



U'mista News



‘Nakwaxda’xw
Ba’as (Blunden Harbour)
C.F. Newcomb, 1901

Chairman's Report

Since Chief Bill has been too busy to include an article for this issue of the U'mista Newsletter, Esther wanted to share some of the pictures that were taken of Chief Bill in Cranbrook during their FirstVoices seminar. The photo's shown here are of Chief Bill singing a feast song.



*William T. Cranmer
Chairman of the Board*



Summer 2004 Newsletter

Well today is a beautiful day as I write this. So, summer is upon us in full splendor. But, I think everyday on our fair island and all of the North Island is pretty splendid. We have already been busy welcoming many visitors this year to the Centre; we have had a number of ships stop to visit as well. The Tsasala Dance group has also been busy with all the visitors at the Big House. As has become very much the norm, all the visitors are extremely impressed with the dance presentations but especially with the presentations of the children whom Dance Coordinator, Andrea Cranmer always refers to as "our treasures". They are indeed our treasures and we appreciate them and their genuine interest in our culture and encourage them to stay involved in learning as much as they can about both our language and culture.

Maintaining our language and culture must be a part of our everyday life if we are to remain distinct as the Kwakwaka'wakw First Nations and it is through "our treasures" that we can be assured that we will succeed. We are building up the resource language and culture materials at the U'mista with the help up funding from First Peoples Cultural Foundation and the Aboriginal Language Initiative programs. Mr. Guy Buchholtzer, our researcher has collected and copied many documents about the Kwakwaka'wakw. We have copies of this information in our library and you are welcome to make an appointment to come in to read this information. The only reason we ask you to call ahead is because we have such a small staff and are sometimes busy with other people and do not want to inconvenience you by having you wait until we can set you up some where to read this information at your leisure. You are welcome to have copies made but we will have to charge you for the photocopying. This material will always be part of our archives that

Director's Update



Andrea Sanborn

will eventually be housed in the developing Kwakwaka'wakw Centre for Language Culture (KCLC). As Guy Buchholtzer mentioned in his article in the last newsletter, "the U'mista Cultural Society, together with Chiefs, Elders, community members and Kwakwaka'wakw organizations, has undertaken to repatriate artifacts, objects and masks which are presently scattered world-wide". As the Steering Committee for the renewal of St. Michael's Residential School continues to work towards securing funding for the renovations that will then house the KCLC, we continue to repatriate language and cultural materials that will be housed there making it *THE LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE* Kwakwaka'wakw language centre in the world. This is an exciting undertaking but also one that requires your support with your involvement and commitment to ensure kwak'wala remains alive and vibrant for generations to come. Your support can also be in the form of continuing to encourage the

Kwakwaka'wakw youth to learn, speak and teach kwak'wala to their children and others. A language conference will be held August 9 to August 11 in Vancouver. The first two days will be at UBC being dedicated to descriptive and theoretical linguistic work on Wakashan languages and the third day will be in Squamish and devoted to presentations on and discussion of language revitalization. Anyone interested in attending should contact the Department of Linguistics at UBC by phoning 604-822-6481.

We just finished a series of interviews conducted by Francine Whiteduck for Goss Gilroy and Associates of our Cultural Education Centre program in preparation for an evaluation of the First Nations Cultural and Education Centres programs and delivery of services. Apart from the *what works and what does not work* part of an evaluation, it is interesting to note that the focus of our interviews with Francine was around culture and economy and how both have always been almost one for us, beginning with our days of trade. Today, the U'mista is working to complete the Wi'la'mola program by guiding the development of aboriginal and cultural tourism. This will include the cross-cultural training of all partners, the training of our own people for their full participation in the program, marketing and business development. As we continue to accept new partners in this exciting development the need to include our own guides, artists, and entrepreneurs becomes even more evident. This is an economic development opportunity for any of our people to become involved in and we are here to answer any questions you might have about this program.

National Museums Day was May 18th and we had the Quatsino School visit us

Continued on page 5

Chief Willie Seaweed,

As you may already know our Newsletters are based on the 17 Kwakwaka'wakw villages.

The theme of our Summer 2004 Newsletter is Ba'as, also known as Blunden Harbour. It is difficult sometimes to find people who were raised in some of the villages due to the fact that many of our old villages have been abandoned for several years and those who were able to share their experiences of being raised there are no longer with us. We decided to do a short dedication to the late master carver Willie Seaweed who grew up in Blunden Harbour or Ba'as.

Willie Seaweed was born about 1873 and died in 1967. During his lifetime his nation underwent tremendous change due to the influx of Europeans. Although Seaweed did not live during the days of the fur trade (1792-1850's), the gold rush (1857-58), and the first colonization (1870's), his world deeply reflected the changes which these events brought about, just as the social and cultural changes which our parents and grandparents underwent are reflected in our society today. When Seaweed was a boy, the Kwakiutl families were living in communal houses. Some could remember wearing woven cedar bark and blankets for clothing, and most travel was by canoe. Yet when he died, many villages had electricity, families lived in single dwelling frame houses, they wore clothing that was much the same as you or I do today, and transportation was now primarily by power boat or seaplane. His life spanned the decades, which had brought his people from their traditional village life to one aware of space exploration, television, ready-made clothing, Christian religion, the Canadian gov-



Master Carver Willie Seaweed

ernment, and alcohol. Each of these had a profound effect on the Indian cultures all along the Northwest coast.

Willie Seaweed's native homeland of Northeast Vancouver Island and the adjacent mainland coast are tremendously rugged areas with mountains which rise at a 45 degree angle from the sea and attain an elevation of one mile, when only one mile inland. Here the sea cuts deep fjords into the mountainous terrain. Transportation to this region proved difficult; therefore many Kwakiutl villages were isolated from direct European influence for decades. Blunden Harbor, where Seaweed lived, remained one of the most traditional villages because of its location. Yet, there were many Kwakiutl men and women from the more accessible villages who very early in the history of European con-

tact adjusted their lives to accommodate a new source of income: the fur trade. Although this segment of history occurred several decades before Seaweed was born, it was to be the beginning of a very stormy time which would last through most of Seaweed's 94-year lifetime and perhaps even beyond.

Willie Seaweed was known as a very active potlatcher. He supported this "illegal" practice in many ways. His carvings were essential for the ceremonies, which made use of his masks, rattles, painted curtains, painted skin drums, whistles and singer's batons. Today there are over 120 pieces in collections around the United States and Canada that have been identified as coming from the hand of Chief Seaweed. During the decade of the 1940's when many Northwest Coast Indian cultures were at their low point, Seaweed made several of his finest pieces. His artwork was in demand by many of the neighboring villages during his lifetime, and it is perhaps his greatest contribution to the maintenance of the native way of life. Today these pieces are sought by the finest museums and private collectors as works of art worthy of acquisition and display.

*Innovations for a Changing Time
Willie Seaweed, A Master
Kwakiutl Artist*



Continued from page 3

Directors Update

that day, Vera Newman was here to guide them through the Potlatch Collection and Peggy Svanvik and James Glendale, your Board Members welcomed them on behalf of U'mista. James led the 'Namgis welcome song. Lawrence Ambers, Vice Chair of U'mista joined us later and made a special point of thanking Quatsino member Spruce Wamiss for his service as a past member of the Board of Directors. Following their tour of the Potlatch Collection, the students then began to drum and sing songs for others present. Cake and juice were then served and the students were presented with commemorative posters. The month of May brings many school groups to visit us, some to learn first hand about our culture and some to reinforce what they have learned in the school curriculum. With our current Cultural Activities Programmer training project, we will be developing a renewed program for school groups in our district, visiting school groups and summer children's programs here at the U'mista. We are hoping to be able to have puppet shows and paper mache mask construction during the summer as well. We will keep you posted.

Mr. Walter Larink, Cultural Studies at

the Canadian Embassy in Berlin, Germany was here to visit and to meet with Stephen Bruce who has been invited to exhibit his work in Munich and Oettingen in Germany. So Stephen was kept very busy preparing for his trip. These opportunities do arise from time to time and having the artists let us know if they are interested and available, sometimes on very short notice, is helpful.

The University of Victoria is presenting a post secondary summer program for First Nations studies. One of the facilitators is Brian Compton who was here some years ago when we coordinated a study of traditional use of plants and animals. Wata was also involved in that project that resulted in a great amount of information being documented; the book "Living World" was produced by Brian Compton and Juanita Pasco and our garden was started. Many of the students from the summer program coordinated by UVIC are coming in to access this information that is also available for use by our members.

We are currently coordinating the Cultural Activities Programmer training project that started June 14th with Patricia Nolie and Lillian Hunt as the trainees. They are also working with Irma Verhoeven developing various

templates for cultural activities and outreach. Unfortunately Trish hurt herself at soccer during June Sports and is off until mid-August at least. This program is made possible with funding from North Vancouver Island Aboriginal Training Society, Gilakas'la to them for their support. Lillian coordinated a trip to Kingcome to meet with Gloria Nicolson from the Nun'wa'kola Cultural Society and some of the Elders. Sharon Grainger, Photographer and Irma Verhoeven accompanied her. Sharon is still compiling a collection of photos of our old ones in preparation of publishing a book about them and their stories. Lillian reported that the reception and enthusiasm was great and it was a beautiful time to visit Kingcome and reconnect with some family and friends. Unfortunately some community members were away, so we will have to connect with them at another time when Sharon is in the area.

The next big event that we will be scheduling is our Annual General Meeting. The date is September 25th at 1pm. Mark this on your calendar. Nominations will be held to fill five positions on the Board of Directors. If you are interested and can trace your ancestry to the Kwakwaka'wakw, please call Lillian Hunt at the U'mista 974-5403.

You will note that our Chairman, Bill Cranmer does not have an article included in this issue. It certainly is not from lack of interest, as he and I discussed, but too soon for him to report on some of the ongoing issues he has been working on. Watch for his article in the fall 2004 issue. Brrrrrrrrrrrrrr, that sounds too close. Have a wonderful summer and enjoy it to the fullest. Take in all the local and North Island activities. There are some amazing things going on out there.



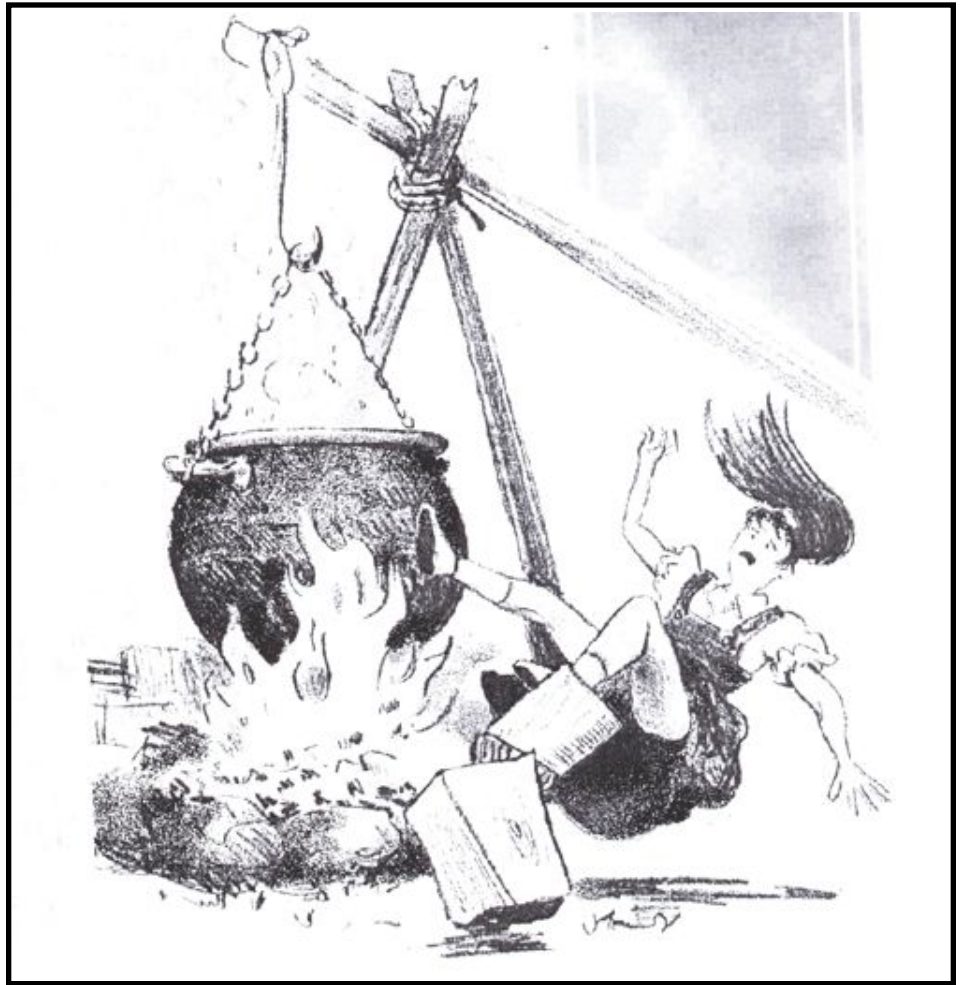
T'sasala Dance Group

Pots For Boiling The Missionaries

When I was in my teens, my father used to buy clams up and down the coast in the winter. I remember one time we came along because it was holidays, and we put in at Ba'as. When we came to the house of Wesadi's mom, she was bringing down beautiful dishes from the attic. My cousins went out and got a seal and started to prepare it. That's the first time I saw those huge cast iron pots that they had in the fire. We had seen them in books, and then we called them, "the pots they boiled the missionaries in", but these were actually used for cooking. They put all kinds of stuff in it to go with the seal meat, and I really badly wanted to see what was going on inside that pot.

There were some blocks of wood piled up behind the fire, which the big pot was hanging. My great aunt told me, "You stay away from there, because you'll get burned." But no, I was nosy. I piled up two blocks, when they weren't watching, and climbed up on them. The pieces toppled over and I landed among all the blocks of wood.

The people there didn't ask me if I was hurt. My Great Aunt just said, "Did anybody see her?" It was a no-no to behave like that, especially if you were nearly fourteen and the oldest girl cousin. I was bruised all over but I didn't dare to complain, and I never got to see what it looked like inside that big



pot. You probably could have boiled up six missionaries in there.

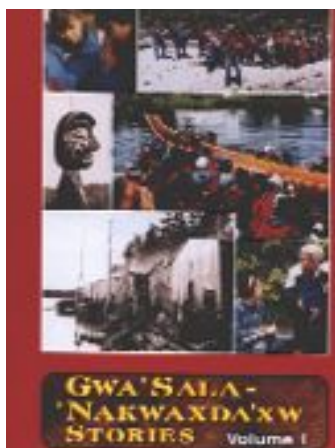
It turned out that feast was for my fourteenth birthday. That was the last time I ever danced barefoot in the big house in December. It was terribly cold that year, but you didn't complain. Children were taught not to complain, especially in front of people. And those

beautiful dishes that Wesadi's mom brought down from the attic were used to serve food to everyone, and afterwards the people took them home.

*As told by,
Ann Brotchie-Gesugilakw
Gwas'sala-'Nakwaxsa'xw Stories
Volume 1*

We would like to extend an enormous thank you to the people of Gwa'sala-'Nakwaxda'xw for their stories and especially to Dennis Umpleby for allowing us to use their stories. Gilakas'la!

All the legends and sketches came from the book "Gwa'sala-'Nakwaxda'xw Stories" Volume 1



If you are interested in purchasing this book or any other book we have here at the U'mista you can contact us by

e-mail: umista@cablerocket.com

or by phone:
(250) 974-5403
And someone will be happy to help you.



Esther Alfred
Collections Manager Trainee

Esther M. Alfred
Ikt'samgila'ogwa

Chief Bill Cranmer and I caught the noon ferry on March 28, 2004 for (what would be) my final meeting with the *First People's* staff as well as representatives from the other 14 tribes who were selected to archive their language with *FirstVoices*. Once we arrived, a shuttle bus took us directly to St. Eugene Mission. (Cranbrook's former residential school).

The next morning we gathered for breakfast at 8:00 and then proceeded with our conference. We were blessed with the presence of a very sweet Elder by the name of Leo Williams who started our day off with an opening prayer. Next Chief Sophie Pierre gave an opening welcome speech, which was quite

inspiring. She talked a little about the history of St. Eugene's Mission and then she went on to explain how it became what it is today. Here's a condensed account of what we were told as well as some additional information, which I have researched, on St. Eugene's Mission.

Chief Sophie Pierre welcomed us on behalf of the Ktunaxa Nation; "I have the honor and pleasure of welcoming you to the Delta St. Eugene Mission Resort". She went on to inform us that St. Eugene Mission was founded by Father Leon Fouquet and Brother John Burns of the Oblate Fathers of the Roman Catholic Church, near the St. Mary River, in 1873. The five Kootenay Indian Reserves were surveyed in 1884 and established in 1887. Father Nicholas Coccola worked in the Mission from 1887 to 1905. In 1897, the St. Eugene Church was built from proceeds received from the discovery of the St. Eugene mine at Moyie, by Indian Pierre. In 1910 the Federal Government started the construction of the present residential school building, which was completed in 1912 at a cost of approximately \$60,000.00, the barn was built in circa 1913.

The St. Eugene Mission, later called *Kootenay Residential School*, operated for 78 years and provided schooling for more than 200 Indian children per year from the Kootenay and Okanogan regions.

Chief Sophie said that there were some mixed feelings about the future existence of the infamous Residential School. In fact, when there was first talk of renovating the old building a group of former students entered the building and set fire to the attic in an attempt to destroy the institution that had in the past caused so much distress and anguish. Rather than restore the destruction caused by the fire, the Board of Directors of St. Eugene Mission Resort decided to leave the damage, which the fire had caused as a means of remembrance to the pain, and suffering which the former students had endured.

The opening of the Delta St. Eugene Resort

happened in phases over the years, with the opening of the Many Hands Arts and Crafts Gift shop in May of 1998, the Golf course in May of 2000, the Casino of the Rockies in September 2002, the Hotel in early January 2003 and the Ktunaxa Interpretive Centre in June 2003. The Aquatic/Fitness Centre is scheduled to open soon. Chief Sophie went on to say, "we put a dream together and we worked long and hard to bring this outstanding resort to fruition. In the last ten years, our member bands, namely the Columbia Lake, Lower Kootenay, Shuswap, St. Mary's, and Tobacco Plains, under the leadership of the Ktunaxa/Kinbasket Tribal Council were able to bring together an outstanding group of financiers and operators..."

In the process the Ktunaxa Nation also transformed an icon of oppression and abuse into a wonderful and unique facility for many people to enjoy for many years to come. They have successfully saved the heritage integrity of the site and buildings of the former Kootenay Indian



St Eugene's Residential School Students & Staff Circa 1912 Photo courtesy Esther Alfred

Continued on page 10



Lillian Hunt

Cultural Activity Programmer

Gilakas'la

Nugwa'am Lillian Hunt, 3rd daughter and 5th child to Andy and Florence Stadnyk (nee Bruce), granddaughter to Julia (Mumsy) and Price Bruce.

I am the Cultural Activities Outreach Program trainee, along with Patricia (Trish) Nolie. We started here at the U'mista Cultural Centre on Monday, June 14th 2004 and the training program is for 30 weeks. This training program is funded through the North Vancouver Island Aboriginal Training Society (NVIATS).

We started out by familiarizing ourselves with the membership database and creating an elders resource section. This will help us to contact the old ones to invite them to events and workshops.

We developed an interview list for Francine Whiteduck from Indian and Northern Affairs Canada to help identify funding challenges and opportunities for the Kwak'wala language.

We developed a local schools contact database and invited them to the U'mista Cultural Centre for National Aboriginal Day, June 15th 2004. We initiated a June Sports display after Trish found some history about June sports and the fishing season celebration. Going through the old soccer team photographs, men's and ladies, was so interesting because we recog-

nized most everybody and some of the older photos, we could identify whose parent or grandparent they were, their looks are so distinctive!

Trish was going full steam with these projects until day-2 of June sports when she was badly injured on the field while playing for the 96'ers Ladies Soccer Team. After an emergency operation, Trish will be back to work the first week of August.

Our first "outreach" activity was a trip to Kingcome, July 13th and 14th to interview the old people there, take some wonderful photographs of them for a book publishing opportunity. We had a great time and it was very special for me when the old people remembered who I am because of my parents and grandparents. We owe a great big thank you to Gloria Nicolson who did so much for us to make this a memorable trip. **Gilakas'la!**

For August we are coordinating a hand puppet presentation with Eva Dick, featuring Dzunukwa, Madam and "Willy **K'alawi**". The children will really enjoy learning the stories, songs and dance with Eva. Remember to watch for the posters around town.

Our friend Elena, who did a batik workshop, will be back to work with paper maché masks with the children. We are hosting a Free Artist Exhibition for the Sea Festival weekend, Aug 20th -22nd; please contact me for more information:

Lillian Hunt,
Cultural Activities Program Trainee
Ph: 250-974-5403

We are developing a Cultural Activity Program volunteer list, thank you to those of you who have already submitted your names. Please contact Lillian or Trish to add your name to the list or to find out more about our training program.

Halakas'la,
Lillian Hunt



Richard Gladstone
Summer Student

Summer Student Report

Richard Gladstone

Yo, nugwa'am **Gwagwaldit'sila**

Hi my name is Richard Gladstone. I am from Mamalilikala, Village Island. My native name is **Gwagwaldit'sila**. I am researching what that means right now. I was born in Alert Bay on October 5, 1985 to Dorothy Barns and Loren Gladstone. My Mother's maiden name was Coon. My Papa's name is Douglas Scow and my Ahda's name was Beverly Scow. She passed away on April 4, 2002. My father is from Kitkatla. My Grandparents on my father's side are Ed and Bett Gladstone.

I will be in grade eleven in the fall at North Island Secondary School. I am the summer student here at the U'mista Cultural Centre. I wanted to work at the U'mista because I like to work with tourist and because I want to learn more about our culture and about the potlatch collection. I am also learning how to give a tour of the potlatch collection. I had my first tour group come in on July 27, 2004. It was a neat experience for me because I like to share our culture with other people from all over.

My tour group was from San Luis, Mexico and Sedro Woolly, Wa. The family from Mexico loved it up here, what they have been telling me is that they liked our museum and the T'sasa'a

Continued on page 9



Irma Verhoeven

Cultural Activities

Being an educator does not necessarily mean you have to spend your day explaining everything. Sure, it is nice when a student, who looked very puzzled a minute before, now has a big smile on his face. Because of your explanation he can solve the math problem.

But I must admit I like the puzzled face. It means the person is more likely to really think about the problem. It means he is more likely to ask questions in his attempt to find the answer. And asking questions means he's interested and willing to learn.

So a good educational cultural activity is one that does not give all the answers. It is the one that makes people wonder what else there is to know. The one that raises questions in such a way that people start to try and find answers because they are genuinely interested.

In working together with the U'mista team to develop cultural activities, I'm definitely trying to find answers and learning. For years I was curious to find out what Kingcome would look like. I've heard stories and saw pictures, but never had the opportunity to go and experience it. This summer, together

with Lillian Hunt, Sharon Grainger and Walas, I stepped into an airplane and flew over 'wonderland'. The pilot was more than willing to give us the full experience. Ocean and islands, partly hidden in the mist. The pictographs at Kingcome Inlet and the mysterious changing of colour of the Kingcome river. Underneath us a small village enclosed by mountains and a smooth landing, before stepping aboard a motorboat. We arrive in Kingcome on a beautiful summer day and I now realise that all the stories and pictures can not describe the experience of being there.

We had very interesting interviews with Kingcome Elders. All of them sharing parts of their life stories with us. I would like to thank Tom, Hazel, Christine, Charlie, Tom, Johnny, Flora, Gloria and Marianne for giving me more knowledge. They are a big inspiration and very important sources to make sure the history of the Kwakwaka'wakw is recorded.

The people of the Kwakwaka'wakw communities know what is needed to live within the culture. We can not develop the Cultural Activity Program without the influence and knowledge of the people from all the communities. We do try to travel to the communities and talk to people. And we experience a strong will to share knowledge, but if we did not find you, please find us! The U'mista Cultural Centre is a place to house the treasures of your knowledge. We know there are great ideas about cultural activities within the communities, so please let us know. Just give us a phone call, send us a fax or e-mail and we would love to invite you or if possible come over to share your knowledge and ideas.

Irma Verhoeven

Continued from page 8 Richard Gladstone

dance group. This was their first time in Canada and Alert Bay. I will be going back to San Luis, Mexico in October 2004. I am happy that I am working at our U'mista Cultural Centre this summer!

Gilakas'la
Richard Gladstone
Gwagwaldit'sila

Saint Mike's

I started going to Saint Mike's when I was about eleven. It was really sad for my sister and me, because we were away from our home and parents. We didn't know a word of English, but we weren't allowed to talk in our own language. We got in trouble for that. We used to get a strap for speaking our language to each other.

It was sad there without our parents, and they had a hard time traveling from Ba'as to Alert Bay. It took six hours in our boat, and the boat used to break down, and it would leak when the wind was blowing. I used to worry about my parents traveling back and forth in that boat.

We were starving in that school. We used to steal sandwiches, my sister and I. There were funny old lockers without backs to them. The high school girls used to eat their lunches behind those lockers, so we would go in there and steal a sandwich and then we would hide under the stairs and eat it.

I quit when I was sixteen. I was doing good in school and I was promoted to grade eight, but I told my dad I didn't want to go back, so we were both allowed to quit. I was smart enough, I guess

*As told by, Louisa Joseph
Gwa'sala-'Nakwaxda'xw Stories
Volume 1*

Continued from page 7

Collections Manager Trainee

Residential School. However they feel that their single most important contribution was the positive change made in the dreams of economic security and opportunity, of social equality and cultural revival of hope of a better life for many of their own Ktunaxa citizens and neighbors. After listening to Chief Sophie recount the history of the building I thought to myself, Wow! What an excellent place to hold our final gathering for our FirstVoices project. On that note, I would like to share a quote by a well-respected Ktunaxa Elder

Words Of Wisdom

“Since it was within the St. Eugene Mission that the culture of the Kootenay Indian was taken away, it should be within that building that it is returned.”

**Elder,
Mary Paul, 1984**

Next we received up-dates from the staff of *First Peoples* then we stopped for lunch. Following lunch we took turns sharing up-dates on our progress with the project. The achievements and concerns were similar with each of the representatives. However, one person in particular claimed that she had arrived with a heavy heart, it seems that her tribe had come to the conclusion that they were apprehensive about sharing their language with the rest of the world. They thought it was not fair that their people were at one time forbidden to speak their language and now it seems the language has slipped away and the people are finding it extremely hard to recapture it. To summarize what was said, my friend stated that her tribe didn't think it was fair for the rest of the world to become skilled at “their” language, when a majority of their own

people was unable to learn due to the oppression that was forced upon Native people. I was immediately filled with mixed emotions. I felt sadness for the grief my neighboring friends were experiencing then on the contrary I also disagree with the idea of withholding their beautiful language from the world, I mean after all you can learn almost any language by means of computer, cassettes, televisions etc. Lately, I've been thinking about how stereotyping is still very much alive and how there are still many people out in our big world that think “*how*” is used by ALL Indians as hello, yet it was the silver screen that gave the world that impression. Personally, I think we owe it to ourselves and the rest of the world to educate everyone that First Nations people have separate languages, which are unique to each group. And by having our languages publicized, we are sharing an important part of our history that needs to be given back.

**Other guest speakers included:
(This list is not in any chronological order)**

Peter Brand – FirstVoices Coordinator
Chief William T. Cranmer – FPCF Chairman
Simon Robinson – First People's Cultural Foundation (FPCF) Executive Director
Don Maki – Ktunaxa Kinbasket Tribal Council
John Elliot – Language teacher and one of the Vocab Language lab creators.
Sue Hanley – First Nations Technology Council, First Nations Summit (BC based)
Ivy Charleson – FirstVoices Trainer
Alex Wadsworth – FPCF Technical Technician
Tamara Knott – FPCF
Thelma Wenman and Jared Deck of the Sto:lo Nation gave a very impressive, Interactive CD Rom presentation on a storybook based on a Sasquatch. However, Thelma became somewhat

emotional when she told us that the Elder who had done the narrative for the story had passed on only a year ago. This gave real meaning to the presentation. We were also especially enthused by the illustrations since Jared himself did them.

When all was said and done we broke for a wonderful barbeque dinner, which was followed by a dance performance by four women who belong to a professional dance group of the Ktunaxa. I was so amazed at the beautiful regalia and the stamina and endurance that the ladies displayed during their performance. After about four serious dances there was a fun dance where the ladies chose members of the audience to join in, Bill and I were two of the chosen. I must admit it was Fun! To wrap up the evening festivities Chief Bill sang a feast



Chief Bill Cranmer & Esther Alfred in Cranbrook for FirstVoices Seminar

song, which impressed everybody in attendance.

On the final morning of our meeting we recapped and covered any other topics that may have been missed and then after lunch we met at the Interpretive Centre. The Ktunaxa Interpretive Centre offers displays of Historic photographs, Arts & Crafts, guided tours,

Continued on page 13

How Salmon Came To The 'Nakwaxda'xw

The first of the 'Nakwaxda'xw people lived at the narrow entrance of Dals. The heart of their Chief was always sad, because Dals had no river. He went to his younger brothers. "My brothers," he said, "my heart is sad because there is no salmon river here where we live. I will go to find a twin to be my wife, so that she may bring salmon with her when she comes. I want you to make a river for the salmon to spawn in."

His brothers agreed. They dug a channel there for a river, and soon they were finished. The Chief then walked to another creek. There he drank water, but he held it in his mouth. He walked back to the woods behind the channel that his brothers had dug. There he saw a little open plain, and spat out the water on it. It became a lake which ran into the channel and so became a river.

Then the Chief went home and asked his aunt, "where will I find a twin for a wife, so salmon may come to our river?"

"Go and find a twin among the graves," his aunt said. "That way you will get salmon."

The Chief went to the graves. "Graves on the ground, do you have twins here?"

he asked.

Three times he asked that, and three times the graves replied, "No, they are behind us."

Again he asked, "Do you have any twins, grave on the ground?"

"I am a twin," a grave answered him. The Chief gathered the bones on the ground and sprinkled them with his life giving water. Immediately the twin woman came alive.

"Why have you come to make me live?" she asked.

"I brought you to life so that you can become my wife," he answered.

"I am salmon-maker," the woman said. "You must take care that you don't mistreat me."

When the Chief returned with Salmon-maker to the village, he asked her to make salmon appear in the new river. She answered that she could not do that. Even so, the chief told everyone to build fish traps in the river, but no salmon came, and the people were starving.

Once the Chief was gone to gather cedar, and Salmon-maker asked his younger brother to bring her water. He brought a bentwood box of water and set it on the floor. Salmon-maker put her little finger in her mouth and dipped

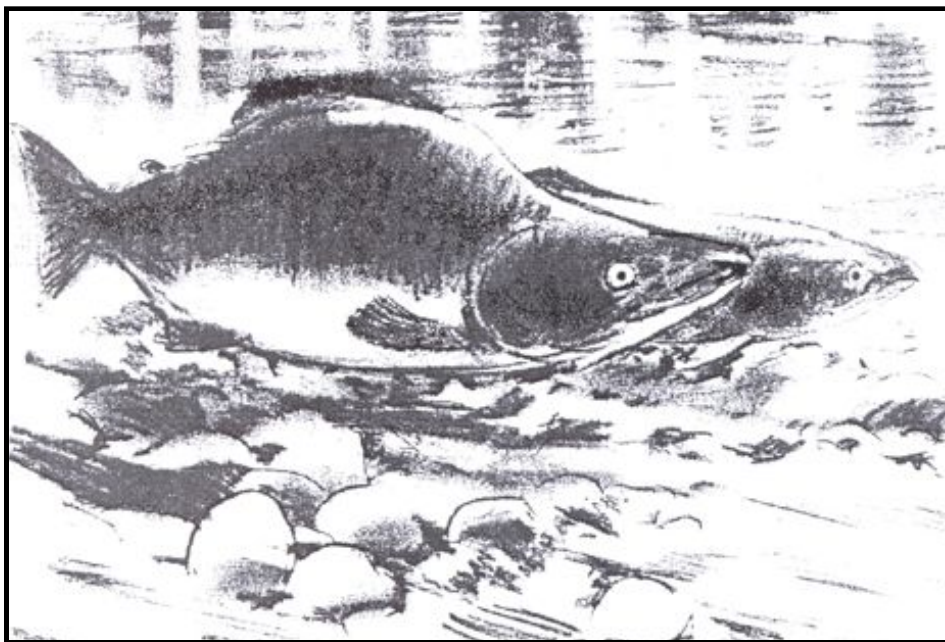


it into the water, and a salmon appeared in the bentwood box. Salmon-maker told the brothers to cook and eat the salmon quickly and to throw the bones into the fire.

When the Chief came home, his younger brothers looked well fed. Once more he asked his wife to make the salmon come, and once more she told him that she could not. Then his younger brother laughed and said, "She fed us salmon."

"Ah," the Chief said. "So you can make salmon appear. Now help me get something to eat." Salmon-maker, however, did not pay attention. She only became annoyed with him.

Now the chief begged her for salmon. Then Salmon-maker sent a brother to



Continued on page 12

Continued from page 11

How Salmon Came To The 'Nakwaxda'xw

get water. She put two fingers in her mouth and dipped them into the wooden box with water. Two large spring salmon appeared. When they were cooked, the chief ate them by himself. Then he put his arm around his wife and said, "Let us go to the river, so that we may never be hungry again."

"If I do that," Salmon-maker answered, "The River would dry up, because it would be so full of salmon."

"Then only put your foot in the water," her husband said.

They went to the river and Salmon-maker put the front of her foot in the water. Right away the salmon began jumping in the river, and when the people checked their traps, they were full of salmon.

Now the 'Nakwaxda'xw people had a good life, but it wasn't long before the heart of the Chief became proud. He always spoke angrily to his brothers and his wife. One day, as he stood up, the backbone of a salmon hanging on racks caught in his hair.

"You think you can catch me, you who came from ghosts?" he shouted, and he threw the salmon on the floor. Salmon-maker began to cry, because her heart was hurting, but her husband only laughed at her.

Four days later the backbone of the salmon again caught the Chief's hair as he stood up and threw it on the floor. Then Salmon-maker stood up and said, "Come tribe, let us go home." All the salmon, which had been drying on the racks, came to life and followed her to the river. The Chief embraced his wife, trying to make her stay, but her body became like smoke. She entered the river with her salmon and they disappeared.

Then the Chief and his brothers became poor again, and it was a long time before they found food.

As told by Harry Walkus

Gwa'sala-'Nakwaxda'xw Stories Vol. 1

On behalf of the staff here at the U'mista and the Board of Directors, we would like to extend a big congratulations to our very own Andrea Sanborn. Andrea was acknowledged with the Woman Of Distinction award for Neighborhood Enhancement in Victoria on May 12, 2004. The award is sponsored by the YM-YMCA of Greater Victoria. Andrea was just one of a dozen nominees in her category and not only did she win but Andrea is the first woman to win outside of the Victoria region! This prestigious award proves that Andrea's work has been outstanding not only here in the U'mista but also within our community!

Submitted by Esther & Terri



Continued from page 10
Collections Manager Trainee

cultural programs, language programs, legends & story telling and a gift shop. We looked at the photo exhibit and then watched two short films on the history of St. Eugene's Mission. Needless to say it was very moving.

Following our wrap-up we walked throughout the grounds where we took some breath taking pictures and visited the Many Hands Arts & Crafts Gift shop and the Artist's workshop. It was great to get reacquainted with the other representatives who had attended the last FPCC meeting. When we gathered in Victoria we were somewhat formal in our interactions, our conversations were short and sweet and reflected mostly on the project, whereas our meeting in Cranbrook brought us together like long lost relatives. I am going to make a point

of keeping in touch with everyone with the list of email addresses that Peter Brand provided for us.

Our extended days of operation begin after this (long) weekend. Already, we are getting many guests from all around. The mini tourist ships have begun to arrive with eager visitors onboard. It is so gratifying to hear all the wonderful comments about our Centre along with compliments of our quaint little Island.

On May 18th, we celebrated International Museum's Day. There was free admission from 1:00 to 4:00 and we provided coffee, juice and a variety of cakes. The Quatsino School visited us that same morning with their 23 students. The classes ranged from Kindergarten to grade seven. Vera Newman, and Peggy Svanvik, welcomed them with kind words followed by a Welcome song. Vera then took the

school on a tour of the Museum and finished by having some of the students do the peace dance while the other students beat on the log drum. Once those youngsters started there was no dragging them away from the log! I was told that Tom Wamiss is the Cultural teacher in their school. Congratulations to Tom for the excellent job he is doing with his students. Prior to their departure, we served juice and cakes while the students watched a video. Again congratulations to the teaching staff of the Quatsino School! I was absolutely impressed with students' behavior and keen interest in the Centre especially since their ages varied from five to twelve years old. Keep up the good work! The open house also went quite well.

Gilakas'la
 Esther Alfred
Ikt'samgila'ogwa



Delegates of FirstVoices Seminar in Cranbrook

The Adventures of Sugwalis

Once upon the time in Blunden Harbour there lived a boy named Sugwalis. He was a leader among the boys, and all the people watched him, because he was the nephew of the Chief. They wondered if he would grow up to be a good Chief himself.

One hot summer day, when he was twelve years old, Sugwalis lay on the bank of the creek that flows into the bay beside the village. High in the sky he saw a black spot that floated in circles and grew larger as it came down. The boy saw that it was an eagle, but much larger than normal eagles. Closer it came, and closer, circling right overhead.

Suddenly the eagle swooped down, grasped Sugwalis in his talons, and flew off across the bay. For a few moments the boy was paralyzed with fear, but then he began to fight. His right arm was free. He grabbed his hunting knife from its sheath and struck at the breast of the eagle again and again. Finally the eagle let him go and he plunged into the sea below.

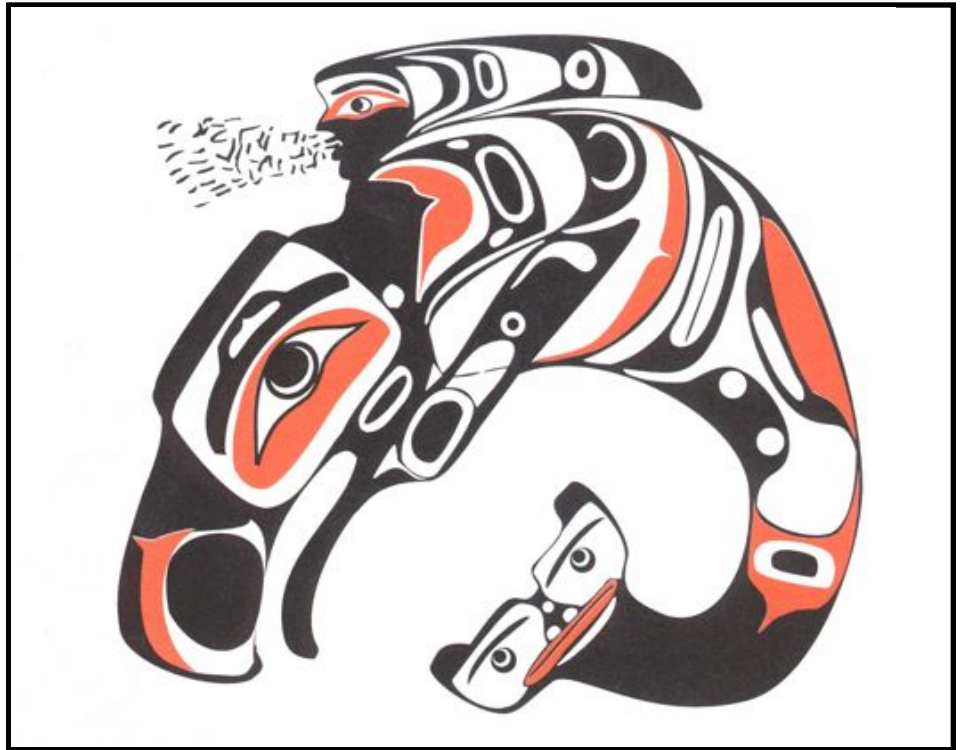
He was free again, and started swimming home. But this was no ordinary eagle. It was Kwanikwalakw, the transformer, who had taken on the shape of an eagle. Kwanikwalakw plunged down to grab the boy out of the water, but Sugwalis dove each time the eagle came close, so the eagle changed into a whale. Now he was able to swallow the boy quickly, and he headed out to the deep water. Sugwalis was thrown around inside the whale, but he said to himself, "at least it's cooler here," and he made himself as comfortable as he could. He understood now that he was the prisoner of Kwanikwalakw, and that there was nothing he could do.

After four days the whale returned to Blunden Harbour and let the boy go. Kwanikwalakw was impressed with the boy's courage and told him that he

would help him in the future. He also gave Sugwalis the power to change into an animal.

Everyone in the village was happy that Sugwalis had returned safely. They could see that his experiences had changed

the river and quickly changed himself into a bear. Then he tried to catch a salmon by slapping it out of the water or biting it, as he had seen bears do, but it was more difficult than he had thought. He quickly changed himself into a seal



Sug^walis in the Whale. Drawing by Charlie George in 1905. Charlie was about fourteen years old when he did the drawing in this story

him. A boy had left and a young man had returned. A big feast was held, but there was one person who didn't participate. That was Peqela, the medicine man. He saw that Sugwalis would become the main leader in the village in the future, and he was jealous.

Over the next few years Sugwalis grew, and gained respect from his people. Sometimes he impressed them by secretly using his power to change into an animal. One time the young men were practicing catching salmon with a spear in the river, but they were not very successful. Sugwalis boasted that he could catch more salmon with his bare hands. He disappeared around a bend in

and managed to catch a few that way. Then he went to join his friends again.

The boy's uncle, the old Chief, died, and Sugwalis became the new Chief. After some time he decided he wanted to prove his courage as a Chief, so that he would get the right to wear the sisiutl (double headed serpent). He went to see Peqela, the old medicine man, to ask for his help. Peqela thought: here is a chance to make the young man look like a fool. He explained to Sugwalis what was needed, and said, "but you are not old enough to endure this."

"I am old enough," Sugwalis said. "Make things ready."

Continued on page 15

Continued from page 14
The Adventures of Sugwalis

During the next weeks the village was very busy, as people prepared for a big feast and sent messengers out to all the surrounding villages to invite people to come. Soon the guests began to arrive. There were welcoming speeches on the shore and more speeches in the big house, and dances and meals. But Sugwalis did not take part in any of this. He stayed in a small hut outside the village and fasted and thought about his ancestors and his life and the coming test.

On the sixth day of the feast the drum called everyone to the chief's big house, and when all were gathered there Sugwalis entered and sat on the ground in the center. Then the log drum sounded again and a huge thunderbird mask entered the big house. Its beak clapped, and its wings kept time with the beat. The dancer was Peqela. He circled the young man, coming closer and closer. The two men stepped forward. Peqela gave them a sign and they seized Sugwalis and laid him face down on the floor. With a shout the medicine man drew a knife and cut four gashes down the young man's back. He took two sharpened sticks and pushed them under the two strips of skin made by the cuts. Two more sticks were pushed through his calves. Still Sugwalis did not cry out. Cedar ropes were thrown over the roof beams of the big house. The ends were tied to the sticks under the young man's skin and he was hauled up until he seemed to be flying over the crowd.

The pain was awful, and everything was going black in front of Sugwalis' eyes. Normally the test would have been over quickly, but Peqela began to dance again, watching the young man's face turn gray. The crowd noticed it too and began to murmur. They understood that the medicine man was trying to make Sugwalis give up, or perhaps kill him

altogether. Soon several people shouted at Peqela to stop. Others jumped to the ropes and let the young man down. He had fainted and his friends carried him outside and took care of his wounds.

The next day, as the guests were leaving, Sug^walis stood on the beach dressed in a robe, the sisiul outlined on the back.

That summer it was clear to Sug^walis that the salmon runs in the river near the village were no longer going to be big



enough to meet the needs of his people, unless they caught too many salmon and so destroyed the run. He decided to go looking for another stream. With some of his friends he paddled away to the North, across the waves of the open sea. Soon they found an inlet that led from the low islands at the seashore to the high mountains in the distance. For hours they paddled up the inlet with the incoming tide. Then Sugwalis called for a rest.

As they drifted he noticed something odd. The tide should have been pushing them further along, but instead they were beginning to drift backwards. Somewhere near by there must be water flowing out into the inlet. As he was watching the water beside the canoe, he saw several salmon shapes glide by. He called his paddlers to start up again and they pushed forward around a headland and saw good news and bad news at the same time. The good news was that there was houses on an island that looked like a whale turned to stone at

the mouth of the river.

Slowly they paddled closer. A man came out of one of the houses, walked to the shore and held out his arms in greeting. At a command from Sugwalis, his friends paddled the canoe ashore. They greeted the man who said his name was Cugis, and who invited him inside.

The woman of the house set food before the travelers. Sugwalis noticed one young woman who was beautiful and gracious. He did not stare at her, but he saw that she was looking at him too.

After the meal the travelers talked to the host.

"Where are the others of your village?" Sugwalis asked.

"They died in a great sickness last year," the man answered.

"Our people at Blunden Harbour are many, and there are not enough fish. We would like to build a camp across the river from you.

The host was quiet for a while. Finally he said, "This salmon stream is mine and my children's. If you come here, my children may starve. We want to be friends, but if you come, there will be war."

Sugwalis nodded, and after more talk and food he paddled back down the inlet with his friends. They were quiet, but after a while they heard Sugwalis sing softly to himself. They asked him what he knew that made him happy, but he would not tell them.

Sometime later Sugwalis gathered some friends and family members. "It is time for me to marry," he said, "but all the young women here are my relatives. I would like you to go to the village in the Northern Inlet that we visited. There lives a young woman whom I would like to marry. Her father is the Chief."

Several of his friends and relations set out in a canoe laden with gifts. They reached the village on the stone whale

Continued on page 16

Continued from page 15
The Adventures of Sugwalis

island, and the Chief welcomed them, making no comment on the load in the canoe. Again they ate, and after the meal a relative of Sugwalis began to tell the stories of Sugwalis' bravery and good care of his people. Then the people of stone whale village told stories of their Chief to show that he was an equal to Sugwalis. After the visitors told the Chief that they were impressed by the beauty and graciousness of his daughter. The Chief, who had already guessed what the visitors had come for, thanked them for their comments.

The next morning the visitors unloaded the canoe. Food, clothing and weapons were piled up in front of Chief Cugis' house, and the visitors placed a large copper in front of the pile. The visitors told Cugis and his family that these were gifts from Sugwalis. Then the host piled up gifts in return. No one said anything about the young woman, but everyone understood what was happening. Afterwards Cugis promised to come to Blunden Harbour a full moon later, and the visitors left.

Sure enough, at the time agreed on, the Chief came with his relatives from near and far and with his daughter. A big marriage feast was held for four days, and so Sugwalis became a husband.

The next spring the young men of Blunden Harbour went fur seal hunting, but Sugwalis decided to stay home. Soon the men came back with a story of a big white seal that they had not been able to capture. The old medicine man, Peqela, heard the story too and began to laugh at Sugwalis.

"I guess you're too lazy and fat now after your marriage to go seal hunting, eh?" he said. "I guess it would take a really good hunter to catch that seal, a better hunter than we have around here,"

This made Sugwalis angry. "I could capture that seal with only my wife to

help me," he said. He prepared his canoe and set out with his wife to find the white seal. Soon they caught up with a herd of seal and his wife saw something white in the water, glistening in the sun. Quietly they paddled towards it and Sugwalis got ready to throw his harpoon, but his wife whispered for him to come closer and harpoon the seal in its tail so the fur would not be ruined by the harpoon hole. Closer they came, and closer.

Now the big white seal became nervous. As it turned to dive, Sugwalis threw the harpoon. It caught just ahead of the tail, the line pulled tight, and the canoe raced forward. Sugwalis held on with all his might. Suddenly the seal dove, the bow of the canoe dipped, and it caught the water. The canoe veered sideways and tipped, throwing Sugwalis and his wife in the water. The rest of the harpoon line ran out to the end, which was knotted around a thwart, and the canoe took off after the escaping seal.

It was bad enough that they were treading water without something to float on and far from shore, but now they heard the whoosh of killer whales swimming nearby. The whales spotted the seals and were hunting. All at once a large male surfaced behind Sugwalis' wife, caught her against his big dorsal fin and raced off, while she called out in fear to her husband. He swam after her as fast as he could but it was no use. Then he saw the whale bend for a deep dive and disappeared with his wife,

Now all was quiet. Whales, seals, canoe, wives, all were gone, and he was lifting and falling slowly on the long, low ocean swells. He was angry with himself now for letting the old medicine man push him into this foolish hunt, and he was so sad that he felt like letting himself slip down into the dark green depths below.

Far away he saw an eagle circling high in the sky. No doubt the eagle was watching him. He wondered what the

eagle thought, and suddenly he remembered the time, long ago, when he had been grabbed by the eagle who turned out to be Kwanikwalakw, the transformer. And now he remembered the gift which Kwanikwalakw had given him and which he hadn't used for many years. But what good would it do him now? Then he remembered something else suddenly. Whales have their own village on the ocean floor.

Would the gift of Kwanikwalakw still work for him? Sugwalis called out into the silence to Kwanikwalakw to be changed into a whale. At once he felt his body growing very long and very powerful. His arms became broad like hugh paddles. A light kick of his legs, now stuck together, sent him racing ahead. He thanked Kwanikwalakw, took a deep breath, and dove.

Down he went, and deeper down until everything grew dark around him. Because he was a whale now he sensed that he was near the ocean floor. He heard whale noises in the distance and swam towards them. Now he saw lights and smelled smoke. Soon he arrived at the village. He went to the bighouse at the center of the village, opened the door, and stepped in. There on either side of him were whales lying around the walls, who looked at him in a worried way, and in front of him against the far wall the Chief of whales was sitting on a raised platform, with the wife of Sugwalis beside him. It looked like she was bound.

Sugwalis spoke politely to the Chief of whales, who invited him to come closer to the fire and have some food. The woman sat up and looked at him with a puzzled frown when she heard his voice. Sugwalis sat down and looked around carefully. He saw a large box full of water standing near a fire.

"I am sorry to see that your wife is so weak that she must be held up by ropes," he said.

Continued on page 17

Continued from page 16
The Adventures of Sugwalis

"She is not weak," the Chief said. "You see?" and he cut her ropes.

"I have a present for her," Sugwalis said. "May I ask her to join me here?"

The Chief waved his hand to tell the woman she could walk to the fire. When she came close to Sugwalis, he stood up. "Don't be scared," he said softly. "I am Sugwalis, hold my fin." Suddenly he swept the box of water into the fire with his tail. Clouds of steam and sparks rose and filled the house. In the confusion Sugwalis and his wife escaped. Outside he swam as fast as possible towards the surface of the ocean, his wife clinging to him. Behind him he could hear the whales shouting as they set out to chase him. Their calls came closer.

"I am going to change my shape," he said. "Lie flat on my back, face down." In a few moments the whales shot by them from below, but all those whales saw was a lazy, big old halibut gliding along, and they disappeared in the distance. Sugwalis swam to the surface. There, nearby, was their canoe lifting and dipping on the long, low ocean swell.

Sugwalis turned back to his man shape and they climbed into the canoe. The harpoon line was still tied to the thwarp, and when Sugwalis pulled on it he found that the big white fur seal was still hooked too, dead from the loss of blood. Soon afterwards they reached the village, where everyone rejoiced, and where he thanked Kwanikwalakw for their escape.

Many stories are told about Sugwalis. He lived for a long time, and had the respect of his people, because he looked after them.

Charlie George (1889-1951)
Gwa'sala-'Nakwaxda'xw Stories
Volume 1

**ALERT BAY STROKE CLUB
 COORDINATOR PROFILE**

The following is an excerpt from the Nangis Health Centre NEWS, December 2003.

Fighting Back From Stroke!

Eugene (Sonny) Isaac has had a lot of adjustments to do with his life in the last several months. At the age of 65 he retired from BC Ferries after 25 years of service. Then, like many men his age, instead of coasting into a nice retirement and enjoying his new found leisure, he was hit with a mild stroke in '96 and a second, more serious one, in 2002.

After the initial shock had subsided, and the medical rescue and stabilization procedures had begun, Sonny decided to take a major recovery. In a word, to fight back!

"It is a very emotional situation to be in. Like myself, most stroke victims have been active, hard-working people all their lives. Things you could do the day before, you suddenly can't do anymore. I had to teach myself not to be impatient, to learn to just sit there. It took a lot of thought for me to start a stroke recovery group for stroke survivors and their families and caregivers. I resolved that if you can't help yourself, you wouldn't improve."

With his mind made up, he started to organize. With only one physiotherapist on the North Island, it's very important for people to get together and share information and to help and encourage each other. As Sonny says, "most people only know the word 'stroke' and know how to spell it. But they don't know either the symptoms, nor the treatment."

For example, part of his recovery was to see a speech therapist in Nanaimo where he learned a series of therapeutic exercises to regain control of his throat muscles to get his voice back. He has to be careful when taking a drink because the water could just collect in his throat. He must be careful to avoid choking when he's eating.

Another aid is colorful elastic "therabands" that can be used in many ways for stretch-

ing and strengthening exercises. Like Judo, there are degrees of color-yellow for first level, green for 2nd. Each succeeding degree requires a harder pull. So far, Sonny has made it to the green level.

Sonny says he is fortunate to have a health delivery system in Alert Bay that has assisted him in everything he's done so far.

The Alert Bay Stroke Club meets every Tuesday from 9:00 am until 12:00 noon. Sonny claims that it has been within the last three months that the group has been progressing. Sonny would like to give a heartfelt thank you to Christy Hagen for her part in this very important development as well as her on-going support. The group encourages family members to get involved by talking, supporting and encouraging recovery to their loved ones who have suffered strokes. You could also help by getting involved with the exercise sessions as well as other activities. The group also welcomes guest speakers and of course volunteers would be a great asset. Sonny emphasizes that volunteers with different ideas are greatly appreciated. Also, the group would like to thank the Community of Alert Bay for their on-going support!

For further information you may contact:
 Eugene (Sonny) Isaac – 1 250 974- 2056
 Susie Dalton - 1 250 974-5522

"Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming "Wow, what a ride!!!"

**YOURS IN GOOD HEALTH!
 THE ALERT BAY STROKE
 CLUB**





U'mista's Funnies



This section is not in any way intended to offend anyone.

DON'T MESS WITH MOM

My son came home from school one day, with a smirk upon his face. He decided he was smart enough to put me in my place. Guess what I learned in Civics Two, that's taught by Mr. Wright? It's all about the laws today, the "Children's Bill of Rights."

It says I need not clean my room; don't have to cut my hair. No one can tell me what to think, or speak, or what to wear. I have freedom from religion, and regardless what you say, I don't have to bow my head, and I sure don't have to pray.

I can wear earrings if I want, and pierce my tongue and nose, get tattoos from head to toe and if you ever spank me, I'll charge you with a crime. I'll back up all my charges, with marks on my behind. Don't you ever touch me, my body's only for my use, not for your hugs and kisses, that's just more child abuse.

Don't preach about your morals, like your Mama did to you.

That's nothing more than mind control, and that's illegal too!

Mom, I have these children's rights, so you can't influence me, or I'll call Children's Services Division, better known as C.S.D.

Of course my first instinct was to toss him out the door. But the chance to teach him a lesson made me think a little more. I mulled it over carefully, I couldn't let this go. A smile crept upon my face; he's messing with a PRO!

At the local Goodwill Store I told him, pick out all you want, there's shirts and pants galore. I've called and checked with C.S.D. who said they didn't care what you wore. I can buy you K-mart shoes instead of those Nike you like. I've cancelled that appointment to take your driver's test. The C.S.D. is unconcerned so I'll decide what's best. I said "No time to stop and eat, or pick up stuff to munch. Tomorrow you can start to learn to make your own lunch.

Just save the raging appetite, and wait till dinner time. We're having liver and onions a favorite of mine!

He asked, "Can I please rent a movie, to watch on my VCR?"
"Sorry, but I sold your TV for

new tires on my car. I also rented out your room; you'll take the couch instead. The C.S.D. just requires a roof over your head. Your clothing won't be trendy now; I'll choose what we eat. That allowance that you used to get, will buy me something neat. I'm selling off your Play Station II and Nintendo 64

"Check out the parents Bill of Rights,"
It's in effect today!

Hey hot shot, are you crying, why are you on your knees? Are you asking God to help you out, instead of C.S.D.?



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) GST if Applicable [] International Annual Fee: \$26.75 (GST Included)

(Payable in Canadian Funds, Cheque 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) GST if Applicable [] International Annual Fee: \$37.45 (GST Included)

May include up to two adults and children up to 18 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. Name: D.O.B. Name: D.O.B. Name: D.O.B.

PLEASE ENCLOSE YOUR MEMBERSHIP FEE AND MAIL TO: U'mista Cultural Centre P.O. Box 253 Alert Bay, B.C. V0N 1A0

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY:

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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 |

KWAK'WALA ALPHABET

KWAK'WALA ALPHABET						a abelo 
a aloggo 	b bwat 	d dlogya 	dt dtok 	dz dzogwala 	e egaw 	
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Return to:
U'MISTA
CULTURAL
CENTRE
P.O. BOX 253
ALERT BAY, BC
V0N 1A0

U'mista Cultural Centre

Regular Hours:

Monday to Friday
9:00am - 5:00pm

Extended Summer Hours:

Saturday, Sundays and Holidays
9:00am - 5:00pm

P.O. Box 253
Alert Bay, BC
Canada V0N 1A0

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