

and clear to-day, and we go ashore and pursue our ancient quest—for man has ever been studying man—with zeal born of good weather.

A week later we were fortunate enough, while in Southern B.C. waters in native craft with skillful paddlers, to attend a "potlatch"—a "giftfeast" it should be translated—what a frenzy seizes these people! Here was a huge cedar board hall built, great enough to hold a thousand people. All the roof shingles were split out of cedar by hand, all the boards likewise. Inside, in the dim hall, we saw a great platform surrounding all the earth floor centre; on this huge logs heaped up were ready for the ceremony. Invitations to all Indians within a hundred miles had been sent out to celebrate this birthday of the daughter of the chief of the Sookes. The old chief drew out of the bank in Victoria over four thousand dollars. He bought a medley of presents. See! the guests arrive. Along the blue inlet come the fleets of Fraser River fishing boats, all carrying huge sails, as these natives dress their craft for daily service as Lipton does for the American cup. At a signal down go all the sails with a rattle and a plunge, out come the oars and poles, and the strange procession slowly passes on up the river. Everything that will make noise is now working, little boys beat with fury on wooden tubs, old men pound mallets on board with resulting dull booming sounds, native drums go "tum, tum, tum."

Boom! went the little "Boston Suk-wa-lai," (English gun).

"Wake! wake! ip-ssoot," (ghost box), half whispered the Chief to the boy. He told the lad not to let the old folks see the camera. These ancient ones have between you and I, an opinion that I am "Ma-sah-chie," "cul-tus," bad-bad, a sort of cross between their "Thunder Bird" and our devil. I well remember showing a group of them a 4x5 print of Chief Luk-ut-chee (clams). They well knew the chief was miles off cutting up a none too fragrant whale, and here! I had him in my pocket. "Ghost box cul-tus," they all said.

Now the fleet is disgorging guests and, look at the provender! a tub of "Devil



Fish" tentacles (Octopus) is covered with a good red satin petticoat. A most up-to-date sewing machine supports a gramophone and also about twenty pounds of oily smoked salmon; all sorts of women's fine fixings are mixed up with blocks and pulleys and fishing lines and tubs of fish and bags of cockles and clams, for this fleet is just returning from the salmon canneries and a family may have readily earned a thousand dollars in the last four months between salmon and hops. Out they all crowd, no hand-shaking, a few grunts and glances are all the welcome and greeting bestowed. Soon the platforms are crowded, for the Potlatch House is ever a free lodging house for all natives.

It was after dark when we entered it again. In the centre huge fires burned. On each side of the leaping flames stood a row of men a row of women. Out flew all the big brown left hands, forward leaned all the dark bodies, a long gleaming line of coppery faces and flashing eyes.

"Wah-how! Wah-how! Wah-how!"

they sang in monotonous chorus these weird figures half hidden in the swirling smoke. For fully an hour this interminable swaying, posturing, stretching line, for the feet rarely moved from off the earth, howled to high heaven. Right beside me a little brown-faced, bright-eyed brat suddenly split right open from ear to ear and "Wah-hooed" for all he was worth. I thought it well to frown at the boy, the cat-tail he was idly tearing apart was too near, much too near, that human cavern. Now all the hall is roaring out wildly, madly, the line is reeling and falling, there it is over, Nature interfered and the three hour "Tanse Potlatch Cly" is over.

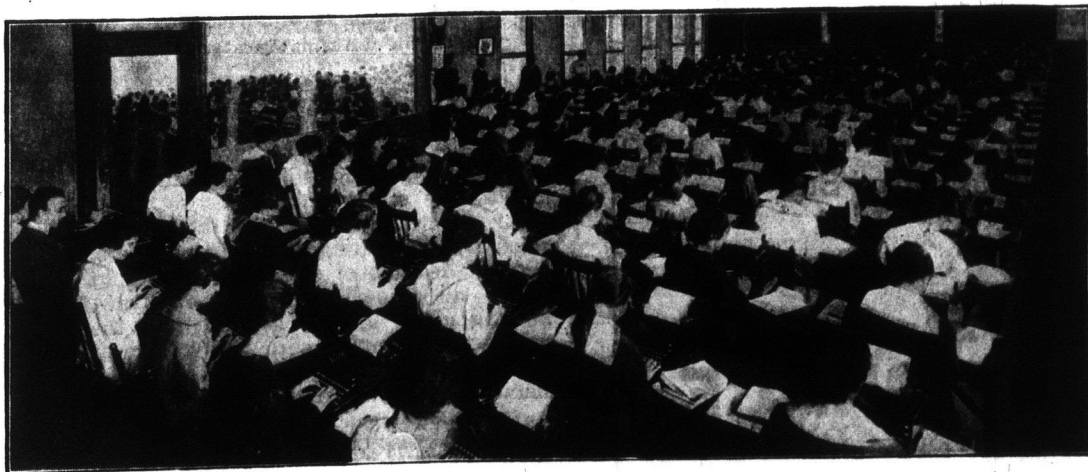
Now began the real giving of gifts. First the Chief impoverished himself, he gave away heaps of calico, great piles of bags of flour, other higher piles—regular fences—of boxes of pilot biscuit, crockery, groceries, his gun, his old marine glass, his canoes, all, all, everything. In something less than two hours he had despoiled himself of that which had taken him many years to gather together—but see! he is truly a "Hyas Tsee," a big chief among his people. Now began an indiscriminate giving, or

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