

## Indian Stories

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what they were. They did not know if they were good to eat. They just throwed out and emptied the flour and keep the sacks to make clothing, and throw the bacon into the fire just for fun. And the young boys played with the crackers, rolling them on the beach and having a good time with them. They did not know what dried apples, dried peaches and prunes were. They did not know if they were good to eat. They just throwed the syrup away and kept the pail for their own use for carrying water.

The white fellows that were in the wreck tried to show them that everything is good to eat, but they did not believe them. They thought that they were only fooling them. My father said that he was a young boy at that time. But he can tell us all about it. That is the only interesting story he has. This is all I can say.

LOUISE R. PULLEN.

I am now taking my poor hand writing to write an old story which, as I know it, my folks used to tell me. A good story, but I do not remember it all. I think one day an eagle went out looking for halibut. In the morning when the raven got up he saw that smoke came from the eagle's house. And the raven then went to the eagle's house to see what was the matter. And when he got in he saw a whole lot of halibut hanging up. And the raven said, "Where did you get this halibut?" And the eagle said, "I got it from the ocean." And he asked him again how he got the meat. And the eagle said,

"I used one of my little boys for a bait." And raven know all about it; so he went home, and when he got home he said to his wife that the eagle had a lot of halibut. And they talked to take one of his boys; and the woman did not want to do that.

"I guess the eagle fool you," said the woman. And in the morning they out fishing, taking one of his boys. And at the halibut banks they throw the little boy out where he sank down. And after quite a while they pull it up, and when he see it the boy was dead. Both his arms were stiff. And the woman said to Raven, "That's what I told you," and began to cry and went back home. So this is the end.—JOHNSON BLACK.

A very, very long time ago, when the Quileute Indians were at James Island, they ate everything. They dug clams and hunted deer and elk with bows and arrows. The young people now do not know when the old people were at James Island, but I think some of the old people here know it.

Old Man Mason told me that then the people were up the river catching fish with their traps and spears and that a few of the old people then never ate any food but a little fish, because the white people were not here then, and there was nothing else to eat.—E. L. HUDSON.

Calvin Darnell was the best singer at the Nesika Club entertainment. His song, "Fee Gee Man," brought down the house.

A post card received from Albert Garry, who is at Long Beach, Wash., attending the Y. M. C. A. Conference, states that he is enjoying himself fine.