

ANOTHER MILE-STONE PASSED

(Continued from page 1)

Forest Grove we had to cut our own wood and I remember the old Captain calling us together and asking for a volunteer to milk the cow. I would like to see your herd here. He said, "We have one cow—I want a volunteer to milk it." I raised my hand. Say, he gave me a great laugh. "Do you mean to tell me you can milk a cow?" I answered, "I can milk a cow and also cows." I wonder when you milk here? Down our way we milk at midnight. I had to feed that cow slop—whatever the children could not eat I carried to that cow, under a big fir tree, and when it was raining I got wet—but I got the milk. I was the first dairyman the school had.

We were given a good schooling that year. I stayed all year. We studied long and hard. The teachers gave us practically our own way—to take what we wanted—and there was one man of whom you all know who used to roll me out at four o'clock every morning, summer or winter, so that we could work together—he was the Honorable Mr. Brewer. That was the way we got our education. The first year I had to go home—my mother was sick.

I was one of the hard-luck Indians—the original hard-luck Indian, I believe. During the war of 1855-6 my people were driven from home. My father and mother lost everything. Finally, we settled in another section and took up land. When father died I was eleven years old and I became the head of the family. When mother died I had lots of land. I came back to Forest Grove to go to school again. I owned 120 acres and the agent took every blessed acre I had. I stayed at Forest Grove thirteen months. I worked thirteen months excepting one month of half-days that were spent in the schoolroom. One day I went to the Superintendent and asked him, "When can I go to the white school?" We had been promised we could go. He was much surprised. I looked up in his face and wanted an answer. He sat a long time. Finally, he said, "Come with me down the walk." So I went down the walk with him and I expected to be kicked or knocked down, as I had seen the like happen to stronger boys before. When we got to the intersection of the side-walk he said, "You go right out that gate and stay out." I said, "Alright, where am I to go?" I believe I was the first graduate. I went back and filled my trunk and pulled it down to that gate with the Superintendent watching me. I went down town and looked all around. I wanted an education. I was not going to let the Superintendent deny me my chance. Before night came I had a place where I could stay and I went to school, and I stayed three years and in three years covered four years' work and I left. My health was such that I had to leave and the "wanderlust" got me.

I wasn't quite 18 years of age—the age a boy can become soured. Today a boy of that kind might turn to I.W.W.ism, or such as that. I had the time of my life. I went to the plains and turned cowboy. I think I can ride horses with any of these Montana boys. I traversed Idaho, Montana and the Dakotas, and throughout the east. When I finally got back

home I awoke to the fact that I had nothing—no home, not a foot of land, no place that I could call my own. I didn't cry about it. I went to work. It has always been my greatest pleasure to work. I don't do it now, as I am too fat. I have accumulated something that money cannot buy—I have one of the largest families in the State of Washington. I am proud to be the father of so many children, and those boys and girls are going to school among the whites. I am not bragging, but Supt. Hall has asked me to tell my personal experiences. I think any boy can do what I have done—and better. I am glad I did it. It never hurt me.

When I got back to my home I saw that I had nothing, so I settled among the whites at Tacoma. When I became 21 years old there was an election and I concluded I would vote. The judge of election asked me where I was born and where I lived. Then he said, "You can't vote." I asked why. "Because you are an Indian." I stood my ground and in the end I voted. I have been a voter ever since. In the district in which I live I have been a committeeman for more than thirty years and I can't get rid of that job. I have shown thousands of white men how to vote and I've got hundreds of them to vote my way.

Boys and girls, when you go back to your homes you must assert yourselves. Be square, be honorable, be upright, be just, and you will get along. I have had no trouble.

I want to ask of you students a little favor. I know I will get it. The matter relates to your Superintendent, Mr. Hall. I am proud to say that I have never heard a word but what was good of him. I wish that we adopt him as an honorary member of the tribes of Indians of the Pacific Coast. But I want you to vote on it for me as you are not all of my tribe. When a man has served you and given you the best part of his life, has spent thirty-five years in the Indian service, don't you think a little token of respect and reward should be given him? (Every hand was raised in assent) Mr. Hall, that means that they, these students, have confidence in you. In our tribe it is customary when we adopt a person into our tribe to give him a name. Years ago a ruler of our race was Chief Tooslum. He gave his best to his people. He was a brave defender—he saved his country from a devastating invasion. I shall name Supt. Hall "Chief Tooslum, the Defender." I came from a country where they made arrowheads. I am going to give this one to Supt. Hall as a memento of this occasion. I had it made into a charm—on one side is inscribed "Chief Tooslum." This concluded Mr. Sicade's most interesting address.

Supt. Hall was surprised at the unexpected honor which was his. He made a splendid acknowledgement of the gift of Mr. Sicade and of the distinction that had come to him, stating that never before in all his life had he been so impressed and so moved by any distinguished courtesy that had made him both proud and happy. His final words were full of feeling and of thankfulness. Mr. Downie called for 'rahs for our distinguished speaker, Mr. Sicade, and then for Supt. Hall, and—the students raised the roof. Thus ended an occasion, memories of which will linger in the minds of all present so long as life shall be theirs. A wonderful time in honor of a wonderful cause!