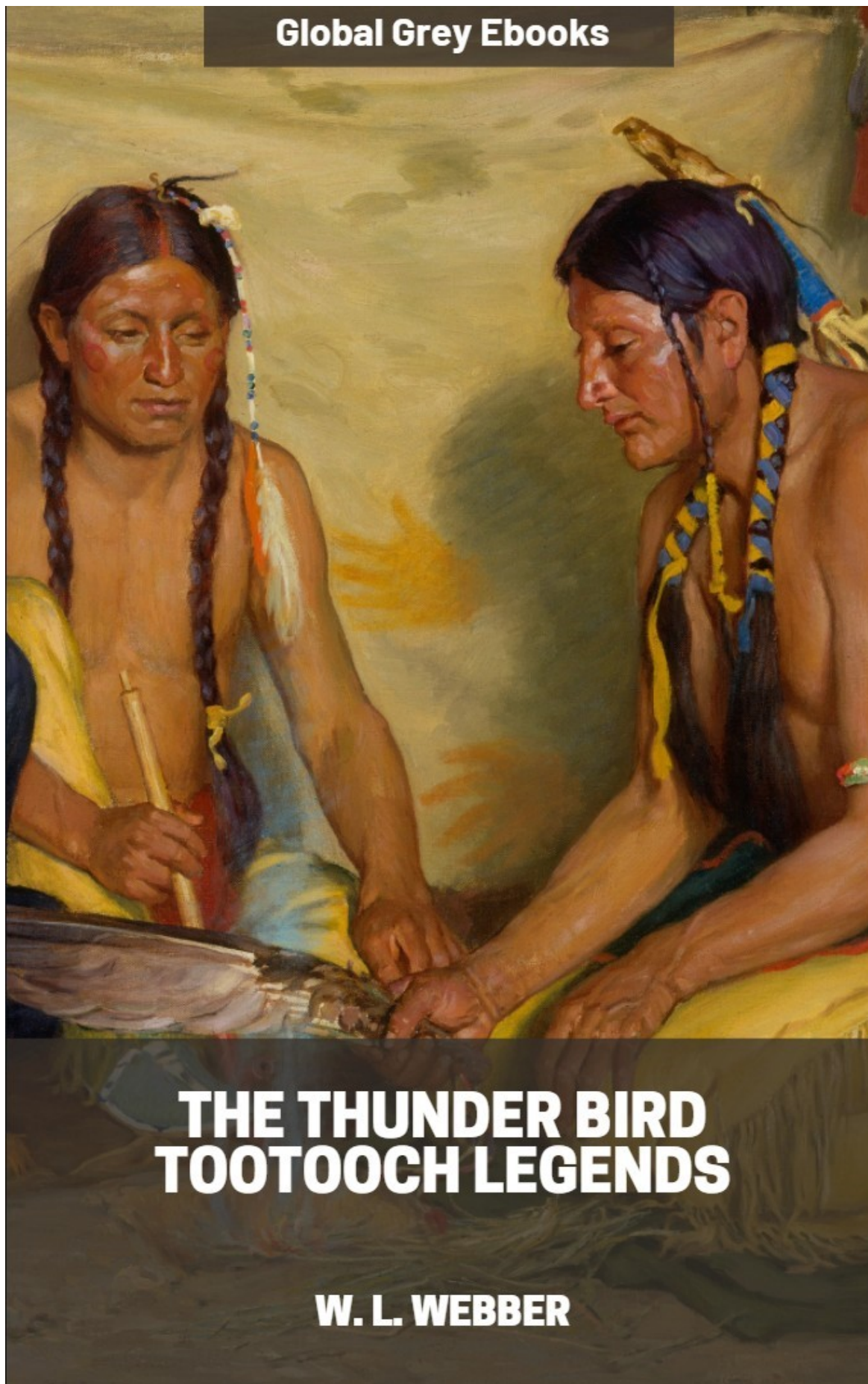


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# **THE THUNDER BIRD TOOTOOCH LEGENDS**

**W. L. WEBBER**

# THE THUNDER BIRD TOOTOOCH LEGENDS

FOLK TALES OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE  
PACIFIC NORTHWEST COAST INDIANS

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BY  
W. L. WEBBER

1936

**The Thunder Bird Tootooch Legends by W. L. Webber.**  
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# Preface

The object of writing the "Thunder Bird" Legends is: To induce the Indians to think about themselves and to unite and band them together in all common purposes. Although they are heirs of the ages, the mighty forces of modern democracy threaten to strip them of their wise primitive culture as it has done to almost all of the American Indian tribes:

That these tales will give the Indians courage to guard and defend themselves from those who would transgress upon their inherited rights and privileges by imbuing them with thoughts and ideals of their own.

It is also hoped they will stir within, and unfold, their artistic talents, expand and develop their abilities, enabling them to acquire a greater and wider mode of life.

Throughout these stories an effort has been made to tell how the Indian Tribes lived, their hospitality and friendliness; the philosophical ideas of a heroic race of nature-loving people.

It is expected that the legends will be criticised by the Indians themselves as well as by others who have a greater knowledge than the writer has acquired, but he nevertheless hopes that they will be accepted in the spirit in which they are dedicated.

THE AUTHOR

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# The Transition Of Totemism

When the early explorers, Captain Cook and the Fur Trader, Captain John Mears, sailed the seas of the Pacific Northwest, a great deal of their time was spent on the West Coast of Vancouver Island at Nootka, then known as "Friendly Cove," where the early ships of the Spanish Dons chanced to touch.

The early adventurers observed that the aborigines practiced what they thought to be a hitherto unknown religion, having many weird rituals and ceremonies and requiring a grotesque regalia representing the supernatural animals and birds. This religion has since been identified as Totemism.

Totemism was created in the pre-historic age by the fathers of organized society and improved as the mentality of the human race developed. When ancient hunting had ceased, the tribes formed themselves into fishing communes, out of which rose private property, social classes and slaves, thereby creating the custom of barter. This first transition of mankind occurred thousands of years ago in Europe, Asia and Africa. The records of these first human movements are given in stone on the Upper Nile and in the temples of India. It is hard to imagine in these modern times, when civilization is supposed to be at a high peak, that the Indians of the Northwest and other North American Indians, were so belated. The transitions of the human race are slow, they have many setbacks. Totemistic societies still function in many other parts of the world, as among the native tribes of Australia, Korea, and even in modern Japan.

The functions of the Totemism of the Indians of the Pacific Northwest and, especially, the British Columbia, represent many aspects. The first Totemic Symbol was supposed by the ancestors of these tribes to have floated to their shores from some unknown source. On it were perched three crows to guide it through the troubled waters of remote seas. The Indians also believed that when their forefathers were first placed upon the earth it was essential that they should marry their kith and kin, but they later discovered that if they were to continue this practice their race would decay. This was arrested by forbidding the members of the same family to mate, being blood relations. From this sprung totemism, functioning with its clans and their many septs. Among the Haidas, the seat of the culture, there came into being the Sky People and the Ocean People. From the Sky People came the Raven (Thunder Bird among other tribes), and the Eagle. From these came the septs embracing the Sun, Sky, Stars, the Moon and Birds and the Grandmother, the first Creator. From the Ocean People sprang the creatures that live in the water: Blackfish (Killer Whale), Codfish, Halibut, Salmon, Seal and Sea Otter, as well as many supernatural animals that were supposed to live beneath the sea. These latter are so grotesque that they seem to have stepped out of the preglacial ages of the dinosaurs. Around these symbols were created their culture and legends. They preserved them by carving them on their implements of daily use, also painting them in their interiors of their lodges, as they had not arrived mentally at the point of devising a method of inscribing this history on monuments or on the written page.

Prior to the time when the Indians came in contact with the Europeans, there were no outside Totem Poles or elaborate carvings. These were only achieved by the advent of iron tools, the culture therefore reached its height between 1860 and 1900. Indian villages of British Columbia then became veritable forests of totem poles, there being

from ten to fifty erected in each locality. After 1900 the culture slowly declined on account of the Indian Act of the Dominion, which governs Indian affairs, and which forbids Potlatch Gatherings. The Clergy also prevailed upon the Indians saying: "There is only one true God." Hundreds of totems were cut down and burned. Some of the tribesmen deplored the destruction of these relics of art. Many of the grotesque and hideous monsters of their imagination were saved by collectors and found their way to museums throughout the world. At present there is not an Indian settlement of the North Pacific Coast that can show much of its former splendour. Due to the prohibition of Potlatches, which curtails their rites and feasts, the Indian's secret orders are now the almost forgotten glory of a changing race.

Of the aborigines of the Northwest there were only five tribes that carved Totem Poles, these were in Southeast Alaska and British Columbia and comprised the Haidas, Tsimshians, Bella Coola, Kwakwaka'wakw and Nootka. There are various kinds of Totem Poles, they can not all be treated fully in this book: Family poles, Tribal Totems, and House Posts. The latter are used to support the heavy beams in community or private houses. They are from ten to twelve feet in height and composed of two or three objects such as Thunder Bird, Bear and a Slave (Two examples are to be seen in Stanley Park, Vancouver) or whatever was the owner's crest. Tribal Totem Poles are the mythological history which would embrace forms of genealogy, charms, evil spirits, legends and witchcraft. This would also apply to family Totems, which would also be inscribed with the individual's greatness gained through potlatches or by heredity and which were generally erected by the nephew of the deceased, the next in line of inheritance.

This passing of the inheritance to the nephew, may at first glance, appear an injustice to his son, but when we take into consideration the fact that primitive people simply do not recognize male parentage, tracing all their genealogies through the female side, it is not an unreasonable arrangement. Any man may not be able to swear that his wife's son is his own, but he can certainly swear that his sister's son is his nephew. Again, we must remember that the son may have even better prospects as heir to his mother's brother.

The carving and erection of a totem pole was a very complicated and expensive undertaking, the carving alone, in some cases, costing as much as two thousand dollars and requiring months of labor. The carving of a Totem Pole for the deceased was generally looked after by the brother, in the interests of the nephew. The brother would consult the relatives who would discuss the matter fully, giving him the privilege of employing the carvers and selecting the cedar tree. This wood endures the elements longer than any other native timber. The neighboring tribes would then be invited to a potlatch which would last from two to three weeks. Food would be supplied to the guests. A great feast (gift feast) would take place accompanied by many dances and ceremonies and a general jollification. Useful presents would be distributed. In modern times it might be a blanket, a stove, a sewing machine or money. To each of the invited guests such enormous amounts would be given that the tribe or family would often be impoverished and become public charges. Some of these potlatches have been known to cost as much as \$15,000.

The mythological art of the North Pacific Coast Indians is one of the most grotesque and beautiful of any of the native tribes of the North American Continent. The symmetrical lines and circles add tone throughout. One wonders how the primitive mind was capable of finding so many ways to add harmony and balance to each curve. Here and there was added the ever-seeing eye, it was carved or painted on utensils or tools or in



the many different designs, for did not the eye have to see what was to be accomplished? Some of the eyes, including the human eye, are inserted in the body of the figure.

The Totem's symbols are never overlooked and are bound to excite the interest of the most casual observer. The small wooden, and more especially the slate Totem Poles, are also remarkable on account of the fantastic overlapping methods applied to each symbol without destroying its identity, but more often adding interest at some spot that at first seems to portray no significance. A cunning twist in the carving makes it perfect. Supernatural beings are always cut in such a way as to expose the tips of their ears, signifying that they lived as people on earth when it was in semi-darkness, before the light burst forth from the heavens through the aid of the Young Raven.

The transition of the primitive aboriginal from a state, of cannibalism and barbarism to the democracy of the white man has been such a severe shock that they have lost a generation of activity. It is only of recent years that they have become interested enough in themselves to carry on the arts and crafts of their fathers. The older people have kept the fires of memory burning by telling the deeds of the past to the younger generation, thereby stimulating the desire to carve again, but this time, up to the present, only to the extent of making small wooden totem poles for strangers who visit their villages. Most of the totems purchased are a mere confusion of carving, one object on top of another, giving the totem no special significance. To obtain a story pole with the story, would be almost impossible as it would be beneath the dignity of a Chief to carve and sell his own coat-of-arms. Other Indians would be ridiculed should they attempt to exploit the crest of another. The only one who is allowed to exercise that privilege is the reputable professional carver, retained to carve for the members of the tribe.

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# Indian Baskets

For ages there have been a great many Indian tribes living on the sheltered inlets and along the rivers that reach far into the heart of the mountain ranges of the Pacific Northwest. All tribes make their own particular kind of baskets for their domestic needs. The use of clay was unknown to them, although it could have been obtained in many localities. Therefore, the Indians gathered and fabricated the materials that were close at hand.

The tribes of the upper Fraser regions fashioned their baskets for daily use from birch-bark and split willows. The Thompsons, who inhabit the bench lands along the Fraser Canyon, made their baskets of cedar roots, splitting them into ribbons of uniform size and winding them around splints left over from the former process. Straight strips of the same material are used for sewing, a bone needle being used for this purpose.

The basket is built up on the spiral principal. They were made in many sizes and many shapes, to suit all needs, there were burden baskets, water buckets, cooking pots, trays, and those for the storing of food and clothing. A handy one was made for the purpose that could be laid flat or carried on the back, or hung on the branch of a tree.

Cooking was done by putting water in the cooking pot and then adding hot stones. A cover, made to fit, was put on and it was allowed to stand until the food was cooked. Trays were used as plates, to fan the fire and to dry berries on, by laying them in the sun. Many of the baskets show very little wear after fifty years of use.

The handicraft of the Thompsons was in great demand among the other Indian tribes and was traded and bartered for with buckskin hides, moccasins, and other useful commodities. There are no other Indian tribes of North America who have the technique or wealth of design of the Thompsons. One is amazed that straight lines can be arranged in so many hundreds of ways to make geometrical figures. The decorations are done with cat-tail flags and the bark of the wild cherry, either dyed or in the natural color. Basket designs were inherited. When a new one was created it belonged to the family and was never copied by others.

In this generation the younger Thompsons are being torn between two paths: the white man's civilization and their own. It is doubtful if they will carry on their ancestral art. It is true that the baskets they make at present are not so well done as those of earlier times, for the soul of the weaver is not in her art, the object being compensation only. Old Thompson baskets are very difficult to secure and are quite valuable, having been made by the older women whose work is in great demand by collectors. In Germany and other European countries, many British Columbia Indian basket designs serve to decorate textiles and other articles.

The Indians living close to salt water were also stone boilers but they did not depend on baskets so much for their cooking. They fashioned wooden boxes out of boards by an ingenious method and also hollowed out pieces of alder and other hard woods to serve their needs. Tree trunks, often ten feet in length, were used, in many cases for feast bowls. These were beautifully carved with the owner's crest and inlaid with coast abalone shells. The boxes were made by grooving a board in three places on one side, then placing it in a ground trench filled with hot rocks over which water was poured to

produce steam. A covering of cedar mats was used to confine the vapor. When the board was thoroughly steamed, it was bent at the grooves to right angles, thus forming a perfect square. The ends were fastened together with wooden pegs. A grooved bottom was then pegged on, making the box water-tight. Boxes of this kind were made for many purposes. When an Indian speaks of his "box", he means an elaborately carved and painted chest containing the regalia of the clan of which he is a member. Some day it will probably be used to put his body in after the toil of life is over.

The Indians who live on Vancouver Island, the surrounding islands and in the neighboring State of Washington, make their baskets out of the same materials as their ancestors. The grasses used are gathered from the tide flats of the lagoons. They are dried and bleached in the sun and seasoned by hanging them up in the rafters of their houses. The material is then colored as desired with aniline dyes, whereas, in former times, they made their own dyes from vegetables and mineral substances.

Among the handiwork of the Nootka women it is very seldom that any two baskets can be found exactly alike. There are so many hundreds of border designs. These are attractive and, in every case, the lid matches the body of the basket.

The grass is woven around bottles of all shapes and sizes, made into shopping bags, mats and handy trinket baskets and other articles which strike the Indian's fancy. These articles are of intriguing beauty, decorated in brilliant colors with pictographs from their folk tales, some of which are told and illustrated in these pages. This basket work is eagerly sought by souvenir hunters who wish to carry away with them, as a memento of their visit, something made in British Columbia. Many, but of course not all, can buy from the Indian women themselves. If this cannot be done they can be obtained from stores specializing in such things and which usually give the printed story of the design. They are also secured by the residents of these regions to send to their friends overseas and elsewhere.

The Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, their kin in Alaska and the related Tsimshians were the most cultured tribes among the Coast Indians. Intercourse with the "Paleface" has greatly modified the trend of their genius. The baskets have suffered as well as the weaving of beautiful woolen cloth of exceptional fineness. Although slate totem poles and coin silver work have been improved considerably in the last decade or so, this art is now on the decline. The older workers of these arts are joining the spirits of their ancestral totems.

The basket work of each tribe varied, the Haidas originally made theirs in a bird-cage weave, using them for berrying, packing, crab nets and other purposes. These forms were also used by the Kwakiutls. At present they make their baskets mostly out of spruce roots, whereas, at one time, cedar bark was used more extensively. This fiber was made into cord, rope and matting, a material that all the Northwest tribes used. The spruce root baskets are very sturdy, the warp runs straight up instead of at an angle like that of the Nootka baskets. They are decorated with geometrical symbols in colors with a straw-like grass, some of them resembling the Greek Key. The designs are woven on the outside of the basket and never show through.

The Tsimshians made baskets of a similar weave to the Haidas but depended more on the cedar bark for material, though they have adopted the spruce root fiber in late years. Their older types were very rough and crude and are a great contrast, considering that the women folk of all tribes have such capable hands, doing their work with such beauty and loving care.

The Yak-utats of the Thlin-gets, who live along the Alaskan waterways, have a legend that the first basket was made in Skyland by the wife of the Sun, who had such a large family of children that she wished to place them on the Earth. One day she began to weave a basket of spruce roots with a long cord attached so that her children could be let down in to the world below. The Sun gazed proudly at his wife and her work, of which she soon became master, then teacher. Between them they wove a strong, flexible basket that was richly decorated with outstanding angular shapes of the Shining-Heavens-People.

The art and technique of basket making is gradually being improved by these simple children of nature. The materials for their weaving are collected in the early Spring when the sap begins to flow. At that time the bark is more easily removed from the root without its being injured. This requires great skill and practice. A specially shaped knife is used for the task which is generally done by the older and more experienced women. Grasses for decorating the baskets are picked in early summer before they mature. It is split and bleached in the sun, it is then dipped in boiling water and dyed in various colors. There are six different weaves as well as forty shapes. They are quite pliable and will endure hard use for years. When new the baskets are a beautiful cream that, in time, changes to a brownish shade. The Thlin-gets take great care with their patterns and handle them admirably.

The Attu women who live on the Island of Attu, one of the Aleutians, that chain of islands along the Great Circle of the Ocean's Highway to the Orient, have the reputation of making the finest woven baskets of all the Northern Indians. These are made from a grass collected at the end of summer. A thin strip is taken off the center rib with a needle and then is tested for its strength and color. The grass is seasoned by putting it in a cloth bag hung up in the house until ready for use. The baskets are made in a twining weave as fine as sewing and, being of such texture that it is supposed by some that the Attu baskets are woven under water. One lady tourist, so it is reported, could not understand how the Indians could sit beneath the cold, cold water and weave baskets. Such is not the case, the grass is merely kept damp with water to keep it from becoming brittle while being woven.

If you are not already a collector of Indian basket work you will find it an absorbing hobby. You cannot help but think of these women sitting in their humble homes through the long rainy days and nights, telling tales to their children and other listeners, weaving the patterns and symbols that are to be passed on to strangers who will probably never know their real meanings. Some tell the stories of their legendary heroes and others the joys and sorrows of the weaver. The Indians think that their white brothers are queer people. They get a great deal of amusement out of observing the tourist while the tourist is absorbed in observing them. There is one language that all the Indians know: "Buy Basket" "Cheap, Cheap," "Some Clothes," "Some Money."

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# The Aristocratic Aborigines

The Indians of the Northwest Coast had a method of binding the head of the growing infant with leather thongs, fastened to a flat board. This caused the skull to decrease in diameter and make it grow out behind, giving the effect shown by the Kloochoon in the picture. These cone-like heads were a mark of distinction and were not permitted to other than the children of freemen. This custom prevailed among some of the tribes until thirty-five years ago. Indians now living have the so-called sugar-loaf heads, one of the last marks from their barbarian ancestors.

The labret was also used by members of these tribes. It had several forms, the most popular being a piece of flat wood, grooved around the edge and inserted in a hole below the lower lip. When it was in use the lip was held out firm and straight but when it was taken out the lip fell down into place so that the tongue could be thrust through the opening, creating the impression among early explorers that the people had two mouths.

The natives tattooed the body as well as painting their faces with the symbols of their clan. Tattooing was generally applied on the backs of the arms and on the front of the legs, less frequently than on other parts of the body. The painting on their faces was done at potlatch feasts and was the identification mark of the clan or sept to which the individual belonged. Many older Totem Pole figures of men carry the facial markings, a custom that is now dying out.

The Indian woman shown in the frontispiece is weaving grass baskets. She is sitting on a cedar mat and wearing a double woven cape-like garment, made from the same material. Capes of this kind are still in use on Vancouver Island. They are very useful in the rainy season. With them the natives wear a flat, round hat, this also sheds the water. The chronicles of Captain Vancouver and other early voyagers, recorded that much of the clothing used by these uncivilized people was made of root fibers interwoven with the woolly hair of dogs which were bred for the purpose; these dogs, also used for food, are now extinct.

The Indians along the coast secured their food from the adjacent waters and were not land travellers. They did not use footwear of any kind either in summer or winter. In the cold weather these primitive people clothed themselves in garments of such value that the early adventurers chanced the hazards of the seven seas to barter for them. A small piece of iron often sufficed to buy a sea-otter hide or cloak, to be sold in China or American ports for a hundred dollars or more. These sea mammals have since been exterminated. A specimen of one may be seen in the Provincial Museum in Victoria.

Returning to the picture again: the Indian woman has to use a model of probably the original "Rock-a-bye-baby-in-the-tree-top." When the papoose frets, the cord is pulled with her toe. The wooden cradle then swings up and down and then to and fro. The house is decorated with the Black Fish (Killer Whale) Crest, showing that the inmate is a member of that clan, a sept of the Ocean people.

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# Stick Game

Among the aborigines of these regions gambling was one of the ruling passions. Although they had dice and throwing games, the most popular was the stick game. Each tribe had its own method of marking the sticks as well as of playing the game. Some were games of chance where luck prevailed; others required skill and the art of self-control.

Their games helped them in many ways to protect themselves from the forces of nature and from their enemies. They developed their powers of observation, trained the eye and hand. All these accomplishments stood them in good stead when attacked by the enemy with spear or club. A quick twist of the body or a movement of the hand or arm enabled them to ward off a fatal blow, thus saving their lives and often overcoming their antagonists as well.

Stick games were played in many ways. One game, "Le-hal", was played with thirty to fifty sticks of bone or wood from four to six inches in length. Each stick was marked with a symbol denoting its value. The players, sometimes as many as twenty, took their positions opposite each other. The sticks were divided among the players who covered them with a blanket, pieces of bark, or grass. A captain was appointed for each side. The player then took two sticks of different values and began to switch them from hand to hand with such lightning speed that it would puzzle the observer as to which hand held the winning stick. This was accompanied by the beating of drums or the rattle of deer's hoofs tied together and a rhythm of song. Oftentimes the spectators would join in the noise, making it harder for the one who was doing the guessing to control his emotions and judge the facial expressions of his opponent. If the stick was guessed rightly, it was then tossed over to the winner. If not, the guesser paid one himself.

There were many other games: dice, made of the curved teeth of the beaver. These were divided with threads of sinew and marked with dots between each strand.

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# The Thunder Bird

The Thunder Bird is the crest of the Raven Clan. It is not a mere idol, but a powerful, mystic emblem having its origin among the native tribes of British Columbia. The Medicine men and other members of these tribes believe that the Thunder Bird is a powerful god, under whose protection come brotherhood, peace plenty and goodwill. He is the Sagalie Tyee (Creator God), and when he flaps his wings and blinks his eyes it rains and the storm rages; thus the evil spirits are driven to the lonely, high, mountain ranges.

Keep this emblem always and you will be under the protection of the Thunder Bird wherever you may be. It will bring you the best that life has to offer; your business dealings will prosper, the course of your love will run smooth, and goodwill toward your fellow creatures will fill your heart and will be returned a hundredfold.

This symbol is protected by numerous members of the clan scattered throughout this land and the possession of it, or the presence of a likeness of it in your house, will enable your fellow members to know you at sight wherever you may meet them. They are people whose sense of humor is strong, their hospitality is unlimited, they are jealous of the glory of this brotherhood and all the emblem stands for and will go far and do much for a Tillicum. Hyiu-Tillicum (Much Friend) is the password.

As a member of the Thunder Bird Fellowship you must resolve to live an upright and honorable life, distinguishing your name and yourself by Mamook (Good Works). Siam (The Bear) will come to your aid and give you strength and wisdom to paddle your own Camin (Canoe).

Seek out the silent places, ramble among the works of nature and gaze upon the sky and the green earth and so you will talk with Sagalie Tyee (The Great Spirit) who lives everywhere, in the trees, in the flowers, in the sun and wind, in the blades of grass, in the Skookum Chuck (Rivers) and in the Salt Chuck (Sea).

Live a simple life and waste not, for what cannot be used today can be held for tomorrow. Be clean in mind and body for if you are not, Tootooch (Thunder Bird) will be vexed with you, shaking his wings in thunder and flashing his eyes in lightning to show his anger.

Strive always for reputation for generosity of word and deed. Potlatch (give), that you may receive. Be kind and just, affectionate to children and to the aged and infirm. Make your word your bond. Call upon Siam (The Bear) for aid in helping you deal rightly by your tillicums and fellowmen.

Let the words "Put yourself in his place" be your guiding principle of conduct at all times.

Follow the rules and spread glory and reputation of the Raven Clan.

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# Eena, The Beaver

The Beaver, the supernatural giant of extraordinary intelligence was captured and adopted by Kilisnu of the Kicksetti People. The Beaver was greatly respected for he could live longer under water than any other animal. He dwelt in a house in Salmon Lake which was so cunningly constructed that no one was ever able to enter. It was Beaver who showed the Indians how to make Salmon Weir. He also cut two spears with beautiful handles with his sharp teeth. When he was not using these to spear salmon he hid them in a hollow log. One day the spears were found by three members of the tribe, who used them with such results that they were able to give a bountiful supply of salmon to all inhabitants of their village.

They showed the spears to the village Chief, Kilisnu, claiming to have made them and to have given them great magic. But Beaver said: "I made them." This caused great confusion to the other claimants who became very jealous of Beaver as well as of each other. Then they mocked the Beaver and ridiculed him and made him the butt of their jokes, all the time keeping out of the way of his sharp teeth. At last Beaver got so angry that he took up one of the magic spears and threw it at the Chief, killing him and many others. Then he went to his floating house in the middle of Salmon Lake and in four days dug a tunnel under the Indian village, undermining the houses so that they sank into a pool. Those of the tribesmen who survived were forever after allowed to use the Beaver on their crest and so his crest has been used down the ages by many tribes through inter-marriage.

Beaver is nearly always shown gnawing his magic spear with his sharp teeth. Because of his industry he is almost always associated with Raven (Thunder Bird) on Totem Poles. He is also carved on the popular Kicksetti Totem Pole at Juneau.

There are other legends of the Beaver that tell of how the Indians acquired their crests by more honorable means than this story indicates.

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# Ol-Hiyo, The Seal

The Seal Society among the Kwakiutls was one of the most important of their dancing and drama-acting bodies at their Winter feasts. Among the younger members of the tribe it was their first step to initiation into the higher orders.

There is no other animal that lives in the sea that is more useful to the Indian than the Seal. It furnishes a large amount of meat and fat and could be used for making clothing and blankets. Its intestines could be used for making floats, for nets and for many other purposes. Being t mid, it could be approached easily on the rocky islands or on sand bars close to where rivers emptied into the Salt Chuck (Sea).

The seals flesh was used at important feasts, the most tender and desirable parts being reserved for the highest guest. Therefore the seal symbol was used mostly for the decoration of the Indian's dishes and cooking vessels. These were sometimes ornamented, in many cases with coast abalone shells.

The Kwakiutl have a legend that at one time the Thunder Bird came to a man's house close to a river's mouth. Near by, on the rocks, was a herd of seal sleeping. Tootooch (Thunder Bird), with a rough club, killed them all. Building himself a fire he heated stones and upon these placed the seals to roast. After they had all been consumed he was still hungry. He borrowed the man's boat and seal spear and returned with four more seals. Rebuilding the fire he placed them on the rocks to cook so that he could carry them away with him. Close by was a big cedar stump. Thunder Bird said to the Stump, "Don't you wish you had some?" And then, he went into the woods for some skunk-cabbage leaves in which to wrap the seal meat. While he was gone, the Stump moved over and sat upon the seals which Thunder Bird had been cooking. When Thunder Bird came back and saw what the Stump had done he was so angry that he cried and cursed, as he was afraid he would get very hungry before he found any more seals.

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# Kutze-Ce-Te-Ut, The Wood Worm

The Wood Worm legend is a very important incident to the tribes affiliated with the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands and the Mainland of British Columbia.

A daughter of a Chief had entered her maha-pil-pil (period of puberty) and was kept hidden behind a screen, not being allowed to come in contact with any other member of the tribe other than her own family for fear that she would make them lose their luck. Nor was she allowed to go near the river for fear that she would gaze on the salmon and that they would turn back, thus bringing hardship upon the tribe through their not being able to secure the fish for food. It was also believed that a girl at this stage of womanhood possessed great magical power.

One day, while putting wood on the fire, a stick kulakula (wood worm) fell from the bark. She picked it up carefully and wrapped it in a blanket. She took the worm to her sleeping place and offered it some food but it would not eat. Then she offered it her breast. From then on it grew very rapidly. She fondled her worm as if it was her own child, keeping it secreted behind the food boxes. Her mother, noticing her continual absences, came upon her fondling the worm which had grown as big as a man.

The Chief was called to look and was greatly amazed as he had never seen such a thing before. He held a consultation with the daughter's uncle. Her uncle invited her to his house for a special dish of food, much to her liking, and while she was eating he stole away to look at the wood worm. That evening the people were called together and they were told of the monster. They were told that the food and grease boxes were emptied at such a rate that soon the tribe would be on the verge of starvation and that it might give them some fatal disease. The following day the girl was again asked to her uncle's house and when she was away the men of the village took their long sharp fish spears and killed the object of their fear. When the girl returned to her apartment she found the elf dead. She cried bitterly, accusing the people of slaying her child. She then sang songs about Kutze-ce-te-ut until she died of grief.

In commemoration of this event the descendants of this girl's family display the figure of Kutze-ce-te-ut as the crest of their ancestors. A totem pole with a carving of a Wood Worm is difficult to secure. It is more often found engraved on the native silver work.

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# Kee-War-Kow, The Sun

This symbol belongs to the Shining Heavens, the town of the Sky People. It is the clan totem of the Tsimshians, living along the Nass and Skeena Rivers. The Indians have legends of the influence of the Sun upon their predecessors who lived in a rich mountain valley abundant in game and fruits and rivers which teemed with salmon.

In the Skyland there were the houses of the Sun, Moon, Stars and the Rainbow. Living within the Rainbow House was the Son of the Sun, the Creator of the Sunbeams. In the other houses lived the Smoke Kloochooman (Cloud Woman), the Fair-Weather Woman, The power of Sleep Woman, the Hiyu-wind Kloochooman (Storm Woman), Woman Watch Her Husband and the Story Woman. These are all the Grandmothers of Indian mythology.

Sun controlled the destinies of the Indians and was looked upon as the Creator of the Universe. In this house it was perpetual sunlight and the light was controlled for the use of mortals by opening and closing the great doors in the East and the West.

A great well called the Well of Sickness and Death went down from Skyland to the Earth. When the cover of the well was removed, the inhabitants of the earth were seen below whose spirits, after death, were drawn up the well into the celestial regions. Then the good and evil spirits are separated by burning them in the fires of life. The ashes were then cast to the Earth to be reincarnated in unborn souls.

Sun revealed to the Indians the arts of the chase and gaming, as Sun was a gambler. He also gave them Nanitsh (insight) into the natures of the animals of the wilds, which enabled them to hunt with success. He hardened them for the labor of life, taught them how to erect their fishing weirs and traps, to acquire stores of salmon by spearing them from the walls of steep canyons. Sun taught the womenfolk the crafts of the household, the weaving of clothing from the wool of the mountain goat and from cedar bark and the preserving of food.

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# Sisuith Or Se-Sook, The Two-Headed Snake

Among the clan legends of the Northwest Indians at Alert Bay, one of the most important is that of Sisuith or Se-Sook.

Sisuith was a fabulous double-headed, horned, Oluk (Snake) with his heads one at each end. In the middle there was a human head with two protruding horns. This Ta-mah-nous oluk (mystic snake) had the power to assume the shape of a fish and it was said that when he swam in the rivers he was measuring the life of the people.

The penalty of seeing, touching or eating Sisuith was a horrifying death. The joints of the victim were dislocated and the body bent backwards until the head touched the heels. Wherever Sisuith's pil-pil (blood) touched the skin of a human being, it turned to stone.

The ancestors of the Indians possessed supernatural Skookum (power) and were favored by Sisuith. If they possessed a belt made of his cast-off skin they were capable of performing magical feats such as turning Sisuith into a canoe which could move very rapidly through the water with the aid of its powerful fins. The eyes could be used as slinging stones with disastrous effect against their enemies.

The Houses of these mythical people had Sisuith carved on their cross-beams and when visitors entered the tongues of the serpent would constantly wag.

These symbols are used by clan members today in the ornamenting of their houses and articles of daily use. They are also carved on their Totem Poles.

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# The Ill-Jow

The Ill-Jow is a hand-hammered amulet of pil chickamin (Native Copper) or of a silver coin held together with a thread of sinew or cotton through the small holes in the flange of the charm.

The Ill-Jow comes from the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia. It is a symbol of the Spirit of Theft, a bringer of good fortune to its owner. The spirit would oft-times get behind a person's back and cunningly make a thief or robber out of his victim. To ward off this spirit and curtail his desire, the victim, possessing the "Good Medicine" Charm, would be guided in the paths of uprightness. If strict attention were paid to the charm it would overcome the evil. If this was done the victim was assured of prosperity and great riches would be his.

The Ill-Jow must come into the possession of the owner by theft. When obtained it is to be stuffed with threads, hair, bits of blanket or other small articles pilfered from others. The stuffed charm should be hidden among one's personal belongings, clothing or such, although it may be carried on the person. It should not be used for adornment and should be carried in a small bag for the purpose to prevent its coming under the human vulgar gaze. The Ill-Jow is to be resurrected occasionally and petitioned to give it Skookum (Strength and Courage) to promote the success of any project that is toward. The charm must be guarded with the utmost secrecy. Among the Indians who harbor this amulet it is considered a disgrace to let the other members of the tribe know, or even surmise that the "Medicine Charm" has been adopted. Once the charm has been secured it can never be passed to another to be disposed of. It should be thrown into a body of water or dropped into a deep well.

To gain possession of this talisman have some unsuspecting person barter for it or purchase it as for himself.

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# Ho-Xhok, (Ho-Hook), The Crane

Among the Kwakiutl Indians, the Ho-Xhok was recognized as a fabulous bird, and always associated with the Thunder Bird. Ho-Xhok is represented as having a beak similar to that of a crane. This supernatural bird was the size of a man and could change herself into a human being by the power of his will. She is often placed with the Thunder Bird on the Totem Poles. At the Winter ceremonies of the Indian secret societies, this character would be portrayed with the utmost care. A great many rehearsals would be held in order to make the performance as realistic as possible and deceive the audience by sleight of hand.

The mask of the Ho-Xhok used at these winter feasts was made of red cedar, three to four feet in length. From it hung wooden carvings of human skulls on strips of cedar bark. In addition, the wearer would have on a cedar bark neck ring, cedar bark cuffs and leggings, a breach clout and a Chilkat blanket.

A legend of the tribes affiliated with the Kwakiutls gives this version: A number of women went to a nearby island to dig fern roots and the tender sprouts for food. While they were there a small fire was made to warm some dried whale meat. The smell of it and the human odor attracted the attention of Ho-Xhok who was at the top of a tall tree. As he came down he sharpened his beak on the bark of the branches. Upon reaching the ground he covered his beak and assumed the form of a man. When he came to the women they spread a mat for their guest on which was some whale meat. Ho-Xhok became angry and said: I do not eat whale meat, I only eat the brains of man." He then uncovered his beak and broke a woman's skull open and ate her brain.

One of the woman's companions who was hiding, slipped away in a canoe to the tenas town (village) and told the Tyee (Chief) of the tribe what had happened. The tribe held council and resolved to make war on Ho-Xhok. The chief came to the place where the slain woman lay and took her blood and rubbed it on himself. He then took a cedar board and fastened it to the tree, making a trap. Putting some whale meat on the fire he waited for Ho-Xhok to come down the tree again. As Ho-Xhok came down, sharpening his ruddy beak on the bottom of the tree, his beak stuck in the trap. The Chief called upon his Totem Spirit to give him strength and then ran and killed the fabulous bird by breaking off his bill and pushing him into the fire. This act liberated the tribe and gave the Chief and his daughters the right to use Ho-Xhok for their family crest and to pass it on to future generations.

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# Shwah Kuk, The Frog

According to the mythology of the Nootka Tribes of Vancouver Island, Saghalie Tyee, Creator of the Universe, lived in the Celestial Regions, where two gigantic frogs were the guardians of his household. When Huloima Tillicum (strangers) approached, the frogs would croak loudly to warn their master of their coming. The frogs had many other duties to perform. When the sun became too hot, it was the task of the frogs to regulate the heat. They also had means of correcting the Kula-Kula (birds) who made too much noise, disturbing the Creator's rest. They also acted as heralds, going around the Tenas-Town (village), giving out the orders of the day.

Another mythical story comes from the Tsim'shian tribes, Skeena River, British Columbia. As the voice of the frog was very strong and could be heard for long distances across the chuck (water), and was therefore a guide for the Indians in foggy weather, great attention was paid to his croaking. Long ago, a man and his wife were crossing a large bay. It was very foggy. They heard the croaking of a frog which guided them to the shore, for the frog was croaking all the time in their language, saying over and over again: "I will show you a place of safety." The Indians turned their canoe towards the place where this voice seemed to come from and finally reached the shore: "This frog is mine." The woman screamed: "No, it is mine! I will keep it!" Thus they argued until at last the woman took the frog and treated it like her own child. She took it to a lake in the woods and left it there, praising it for the noise it made which had helped them to find the shore.

A chief of great importance, whose presence was particularly desired at a Potlatch, was invited. When he appeared he surprised the other guests by wearing a kamo-suk (necklace) of live frogs tied leg to leg. Since that time his family have used the frog for a crest.

According to other Indian legends the supernatural Siam itchwoot (Grizzly Bear) was mortally afraid of frogs. Frogs were often put on Totem Poles or houses to prevent them falling down or being destroyed. The frog is used on the Totem Poles of Kit-wanga, along the Sheen,. River, also on Poles of Alaska, the most popular being Kicksetti or Tlingets.

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## Chee-Che-Ka, The Mink

Mink was a snooping individual. One day, when making his way through the forest, he climbed to the top of a split off cedar to get his bearings. From there he could see a lake. On the beach was a man busy with a canoe. Mink came down and approached the man who was loading it up with the carcasses of deer. After exchanging greetings he asked if he could help and the man agreed. When the deer had been loaded Mink made a mental count of them; ikt, moxt, klone, la-kit, kwin-in-num, tagh'-um, sin-a-mokat, stote-kin, kwaist, taht-lum, he counted in Chinook, ten. "Now," thought he, "Here's a chance to get something to eat." He asked if he could go along to the stranger's village and he was assured that he could. Getting into the canoe he took a paddle with which he worked industriously. At last they came to a village that was set back fifty yards from the bank. Suddenly he observed that the deer were being unloaded out of the canoe and put into the houses. This looked strange to the Mink as he did not see any people around. He asked the man how many houses were in the village. The man replied, "Forty, and in each house live thirty people."

Mink thought he would take a look around so going into the dwelling places he found, lying around, stone knives, spears, and bows and arrows. The fires were burning, heating stones to be put in the wooden boxes, filled with water to boil food, also others on which to roast the deer that had been in the canoe. It seemed as if a meal were being prepared. In every house he visited it was the same. No people were visible. Then the cunning and greed of Mink got the better of him. Why not take what he wanted, load the canoe and leave for whence he came? With that in mind he got into the canoe with all it would hold and paddled away about two hundred yards when the canoe was pulled back by an invisible cord. Try as he would, he could not paddle more than a hundred yards from the shore after that. He was always being pulled back. After paddling in the hot sun almost all afternoon, sweating, tired and hungry, Mink had to give up and assume his animal form again and then swim to the opposite bank. Mink never again went to the town of the invisible people.

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# Le-Loo, The Wolf

The Wolf was the sacred animal spirit of the Shaman (Medicine Man) and his Tillicums (Family). The Wolf people are one of the oldest clans of the primitive Northwest Indians.

The legend of the Nootka Indians, of Vancouver Island, is as follows: They thought that if they could secure the young Wolf and take from him some inner part to rub on the outer side of their canoes, it would bring them great luck when whaling. Great whale hunters of this tribe were supposed to have secured the charm.

The ancestors of the tribes who lived along the Skeena, known to them as Coola Chuck Snase (The River of the Mist), acquired the Wolf crest by befriending the animal and for this service it became their guardian spirit.

Long ago, when winter snows were deep, a wolf came to a Chief's house one morning. He was in great pain and could not eat. The old Chief said to his nephews: "See whether there is anything hurting the Wolf." They did this and, finding a piece of bone caught in his throat, they removed it. Then more snow came and hunger stalked among the people. The Wolf returned in the form of a man and beckoned them to follow him. He led the Indians to a place where he had killed many caribou for their use.

The Wolf represents the genius of the land. He is carved on many totem poles. The Nootkans weave the symbol in their grass baskets and it is used on many other articles of their mamook (handicraft).

Members of the Wolf Clan are always welcome at the ceremonial Winter dances as they are keen for any game. One of their theme songs is: "He who steps upon the high places of the Earth."

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# Wolalee, The Salmon

The Salmon is a symbol of abundance as it furnished the Indians with their principal food. The Indians have many beliefs about its origin, also as to how to prolong its migration. The ancient Thompson tribes who fished at Hell Gate along the Fraser River, believed that the Salmon must never be cut across the grain, for the living fish would then leave the waters, also that the head and entrails were to be cast back into the river in order to propagate its species.

A legend of the Kwakiutls tells of Tootooch (Thunder Bird's) hunger for salmon. In order to obtain them he married the Salmon Creek Woman, but she concealed her fish and told him that there were no more. But after she fed her child Tootooch saw the salmon crumbs between his teeth.

Then there began a Skookum hyak cooley (Salmon run) up the river. Thunder Bird helped her to catch them for their Winter food. He kept on eating so many of the salmon that the Salmon Klootchman (Salmon Woman) became alarmed for the welfare of her child. "He is eating the inside of the house out," she thought. Packing up what remained and taking her child, she left him without spear or net. Thunder Bird was never able to find his wife again which grieved him very much, so he started on new adventures. Coming to a town along the river he saw the Salmon House floating by. It was filled with live Salmon. He tried in vain to pull it to the shore but could not. Seeking aid, he spied an old man who was passing, using a magic walking stick made from the tentacle of an octopus. Thunder Bird bargained with the old man for the loan of his walking stick and he had to promise him some of the Salmon.

Receiving the stick he pointed it toward the house and the stick stretched itself out, the suckers of the octopus fastening themselves to the house with a death-like grip.

Thunder Bird tried again to pull it to the shore but, try as he would, he did not have enough strength. Then he said to the rocks, "Get up and help me."

But the rocks did not move so to punish them he said: "You shall lie like that on the ground forever."

Close by were some trees. In a mild tone he asked them for help and they attached their branches to the stick and, by swaying to and fro with the aid of the wind, they were able to pull the house to the shore.

Jumping into the house, Thunder Bird found many salmon. After eating his fill, he told the balance of the fish to go up the different creeks and propagate their kind.

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# Chet-Woot, The Bear

Among the Indian tribes of Alaska and British Columbia there are many tales relating how their ancestors acquired an additional totem for their family poles. This particular one is of interest on account of the British Columbia Totem Pole standing at the Yesler Way in Seattle.

It is a story of the Bear. This animal left a lasting impression upon the Indian's minds whenever they came in contact with one in its native haunts. At Potlatch Feasts the members of the Bear Clan were warmly welcomed. Considerable interest would be taken in their imitations and antics which would cause much laughter and gaiety.

Long ago, a lonely village maid of the Crow Clan, affiliated with the Ravens, went with other members of the tribe to gather raspberries at a place burned over by a fire of their own making. When crawling over a fallen tree trunk, she stepped in a slippery place where a bear had been. Her companions joked and laughed at her misfortune at which she laughed as well. Lagging behind, she was accosted by a young man who was the Bear in human form. He fell in love with her and asked her to come to his home and they would be married. She agreed and followed him up stream and over hills for four moons finally coming to the Bear's house in which lived his parents and brothers and sisters.

The maid was given the toil of a slave and unpleasant tasks to perform, so that the parents could gauge her usefulness in these tasks. She had to carry the water and get the sticks to keep the fire burning. The sticks she collected were dry but the sisters put them in water so that they would not burn and did other things to discourage her so she would not marry their brother. Not being able to keep the fire going was considered a disgrace, an indication that she would not make a good wife. In her discouragement she left the Bear's house, travelling alone over the hills and along streams for four moons. Coming back to her home, she related what had happened to her former companions.

In after years she told this story to her sons and daughters and to commemorate the event she made for each one of them a Chilkat blanket on which was told the story of her adventure. Later the family took the Bear as a totem crest.

Since that time it has been the custom for the mothers belonging to this clan to make a Chilkat blanket and give one to each of her children. The writer of these legends has one of the blankets.

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## Men-A-Mooks, The Otter Spirit

Nearly every woman was supposed to possess the Otter Spirit and some of them had more than one. The more she had the greater would be her dignity. To possess none at all would be to command very little respect, therefore few women were willing to admit the absence of this spirit. It was supposed to be a good omen although at times it was known to cause death. The Otter Spirit lived within the woman, just above the stomach, making itself known by a peculiar sound and sometimes it rose with n the mouth, but it was never seen. However, some say it has been seen and, when taken out of the mouth. it is a small dark object. The women having this spirit are always conscious of its presence. It was not good for a man to acquire the Otter Spirit and it was hard for him to get rid of it unless he would seek out a Klootchman Doctin (Woman Doctor) and allow her to suck it from him through his lips.

If a woman who harbored the spirit mentioned to any other, she was ungrateful and it would cause the Spirit to do her a grievous bodily harm.

The Land Otter from which this spirit arises, was always regarded with much reverence and was considered sacred. Its flesh was never eaten or its meat burnt as offering to the Klatawa Tumtum (Departed Souls).

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# Pi-Chikamin, The Gift Copper

The gift coppers were curiously shaped plates two and a half feet in length and weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. They were made from native copper brought from Alaska and the Nass River. These coppers were beautifully etched and painted with the symbols of the owner's clan.

The typical shape of the copper was a raised "T" in the centre. The lower part was called the hind end and the upper part, which was decorated, was called the face. The actual value of the piece of copper was small but, like our bills of high denomination, they represented a large number of blankets made from the hides of fur-bearing animals, and of buckskin. Later, when the white man traded among them, the Indians used the cotton and woolen blanket.

Some coppers had the value of five thousand to seventy-five hundred blankets. The most valuable coppers were etched with Sea Bear, Beaver, and the Moon, the one shown here is of the Sea Bear who was Lord and Ruler of the deep.

Coppers were sometimes offered for sale by a rival. If the offer was not accepted it was an acknowledgment that the chief and members of the tribe did not have blankets enough to make the purchase. However, if the rival tribe had bought the copper, it could then be sold back to the original owner, but always at a higher price.

The ceremonies when selling these coppers were very elaborate and were conducted during the winter festivals. Wealthy Chiefs, giving potlatches, would sometimes break their coppers in pieces and present them to the most important guests or throw the pieces into the sea. This was to show his utter disregard for its value on account of his wealth. This act would give him greater prestige in the community.

A copper was considered an insignia of distinguished leadership, bringing luck to its owner and warding off evil spirits.

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# "Property Woman Or Great Grandmother"

The ancient aristocratic aborigines of the Northwest Coast at all times had property in mind. This consisted of furs, blankets, canoes, slaves, totem crests and wives. His chief interest lay in marrying a mate who could bring him property. He always looked forward to capturing the Mythical Great Grandmother or Property Woman, or to hear the cry of her child. Even this could bring riches.

Property Woman was described as having a cone-shaped head acquired by the method of binding her skull when she was an infant. Hence, the name "Flat Head". The practice was adopted by the aristocracy of many Indian Tribes as a badge of distinction. The child was called "Carried-on-the-back".

Property Woman was always spoken of as having brownish hair that draped her form, was young, and would never grow old and had a sweet voice. When heard by a man she caused him to become wealthy. If a piece of her blanket was found more riches would be acquired. Medicine Men would often eat magic herbs so that they could speak with her. The Indians, when searching for clams on sandy beaches, were always on the lookout for the way she laid out the clams in four squares. Again, they might find a place where she had buried her shell labret or some other article from her personal adornments.

Many chiefs claimed to have caught the Property Woman. Medicine men in their arrogance, claimed that she brought them gifts of food.

It is very seldom that the Property Woman is found on a Totem Pole, although she belongs to the Raven People.

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# Slag'ame, The Butterfly

Among the many adventures and travels of Thunder Bird, while he was putting the finishing touches on creation, he met with Butterfly, who was also travelling around. They became quite chummy. Being supernatural, they were in their human form. They came to a Siwash Tyee's (Indian Chief's house on the Queen Charlotte Islands. The chief invited the tired travellers to stay for Muckamuck (dinner). Thunder Bird, wishing to uphold his dignity, did not wish to talk to ordinary mortals, so Butterfly did the interpreting.

The host asked Thunder Bird if he would like some boiled salmon with oolichan grease. Butterfly said that Thunder Bird did not eat salmon and ate both portions himself. Thunder Bird was then asked if he would like some tender seal meat, his favorite dish. Again Butterfly said that Thunder Bird did not care for seal. Thunder Bird was then handed some dried o'lil-lie (berry) cakes. Butterfly took them from him, saying that such things made him sick. The host was very angry, not knowing how to please Thunder Bird. He did not have anything more to offer him except some stale and smelly salmon so this was presented to the important guest. Butterfly said that Thunder Bird was very fond of tainted fish, but he could not eat, although he tried. By this time he too was getting very angry so he got up and left with Butterfly, who was so full of food that he could hardly walk, tagging along.

The trail took them to a creek spanned by a shaky cedar log. Thunder Bird crossed over the log first but Butterfly was afraid to cross because he was tired and drowsy. Thunder Bird said he would steady the log for him but when he mounted it Thunder Bird rolled the log on top of Butterfly. This removed all the food from his stomach. After Thunder Bird had eaten the food he sewed Butterfly up. That is why Butterfly is always flat.

Butterfly is carved on the totem poles of the Haidas. It is also woven into baskets and other fibre articles of the Indian tribes of Vancouver Island.

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# Shaman, The Medicine Man

The Shaman, to whom all the Indians looked for wisdom, was their counsellor in sickness and health. At all times he was looked to to keep the evil spirits under control. This spiritual power was generally hereditary although it could be acquired by going into the fastnesses of the forest. He had to be clean so he lived in seclusion, fasting often, only eating fruits and roots and living in such a state of near-starvation as would produce delirium and trance-like dreams and visions. After arriving at that state, with wondrous eyes he would choose a Tahmahnawis (Spirit) from among the surrounding ghosts. It might be a beast or a bird, a rock or even a mountain. This he would call upon to give him special magical and spiritual powers to cure the sick, insure the success of the hunt, to bring success in fishing and to foretell events and happenings in distant places. The newly made Medicine man would then stagger back to his village if he had the strength and did not die on the way. There he would proclaim to the tribe the things he had encountered. After his family had nursed him back to health the chiefs would consult with him and, if he possessed an active imagination, which he usually did, the tribe would call "Wild Man's Society" together in the assembly house where the wonders which he had seen in the forest would be recounted, emphasis being placed on the magic the Totem had given him.

Then there would be feasting, the Shaman would speak in a mumble of words, supposedly the language the Spirit used, wearing a peculiar nose ornament, dressed as the Spirit for whom he was speaking, using an oval rattle and blowing through a carved, hollow, white bone, suspended by a cord from his neck. He would also wear a long bone thrust through the septum of his nose. He would destroy the spirits of the enemies of the invited guests. This would cause much disorder. Food was then put in the fire to keep the spirits well fed. Incidentally, thereafter they had to generously supply the living as well, for he controlled this spirit and was in good repute with the demon so that their desires would be granted.

If this was not done the Shaman would oftentimes be put to death.

When a Shaman died his body was put into a carved box and placed in the branches of a tree or on a high stump. His soul was supposed to go to some special place. in the Skyland. Most Shamans had great power over their people and generally were very halo-klahowya (wealthy).

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# Chak-Chak, The Eagle

Years ago the ancestors of the Eagle Clan believed in an after-life for all creatures. Food cast into the fire became invisible and everlasting and was for the departed spirits to partake of on their journey to the spirit land where they entered a greater and more wonderful life.

When Od-euons (The Great Eagle) is shown on totem poles of the Eagle Clan, it sometimes signifies this legend:

A fearless, strong brave was killed in battle. At death his spirit strayed to Eagleland, a remote mythical village of the sky region on the West coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Upon his arrival he was received with a welcome by Od-euons, the Great Eagle Chief. As time went on, the brave proved that he was an untiring and fearless hunter of whales, the Eagle's mortal enemies, who dominated all oceans. The Whale Chief was the Right Whale, who had never been conquered. He could blow spouts of water high above the clouds, which was a warning of death for those who had many combats with the Right Whale, leaving many scars on the Whale's tough hide from his sharp claws. He would relate these adventures of strength and cunning to his fellow Eagles who regarded him as a cowardly old braggart.

The young brave was determined that he would show that the power of the Right Whale was a myth. He would conquer this master of the seas single-handed. Making his way high over the ocean he sighted the mammoth whale. Soaring high above, he waited for an opportunity to attack the whale unawares, and, when his chance came, he swooped down, digging his powerful talons deep into the flesh of the enemy, flapping his wings, straining every muscle, he could not raise the foe. The young eagle had to call his fellow eagles for help. As the ethics of their brotherhood demands that they always lend a hand to a brother, they flew to his aid. The wise old Eagle, hearing the call, sharpened his talons and rushed into the fray just in time for his fellows were badly weakened. Not only were they likely to lose the battle, but all of them might be destroyed as well. The coming of the old eagle changed the tide of battle. He showed his strength and daring by picking up the whale and carrying it homeward.

Thus the oldest and wisest saved his tribe from destruction. The old eagle was so pleased with the young eagle's conduct and daring that he gave him his daughter in marriage in celebration of the victory.

Ever after, the wise one, named Od-euons, means Great Eagle, the Mighty.

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# Kwel-Kwel, The Owl

This crest is used by the Tsimshian and Nootka Tribes for ornamenting objects pertaining to the clan and illustrating certain incidents in their legendary history.

A great Chief had a son who was always crying. His father sent him out of the house saying: "The White Owl shall fetch you." The boy went out with his Kahpho (sister). The White Owl came and carried the girl to the top of a lightning-stripped hemlock. The people could hear her crying but were unable to climb the tree to get her down. When she ceased to cry she was married to the Owl. They had a child, a son.

When the son grew up it was the desire of his mother to send him to her people. A head-dress of the owl was made for him by his mother and then his father composed a song for him. The Owl then carried them both back to his wife's home in the village.

When the girl's mother saw her grandson she was very frightened but she was assured by her daughter that he was her grandson. The Owl and the boy's mother then flew away.

When the boy became of age, his grand-parents gave a Hiu Muckamuck (feast) in his honor, and presents were distributed among the guests. This gave him and his descendants the right to use the Owl crest on their totem.

The Owl is regarded with reverence. The Nootka Indians of the West Coast of Vancouver Island believe that the spirits of all Medicine Men pass at death into the Owl Spirit.

The Indian never answers an owl when he says "Hoo Hoo", for, if the Indian should answer: "Who? Who" the Owl would then reply: "You, you". This would mean that the Indian would shortly die.

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# Skam-M, The Halibut

Long ago, when the Raven was performing the miracle of making the creatures of the universe, his work always made him tired and hungry. He stopped to do a little fishing, catching a peculiar fish which he wished to keep fresh so he did not kill it. How to keep the fish from flapping around and probably leaping out of the canoe puzzled him so going to the shore he went to the spruce trees and took some of the gum from their bark. This he fashioned into a woman whom he called Skam-m. He then commanded her to grow quickly and be beautiful. Then he told her to sit on the fish he had caught, promising her a part of it when he was through fishing. As the day was hot, for the sun was high, he wanted to get a good mess of fish as soon as possible, so without looking behind him he called: "Skam-m, are you there?" Skam-m answered "Oh." Shortly after he called again: "Skam-m, kla howya (How are you)?" To which she replied again: "Oh." As the sun was getting warmer, Raven called again: "Skam-m, are you still there?" To which she replied, in a weak voice, "Oh."

Raven looked around, trying to locate the small, feeble voice, only to find that a sticky pitch had taken her place. He was so surprised and angry that he cursed, for he could not eat a fish that was covered with pitch and had to throw it overboard. That is why the Halibut skin is dark on the top side and white beneath, burnt by hot pitch, has misplaced, pop-eyes and is flat by being sat upon by Skam-m. Halibut is flat even today. The Indians, when fishing, remembering Raven's experience always kill a halibut when caught, with a stout club.

The further experiences of Raven tell of him coming to the place where Siam Itchwood (Grizzly Bear) lived. He asked Grizzly Bear if he would like to go fishing for halibut, so they agreed to start early the next morning. Taking the canoe they went to a place where it was known to be good fishing. They fixed their fish hooks and put them in the sea. Only Raven caught halibut. When the canoe was full. Grizzly Bear asked Raven what he used for bait. Raven replied: "Gildasquyil." This Indian word has never been identified.

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# Welala, The Mountain Spirit

Welala is the mountain spirit of the Tsimshian tribes of the Nass and Skeena Rivers of British Columbia. It is also used by the Tlingets of Alaska and is found on the well known Kicksetti Totem Pole at Wrangell. The Indians believe that everything has a spirit. The soul came from the body and the body changed to stone, hence the Mountain Spirit.

The legend of Welala tells of a great hunter who was pursuing a bear he had wounded. The bear reached a steep cliff on a mountain where a door opened through which he entered. As the hunter came to the doorway he heard the voice of Welala singing: "Hap, hap." Then he fainted. The soul from his body was then levitated and transported into a secret council chamber in the mountain's hollow interior and into the presence of the great Chief Welala, who was wearing a bear skin.

The great Welala gave the hunter the right to use the ornaments that he himself was wearing and, from a carved box he took a dance mask, a small bearskin, a cedar-bark neck ring and other articles like those used at Winter dances. Welala also gave the hunter power to fly all over the world to seek and devour his enemies.

With the ornaments the hunter adorned himself and flew over Illahie (The Earth) for the space of four years, killing and devouring all whom he found in the woods.

Finally he came to his own village where the Medicine Men of his tribe succeeded in capturing him. He was then taken to his family where he was cured of his wandering and evil ways with the aid of magic herbs and was allowed to dance Welala dances until he was exhausted. The Village Chief then gave him back his slaves, coppers and canoes.

The Mountain Spirit of Welala is very secretive. It is looked upon by the Indian as giving special Tamahnous Skookum (Magical Power) of greatness and benevolence.

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# Quil-Tum-Tum

This symbol and legend comes from the Indian tribes of Vancouver Island. It tells of Quil-Tum-Tum, the Earth's first man, surrounded by the Kingdom of Nature; the trees, flowers, foaming creeks, blue skies and towering mountains. This all intrigued him, yet he was lonely. He wished for a companion to share these gifts and to comfort him so he said to himself: "I will create an image of my own likeness and add to it a form more beautiful than my own; something that will be the envy of all the realm of Nature. He then went about it, whittling a stick of timber a little less than his own height. Throughout the rainy weather, night and day he toiled, cutting and scraping with crude knives of stone and shell. He hunted magic herbs in the forest to make flesh and skin to cover the carving which felt warm, but try as he would his carving would not take motion though he rolled it in his blankets and stood it on its head. Tired, vexed and hungry, he found there was no food left to eat in his boxes. Leaving a crude, half-made basket by the fire, he went in search of food.

While he was away, the birds came, robin, flicker, grouse and woodpecker. They all looked in and admired his wooden image, all agreeing that the only way that they could help was for them to fly and tell everyone what Quil-Tum-Tum was trying to do. It was Flicker who told the two maidens with lonely hearts who lived by a stream where it emptied into the sea.

They came to Quil-Tum-Tum's lodge of cedar shakes, sewn together with spruce root cords. They admired the industry of his hands but laughed at his idea of making a woman out of a stick of wood, no matter how beautiful the carving. The two maidens kept the fire burning and hid, waiting his return.

Upon Quil-Tum-Tum's return with food, he was surprised and happy to find the fire burning and the basket finished. He tried again to bring his treasured carving to life but he finally had to cease and go hunting again to rest his thoughts.

On returning he found the two maidens sitting by the fire where his carving was burning. At first he was angry, when they began to laugh he offered them the deer he had brought. They then stirred the fire and cooked him the finest meal he had ever eaten. He liked the two maidens so well that he married them and from them come the tribes that now live on Vancouver Island.

From that day to this there has never been a carving of a woman used as a Totem.

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# Kwaie'tek, The Sea Gull

This folk tale of the Sea Gull comes from the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands. If it had not been for Sea Gull there would not have been any fish in the waters of the Pacific Northwest.

A Powerful Grandmother who lived in a great inlet controlled the tides by lying on her back and raising her legs up and down. In her house were many boxes filled with the fishes that now inhabit these waters. Raven, on his travels alighted on the beach and, taking off his mask, became human. As usual, he was very hungry and this time for Oolichan (Candle fish). He was doubtful as to whether he would be able to obtain any from the Grandmother so he said to her very pleasantly, "I am cold and tired."

The Grandmother asked him where he had been. "Out fishing for oolichan," he replied. Grandmother then said: "You old liar, you had better keep away from my house." This reply disturbed Raven. He would have to use more tact. He then went down to the beach, as the tide was out, and there he saw Sea Gull and the Crane. Sea Gull was in the act of swallowing a dead oolichan, one that Grandmother had thrown away. Raven was anxious to get hold of the dead fish to see what would happen so he thought the best way to do it would be to start a fight between Sea Gull and Crane. He told Sea Gull that Crane did not think much of him and called him a tattle tale who, with that big mouth of his, was always making a lot of noise when anything to eat was in sight. He then told Crane that Sea Gull said he had a long beak which was always being stuck into other people's business. At that Crane became angry and went and kicked Sea Gull in the stomach, causing him to belch up the oolichan, which Raven promptly picked up. He then rubbed the scales off the fish on his hat and went back to Grandmother, telling her that she did not have all the fish in the sea as there were more down on the beach than she ever had. At this she became vexed and, when the tide came in, she opened all her fish boxes and emptied them into the water.

And that is the reason for all the different kinds of fish being in the waters today. Sea Gull, ever since that day, has always been known as "Tattle tale."

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# Mateeh, The Goat

Temlaham, along the Skeena River, was a vast empire of towering timber-covered mountains, scarred deep with Klip Chuck (deep canyons), through which rushed foaming rivers teeming with salmon. The fertile valleys as well as the mountain tops were inhabited by innumerable wild animals. In this beautiful land dwelt the ancestors of the Goat Clan. The Sky Spirit, who controlled their destinies, commanded that they should conserve the wild life. If they did this, the promised land was to be theirs forever.

The herds of wild animals multiplied so fast that the people forgot the edict of the Sky Spirit and began to slaughter them recklessly and for sport, leaving carcasses to rot and decay. Deer and mountain goats were needlessly killed, leaving their young to shift for themselves.

One day, while in search of game, a young hunter came upon a deserted kid whose mother had been killed. Taking the animal in his arms he made his way down the steep mountain side and at last to his house. He nursed the little animal back to health and became so attached to it that he would not allow anyone to ill-treat or abuse it.

As time went on there appeared in the Indian camp some Hulcima Tillicum (Strangers) in whose honor a potlatch was held. Unknown to the Indians, these strangers were mountain goats in human guise and they invited their hosts to come to their lodge, high up in the mountain, where they also would give a feast and show the Indians their mask dance. The Indians agreed to visit the strangers' camp but were very much humiliated when the young hunter insisted on taking his young pet goat with him. When the guests were all seated and the feasting had begun, the Goat people said they would prepare for their dance.

Leaving their guests they went outside. Suddenly there was heard a terrible rumbling of falling and sliding rocks which crashed upon the lodge, carrying it over the cliffs. The pet goat, who had sensed this danger beforehand, led his master away and, when the danger had passed, continued to guide him around the steep cliffs until they finally arrived at the foot of the mountain. All the other Indians perished in the disaster.

In gratitude for the generosity of the young mountain goat, the family of the young hunter adopted the animal as a crest and totem for themselves and future generations.

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# Skana, The Black Fish

The Black Fish (Killer Whale) always fired the imagination of the ancient Indian of the North Pacific who had a great admiration for his ferocious strength. A pack of three or four would attack and kill a large sized whale.

The people who lived among the islands were essentially fishermen of adventurous spirit, often pursuing the whale far out in the ocean in their Wolf canoes. They were constantly in dread of Black Fish and held them in great reverence. Some considered them to be evil spirits as sometimes they took great delight in attacking the canoes, overturning them and drowning the occupants. The Indians believed that when the *tenas tillicum* (younger members) of the tribe were lost at sea, their spirits, if they did not wish to live in Dreamland, at the Northern lights, could return, to be reincarnated as Black Fish, to roam the waters they loved so well. In the sea there was a stream that was forever flowing Southward and on its bank was Dorsal Fin Town and in one of the many great lodges lived a powerful Prince who had all the Ocean People for his subjects.

A legend of long ago tells of two strong warriors who, in their canoe, were challenged by the Black Fish to mortal combat. The Indians were hard pressed and, as there seemed no way of escape, one of the warriors swore on oath to his comrade saying, that if he were to be done to death he would stab as many Black Fish as came within his reach before he was transformed into one of them. When he sank into the water many bodies of dead Black Fish began to rise to the surface and, after a terrible commotion, there appeared also the body of the Prince. For this feat the members of the warrior's family were permitted to use the Black Fish Crest ever afterward.

The Killer Whale belongs to the clan of the Ocean People who praise him highly and, when attending potlatch gatherings, always come in canoes elaborately decorated with his effigy to signify that he was accustomed to travel and use his body as a canoe.

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# He'-E-Tlik, The Lightning Snake

This legend comes from the West Coast of Vancouver Island: He'-e-tlik was born supernatural. At a tender age he refused to eat the food given him by his mother. When asked by his parents why he did not eat the good things they liked, he replied: "The fragrant smell of the pines at the dawn of day is enough for me."

One day when He'-e-tlik was roaming alone in the forest, he came upon Tootooch (Thunder Bird), who was lonely for a companion. They soon became fast friends, agreeing never to part. He'-e-tlik then assumed the form of the Lightning Snake and entwined himself around the body of Thunder Bird who flew to his abode at the top of a high mountain.

Tootooch lived on the flesh of whales and when in search of this food he would put on his feathered coat, wings and mask. Lightning Snake would attach himself to his master and they would then fly over the sea. When the whale was sighted Thunder Bird would maneuver in such a way as to be able to drop Lightning Snake onto the whale's back so as to pierce the animal's body. The shock of the lightning would kill the whale instantly. Thunder Bird would then seize the prey in his powerful talons and make off home.

The power of Lightning Snake was often felt by mortals of the earth for their evil deeds. Once he visited his wrath upon a whole tribe, punishing them for forgetting Nature's Code of Morals and the rules of hunting and fishing, thereby becoming selfish and aggressive to their neighbors instead of working for themselves. To punish them he cut off their arms and legs. Thunder Bird then appeared among the people and, by sprinkling water on them, he enabled them to get up and put themselves together again. Some, in their hurry, picked up the wrong legs and arms which of course did not fit their bodies. On this account they were ever after known as the Wake delate (deformed people) among the other Indian tribes.

The Indians believed that anything of a material form was at the mercy of the Lightning Spirit and could be worn, broken or destroyed by it. Fish or game could be eaten but still existed elsewhere through its aid as long as they followed the Moral Law of Lightning Snake he would provide all their wants. He is now always spoken of as "One who lived on high." His power is never worshipped but is held in reverence.

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# Eh-Kolie, The Whale

From the twilight of tribal history the emblem of the whale has been used by the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island. This tribe were great sea hunters and pursued the whale many miles from land in their Wolf canoes.

The Nootkas believed that their universe lay on the back of a great whale and at the bottom of the sea he dwelt in a community house. He who is known as Eah-toop, the right whale, ruled over this Domain. In his household were two beautiful young mermaid-like women whose names were Ohk-iss and Paytles and who, at one time, were kidnapped by the spirit of Sin-Set but were rescued from the Wolf house by Tootooch, the Thunder Bird and returned by him to their home on the ocean floor.

The Indians always rejoiced when a whale was cast up on the beach and, if the Chief of the tribe was not present, there would be much fighting and quarreling. Often knives would flash and cut. Some would want this or that piece of whale meat or blubber. Traditionally, the whale belonged to the Chief, who would divide it according to the rank of individuals in the community after, of course, selecting the choicest parts for his own household. The meat would be boiled, the oil pressed out, and stored to be used later with fish and other foods.

A Haida legend tells of the following incident: The Raven was terribly hungry and wanted a whale to eat. He killed one by waiting for the whale to come up and blow and, when his blow hole was open, the raven flew down his throat and picked at his heart until he died. The Raven forgot that when a whale is dead the blow hole would close, and although he made a lot of fuss and noise he could not escape. He was a prisoner through his own folly.

The dead whale at last floated onto a beach near an Indian village. The Indians seized the prize and began cutting it up. As they did so the Raven flew out and disappeared behind the village. He then returned in human guise while the Indians were still working away at the whale. Said he to them: "You people are lucky today." They replied: "You think so? Well, there is some queer luck here." "What is wrong?" asked Raven. They then told him that when they first started to cut up the whale a bird flew out. He appeared much surprised at this. He asked to be allowed to help them finish and they hurried to fill their boxes with the meat and blubber so as to get them out of reach of the in-coming tide. Raven suggested that they should hold a meeting in the Chief's house and divide the whale so that each should know just how lucky he was. When they were away he assumed his bird-form again and, picking up all their boxes of whale meat, he flew with them to a steep mountain, calling over and over: "Kaw-kaw, some people never know their luck."

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# The Young Raven

Young Raven is a very important Mythical Character to the Indians inhabiting the Queen Charlotte Islands and those living amid the inland chain of channels of Alaska. His exploits were similar to those of Thunder Bird. The Supernatural Indian of the tribes living in the regions south of Prince Rupert.

Long ago, when the world was in darkness, the Powerful Raven, Saghali Tyee (Creator of the Universe), lived at the headwaters of the Nass River. In his lodge he had beautifully carved cedar chests. In them the Sun, Moon and Stars were kept hidden from the mortal eye.

Our Character, Tenas Kaka (Young Raven), was an earthly being who desired light for himself and his fellow creatures. He changed himself into a Raven and flew through a bright opening in the sky where the Powerful Creator lived, guarding his virgin daughter.

Young Raven again changed himself, this time into a pine needle. Then he cast himself into a crystal spring where the Princess came for Muchamuck Chuck (Drinking Water). So it came that she swallowed the pine needle. Young Raven was then reborn as a child and, as he grew up, became the idol of the household. Like

all children he wanted everything he saw. He wanted to play with the lights that bestow their radiance on the heavens. First his Grandfather gave him the stars and, with childish glee, he threw them in the sky, but they did not give light. Then he cried for the Moon, but this only gave a glow. Then he coaxed so persistently for the Sun that it was given to him and, while his Grandfather slept, he pushed it through the smokehole, thus bringing sudden daylight into the world.

When the Young Raven realized what he had done and thought of his Grandfather's anger, he became alarmed and left his ancestral home, flying to the earth.

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# Kuuma, The Bull Head

This story comes from the Haida Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands who followed the Raven's Code of Laws and, like all the Indians of the Northwest Pacific Coast, believed in perpetual life.

Ka-Ka (Raven), was feeling in the best of health and spirits for he had just finished his customary swim and he had scrubbed himself thoroughly with hemlock branches, rubbing the skin until the blood came. This did not trouble him very much, for Raven had Elip Skookum (great strength). To test it he would pull the branches of the trees and uproot others. He took this exercise to develop a strong body. He was making his way to his greased blackfish hunting canoe to relax and think. He knew his mind had to be alert to struggle with the forces of nature, the creation of his grandfather.

Raven was attracted to a receding pool, left by the tide, in which Bull Head was swimming around. Raven was beginning to feel hungry and was playing with some cracked mussel shells, slyly scattering them in the water here and there. Bull Head refused the attentions which were showered upon him and continued his swimming. At last he spoke and said: "I know you, you old liar and deceiver, this is another of your tricks." At this Raven became quite angry and pronounced this curse on Bull Head: "You will always have a big head and a small body. You will be smooth and slippery, be a scavenger and an outcast among all the fish of the sea." Raven then realized that this talk had made him hungrier than ever and that he would have to try elsewhere for something to eat.

The tide then came and joined the pool with deep water and Bull Head made his way quickly to Dorsal Fin Town in which lived queer creatures who were men before the Raven gave light to the world. Dorsal Fin Town was ruled by a mighty prince. In the houses were assembled the souls of the dead, waiting for their lives to be renewed. Bull Head told all the Ocean People what had been said by Raven.

Bull Head appears only on the black slate totem poles of the Haida Indians. It is difficult to secure this symbol which is jealously guarded. Among other tribes it is passing into disuse. The Bull Heads are a sept of the Killer Whales.

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# Gal-Quith, The Cod Fish

At the time of this legend, the tribe of Boya-lith, of the Bella Bella Indians, were in the throes of a famine. During this period, a young man by the name of Cha-gum-cha-kas, decided to go out and see what he could do for his people. Asking another young man of the tribe to go out with him on this venture, the two started out early the following morning in a canoe and headed for the outmost islands of the Pacific Coast, known to the Indians as Che-Che-Kwas and later known to the white man as the Gander Islands.

They anchored in a tiny bay, sheltered from all winds, and there they slept. Cha-gum-cha-kas was suddenly awakened by a persistent knocking on the bottom of the canoe. Looking over the side he saw that it was codfish slapping the side of the canoe with its tail as it swam around. Catching the codfish on its next round, he tore it to pieces and threw the pieces overboard. He lay down again and, before the stars could wink twice, was sound asleep. When he awoke again he found himself in very strange surroundings, he saw that he was in a house decorated with things that grow in the sea.

Cha-gum-cha-kas woke his companion and they both stepped out of the canoe, as it was resting on dry land and, as they did so, two guards stepped out of their box and escorted them to the presence of the Big Chief. Standing beside the Chief, his apparel all torn to pieces, was the Chief's son, for it happened that the codfish the hunter had torn to pieces was the son of the Chief. So Cha-gum-cha-kas told his story and apologized with the deepest concern. The Chief then announced that there would be four days of feasting for the strangers and at the last feast both hunters were made Chiefs. Cha-gum-cha-kas as Chief Gal-quith and his friend as Chief Boya. On their departure the Big Chief filled their canoe with all the sea-food it would carry, for he knew of the famine prevailing among the tribe of the strangers.

Thus, when the two hunters awoke they found they had been away four years and not, as they had thought, four days. Preparations were made for a great feast, for they had been given up for lost. After telling all that had befallen them they were recognized as the two leading Chiefs of the tribe for they had acquired powers by which they were able to keep their people well fed with all sea foods. Both Chiefs took the Codfish and Halibut for their crests.

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# Maht-Maht, The Duck

When Mallard Duck's son was to be married, all the ducks and water-fowl of creation, including Thunder Bird, were invited to the Wedding Feast at "Place-in-which-feathers-fly-about," a camp where these Kula kula Tillicums (Bird families) lived. Small fish were served at the feast. Feast bowls, containing mussels and clam soup were placed at each plate. Near the plate, a spoon made from a split mountain goat's horn was laid. The spoons were greatly admired, especially by the ducks.

In the course of the feast Mallard Duck was asked to relate some adventure he had been through so, in order to have a joke at the expense of Thunder Bird, he fearlessly told the guests that while flying one day, he had seen Thunder Bird roll a log over on Butterfly and flatten him out. He went on to say that Thunder Bird had then cut Butterfly open and eaten the food that he removed from his stomach. This story made Thunder Bird angry. He got up and kicked Mallard Duck into the fire, scorching the feathers on his breast. That is why all Mallard ducks are marked on the breast.

During the excitement the other ducks tucked the spoons under their wings and flew away and, when they were well out over the water, they wiped them off and stuck them on their bills. Ever since then these ducks had bills shaped like goat-horn spoons.

Both the Mallard and the Sawbill Duck are used in decoration, especially in the woven grass baskets and mats of Vancouver Island.

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# Qa-Yel, The Great Raven

The Indians of Alaska and British Columbia believed that the Great Raven was the Saghalie Tyee, Creator of the Universe and Master of the Tides; that he existed before his birth; that he would never grow old and that he could transform himself into anything in the world. It is supposed that he lived in Skyland at the head of the Nass River. He is always spoken of as being a Grandfather, living before the Great Flood. He is often confused with Young Raven, the mythical character who created the psychology of the Indians.

According to an old legend, the Raven was married and had a handsome daughter. He was extremely jealous of his wife and would not let his daughter marry for fear one of her children, or her husband, might kiss and love his wife.

Raven's duties were many and as a Creator he had to make everything in this world: the mountains, the trees, the blades of grass and whatever else there is in nature. When away at these tasks he would keep his wife imprisoned in a big basket suspended from the rafters of his lodge, leaving a number of Flickers to keep watch and see if by any chance the basket was disturbed. If so, they would fly and warn their master.

Then Young Raven was born and gave the mortals light by casting the sun into the heavens. One day, seeking further adventure, he opened the basket and let out Raven's wife. This made Old Raven very angry and he called Young Raven "a meddlesome blunderer." Raven then put on his tall, jointed, magic, dance hat. This made him amphibious. He then called on the tides to rise.

Young Raven stole the skin of a magic loon which he gave to his mother so that she might wear it to dive and win and thus avoid death while the rising water was flooding the house. Young Raven flew out of the smoke hole, blacking his coat of feathers forever. After flying for a long time trying to find a place to land he was compelled to come back to rest on the Great Raven's hat as it was the only visible thing. Finally he took his mother on his back and flew to the sky which he pierced with his beak and hung on until the waters receded. The strain on his bill, from holding on so long, gave it its peculiar curve.

Among the best known totem poles on which the Great Raven is figured, is Chief Shake's at Wrangell, Alaska. He is also carved on black slate and wooden totems of the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia.

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# The Thunder Bird Totem Pole

This Totem Pole was the personal property of Charlie James (Yak-U-Las) master carver and; story-teller of the Kwakiutl Indians who live along the inlets adjacent to Alert Bay, British Columbia. The fourteen different symbols on the pole represent the secret societies to which he belonged—some were inherited, others he acquired through marriage or by giving potlatches (feasts). Behind each one there is a legend of the tribe's ancestors, the Myth People.

This talented Indian artist extended the arts of the tribes by his design, some of which have been used to illustrate this book. The originals were first painted on spruce boards and cottonwood veneer. Eight of the former now hang on the wall of the Lipsett Memorial at Hastings Park Exhibition Grounds and eight adorn the Vancouver City Museum. A twelve foot Thunderbird totem pole and some others were carved by Mr. James for the author of this work through the years of their friendship.

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# The Shadow People And The Raven

The Raven alighted on the beach and took off his wings and beak and became a man. When walking along, the sharp mussel shells attached to the rocks cut and bruised his feet. The day was hot, the sun burned his naked body.

Raven was making his way to the village when he came upon the lodge where the Shadow People lived. When they saw him coming they said among themselves: "Here comes that twister of the truth, who is full of conceit and has so many cunning tricks. We will have to watch him."

When Raven entered their house he was glad to get from under the blistering sun as his feet were sore. Once inside Raven was surprised to see everything was so orderly and clean. Suspended from the racks on the beams hung salmon and halibut. The roof planks had been set back from the smoke hole, allowing the light to brighten up every nook and corner. What impressed him most that there was not a person to be seen. Raven thought: "I'll do a little snooping around."

There were other foods in abundance: fern roots, barks and berries, boxes of oolichan grease were standing in rows. He then observed that there was something following him wherever he went. Although he was not hungry he could not resist the temptation to help himself and finally he selected a nice red salmon.

Then Raven made his way to the elevated platform that surrounded the interior of the lodge and came to the Chief's carved cedar chest, covered with soft sea-otter and other furs. There he sat down in comfort and placed his salmon beside him while he examined his feet which troubled him painfully, but when he reached for his fish it was gone! He thought that this was a trick of his mind and that perhaps he had not brought it after all.

Going back to where the fish were hung, he selected another and went back to his seat, noticing all the time that a Shadow followed close to him, both going and coming. To have a stranger tag him like an evil spirit and be unable to see him was rather mystifying. Raven sat and pondered it over. He laid his salmon beside him and again it disappeared as before. This business of taking a fish and not having it to eat was getting puzzling. He tried a third and then a fourth time and it was then he discovered that the salmon he had taken were still hanging on their hooks. And still beside him on the floor was the same confusing Shadow.

Then he stamped and tramped it on the floor.

*While a voice spoke up and said:*

*"You look to be well fed,*

*What are you going to do?*

*Where will this lead you to?"*

*Whence the questions came,*

*Raven could not name.*

*Their bodies were not plain;*

*He gazed and looked in vain.*

*Sane or insane was he!*

*Afraid to wait and see,*

*He limped toward the door*

*But, moving as before,  
His angry Shadow wriggled.  
The others laughed and giggled.  
Raven knew 'twas near.  
"Something strange is here,  
I'll out, and quick away,  
They'll have no more to say."*

Raven then rambled about the village, passing people who did not appear to notice him and to make sure they did he approached close to where some children were playing games. They paid no attention to him for they did not realize what was on his mind or what he was trying to do. No matter where Raven went or what he did that day there was no escaping from his shadow.

At last Raven found shelter in a place where there were a number of wooden images. There he stopped to rest from thinking and to find himself. Was he more clever than his own intelligence and was he stronger than his own self and would he always have this Shadow for a companion?

Whether Raven found out all these things the Indians do not know, but his deeds and, still more, his conceit, have impressed the Haidas and Kwakiutls through the ages.

Raven rested his thoughts until his feet were better, then he assumed his bird-like shape and flew through the bright and happy skies seeking advice, for Raven had to live by mind and body. When flying high his shadow followed on the ground far below.

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# Chief Sisa-Kaula's Totem Pole

Modelled after the Original Erected in Stanley Park, Vancouver, Canada. This Totem Pole tells in Indian figures the story of Chief Sisa-Kaulas' great ancestor See-wid. See-wid was a delicate young man whose father was disappointed in him, thinking he was incapable of carrying on the family honor. One day another Indian in the same tribe, with more initiative than See-wid, saved the tribe from a great disaster at the hands of their enemies, which made the young man's father more than ever displeased with his delicate son. Shortly after this See-wid was walking in the forest. He came to a pool of clear water where he meditated over his inability to please his father and lead the fortunes of his people. Suddenly there appeared in the water a giant frog, who asked him: "Do you wish to come with me?" See-wid answered that he would, and climbing on to the frog's back the frog carried him down to the bottom of the pool, to the Spirit world. There he forgot his troubles, for the spirit of the deep gave him permission to use for his crests the sea-bear, sea-otter and the whale, a permission greatly coveted by the Indians. See-wid was a long time in returning to the land of the earth, and passed through many hardships before he was able to resume his life among his own people, but when he returned he was a strong man, and became one of the most powerful of the Indian chiefs.

(i) The top figure Kolus, sister of the Thunder Bird, who is always represented with folded wings. On Kolus' breast is seen painted the crest of the Raven Clan, signifying that this bird was seen by See-wid in his journey through the spirit world.

(ii) A noted chief, one of the ancestors of Sisa-aulaus, embracing his baby son.

(iii) The chief in figure (ii) is resting his feet on the upturned tail of a whale, Ka-Kow-In, upon whose back all creation rests. The face carved on the figure of the whale is symbolical of the time when the moon was stolen from the Creator.

(iv) The sea-otter, To-sil-la-gut, spirit of the deep, shown eating a sea-egg.

(v) The sea-bear who, according to Indian belief, was both able to live in the sea and enter the bowels of the earth.

(vi) A carved head with a wide open mouth. This is to signify the fate of a rival of the chief, or any who dared to speak evil against the chief. The head is that of the executed rival, exhibited as proof of the chief's power and triumph.

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# Story Of The Mink (Born-To-Be-In-The-Sun)

Tum-Tum had been digging for clams in the sand and catching baby crabs in the pools of water left by the outgoing tide. He was tired and was making his way to one of the whale canoes along the beach to lie down and rest. A long shadow from a high mountain in the west which would cool the afternoon air. Lying down on a bear-skin blanket he soon was on his way to slumber land where his ancestors dwelt.

Tum-Tum then heard someone approaching singing a song to the rhythm of their paddle.

*"Oh my paddle steer me to shore  
As the times you have done before  
I seek "Born-To-Be-In-The-Sun"  
My boy, my boy, my only one."*

He peeped from the bow of the canoe and spied a woman as she stepped on the beach and came toward where he was hiding. As she approached Tum-Tum asked who she was, and where she came from.

"My name is Nice-to-look-at. I am from Pleasant-places-in-the-ten-mountains. I am the mother of Born-to-be-in-the-Sun.

"I know him, he is the mink. Come, I will show you. He is now waiting for the frog-woman to come down off my grand-father's Thunder Bird Totem Pole."

The pretty lady took his hand. As they walked along she told her story.

"One morning, while I was making a sea-otter blanket, the sun came and shone on my back through a knot hole in my room. Shortly after the mink was born, he grew up to be a man very quickly.

One day he came to me and said, "Mother, I want to marry the frog-woman."

"But you won't like her croaking."

"That is just what I like."

"Go on," I said, so they were married, and then they left in a canoe for the distant mountains far across the waters and did not come back."

Tum-Tum lead pretty lady to where the Totem Pole stood and there was the mink talking to the frog-woman. His mother spoke gently to him. "My boy Born-to-be-in-the-Sun". He smiled and rolled his eyes.

"Mother, my wife and I have been resting under the protection of the Thunder Bird's spirit of goodwill. He will be glad to meet you."

At those words, Thunder Bird flew off from the top of the Totem Pole. Flashing his eyes like lightning and flapping his wings, making thunder. He circled the village and came back where the visitors were standing. He took off his feather clothing and mask and became a man.

Thunder Bird then commanded all those on the Totem to arouse themselves, come down to the ground, take off their masks and meet Mink's mother. Some of the myth people took off their masks and became human. Those who did not were Ho-hook. Zoon-a-quaa and Raven. Nice-to-look-at related her story again of the sun, and she had come to seek him. But how to get to his house in the sky no one knew. Thunder Bird said he could fly up there. Raven thought it best to wait for sundown then the house would not be so high in the Heavens. Finally Tum-Tum said, "Let us make bird arrows and shoot them at his house. If it can be hit, we can shoot another and another into their hocks, then we will have an arrow chain that will reach from earth to Skyland."

So they all got busy making arrows. Mink made a strong yew wood bow. When all was ready, Tum-Tum took the bow and began shooting upward making the chain like he said. Only a blunt one was left over. Zoon-a-quaa, the Sleepy one woke up and said, "I will shoot this one to wake the sun," for a cloud had blotted out the house. Up and up it went and was soon lost to sight. They all stood around in wonder, waiting to see what would happen. The sun has many tricks. The arrow returned with such swiftness that Zoon-a-quaa could not dodge and it hit him on the head leaving a big bump which amazed everyone and made them laugh.

Tum-Tum shook the arrow chain and it became a cedar rope, up which he and Pretty Lady started to climb followed by the mink with the Frog-Woman on his back. After climbing for a long time they finally came to a big house. From its front a great stream of light poured forth over all creation. Standing near the doorway was a tall strong man with a broom in his hand bidding them welcome. This was all so strange the Frog-Woman began croaking. The Sun invited them to come inside. He inquired of Nice-to-look-at, "I've seen you before." The Mink spoke up and said, "This is your wife and I am your child." To which he replied, "I remember now. Could you loan me your feet? I have to walk all the time, my feet get tired and if you don't keep sweeping your aunts and grandmothers (the clouds) will come and then it will get dark inside. And all Skyland as well, if Thunder Bird knows that he will flash his lightning and roll his thunder to scare the people of the village to spill their buckets of raindrops. You had better come in the house, the rascal may be up to some mischief right now." The sun began sweeping again.

When the Mink and his friends went inside they saw many wondrous things. Everything was bright and spotlessly clean. In the four corners stood strong men holding up the beams that supported the roof. Large cedar crests carved with the Sun's crest were piled on top of each other all around the sides of the house. These excited the Mink's instinctive curiosity, so that he snooped around, opening and closing the boxes. One was filled with sunrises, one had sun-beams in it, another was full of rainbows, and one had sunsets. To open the four boxes at one time would be disastrous but the Mink did not know. Others held the Sun's masks, rattles, dishes carved of wood and costumes for his dances. Boxes of food were stored everywhere. In the center of the house there was a hole from which one could see the earth. Below this was the well of life and death through which the souls of the dead departed from the earth. Unborn souls went from here on the journey of life.

The Sun addressed the Mink again, "When are you going to lend me your feet? My, it's getting foggy in here."

The Mink had no more than started to take them off when there was a screeching noise like a thousand owls. The four strong men holding up the roof became frightened as the

whole house trembled with a skyquake. There was a great confusion, the Thunder Bird was outside, lightning flashed, thunder rolled—he was having fun.

The Sun's visitors slid from one end of the house to the other until they all disappeared through the Well of Life and Death. They came floating down, down and down to the earth, landing noiselessly as a snowflake on a sandy beach, then started to make up their Totem-Pole again with the Thunder Bird on top.

Tum-Tum woke at the call of his mother. "You naughty boy, here is where you have been hiding. Get your blanket and come in the house out of the rain."

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# The Thunder Bird Totem Pole

Stanley Park, Vancouver, Canada.

On the Knight Inlet of British Columbia there dwells a portion of the Kwakiutl Indian Tribe. Among them the Thunder Bird is known as Ts-o-na. This legend tells of the origin of their Totem Pole.

Tsona resided in Skyland, above the snowy peaks that border the inlet. One day he decided to live with the mortals of the earth, and be like them. Donning his Thunder Bird garments, he flew out of the door of the Upper World. When looking down from a mountain, he spied a berrying place by a river. There he would build a large community house for himself and his tribe. When the new lodge was finished he realized that it would have to be well guarded, for in those days the fish, birds and animals by the aid of their strong minds could change themselves into human beings. Since some of them had many evil ways he had, for his protection, the Grizzly Bears for guards.

One day as the bears were in search of food, they came upon a hungry stranger dressed in seal skins, who later became a slave to Thunder Bird.

Shortly after Dos-nog-wa, the powerful Stoneman, came to visit Tsona in his war canoe of a hundred men, for they were travelling around the world. Tsona offered them his friendship and the hospitality of his house and food. Before each guest was set a carved bowlful of oolichan grease in which to dip their fish and other eatables. These dishes were beautifully carved with the owner's crest, and one peculiar thing about them was that no matter how much of the grease was used, they were always full. Stoneman and his men were completely mystified by the unusual significance of this and the things that adorned the inside of Thunder Bird's household. When they got up to leave, they took what they had been using. As Tsona protested, they took him prisoner, and led him to their canoe. When they put out to sea, the clouds gathered, the wind blew, the water swirled and danced, and a storm was upon them. Thunder Bird's eyes blazed with fire more dazzling than the sun. Torrents of rain soon flooded the war canoe with water that washed it from end to end. The Indians had never experienced a storm like this before, and they became alarmed, expecting at any moment to be capsized into the sea. Dosnogwa offered to return Thunder Bird his freedom and his property, if he would calm the angry waves. He realized that he was in the hands of a supernatural power stronger than the self within him: one he could not defy or define. As they returned Thunder Bird to his home, the storm ceased. The day's splendour burst its glory once more upon the green things of the earth and the surrounding mountains. Never did the Indians forget their visions of the marvellous powers they had witnessed that day.

Across the shining waters of the inlet, by the mouth of a salmon river, there lived the great chief, Sisa-Kaulas, 'Everybody-Paddling-Toward-Him.' Among his family of many children there was a plump and pretty girl who Tsona had admired many times. He was filled with love for her, and finally he asked one day for her hand in marriage.

The Chief, to test his courage and sincerity, compelled him to walk around a hot fire, and also demanded that he give presents to him. A feast was held, and during it the Chief gave Tsona more valuable gifts than he had received, and bestowed upon him a crest and other honors. These, as always, would be delivered after the first child was born.

Should the first-born child be a son, the value of the gifts would be increased many times. This would give the wife the privilege of being independent, and of returning to her former home if she desired, or if the Chief requested. She was also required to send her children to live with their grandparents that they might learn their customs. Her eldest son would finally inherit the chiefship of her brother.

Tsona's eldest son dwelt in the home of his grandparents until he had attained manhood. He then began to build his own lodge and erect a totem pole as a crest, one that could be handed down to future generations in remembrance that it was Tsona who was the first man in the tribe to symbolize the Thunder Bird and bring peace and good will among all people. Accordingly he placed the Thunder Bird on the top, while beneath it was the Grizzly Bear holding the captive slave.

When the lodge was completed, a big feast was held. Presents were given to all the invited guests, who extended to him more favors of importance.

Two totem poles, symbolic of this ceremony are now erected in Stanley Park, close to the Lumberman's Arch. They may be seen from passing ships that ply the ocean's lanes. Strangers from many lands stand before this shrine of a fading glory gazing at these wooden carvings, these customs of a changing race.

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