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Oregon, Grand Ronde Reservation, St. Michael's Mission, 1931

William M. Hughes

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MISSIONS-40
OREGON
GRAND RONDE RESERVATION, ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION
1931

Rec'd JAN 4 1932 / Act
Ans. By Carl 1/5/32 AB
Fol'd
Letter to
Order filled
Ship
Goes to L.A. ✓
Copy to
Request on the AB

Grand Ronde Oregon, Dec. 30th. 1931.

Right Rev. Monsignor William Hughes,
Washington, D. C.
Right Rev. and dear Monsignor,

Some time ago Monsignor requested me to state some outstanding facts and happenings that registered themselves on the pages of the book of my Missionary life around the firesides among the Indians along the Pacific Coast during the period of 35 years. Well, it was entwined with the life of God among his beloved Indian children.

In 1894 I had my first sick call in the Indian Reservation of Siletz. That trip, a 40 mile journey from Corvallis was made by R. R., Bus and horseback. It was a boisterous October day. At the end of the trail there was no Rainbow, but an old Indian all tattooed, patching the leaky roof of his hut. Seeing me he came down quickly. His face was wrinkled, for many a strife he had years ago, as a chief in the Rogue River of 1855. The soldiers Coralled him once but by dancing around a little lively,

the bullets went wild, passing between his legs, and when the soldiers had to reload he fled into the woods, being fleet as well as powerful. That is the first Indian story I heard and the Indian chief in question backed it up by actual demonstration dancing as fleetly as any Indian boy could do. This, however, was not my purpose in coming 90 miles to Siletz. I wanted to get as quickly as possible to see the sick, and here it was where the better half did the better things. Raising her finger, looking straight into my face, smiling, she turned about face, leading me to the riverbank and setting me across in a little canoe. Every cooling drink even is rewarded by the Lord and this Indian lady got her reward by being baptized on her deathbed. God was good to my people. His love entwined in the holy administrations of the Missionary. There was an Indian who said to his mother: "I never knew that the priest has so much power." I had to be close to his bedside until the last battle was over. An Indian woman shouted in her last struggle: "Father, save my soul". Many a time when I returned home after assisting the dying I gazed up to the twinkling stars of the midnight heaven and sent a thanksgiving prayer to the throne of God beyond for being good to my

people. On an Indian whom I baptized before he died turned to me and said with his last breath "Father, I thank you." The little children with their beautiful confidence in their spiritual friend were a great spiritual consolation to me. In their sickness they did not forget the Christian instruction and they asked their mothers to read to them out of their prayerbooks. There was a little girl sick and her little brother said to his mother: "Mama, why don't you call the priest, he is much better than a doctor." In one year I baptized 27 children, but 26 children died. Whooping Cough, black measles, Pneumonia, Smallpox and in particular Tuberculosis took their toll among the adults as well as children from babyhood up. Among them was a 9 year old Indian orphan girl who was a cripple. How sweet was her love of Jesus, the Eucharistic God, whom she frequently received in the holy Communion. She is in heaven now, having just recently died in a T. B. Sanitarium and we are richer by her faith, by her beautiful example of patience and love of Jesus, her Eucharistic friend. Finally may I be permitted to relate one more fact and happening. A young Indian mother of two children,

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nursed her husband faithfully, devotedly in his last sickness when J. B. erected its final toll. He was religious and his final wish, his last desire was expressed in these words: "Father I like to see my children to get a nice education, nice". His wife soon followed him. In her last sickness she found her consolation, her only consolation, I may say, in receiving the holy communion which she received quite often. Her last wish expressed to her aged father was this: "Lay 3 plates, one for you, her aged father, namely one for the priest and one for herself. With apparent great satisfaction she ate a couple of spoonfuls. Half an hour before she died there took place a transformation. The contour of her face changed. Instead of the thin emaciated one, there was, as it were, perfection, majesty, life, glowing life, beauty, power in her expression. Instead of the gray color of her eyes, there was a sky blue, merely leaving a ring of the natural gray color. This scene lasted about five minutes and her aged father was witness to it witness to this extraordinary fact and happening. God was good to my people. The aged father mentioned above was not baptized yet. Soon the angel of death approached.

The sick call came. It was late in the day. The evening shades were already falling when I saddled my pony. An unusual weather set in on that January day. Snowflakes were swirling and a regular blizzard set in, raging into our faces, pony's and mine. I could hear the heartbeats of my pony in his faithful endeavors to trot through the slush and mire of the byways. I pitied him, but there was a soul to save. After the spiritual administrations, turning homeward, the moon was shining brightly, the air calm, my pony glad turning homeward and I felt nearer my God, the creator. God was good to my people.

There was a sinister figure in the background. I have seen it hushing by quite often. The figure of a Medicine man and woman. He came across my path at 4 O'clock P. M. He bent over a sick to find out how much power he needs for the following night. I cannot do anything, he said, leaving, but he was back at 10 P. M. A young man of 20 was hovering between life and death. The following morning I went to see him. He was restless, spitting and spouting: What's the matter, I asked, pain? He nodded. Afterwards I learned, that the sinister figure used fire and pitch.

Of course, the young man died. The medicine man or woman had complete control and authority. I chanced to enter into an Indian hut when they just carried a woman to her bed from the floor in the center of the room. About a dozen of old timers had big clubs in their hands to make a big noise with them for an Indian told me on that occasion that the medicine man and that noise makes the people well. I surely was disgusted so was the medicine man for he wanted to start again the incantations song by the club men and women. Usually a little Indian boy beat the drum. Up to daylight it lasted. That medicine man with his red kerchief around his head got uneasy and so to get rid of me he commanded the club members to smoke and how they did. Well, in a second the room was full and so I departed. The Indian agent requested me to help him to stop it for when a medicine woman kicks a corpse around the room it was time. The young folks soon understood it was not educational or useful and so soon not much more of these heathenish things. The wife of the medicine man came to me and said to me: "You talk against my husband." Well, I re-

plied: I like Mr. Polk but I don't like Dr. Polk.

This answer please her immensely, for was not her husband prominent being a dual person, as it were, and she left wreathed in smiles. I just mention this Medicine Man story so that one knows how a Medicine man looks like and what he is doing. Well, when I surprised the Medicine's party, he sucked more than half of a Washbasin full of blood. War dances Medicine dances have no place anymore. As I told the Indians who were neighbors right across the river: "What this Lady needs is rest, not your paw wow and there was no paw wows after that."

Now I cannot end Indian stories without telling this one: One day, I became lost in the woods. Reconnoitering I encountered two little dogs, they were barking furiously. Where two dogs are, so poor and thin there must be a hut and so it was. The dogs retreated, retreated, barking all the time. There was an Indian's abode, so I entered. My, I was lucky. The old Indian was in ugly mood, mad against

those Boston Filicium, those white folks and there was the golden opportunity, a white man, indeed. He told me in Chinook, white folks no good, bad people, they killed his horse just yesterday." Put him into a gunny sack, commanded he his wife, a Squaw. In haste she went to the bed and wanted to get something from under it. For about five minutes she held her hand, but I caught her eye smiling and she caught mine. The Indian at last told his consort, not to mind it and so I set down and listened to another Indian tale. He was in heaven for 3 days, seen lots of people, lots, dressed as Cougars, bears and so on. We parted in peace as good friends for didn't I stand the test? Later on I baptised that good old Indian, who wanted me to be put in a gunny sack.

Right Rev. and dear Monsignor, in 1933 we will have a golden Jubilee, the 50th Anniversary of the Blessing of our church. Father Croquet administer here in this church for 25 years and 13 in two other little churches, one a mile away from the present one so this Year our first Indian Missionary of Grand Ronde spent here 38 years.

As for myself I shall round out 25 years of Missionary life as a Resident Priest and 3 years more by coming here once a month from Siletz, making a Round trip of 170 miles on horseback. Father Croquet and I spent here 65 years altogether. Father Croquet spent 10 cents on a meal and I as God's providence set the table. For 6 years I had a faithful Lay brother, Brother Nazarius Walling S. S. S. He shared my poverty and no complaint. Last August he received his reward, having parted hence from the vale of tears.

Now may I lay a petition at your feet, dear Monsignor. The Architect examined our church here and he said: The tower must be torn down, the walls strengthened and a full concrete foundation laid. The church is not along the present Highway as the road has been changed. We have a nice frontage along the Pacific Coast Highway. The fixing up of the church where it is now would cost 1500 \$. and along the Pacific Coast Highway 2000 \$. There never was a Residence here for the priest, but just an abode for the coming and going of the Missionary. Of course as for myself I would not mind it so much, but as I will 70 next year Sept. 23d.

I must gradually think of a successor. This reminds me of the words of St. Paul: Charity is prompting me, prompting me in this petition for a Residence in the near future so that my successor has a home and some comfort. As for myself I say with the same Ap: "I am an unprofitable servant" and beg God for his infinite Gift, his perpetual love in his Mansions.

Right Rev. Monsignor, I Couple herewith my heartfelt wishes for the year 1932. "Happy New Year."

Very respectfully

P. Felix Bucher, S. J.

Right Rev. Monsignor, we have here two statues, Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph. The one is a donation and that of St. Joseph is 5'4" high extra rich and I paid for. Of course, I have other things I got in the course of time and paid for by me as for inst. 92 Doll. for freight of artistic high reliefs, one 6' high and the other 3 are 2' x 3'. For stained glass windows 220\$. I just mention these things so that one can see how our church looks like it. The last year I had 18 Baptisms and 8 funerals. There are 184 Catholics, that is Indians.

Very respectfully

P. Felix Bucher, S.S.S.

P.S. Thanks to God I am still active and alert and quite busy.

TYPESCRIPT OF PRECEDING DOCUMENT

Grand Ronde, Oregon
Dec. 30, 1931

40-16
[Transcript p. 1]

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(Rev.) Felix Bueher, S.D.S.

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The last year I had 18 baptisms and 8 funerals. There are 284 Indians that is Indian.

Thank God I am still alive and alert and quite busy.

Chemist

F. Poulton

[1931]

Pronunciation.

Kopa = Kopa' - accent on the last

Sahale = S'achale - guttural sound.

Kanawe = Kanawe. Telecom = Tilecom

Nanich = Nanitsch. Oskook = Oskuk.

Iloos = tlōsh. Iloos = pois.

Elehe = Elehe. Mamook = mamuk.

Batlaeh = patlatsch. Marachi = maratschi

Helaima = Chelaima = guttural sound.

Skookum = Kāukum. Chakko = Ischāka.

Klaphaia = Klachaiam = guttural sound.

The sign of the Cross.

Kopa iakha nem, Sahale Teye Papa, pi Texas pi
Iloos Tomtom. Iloos pois Kakuwa.

=

Kopa iakha nem, Sahale Teye Papa, Pi Texas
In his name - Upper Chief Father - And son -
Pi Iloos Tomtom.

And Good Spirit.

Kwanisem Iloos Kakuwa.

Always be it so.

[1931]

The Lord's Prayer
Chinook.

1. Waiika papa Mitlait Kopa Sabale;
2. Thoo poos Kanawe telecom mamook wah
maika nem.
3. Thoo poos waiika nanich Kopa usaita
ookook thaska Kopa Sabale.
4. Thoo poos Kanawe telecom Kopa ookook
elehe mamook maika tomtom Kakuwa
Kaska mamook Kopa Sabale elehe.
5. Ookook sun ji Kanawe sun, potlach
usaita makush.
6. Ji Thoo maika mash ookook masachi,
usaita mamook Kopa maika Kakuwa
usaita mash ookook masachi, helaima
telecom mamook Kopa usaita.
7. Ji mamook shookum usaita tomtom
poos helo ekta tolo usaita Kopa masachi
ji Thoo maika mamook shookum usaita
poos weh usaita Chako Klahaiam.
Thoo poos Kakuwa.

[1931]

The Lord's Prayer in Chinook.

1. Usaika papa, mitlait (Kopa Sahale)
 1. Our Father dwelleth (above)
2. (Thos poos) Kanawe telecom mamook
 2. (That or May) all people do
 2. wah maika nem
 2. bless thy name
3. Thos poos maika nanich Kopa usaika
 3. May Thou show unto us
 3. ookook klaska Kopa Sahale.
 3. those that are on high.
4. Thos poos Kanawe telecom Kopa ookook
 4 May all people on this
 4 elehe mamook maika tontom, Kathwa klaska
 4 land do Thy will as those
 4 mamook Kopa Sahale elehe.
 4. do on Upper Country.
5. Ookook sun, pi Kanawe sun, patlach
 5 This day and every day give
 5 usaika matmak.
 5 us eat.

Continued
Lord's Prayer.

6. Pi tloos maika mish oshook masachi,
6 And may Thou put away that sin
6. usaiha mamook kopa maika, Kakuwa
6. we do to The as
6. usaiha mish oshook masachi, heloima
6. we put away that sin other
6. teleom mamook kopa usaiha
6. people do unto us.
7. Pi mamook shookum usaiha tontom
7 And make strong our will (spirit)
7. poos (helo ekta) tolo usaiha kopa masachi,
7. so (nothing) win us to sin
7. pi tloos maika mamook shookum usaiha
7. and may Thou make strong us
7. poos wet usaiha chako Kalamam.
so not us become poor. (miserable)
Tloos poos Kakuwa.
May it be so.

TYPESCRIPT OF PRECEDING DOCUMENT

CHINOOK

OUR FATHER

Nsaika papa, mitlait (kapa sahale) tloos poos kamawe telecom
 Our Father, dwelleth above t hat or may all people
 mamook wah maika nom. Tloos poos maika nanich kopa usaika
 do bless thy name. may Thou show unto us
 ookook tlaska kopa sahale. Tloos poos kamawe telecom kopa
 those that are on high. May all people on
 ookook elehe mamook maika tantam kakwa klaska mamook kopa
 this land do Thy will is those do on
 sahale elehe. Ookook sun, pi kamawe sun patlach
 upper country. This day and every day give
 usaika makmak. Ti tloos maika mash ookook masuchi
 us eat. And may Thou put away that sin
 usaika mamook kopa maika, Kakwa usaika mash ookook
 we do to Thee as we put away that
 masuchi holqima telecom mamook kopa usaika Ti
 sin other people do unto us. And
 mamook e kookum usaika tantam poos (hals ektu)
 make strong our will (spirit) so nothing
 tolo usaika kopa masuchi pi tloos maika mamook
 win us to sin and may Thou make
 skookum nsaika poos wek usaika chako klahniam
 strong us so not us become poor (miserable)
 Tloos poos kakwa.
 May it be so.

Chinook (if sub-division, give name)

Signed _____
 (name of missionary)

Rev. Felix Bucher, S.D.S.

TYPESCRIPT OF PRECEDING DOCUMENT

CHINOOK OUR FATHER

Nsaika papa, mitlait (kapa sahale) tloos poos kamawe telecom
Our Father, dwelleth above t hat or may all people
mamook wah maika nom. Tloos poos maika nanich kopa usaika
do bless thy name. may Thou show unto us
ookook tlaska kopa sahale. Tloos poos kanawe telecom kopa
these that are on high. May all people on
ookook elehe mamook maika tantam kakwa klaska mamook kopa
this land do Thy will is those do on
sahale elehe. Oookook sun, pi kanawe sun patlach
upper country. This day and every day give
usaika makmak. Ti tloos maika mash ookook masachi
us eat. And may Thou put away that sin
usaika mamook kopa maika, Kakwa usaika mash ookook
we do to Thee as we put away that
masachi holaima telecom mamook kopa usaika Ti
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mamook e kookum usaika tantam poos (hela ektu)
make strong our will (spirit) so nothing
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win us to sin and may Thou make
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strong us so not us become poor (miserable)
Tloos poos kakwa.
May it be so.

Chinook (if sub-division, give name)

Signed _____
(name of missionary)

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