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Yaquina John.

**Point of Land at Alsea Bay Bears
Name of Chief.**

Yaquina John, located at the entrance of Alsea bay on point of land which still bears his name, was a descendant of the Yaquina tribe of Indians. His father was a great chief who made war on the peaceful tribe of Alseas and attacked them while they were on a hunting trip into a part of the Drift creek which was known as "Klose Illahee" and where every fall there was sure to be a plentiful supply of deer and elk, the meat of which served as a splendid addition to the usual diet of fish which constituted the principal food of the Alseas.

Many of the Alseas were killed or taken prisoner and Yaquina John's father established himself as chief of the small handful of Indians left. This was the most severe blow ever delivered against the peaceful Alseas and they never recovered from it. They continued to dwindle in numbers until the tribe became almost exterminated. Some of the children who escaped by running many miles, bare footed over cruel rocks, their scanty clothing torn from their

bodies by the sharp thorns, told the story to the whites who settled first in the country, many years afterward.

Upon the death of his father, Yaquina John succeeded as chief and located his tepee on the heights of Yaquina John point where he could command a view of the bay and flats surrounding. Then followed an era of peace and plenty. Yaquina John was an intelligent Indian, big and straight, six feet tall and weighed about 200 pounds. He must have had a heart that nearly filled that big frame, for he was merciful, dealt fairly with the first whites, and unlike his father, was a man of peace and good judgment and during the Rogue river outbreak in the early 50's when neighboring tribes were fretting under their restraint, he counselled only peace and refused to allow his braves to follow the example of his southern cousins.

Yaquina John lived many years on the point with his faithful squaw. They raised a large family, but invariably the sons died at an early age. He established a burial house near where Waldport's school now stands for his family vault, the old custom of burying in canoes having been abandoned. This house was painted white, with paint mixed with his own hands from clay and ochre secured from mother earth and composed in a manner which was

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