Life on Alaska's reservation

Metlakatla tribal judge Ira Booth sits in the same place he sat as a boy of six and points to the spot where he saw a bowl with two pillows lying in it. "I'd sure like to have those pillows for my sister's doll," Booth thought. Then Episcopal priest Father Williams Duncan, who

They chose to stay out...

"I guess you know that an Indian values his burial grounds," spoke John Smith, a Metlakatla elder and former Mayor of Alaska's only recognized Indian reservation. "We don't only value our buriel grounde we walke the ident and we know what we have lived with the Tsimshian many decades and brought great changes to their lives, came in and poured milk on the pillows. "That was the first time I had ever seen shredded wheat," Booth laughs. The home of Father Duncan (inset) is now a museum. Johacco is a filthy weed Raised from the Devile Seed It picks your pochets Burns your lithes. And makes a chimney of your Nose