

JAN 11 1929
1929OREGON
COLLECTION

CHEMAWA AMERICAN



Printed at Chewawa, Oregon, and Devoted to the Interests of Indian Education

Vol. XXX

Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1929

No. 11

THE LANDING OF THE TSIMSHIANS AT METLAKATLA, ALASKA

By ROLAND BOOTH, Chemawa Student

The following story is as my father, Silas S. Booth, told it to me in explanation of why every year on August the seventh there is a celebration held on Metlakatla Island. In British Columbia there is a town or settlement known as "Old Metlakatla." The tribe of Indians living there is known as the Tsimshians tribe.

In 1888 for some reason this tribe or at least a part of it either had to hunt a new location, or possibly they thought it best to do so. This I can not give as a fact, but I do know that a Missionary, William Duncan, who came from England and lived among the Tsimshians, helped them to find a new home.

He and a representative of the tribe went to Ottawa, Canada, to secure land either as a gift or as a purchase from the British Columbia government.

The answer they received was, "Dog is dog, bird is bird, but the Tsimshians are nothing. There is not a square foot of land to be gotten by them in any way."

Now it seemed that their trouble in obtaining land for a home would never end. They did not know what to do, but they did know that they had to provide for themselves. They were very much discouraged, but good William Duncan cheered them up and gave them hopes that there was a way for a people so earnest and so hard-working to get a home. He now decided to try the United States government.

Again he elected a representative and they set off for Washington, D. C. On arriving at that city they were welcomed as guests and were received by both the President and Congress.

The President listened to what they had to say. Congress was very busy that year, but even that body heard what they wanted. The presence of the Tsimshian so interested them that the Congressmen soon decided to help them. William Duncan told them plainly that they came to buy and not to beg if the United States had any land to sell.

The House suggested that the little island known as Annette Island, lying southwest of Alaska, be given to these people as a home. The Senate also passed on the act, adding that all around the shore line 3,000 feet of water line be reserved as water belonging to said island.

They returned with the glad news, but they waited until Congress adjourned before they moved on because a Congressman wanted to be present when they landed.

And sure enough, that landing was on August 7th, 1888. It must have been something like the landing of the Pilgrims. They all gave thanks to the United States and to God. The Congressman who went with them raised the American flag as a pledge that this island now belonged to the Tsimshians.

The pilgrims of course had no Congressman, neither had they an American flag, but they did have a home and a God.

The new town was named Metlakatla, which is the Indian name for channel.

Today the town is modern. The streets as well as the houses are lighted with electricity.

In 1918 the town and its people suffered a great loss in the death of its missionary, but his name and his good deeds will be told and retold to all who come to live on that island for many years yet in the future.

THE WEALTHIEST NAVAJO

By CHAS. A. WISHART, Chemawa Student

In a picturesque valley about fifty miles northwest of Gallup, New Mexico, lives Chee Dodge, a dominating citizen and political boss. He is the John D. Rockefeller of the Navajo tribe.

Chee is a very unique personality and is well known all over Northeastern Arizona. He is a man of about sixty years of age, tall and straight as an arrow, handsome, strong featured and his hair is worn "A la Elbert Hubbard." He is very adaptable to his environment. Besides being a native Navajo he some times appears as a typical cowboy, in his broad-brimmed sombrero, bright silk handkerchief around the neck, leggins, bat-winged chaps, fancy riding boots, and a fancy cartridge belt and holster containing a very fine pearl-handled gun.

Chee, his wife and family prefer to live in the open spaces, cooking by a camp fire, and sleeping under the stars. He knows the hygiene and sanitation of the rare, pure atmosphere of Arizona. Even the white people who go there to teach his tribesmen do the same thing if possible. Chee has a beautiful stone house with all of the latest household equipment,

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