

Ancient Indian "Scalp Race" Is Crew Classic

Loss Of Canoe Race Once Brought Death To Redskin Crews From Rival Braves

By Bill Granberg

MANY universities may have their annual rowing classes and be willing to "die for dear old Siwash," but in the State of Washington is a yearly race of Indian crews with the reminiscent cry of "live for dear old Quilayute."

While the other classics draw a few thousand people, the Indian contest attracts more spectators than the intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie. Why? Because it was originally based on life and death, and harkens back to ancient days when to finish second in a canoe race was to lose one's scalp to the winners.

As college crews race at Poughkeepsie for the national championship, so do Pacific Northwest Indians decide their supremacy at Coupeville, Washington, in the International Canoe Championship regatta which has been held for six years, reviving an old tradition.

As an aid to living, Puget Sound Indians, a few hundred years ago, developed a new war canoe. The Haidas, a powerful neighboring tribe from the islands south of the Alaskan coast, had unpleasant dispositions in battle, and a definite belief in their own superiority. This complex led the Haidas to pack their lances, set out in their war canoes, which carried about 50 warriors, and paddle off for a picnic on Puget Sound. Souvenirs of the outing were often a few Puget Sound Indians for slaves.

These little social calls made the southern Indians decide that being "at home" was an unhealthy business, so they built smaller, faster, eleven-man canoes, dug out of cedar logs and with a beam less than three feet wide. With these they returned their scalps by the process of gaining the paddling championship. By outdistancing their neighbors, the Haidas, the Sound Indians lived to have descendants who race at Coupeville every year for the peace-time championship.

EVEN as in the crew classic between Washington and California, you will find rowing "schools" among the Indians. Some crews balance five strong paddlers against six men on the opposite side. Others allow the odd man to switch from side to side and steer as needed.

Unlike college crews, there is no coxswain as supercargo. He isn't needed. The Indians paddle facing the bow and thus can see how



Slim Canoes Race Down the Bay as Braves Dig Into the Water With Short, Hard Jabs. The Quinaults Drop Back. Two of Their Men Are Pretty Fat. At the Three-Quarter Mark of the Three-Mile Course is a Buoy Marking the Turn. Here Skill in Maneuvering is as Important as Paddling Strength, Since These Racing Canoes Have No Rudders. The Last Men in the Stern Are Captains. The Portside Captain Applies His Paddle as a Rudder, and the Frail Canoes Career Around the Buoy.

they are doing. The bow man, of course, sets the stroke.

TEN crews qualified for the race last year. Oh, yes, there are preliminaries. The bucks turn out a day preceding the race and paddle three miles as fast as they can go. This means, records agree, 18 minutes and 37 seconds. They do the same thing 24 hours later in the big race! That's how they "point" for the grand classic.

Among the competing tribes are the Malahats and the Saaniches from British Columbia. They come down from Vancouver Island, which makes the race international for white men, who recognize boundaries. It was always international for the scalp-saving Puget Sounders. Conspicuous in the race will be the Quinaults, who live on the Washington coast. The Skagitls also will have a crew from their stamping grounds on that river. The Nooksacks, Stillaguamish, Lumis and Swinomish, all from Puget Sound shores also will be there.

So it is racing day. Scores of yachts and sailing craft lie at anchor along the course, while 15,000 palefaces dot the shores of Whidbey Island to see the feud reopen. The Coast Guard cutter in charge of starting the race has a diplomat's task in getting the canoes lined up and under way. The tribes do not have the highest regard for each other, and no chance of arousing pet peeves is taken. Finally, the starting gun is fired.

TEN slim canoes race down the bay as 110 braves dig into the water with short, hard jabs. The Quinaults drop back. Two of their men are pretty fat. At the three-quarter mark of the three-mile course is a buoy marking the turn. Skill in maneuvering the canoe is as important as paddling strength. They must make a U-turn, and canoes have no rudders.

The last two men in the stern are captains. The starboard skipper puts his paddle under the craft and pries. The portside captain applies

his paddle as a rudder and the frail canoes career around the buoy.

SWEATING Indians swing in rhythm. The turn opens up the race. The Nooksacks are a length ahead, with the Saaniches and Lumis bow and bow for second place. Down past the pier and cheering crowd they come, fighting choppy waves on the mile-and-a-half straightaway. The stroke is 54 a minute for the leaders. College crews at this point would be rowing 32.

Stake boats with three judges from as many tribes watch the next buoy. But as the canoes approach the turn, the judges are so busy yelling for their respective crews they forget to watch for dirty work. The Nooksacks are forced to the outside of the turn as the Saanich crew, defending champions, take the lead, half a length ahead of the Lumis.

The revenge-seeking Nooksacks have picked up their beat to 60 strokes a minute and at the stroke-a-second pace close on the Lumis

Washington Contest Is An International Event Which Draws Enthusiastic Crowd

Saanich, Lumis and Nooksack canoes cross the finish line with no open water between and the whooping, hysterical judges go into a huddle, punctuated with excited gutturals, to name the winner.

It's the Nooksack crew! For three years this tribe has triumphed, not consecutive years, but three, nevertheless. This is virtually an extinct tribe, but those who are left, mostly from one family, are mighty paddlers.

There is the conventional white man's silver trophy, of course, and it goes to the Nooksacks. The paleface has corrupted the clean sport of racing for slaves and scalps, and the triumphant crew takes the trophy home to tarnish in a tepee.

When Does A Cloud Drift Over Oceans Against The Wind?

HOW to explain the unexplainable? The crew of the *Lady of the Lake* sighted a peculiar formation in the sky. It moved in a direct line, but, instead of drifting with the wind, it went against a stiff breeze. Other clouds around it disintegrated, yet this retained its form. Looking like a gray cloud, it did not act like one.

In structure the appearance was circular. Inside this circle was a semi-circle with even divisions. A "tail" began in the center and stretched out behind, like the tail of a kite.

The captain of the *Lady of the Lake* was puzzled. He did not attempt an explanation, nor did his sailors. It was something they had never seen before.

Moving like a motored airship, slowly but steadily against the wind, it traveled below a high group of clouds. The sailors held it in sight for 30 minutes. Its peculiar characteristics and design were unchanged when it disappeared with the setting sun.

Was it a cloud of some strange composition? Or an unknown body running across the sky to a directed destination?

Have you an answer to the puzzle—a solution which answers the queer occurrence?

HAPPY LANDINGS

THOUSANDS OF FEET OF EMPTY AIR YAWN BENEATH UVA KIMMEY AS SHE 'BAILS OUT'—FALLS AT BULLET SPEED—HERE'S A SUPREME TEST OF PHYSICAL FITNESS—OF HEALTHY NERVES, OF GOOD DIGESTION. MISS KIMMEY TELLS WHY SHE SMOKE CAMELS: "MY LIFE DEPENDS ON MAKING NO MISTAKES—I HAVE TO CHOOSE A CIGARETTE THAT DOESN'T JANGLE MY NERVES—CAMELS ARE SO MILD—I SMOKE AS MANY AS I WISH"

AND JUMP—A BREATHELESS RUSH OF AIR—THE SKY AND EARTH TURN DIZZY—SOMER—SAULTS AROUND ME—SUDDENLY—

I STEPPED INTO SPACE AT 4,000 FEET, HOPING THE CHUTE WOULD OPEN

BUT THE WET SILK WAS STUCK—

I JERKED FRANTICALLY AT THE RISER CORDS

SLOWLY IT OPENED—I WAS SAFE A BARE 500 FEET FROM THE GROUND!

OH, THAT MUST HAVE RUINED YOUR APPETITE FOR A WEEK!

I DID GET QUITE A SHOCK OUT OF IT, BUT FORTUNATELY I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT NERVES OR APPETITE

CAMELS MAKE FOOD TASTE BETTER AND ENCOURAGE DIGESTION IN A PLEASANT WAY—LEAVE ME WITH A CHEERING 'LIFT' AND A SENSE OF HAVING DINED WELL

Have truly, Uva Kimmey

IT'S DANGEROUS TO TRY TO USE THAT CHUTE, UVA—

IT'S RATHER DAMP—BUT IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT AND THE CROWD'S WAITING

I WAS JUMPING FOR A FLYING CIRCUS ONCE—PARACHUTES ARE EXPENSIVE AND WE HAD TO RE-FOLD THEM AND RE-USE THEM—THE PERFORMER BEFORE ME HAD LANDED IN A POND—

LET'S HAVE LUNCH, MISS KIMMEY, AND WONT YOU TELL US ABOUT YOUR BIGGEST THRILL?

I REMEMBER A REAL THRILL—

THE GIRLS ARE TOURING THE AIRPORT, UVA—AND THEY—

OH, MISS KIMMEY—WONT YOU TELL US HOW IT FEELS TO JUMP FROM A PLANE?

I'D LOVE TO—I'VE MADE OVER 48 JUMPS AND IT'S STILL A THRILL

HELLO, JACK!

WERE IN LUCK, GIRLS—HERE COMES MISS KIMMEY NOW. I WANT YOU TO MEET HER—

AT THE AIRPORT

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THE EXPLOITS OF FEARLESS UVA KIMMEY

THE SOUTHERN BELLE WHO BECAME AMERICA'S MOST DARING GIRL PARACHUTE JUMPER

IMAGINE CLINGING TO THE FUSELAGE OF A SPEEDING PLANE HIGH ABOVE TINY TREES AND HOUSES—I GRAB THE RIP CORD WITH ONE HAND—

TAKE UP CAMELS YOURSELF

SCIENCE AND COMMON EXPERIENCE AGREE THAT SMOKING A CAMEL IS A PLEASANT AND EFFECTIVE WAY TO PROMOTE GOOD DIGESTION. CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

For Digestion's Sake—Smoke Camels