

merous canoes trailing behind. They united the launches and passed slowly in front of the school on their way over to the big potlatch house built for their benefit. I wish you could have enjoyed the sight and sensation as they were moving along the water front with drums beating and their yells and songs. They were a lively bunch. They had a big time that night—was told that they danced from evening to 5 o'clock next morning. Most of the employees went over, returning about 12. Double detail on the 22nd for the morning period. I had the boys in uniforms at noon and about one o'clock we marched over. After the old-timers had their pictures taken we went to the potlatch house and listened and watched. First, the Tulalip Indians entertained with old-time songs. One old Indian whom they claimed was over a hundred years old, sang his song. He said he wanted to sing at this time because he did not think he would be living next Treaty Day. I really think they showed some emotion at the song by the old fellow. After several verses from the old man the warriors, dressed in various degree of Indian styles (several of them known to you), commenced their part of the program. I wish you could have seen it. I liked it. Maybe it was the "call of the wild." After the Tulalips had exhausted their repertoire the Snohomish Indians took the floor (dirt) and for nearly three hours went through their dances. The children left the hotlatch house about 5:30 and were all very tired when bed-time came. They commenced dancing about 9:30 and kept it up until 2:30 A. M.

I was impressed with the wonderful stamina of the old Indians. I inquired and was told that nearly all of the dancers of the Snohomish Indians were over fifty years of age, and two or three nearly 80, while several of the Tulalips were well along in years. To get a good idea of this gathering, imagine a building 116 feet long and 43 feet wide, dirt floor, with six fires burning, two at each end and two in the middle, these fires being fed with cordwood. Now imagine a motley crowd of Indian women, children, men and boys, with faces painted with red, each a stick in either hand, beating them together, keeping time to the music made by the special dancers, who occupy the center of the floor. At times when the dancers gave evidence of getting the spirit you could almost get the feeling and want to clap hands and sway your body in time with them. To see them move about as only an Indian can, to see the back ground with its various colors, and moving, swaying, singing, yelling Indian people is to know that they are human and in the difficult past had their beliefs, hardships, cul-tus potlatches, amusements, and lived according to their ways. The sight of Indians dressed in skins, head-dress of feathers, decorations of shell, bells, fancy beads and various make-ups that would do credit to a circus parade, circling in and out, now running—dodging, jumping—keeping time with the beating of the drums and sticks, jumping over the fires, will long be remembered by me. At times I almost wished I could be wild and roam around