



U'mista News



History and Traditions of the Ma'amtagíla



Ethel Alfred and her sister, Flora Dawson at Kingcome Glacier, September 30th, 2002. Photographed by Craig Murray.

Photograph Courtesy of Nimmo Bay Resort

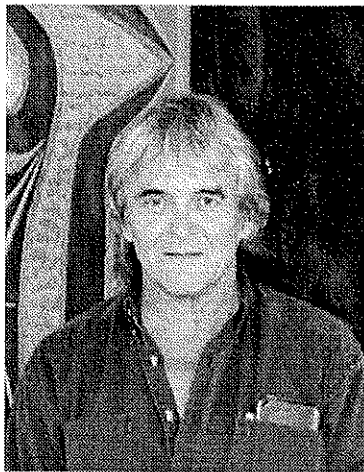
Gilakas'la 'Naŋnamyut, 'Ninamukw!

Greeting Relatives, Friends

The U'mista Cultural Society's Annual General Meeting was held September 22, 2002 in the board room at the U'mista Cultural Centre. Elections for board of directors resulted in one new member and we welcome Tyler Cranmer to your board. While our younger members in our community are active in cultural activities, it is encouraging to see an interest to participate at the Board level. We wish to thank the rest of the Board for continuing to serve our Society. They are listed on the last page of this newsletter. At the A.G.M., the audited financial statement was presented and accepted. We continue to enjoy a good financial position and this is due to the dedication of Andrea Sanborn and staff - Gilakas'la (Thank You)! The cost to keep the "doors open" at the U'mista Cultural Centre is about \$100,000.00 a year. This includes the cost for the environmental equipment, insurance for the Potlatch collection, insurance for facility, utilities and minimum maintenance. It does not include the cost for projects and associated salaries in the area of research, language and other cultural activities necessary for the U'mista Cultural Society to fulfill its mandate to our members.

While attending the Assu Potlatch in Campbell River, I was asked to sit with Indian Affairs

Chairman's Report



William T. Cranmer
Chairman of the Board

Minister Robert Nault, to explain the dances and masks which were being shown by the Assu Family. During our short time together, I emphasized the importance of language preservation and other Cultural activities. I pointed out the positive results of our activities, the singing of our young men at the drum log, and he was impressed with their performance. I asked if he was returning to B.C. later in the year and he said he was returning later in the fall. I invited him to join us on November 23, 2002 to help celebrate the return of our treasures from the NMAI, Smithsonian Institute. His assistant noted the date and we hope he will be able to fit this date into his long, busy agenda.

We now have a date to meet with the Indian Claim Commission regarding our specific

claim in the Potlatch Prohibition. The Indian Claims Commission is an independent commission that reviews claims rejected by the Department of Indian Affairs. As reported in an earlier newsletter, the D.I.A. rejected our claim. We maintain it is immoral and unjust for D.I.A to be the authority to reject a claim against D.I.A.

This action by D.I.A. reminds us of the Potlatch trial in 1922 where the Indian Agent was effectively the person responsible for arrest and prosecution also sat as the judge. We will meet with the Indian Claim Commission on October 29, 2002 in Vancouver. Our claim is for repatriating the Potlatch Collection and other effects of the Potlatch prohibition. This includes costs for housing and caring for the Collection. We have been successful in repatriating the Potlatch Collection with the exception of a small number of pieces which includes the mask still held by the British Museum in London, England. The Federal Government must cover all costs of repatriation. We are confident that we have done the research and support for our claim. Resolution of this claim will benefit both the U'mista Cultural Centre and the Kwagiulth Museum and Cultural Centre at Cape Mudge, which houses part of the Potlatch Collection.

We continue to work in many different areas on your

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It seems like we just finished the summer edition of U'mista News and now the fall one is due. Soon it will be Christmas and we have to plan for that. As time races on we become even more aware of the need to record the Old Ones and continue to record those with historical and cultural information to share. It is always a good experience for our interviewers for the time they have to spend with the knowledgeable ones.

Kwakwala translation is another very important part of the work we coordinate at the U'mista and we have to extend our thanks to people like Dora Alfred and Flora Dawson and always our Chairman, Bill Cranmer for the time they give us for translation and to Lorraine Hunt as the writer of kwakwala. We also thank Guy Buchholtzer for the energy he brings to the planning of the development of a Kwakwaka'wakw Centre for Language Culture in Community. There is so much work required and fund raising to do before the Centre becomes reality but most of all there is a real commitment required by us all to want to save kwakwala for our future generations. Please remember that the U'mista cannot save the language, only those who learn to speak the language fluently can save kwakwala from becoming extinct.

Special Projects Update



Giftshop Manager/ Special Project Coordinator

We have two new trainees with us this fall. They will learn the basics of Collections Management and Genealogy research during their tenure at the U'mista. Esther Alfred brings an enthusiastic approach to the training program. Terri has proved to be extremely adept at the computer programs we use. They have received training from George Fields, a Conservator at the Royal British Columbia Museum and they will also develop proper research and cataloguing techniques from training provided by Stewart Macnair Consulting.

Our summer students were Lacey Perrault who was a great help in doing some needed research for us on legends and also some work with our website which is always an ongoing proj-

ect. Ron Isaac chased weeds in our ethnobiology garden and generally keeping the area outside the Centre tidy. He did a very good job of it too. Our other summer project was the carving of a fifteen foot totem pole to commemorate the Łaxwe'gila: Gathering Strength event hosted by the 'Namgis First Nation. The lead carver was Stephen Bruce and his apprentices were Morris Johnny and Shane Salmon. The pole is now completed and the carving team can be very proud of their achievement. It is a very nice pole. The pole was raised in a brief ceremony on September 27, 2002 here at the U'mista. We hope those of you who were here to witness this event enjoyed yourselves. We are hoping that this will be the first of many such projects for the U'mista.

We hope we do not see the last of all the activity and energy generated by the coordinating of the - Łaxwe'gila: Gathering Strength. Barb and Andrea Cranmer did an excellent job in coordinating this 5-day event full of cultural sharing and should be commended for it. Congratulations to you both.

We are in another phase of funding applications that are due very soon. As we continue to search for funding that will allow us to continue to operate the

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The delay in distributing our last issue of U'mista News was due to some unforeseen technical difficulties, which Brian Shea was extremely helpful in resolving. Once again, thank you to Brian. I hope everyone had a happy and healthy summer.

The Hymnal is complete and has arrived. We have started to distribute them to the schools and the Anglican Church venues. *Gilakas'la* (Thank you) to Mavis Gillie, Aboriginal Neighbours and Peggy Svanvik for their support of this very worthwhile project. Also thank you to Reverend Howard Jacques for helping us distribute the hymnal.

Just a quick reminder to everyone that our newest Kwakwaka'ana language product, *'Nugwa'am* is available for sale in the gift shop. This language cd is extremely good for adults and children alike. The topics covered are Numbers, Colours, the Body, Emotions and also includes a *T'hisalagi'lakw* legend.

As summer is over its time to say goodbye to our summer student Lacey Perrault, whose bio can be found on page 16. Lacey was an excellent summer student. I thoroughly enjoyed working with her. Best of luck to you Lacey. Brina left for her maternity leave and just two weeks later welcomed the newest addition to her family, a baby girl, Devery Pearl Svanvik. Congratulations Brina! On Page 15

Collections Update



Juanita Pasco
Collections Manager

you will see the successful candidates hired for the genealogy/collections management trainee position. Esther has been orientating herself to the Centre and will be responsible for cataloguing the pieces returned to us from the NMAI and organizing the celebration which will be happening in November. She will also be taking over the updates, corrections and additions to the genealogy program. Terri will be organizing our collection of digitized photographs and learning about the computer side of Collections especially as it relates to website and graphic design.

Jon Schellenberger has returned back to school, for those of you who didn't get the chance to meet Jon, he is a Central

Washington University student studying dance. Jon is also related to the Olney family and I think has found a second home here in Alert Bay so he'll be returning soon.

September 24 and 25 I attended the Annual General Assembly for the First Nations Confederacy of Cultural and Education Centres. The Charter and Bylaws were approved in principle and a number of new resolutions were adopted. The Confederacy is an important grassroots organization which lobbies hard on behalf of all cultural centres in Canada. I found the meeting to be extremely helpful and the resolutions that were passed will help to assist all cultural centres in Canada.

On September 30th I had the great privilege of going to Kingcome Glacier with Nimmo Bay adventures. What an awe inspiring place. Simply amazing. In one helicopter was Ethel Alfred, Flora Dawson, Andrea Sanborn, Lillian Hunt, our host Craig Murray and myself. The second helicopter carried Sharon Gordon, William Wasden Jr. Kathy Hunt, Jason Alfred, Randy Bell and Fraser Murray. The pilots, Duncan and Peter were superb. The trip was arranged by Mr. Murray of Nimmo Bay Heli-Adventures. An experience I will never forget, wonderful memories of Flora and Ethel to treasure.

Gilakas'la.

The Kwakwaka'wakw, (The Kwakwala Speaking Tribes)

Ever since the white people first came to our lands, we have been known as the Kwawkewlths by Indian Affairs or as the Kwakiutl by anthropologists. In fact, we are the Kwakwaka'wakw, people who speak the same language, but who live in different places and have different names for our separate groups.

Some of the tribes of the Kwakwaka'wakw have disappeared, among them the Awa'et'ala of Knight Inlet, the Nakamgalisala of Hope Island, the Yut'inux of Cox and Lanz Islands. A few of the groups died out, while some amalgamated with other groups. Some of the villages have been abandoned for years.

In this exhibit, the legends of the Kwakwaka'wakw are presented, along with photographs of the original villages where these are available. The photographs are arranged in tradition-

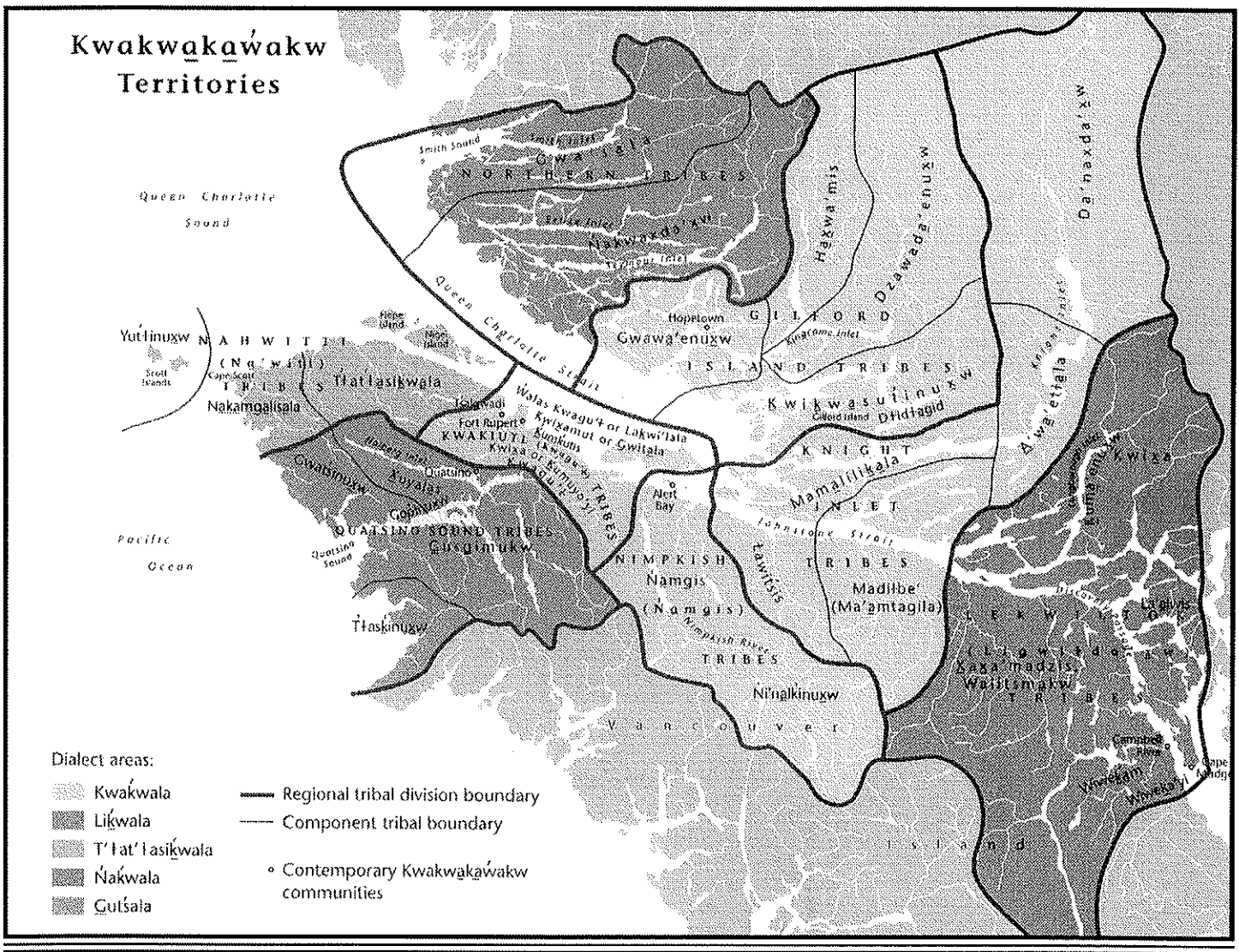
al rank order as recorded by George Hunt in consultation with knowledgeable people of his time. The fact that consensus as to this order no longer exists is evidence that our culture is alive and changing.

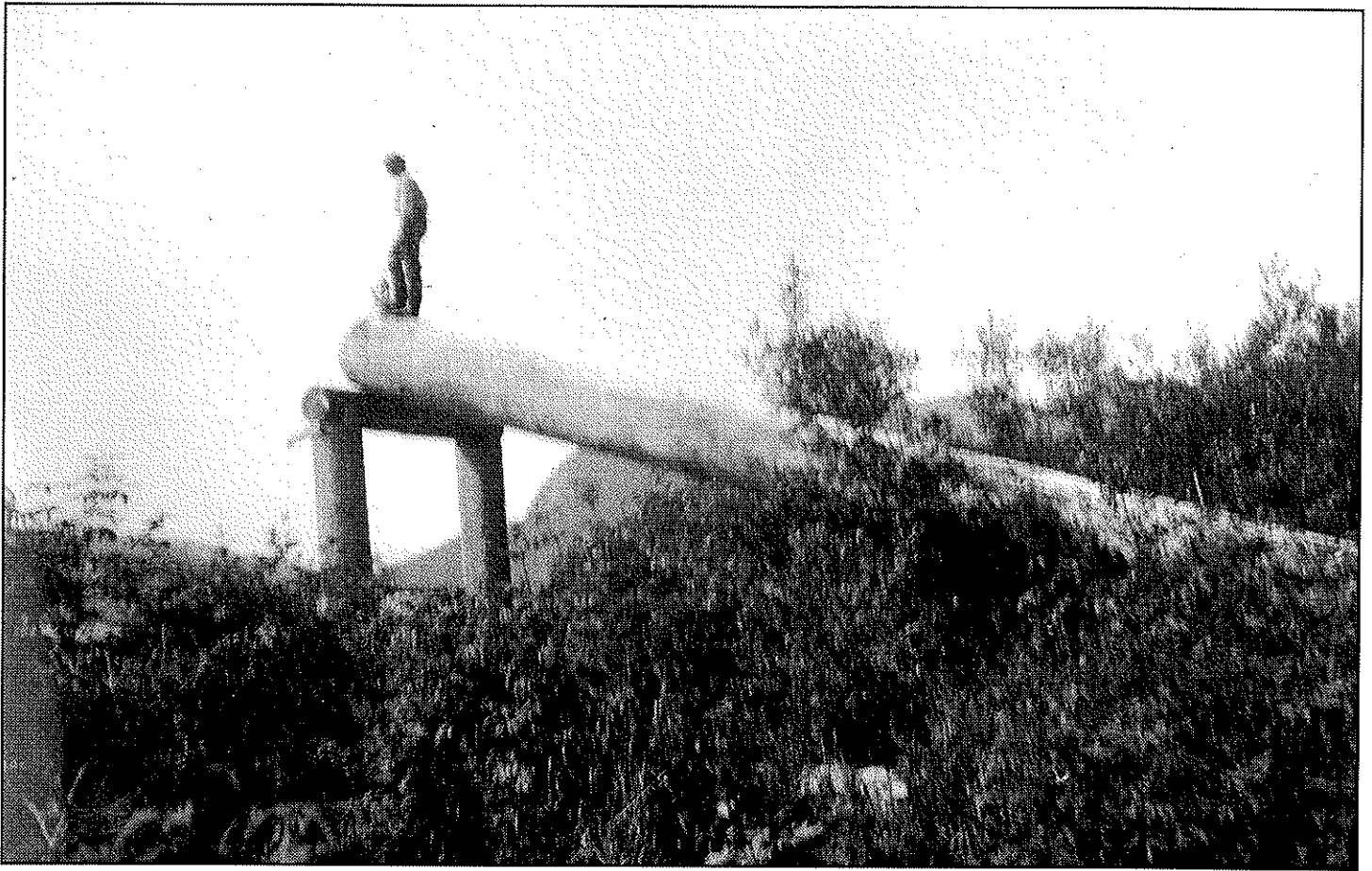
Each group of people on earth has its own story of how it came to be. As Bill Reid says in his Prologue to Indian Art of the Northwest Coast:

"In the world today, there is a commonly held belief that thousands of years ago, as the world counts time, Mongolian nomads crossed the land bridge to enter the western hemisphere, and became the people now known as the American Indians.

There is, it can be said, some scanty evidence to support the myth of the land bridge. But there is an enormous wealth of proof to confirm that the other truths are all valid."

These are some of our truths.





*An unidentified man standing on top of the remains of a Gukwdzi at I'tsikan (Etsekin). 1905 by C.F. Newcombe
Photograph Courtesy Royal British Columbia Museum PN 478*

Ma'amtagila

Adapted by Gloria Cranmer Webster from an account by Charlie Matilpi, reprinted from Kwakwaka'wakw Settlements, 1775 - 1920 A Geographical Analysis and Gazetteer. Robert Galois.

So they all gathered at K'ak'axelis. Tsit'walagame was a Hamat'sa. For a long time, he had disappeared, was purifying himself at K'ak'axelis. Then he received a treasure, a war dance. The war dancer came and flew around the Big House that used to be there, at K'ak'axelis. It was his treasure. After a time, many children were born and a number of war dancers increased. Then they stopped and they went straight to Itsikan, where they moved. And, for a long time, he purified himself there. He was trying to get something to Pa'wala, so he purified himself there. Then Tsit'walagame' and his wife, Hadaga, went to the

mountain. The flood had come. When the waters would reach his face, he would make his Hamat'sa sound once. It is said that he did that four times. Eventually, he and Hadaga turned to stone. That is where it ended. Because he made his Hamat'sa sound four times, four stripes on the rocks can be seen. The old people took care not to call Tsit'walagame' by his name. To do so made him unhappy, and a strong wind would come up. When the wind came up Pa'wala, canoes traveling by would capsize. My grandfather Umbalis, would tell me when I was a child to be careful. He would tell me to speak respectfully. "You recognize me, is what you must say to our old one." That is what he would tell me when I travelled with him to Itsikan. So, that is what I would say to Tsit'walagame', looking up at the mountain at Pa'wala. He is still there recognizable.

History of the Ma'amtagila

The Ma'amtagila, the seventh ranked tribe among the Kwakwaka'wakw were also divided into groups called 'na'mima, meaning "of one kind", individuals belonging to a single 'na'mima were called "'na'mimut or 'na'mima fellows". These were the ultimate units binding its members together by strict social obligations. Individuals were ranked within the 'na'mima, consisting of the head chief, a direct descendent of the founding ancestor, lesser chiefs, commoners and their families. Head chiefs are responsible for the conservation and management of the resources in his 'na'mima's territory, in return he receives a share of the goods harvested. Not only were the positions within a 'na'mima ranked but also each 'na'mima had a ranking within the tribe. According to information obtained from Mungo Martin, by Wilson Duff, the Ma'amtagila 'na'mima are listed below:

"point of Matagi'la"

Ma'amtagila

Gi'xsam (Chief)

Ha'ayalikawi (the Chief Healers)

Loyalata'wa'i

Kwakwakwam

Sint'am

La'alaxsanda'yu

The Ma'amtagila originated as a 'na'mima of the Kwagu'l. and the Matitbe from a split within the Ma'amtagila. According to Ed Whonnock, the dispute had something to do with witchcraft. Although not specific about the Ma'amtagila, Boas referred to conflict and a split taking place among the Kwagu't in 1810. The 1881 census data, recorded by George Blenkinsop, lists seventeen families living in 9 houses (Gukwdzi). By 1885 there were seven houses at Itsikan again recorded by Blenkinsop.

In the early 1890's the Ma'amtagila left their main winter village of Itsikan (Etsekin) and joined the Lawit'sis at Kalugwis. The abandonment of the village was possibly due to the influenza epidemic of 1892.

Although the Ma'amtagila had never formally merged with the Lawit'sis, by the 1904 census they were being enumerated together. For a number of years they continued to be enumerated together and by 1960 their joint population was 155.

Although the legends reprinted here in this issue cover Matagi'la, Ma'amtagila, 'Maxyalidzi and Ttakwagila, there is a much longer legend, "History of the Ma'amtagila" which we did not have the room to reprint. This

legend tells of Kumogwi' and his marriage to Kwaisogut, the princess of Chief Down-Dancer of the Comox. Kumogwi' received the Xwixwi as a gift from his father-in-law along with the name Hikutan and 20 boxes of camas. With which Kumogwi' gave a feast with when he returned to Tsaxis with his wife. This was the first time the Kwagu't had ever had steamed camas root.

Kumogwi' and his wife had three children, 2 boys and a girl and when they were grown he showed the Xwixwi during a winter dance and took the name of Hikutan. Later they had another son. When they split up, his wife took the oldest and youngest to Comox with her. Hikutan went on to remarry and their descendants are all listed along with their names and the dances they passed down. The story is quite detailed and very interesting. Hopefully we will have the space for it to appear in an upcoming issue of *U'mista News*.

As with all Kwakwaka'wakw First Nations, the Ma'amtagila are currently undergoing Land Claims negotiations as well. They are part of the southern treaty group, Hamatlas Treaty Society. We would like to increase our knowledge about the Ma'amtagila and would appreciate additional history, background and stories, you, our readers may have.

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"Buffalo Bill" Matilpi wearing his regalia and holding a talking stick.

Photograph Courtesy of the Royal British Columbia Museum PN 15030

Matagi'la

*Told by Awaxalagilis, Chief of
Ma'amtigila*

A Gull was walking quickly at Gwadzi. It was seen at Long Beach (Gildadzolis). The gull spoke, "I am not a gull, I am a man" - "Who are you?" "I am Matagi'la," he said and took off his gull mask and became a man. He gave himself the name Matagi'la and when he became a man, had a son named Łanstandzam. His child thought it (the snare) would work. He asked his father what kind of tool was used to snare (yuxwa). That is what Łanstandzam wanted to make, the yuxwayo with a snare at each end. So he made it and said, "come father, look at this, father is that the way I made it?" his father looked at it. "But how will it be put (down) when I go put it on the beach, Matagi'la?" "It does not matter whether it is covered by the water or whether it is out of the water" - "But what shall I do, Matagi'la? Shall I leave it or shall I not sit next to it on the beach?" "It does not matter, child if you sit next to it or leave it." "Then let me leave it and I shall learn whether it will be best if I stay with the thing I am going to work with so that it will be good." "It does not matter, child if you stay with it when you go to work with it." - "I'll go, father, I'll go work with it on the beach." Now he worked with it on the beach. He was sitting next to it according

to the words of his father. Nothing of any kind went into it among all the birds. This was to be the food of his father, that was the reason why he worked, for his food. He did this for four days and he wouldn't leave it because he wished to get food for himself and his father. So he was sitting next to it again and for a long time nothing came near his yuxwayo. His heart became sore because nothing went near his yuxwayo. "What is the matter with your tool that they do not go near it?" said he. In vain he thought about it. Then it occurred to him to go and ask his father Matagi'la. Then he went to his father. "I just came to ask you, father. What may be the matter with my tool? Nothing goes near what is worked by me." His father replied, "Go back, child, and find out the reason why nothing goes near it. Go and sit near it, child, and take care that it is not as though nothing would go near it." He went back to where he was sitting on the beach and looked at his trap. Then he turned his head around and saw something coming down. Already he thought it was important, and what he saw came right down to his snare and lay flat on his snare and he arose and took it. He thought that what he had taken was important, for it was different in its ways and he looked at the snare of his tool. "What shall I do with it?" he thought. "Maybe it's not good to tell your father,

Matagi'la, don't tell your father and try to surprise your father with what it may be. What is the best way to do it with your snare? Go on and try to hide it inland (to see) some kind of thing may be in your snare." And he hid it under a cedar tree. For four days he didn't look at it. He never told his father. He thought he might just tell if it might be some kind of thing that was hidden inland. Then after four days he thought he would go and look at it. His father wondered why he was not going to his tool and he asked, "Why don't you go to our tool?" - "I Came and told you that nothing was near it". And so he tried to say to his father and he was going inland to his snare and he looked at his snare. As soon as he arrived at the place where he had hidden it, the man who was on the dressed deerskin spoke, "Now you have me for your supernatural treasure, and this will be your dance." He was told. "You will be a cannibal dancer and you will have a cannibal pole, and your name will be T̄texalagilis. You will be a ghost dancer and this will be your red cedar bark, this man. Go on and look at it. This will be your treasure in the house, this dressed deerskin, this dressed deerskin, which never gets empty. Look at it, this your treasure. You will from time to time do this with your supernatural treasure on its bad side." Then he turned over the

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Matagi'la

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blanket, the dressed deerskin on its bad side, its death bringing side. You must do so. You will go all around the world with what is found by you.

Matagi'la assembled all the people to tell about the treasure of his child Łanständzam, he gave a winter ceremonial to show the treasure of Łanständzam. He had his fort at Gwa'dze. Kúdaga'la was the name of Matagi'la's fort. He gave a winter dance and Łanständzam was a cannibal dancer. Łanständzam, was his name as cannibal dancer and Matagi'la also showed the winter dance name, La'xdlala. Now he showed the ghost dance. His sister had the name Łansa'widzamga, and Loťa'ya'lis was Łansa'widzamga's winter dance name. Then he distributed his supernatural treasure, that dressed deerskin, among those who were invited. Then he put his child in a seat by himself and Łanständzam changed his name. And that is the end.

The Ma'amtagila

I shall first talk about Ma'amtagila, the Grey seagull. It is said that he was flying along inside of Gwadzi. Then he took a rest at Kúdagala. He desired to have what was a pretty beach, and he took off his bird mask and

became a man. Then he built a house, not large. After he had built his house, it occurred to him that he would walk across to Tsaxis. As soon as he came through, he saw smoke at Małmanu. Immediately Matagi'la (for some story-tellers say that his name was Matagi'la and others say that it was Matametela, but the 'na'mima of the Ma'amtagila say that those are right who call him Matagi'la) went there. When he came to the house he saw a man lying on his back outside the house. When the man saw Matagi'la coming towards the house, he sat up on the ground. Then Matagi'la arrived and the man spoke, "Tell me, friend, where do you come from?" Immediately Matagi'la replied, "I am Matagi'la. I come from my house at Kúdagala, brother. Now I shall ask you brother, brother, who are you?" The man replied, "I am Malelekala, and now my name is Udzi'stalis, brother." Then Udzi'stalis arose, and called his family. Matagi'la saw the wife of Udzi'stalis, Ttakwagilayugwa and a young girl Aumuł, seated at the right hand side in the rear of the house. Then they fed Matagi'la; and after he had eaten, Matagi'la spoke, "O brother: let me tell you why I come to your house, I came to marry your princess." Udzi'stalis replied, "O brother! [go on brother!] I take you in." Matagi'la married Aumuł, the princess of Udzi'stalis, the first chief of the numaym Mamaliliklam of the Mamalilikala.

Udzi'stalis the name 'Maxuyalidzi to his son in law Matagi'la; and now Matagi'la had the name 'Maxuyalidzi. 'Maxuyalidzi stayed four days with his wife Aumuł at Małmanu. Then in the morning he walked across, going home to his house at Kúdagala. 'Maxuyalidzi and his wife Aumuł had not been living as husband and wife for very long before they had a son. 'Maxuyalidzi walked across to Małmanu, the village of his father in law Udzi'stalis. 'Maxuyalidzi entered the house and reported that he had a son. Udzi'stalis immediately said to his wife Ttakwagilayugwa, "Let my grandson have the name Ttakwagila." Then Udzi'stalis gave the name Ttakwagila to his son in law 'Maxuyalidzi for his grand child. 'Maxuyalidzi went home to Kúdagala and named his child Ttakwagila; and Ttakwagila grew up quickly. As soon as he was strong enough, he asked his father 'Maxuyalidzi to make a bow and four arrows for him. 'Maxuyalidzi made a yew wood bow of for his son Ttakwagila. When the bow and four arrows were finished, 'Maxuyalidzi gave them to Ttakwagila. Ttakwagila put them down at the head of his bed, then he lay down and slept. 'Maxuyalidzi never questioned why his son lay down early in his bed. 'Maxuyalidzi arose early one morning, and went straight to Ttakwagila's bed to look at him. He was not lying down

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with his bow, and 'Maxuyalidzi did not know which way his son had gone. He told his wife Aumuł, and Aumuł forbade her husband to talk about it. When evening came, 'Maxuyalidzi felt uneasy on account of his son. At night, when it was dark; 'Maxuyalidzi sat outside his house, waiting in vain for his son to come home. He never came.

Now I shall stop talking about 'Maxuyalidzi and Aumuł and I shall talk about T'akwagila who walked straight up the river Kudagala very early in the morning when it was still dark. He went up the small river, and his body became warm when it was day. Then he sat down on the side of the bank of the small river. Then he took off his blanket, and he sat down in the water. And he sprinkled his body with water. Four times he sprinkled himself with water on each side of his neck. Then he heard in the distance (the cry), "Wip, wip, wip!". T'akwagila guessed it was—a bird or a quadruped- that he heard crying. T'akwagila sat in the water, it was as though he was dreaming of a cry, "Wip, wip, wip!" heard at the upper end of the little river. Then as though waking up from his sleep: he walked out of the water and sat down where he had left his bear blanket. He was a little afraid of what he had heard. He had not been sitting for long, before he made up his mind to go home. When he arose, he heard something say, not aloud, "T'akwagila

go up the river. You will obtain supernatural treasure. It would be well for you to bathe again in this river that all human smell may come off your body."

Immediately he took off his bearskin blanket and sat down in the river. He sprinkled water on each side of his neck; and when he had sprinkled himself four times, he heard the voice again:

"Wip, wip, wip!" He wanted to go see what had made the noise. He came out of the water, and put on his bearskin blanket. Then he walked up the river. And he did not go there before he became warm. He sat down and put down his bearskin blanket. Then he arose and went to sit down in the water, and he sprinkled both sides of his neck with water. As soon as he had sprinkled himself four times, he heard again the voice, "Wip, wip, wip!" at a place near where he was. Now it was evening. Then he really rubbed his body with his hands, and threw water upon himself. As soon as he had finished, he came out of the water, and sat down on the ground where he had left his bear-skin-blanket. He had not been sitting there long before he started, and he had not been going there long along the river when he took off his bear-skin blanket, and put it down. Then he sat in the water, and threw water on both sides of his neck. As soon as he had sprinkled himself four times, the sound, "Wip, wip, wip!" was heard by him, while he turned his back to

the upper end of the river. Then T'akwagila turned around to look for (the sound). What should he see! There was a great house with painted front with a copper on each side of the door. Then hamsham'sas ran about outside of the house. Then the hamsham'sas went back behind the house, started from the right side of the house. As soon as he had gone back, T'akwagila went out of the water, and sat down where he had left his bear-skin blanket. It wasn't long since he sat down, when four men came. They were wearing red cedar-bark and their heads; they all carried round poles as sparrow-canes. They came to where T'akwagila was seated; and said, "We are sent by our friend T'sakaxsdi to come and call you to watch us taming Hamsbi." Immediately T'akwagila arose, put on his bear-skin blanket and followed the four Sparrows. They went into the house, and T'akwagila sat down at the left hand side inside the door of the house. When he was seated, a man, standing in the rear of the house, spoke, "Now, take care, shamans! When we tame our friend Hamsbe, for our friend T'akwagila has come, and he sits down by our side in order to see the gift that he was going to get." Then the hamsham'sas came in, and cried, "Wip, wip, wip!" And immediately the song-leaders beat fast time, and they sang a song of the

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hamsham'tsas with fast beating. And when it was at an end, they sang a song with slow time beating. There were three songs with slow time beating, plus the one with fast time beating. There were four songs in all for the hamsham'tsas Hamsbi'. (I forgot that as soon as the hamsham'tsas came in, he bit four Sparrows.) As soon as he had finished dancing, he went into his sacred room. The one who told me the story did not know what was painted on the sacred room. As soon as he finished, the old man arose. He said, "We have tamed him, shamans. Now I shall turn to our great friend T'takwagila. Now you have seen the treasure that you obtained, friend T'takwagila, the great dance hamsham'tsas, Hamsbi'. Now you will have the name Hamsbi, and also this great winter-dance house which has the name Namsgamsalat'talas." Eagles were sitting on top of grizzly bear posts on each side of the rear of the house; and men who had red cedar-bark on their heads stood on the heads of the grizzly bear posts on each side of the door of the house. Those men had red cedar-bark rings who stood on the grizzly bears on each side of the door, for they were speaking-posts, and the name of the post on the right-hand side was Wawaximit, the name of the post of the left hand side was Gagikemit. "Now your name will be Awaxalagilis in sum-

mer; it will be your chief's name; and your name will be Dzalkaxsdi as a member of the Sparrow Society, when your father gives winter dance." said the speaker of the house. Then T'takwagila looked at everything in the house; after he had seen everything, the house disappeared.

Then T'takwagila was alone, sitting on the ground. T'takwagila remained sitting on the ground for four days. When he had finished what he was planning during these four days, he arose, took off his bearskin blanket, put it down, and went into the water. Then he sprinkled water on each side of his neck, as he had done before. He came out of the water, put on his bear-skin blanket; lay down, and immediately he went to sleep. At once he dreamed of the old man, the speaker of the large winter-dance house. Then T'takwagila dreamed that he was sitting down by his side, and the old man spoke, and said; "You have done well, friend, that you did not go home at once, for they only wished to try you. Therefore your supernatural treasure disappeared, the great winter-dance house, for you will see it again this evening; for four nights we shall tame Hamsbi', your supernatural treasure friend! And when he is tamed, we shall go and take the house to the village of your father." Then he disappeared. T'takwagila awoke and went into the water for he wished to get what the old man had talked about. For a long time he remained sitting in the

water; after he sprinkled himself with water, he sat down on the ground where he had left his bearskin blanket. When evening came, he arose again, sat down in the water, and sprinkled his body. Then he returned to his bearskin blanket, and sat down on the ground. He had just put on his bearskin blanket when he saw the great winter-dance house standing on the ground. Then he saw all the old men and the other men walking about in it. The speaker of the house, the old man in his dream, spoke, "Now take care, shamans! Let us tame our friend Hamsbi." Then he turned to T'takwagila, and said, "You have done well, friend T'takwagila, that you did not just go home to your house when the great winter-dance house disappeared, when we first came to tame our great Hamsbi. Now wait until the end of four nights. When these are finished, your supernatural treasure will go to the village of your father." As soon as he finished his speech, there was the sound of "Wip, wip, wip!" inside of the sacred room. Immediately the song-leaders began to sing the song with fast time beating; and as soon as the fast song ended, they sang three songs with slow time beating. When they finished singing the four songs of Hamsbi, he went into the sacred room. Then the house never disappeared and T'takwagila was invited in to go and see the inside of the

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sacred room. Then he was asked to lie down inside of the sacred room that night. For four nights they tamed the *hamsham'sas*. *Hamsbi* was really tamed after this. Then the old man, the speaker of the house, said to his tribe the Sprits (for the *hamsham'sas* was *Baxwbakwalanukw*, as he was called by the *Kwagu't*; and he is called by the Rivers Inlet people *Baxwbakwalanuxsiwe'*) that *Ttakwagila* would go home when day came, with his supernatural treasure, the house named *'Namsgamsalat'talas*, and the great dance *hamsham'sas*. "Now you will go home, *Ttakwagila*, when it is nearly daylight, for your house is not far away." *Ttakwagila* arose from the place where he was sitting, and went out of the door of the big house, he walked down the river. He had not been walking long when he came to the house of his father. When he tried to go into his father's house he saw a large house coming to the ground beside of the house of his father *'Maxuyalidzi*. *Ttakwagila* immediately went in to his supernatural treasure, the great house, and sat down in the rear. *Ttakwagila* sat down, and heard his father *'Maxuyalidzi* speaking outside of the great house, for he was surprised, for the large house had come and was sitting on the ground.

'Maxuyalidzi had forgotten about his prince *Ttakwagila*, that

he had felt uneasy about him. *Ttakwagila* arose and went to the door of the house; and he called his father, and told him that the great winter-dance house was his supernatural treasure and also the great dance *hamsham'sas*, which has the name *Hamsbi*, and also the name for *'Maxuyalidzi* during the winter dance, *Tsalk'axsdi*. "Now you will have it for your Sparrow name," he said to his father. "And your chief name will be *Awaxalagilis*, the name of the house is *'Namsgamsalat'talas*. Now you know why I walked away." Said *Ttakwagila* to his father *'Maxuyalidzi*. *Ttakwagila* did not show at once his *hamsham'sas* and his name *Hamsbi*, but he gave his name *Awaxalagilis* to his father, *'Maxuyalidzi*. From this came the great house of the *'na'mima* *Ma'amtagila* that has the name *'Namsgamsalat'talas*.

'Maxuyalidzi had another son named *Lu'yala't*. Therefore the *'na'mima* *Lu'yala'ta'wa* are next to the *'na'mima* *Ma'amtagila*, who are descended from the elder brother. *'Maxuyalidzi* had a daughter named her *Agwilayugwa*. This name was given by his father-in-law *Udzi'stalis*, for his daughter. Then he had a son, and *'Maxuyalidzi* named his son *Łanstandzam*. Now *'Maxuyalidzi* and his wife *Aumut* had four children, - three boys and one girl.

When the four children of

'Maxuyalidzi were all grown up, *Łanstandzam* was made angry by his eldest brother *Ttakwagila*. *Łanstandzam* went and lay down in his bed; he was considering whether it would be best for him to leave his elder brothers, because they always made him angry. When it was nearly daylight, he walked down to the beach where a small canoe of his father's was. He paddled to *Gwadze*, and he passed *Tsaxis* when daylight came. He continued on that day and in the evening he arrived at a good beach in a bay. There he saw many killer whales; and when *Łanstandzam* landed, he stepped out of his canoe; and the killer whales went out of the bay. Then *Łanstandzam* named the bay *Maxas*. He built a house there, just like the house of his elder brother *Ttakwagila* at *Kudagala*. Then *Łanstandzam* said that his ancestor was *Matmatala*. (*Łanstandzam*) is the ancestor of the *Maditbe*; and therefore nowadays the *Ma'amtagila* say (so) to the *Maditbe*; Therefore all the privileges of the *Ma'amtagila* *'na'mima* of the *Kwagu't* and of the *Ma'amtagila* of the *Maditbe* are the same. The privileges were obtained by *Łanstandzam* by theft from his master *Ttakwagila*. Therefore this is a disgrace for the *madilbe* [from the *Ma'amtagila* of the *Kwagu't*], on account of *Łanstandzam*, the youngest of the children of *'Maxuyalidzi*. I have never learned from what tribe the

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wife of Łanstandzám came, nor the name of his wife, by whom he had four children. Therefore there are four numayms among the Madifbe. I shall try to find this out. That is the end.

Names and Crests of the Ma'amtagila.

Yakudlas the son of 'Maxuyalidzi, who had the name Yakudlas, began to be a prince; that is, when he had a man's name, when Yakudlas' father gave a potlatch on account of the greatness of the name of his prince Yakudlas. Then 'Maxuyalidzi gave his eagle

(seat) to his prince Yakudlas, and also the eagle name Ttakwagila; for that was the name of 'Maxuyalidzi, Ttakwagila, when he was an eagle. When he transferred his eagle (seat) and the name Ttakwagila that goes with it to his prince Ttakwagila and when Ttakwagila took the name of his father 'Maxuyalidzi, he himself gave a potlatch for his greatness — for he was now an eagle — and on account of his name Ttakwagila. And all the privileges were given to Ttakwagila by his father 'Maxuyalidzi, the house with the carved posts, the two speaking-posts in the form of men at each side of the door standing on top of the heads of grizzly bears, and eagles sitting on top of the heads of the grizzly bear of the post on each side of the rear of the house of 'Maxuyalidzi. And large coppers

lay flat on the chests of the eagles on the posts in the rear of the house. And the front of the house was painted with a copper, as it was first found by the ancestor of Chief 'Maxuyalidzi at K'odagala, for that is where the ancestors of Chief 'Maxuyalidzi lived, at K'odagala in side of Gwadze; for 'Maxuyalidzi's 'na'mima were the Ma'amtagila. The dull-white Seagulls were the ancestors of Chief 'Maxuyalidzi. It was he who was named Matmatela; namely the dull-white Seagull. He is now called Matag'ila. Matagila had many men who are now named Ma'amtag'ila; that is the 'na'mima of his children, when there came to be many of them. That is what is said about the first one, the head of the numayms, the Ma'amtagila. Now you know what I say is all.

Chairman's Report

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behalf. One exciting project in which I have been involved is the "repatriation" of Kwakwala words gathered by a researcher a few years ago. Guy Buchholtzer has been working very hard for us to access all materials from this research. When completed we will have a dictionary of thousands of Kwakwala words and names. This research material needs to be rewritten using U'mista's orthog-

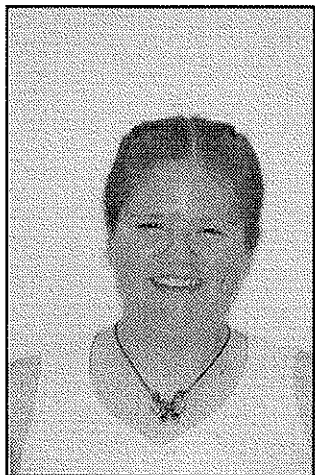
raphy. First we have to make our orthography user friendly with all writing systems. Guy Buchholtzer is working with a soft ware programmer from the U.S. and we shall be able to change the text into our orthography soon. When we begin this work we will gather our Kwakwala speakers to review the words and translations. This project will give us valuable tools in our continuing work in Kwakwala language preservation. This concludes my brief report to you as I am working on a dead line set by Juanita Pasco, our

"hard nosed" editor/producer of this Newsletter.

Gilakas'la (Thank You) to Juanita for doing a great job.

Yuan!

Meet our Summer Student & Collections/Genealogy Trainees...



Lacey Perrault

Hello my name is Lacey Perrault and I was the summer student at the U'mista Cultural Centre for the summer of 2002. Here is a little about who I am and where I come from. I am a 'Namgis First Nation Band member, a Mamalilikala descendant, and a Tsimshian descendant. I was born in Alert Bay in December of 1985. I have lived here (on the rock) my entire life. I am 16 years old and I will be entering my final year of high school in September. My father is Derek Perrault who is also a Mamalilikala descendant; his parents are Emma Alfred and Chief Christopher (Sonny) Alfred (Sonny is his step father, his biological father, Robert Perrault, passed away many years ago). Carole Perrault is my mother; she is a Tsimshian descendant from Prince Rupert. Her parents are Nita and James Warburton.

My time at the U'mista Cultural Center was spent researching legends, masks and many well-known artists. I spent a portion of my time taking pictures and learning about the histories of masks for the U'mista website. I also participated in researching legends from certain native areas for the monthly newsletter with Collections Manager, Juanita Pasco.

I never realized the hardships my ancestors had to go through to keep our culture alive. After working here I learned to appreciate our culture and the great learning experiences it offers and not to take it for granted. We are all very fortunate to have access to our cultural centre and our Big House.

I enjoyed my time here at the U'mista Cultural Centre because it taught many different aspects of our culture that I never realized existed, before now. I feel very fortunate to have had the opportunity to work with the people that I did, to have worked here at the U'mista Cultural Centre and to have learned about all the different things that I did. So thank you U'mista Cultural Society for giving me the experience of a lifetime. I am very grateful. I would also like to thank the staff; Juanita Pasco, Andrea Sanborn, and Zabrina Brotchie, the trainees Lillian Hunt and Nicole Alfred, Canoe

Gathering (Łaxwe'gila) Coordinators Andrea and Barb Cranmer, for making my summer job an enjoyable one.

Gilakas'la. Lacey Perrault



Terri Bruce

Hello there, my name is Teresa Valeria Bruce, most of you know me by Terri. I was born here in Alert Bay to my beautiful mother Louisa Ethel Rufus and my very colourful father, Gilbert Popovich. I am very proud to say that I am half Italian from my father's side and half Native from my mother. I have been happily married for almost 10 years to one of our own famous artists, Stephen Bruce and am a stepmother to two great kids, Stephen Bruce Jr. and Charlene Bruce.

I started work here on September 16, 2002. I am very happy to be here and to be able to

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work with Andrea Sanborn, Juanita Pasco and my crazy sister, Esther Mary Alfred. I will be learning to enter genealogical information into my family tree, which is quite fascinating. I will be able to learn more of my mother's very rich background. My on the job training will also include documenting and cataloguing repatriated artifacts including condition reports accessioning, cataloguing and photographing pieces. We will also prepare artifacts for exhibit and storage.

In January, I will have the privilege to take a course in Victoria called "From Concept to Blueprint" This is a work shop for museum educational website development. When I am finished this course I am hoping to have the knowledge to build my own web pages.

Gilakas'la, Terri Bruce.



Esther Alfred

Hello fellow Band members, Friends and Family. For those of you who don't already know, my name is Esther Mary Alfred. I am proud to say that I was born and raised here in Alert Bay, BC. My blood ties are from the Rufus ('Namgis), Martin (Kwagu't) and Guella (Italian) descents. I have been married to Roddy Alfred Sr. for the past 25 years. Together we have two sons, Rod Jr. 22 years old and Tony 21 years old. Rod and I also share in the joy of our Grandchild, Rod Jr.'s handsome son Mackenzie who turned 4 years old in October.

I am one of the two applicants who were chosen for the Collections Management/Genealogical Research Trainee position. Juanita Pasco will be the one who will be training us and I am very grateful, as well as excited, to learn more about my rich Native background, not to mention everything else that we will be learning throughout this 20-week training program. As Juanita mentioned in the last newsletter, the NMAI (National Museum of the American Indian, now part of the Smithsonian Institute) recently returned 17 artifacts. Our training will include, preparing information for publication on these artifacts in the U'mista Newsletter as well as on the Web. Maintaining the collections databases including artifact and

audio/visual based collections. Interviewing families missing from the genealogy project and researching materials to be included in the genealogy project database. We will also be responsible for maintaining the personal regalia and correlated records. Our duties will also include research, writing and compiling the quarterly Newsletter. Most importantly, we will be organizing the celebration for the return of the objects, which will include planning the ceremony, designing and distributing invitations. We are planning on November 23rd for this magnificent event.

I have worked in many different fields, all of which I've enjoyed and learned a great deal from, but I must say that I am very enthusiastic as far as this training goes. I am eager to learn as much as I can (believe me, Juanita has a heavy load)* so to prepare myself for future job opportunities in this field. In closing I would like to thank the Personnel Committee for allowing me this wonderful opportunity.

Gilalas'la Esther Alfred

TODAY'S YESTERDAY'S ELDER'S TOMORROW'S

**Who are our Elder's?*

**At what age does one become an Elder?*

**Does age really have anything to do with when one becomes an Elder?*

**Are certain people chosen for this future responsibility?*

**What kinds of discipline are instilled?*

**What are the Characteristics of an Elder?*

**Parenting Skills/Teachings of an Elder*

**What are some of the Cultural trainings of an Elder?*

In order to get my answers to the above questions, I've visited and spoke with three of our locals and gathered some valuable insight as to what their perception of what and who our Elders are. First, below is the description of an Elder taken from the Gage Canadian Dictionary.

The Gage Canadian Dictionary describes an **Elder** as: *-n. 1) an older person: The children showed respect for their elders. 2) An aged person. 3) An ancestor. 4) One of the older and more influential men of a tribe or community; a chief ruler, member of council, etc. 5) any of various important officers of certain churches.*

The first person I spoke to was William "Wa" Wasden, and here is

how our discussion went...

In your opinion, what is an Elder?

There are words that are used to refer to Elder's. K'walyakw meaning old person, and 'Nogad is a person shares his wisdom with respect and in turn is respected for it. An Elder passes on knowledge with good intentions as well as patience and kindness.

Who are our Elder's?

Let's see...culturally there are people who I really thought of as Elder's Pause...Alive or dead?

Both.

Mackenzie (Willie) and Elsie (Williams) taught me a lot. I remember "Old man Mackenzie" being concerned that our songs may one day be completely forgotten. I learned lots of our songs from him. Elsie translated Kwakwaka into English. Mackenzie never asked for anything in return only that I keep learning the songs and that I teach our people all that I have learned.

(When William began speaking of Mackenzie his voice became very passionate as well as enthusiastic. Now as most of us know, William, from a very young age has been like a sponge soaking up as much knowledge of our Culture as he could. Mackenzie being aware of this decided he was to be his mentor.)

Ok, who are our Elder's? You'd be

surprised who you ask, who know different things. Like Christine "Whata" Joseph for her Indian medicine. Donna Cranmer who is a master basket weaver and knows about traditional foods. My Uncles Stevie and Herm Beans for their traditional foods and medicines. Peter Joseph knows about traditional foods. (Late) Granny Axu (Agnes Alfred) for story telling and basket weaving. Flora Dawson (Kingcome) for passing on our language. Daisy Robertson, also from Kingcome for her knowledge of traditional foods. There's Uncle Bill Hunt who is still alive, Ada Speck who we just lost. She (Ada) was one of the real awesome authorities. Uncle Glenn Johnson. The late Charlie "Chabani" Matilpi was a good Elder for every day life. There are a lot of good Elder's out there who you could go and question and they could tell you good things. A few other people who taught me different things are Evelyn Windsor, Frank Nelson, Alice Smith (Gilford) Charlie, Tom and Jimmy Dawson Lily Dick, Ethel Alfred, both Ethel and Granny Axu who have shared their passed knowledge on the things they've witnessed. Jack Nolie, Peter & Irene Cook, these people taught me about every day things. A good example is Harriet Joseph, she showed how to barbeque Ooligans on little barbeque sticks in Knights Inlet and that hasn't been done for years and years and she shows up and shows the young people up there. That's an Elder there

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because she's sharing her information and her valuable teachings. That would have been lost if it wasn't for her.

In your opinion what are some characteristics of an Elder?

Well, like I said earlier, to me, an Elder is someone who passes on knowledge with good intentions. One who is patient and kind in his/her teachings also one who passes on stories and credits the right proper families rather than claiming the stories as their own. Most importantly one who knows that you must give respect in order to receive respect. A respectful Elder passes on good teachings, which in turn will be passed on to the next generation with the same good teachings.

Who are our future Elder's?

We have young people who put much effort into putting all there is to learn about our Native history, for example our future Elder's will be the likes of Mike Willie and Ryan Nicholson because of their endeavors in researching our culture. These two seek out their information from the Elder's we have left today. Another good example of a future Elder is Darryl Beans. Darryl is very wise in the traditional use of our land. Also Donna Cranmer for her knowledge in cedar use and weaving. She is a patient teacher who shares her gift with the passion of keeping this tradition alive.

Gilakas'la William! Thank you.



L-R; Agnes Cranmer, Flora Sewid, Agnes (Axu) Alfred, Jack Peters, Alvin Alfred at the drum log in the Alert Bay Gukwdzi. No date.

Photograph courtesy of Vickie Jensen

It is my opinion that William has done more than his part in sharing his learned knowledge of our rich culture in several areas of our history. For instance his gifted voice keeps our songs alive; his knowledge of Kwakwaka'wakw genealogy will continue to inform the younger generation of who they are and where they come from. Due to the teachings of our late Elder Mackenzie Willie, I believe William will also be remembered as a valuable teacher of our great culture!

Next I visited with **Peggy Svanvik** who, of course, is an Elder in her own right.

Yo Peggy, Who are our Elder's?

Yo, I would say of course Granny Ethel is an Elder and we just lost one recently "Lagazamga" Lily Speck.

She was an Elder I'd go to for advice when I needed it. I would call Pauline Alfred an Elder and also Vera Newman.

Peggy, do you think age has anything to do with when one becomes an Elder?

"I don't think there's any particular age that you become an Elder, I first heard this from the Interior Indians', an Elder is not necessarily an old person, an Elder is a person who is wise and who takes in all the things in our culture and learns them. So I think it is to do with how you learn and how you pass on your learning", some people who refused to be called Elder's because they didn't want to be called old, it's not like that at all, but it's what you've learned that makes you an Elder.

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*Elders**Continued from page 18**Peggy, were people chosen for the role of an Elder?*

I don't know if they chose people, but I think you start learning right from birth. I've had good, good people to learn from. I had my parents, my grandparents, my Aunty Mumpsy, my Aunty Alice Scow, Agnes Cranmer, Agnes (Axu) Alfred. I learned a lot from my sister Mary Wadhams (who was lovingly known to all as Big Mom.) I learned of course most everything from my mother because she grew up in our culture and she knew most everything about it and oh yes, my sister Emma of course.

What kinds of discipline were instilled in the children.

The best one is the listening skills, you've got to listen, and if you don't listen you'll learn nothing. That's the first thing my Mother told me when I first went to school, she told me, You're going to school to learn and if you don't listen you'll learn nothing. When you go to school she said your teacher is like your mother and you must respect her and listen to her or him which ever the case may be.

I did this and when I went to school I never spoke English, not a word. We only spoke Kwakwala at home and so when I went to school I learned to speak English very fast. I learned it and it was very easy to

learn. One of the things that would go with the parenting skills is that when I was a little girl my mother taught me how to be a parent in playing with my dolls...ya, she used to say you have to hold the doll in a certain way, you can't throw your doll around because this is your baby, if you do that to your baby you won't have one. She taught me how to dress it, how to hold it and she said teaching begins even as soon as you are born. One of the things that the old people used to do is to greet the newborn babies, that's the grandmothers' job. As soon as they see the baby they welcome that baby and say "How wealthy I've become since you've come into my life" then they would tell the baby all the nice things he/she is going to be, and all the good things he/she is going to be as a man or woman. My mother did that to all my children.

My Mom said they always have to listen to positive things about themselves. If you don't do that they will have negative feelings about themselves, they won't have good feelings about themselves. If you keep telling a child that they are bad and stupid etc. those messages get instilled in them and they will begin to believe it this is why my mother used to tell me that I have to tell my children good things about themselves and that I have to teach them to listen. Even now with my little great-grandchildren, if they hit someone I take their hand and say don't hit. Little children do this as a game and if

they go and hit someone who doesn't love them they will get whacked back and they are going to get hurt. So that's the teachings of an Elder, if you don't teach your children, they're the ones who are going to get hurt. You can tell what family a child comes from by the way that they talk and behave.

I asked Peggy if she had a favorite story of something she had learned from her Grandmother while she was growing up.

I don't remember much about my Grandmother other than she used to sing a lot when we used to go and visit her. The first thing she used to do was get up and walk into the back room and get some smoked ooligans, open it up and put it on the stove and then feed it to us. Both my Grandparents liked to sing. I never heard my Grandfather talk as often as he would sing. He used to sing a lot. He [Grandfather] was blind so he didn't see us but he was always there.

I asked Peggy about her mother, did she [Peggy] ever have to learn a lesson the hard way. Peggy shared a story about how her Mother had learned a very valuable lesson, why don't I let Peggy tell you...

I have a story that my Mother told us. It's about stealing and parenting. She [Mother] said in the old days parents were held responsible for any wrongs their children did because it was their job to teach the children. If your child did something wrong

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then you didn't do your job. They lived in Big houses, there weren't just used for dancing, they lived in them. She lived with her Father and her Father's brothers. She (Peggy's Mother) said she loved apples. When she finally got introduced to fruit, she said the first fruit she tasted was the banana and she said she gagged, but she loved the apples. Anyway, it was going to be a long weekend and her father and uncles were all working. Mother was waiting for them to come home so she could get some money and go and buy some apples. They were working overtime I guess so they didn't come. She [Mom] was watching the time and it was getting close to when the store was going to close, so she figured well, if they were here and I asked for money they would give it to me. She went into the bedroom, they kept their money there because they got paid every day and they would come home and put their money into boxes. They didn't lock it up or hide it. Mom went in and dug around and she was looking for a dime. She found this tiny little coin, she picked it up and ran to the store, threw the coin on the counter, she didn't speak English but she could say apples. The storekeeper came by and she said she was kinda suspicious because he gave her a big bag of apples. She took it home and she said she must not have felt right about it because she didn't put it where she normally would go. They had a kitchen, they put all their



L-R; Sam Henderson?, ? Jack Peters, Alvin Alfred (behind Axu), Axu (Agnes Alfred) at the Opening of the U'mista Cultural Centre November 1st, 1980.

Photographed by Vickie Jensen Uncatalogued.

food there and they all ate together. My Mother said they ate supper and when everything was finished they (Mom and her Father) were called into a back room. There were chairs around with two chairs in the front. The two chairs in front were for her and her father and the Uncles were sitting all around them. It was the oldest Uncle who spoke. He said to them, when you take something that does not belong to you, that's stealing and then when you steal you get a name that's thief. He also said

that's a very shameful name to have and it's twice as shameful for a woman because for a woman whatever you're going to do you're going to teach your children. He said, then your life's not going to be a happy one, your life's going to be an unhappy one because you'll be uncomfortable. You're always going to be looking around to see if anyone's checking to see what you are doing because you're now thought of as thief. My Mother told me that

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the big impact on her was that her Father was crying. Her Mother died when she was little so she doesn't remember her, her Father brought her up. Then her Uncle said to her, you know if this is going to be the pattern of your life it would be better to tie this rope around your neck and throw you overboard because you're never going to be happy...never! You're going to be unhappy all your life and so will your children. When it was finished her Father got up and he repaid my Mother's Uncle. It was \$20.00 that little coin that she took. After her Father replaced it he didn't yell, shout or beat her up, just his crying was enough, and it really impacted on her.

My mother used to tell us that when you go into someone's house you don't go and look around, don't go here and there and touch things, like if there is a piece of paper in front of you, it's not yours don't read it and don't touch anything even a little bobby pin on the floor you might think it's nothing, but it's not yours, it belongs to them if you want pick it up and put it on the table, don't take it. My Mother always told us that parents are responsible for whatever wrong their children do and I think that's quite true. One other thing she taught me is that you help - always help in the community. When there was a death in the community my Mother used to cook a meal and send us to go and bring it to the family. She

would say, they're hungry but they don't know it because they're in grief, so she said you got to do these things. Same with when there was a feast for happy times, like a wedding of something, everyone would help and you would not expect any pay, you just did it. I still do that when there is a funeral, I do the best I can, yes, she always said don't wait to be asked, just do it!

What are some of the characteristics of an Elder?

It is to be knowledgeable of course and to know what you're talking about and not to talk wantonly, not to talk...ah...don't pretend you know something when you don't. I heard Wa talking about respect and the one thing I thought was really important, you must respect yourself - if you respect yourself you'll respect other people. That's where your children are going to learn respect from you. This is a universal thing, it's not because we are Indians, that we are the only ones who know this. Karl (Late Husband) was like that. He really believed in teaching, he taught our children how to work. He even taught them all how to repair bicycles. He used to always say; if you can't fix it, don't break it. There are people with characteristics of an Elder who are very young, Wa; they started teaching him quite young how to sing and that was very good. That is not the only thing and like I said our Culture is not just singing and dancing it is how we behave, how we present ourselves. It's like when the kids go on

sports trips and how they represent us is how they've been taught.

Gilakas'la, Thank you very much Peggy for your wealth of information.

Lastly, I spoke with **Vera Newman**.

Yo Vera.

Yo Esther.

In your opinion, what is an Elder?

An old person is someone that's an older person. A lot of times our people say we don't have Elders we have "Old People" in our Nation. So an Old Person to me is someone that is Nook-so-la. Somebody that's had a lot of life's experience. Somebody that has learned to be supportive of events that go on in life. That is my opinion of what an Older Person is.

Ok, Now what are some characteristics of an Elder?

Someone who is 'Nogad, someone who is wise. Someone that listens and weighs everything instead of reacting. A lot of times that's hard to do when you are younger because we get involved with our children's happenings and we react without stopping to think. When you get old you start to look at it differently.

The old people who I grew up knowing are the ones that made sure you took care of things, just as an example, Granny Axu; it wasn't Grandpa Moses, it was Granny that made sure that anything that went on in the family she was involved. She made

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sure that her Grandchild, daughter or son was behaving in the best way they could. Another example, when I had the divorce with Roy, it was done in 1980. It was an Indian divorce in the Bighouse. Roy had the Potlatch, I was really upset because I didn't know why they would go and have a divorce when it was a positive thing because the U'mista had just opened in November 1980. Granny Axu told me "don't be offended by that, it is an absolute opposite". She (Axu) said the Old Lady Gwanti'lakw (Agnes Cranmer) is uplifting you because you are the Mother of Roy's Children even though you're separated. You can't compare it to everyday life now, that's our custom she said to me. I felt better about it. When it happened I had all my relatives and Roy and his family were across from me. They did the ceremony. They also had an Indian wedding for us in 1959, but we didn't go to it. Just the old people did it in the Council Hall; we didn't have a Bighouse then. Granny always did things like that.

Like it's the same thing when Longo got married to Rita, because that's granny's Grandson she had an Indian Wedding for him. It happened in the Council Hall too. That's why some of Rita's family transferred things to Uncle Pip and that's why Longo carries that name now and his Grandson now has the Hamafsa. That was Glabam's, that was Eugene's. It went to Eugene because he was the oldest son.

Eugene said my son will never come back to keep that, it should go back to Rita's family, that's why Jonah ended up being a Hamafsa.

That's the role Granny played in our family and because I had the tapes, because I taped Granny, I share it with my family. I said to Longo, I want you to give out money at Granny's Memorial. I want you to show Uncle Pip's line for what you got that time and that's why he did that. He didn't argue he just said how much? I said, well, no less than \$1000.00 and he did it and I was really proud of him for that. I didn't have to say that it's only right because those dances that came to Uncle Pip all went to his Grandchildren. That's how it works.

Big Granny (Agnes Cranmer) did that with all her relatives, the Hunt line. You know when Wayne Alfred got married the Indian way with Brenda Smith, I went with Pauline and those are the two people she had a meeting with when she first planned it, Big Granny (Agnes Cranmer) and Granny Axu (Agnes Alfred). She always took care of her line. So that was the role...just like Elaga (Beans) did that for all her family, that's the role of an Older Person.

The beauty of the old People, and you don't see that happen today is that they got together and they discussed things and they did things the best way they could.

It's really emotional and it's really

um...it really feels good because most people come from the heart, you know, and that's what we don't do anymore, we're all living so fast and furious and we don't take the time. It's like if you're trying to lead the way people think you're just being bossy or they think you're just being nosey or they don't look at it in a way that you're trying to take care of your responsibilities as a family unit. That's what an Older Person is and taking care of the children.

It's like when Annie Alfred, Uncle Jimmy's "Charlie Horse" wife ended up in the T.B. hospital, Granny didn't want her Grandchildren to be put in the Residential school so she took them in and raised them.

Annie was gone for years, she didn't just go for 2 weeks, she was gone for about 5 or 6 years you know, and Granny raised the children. That was the same with Uncle Clarence's kids, Granny raised them too.

So then, was it the Wife or the Mother's role to implement the teachings?

Usually, when I think back on my life, both our Grandparents did, we lived in a little village, Village Island. My Grandfather used to tell us legends and all legends had teachings. We used to go to have tea with them at night. It was a big thing to go and have tea with Ada and Dada, you know...and most of the time they'd say don't respond, it's like when you look at the Dzunu^kwa legend the children are being warned not to go in that area because the

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Dzunuḵwa might get you...but did you listen? You know, so what was the teachings behind that? There was always a teaching behind most legends. This doesn't happen anymore because all the children see nowadays is what's on T.V. There have been a lot of breakdowns because not everyone thinks our culture is important. I don't mean just learning how to sing and dance I mean just living the way and thinking the way our Old People thought.

Our roles are so different now, like now it's the year 2002 and Cecil Wadhams is throwing a potlatch. Cecil's nephew Ozzie lives with my cousin Terri Alfred and at that Potlatch they are going to get married in the Indian way. They've come to the family to say this is their wish, the Wadhams family. My responsibility, because my Grandmother's not here and my Mother's not here is to look after Terri because she's George Alfred's Granddaughter that was my mother's brother, George Alfred. That's my responsibility. If any of your boys ever got married it's my responsibility to go and help out because I took the time to go and learn from Granny Axu. Maybe not all our relatives feel the same way but it's my responsibility because I learned it and I have to pass it on. All we have to do is take the time to do it. Instead of yarding Auntie Ethel to cut all the ribbons and say grace at events we should sit down and learn from her.

That's right, after all somebody is going to have to carry on that tradition after Auntie Ethel is gone.

Characteristic's, so that means someone who's humble. I think it's really wrong to teach children to be arrogant. That is not a teaching that was ever taught to us. They always told us you never have to say you're a chief or my grandfather is a chief, you just didn't talk like that. Or, you didn't act proud or like a snob because if you truly were a chief you didn't have to tell anybody, they knew. You look at someone today who carries his role as a chief in this community really well is Roy (Cranmer). What I mean by that is, that I don't mean that Roy thinks he is good or anything, but I mean that he is the one who goes out food fishing, he doesn't have a license to fish anymore but he goes out and brings it to the Old lady's like Mrs. Peters, Susan Wallas, Auntie Ethel and Putsah (Mrs. Hunt) you know, that's what a chief is suppose to do. When he (Roy) makes T'tina (grease) he does the same thing, he gives it to them at Christmas time and that's what a chief is supposed to do, not expect the people to jump all over for them, that's what a good chief is.

What are some of the cultural trainings from an Elder?

Well you know that part of cultural training is to learn, it's like you know Esther...just as one example, Big Granny, Agnes Cranmer always wanted Joe Rufus to do the

Dzunuḵwa because he was 'Namgis and that was his dance. Now you know that in the year 2002, Esther Alfred knows that that's one of the dances that belong to the Rufus family. Now that's your job if you see anyone in your line do anything is to make sure that it is acknowledged by someone dancing it, that it belongs to your family.

Culture is something you live, it's not just putting on a blanket and dancing, it's everything, it's like responding to your request as a worker for this interview.

Good, so it's passing on knowledge, well that makes sense.

Yes, it's your responsibility because you're a granddaughter of the Rufus family, that's one part of your line that you come from. No one can take that away from you. It doesn't matter that your Father's Italian, you come from the Rufus and you come from Spruce Martin and those are the things your kids should know. It's the Mother's role, because a lot of times the Father doesn't take the time to learn that. It is also your role to be supportive of everything and anything that goes on, whether it be to come and make sandwiches, just come and help out maybe to just drive the goodies up to the big house, offer your truck, you know that kind of thing...that's culture. If they need wood up at the big house and someone is cutting it down here at the beach

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then offer your truck to bring it up to the big house. That's what culture is...Being Involved! Even if it's that way, never think you're not important, even if you're not the one that's singing and dancing, you're in the background making sandwiches and that's just as important as singing and dancing because you have to feed your guests.

Who are our future Elder's and what kinds of teachings do they have to offer?

The person I go to see, now that my Aunty Rose is gone is Aunty Ethel. She'll (Aunty Ethel) tell you when she can't remember then she'll phone you when she does remember and I really appreciate that. She's willing to share what she knows. She's definitely the person I go to now. Another person I go to even though she is not as old as Aunty Ethel is Emma Tamlin she knows lots, she grew up with Spruce Martin. She went to Potlatches when she was very young. What she remembers she shares too and she is always willing to help. That's who I think our future is. Um...Jack is willing to share, Jack and Dot Nolie. They remember some things. There's Chief Bill Cranmer, I'm going to tell you something I experienced. Bill Cranmer is the one who helped us when we had our Dad's memorial. We didn't have old people to come and guide us in my own immediate family. If I asked Bill to be there at 11:00 am for a meeting for our Potlatch planning, even if he was out



Jack Peters holding a copper from the Potlatch Collection.

Photograph by Vickie Jensen UPN-05408

late, he'd be there at quarter to eleven at our Dad's house. Bill always helps when asked, he doesn't push his way in and say, I know more than that guy etc. he only goes when he is called. He's a very humble person. I see Bill as a very respectful leader in our culture. I also see someone like Andrea...my daughter Andrea who helps out and believes in the teachings, she doesn't just wanna put on a show you see that's the things that is changing in a lot of our young people.

I agree.

I was asked to go to the Big house for something and I tried to tell a

young girl from our village, her hair was all piled up high and I told her, you know, when we were younger we weren't allowed to have our hair like that, we had to have our hair down when we danced. So I said maybe it's a good idea if you take it down. You're putting on a show here for our community and you're not suppose to wear pants when we're in the big house, ladies have to wear skirts. She looked at me like I had no right to say anything. So those are some of the things that have changed so much today. It doesn't matter that I'm older, it's that they (younger generation) think they know everything and that they don't have to lis-

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ten to anybody. There is a small group of young people like that unfortunately. It is very unfortunate that I have to see that. They already think they know the song and movements and they don't think they need anyone else to guide them...the Old people guided us and we weren't allowed to be arrogant, that's what I appreciate about Andrea (C.) I belong to the T'sasaŋa Dance Program that she started and I go up and dance. Those kids can run that program by themselves and they wear skirts when they dance. They don't come with their hair all piled up. They all wear their regalia and their responsible for it. We don't have to pack it up for them, they do it themselves. That's part of being responsible that is what Andrea (C.) teaches them.

Wa...he's our treasure of our community. He has gone to do research and he's helped just about every family. My family, my sister's and my Brother were planning a meeting for my Dad's memorial because it entailed so much things, he (Wa) came to the meeting just to listen. Wa said to us, "whatever you need me to do, I'm there for you, I'm willing to help whether you want me to paint, design or sing. I really appreciated that from him, he's willing to share what he knows and that's a great gift. He did that when Noreen got married the Indian way. Wa just came in, we had the blanket laid out, and he just made a design like right now!

I heard he's really fast. He certainly is talented indeed!

Yes, he doesn't even have to measure, he just designs. That to me is a really wonderful quality to be willing to share especially when he is related to so many people and he's there to help all of them. I think he knows in his own mind...because sometimes people aren't always coming from a good place, he (Wa) knows where he doesn't go. There are a lot of people who are taking the culture and just playing with it.

Like for personal gain for instance?

Yes exactly.

That's very dangerous for our future...

It's already dangerous now; it's all changed so fast. Ok, future Elder's, Donna, Donna (Cranmer) is sort of the Grandmother of our group because she's got a really ah... she's a really wise young girl and Barb's a very good leader. Barb has accomplished a lot of good things and she's not arrogant either she just helps out everywhere she can. She helps with the kids, putting on their blankets on and I really appreciate that of Barb. She could be sitting at home ignoring what all of us are doing but she comes out and helps.

With a really good nature too!

That's right, this is her community and she loves it. She loves being in her Village. So then, Culture is everybody working together in all community events.

Do you have a message or messages to

send out to our younger generation?

This sounds really simple but for me Esther, it's to take care of yourselves. Like for me, I've got lots of relatives and even though I don't see them everyday and I don't visit them everyday, I still care about them. So I think it's really important to take care of yourself and I mean you don't have to be sober, I just mean sometimes people are involved in things that a harmful to them and you know when they're harming themselves they're harming us too because it hurts us as much as it hurts them. When you hurt someone you love it hurts all of us. Take care of yourself and have respect. (Kwakwala for respect) if we could practice that (Myada respect) word we would have it much easier in life. Respect.

I mean I could come here Esther and I could be really disrespectful to you but that's not going to make me feel good and it's not going to make you feel good either. I have to treat you with respect. It took me years to learn to respect myself, I'm still struggling with that, physically and I've made some positive changes in my life but I still struggle with so many things - I always have to have that Maya'xala (respect) because I'm a granny now. I want to be healthy so I'm here for my Grandchildren. I don't respond when there are negative things said about my family. Sometimes you can't take things back and it's just not worth it to hurt other people. Respect one another. Take care of yourself, each

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other and our community. Respect is the advice that I have to pass on.

Thank you very much Vera, it's always a learning experience whenever I chat with you.

There are a few similarities in the answers that were given to me. Although each person gave me his/her own personal opinion as to what they believe an Elder is. I find it fascinating how they've come up with such comparable answers. For instance they all agree that years ago Elder's were referred to as "Old People" Both Wa and Vera used the word 'Nogad which is an Old Person who is wise and who shares this wisdom with patience, kindness and with good intentions. It was also mentioned that an Elder demonstrates good listening skills that in turn will be passed on to future generations, "If you don't listen, you won't learn anything". All three agree that an Elder shares his or her life's experiences also that learning our culture is not just putting on a blanket and dancing or singing, but it is actually living it everyday, it is how we behave and how we represent ourselves. Culture is everybody working together in all community events. Most importantly an Elder knows that you must give respect in order to receive respect. With reference to the question is there a particular age that one becomes an Elder? Apparently not, the act of being 'Nogad doesn't have anything to do with your age, it is what you know

and how you pass on that knowledge. For instance both Peggy and Vera mention Wa and Donna Cranmer. I personally would definitely refer to them as our future Elder's, in fact I think they could be considered our present Elders because they possess the characteristics and qualities which make good Elders. It is people like that who are keeping our culture alive. I can think of several other young people in our community who have similar gifts to offer when it comes to our culture. Take my brother-in-law Stephen Bruce Sr. Stephen is taking his expertise in wood carving and teaching our youth as well as anyone else who is interested. Wayne Alfred who was one of Stephen's mentors and is still passing on his talents. Wayne is also a good person to seek out if you want to learn more about our history. We have to appreciate Andrea C. (Cranmer) for her T'sasata Dance Group. If any of you have had the privilege of witnessing this group of fine young performers then you'll agree with me when I say Andrea C. is 'Nogad Way to go Andrea C.! Then of course there's Barbara Cranmer who documents our Native History. Her work in the film industry has already broadened the awareness of our culture both near and far. These are just a few of the visible people in our great little village for those of you who are Elders' or have the makings of an Elder and aren't as visible, keep doing whatever you're doing in helping to keep our culture strong and

remember, no matter how large or small your contribution is, you will be appreciated.

In closing, it can't go unmentioned that the word respect was specified by all three of my interviewee's. As Wa stated 'Nogad is a person who shares his wisdom with respect and in turn is respected for it". Peggy also said "You must respect yourself ~ If you respect yourself, you'll respect other people". Vera's message is "Take care, Respect yourself, each other and our community...Respect is the advice that I have to pass on".

Gilakasla'

My 2002 North American Indigenous Games Experience

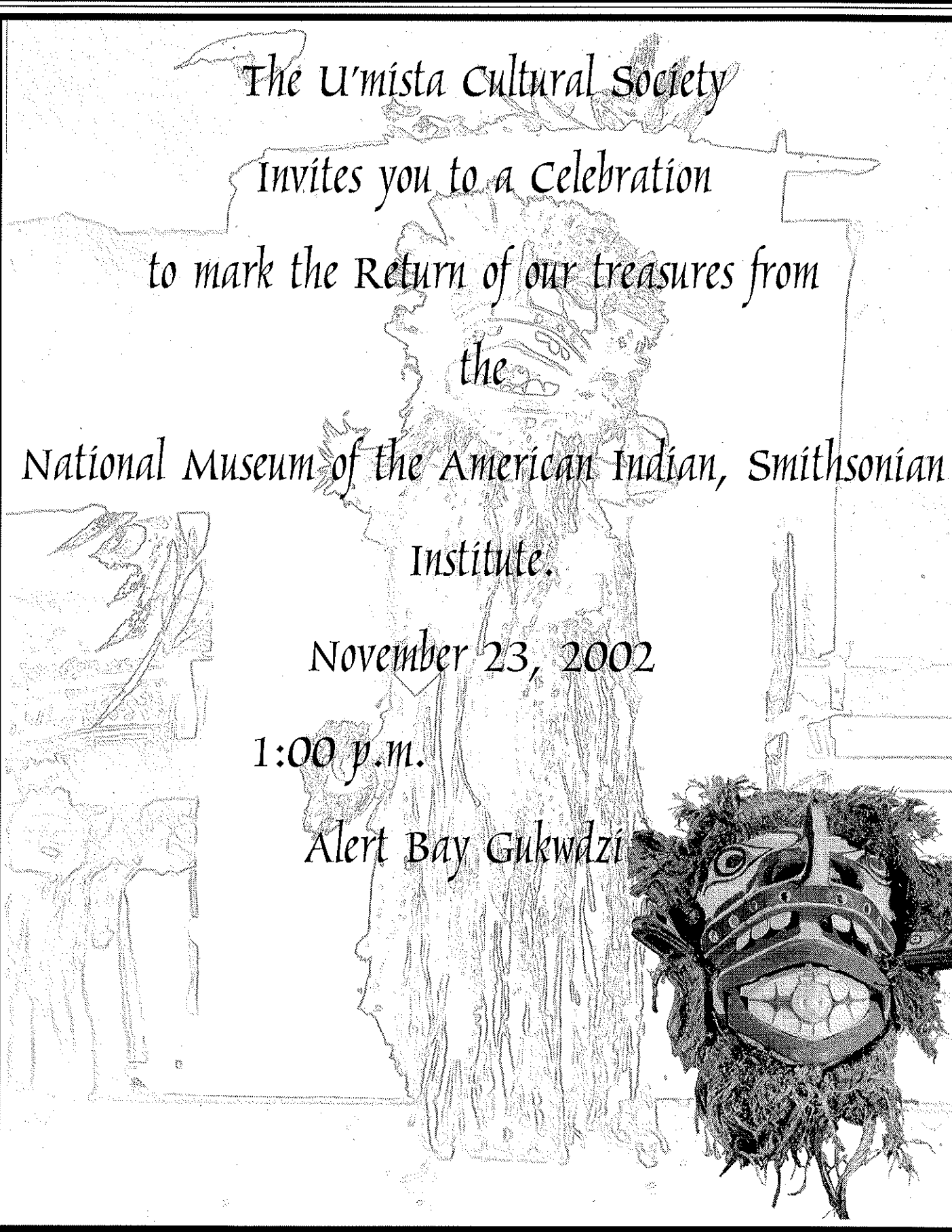
By Nicole Alfred

As I mentioned in my last newsletter article I was asked to play by coach Gaeton Gelinas with the Senior Women's Volleyball team that traveled to the 2002 North American Indigenous Games in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Sunday, July 21, 5:15 am Gaeton, Lois, "Dot" and I were up and eager to get on the road and meet up with Moses and his carload to start our journey to Winnipeg. I went through a few emotions leaving that day; I felt sad because I was leaving my son Quenton and I also felt anxious because I have never seen any other province other than BC. I have to admit that I appreciate British Columbia more now than before I left. I quickly realized what we have here surrounding us. We have our gorgeous mountains, our lustrous trees and above all our beautiful blue ocean. As we drove across Alberta, Saskatchewan and finally into Manitoba, I couldn't believe how different the landscape was compared to back home on the West Coast. On the prairies you can see for miles and miles ahead of you as well as all around you. It was exciting to a degree because I have never seen those Provinces before. After 12-14 hours of driving with the same scenery gets a little mind numbing after awhile. We drove from Port Hardy to Kamloops on Sunday, woke

up at 5:00 am and we were on the road again by 6:00 am. Then we traveled as far as Swift Current, Saskatchewan on Monday. Finally on Tuesday morning we drove our last shift from Swift Current to Winnipeg, Manitoba. The "Welcome to Winnipeg" sign was a sight for sore eyes. We all got to relax all day Wednesday which was a much-needed rest. Thursday morning we got up and ate breakfast, then headed off to Arthur A. Leach Junior High with what felt like one big butterfly in my tummy. Our first match was against Manitoba who later went on to win the Gold for the Senior Women's Volleyball category against Team Saskatchewan. I have to say that there are some very tall native women from the prairies. I can't remember every detail of every game, but we had some excellent matches throughout the tournament particularly against New York and Ontario. We really pulled together as a team, even though we never played together as one. In the end we were fifth place, which isn't too shabby considering we barely practiced together. Three of us on the team were not from Quatsino; Jessica Arnouse is from Salmon Arm, Jolaine Foster is from Prince George and I am from good ol' 'Yalis. The Team BC men's senior team did amazing in their category. They played for the Bronze metal against

Team Saskatchewan; it was definitely a battle to the bitter end with one game a piece and the third game score going as high as 33-31 for Saskatchewan. It was a very nerve-racking game to watch. Team BC men were without a doubt the shortest team in the tournament. They overwhelmed everybody with their ability to jump and what seemed to be hovering in the air and also their spiking power. We (Team BC) gained everybody's respect by the time the tournament was over because nobody expected us to play as well as we did. People went up to our coach, Gaeton and told him that we had a lot of heart and were a strong defensive team. It was an unbelievable experience for me and I am sure for everybody else who traveled to Winnipeg to participate or just to support the North American Indigenous Games. Just being there for the Opening Ceremonies was definitely the highlight of my journey. I can't begin to describe the feeling that ran through me when we walked into the Stadium. Alex Nelson's speech had the crowd's attention. His powerful words made me proud to be at the Games and also proud to be Kwakwaka'wakw. This trip to the North American Indigenous Games was definitely an eye opener for me. The coordinators hit the nail on the head when they made the theme for the NAIG, "Strong, Brave, True". I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate the soccer players here from Alert Bay who brought home 2 gold and a silver metal. Go BC!



The U'mista Cultural Society
Invites you to a Celebration
to mark the Return of our treasures from
the
National Museum of the American Indian, Smithsonian
Institute.

November 23, 2002

1:00 p.m.

Alert Bay Gukwdzi



Special Projects Coordinator Update

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U'mista Cultural Centre it becomes more and more evident that we will have to depend on the services of volunteers to help us get some of the tasks done. As funding sources disappear or eligibility requirements change, our ability to function within our budget becomes challenged. Volunteers have always been an important sector within our Society as they are in any organization. However, as we come to depend on them more and more, we need to identify exactly what we need them to do and provide orientation and training workshops for those positions. Some of the things we look to volunteers to help us with are production of the newsletter, renewing exhibits, interviewing projects, website maintenance, gardening, painting, maintenance, carpentry, to mention a few. So if you are interested in becoming a volunteer at the U'mista Cultural Centre, please fill out the form included in this issue and return it to our office. We will appreciate hearing from you.

September proved to be another month full of activity with the visiting cruise ships. We enjoy having them visit and

meeting all the people. The T'sasaŋa Dance Group provide the traditional dance program at the Big House, Norman and Donna Stauffer provide the catering, Lillian Hunt provides the guiding through the Potlatch Collection and a number of van drivers provide the transportation. Some of the regular drivers are Deanne Wadhams, Stephen (Bishop) Brotchie, 'Kunn Alfred, Fifi Hunt and Ross Jolliffe. The ships are also using the docking facilities provided by the Village of Alert Bay and many of them stop in to visit the staff at the InfoCentre. So, you can see that these ships are adding to the economy of our Island and we do appreciate this. We get very nice comments from the visitors about their time spent here and even some repeat visitors on these ships as we have been providing this service for many years. Another exciting group of unscheduled visitors are those we get from Nimmo Bay when they arrive by helicopter, sometimes in tandem. This is impressive to watch on a nice sunny day.

We had a few film companies coming to town to do some filming and documentary work with us and again, this adds to our economy even more so as they use local accommodation services, eat in local restaurants, shop in local shops and use

other local services. This all adds to our economic well-being and something that we are proud to support.

As this newsletter is dedicated to the history and culture of the Ma'amtagila, I am proud to say that I am a descendant of this tribe.

My Grandfather, Price Bruce was from the Ma'amtagila. Unfortunately I am still learning about my heritage as this is not something we did when we were young. However, I have to say how fortunate we are that we have this information here at the U'mista to learn with. Come and visit us, we probably have information about your Kwakwaka'wakw roots too.

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U'mista Cultural Society

Canadian/International Membership Form

Do you have Band Membership or can you trace ancestry to a Band member of Kwakwaka'wakw? Yes / No

If yes, give Band Name and Number: *(**If Band Number completed, G.S.T. is not applicable**)*

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP

*Canadian Annual Fee: \$ 15.00 (Add \$1.05 G.S.T. if applicable) International Annual Fee: \$ 26.75 (GST included)
(Payable in Canadian Funds, Visa, Mastercard or Money Order to the U'mista Cultural Centre)*

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Province: _____

Country: _____ Postal Code: _____

Res Phone: _____ Bus. Phone: _____

FAMILY MEMBERSHIP

*Canadian Annual Fee: \$25.00 (Add \$ 1.75 G.S.T. if applicable) International Annual Fee: \$37.45 (GST included)
May include up to two adults and children up to 19 years of age.*

(Payable in Canadian Funds, Visa, Mastercard or Money Order to the U'mista Cultural Centre)

Name: (Adult #1) _____

Mailing Address: _____

City: _____ Province: _____

Country: _____ Postal Code: _____

Res Phone: _____ Bus. Phone: _____

Name (Adult #2): _____

Children Names: _____ Birthdate (YY/MM/DD)

Name: _____ D.O.B. _____ / _____ / _____

Name: _____ D.O.B. _____ / _____ / _____

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The Last Word is Yours!

Do you have any suggestions for future newsletter items?

Or suggestions for activities or events you would like to see at the U'mista Cultural Centre?

Please write to us with your ideas and we will look into it.

Please include your name and your phone number so we can contact you.

Send your suggestions to:

P.O. Box 253
Alert Bay, B.C.
V0N 1A0

Or

E-Mail us at: [umista @island.net](mailto:umista@island.net)
Or drop in and see us!

U'mista Needs You!

Can you spare a few hours to do some volunteer work for U'mista? We will be needing your help for a variety of things at different times. For example, volunteers are needed to:

- Help out with the newsletter
- Preparing the newsletter for mailing
- Help with tours through the centre
- Help put up and take down exhibits
- Do minor construction projects
- Provide transportation for elders to U'mista activities
- Help out with other miscellaneous things that may arise from time to time.

If you are interested, please fill out the form to the right and mail to us or bring it down to the centre, you will be contacted when your services are required.

Yes! I am interested in volunteering my services.

Name: _____

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I would be willing to help out with:

Newsletter	Transportation
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Minor Construction	Other

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