

AN INDIAN CHIEF

Libraries have been written concerning the North American Indian. But of his intensely interesting personality we yet know little and still are tremendously curious. Child of the mountain and the plain the sun his father—the earth his mother—he ever remains the fascinating man of mystery.

The Indian is by nature reticent. He unbosoms himself to none but tried and true friends, and even the man who has won his confidence must exercise great tact to gain from him an insight into his traditions, folk-lore, religion and aspirations.

The Indian sincerely believes the traditions and myths of his fathers; but it is difficult to get him to communicate them to the whites because they usually laugh at these stories, which to him are sacred. From his childhood these tales have been repeated to him as facts—sacred facts. They are his Bible, his code of laws, his system of philosophy and his religion and he resents their being ridiculed.

The commonly accepted estimate of the Indian is a symposium of impressions formed of him while at war with the whites. At such times all that is base and deceitful, savage and cruel in his nature, is uppermost; the side of his character brought into bold relief is the worst side, and an impression decidedly unfavorable to him is the consequence. Thus it came to be an axiom of the pioneer that the only good Indian was a dead Indian.

The reddest chapters of our frontier life were written in the blood of Indian warfare. Every westward step of civilization was made over the demolished tepee of the Indian and the destruction of every interest of his life. And because he resisted those who coveted his possessions they wrote him down a savage. The Indian made reprisals, of course he did. Was it to be assumed that when he was attacked, his home pillaged and destroyed, his children slain, his land stolen, that he had no right to defend himself.

Now that the conquest of the red man is complete, and there is no longer any chance of his waging warfare against the white man there has been a reaction and we are coming to look more kindly on this vanquished race and to contemplate with feelings of sympathy the Indian's impending doom.

*A paper read before the Spokane Study Club.—EDITOR.

We are beginning to realize the pathetic aspect of the Indian's situation and to honor his brave struggle to hold his native land against strangers.

This paper by request is intended to describe the ceremony whereby the writer was adopted a member and made an honorary chief of the Yakima Indian Nation. It might be pertinent and even of mere general interest to outline some of the connecting history of the tribe preceding and leading up to that event.

The Yakima (Ya-ki-ma', runaway) Indians are an important Shahaptian tribe, formerly living on both sides of the Columbia and on the northerly branches of the Yakima (formerly Topsteal) and the Wenatchee in Washington. They are mentioned by Lewis and Clark in 1806 under the name Cutsahnim (possibly the name of a chief).

In 1855 the first territorial governor of Washington, Isaac I. Stevens, who at the same time was acting as Indian Commissioner representing the United States, negotiated three treaties with the tribes of the Inland Empire. The treaty council was held on ground now within the limits of the beautiful city of Walla Walla and within a stone's throw of the present campus of Whitman College. The Walla Walla valley was chosen for the council ground at the instance of Kamiahken (Ka-my'-akin), the head chief of the Yakimas, who said: "There is the place where in ancient times we held our councils with the neighboring tribes and we will hold it there now." (Life of Governor Stevens, Vol. II, page 27). The Indians present, including women and children, according to Lieut. Lawrence Kipp (afterwards Colonel) of the United States Army, who was one of those present and kept a daily journal, numbered over five thousand and included more than eight tribes; fifty-eight chiefs and under-chiefs joined in signing the treaties there agreed to.

Describing the arrival of the first tribe at the council grounds Kip writes:

"Thursday, May 24th. This has been an exceedingly interesting day, as about 2,500 of the Nez Perce tribe have arrived. It was our first specimen of this prairie chivalry, and it certainly realized all our conceptions of those wild warriors of the plains. Their coming was announced about 10 o'clock, and going out on the plain to where a flagstaff had been erected, we saw them approaching on horseback in one long line. They were almost entirely naked, gaudily painted and decorated with their wild trappings. Their plumes fluttered about them, while below, skins

and trinkets of all kinds of fantastic embellishments flaunted in the sunshine. Trained from early childhood almost to live upon horseback, they sat upon their fine animals as if they were centaurs. Their horses, too, were arrayed in the most glaring finery. They were painted with such colors as formed the greatest contrast; the white being smeared with crimson fantastic figures, and the dark colored streaked with white clay. Beads and fringes of gaudy colors were hanging from the bridles, while the plumes of eagle feathers interwoven with the mane and tail, fluttered as the breeze swept over them, and completed their wild and fantastic appearance. When about a mile distant they halted, and a half dozen chiefs rode forward and were introduced to Governor Stevens and General Palmer, in the order of their rank. Then on came the rest of the wild horsemen in single file, clashing their shields, singing and beating their drums as they marched past us. Then they formed a circle and dashed around us, while our little group stood there, the center of their wild evolutions. They would gallop up as if about to make a charge, then wheel round and round, sounding their loud whoops until they had apparently worked themselves up into an intense excitement. Then some score or two dismounted, and forming a ring danced for about twenty minutes, while those surrounding them beat time on their drums. After these performances more than twenty of the chiefs went over to the tent of Governor Stevens, where they sat for some time, smoking the 'pipe of peace' in token of good fellowship, and then returned to their camping ground."

And this was the first tribe to arrive; in the days following came the Walla Wallas, the Umatillas, the Cayuses, the Yakimas and other tribes of lesser note. Chief Garry of the Spokanes was present as a visitor or spectator, but not as a participant.

Of the whites there was one small company of the regular soldiers from the fort at The Dalles, numbering less than fifty; and in the parties of Governor Stevens and General Palmer, about fifty more, which included secretaries, interpreters and packers.

Two thousand Indian warriors sat in council and the object of the conference was a general argeement for a division of the country between the native and white settlers. After protracted and acrimonious debate that lasted for a period of twenty-five days Governor Stevens at last persuaded the Indians to accept the inevitable partition of their country with the white

invaders. Three reservations were created—one in the Yakima Valley, another on the Umatilla River in eastern Oregon, and the third in the Nez Perce country in northern Idaho. More than sixty thousand square miles, embracing the greater part of the Inland Empire, were ceded to white occupation.

Speaking of this council Governor Stevens said:

“Thus ended in the most satisfactory manner this great council, prolonged thru so many days—a council which, in the number of Indians assembled and the different tribes, old difficulties between them and the whites, a deep-seated dislike to and determination against giving up their lands, and the great importance, made absolute necessity, of opening this land by treaty to occupation by the whites, that bloodshed and the enormous expense of Indian wars might be avoided, and in its general influence and difficulty has never been equaled by any council held with the Indian tribes of the United States.”

Speaking further of the Indian participants, Governor Stevens said:

“The haughty carriage of these chiefs and their manly character have, for the first time in my Indian experience, realized the descriptions of the writers of fiction.”

Some historians maintain that in tense dramatic interest, in wealth of savage staging, and in barbaric color, and in ultimate influence alike upon the white man and his red brother, the Walla Walla council stands out in bold relief, the most important, the most striking historic event in the Inland Empire, if not in the entire Pacific Northwest.

The Indians thus ceded an empire, and, in the case of the Yakima Nation, in addition to the right of exclusive occupancy in the lands since known as the Yakima Reservation, expressly reserved “the right of taking fish at all usual and accustomed places,” one of which was an Indian fishery at Prosser Falls, the Indian name of which was Top-tut. From the Indian viewpoint this reservation of the right to fish at these “usual and accustomed places” was a very material if not the principal feature of the treaty.

Sometime prior to 1915 a power company erected a dam in the Yakima River at or near this ancient fishing place of the Yakima Indians.

In May, 1915, certain Indians of the tribe were informed against for violating a state law which inhibited the catching of salmon without procuring a license and the taking of salmon

within one mile of any dam. One of the Indians, Alec Towessnute, was informed against in the Superior Court of Benton County for having violated the state statute and at the trial the following facts were adduced:

"Towessnute was an Indian who still maintained his tribal relations with the Yakima tribe, which tribe was a party to the treaty between the Yakima Nation and the United States made June 9th, 1855, and ratified by the Senate of the United States on March 8th, 1859. The said Indian caught fish with a gaff hook in the waters of the Yakima River at a point more than five miles from the boundaries of any Indian reservation, within one mile of a certain dam across said river and without having obtained any fishing license from the state of Washington.

"That the said fishing place in said Yakima River at and in which said defendant fished and took fish was one of the usual and accustomed fishing places of the members of the confederate tribes and bands of Indians known as the Yakima Nation, and was such usual and accustomed fishing place of said Indians at and prior to the time of making the treaty aforesaid, and has been used and enjoyed by said Indians during the fishing season of each and every year since said treaty was made; that said fishing place has from time immemorial been used and enjoyed by said Indians and their ancestors and known by the Indian name of Top-tut. That the said manner of taking fish is an ancient and accustomed method used from time immemorial by said Indians in catching fish."

Upon this state of facts a demurrer was interposed to the information, upon the ground that the statute was in contravention of the treaty, which was sustained by the Superior Court. An appeal was taken by the State Attorney General to the Supreme Court of the State of Washington and the case reversed by a divided court. A majority of the Supreme Court decided that the Enabling Act by which the State of Washington was admitted into the Union repealed the treaty with the Indians.

The Indians refused to be reconciled to this decision and preparations were made for another test case with the intention of carrying it to the Supreme Court of the United States for adjudication, and later the head chief, George Meninock, and the next principal chief, Jim Wallahee, were arrested for violation of the state law by the State Game Commissioner, and their case again presented to the court.

From the testimony and conduct of the Indians it is clear

that the exercise of the right to fish at the "usual and accustomed places" which their ancestors had reserved, appealed powerfully to their desires and imagination and was interwoven with their traditions and was a very part and fibre of their being.

In the last case the defendant chief, Meninock, gave the following forceful and convincing testimony:

"God created this Indian country and it was like He spread out a big blanket. He put the Indians on it. They were created here in this country, truly and honestly, and that was the time this river started to run. Then God created fish in this river and put deer in these mountains and made laws through which has come the increase of fish and game. Then the Creator gave us Indians life; we awakened and as soon as we saw the game and fish we knew that they were made for us. For the women God made roots and berries to gather, and the Indians grew and multiplied as a people. When we were created we were given our ground to live on, and from that time these were our rights. This is all true. We had the fish before the missionaries came, before the white man came. We were put here by the Creator and these were our rights as far as my memory to my great-grandfather. This was the food on which we lived. My mother gathered berries; my father fished and killed the game. These words are mine and they are true. It matters not how long I live, I cannot change these thoughts. My strength is from the fish; my blood is from the fish, from the roots and the berries. The fish and the game are the essence of my life. I was not brought from a foreign country and did not come here. I was put here by the Creator. We had no cattle, no hogs, no grain, only berries and roots and game and fish. We never thought we would be troubled about these things, and I tell my people, and I believe it, it is not wrong for us to get this food. Whenever the seasons open I raise my heart in thanks to the Creator for his bounty that this food has come.

"I want this treaty to show the officers what our fishing rights were. I was at the council at Walla Walla with my father, who was one of the chiefs who signed that treaty. His name was Meninock, too. Jim Wallahee, who was arrested when I was and who is a defendant too, had an uncle whose name was Owhi, who was at that council and who also signed the treaty. I well remember hearing the talk about the treaty. There were more Indians there at Walla Walla than ever came together any place in this country. Besides the women and the children,

there were two thousand Indian warriors, and they were there for about one moon, during the same part of the year as now, in May and June.

"The Indians and the Commissioners were many days talking about making this treaty. One day Governor Stevens read what he had written down, and had one of his interpreters explain it to the Indians. After everybody had talked and Pu-pu-mox-mox had talked, General Stevens wanted to hear from the head chief of the Yakimas. He said, 'Kamiaken, the great chief of the Yakimas, has not spoken at all. His people have had no voice here today. He is not afraid to speak—let him speak out.'

"Something had been said about more and more whites coming into the Indian's country and that then the Indians would be driven away from their hunting grounds and fishing places; then Governor Stevens told the Indians that the Government would see that when the white men came here the rights of the Indians would be protected; then Chief Kamiaken said: 'I am afraid that the white men are not speaking straight; that their children will not do what is right by our children; that they will not do what you have promised for them.' To this Governor Stevens said: 'My brothers and myself have talked straight to the council. You and your children will not be troubled in the use of your streams. The Indians will be allowed to take fish from them at the usual fishing places, and this promise will be kept by the Americans as long as the sun shines, as long as the mountains stand, and as long as the rivers run.'"

There can be no doubt that any treaty which sought to abridge the Indians' exercise of these rights could never have been negotiated.

Chief Wallahee, another defendant, testified:

"What Chief Meninock and Chief Alex McCoy have said is true, as all our people know. I want to speak some words to tell the judge why I feel I do no wrong when I catch salmon at the old Top-tut fishing place at the Prosser Falls.

"When the treaty was made at Walla Walla the Indians were told to give up all the Indian country except the Reservation. They did not like to do this, and there was much talk. The Indians were told that the whites would come in large numbers and that they would want to raise crops and stock and unless there was an understanding about what lands and places were to be used by each, there would be trouble and bad feeling

between the Indians and the whites all the time. But after a while the Indians were persuaded to sign the treaty and they gave up all the country except the Reservation and a few fishing places and the right to catch fish at these places like Top-tut where our people have always fished.

"There is a reason why the Indians reserve the right to fish at these ancient fishing places, which I will try to tell.

"At Top-tut there always was a kind of a fall. The river at this place was so made and the rocks so formed by God that when the salmon came from the sea they would go up to this place where the water was shallow and in ripples so that the fish could be caught with our hooks, spears and nets, so when an Indian got hold of a big fish there, he could land it without danger of being pulled in and being drowned in the deep, swift high water. That is why these accustomed fishing places which were created for the Indians were set aside in the treaty for the use of the Indians.

"That is why I do not think I do any wrong when I fish at this place my father saved for me and which the Great Spirit made for the Indians. Is it right for the white man to build a dam at the falls and then say that his act destroys the bounty of the Creator?

"I am telling the truth. Indians do not bother white people. Anything they raise we do not bother. I do not go into a white man's field or destroy his things. I keep out, but the salmon does not belong to him. It is sent free from the ocean by God for my use.

"I do not think it would be right for the white man to say, 'Indians, I do not want you to have even a few fish for your own use.' I do not think all white people are like the Fish Commissioner. He wants us to act like little children and go some place else and fish at places where we know and he knows we cannot catch any."

The case was submitted to the jury and under the instructions of the Court a verdict of guilty was returned. Before sentence was imposed the head chief, Meninock, made the following impassioned plea to the Court, as copied from a report in the Spokesman-Review:

"Let Hearts be Opened"

"I am about to open my heart to speak to you of my griefs and troubles. Open yours to receive my words.

"I first salute the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, and the author of the natural law upon which all justice rests. Then I turn to you my earthly judge. Let me say a word for our fathers, who are dead. My father, Meninock, was one of the chiefs who signed the Yakima Treaty. Had he lived he would speak today and you would have heard a good man; and truth would flow from his lips. But our fathers are gone and they can not speak and they pray you to listen to the living.

Would Not Sign Treaty

"I was at Walla Walla in June, 1855, with my father when the treaty was signed. Our chiefs did not want to sign the treaty proposed by General Stevens. Our father said, 'You will take away our rights and we cannot fish and hunt,' and they would not sign the treaty. There was much trouble then.

"General Stevens said: 'You listen to me. I am going to protect you in your rights to fish. I will put in the record never to be wiped out that the Indians shall have the right to fish at their fishing places. I will see that your children get their rights. If, when I am gone, any of my white children violate this agreement the government will punish them—the Government will take up and protect you always as long as the sun shines, as long as the mountains stand and as long as the rivers run.'

Believed What Stevens Said

"Then our chiefs were persuaded and they believed what General Stevens said and they signed the treaty and the clouds cleared away and the day was bright. My father when he was about to die charged us to abide in peace and live up to the treaty and we have done so all our lives. Now I am told that the high court of the state of Washington says: 'This treaty is no good.' They close their ears to the truth. They make out that General Stevens did not speak to our people truthfully after all—that he deceived the Indians with sweet words.

"Judge, is this so? I loved the land on which I was born, the trees which covered it and the grass growing on it. I am thankful to the Creator for the food fish which he sends to us in his streams and I am not here to beg, but I came to ask for the right which was guaranteed us to take this food for our selves.

Think Treaty Highest Law

"No people can fight against the Americans. Only the great God himself can punish them when they do wrong. I am now old; you are powerful; you can wipe away our tears, order your officers to be just; forbid them to arrest the Indians when they fish at places reserved in the treaty; have pity upon us. You have many red children here; grant them their rights.

"We have followed the treaty. We think it is the highest law. We think it was made before the state law and you should decide our rights. We do not kill the fish for the market; we make no money. Look at me! How much money did I make on this fishing? I have nothing. We have heard how the white man kills the fish and sells them for money. That is why the fish are getting scarce.

"I follow my father—I stand by what the treaty says. Let me take back the tidings to my people that the whites also stand by the treaty. Then all will be well."

At the conclusion of the remarks of the Indians, Judge Truax, before imposing sentence, stated that his own personal feeling and belief was that the Indians were right in their interpretation of the treaty, but felt that he was bound by the obligation of his office to follow the interpretation of the law given by the Supreme Court and a light sentence was imposed upon the defendants. An appeal was thereupon taken to the Supreme Court of the state but before the decision was entered the Legislature, at the importunities of the Indians, who personally appeared in the legislative halls, amended the state statute so as to permit the Yakima Indians to fish at this ancient and accustomed fishing place known as Top-tut.

The writer of this paper took part in all the councils of the Indians and appeared for them at the various trials and his efforts to have the treaty construed as understood by the Indians won their friendship and approbation, and after the trial of the second case in the Superior Court and before its argument in the Supreme Court and before the Indians appeared at the state legislature, on January 4th, 1921, the writer was adopted into the tribe and made an honorary chief at a very colorful and interesting ceremony.

Adoption had its beginning far back in the history of society and, after passing through many forms and losing much ceremonial garb, appears today in the civilized institution of naturali-

zation. In primitive philosophy birth and death are the results of magic power. To preserve the balance and repair the loss occasioned by death resort was had to the fiction of adoption. By the action of the constituted authorities the status of an adopted person is fixed and his social and political importance thereby determined.

In the Indian mind the fundamental motive underlying adoption was to defeat the evil purpose of death by replacing the lost member. By separate resolutions of the council the person adopted may receive the grade of young man, woman, warrior, chief, having the right of chiefship in the council on an equal footing with the chiefs of the other tribes. So we see that the individual may be adopted upon any one of several planes.

Among the Indians of the Yakima the chief was the leader of a definite group formerly united in the occupancy of a common range of territory. He was obligated to execute the ascertained will of the tribe, defend their right in war and in council, and conserve their customs and traditions. He exercised legislative, judicial, and executive powers delegated to him in accordance with custom for the conservation and promotion of the common weal.

Among the different Indian communities the social and political structure varied greatly. Many stages of progress lay between the small band under a single chief and the more permanent confederation of highly organized tribes. With more advanced organizations, functions required of different grades of officers increased, hence various kinds and grades of chiefs are found.

The title to the dignity belongs to the community, not to the chief, who sometimes owes his nomination to the suffrages of his female constituents, but in most communities he is installed by some authority representing the council. The chiefs are the creatures of law, expressed in well defined customs, rites and traditions. The chieftainship is not hereditary but a reward of personal merit and statesmanship and a recognition of force of character. They are not deposed but ostracized.

Bravery in war, wisdom in council, oratorical, poetical and artistic talent, real or supposed psychic power, served in all Indian tribes to give preeminence.

Shortly before the date given I received a letter from the chiefs which stated that the Indians had been summoned to council at their council house near Toppenish and requested me

to come and meet them there on the 4th of January, 1921. I left Spokane on the morning of that day on the Northern Pacific train which was due to reach Toppenish at 2:00 P.M., but for some reason that could not be ascertained the train was delayed and did not arrive until about five o'clock the afternoon of that day, at which time of the year it was dusk. On leaving the train I was met by one of the Indian chiefs in full regalia, accompanied by two interpreters and several other Indians. They told me that they were greatly disappointed as the members of the tribe to the number of about two hundred, in full dress, had been waiting for several hours and ever since the train was due to meet me as it was the intention to have a parade through the town streets in my honor; that they had not been able to find out just when I would arrive, as all the agent would tell them was that the train was late and would come soon. The chiefs and tribesmen had waited until dark and had then gone back to the camp disappointed, but leaving the committee to meet me at the time of arrival. As a matter of fact, I did not fancy the idea of being the central figure in a parade of this kind and secretly I was not displeased because the train had been late. Further conversation with the interpreter at the hotel disclosed the fact that it was the plan of the Indian council on the next day to adopt me and make me an honorary chief. As a part of this ceremony an Indian name is given to the recipient of the high honor of chieftaincy, and several names were discussed with the interpreter and the name Sun Wit, 'Ta Ma Me Yea', which meant "The Voice of the Indian" was selected by me, but in this, as will later appear, I was to be disappointed.

The next day at about eleven o'clock I was taken in an automobile about two miles on to the Reservation where their camp was. They had a large building there in which they held their councils which was called the Long House; its dimensions were approximately twenty-five by seventy-five feet. At the entrance I was met by the principal chief and there were present more than two hundred Indians, men and women, dressed in garments elaborately ornamented with shells, elks teeth, feathers and furs, and wearing head-bands, armlets, bracelets, belts, necklaces and rings of metal, embroidered buckskins marked with symbolic decorations, which marks indicated the records of deeds of the wearers and prominent events in the history of the tribe.

The ceremony opened with some sort of a religious invocation

or talk by the master of ceremonies, an Indian by the name of Joe Strong. He spoke about the progress of the world and about the Creator who had placed the Indians here and who had designed cattle and grain, the result of labor, to be the portion of the white man, and that all should dwell in harmony, but that the people had not always fulfilled the design of the Creator but had fallen into discord and war and that in the future the Indians were resolved and they hoped that all would be ready to live in peace and good will as designed by the Great Father.

After the conclusion of this opening invocation the Indian women sang what the interpreter said was a song of welcome. As near as I could learn there are no words to these songs, the participants just chant in harmony, but from the pitch of the voices, the time and other peculiarities, the Indians have no difficulty in distinguishing the meaning and intention of the song. With the Indian music is coextensive with tribal life. For every public ceremony, as well as each important act in the career of an individual, there is an accompanying song.

Upon the occasion in question all the men of the tribe were ranged on one side of the hall and the women upon the other. Nine Indian women seemed to be the leaders. They had little caps on their heads made by themselves from rushes and beads, not unlike the Indian baskets that were so popular a few years ago, only the caps are smaller, being made to fit on the head. The women chanted in unison, using a high, reedy falsetto tone which sounds like a kind of wail. They all stand in line side by side and move their bodies to and fro, keeping perfect time together, the whole line of principals, as many as one hundred singers, all swaying from side to side just if they were a single person. At the close of the last verse, or at the last of the chant, they all hold up their hands.

I can not say whether these Indians hold that any mystic significance attaches to the number nine, or if it was a mere coincidence, but in addition to the nine women who appeared to be the choir leaders, there were nine men who sat about a kind of large drum on which they beat to accompany the singing and the dancing, and if I remember correctly, there were also nine leading dancers. The beating upon the drum could hardly be considered as being of assistance to the singers because nearly always the beat was not in harmony with the time of the song but seemed to be carried on independently under the direction of a single In-

dian who appeared to be the drum master. But in this regard the drum was more helpful to the dancers.

The dance is a very important institution among the Indians. In the older times it was fraught with symbolic and mystic meaning which has somewhat been lost as progress has been made in civilization and enlightenment. It was an element that formed a part of all their festivals, rites and ceremonies. After I had been duly inducted as a chief a war dance was given which was participated in by nine young Indians. Their hair, faces and bodies were painted. They were almost entirely nude except about the body they wore a cloth to which was attached what is designated as the war bustle, made from feathers, a very accurate reproduction of which appeared as the cover design of the *Literary Digest* of Sept. 24, 1927. These dancers began their maneuvers with slow and measured tread which increased in energy and movement with the quicker beating of the drum, and as they continued the the participants seemed to work themselves up almost into a frenzy of exaltation and ecstasy which ended when they appeared entirely exhausted.

After the conclusion of the preliminary ceremonies the principal chief, Meninock, announced that he would call in the services of a woman interpreter. He then called Mrs. Caesar Williams who came forward and spread a kind of Indian blanket or rug on the dirt floor.

The old chief, Meninock, then stepped forward, assuming his position at one end of this mat. The warden or marshal, Yam a wit, known as Duke Charley, conducted me in front of the assembled tribesmen to the other end of the mat. The chief then began an oration, in part as follows:

"More than eighty snows have come and gone since I was born. I am an old, old man now and the chilly winds of winter make me shiver. When the earth is covered with snow and the streams are frozen up and we see the forests bare of leaves, we are filled with thoughts of death which everything in Nature seems to impress upon us, and as we look about us here we miss many of the chiefs and members of the tribe who in years gone by on great occasions like this would speak to our council, but many of them have gone to join our fathers and be with the Great Spirit.

"We have assembled here to take council together as to what

we shall do with reference to our fishing rights and the state laws which, according to the courts, conflict with them.

"Today we miss Saluskin, the old chief, who tried so hard to get back our rights, but he died without being successful. Then I was chosen the head chief of the Yakima Nation and it has been my work to continue his efforts."

The chief then narrated at length and in detail all that he had done concerning the Indian rights under the treaty made with Governor Stevens and how he and other chiefs had been arrested and had been sentenced to pay a fine and that the case was on appeal to the Supreme Court. He then praised the efforts the writer had made in behalf of the Indians, and then continuing, he said:

"As our chiefs and leaders who have been helpful in these contests pass on we must look to others to take their place, and I have been thinking that no one has been of more assistance to us than the present United States Attorney, Mr. Garrecht, and I have been intending to ask the tribe to consent to his adoption and to have him chosen as one of our chiefs."

Thereupon the chief placed the matter before the assemblage and all expressed agreement that I should become a member of the tribe and be invested with the dignity of chieftaincy. The old chief then said:

"As I expected, my people have agreed to confer this honor upon you and you must agree in advance to accept the name given."

From my experience I well know that the Indians have a very keen sense of humor, and in saying this I seemed to detect a twinkle in the old chief's eye, and as I thought the name had been selected in advance, which was agreeable to me, this sudden questioning awakened in my mind a feeling of doubt that perchance the old chief was about to perpetrate a joke upon me and confer upon me some euphonious Indian name which, being translated, would mean "Chief Yellow Dog" or "Crooked Nose," but I hesitated just long enough to let these thoughts go thru my mind and then promptly determined to be a good sport and take any consequences that full accent might bring. After expressing my willingness to take the name that might be conferred the chief announced that he would have to retire to select the name in council with the other sub-chiefs and head men. They then repaired to the end of the long building for a conference,

which occasioned some little discussion, I imagine the interpreter who had seen me the evening before standing out for the name that I had selected for myself; but as usual the forceful old chief had his own way and finally he returned to his position at the opposite end of the rug and he held up his eagle wing, which seems to be a sort of scepter of his authority, as the eagle bird is among the greatest of Indian Manitos. The chief then said:

"The tribes have adopted you as a member and you have been chosen to be a chief and the chiefs have agreed to confer upon you a name which you agree to accept as indicative of your position. The name that we have chosen is Khi-ach-nee and you shall be Chief Khi-ach-nee of the Yakima Indian Nation. We have chosen this name because its meaning has to us an appropriate significance. The name means "Light of the Morning." And when the light of the morning comes it makes the Indians feel happy, so when you come among us it also makes the Indians feel happy. Then again, when the light of the morning comes things that are dark and obscure are made plain and clear, and this seems to us to be an appropriate name for you because our treaty entered into with General Stevens many, many years ago seems to have been buried in the dust and lost in the darkness of the past. But you have come to our assistance and you have dug up this treaty from where it was buried and shaken off the dust that has accumulated upon it and held it up high so that all the white people have come to know what the treaty was and what the Indians claim as their rights, and finally, Khi-ach-nee was the name of one of our greatest chiefs who rendered great service to his people and his spirit will now pass into you. For these reasons we have chosen you and have given you this name, and you are now an Indian chief."

The chief then indicated that the ceremony was closed and all assembled in unison shouted "Aye Iah!" "Aye Iah!" "Aye Iah!" This is the expression of the Indians for approval and applause.

FRANCIS A. GARRECHT.