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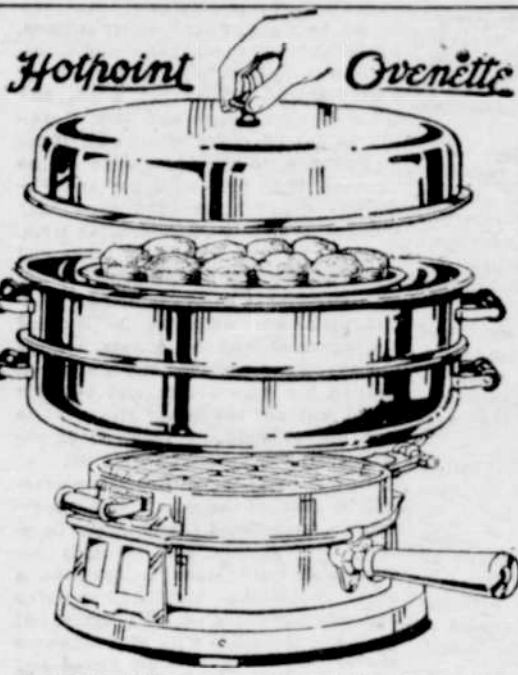
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The Dalles Oregon

INDIAN LEGENDS ARE BEAUTIFUL

Klickitat Language Wonderful

E. L. Smith Has Gathered from Red Men Many Stories of Interest—Memaloose Island

By Joe D. Thomson

Beautiful though they are when one, ignorant of the charms that Indian legendary lore weaves around them, beholds them, how much more interesting and appealing is a view of the grand points of the Columbia river highway after the sightseer has learned something of their significance in the history of the Redman! While many beautiful stories are extant in the writings of contemporary authors and in the articles and books of pioneer men and women, who have passed away, an investigator by talking with the older Indians that survive along the mid-Columbia district may find that many legends have ever become but little known.

Every Indian tribe had its historian. The histories and stories were passed from generation to generation by word of mouth. Each tribe had a different dialect. The names of the gods and heroes are different. From The Dalles down the Columbia to the sea, where the Chinook and Clatsop dialects prevailed, the Great Spirit, the Great Spirit, while across the Columbia in southern Washington, where the Klickitat dialect was supreme, the chief god was called Saghalie.

In all the Pacific northwest no man has ever taken greater interest in the legends of the Indians, among whom his close friends have been numbered by the scores, than E. L. Smith, who removed 40 years ago from Tacoma, Wash., where he had been secretary of Washington territory, to Hood River.

While he has retired from a life of active business, Mr. Smith maintains an office in a building owned by him, and he may be found in his office part of every week day. In former days the Indians of the region came to ask his counsel, and his pioneer neighbors came to consult with him on matters of business. Today the few Indians left in the district continue to confide in Mr. Smith as to their troubles, hopes and joys. He will ever remain their "Boston Man," and they and Mr. Smith often recall incidents of early history and talk over legendary history of the scenic region. Whenever anyone desires to secure information on pioneer days or Indian legendary history, he makes a visit to Mr. Smith. Nor is the list of visitors limited to local people; he receives callers and queries from numerous different points in the northwest.

Of all the 30 dialects of tribes with which I have been familiar," says Mr. Smith, "that of the Klickitans is the most beautiful. Their names for our points of grandeur along the Columbia should be preserved. I made an attempt at one time to have the Smithsonian Institution collect the words of the language. A Catholic priest at Goldendale was engaged for many years in the task, but I have not heard of him for several years. Rev. Waters, of the Toppenish community, a full blood Indian who won marked recognition as a Methodist minister, is perhaps more familiar with the language than any man in the northwest.

During the early days of Hood River history, Mr. Smith was accustomed to make long trips of exploration in the neighboring mountains. Indians were used as guides, and on these journeys of penetration into the wilds, which others of the party would be asleep or engaged in conversation, Mr. Smith would be seated in seclusion at the foot of some leviathan of the forest hearing marvelous tales from his Indian guide. Often Mr. T. L. Eliot, pastor emeritus of the First Unitarian church of Portland, would accompany Mr. Smith and other friends on these long jaunts of investigation of the wilderness country.

"I recall a time when Dr. Eliot and I were on a trip of exploration at the base of Mount Adams," says Mr. Smith. "We have often laughed together since at the philosophy of our guide. It was in the evening and as we sat around the campfire after supper I asked the guide where an Indian went and what he did after he died. The fellow, a strapping and handsome buck replied: 'I don't know, I find out after I get there.'"

Just opposite Hood River, near the town of White Salmon, high on the mighty precipitous side of the Columbia gorge, is a huge dial shaped rock. Most of the people of Hood River have seen it and have wondered if it had a meaning. To the Indians, according to the legends gathered by Mr. Smith, it had a very significant meaning. The great rock supposed to be Waupash, a mighty chieftainess of the White Salmon Indians in early days. The Indian woman was proud of her people and was zealous in her protection of them.

For many days Waupash had seen Spelias, the next of the gods in authority to Saghalie, the chief deity, prowling over her beloved hills. She accented him one morning as he came up from the Columbia and ordered him to leave the region and not show himself there again, for she feared that he meant harm to her tribe. Now this was no way to address a god, and Spelias, angered beyond reason, cast a spell over the woman and turned her into the great rock, and she sits there on the great gorge and watches until this day.

The legend that has come to Mr. Smith about Onesta Falls, known for the most part as Horsetail Falls, is somewhat different from other legendary history. Far back in the old grandfathers' days, according to the story, there were two handsome Indian chiefs who fell in love with a beautiful maiden. The man fought over the girl, who by her coquetish ways angered the Great Spirit, as did the men, and to punish them, one of the chiefs was turned into Rooster Rock and the other into Castle Rock. The girl was transformed into Onesta Falls. The great stream of water is supposed to represent her hair, which ever streams out from the great barrier of rocks over which she is trying to climb.

Just beyond the Hood River county line, one of Mr. Smith's old Indian friends has told him, is the falls of the Widow's Tears. A tiny stream descends

over the top of the high canyon and is soon lost in spray. "The Indians called it the Widow's Tears," said Mr. Smith, "because it disappeared so quickly."

One of the most beautiful of all the legends told by Mr. Smith is that connected with Memaloose Island, the Indian burying ground near the middle of the Columbia's stream just west of Lyle. Since time immemorial the Indians have placed their dead on the island. The bones of thousands of warriors, men and women have bleached and decayed in the sands there. Formerly the Indians visited the island frequently. The legend, which follows, explains why the Red Men have ceased to go to Memaloose except to deposit the bodies of relatives whose souls have passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

In ancient days the Indians were accustomed to assemble in large numbers at Wishram, a village just opposite The Dalles, on the Washington side of the Columbia. At one of the gatherings came a handsome young chief, as perfectly formed as Apollo, and a maiden, the daughter of a chief, whose beauty was known throughout the land. The girl was wooed by the handsome young man, and the two were wed.

This young man and woman made a prolonged honeymoon, traveling through the country and visiting the peoples of many regions. But their happiness was finally smitten by the death of the husband, whose body was borne away in state to Memaloose. The grief of the young widow knew no bounds. One night she dreamed that the spirit of her husband came to her and urged that she come to visit him at the island. The girl complied with the wishes of her husband and visited the island. As the sun went down behind the Cascade range a wonderful metamorphosis was worked at Memaloose. The graves gave up their dead. Sounds of music filled the air, and the spirits of the dead, with the form of mortals again taken on, danced and made merry. Dressed in a gorgeous raiment, the husband came to her and the two spent the night together in happiness. They finally repaired to his couch, where on the next morning on being awakened by the sunshine, she found a skeleton arm around her body.

Returning to her home she told her story. A great council of all the wise men was called. After much deliberation it was decided that since the maiden had belonged to the man during life, she must still be his even though he was dead, and she was commanded to return to the island to live with him. The dead were permitted to return from the graves at night, and during the hours of darkness all was as though some great feast were being participated in on the islands, but the forms gradually lost themselves as daylight approached, and during the days Memaloose presented only sights of horror. White bones glistened in the sunlight and the stench of decaying flesh filled the nostrils.

Finally the girl gave birth to a child. The Indian maiden desired that her mother come see her grandson, and a messenger was sent to carry her the glad tidings. The mother came, but she was enjoined not to look upon the little one for at least 10 days after her arrival; she was told that if she did so her grandson would die. But with the eagerness of a grandmother she thought it would do no harm if she would lift up his little blanket and take a single look. However, no sooner had her eyes fallen on the little form than it sickened and straightaway died. This death of the infant was taken by the Indians as a sign to enlighten them that they had erred in allowing the girl to visit the island, and it was ruled by a great council that thereafter none should visit Memaloose except to deposit the bodies of the dead. Memaloose until this day is the burying ground for the Indians of The Dalles region. Because of the treasures of beads and eiks' teeth buried with the dead it was formerly visited by numerous curio seekers, who despoiled the graves, sacred to the Red Men. The government has now prohibited the visits of white men for this purpose.

Passengers on river steamboats are attracted by a single white shaft rearing itself from a rock base on the island. This is a monument erected by Victor Treavitt, the only white man buried on Memaloose. Victor Treavitt was a great friend of the Indians of the mid-Columbia district. His body was placed among those of his friends at his own request.

NEWTOWNS ARE HELD FOR EXPORT TRADE

(From Hood River Glacier)

The Newtown crop of apples as yet remains in local storage houses, except for a negligible quantity that has already been sold abroad.

"We are holding back the Newtowns, the longest keeping variety produced here," says Sales Manager Sieg, "for the demand that will come from England after the Christmas holidays. We expect to realize high prices for the fruit unless some drastic conditions that are not now foreseen arise in the war situation.

Mr. Sieg declares that America is a red apple country and that Newtowns are an export product always. While most of the other varieties of fruit have been cleaned up, the small remaining stock is going out with a regularity and at a fairly keen demand.

Loop Survey About Completed

With but two days' work more before them for the completion of the surveys of the main loop road and laterals around Mount Hood to connect the Upper Hood River valley with the old Barlow road, the crew of government engineers have left the scenic region of high altitudes because of snowfall.

"By use of hand levels the remaining portion of the line was run," says Al. Cruikshank, who was a member of the crew of engineers, "and sufficient data was gathered for the making of estimates."

Mr. Cruikshank says that he has never seen a more beautiful country than that through which the proposed forest reserve will pass. A crew of 10 men was engaged on the work.—Glacier.

For Sale—Trojan blasting powder for rocks and stumps. Positively no headaches and no thawing, strong as any powder made. Write for price. S. J. Frank, Agt., Hood River, Ore.

LOCAL STATION BENEFIT TOLD

CITY AND VALLEY MEETINGS HELD

Talks by Director and Representatives of Oregon Station Tend to Change Sentiment.

The series of meetings held in the Hood River valley last week in order that orchardists might be supplied with correct data concerning the benefit of the local branch of the Oregon experiment station it is now believed will save the station for the community. Because of a misunderstanding between numerous growers and the station's representatives a menacing opposition had sprung up and the proposed appropriation of \$2,000 by the county for next year's maintenance of the institution has been attacked.

The meetings, the last of which was held Saturday at Pine Grove hall under the auspices of the Pine Grove grange, were attended by A. B. Cordley, director of the Oregon station, Prof. C. I. Lewis, R. W. Allen and LeRoy Cordley.

Director Cordley explained the relations of the branch station to Hood River county. He told the growers that as far as the main institution itself was concerned, at no time had he as to whether the horticultural branch was located in Hood River or in some other community, but he pointed out the benefits that would accrue to local people because of its maintenance.

Director Cordley diagnosed the troubles of the station in its relations with growers. He declared that Hood River county should make an appropriation for the purchase of a plot of ground to be used permanently for an experiment farm citing the good work resulting from such action in Sherman county. Heretofore it has been customary for the representatives of the station at work here on orchard problems to consult their tests in orchards scattered over a wide area. Growers, whose tracts were not chosen, have become jealous. The representatives, too, have been subject to call at any time. These visits to inspect orchards have hampered them in their work of experimenting to determine the cause and cure of diseases.

By the display of a set of charts Prof. Lewis showed the value of experimental work of past years. In the year 1907 the Oregon Agricultural College working in conjunction with the United States Department of Agriculture made a soil survey of Wasco county's fruit lands, Hood River county at that time having been a portion of Wasco. It was found that much of the fruit land was badly lacking in nitrogen. Growers were urged to make up this deficiency by use of cover crops or the use of commercial fertilizers. However, the orchardists did not heed the advice, and as a result the effects have been more apparent than any local orchardist has comprehended.

Prof. Lewis declares that the resident orchardists have failed to note the decreasing size of the leaves, while the difference is noted at once by a man accustomed to visit the region at intervals of six months or a year. The horticultural expert showed by charts the benefits derived from experiments with commercial fertilizers, nitrates of soda, on the ranch of M. Dragsuth for the past three years. The quantity of apples where the fertilizer had been used was made to increase 1,000 percent over untreated tracts. The cost per tree reached 20 cents, or two cents per box. Similar results have been obtained by other orchardists by the persistent use of cover crops to restore nitrogen to the soil.

Mr. Allen, a soil and irrigation expert, who for the past several years has been stationed at Hermiston, declares that he knows of no place where the ranchers are so ignorant about irrigation as in Hood River. Before they get full results from the systems in use, he says, it will be necessary to rotate the use of the water as in other places. He declares that the distribution system prevailing would have to be changed.

Until a few years ago ranchers never used cover crops, and although much water went to waste down the irrigation ditches, but little was ever used on orchard tracts. There were schools of growers who preached the non-use of water, declaring that it impaired the quality of the fruit.

Mr. Allen said that he had examined some soils in parts of the valley that, because of lack of irrigation and because of the persistent clean cultivation followed, showed but three per cent moisture, no more than could be found in the dust of a road. He advised the rotation of cover crops and clean cultivation.

"Where the orchard land is constantly planted in cover crops and kept heavily irrigated, there is danger of producing too much wood growth and thus cutting down the production of fruit."

Mr. Childs, who is in charge of the branch station, attended the meetings and told of the experiments carried on for the control of leaf roller and hoppers. Mr. Childs says that a spray has now been found to control this pest, which in the last few years has been constantly increasing.

The Oregon agricultural men met last Friday night at the Commercial club to discuss the station's problems with business men, about 50 of whom were present.

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