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Odiu's Record Dug-out Canoe

traced, the reason for this is found in the fact that early Boston adventurers were among the first United States citizens to visit the Coast while the roving pioneers of King George's reign dared their way here, as almost everywhere else. There are rare tales of some of these early adventurers, and of the fights between the warlike tribes themselves. And not so many years have passed since head-hunting was a favorite pastime among Indians whose children and grand-children now are as civilized as one could desire. It is, to say the least, unusual to sit in an Indian house at Clo-oose village with a fine Columbia Graphophone playing "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," or "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" while Old "Police Charley"—one of the oldest living members of the Wyak tribe—tells, in guttural English, of seeing the beach before the house bristling with stakes, on every stake the ghastly head of an enemy of his tribe. "Would you do it again, Charley?" "No! No! Very bad; bad mans." And, as the older members of the tribe greet you with their expansive smiles and their low: "Klahowya Tillicum?" which is Chinook for "How are you, Friend?" you realize that times have changed, and that the last frontier of the Old West is but a memory.

Situated on the Company's property is what the Indians call Awackades Sands. This is a portion of beach containing that rare and famous feature—musical or singing sands. As one walks across these sands, strange sounds, at times like a squeaky shoe and again louder like the sharp note of a violin, are heard. Scientists have explained this phenomenon to suit themselves, but the average mind fails to follow the reasoning.

Within walking distance of the Company's property there are the scenes of no less than twenty-eight wrecks, some of them historical, such as that of the San Francisco liner, Valencia, which ran on the rocks a short distance from Clo-oose and broke up in a heavy storm.

On the shore of Nitinat Lake, almost hidden among the salal and wild crab apple, is the largest Siwash canoe in the world. It was built by Odiu, a Wyak Indian, now dead. It is 56 feet long and 9 feet beam, and is hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree. Standing in its bow, a full grown man cannot see over its nose. It took Odiu three years to build the canoe.