



U'mista News



Kwikwasutinux

Kwakwaka'wakw

The Raven Gukwdzi at Kwikwasutinux Gwa'yasdams

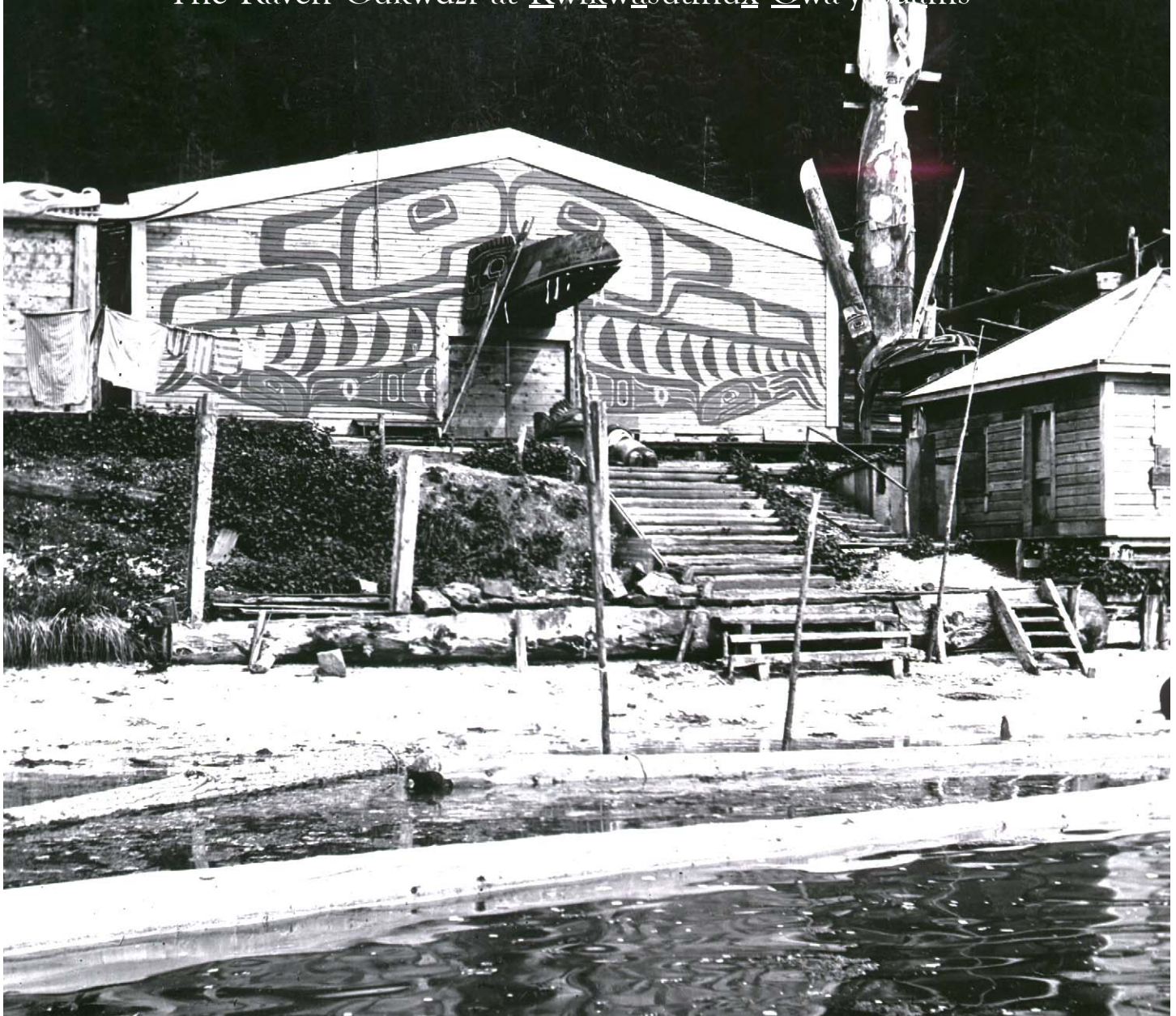


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Chairman's Report**Gilakas'la 'Nalnamyut-Greetings
Relatives****Gilakas'la 'Ni'namukw-Greeting
Friends**

Our Annual General Meeting was held on October 4, 2003 at the U'mista Cultural Centre. The usual AGM business was conducted which included the annual report, audit report and board elections. The annual report only confirms the great job our Director, Andrea Sanborn and staff, are doing for the U'mista Cultural Society. The work done by the U'mista Cultural Society benefits all the Kwakwaka'wakw First Nations. The members present accepted our audited financial statement, indicating a positive financial position and this again is due to the sound financial management of our administration.

Elections were held for four board positions whose 2-year terms had expired. Re-elected were Tyler Cranmer, James Glendale and Stanley Hunt. Newly elected were Stephanie Speck and her mother Julia Speck from the Gwawa'enux. They join your other members, who are myself, William T. Cranmer, Vice-Chairman, Lawrence Ambers, Basil Ambers, Peggy Svanvik and Christine Joseph. I want to thank Spruce Wamis and Flora Dawson for their time and dedication as Board members. I'm sure we'll have their continued support for our ongoing work. Our AGM was rushed because of the Wadhams Family Feast at the Gukwdzi but we did have time for a brief discussion and give some direction to the Board for the upcoming year.

Language revitalization is still a priority and the upcoming training on the First Voices Archiving will provide us with the opportunity to work with our existing Kwak'wala speakers to develop a tool that can be used in language instruction in all schools who

Chairman's Report

William T. Cranmer
Chairman of the Board

wish to teach Kwak'wala. Identification of our Kwak'wala speakers, possibly to form a language authority, to assist those who will be archiving will be an important first step. Peter Brand and Ivy Charlson, from the First Peoples Cultural Foundation were here at the U'mista from November 17th. to the 21st. to train Lorraine Hunt and Esther Alfred. Deanna Barns and Honey Jacobson also participated in the workshop. Lorraine and Esther will be archiving language words and phrases at the U'mista Cultural Centre. The resulting material will be available to all the Kwakwaka'wakw through the Internet.

An exciting development for the First Voices Project is an invitation to First Peoples Cultural Foundation to present this project to a United Nations Gathering in Geneva, Switzerland in December 2003. I have been invited to travel with Simon Robinson to make this presentation at the Global Forum on Indigenous Peoples where information on languages and communications will be shared. The Department of Canadian Heritage will cover my expenses. This will be a great opportuni-

ty to tell the world about our history and what we are doing to save our endangered languages.

The benefit of this archiving process to all languages now and into the future is immeasurable. The initial costs will be high but as we reach out to all the different language groups around the world, revenue through licensing will make this program self financing and at the same time allow us to assist all those who are working to keep their languages alive. I will report on the fund-raising event to be held in Victoria on November 28, 2003. This Gala event and auction is named the Red Cedar Bridge. The Gwawina dance group has been invited to perform along with other aboriginal artist including stars from Smoke Signals, Cold Squad and the George Leach Band. As the Chair of the First Peoples Cultural Foundation, I am working with Executive Director, Simon Robinson to recruit board members who have the skills and contacts in the area of fund-raising. Our National Chief, Phil Fontaine, who has always supported our work in language preservation, has agreed to work with us. Satsan, Herb George, our outgoing BC Vice Chief for the Assembly of First Nations is also working with us. **Gilakas'la/Thank you to both great leaders.**

I called our legal Counsel, Stan Ashcroft last week for an up-date on our ongoing claim against the Federal Government related to the effects of the Potlatch Prohibition, which resulted in the arrest, and imprisonment of our old people in 1921/1922. Specific Claims West has informed him that there should be some movement in January 2004 when new resources become available.

On behalf of the Board and Administration I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yu'am!!

Well here we are at the last issue for 2003 for the *U'mista News*. Since our last issue we have received many comments about our repatriated yaxwiwe' after all the press coverage we received. We have also had many requests from worldwide for more information about the yaxwiwe' and about U'mista and the work we do. This is encouraging to know that the interest in our culture does exist to a great extent throughout the world. We had a number of people send us copies of the newspaper articles and we thank them all for that. We have had inquiries for more information from writers in Europe as well about our repatriation processes. The decision made by Madame Aube Elleouet to return our yaxwiwe' from Paris, France attracted the attention of many in a positive fashion. Many were thrilled to know that we are still getting parts of the Potlatch Collection returned to us and hopeful that we will soon have it all back where it belongs. Thank you to Jack Knox of the Victoria Times Colonist for bringing this to the front page.

The kwak'wala language has become so threatened with extinction that your Board of Directors has made the preservation and protection of it a priority. We have had generous support from First Peoples Cultural Foundation, the Aboriginal Language Initiative, Canadian Heritage, Aboriginal Neighbours of the Anglican Church in Victoria, BC Arts Council and the BC Museums Association. We are also supported through the efforts of a number of community volunteers and support people who continue to organize community kwak'wala language programs. Our Chairman Bill Cranmer devotes a great deal of his time towards the protection of kwak'wala and he is also the Chairman for the First Peoples Cultural

Directors Update



Andrea Sanborn

Foundation (FPCF). It is through the Foundation that he will be attending a world conference in Geneva, Switzerland on languages along with Simon Robinson, Executive Director of FPCF, and making a presentation on behalf of aboriginal groups throughout BC. Our determination to save our languages from extinction will become foremost, hopefully, in the forefront of most of the delegates' and leaders' minds at the conference.

It is also important to know about First Voices. This is the project initiated and developed by First Peoples Cultural Foundation that allows fifteen language groups to digitize and archive a number of words and phrases in their own language thereby saving it for use by both current and future users wanting to learn their language. We are lucky that we are part of the fifteen language groups. This is just the beginning. We went through a week of training here at the U'mista where we were shown how to use the program. We will now be busy entering at least 2000 words and 5 hundred phrases into the database

along with photos, sound and text. It will be a very user friendly tool for language learning and one that can be expanded. The Elders and fluent speakers are the most important part of this project to ensure that the correct information is being archived to be passed on to future users. I also attended a gala fund raising event on November 28 in Victoria along with our Chairman Bill. At this event were many other supporters for the First Voices project such as the Campbell family of Thrifty Foods, the Royal Bank of Canada, Mayors Larry Campbell of Vancouver and Alan Lowe of Victoria. Many of the artists donated some of their works of art for the live and silent auction. Our own Gwawina Dance Group was there to perform and a great job they did too. All the entertainment provided was outstanding and entertaining, including the unplanned stand-up "comedy" provided by the Mayors. I was pleased to see the number of people who attended the gala event, especially our friends, Honorary Member Peter Macnair and Jay Stewart. You will be pleased to know that our Chairman Bill did an outstanding job with his speeches and song, both that were delivered with great passion. I would like to commend the organizers from First Peoples Cultural Foundation for all the work they did to make this event a successful one. It is so important to support the language programs as we cannot say too often "without our languages we can have no culture".

The U'mista hosted the second annual North Island Museums Conference on November 23 with a good representation attending. We reviewed the past year and revisited the regional brochure development project. We also discussed adopting the North Island Heritage Society as our Regional body,

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I am an accountant by profession and so inherently I am ... "boring." This being said, I hope you find this article both interesting and challenging.

I have lived in Alert Bay for about a year and a half and have been U'mista's "bean-counter" since the beginning of September last year. So I know a little bit and have seen a little bit.

Being responsible for the U'mista's accounting I see all the money that comes in and all the money that goes out. It seems that more money goes out than comes in - not a good idea! Much of the reason is because all the worthwhile things that the U'mista does for this community and the Kwakwaka'wakw Nation as a whole has a cost. U'mista serves as a focal point for promoting your culture, art and language and provides direct economic benefits to the community. It has an international reputation very much evidenced by the visitors who come to the Island and who visit its website. In my short stay here I have noticed an increase in the number of really expensive yachts that stop by and visit. Only last summer one of the very big noises of Microsoft visited here.

You've guessed ... in a nutshell ... the U'mista needs your support. It needs it so that the world will know who you are; your children and grandchildren will learn and continue to learn about your history, culture and language and you will have a viable place to display, sell and buy your art. All this takes money and effort. While U'mista receives or raises funds for the direct costs of many of the programs it sponsors, (but not all those it would like to sponsor) including the expert knowledge required to implement them, it gets no help with administration costs. The cost and effort of running the U'mista, designing, imple-



**Bookkeeper
Bob Godwin**

menting and running programs, finding the necessary funding is considerable; and as I said not funded. Insurance premiums, alone, for example, cost in the region of \$40,000 per year. And are rising. Besides the simple act of volunteering and supporting the U'mista's activities, such as the totem pole ceremonies that have happened for the last two years; there are of course, hard cash donations, a commodity for which a use can always be found. Or any other asset you may wish to donate such as art, shares or property. For those who are interested, U'mista is a charity registered with Revenue Canada and so it can give tax receipts.

Besides normal cash donations that provide resources for immediate use, some of you might like to think about planned giving. With planned giving you can design the gift to suit your own personal circumstances. Planned giving usually means that the gift is deferred; that is planned now for completion at a future time. An example of planned giving would be a bequest in your will.

As with any gift, or bequest, you can state how you would like it to be used and how you would like to be recognized as the donor. You may wish it to

be used for a particular philanthropic passion that you have or to recognize a loved one. The choice is yours.

A word of caution though. Because gifts carry with them tax consequences it is imperative to get professional financial advice before making any substantial gift whether it is in cash or in some other form.

Here are ideas of different ways you can donate to the U'mista Cultural Society.

A bequest of life insurance can provide a significant future gift at an affordable present cost to you. You may make such a gift with either an existing policy or a new one. You may donate the death benefit of a policy simply by naming U'mista as the beneficiary.

A charitable remainder trust is an arrangement under which you irrevocably transfer property (cash, securities or real estate) to a trustee, usually a trust company. You retain the right to the income from the trust, either for life or for a specified number of years. At the end of that time, the residual capital is payable to the U'mista.

A gift of residual Interest provides a very special benefit to the donor. As an example, you may donate your residence to U'mista, but retain the right to stay in it for the duration of your life. Other examples may be artwork or a piano. In each case, you will receive a donation receipt for the present value of the future or residual interest you have given to the Society.

So think about it! Nothing is too small (or for that matter too large!) to consider.

The best part is that you are supporting U'mista and this ensures your heritage, culture and language lives on.

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Directors Update

we will discuss this with our own Boards and review the by-laws, etc. of the NI Heritage Society. If we all agree that we will work together it does make sense that we form a regional north island museum body that we can work with on regional museum projects such as marketing, brochure development and professional services sharing that will hopefully reduce some of our own costs. We all have our cultures to share but also to bring us all closer together as we travel down the same paths to insure that we protect our cultural and heritage resources for the future generations. Sometimes it is forgotten how closely intertwined the aboriginal culture is with those that have joined us as our communities continue to grow.

We have just received a short translated version of the *Reflections by Kaapro Jääskeläinen on the community of Alert Bay and its inhabitants in a book 'Elämää Malko-saarella' / Life on Malcolm Island and Sointula, 1907*. Our friend, Terro Mustonen of Finland sent this to us and I will reprint it at the end of this article for you. Gilakas'la Terro.

Training is ongoing here at the Centre. Apart from the First Voices training we also have the Collections Management training still going on and we have two students from Kingcome here for three weeks in December and the purpose of their visit is job shadowing. Although we like to be able to help as many of our members and visitors as possible it is sometimes a challenge with the resources we have and the timing in our schedules and commitments. We have Leanne Moon and Gana Dawson here during this next three weeks and are discussing how we can best work together and get them the most out of this time while they are with us. They will be introduced very briefly to most

of which goes on daily at the U'mista and we are happy to have them with us.

We are pleased to be able to report to you that an office in downtown Vancouver has been established as the Kwakwaka'wakw Centre for Language Learning in Community. This is a result of our partnership with Simon Fraser University and the City of Vancouver and we share this with the Chief Dan George Language Centre. Our language materials researcher, Guy Buchholtzer is using this office as his base. Now we just need to find the resources to continue both the research and repatriation of all kwak'wala language materials.

As our Chairman was unable to attend the National Gathering on Aboriginal Cultures and Tourism in Whistler December 1 to December 3, we wanted to be sure our voice was going to be heard on this important topic. So, we will have Lillian Hunt, Randy Bell, Craig Murray and Deirdre Campbell there to speak on our behalf and to keep us informed of all discussions. As aboriginal cultural tourism packaging grows and as our economy changes we must insure that we are at the forefront of delivery and telling our own stories in our own territories. We must be aware of the trends and the wishes of the discerning traveller and be ready with fully informed and trained people to deliver our programs. Part of our responsibility as the holder of information resources is to share them with our members and especially with those wanting to develop professional programs of their own or in partnership with others. With the signing of the 'Wi'la'mola Accord with Nimmo Bay Resort we also invite other native and non-native tourism operators to join us as we promote and encourage the development of the culturally based tourism resources of the Kwakwaka'wakw territories in a manner that promotes the coexistence of healthy, fully functioning ecosystems

and human communities. Together we will consult with residents of the Kwakwaka'wakw Territory and be sensitive to existing plans and processes that relate to tourism resources and coordinate efforts in areas of specific mutual interest. In working together we will situate ourselves as the leaders in this blooming industry.....aboriginal cultural and eco tourism.

I received a call from Ken Webb (his wife is Auntie Ethel's niece) wondering if there would be any interest in a weeklong workshop on relief printing. The relief print is the oldest form of printmaking dating back to the second century A.D. in China. These early relief prints were generally stamps or seals making impressions in wax or clay. Today, the artists use relief to create a wide variety of images printed on paper.

Relief printing as a medium is an extension to the relationship of carving and a history of simple elegant design in the culture. As a print artist, teacher of printmaking and master printer, the work influenced by our culture made him think about the relationship of relief to the designs of our art forms. Relief printing is one of the most immediate print processes with a minimal cost to set up and operate and one, which hasn't been developed in our community. Are you interested in a weeklong workshop next summer? If you are please let us know and we will see if we can develop a workshop with Ken.

Something I believe I missed mentioning last newsletter was the second annual Aboriginal Tourism Awards held on August 16, 2003 and hosted by the Aboriginal Tourism Association of British Columbia (ATBC) in Whistler, the awards recognize and celebrate business achievements in the growing Aboriginal tourism industry. We are proud to be a part of those recognized.

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Collections Manager Trainee Update Esther Alfred

Season's Greetings to one and all! This is going to be somewhat brief, since our last newsletter was just recently released. Ever since the last newsletter went out, I've been busy gathering and preparing new material for this edition as well as other business.

Deanna Nicolson, Lorraine Hunt Honey Jacobson and myself attended a weeklong "FirstVoices" workshop with Peter Brand and Ivy Charlson. Peter and Ivy are from the First Peoples' Cultural Foundation in Victoria. Here following is a copy of the birth of First Voices

FirstVoices History:

FirstVoices evolved out of the development of a multi-media authoring suite designed to enrich indigenous language study. Beginning March 2000, Canadian First Nations language teacher John Elliot, computer teacher Peter Brand and Australian high school student Angus Gratton collaborated on the creation of Vocab Language Lab, a Mac-only shareware application. Encouraged by the positive learning outcomes of their students and aware of the overwhelming need for easily accessible language archives, the two educators recognized the potential of web-based tools for the archiving and delivery of media-rich language resources. Their brainstorming led to

the concept for FirstVoices.

First Peoples' Cultural Foundation, under the leadership of Chairman Chief Bill Cranmer and Executive Director Simon Robinson, recognized the global importance of the FirstVoices concept. Mr. Brand and Mr. Elliot both donated their intellectual property rights to the foundation, which subsequently invested the seed funding to develop the FirstVoices prototype. After two years of development, including design input and focus group testing by Aboriginal consultants in Canada, Australia and the USA, FirstVoices was officially launched in June 2003.



In July 2003, the Department of Canadian Heritage announced a \$774,506.00 grant to First Peoples' Cultural Foundation to fund the archiving of fifteen Aboriginal languages of British Columbia at FirstVoices.com. Lastly, FirstVoices is now in position to become an important Aboriginal language archiving resource, with global outreach to indigenous people committed to documenting their languages using text, sound, pictures and video. I am very excited that we, the Kwakwaka'wakw, are one of the fifteen that have been accepted to partake in this wonderful project! This is very exciting and I am sure that once it is recognized, this resource site is going to benefit many people, including myself.

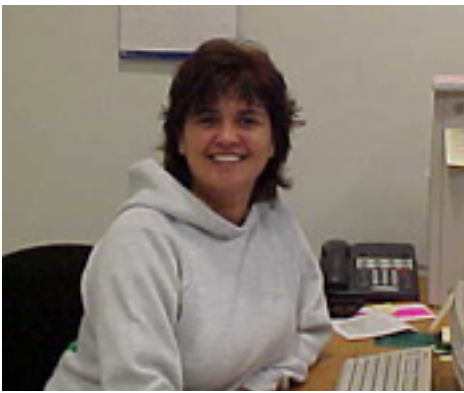
The Alert Bay School exhibit has moved on to Campbell River. I'm sure it is going to be as big a hit there

as it was here in Alert Bay. In fact we still have people coming here to see the exhibit and/or to purchase their book. Although we were sad to see it go, we are excited and working hard at preparing that space for our next photo exhibit which will be on the canoe gathering that took place here in Alert Bay in the summer of 2001. The celebration was better known as łaxwe'gila-Gaining Strength. It will be worthwhile to come down and view the photos especially for those of you who were here to witness the spiritual event. The exhibit will rekindle your memories and it will also remind us how important events such as this are in keeping our Culture alive. For those of you who were unable to attend, the exhibit will be just as exciting.

On November 23, 2003 The U'mista hosted the second annual North Island Museums Conference. Our first meeting was held in Port McNeill last year. We began with introductions and then some of the topics mentioned were, how we as a group could provide a brochure for the general public. Some of the issues that were discussed regarding the development of a "North Island Museums Brochure" were, most importantly, funding/expenses, committees; we also exchanged ideas on how the front of the brochure should be designed as well as an appropriate title. Networking was also a large topic of discussion. All in all the conference went quite well. On that note I'd like to wish one and all

**A Very Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year!**





**Collections Manager
Trainee Update
Terri Bruce**

With Christmas just around the corner, everyone here is busy finishing up projects and getting ready for the Christmas sale.

I have been working on a project through Virtual Museum Canada called Community Memories. The exhibit is about the process of making Eulachon Oil. What is unique about this exhibit is that I have done it through the eyes of 3 young boys, Stephen Beans, Elijah Wadhams and Cole Speck. These three boys went to Dzawadi and made their own t'ina in the Spring of 2002. Stella Beans, Barb Cranmner Lucy and Robert Wadhams generously loaned me photos for the project. *Gilakas'la* to you all. I am hoping by the time you read this that it will be posted at Virtual Museum of Canada. The address is virtualmuseum.ca. While at their site you will see a link called **Community Memories**. This will bring you to this Exhibit which I called **"Preserving the Tradition of t'ina Making"** Once CHIN has received our exhibit, they will create and mail back a version that we can burn and then sell to whom ever is interested in purchasing one. I would like to thank the boys for sharing their experience for all to see.

I am sure that you all have seen the flyer that was put out by the U'mista for our Christmas sale, be sure

to come and check out all the great merchandise for Christmas.

I too would like to take this opportunity to Wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Terri Bruce

O Come all Ye Faithful

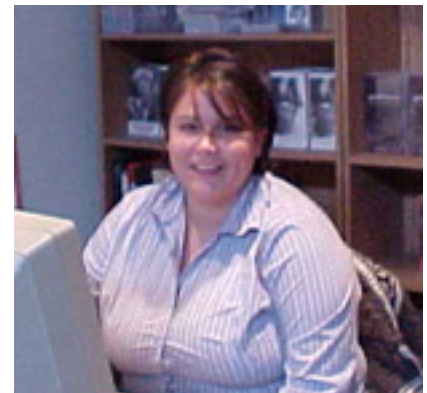
Kila, Kil
Kunts ekikuli
Ka unts Gikumaya i Jesus
Christ
Gaka yutla
Mayuglum kwa nalak.

*Kila kunts z'ihwaki Ki.
Kila Kunts z'ihwaki Ki
Kunts z'ihwakik Christ Kunts
Gikumaya.*

Kwanuq sints Ike
Gikummi Ump
Gak wutl bagwanumh-id ka
unts
Kunts qatli udsakia
Kgints bagwanum ik

Mula la hyintsas
Gak ina yutlasi
Gaka utla kunts nag-ida tsa wi
Kgints bagwanum ik
Lakwa nahwak awinagwis.

Qatlila mutl watldum
Si da Umpa
Ka gaka yutl tsi gakunts
Eki khala-lahyints
Ka unts Gikumaya.



**Giftshop Clerk
Zabrina Brotchie**

Hi it's me again. I don't have too much to report as it hasn't been that long since the last newsletter. However I have been very busy pricing all the great merchandise for the 2003 U'mista Christmas Sale., which begins Monday December 8th 2003 This is the only day that members of the U'mista get an extra 10% off the sale items, so members hope to see you here. The sale goes right until December 24th 2003, so all last minute shoppers remember we are open from 9:00 am to 3:00 pm on Christmas Eve ! I hope everyone comes out to check out our sale, we have lots of nice Christmas ideas, and items for stocking stuffers! In closing I just want to wish everyone a safe and happy Holiday, and all the luck for the New Year

Zabrina Brotchie



Bak'was (The Wood-Man)

The ancestors of the Kwikwasutinux lived at He'gems. Their chief was Potlatch-Giver, and his prince was Property-Body. Rolling-Down, the chief of the ancestors of the Gwa'wa'enux, lived at kwikwasutinux. Rolling-Down had a princess (named) Calling-Tribes. Calling-Tribes had for her lover Property-Body. He'megs is not far from Kwikwasutinux. Property-Body always went to his sweetheart. As soon as evening came, he launched his small canoe to go to his sweetheart; and as soon as it was nearly daylight he went home. He continued to do so every night.

One night he told his sweetheart, "O mistress! I will not come this night, mistress, for I am really tired. It is too much (to come) all the time every night." Calling-Tribes at once replied to her lover, and said to him, "It is good so, master. I say that we take a rest and sleep this night, master."

Now they ceased speaking, and Property-Body went home. Then Calling-Tribes was sad that day, and Property-Body's mind was also in that same condition that evening. Calling-Tribes slept that night. Then she heard someone knocking [at the] outside of her bedroom, and Calling-Tribes said, "Oh!" Right away a man answered her, and Calling-Tribes recognized that it was the voice of Property-Body, who was speaking. Calling-Tribes at once opened the door, and the man came into the room of Calling-Tribes.

Then the man sat down outside of the bed of Calling-Tribes. Then Calling-Tribes called Property-Body to lie down. Then he spoke, and said to her, "O mistress! I will stop coming to you. Just get up, and we will go and lie down in my house, that I may see how (much) you love me, mistress.

Then Calling-Tribes spoke to her lover. "Oh, great master! You know well my love for you. Let us start and go according to your wish, master." Then the woman took two blankets to cover herself, and she went to where the little canoe of Property-Body lay, and went aboard.

The man immediately began to paddle. They were going to his village. When they were far away, the man spoke to Calling-Tribes. "O mistress! Don't try not to sleep. Sleep, my dear, for the place to which we are going is far away." Then the woman went to sleep. As soon as Calling-Tribes fell asleep, the man changed his course and steered seaward. Now the man began to paddle hard.

When it was nearly day, he woke Calling-Tribes. Calling-Tribes raised her head to look at what the man had referred to, and to see it. Then Calling-Tribes saw houses just like the village of her lover, Property-Body. Then they got out of the canoe and went to (the village). They went into the house of the man; and the man said to Calling-Tribes, "Go, sit in the middle of the rear of the house." Calling-Tribes went and sat down at the place to which the man had referred as her seat.

Then Calling-Tribes guessed that the man was different from her lover, for the man spoke angrily to her as soon as they entered the house. Then the man made a fire. As soon as the fire began to burn, the man went out. The man never entered the house after the day had come, and the house also disappeared. Calling-Tribes was just sitting in the grass, and only a beam of the old house was (left) burning on the ground in the woods.

Then it was evening once more, and the house came back and stood on the ground. The man also came into the

house. He went to Calling-Tribes, and said to her, "O mistress! I will tell you how my heart feels towards you. We will stay in the house this night. For this reason I stole you, mistress." Now you will know me. I am the chief of the wood-men. These are the ones to whom your drowned people go to. This is the country of ghosts."

Then he asked the woman, "are you not hungry, my dear, that I may get you something to eat, mistress." Then the woman replied to the wood-man, and said to him, "I eat halibut in your country."

Then the Wood-Man took cedar-withes and twisted them. He went out of the house and down to the beach. He went right out into the sea, which covered his head. It was not long before he came dragging four halibut, which he put down on the beach of the house at night. Then he told Calling-Tribes, "I brought these four halibut, mistress. Now, you will cut them tomorrow." When he had finished speaking, he lay down with his wife. It was only wonderful that the body of the Wood-man was cold, just like ice, for he was indeed a dead person.

Now day came. Then the Wood-man arose at once and went out of the house. The woman, Calling-Tribes, arose and started, for the house also disappeared. She walked to the beach, looking for mussels to cut the halibut. She had not walked long before she found a large mussel. Then she went home and put it down at the place where she was sitting. Then she walked into the woods to look for cedar-wood on which to hang the halibut. She had not been walking long before she found a cedar tree lying on the ground. The cedar was split into fragments, and its bark lay flat on the ground. Then she carried the cedar-

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Traditions of the Kwikwasutinuxw Head-Winter-Dancer

(Tradition of the clan Wi'wu'masgam; told by T'su'xt'sa'es, a Mamalilikala, a descendant of this clan.)

The Thunderbird was living in the upper world with his wife; and the name of the Thunderbird was Too-Large. Now, Too-Large was very down-cast. He spoke to his wife, and said, "O mistress! Let us go to the lower world, that I may see it."

Then his wife said, "O master! Do you know about your name, that you have the name Too-Large, for you will be too large a chief in our lower world?"

Then Too-Large only said, "just let us get ready to go." Then he put on his Thunderbird mask, and his wife also put on her Thunderbird mask. They came flying through the door of the upper world.

Then they sat down on the large mountain Xikwi'kan, which is named Split-in-two, and they saw a river at the foot of the mountain.

Then Too-Large said to his wife, "let us go down from this mountain and look at the river down below." Then they flew (down), and sat down at the mouth of the river.

Then they saw a man working at the beam of his [future] house. Then the man spoke to them, and said, "O Friends! I wish you would become men, that you may come and help me make this house."

Too-Large lifted at once the jaw of his Thunderbird mask, and said, "O brother! We are people."

Then Too-Large questioned the man, and said to him, "O brother! What is your name?" Then the man said to

him, "My name is Only-One-On-Beach."

Then Too-Large and his wife took off their Thunderbird masks. Then Too-Large ceased being a bird. Then Only-One-On-Beach also asked the name of Too-Large. Then Too-Large said, "My name is Too-Large in the upper world, but now my name is Head-Winter-Dancer in this lower world, and the name of my wife here is Winter-Dance-Woman."

Then Only-One-On-Beach was glad when he knew the names. He said "O brother! Thank you for meeting me [that we have met]. Now go on, and you also build a house for yourself and your wife."

Then Head-Winter-Dancer questioned him, and said "O brother! Where is a good place for building a house?" The Only-One-On-Beach said, "Go to Mit'apdzi. There is a good hill-site there.

Head-Winter-Dancer said at once that Only-One-On-Beach should take him to it. Only-One-On-Beach launched his canoe, and Head-Winter-Dancer and his wife went aboard the canoe. Then the man paddled, and they arrived at Mit'apdzi.

Then Head-Winter-Dancer built a house on the hill-site, and Only-One-On-Beach also helped him. Then the house was of Head-Winter-Dancer was finished, and he now saw many salmon jumping in the mouth of the river at Mit'apdzi.

Then he went to take wood of the red cedar to make a salmon trap. When he had gotten the wood of the red cedar, he split it and made a trap. While Head-Winter-Dancer was working outside of his house, he heard the sound of (a voice) speaking on the beach of

his village. It was saying, "O friend, Head-Winter-Dancer! Is it you?"

Head-Winter-Dancer answered at once, and said, "yes it is I, friend K'aniki'lakw. Thank you for meeting me [that they met].

Now Head-Winter-Dancer had on his head a large head-ring with a man in front, and he had around his neck a large neck-ring with men's heads attached. Then K'aniki'lakw said to him, "I am told that you, Head-Winter-Dancer, are not an ordinary man, that you are a man of supernatural power."

Then Head-Winter-Dancer said, "Indeed, you said so." Then K'aniki'lakw said, "let me try you with my magic power." He said while he pointed at him with his first finger. Then a hole at once appeared under the eyes of Head-Winter-Dancer. Then Head-Winter-Dancer said, "O friend! It is wonderful. You are indeed a man of supernatural power."

Then Head-winter-Dancer healed himself, and he said, "O friend K'aniki'lakw! now take care! Let me also do the same to you." He said while he pointed his first finger at him.

Then a hole appeared also between the eyes of K'aniki'lakw. Then K'aniki'lakw said, "O friend! It is wonderful. You really have supernatural power also."

Now, K'aniki'lakw was standing all the time in his canoe, for there were three of them in the canoe. Then K'aniki'lakw put the palm of hand to (his forehead), and it healed up at once.

Then K'aniki'lakw felt badly on account of Head-Winter-Dancer. He said to his two companions, "get out of the canoe and cut off the head of Head-Winter-Dancer, and throw the head in a corner on a rock." Then the two men got out of the canoe and cut off the head of Head-Winter-Dancer and threw it away in a corner on a rock. Then they went into

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Bak'was (The Wood-Man)

wood to her house, and she carried the cedar-bark for a roof for her house. After she had finished carrying the cedar-bark, she made a house out of it. Then she finished her house.

Then she cut the halibut and hung it up. After she had hung it up, the drying halibut became dried halibut. Then she took the cedar-bark and dried it; and as soon as it was dry, she rubbed it. The cedar-bark became soft. Then she took her knife and shaved the cedar-wood. After she had shaved it, she made a notch in the side of the cedar-wood. Then she shaved the cedar-wood again to make it round; and after she had finished, she put the soft cedar-wood on the ground.

Then she put the cedar-wood on it and drilled it. She had not drilled long when the fire fell from it. Then she blew it, and now she had a fire (just like) our fire. Then her fire began to burn on the ground. She took cedar-wood and shaved it, and made a roasting-spit for the halibut; for she was going to roast it for her food, because she had not eaten in four days. Therefore she took the halibut at once to eat it. Now what she was roasting was done.

She ate it at once. As soon as she had eaten, night came. Then the house of the wood-man grew up again all round the house of Calling-Tribes. As soon as the house of the wood-man was there, he came in. He went into the house of his wife and laughed. He said to his wife, "Why do you make a house? For my house is already on the ground. You do not see this our house in the daytime. Although it should rain, you would not be rained upon, mistress."

Then the woman, Calling-Tribes spoke, and said to him, "You never come in

the daytime, and this house is nothing (then), and the floor of our house is only a grassy place. As soon as night comes, this house appears on the ground, and its floor is smooth; and as soon as day comes, your house disappears, and its floor is only a grassy place. Therefore I made this house to dry my halibut, and built a fire to roast this halibut for my food, for you did not give me food, and I was very hungry: therefore I drilled for fire.



Then she tried to give her husband roasted halibut, but the wood-man only turned away from his wife. He did not want to eat the roasted halibut. He did not want to eat what was roasted by a fire. Then Calling-Tribes felt badly on account of her husband, and she gave up (trying). Then her husband also said that he would feed Calling-Tribes. Then his wife said to him, "let me eat (what you give me), master."

Then the Wood-Man arose and went out of the house that night. He had not been out long when two young men came in, holding at each end some bark of a hemlock tree. They put it down in front of the place where Calling-Tribes was sitting. Then she looked at it and saw a roasted salmon. As soon as the young men had put it down, they went out. Then the Wood-Man. Then the Wood-Man, the husband of Calling-Tribes, came in and sat down by the side of his wife. Then he

asked his wife to eat.

Then the Wood-man took some of the roasted salmon and ate it, and his wife also ate. Then they had enough. After they had eaten, the Wood-Man spoke to his wife, and said to her, "O mistress! Thank you. For this reason I did not come to our house, because before I did not possess your heart. Now I have your heart, because you have eaten our food, mistress. Now this our house will not disappear (again)."

Now she was caught by her husband, for she had eaten the roasted salmon of the Wood-Man. What the Wood-Man had referred to as roasted (salmon) was rotten wood. It is just like roasted (salmon) to those whom the Wood-Man tries to make foolish. Now we will finish this story, and we will tell how this is known by the people of our world.



CHRISTMAS

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Head-Winter-Dancer

the canoe.

Then K'aniki'lakw felt glad, and he paddled; but he had not gone far when he heard Head-Winter-Dancer healing (himself). Then he came back to life. Then K'aniki'lakw went back at once, and said, "Go again, and cut open his belly."

Then the men stepped out of the canoe, and went to where Head-Winter-Dancer, the man of magic power, was working, and they cut open his belly, and they pulled out his intestines and threw them away.

Then Head-Winter-Dancer was dead again. Then K'aniki'lakw paddled away again. He had not gone far when he again heard the sound of (someone) healing (himself). Then he looked around and saw Head-Winter-Dancer, the supernatural man coming to life again.

Then K'aniki'lakw became angry, and once more he went to him. Then he told the two men to gather driftwood, and to make a fire on the beach of the house of Head-Winter-Dancer. Then the two men gathered driftwood and made a fire of it. Then they took Head-Winter-Dancer and threw him in the fire on the beach, and K'aniki'lakw waited until he began to burn.

As soon as he began to burn, K'aniki'lakw tried to leave him. The K'aniki'lakw heard again the sound of (someone) healing (himself). Now, he had been glad; for the large rings of red cedar bark were also burning, and therefore he was now very sorry when he heard again (someone) healing (himself).

Then he said, "Let us go to him again, and let us pull him into our canoe, and let us take him out to sea." Then the men went out in their canoe and searched for a board-shaped stone. The

men could hardly lift the stone and put it into the canoe. Then they went to the place where Head-Winter-Dancer was sitting, and the two men took Head-Winter-Dancer by the arms and pulled him in the canoe.

Then they paddled and went far out to sea, K'aniki'lakw tied Head-Winter-Dancer with ropes of cedar withes, and he also tied the board-shaped stone to the end of it. Then they threw Head-Winter-Dancer into the water, and they also threw the stone into the water; and so Head-Winter-Dancer sank.

Now K'aniki'lakw was really glad. K'aniki'lakw had not stayed long in his canoe when Head-Winter-Dancer came and stood on the surface of the sea, and he made the sound of healing (himself). Then he walked on the sea. K'aniki'lakw paddled after him, but he did not overtake him. Then he came into his house, and K'aniki'lakw said, "O friend! It is wonderful. You are really a man of supernatural power."

Then Head-Winter-Dancer said to K'aniki'lakw, "O friend! Give up (your attempts), for you have now tried four times in vain to kill me. You could not withstand [vanish] me if I should wish to hurt you [also]." Thus said to the supernatural man to K'aniki'lakw.

Then K'aniki'lakw started and took some strings of the large neck-ring of cedar bark and some of the cross-piece at the back of the head-ring of red cedar bark, for Head-Winter-Dancer wore his rings of red cedar-bark all the time.

Head-Winter-Dancer did not deny him the red cedar-bark. As soon as K'aniki'lakw had obtained some of the red cedar-bark of Head-Winter-Dancer, he said to his companions, "let us go to the place where various kinds of salmon come through, that we may bewitch this man of supernatural

power, that he may have frogs in his belly."

Now the red cedar-bark was for four days at the door of the salmon. Then Head-Winter-Dancer felt sick to his stomach. Late in the night the frogs in his belly began to croak.

Then Head-Winter-Dancer sent word to Only-One-On-Beach that he should not paddle to the point of Xa'wagis, for he was going to put his frogs there. Then Head-Winter-Dancer started to go there. As soon as he arrived there, he took the frogs out of his belly, and he put them on the rock at the point. Then Head-Winter-Dancer said that his name should be Jump-On-Rock for later generations, he said to the point. Then he went home to his house.

Then he said to his wife, "O mistress, Winter-Dance-Woman! Let us take care of the frogs in the belly, that when we give a winter dance we may have the Frogs-in-the-belly war-dance." Then Winter-Dance-Woman obeyed [the word of] her husband in regard to the war-dancer, that he should have frogs in his belly.

Now, Only-One-On-Beach had four sons. They were grown up. Then Only-One-On-Beach told them of what Head-Winter-Dancer had said to them. The oldest one said, "O brothers! Let us disobey the word of the supernatural man. Maybe he is making fun of our father."

Then the brothers said, "O let us go to Xa'wagis, and let us see if we won't get frogs in our bellies," said the to his younger brothers.

Then they launched the canoe of their father and went aboard. They went to the place Jump-on-Rock. When they passed it, the eldest brother said, "O brothers! What can be the matter with my belly? It is just the same as if red-

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Head-Winter-Dancer

hot stones were in it.”

Then all the brothers said, “O my belly is also beginning to ache.” The Eldest one spoke, and said, “Maybe the word of Winter-Head-Dancer is true. Let us go home else we may all die here.”

Then they went home. Now frogs were in the bellies of the four children of Only-One-On-Beach. As soon as they went to the beach of the house of Only-One-On-Beach, they went up, and the eldest one said at once, “O father! Something bad happened to us, for it feels like red-hot stones in our bellies.”

Then Only-One-On-Beach spoke and said, “O children! Those are frogs. It is bad that you did not listen to my word.” As soon as he stopped speaking, (the frogs in) their bellies croaked. Then the young men knew that they all had frogs in their bellies.

Then Only-One-On-Beach launched his canoe to go to Mit'apdzi. He was going to beg Head-Winter-Dancer to take the frogs out of the bellies of his children. All his children went. Then they arrived at the beach of the house of Head-Winter-Dancer.

Only-One-On-Beach arose at once in his canoe, and spoke. He said, “Oh my dear, Head-Winter-Dancer! Are you sitting in your house, supernatural one? I come to beg you to have mercy on my children, for I do not know the kind of sickness they have.”

Then Head-Winter-Dancer sent his wife to meet them and to invite them in. Then Winter-Dance-Woman went to meet them, and invited them in. Only-One-On-Beach asked his four children to go up to the house, and they went into the house of Head-Winter-Dancer.

Then he had on his thick head-ring of red cedar-bark, for he never left it off a single time. Then Only-One-On-Beach sat down with his children, and Head-Winter-Dancer looked at them at once. Then he arose, and went to the place where the eldest son of Only-One-On-Beach was sitting, and he felt of his belly. As soon as Head-Winter-Dancer put his hands on his belly, the frogs began to croak.

After he had felt of him, he went to the next eldest and felt of him; and when he put his hands on his belly the child cried, “ananananana, adededede!” and at once (the frogs in) his belly began to croak, and again it was the same sound as in the case of his elder brother.

Then Head-winter-Dancer stopped feeling for him, and he arose again and went to the third brother. As soon as Head-Winter-Dancer put his hand on his belly, he cried in the same way as his elder brothers, and (the frogs in) his belly also croaked. After he had finished feeling of these three children of Only-One-On-Beach he went towards the youngest of the children of Only-One-On-Beach and also felt his belly. Then he also cried like his elder brothers, and said, anananananana, adededede!” and then (the frogs in) his belly also croaked.

Head-Winter-Dancer stopped feeling of his belly, and arose and took a kettle and put it down in front of the children. Then he sat down again at the place where the eldest brother was sitting. Then Head-Winter-Dancer asked his wife to take the box-drum and two batons.

Then Winter-Dance-Woman went and brought the box-drum, turned it on its side towards the door of the house, and then Winter-Dance-Woman also brought the two batons and gave one

to Only-One-On-Beach.

Then Winter-Dance-Woman sat down by the side of the box-drum, and she called Only-One-On-Beach to sit down also close to the place where she was sitting. As soon as they were seated [at the place where they were sitting], then Head-Winter-Dancer said to his wife, “now be ready to beat time when I say ‘go ahead.’”

Then Winter-Dance-Woman was ready with her batons. Then Head-Winter-Dancer sat down at the right hand side of the eldest of the children of Only-One-On-Beach. Then Head-Winter-Dancer put his left hand to the lower part of the breast-bone of the young man, and he put his right hand to the lower part of his belly.

Then Head-Winter-Dancer told his wife to go ahead and beat time. Winter-Dance-Woman and Only-One-On-Beach beat time at once. Then Head-Winter-Dancer brought his hands together at the middle of the younger man's belly. Then he had four frogs in his hands, which he put into the kettle. As soon as he put the frogs into the kettle, Winter-Dance-Woman and Only-One-On-Beach stopped beating time. Then Head-Winter-Dancer arose, and sat down at the right hand side of the brother next to the eldest. Then he again put his left hand to the lower part of the breast-bone of the young man, and he put his right hand to the lower part of his belly.

Then the young man's body shook and (the frogs in) his belly began to croak. As soon as the body of the young man began to shake, he cried,

“ananananana, adededede!”

Head-Winter-Dancer immediately told Winter-Dance-Woman to go ahead and beat time, and then Head-Winter-Dancer again brought his hands together in the middle part of the young man's belly while Winter-Dance-Woman and Only-One-On-Beach were

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Head-Winter-Dancer

beating time. Then Head-Winter-Dancer got again four frogs. Then he put them again into the kettle. Then he finished again, arose and sat down at the right hand side of the third brother, and he did the same as he had done to the elder brothers. He again put his left hand to the lower part of the breast-bone of the third brother, and he put his right hand to the lower part of his belly. Then Head-Winter-Dancer told his wife again to go ahead and beat time. His wife and Only-One-On-Beach began to beat time immediately. As soon as Winter-Dance-Woman began to beat time, the body of the boy began to shake, and (Head-Winter-Dancer) said, "Ou, ôp, ôp, ep, ep!" Then Head-Winter-Dancer brought his hands together in the middle part of the boy's belly. Then Head-Winter-Dancer squeezed the four frogs and put them into the kettle. Then he finished again.

Then Head-Winter-Dancer arose, and sat down at the right hand side of the youngest of the children of Only-One-On-Beach, and put his left hand on the lower part of the breast-bone of the youngest brother, and he put his right hand on the lower part of his belly. Then Head-Winter-Dancer told his wife to go ahead and beat time. As soon as she began to beat time, the boy said, "Wey, wey, wey, yey, yey, yey, anananana, adededede!" Then Head-Winter-Dancer brought his hands together at the middle part of the boy's belly, and again he got four frogs and put them into the kettle.

Now he had finished, and the four children of Only-One-On-Beach were cured. Then Head-Winter-Dancer spoke to his wife, and said, "O mistress! Give food to our guests, else they might starve."

Then Winter-Dance-Woman took

stones and put them into the fire of her house. Then Head-Winter-Dancer spoke to Only-One-On-Beach, and said, "O Friend! I will take the frogs back to Jump-on-Rock. I will just take away the cause of their supernatural power, then you will no longer be afraid of them." Thus said Head-Winter-Dancer to Only-One-On-Beach. (He continued) "I will follow you when you go home." Then he stopped speaking.

Then Only-One-On-Beach also spoke, and said, "O friend, Head-Winter-Dancer! Thank you for healing my children. Now I will reward you with the Paddleside-Serpent-Canoe. You must take of yourself for four years on its account. You will not see it for four years." Head-Winter-Dancer thanked Only-One-On-Beach at once for what he had said. Then they finished their conversation.

Now Winter-Dance-Woman dug some cinquefoil-roots and put them down by the side of the fire, and she took a kettle. Then she dug a hole side of the fire. Then she put into it what she had dug. Then she took her tongs and picked up the red-hot stones and put them into the kettle. Then the stones half filled the kettle. Then she took the cinquefoil-roots and put them into water. Then she put them into the kettle and sprinkled them with water. Then she covered (the kettle) with an old mat.

It was not long before they were done. Then she took them out. Then she let the cinquefoil-roots steam off. Then Winter-Dance-Woman said, "Oh, my dear ones! Now see what I am doing with these cinquefoil-roots. This is our food in the upper world. Now you will taste it."

Then Winter-Dance-Woman took a small food-mat and put the cinquefoil-roots on it, and placed it before the brothers. Then the brothers ate. Then Winter-Dance-Woman took lupine and

washed it. After she had washed it, she waited until the brothers had finished eating. As soon as the brothers had finished eating the cinquefoil-roots, then Winter-Dance-Woman took the mat from which the brothers had eaten, and she took the lupine-roots and put them on the food-mat. Then she put it before the brothers.

Then Winter-Dance-Woman spoke again, and said, "Oh, my dear ones! It is our best food in the upper world, what you are eating now."

Then Head-Winter-Dancer also spoke, and said, "Oh, my dear! You, Only-One-On-Beach, friend, now take care when you go home, for you will take the frogs to Jump-on-Rock. Just take into the canoe the kettle in which the frogs have been put, and as soon as you arrive at Jump-on-Rock take the kettle by its corners and pour out (its contents) on the rock and then leave it."

Then Only-One-On-Beach and his children ate quickly. Then they finished eating, and Only-One-On-Beach and his children verily ate all the lupine-roots. Then Only-One-On-Beach arose at once when they finished eating. Then they went out of the house of Head-Winter-Dancer.

Only-One-On-Beach took along the kettle into which the frogs had been put. Then they went down to the beach, to where there canoe was. They went aboard and paddled. Now they came to Jump-on-Rock.

Then Only-One-On-Beach went ashore and took [box of] frogs out of the canoe, and poured out (the contents of the box). Then he went back and carried the kettle into his canoe. Then he left them and went to [the place of] his village at Xikwi'kân. Then they arrived at their house.

Then Only-One-On-Beach was glad on account of his children, because they were alive in his house.

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Directors Update

The two categories we were recognized in were Cultural Authenticity Award – U'mista Cultural Society and Ambassador Award that was shared by O'Neil Marketing and Lillian Hunt, U'mista Cultural Society.

I will also mention the planned Healing Gathering and Reunion for former St. Michael's Residential School students in August 2004 in Alert Bay. A small committee has been struck for planning and more details will be sent to each community very soon. An invitation will be sent personally to as many former students as we can identify. If you know of someone who should receive this information and have their contact number or address, please let us know. If you would like to volunteer your services in some way, again, please let us know. This is a big undertaking and with your help, it will be a success. As events such as is planned for the reunion costs a lot, fund raising will begin immediately. If you have any ideas to offer, please contact us. We look forward to hearing from you. Some committee members are Robert Joseph, Evelyn Voyageur, Donna Cranmer and myself, Andrea Sanborn.

I think I better end this article or Terri will be accusing me of taking up all the space. As mentioned I will include the translated version of Reflections by Kaapro Jääskeläinen on community of Alert Bay and its inhabitants in a book 'Elämää Malko-saarella' / Life on Malcolm Island and Sointula, 1907.

Jääskeläinen writes, pp. 52 – 57, excerpts:

"[I am visiting Alert Bay] which is between Malcolm Island and the Vancouver Island, on an island 'Cormorant'. They have a better harbour than we in Sointula. Both villages are on the route of the popular Alaskan Highway. Alert Bay has two ship bridges, but neither one is a match to ours in Sointula.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Before, Alert Bay was an Indian village, and it still is. In winter, appr. 1000 indians live there, but in the summer just a couple of hundred as so many of them are fishing. The same indian families have multiple accommodations depending on what river mouth the salmon or other fish species may appear. Alert Bay is however their permanent, stationary place of living. Large tent shaped open shacks of planks are of much sturdier and better craftsmanship here in Alert Bay than elsewhere. Usually they do not have windows at all, just a smokehole on the ceiling for the smoke to escape. Floor is ground trodden flat. Night and day in the middle of the floor large wooden blocks are burning. They are burned with purpose when they are fresh or wet, so that no fire can break out. Families sit huddling around the fire, some chatting and some listening. I do think they are trading similar fish or hunting stories as we do. Maybe they are as well telling stories of war and conquest from a long time ago, of battles between tribes, I do not know for certain.

It is a shame that I am not a researcher of culture. These children of nature possess a lot of knowledge. But I cannot speak their language at all, and I will not try to learn it, even though we are close neighbours, because I think that if a person wants to speak with me, he or she can do it in Finnish or in some language that I do comprehend. In all other cases, nobody will get me any answers. I really do not have much to say to anybody....

These North Pacific Indians are expressions of calm themselves in all of their being and character. But I think in the olden days they used to be more warlike. Some say even cannibals. We were fishing in Rivers inlet and they showed me a place where Indians from Alert Bay had fought with Bella Bella on control over salmon fishing waters. They say 80 people had died in that conflict. Later Mamalíkula Indians showed me another important fighting place, where over 2,000 people had died. This is east of Malcolm Island.

Now both tribes meet at this place, avoiding with horror the locality of fighting. Do not go

to shore, unless they are forced, such as in an event of a storm. In mid-summer they fish there for sockeye salmon for the canadian canning trusts.

After that the Indians lose all of their money on petty jewelry from the cannery store. So the money goes back to the trusts. Liquour would be a better incentive for the indians, but they are like us Finns when they drink - both are crazy! Therefore authorities have forbidden liquour totally from the indians. Actually the indians will inform the authorities themselves of the liquour dealer.

I have to admit that at first I was a little bit scared in Alert Bay surrounded by the masks and war dances of the people around me every night. I was worried that the government gave a rifle to every grown indian at first.

But now I am happily living in Alert Bay and Indians are guests to our parties at night, they participate in dances and such! Those who know the internal workings of the Indian society here, claim that they are perfect natural socialists. They share common fishing grounds, lands, forests, all areas of subsistence, this means production sources. If somebody gets rich for this or that reason, he gives everything away divided even among the tribe! Those who share most get honorary statues in front of their huts. These statues have bizarre carvings, birds, wings spread, big mouthed fish, men with spears, all of them carved with great care. Many think at first that these are heathen images, and so did I. But suddenly I realized that they instead advocate people to release themselves from the worst evil there is - unnecessary items and ownership! It is a shame that these people are forced to become Christians."

End of part 1. Page 57. Rough translation

In closing and together with other staff members and trainees, we wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year.

Growing up in Gilford

By Esther Alfred

Since this newsletter is about the village of Gilford "Kwikwasutinux" I interviewed Dory Johnson who is originally from there and basically asked "What was it like growing up in Gilford?". Here is what he had to say,

Hello Dory, thank you for agreeing to give me this interview.

What was it like growing up in Gilford?

Growing up in Gilford, well I spent some time in St. Mike's Residential School, I believe it was when I was five until I was nine years old I believe it was. Growing up there (Gilford), I still have a lot of fond memories. There were a lot of us kids in Gilford that were the same age group so there was a lot to do during the day.

Are you an only child?

I have two older brothers

Did you attend School in Gilford or elsewhere?

I believe there was about ten or twelve of us that went to school in Echo Bay.

As I said there are lots of fond memories of growing up in Gilford, there was about ten of us as opposed to today, I think there are only five kids living there. In my day there was a lot of mischief. The time in Gilford is not only memorable to us, but also to our Uncles and Aunts over there. There was never a dull day actually.

What kinds of things did you do in Gilford as a child?

*Aside from learning the seasonal harvesting and everything that went with that, like I said there was never a dull moment with ten of us (young fella's) so there was a lot of idea's kicking around like **flashlight tag, soccer and Indian baseball and whatnot.***

What's flashlight tag?

It's like hide-and-go-seek, you've got a home base and who's ever it has to tag you with a flashlight, same idea as hide-and-go-seek. But my favorite pastime was playing Indian Baseball, it was the most memorable because back then we used to get the whole community



involved not just the kids

What are your fondest memories of growing up in Gilford?

The fondest memories from my perspective I guess is, the holidays, like Christmas, I still remember today when we would all come together, like when my Dad would come in from fishing and my brother would come home for a visit from school. So the memories (fond) I hold of that time is the times that we all came together. That's what I want to pass on to my kids, family closeness, and the importance of family. Although I do get home quite a bit, and that's what I want is for my kids to be comfortable with my hometown. This is just one of my fondest memories. I can go on to the summer when the rest of the boarded out kids would come home. Every summer my Uncle would bring us out picnicking at this one place called "Jo-Jack's" and that's where we still go today actually. So the things that we used to do as kids, we still do today with our children.

Is there anything else that you would like to add?

One thing about Gilford, when we were growing up there, out of twenty houses or so only three or five had a generator. We used to just have gas lamps. I can't quite remember when it was but we ended up getting a generator for the village and it used to go off at twelve o'clock every night. We had an Uncle there that used to tell us scary stories or legends, I don't know, I think he winged it as he went; he really got to us anyway. His name was Jack Smith. We (kids) would in turn take these stories to the school in Echo Bay and the teacher there was fascinated with these stories also, she even went as far as saying, "I've got to meet this Jack Smith". There was this one story; it is a funny one, like I said he might have winged it. I don't know if he heard it as a child. Anyway he started off by telling us

that there was this old lady who had small pox or something to that effect and that she was still wondering around the village. She was an older woman and every now and again you would see her, I won't go really into depth, but what I can recall he was just trying to scare the living daylights out of us. It came to be where there would be Joel, Sandy, myself and my brothers and cousins, we'd be all sitting around in the dark and my Uncle Jack would ask us to run to I think it was

Hamsa's house to get some sandwich material and so we all went, then somebody would start talking about this woman then we just scattered. The meat ended up under the porch and we were all scattering around. One point I'd like to make is that through the years and I think that a lot of First Nations have a problem with the lack of Elders telling stories and legends like it was in the old days. This kind of information should be documented. I remember being told valuable information by the Elder's as I was growing up but I didn't document any of it and so now I just vaguely remember what I was told. That hurts me today. Especially when they (Elder's) would go on and on about territories, seasonal harvesting and so on. Yes, I have a lot of fond memories about growing up. The other thing about having to go to St. Mike's is the loneliness. I remember being homesick and blue. I just wanted to be home. We can go on and on about the fond memories and then I have my sad memories of when I lost my parents, uncles and aunts, you know.

Thank you for the interview Dory.

Your welcome Esther.



I asked Dory if he knew of any legends that originate from Gilford, he said that he has a cassette tape with his Uncle Jack James telling the legend of the Animal Kingdom, with Sarah Johnson translating.

The Animal Kingdom as told by Jack James

There was a tribe of people who came from further up north and they moved to Mimawikadi, which is Echo Bay. The people were called Gigagame'. This is not just a legend, it is a real story passed on from generation to generation about the Animal Kingdom called Dlugwa'yu. There was a man called Wawipigwa who went out seal hunting. He had gone out so many days and then one night he heard singing and so people were dancing. All the singing that he had heard was being sung for the Bak'was, the wild man of the woods who we call Abnoose. All the Chiefs were singing for him because he was dancing. He looked around and located this cave quite a ways up and he realized that that was where the singing was coming from. After he climbed up he was just peeking around the doorway, the entrance of the cave. When he was peeking around the doorway, the entrance of the cave, he saw two Chiefs standing up there, one of them was what we call Mi'wadi. His name was Galgam, what is porcupine; the other one was t'sawi, which is what we call the beaver.

They sent the female mouse, which is called He'lamolaga that was her name, to go and see what was outside. They could sense that someone was out there. They sent the little mouse He'lamolaga to go and see. The first time she saw a man there looking through the doorway and she bribed the man and said if you pay me a copper, I won't tell the rest of the animals that you are here watching us. So he did and she went back in again and she told the Chiefs and the other animals "there is nobody out there". They proceeded to sing some more so that the Bak'was can dance some more. He wasn't dancing properly, so the Chiefs were saying, "there is somebody out there, we can smell a man out there, this is why he is not dancing properly."

So they sent the little mouse out to go and see if there was anybody around. So she went out again and when she saw the man she said, "I won't tell them you're here if you pay me, and give me some yasakw, which is what people used as a cream many years ago, which is actually animal fat. So he paid her that and she went in and told everybody that there was nobody there.

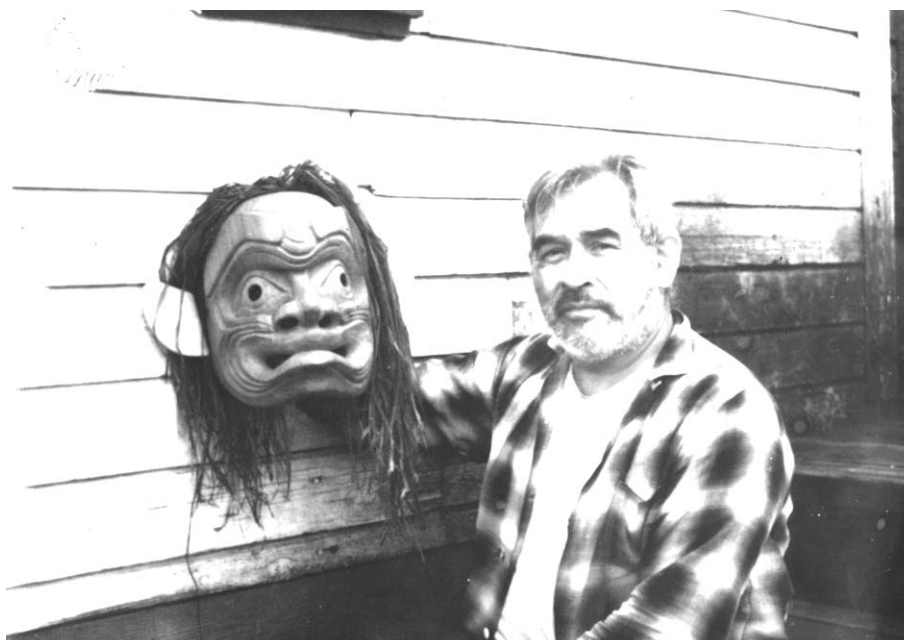
The Bak'was proceeded to dance again but still he wasn't making the right moves, he was dancing but not in time with the music so they told him to stop and they sent the mouse out again to go and check. There's got to be somebody out there, that's why this Bak'was isn't

dancing properly. So she went out and she went to talk to the man again. This time she wanted that pitch from the trees, which we call gwa'lik. He had to pay her that not to tell anybody that he was out there. And then she went back in again and still insisted that there was nobody out there watching them so they started the music again.

*For the third time they started singing for the Bak'was, Abnoose to dance. He started to dance again and still he was worse than before. He didn't do the steps right, he wasn't making the right moves. So the Chiefs sent the mouse out again for the forth time to go and check to see if there was anybody outside because they felt or sensed that there was a human being among them. So she went out and spoke to the man again and this time she told him to enter the cave when the dancers got to a certain spot near the door. So he finally got his way and was able to go into the cave and see what was going on in there and realize that all these animals had changed into human forms again in order to dance for him. The animals dancing for the first time were from Echo Bay and these people were called Mimawikadi and it wasn't until many years later that they all moved to this place, Gilford Island and the people that were here were called Gigagame' and that dance has belonged to us ever since. **When the dance was first shown in public, it was Mungo Martin that did it. Before he showed it he (Mungo) was here (Gilford) and had a meeting so many days with the Chiefs from the four tribes of Kingcome and then they gave him permission to go ahead and use it that time. And he emphasizes that the Animal Kingdom was never purchased by the people from here. It was a gift from the animals to this man Wawipigis.***

Jack James Gilford Island Carver

photo courtesy
Provincial Archives of British
Columbia UPN 05072



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**)

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Children Names: Birthdate (YY/MM/DD)

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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@north.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: _____

Address: _____

Phone:(H): _____ (W): _____

I would be willing to help out with:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Newsletter | Transportation |
| Museum Tours | Exhibit Assistance |
| Minor Construction | Other |

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U'mista Cultural Centre

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