

# Weekly Chemawa American

VOL. 11

SEPTEMBER 25, 1908.

NO. 14

## "Jump Off Joe."

Interesting Indian Legend as Told in the Oregon Journal.

Once in the days of long ago, when the world was young and puny man was as an ant among the vast shapes that roamed the land and swam the sea, a giant of colossal size left a worn-out shoe, carelessly thrown on the edge of the Pacific Ocean. Long and low like an Oxford, with high arching instep, under which the restless waves washed and pounded, the vast relic lay beaten by storm and baked by sun until at last it turned to stone.

And now, today, half buried in the sands of Nye Creek beach at Newport, the big stone shoe still lies, ever washed by the surf, worn smooth by tourist climbing, solid and crowned by romantic fable.

Years and years ago, so the story runs, far back before the white man came to bathe in the breakers of the shores, the Indians of the Siletz were a powerful, a wise and a great people. Up and down the coast were the hunting grounds of its warriors, where from the mountains they took the deer, the elk, and the

bear. From the dashing streams, leaping down to mingle their fresh water with the ocean's brine, the Siletz fisherman drew trout in great quantities. In the fertile and sunflooded valleys the squaws raised grain and maize, and all the tribe was prosperous and rich and contented.

One day, as a winter storm howled along the shore, a bedraggled hunting party pausing on a high bluff overlooking the sea, saw a large ship driving before the wind towards the beach. As they stood it dashed upon the rocks and was broken into many pieces.

Out of the wreckage which cast upon the beach the wondering Indians drew a young girl, fast bound to a broken spar. More beautiful than any woman ever seen by them the warriors gazed spellbound at her hair, fine-spun like the ripened silk of their corn; at her skin, smooth and fair with the rosy tints of the early morn; at her eyes, blue like the shower washed skies of April. Unlashing her from the broken spar the hardy warriors carried the girl reverently to the village where the women warmed her back to life.

Drawn by the beauty, her grace and

(Continued on Page 2)