "wards of the government" are even more common than the references to Indians as "wards of the government." Yet Arizona has never denied white or black seamen the right to vote as being "persons under guardianship." Similarly it may be noted that members of the armed services, federal employees, veterans, and even beneficiaries or recipients of social security payments or other Federal payments have all been referred to loosely, from time to time, as "wards of the government," yet no one has had the temerity to suggest that such persons, when otherwise qualified, were ineligible to vote...
>
> We hold that the term "persons under guardianship" has no application to the plaintiffs or to the Federal status of Indians in Arizona as a class.

1952-53 - California - The Right to Equal Treatment in Relief.

San Diego County...refused to make welfare payments to reservation Indians, claiming that such persons were wards of the Federal Government. This claim was challenged by the Indians concerned, by the Attorney General of California, and by the Association on American Indian Affairs.

1/July 15, 1948

The California Superior Court agreed with our contention that Indians are not under Federal guardianship and that discrimination against reservation Indians in the distribution of county relief is illegal.

Judge Mundo's conclusion, February 3, 1953, in the Superior Court of California in and for the County of San Diego:

> In the briefs filed in the present case by the Attorney General of California and the General Counsel of the Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc., the contention is made that the Mission Indians of California are no more "wards" of the Federal government than a non-Indian war veteran who may be entitled to term insurance, home purchase assistance, educational and medical benefits, as well as burial expenses, and support and maintenance at a veteran's facility. They point out that the usual characteristics of a guardian and ward relationship are not present in the case of the California Indians...
>
> It is true that some of the earlier cases and textbooks refer to Indians as being wards of the United States, and it also is true that the inhabitants of certain Indian reservations have been considered by the United States government as being under its protection; but it is clear, however, that the Indians thus protected were not in a guardian-ward relationship...
>
> The fact that laws are passed for the protection of seamen and Indians, as well as other classes of citizens, does not mean that they become wards in the true sense of the word, nor do these special enactments operate to impair other rights which they enjoy as citizens.

1952-53 - Arizona - The Right to Social Security Benefits.

Latest...is the suit brought by the State of Arizona against the Federal Security Administrator...to compel approval of a social security program for joint Federal-State payments to all cripples except those who have "Indian blood" and live "on Indian reservations." The State of Arizona sought to defend its position with the traditional argument that Indians are persons under Federal guardianship.

This position was challenged by the Department of Justice and the Association on American Indian Affairs. The United States District Court for the District of Columbia rejected Arizona's contention and held on February 20, 1953 that any discrimination against Indians in social security is forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

Accepting the logical consequences of this decision, the State of Arizona has announced that beginning April 1, 1953, Indians will be treated exactly like their white and black neighbors in social security programs for the aged, the blind, and dependent children.

So far as the courts are concerned, these decisions mark the final burial of the doctrine of Indian wardship.

NOTE: By Act of Congress, June 2, 1924, all Indians born within the territorial limits of the United States were declared citizens; two-thirds of them had acquired citizenship before that date through treaties and special and general statutes.

Delivered at an Independence Day celebration by William Frazier, full-blood American Indian. Covelo, California. Former Chemawa student.

FROM THE SUNSET MAGAZINE

2a talented artist has painted a sadly beautiful picture called,"The Sunset pf a Dying Race." A gifted sculptor with marvelous skill has expressed the same pathos in the "The end of the Trail." A beloved singer of ballads has given to the Indian an epic of beauty, but of despair. A New England author in a splendid mournful essay tells us that the Indian of falcon glance and lion bearihg is gone, that as a race he has withered from the land, that his council fire has gone out on the shore.

White man, this artist of yours, this poet, this sculptor of note, this essayist all have told the truth. The old Indian is dying, but so, too, is the old Caucasin. Our ancient brave in war paint and feathered head-dress has indeed reached the end of the trail, and so, toom has your old warrior with his glittering uniform and clumsy musket. They live together in their monuments of stone.

But we are not a dying race ! We are not a miserable race ! We are not a vanquished race ! No race of people is dying which can in one generation transform from the blanket into a tailored suit, the tepee into a modern bungalow, the feathered head-dress into a tan hat, and the war cry into "The Yanks are Coming.

This we have done.

There are today Indians throughout the nation who are fitting examples for anyone to follow. Indians who have attained enviable positions in life. Indians who are a credit to their country and to their race.

Some one may say "Well, what about the Indians on reservations ? Are they not living just as their ancestors did ? And again I say, heredity, tradition, that has come down to us since God knows when, cannot be overcome in a day. Is not the same true of your race ? Are there not those in your midst who cling to old ways od doing things, those who bitterly bemoan the follies of the present age ?

In 1917 when Uncle Sam called for soldiers he found the Indians ready to defend a standard that only a few years before was bent on his extermination. That Indian boy ate and slept side by side with his white brother, endured untold hardships, marched, fought and died for a cause that was called Democracy.

No, we are not a dying xxxx people. We are a people very much alive. Into that great melting pot the world xalls America we are pouring no mean, degraded stream. Our contribution may be but the rough ore, but fellow countrymen, it brings no poisonous alloy from the older putrid melting pots of European and Asiatic civilization.

Oh America, we are primitive young ! We bring to you the supple sinew, the trusting open mind, the hope, the spirit, the noble purpose of youth- youth uncowed by failure, unt ined bu surfeit of success. We are One Hundered per cent American."

5-1142

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE

THE MODOC CHIEF AND THE PREACHER.

Just before Captain Jack, the Modoc Chief who killed General Canby, was led to the scaffold to be executed, a preacher came to console him and the following colloquy ensued:

The preacher said to Jack, "You must not be afraid to die, Jack. You are going to a nice place. You will never want for anything. God will furnish you with everthing you will need without you even asking for them.

Then Jack said, "Is that so? You say, Mr. Preacher, that the place I am going to is a nice place, eh? Do you like the place you call heaven?

The preacher replied, "Yes, it is a beautiful place.

"Well", replied Jack, "Preacher, I tell you what I'll do with you. I will give you just twenty-five head of ponies if you will take my place to day, as you say heaven is such a nice place; because I do not like to go right now".

After recovering his wits the preacher mumbled something to the effect that he guessed he would not trade.

- According to Jeff C. Riddle, son of Wi-ne-ma, and author of The Indian History of the Modoc War.

Chief Joseph

Great Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce!
We salute your storied fame
While we launch this gallant symbol
As an honor to your name.

While your sponsors and your people
Etch your name on Freedom's steel -
They remember that you led them -
Never turned the traitor's heel.

An though odds were hard against you
On that vast Wallowa plain;
You defended them with honor
You're defending them again.

As the "Spirit of Chief Joseph"
Slides into the troubled sea -
As a noble allied brother
Choosing Death or Liberty,

Great Good Spirit, guide Chief Joseph
Plowing through the blinding foam,
Keep our stainless banner waving,
Bring the great ship safely home.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business if a gentlemen should choose
To wait upon a lady if the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer, that the meaning all may know
Is it anybody's business if a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business when that gentleman doth call
Or when he leaves the lady, or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary that the curtain should be drawn
To save from further trouble that outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business but the lady's, if her beau
Rideth out with other ladies and doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business but the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk, whether great or whether small
Is it anybody's business where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person while he's calling anywhere
Is it any of your business what his business may be there?

The substance of our query, simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business what another's business is?
Whether 'tis or whether 'tisn't, we should really like to know
For we're certain if it isn't----there are some who make it so!

INDIAN COUNCIL FIRE
30 W. Washington
~~108 North Dearborn Street~~

Chicago, Illinois

ANNOUNCEMENT

The River Colorado, winding its way through the Grand Canyon covers the trail of the Spirit Land. Mt. Shasta is the stone tipi of the One Who Made the World. The Arched Rock of Old Mackinac Island was formed by the tears of a maiden. On the shores of Crater Lake, Good fought and overcame Evil - long before the white man came.

So say the Indian story tellers. These tales are tales of America - as much a part of this country as the mountains and rivers, the plains and forests of which they speak. They are truly American folklore.

The Indian Council Fire sponsors the publication of these stories in a new book - "Indian Legends of American Scenes." There are stories from all sections of the country, illustrated with eleven color plates black and white pictures; and with initial letter drawings by Chief Whirling Thunder. The stories have been written by Marion E. Gridley, who has devoted her life to the study of Indian lore and traditions.

In "Indians of Today," by the same author, we brought you the life sketches of Indian personalities of the present who have achieved success in the various professions. In "Indian Legends of American Scenes" we bring you stories from the past that you will read many times with pleasure.

The book is priced at ~~$1.00~~ 1.50. We shall appreciate receiving your order directly through our office, as all orders so placed benefit the Council Fire.

Indian Council Fire
~~108 N. Dearborn St.~~ 30 W. Washington
Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed please find _____ for _____ copies of "Indian Legends of American Scenes."

_____

_____

2 Legends of Washington are included.

THE THREE PERIODS

With the Indian facing Eastward,
With the coming of the dawn,
With light a'gleaming Westward
As he sings his morning song.

And when the song is ended
The Indian bows in prayer,
As the voices of his children
Sings praises to a day so fair.

And then at Sunset !
When lights are growing dim,
When dance and song are ended
And we say that all is well-
When tom-tom and beating drums are
muffled
It's then we say -
Good-night and Farewell.

CEL

Mr. Crane and His Wife

Mr. Crane's wife was always getting cedar bark for baskets. One day she fell in love with the cedar bark. Mr. Crane soon found out, and he skinned a tall cedar tree and took her to the top and left her there. Blood flowed down the tree, and to this day, red berries are at the bottom of the cedar-tree trunk.

Mrs. Crane had four brothers who always went hunting, so she would sing a song as a signal. If her brothers could hear her, they should come.

On top of the tree, she sang. The youngest brother heard and told his brothers it might be their sister, but the brothers continued hunting. Eventually, they decided to heed the signal and discovered it was their sister. They went home and told their parents. Then, they all arrived at the tragic scene but could not climb the sleek, trim tree. They invited all the people of the forest to see if anyone could succeed in reaching the top to free Mrs. Crane.

Finally, the crow, uninvited, tried and failed. The bear, the raccoon, squirrel all tried and failed. They were disgraced. And then the Blue Jay tried. A drop of blood fell on his head, as he failed. (Which explains the red on the Blue Jay today.)

A man stepped up and tried. Alas, he began wiggling and his body began to change into a long, willowly form. Great Spirit was changing him into a snake! When the people saw this, they became alarmed and would not attempt climbing the tree.

Then the little woodpecker stepped forward, and successfully reached the top and freed Mrs. Crane. The parents rewarded the woodpecker with all their possessions. Through the waywardness of their child, the parents suffered. Then Great Spirit decided that because Mrs. Crane had been unfaithful to her husband, she should become Diver Duck. Even today, the diver duck is poor and uneatable, the poorest of all ducks.

How Du-quee-buth Assigned Duties

Du-quee-buth (Great Spirit) came along changing people, and then he met a sea creature and asked him what he wanted to be.

The creature, thinking that Great Spirit didn't have the power to change anyone, made fun of him by swaying and wiggling. Great Spirit said to the creature: "You shall be as you have acted. Tides and storms will send you where they wish. You will roll and wiggle. You are now a Sea Cucumber."

Then Great Spirit came upon an animal. It was busy sharpening a tool. Great Spirit asked him what he was doing and he replied: "I am getting ready to kill Great Spirit."

As he sharpened his tool, he chanted a song, "I'm sharpening this tool to kill Du-quee-buth."

Great Spirit said: "For this, you shall be a Deer. You will be hunted for food. You won't have much good sense. You always will run the same way, and therefore be caught. Your tool will be useless, behind your hoofs."

Great Spirit then came upon a bird and asked what he wanted to be. The bird replied: "Oh, Great Spirit, you have the power to change me. Make me the prettiest bird with the fanciest feathers. And let me eat only the best of foods." Great Spirit said to the bird: "Because you are so vain, you will live on slops and you won't be needed or wanted for anything because of your vanity." And so Great Spirit left the Raven.

Last along his travels, Great Spirit came upon another bird and asked what he wanted to be. The bird said: "Oh, Great Spirit, I am but a humble person of lowly descent. Do as you wish with me; you are the Great One." And Great Spirit answered: "Because you are humble, you shall be king of all the birds. Only royal people—chiefs and princesses—will wear your feathers. You will be most honored by everyone. You will be the Eagle."

NAIL KEG PHILOSOPHERS

Being a Little Preachment to the Carlisle Students by the Superintendent.

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No, I am not going to discuss any of the great philosophers of history - Socrates, Aristotle, Seneca, Spinoza, Marcus Aurelius, Swedenborg, Kant, Schopenhauser - as my subject refers to a different class of seat warmers.

The cross roads store and the corner grocery have for time out of mind been known as the mecca of the "Nail Keg Philosopher." Here gather, even on the coldest winter days, the faithful gentlemen of leisure who learnedly discuss the great economic problems of the country, including the tariff and national defense. The rows of empty or partially empty nail kegs are drawn from their accustomed places along the counters and adjusted in circular position around the comfortable stove as the philosophers, one by one, report for the day's deliberations. As each one calmly takes his seat he proceeds to roll a cigarette or take a "chaw" of plug by way of preparation for the arduous duties of the day, and to set the currents of thought in motion. Here, in true Socratic fashion, they while away the hours in wise discourse and profound discussion and settle, each one to his own satisfaction, many of the great and weighty economic and social problems of the day. Along toward the approach of sunset, after the wife, or the mother, or the sisters have the milking and other farm chores sufficiently under way to insure their completion by the time of his arrival, our rural philosopher reluctantly bids his companions good day and hurries home. Very important business matters detained him, he reports, and the female portion of the family pretend they believe him. But they know better. What patience! What fortitude! What complaisant surrendering! Oh, for a strong arm and the "big stick!"

On many Indian reservations there are large numbers of such philosphers, many of them educated at great expense in Government schools. They idle and deliberate, day in and day out, over the terms and stipulations of old treaties. They organize, council and petition; they study, contrive and plan. Reduced to their last analysis their proposition, argument and deductions would be something like this:

PROPOSITION: The panacea for our ills described by the "Nail Keg Philosophers" on the hypothesis that nobody should work but father (Uncle Sam), is equal to the sum of all other panaceas, such as industry, thrift, economy and sobriety described on all the other sides.

PROOF, OR DEMONSTRATION: If father (Uncle Sam) works, economizes and practices liberality and charity as a good and faithful guardian should, there will be no necessity for requiring his wards to put forth any effort on their own account. For, the amount which the ward spends is equal to the amount he receives and does not earn; and, the amount the guardian gives is equal to the amount the ward spends. Neither is the one greater than the other. For, if so, then the one would be less than the other, which is absurd. In the end nothing is gained. Quod erat demonstrandum.

Think this over.

-1916-