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Tulalip News.

As Tulalip has been happy in the past few days in the presence of Supervisor Peairs. I know the Haskell friends will be pleased to hear thus much of his adventures in the far west.

Friday night, June 11th, Seattle suffered a disastrous fire, burning out several blocks on the north water front and inflicting damage amounting to about half a million. Incidentally the water-front trestle of the Great Northern Railway Coast Line was burned out and Mr. Peairs' train, en route to Tulalip, was held up the next morning until the trestle could be rebuilt and the train gotten through. Fancy (if you can!) the doughty Doctor pacing at the Marysville station waiting for a delayed train which was, no one knew where, and running on a schedule of no one knew what and due to arrive no one knew when—which is the extent of the detailed information which our railways give out under such circumstances. And it was raining, too, and a regular Kansas rain at that!

Mr. Peairs eventually arrived and appeared to enjoy the eight mile drive through the forest primeval to Tulalip—

incidentally passing the old Tulalip Mission of Sainte Anne, the very first contract Indian school in the United States and representing, to that extent at least, the beginning of that phase of Indian education.

Half a mile from the school the road wound out of the woods and over the hill past the little Catholic chapel, where the school itself came into view. Instantly the whistles began to blow and Mr. Peairs remarked: "Is it one o'clock?" "Yes", quoth the Doctor, "and then some! The whistles and the bells and the band and the children are merely giving you a half-mile cry of welcome to our fair city!" As we drove up to the school we discovered the entire student body drawn up in battalion front widely cheering its welcomes—in which employers, band, whistles and bells joined lustily. There were enough former Haskellites in the crowd to add quite a zest and flavor to the welcome that was quite aboriginal as well as original. Even the flag-dressed buildings fluttered out a brilliant welcome. And as Mr. Peairs looked out over the bay of Tulalip at ebb tide he exclaimed: "This is home and the Wakarusa has flooded the farm

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