

with nothing to do but hunt and fish and wear feathers and at night to dance—dance with the spirit of the occasion. The war dance is my favorite. I could not understand all of the dances but know that they all have a meaning and each dancer is selected for some deed of bravery—that is, the dancers of special merit. Sometimes I would notice the people who were watching the dances and they would be entirely unconscious of what they were doing. They would be keeping time with the music in some form or other. Men would dance on one foot for awhile and then on the other; women would clap their hands, not realizing what they were doing. I enjoyed the sight, but believe me, I was tired. I estimated the number of people in the building while the dances were going on to be at least 700. I wish to mention here that this treaty was made 58 years ago, and is known as the Mukilteo treaty. The Indians hope to make this day, January 22, strictly an Indian Holiday and it is already planned to enlarge the potlatch house another 100 feet.

The Indians put in nearly all of their time in dancing. I think I would be safe in saying that of the 36 hours spent at the potlatch house they spent 24 hours in dancing. Night was turned into day. Fires going all of the time.

Very few of them came to the school. A few came in the morning—took their children and went right back. When I went over with my boys I could see here and there some of the school children with paint on their faces, boys and girls. Alonzo Sam had feathers on his head. Theresa Young, Ella Libby, and I can not think of the rest of them, all had painted faces: just a dab, enough to make them look pretty.

