110811\_197A0 – the 174th file on the recorder.

1sec to 49 seconds

Help Has Arrived

K I have three stories I’d like to tell. The first one is a testing story it’s very short it happened A few years ago. I was driving back from Whitehorse, by myself in just a little car and it was kinda slippery and there was a car on the road, coming in the other direction. A car in the ditch. And two young me were pushing this car, trying to get the car out. So I pulled over, I stopped and I walked over and I said “Uh, can I help you?” and they just looked at me like I had landed from Mars what’s this little lady going to do to help us get out? I said “Oh that’s really easy. You push I drive.” Took us about five minutes to we got the car out. That’s the end of the first story.

\*\*laughter\*\*

110811-1930A0 – 175th file on the recorder

Adventures While Dreaming

1:06- 720

Welcome Figure

Okay, between Bamfield and between Kulleet was this meeting of all these bands on the lower part of Vancouver Island and I was on the agenda to speak and tell them about the project that I was involved in which was to get participation of all the Native bands who were interested on Vancouver Island to have their events advertised under the band of Islands 86 which was who I worked for. And it, mostly people were volunteers, business people volunteering. So they had this meeting at a tribal council, I guess, an area of Native alliance and I was on the agenda and I was quite last to speak last and this is the story that I told them. And it happened as I remember it now. I am not sure my memory is all that accurate, 30 years later.

Last night I stayed in this little motel and I had very vivid dreams. This is the vivid dream I had last night and it relates to your welcome figure. All of us were gathered to raise this welcome figure which is a naked whaler standing there with his hands outstretched and wearing a typical whalers hat and the intriguing thing about the statue is his belly button which is a frog and then he’s got this sort of bit, probably done by a man, his penis is larger then it would be in real life but not too overdone. And um in my dream this was the central figure, was this welcome figure. I came into the village where I was speaking that moment in front of this group of native people, must have been 50 or so. And in the dream, I came into this village where I was and this welcome figure came walking towards me with his hands outstretched wearing just his whaler hat and he welcomed me. Extended his arm, took my hand and we went into his village and the area where I was staying and we walked around down the beach. At the end of the, end of the day we went back to my motel room and went to sleep. So there was nothing afterwards that happened but whenever our bellybuttons touched, all these little baby frogs came out, from the bellybutton. And they were hopping and bouncing and jumping all over the place, off the bed and onto the floor. But as I said we were, we went to sleep. The next morning I woke up and I was really sad. Not that the welcome figure was gone, the man was gone, not that he hadn’t even left his hat behind, but all the little baby frogs were gone.

The End

\*\*Laughter\*\*\*

Interviewer – So what was the response?

C – The response was about 2 minutes of total silence. You know and I could tell that people really really liked the story.

Interviewer – Yeah. It is a powerful thing.

C – And then when I was going to this other village to visit a native, to the chief he was the chief at the time I think. And I was walking up towards the village, you had to get there by boat, you couldn’t, there’s not a road, it was on an area you couldn’t get too. And this big Huge Indian was sitting there doing something, in front of his boathouse. No, It couldn’t have been the boathouse cause it was up hill, oh, it was a shed of some sort, he was working. And he said, that was the funniest story I ever heard! Do you have any more dreams like that Christina?

\*\*Laughter\*\*\*\*

Interviewer – Do they know what it means? Did they give you any insight? Or?

C – No I didn’t ask for anything. I just told the story. Cause it was a good story. And they, I have no idea what it means except it was, the occasion was the raising of the welcome figure so there was a lot of ceremony around that and a lot of people came from all over the place. And they took, they took the welcome figure to one of the little islands and it ended up on the museum. In the, I thought it was Victoria. I could be wrong and it might still be in the museum in Victoria. But I remember I saw it is some museum. Not on the little Island.

Interviewer – Oh, that is great though if they are sharing that figure around to educate people. So what is the significance, what is the welcome figure?

C- It’s just a carving, like people on the west coast only carve, like we have a totem pole down there which is exceedingly ugly, like I don’t like it but they don’t, traditionally only west coast people carved. Right up form Washington right up to Alaska carve, carve figures. But nobody in land did totem poles. That’s a west coast thing.

Interviewer – But what does it mean? Is it to welcome you to the community?

C- Well it’s like Welcome to Kamloops! Okay, it’s a welcome, they carved a tree to welcome people and to say this is our land and this is where we hang out.

Continued at 10:11

This next story took place in 1973. I um. I accepted a job on a reserve, in Northern British Columbia and the name of the community is Kitwanga. There is two communities, Kitwanga, the white community and then seven or so kilometers away is the native reserve. And I lived on the native reserve in this wonderful wonderful old Hudson’s Bay trading post right by the railway. Right by the train station. And it used to be, it used to belong or I guess it still did, at the time I lived there it was called the vicarage, and it belonged to the church. And it was usually the minister types that worked for the church that lived in the huge house. Four bedroom, four or five bedrooms, two stories and it was made with whole logs, tree’s. So squared off log houses and old way, traditional way of making big log structures. So it was probably about a foot at least, 18 inch logs. Squared off and then built. And I lived there with my daughter who at the time was 5. And I um, I was teaching, so we had a lot of visitors, people coming and going, and one time these two little, the door crashed open and these two little boys came running in, threw themselves down and smashed the door shut and said “ Christina, there’s a, wild pigs chased us!” and I later found out that there really were wild pigs so they weren’t making it up but I didn’t know what was going on. Anyway it was very cold in that winter, I think it’s cold every winter there and I had put corrugated cardboard colored cardboard from the school brought it home and stapled it against the wall because there was hoarfrost inside the room every morning and I thought oh that would keep it out. I had two oil stoves and one wood burning kitchen stove so I had all three of them going and it was really cold. That particular night, it was cold and I went to bed and um, here’s the dream I had. SO what I’ve told you up until now was this dimension reality and the story I am going to tell you moves into another dimension reality and it is for you guys to and me to figure out which is real and which is sort of somewhere else. I could never figure it out and I believe it all. Just tell me your stories I believe it all. I will start the way my neighbour would when he would come and visit. And he would say, um and I wont try to imitate his way of speech, I really like the way he spoke he would say, “ Christine, white people don’t believe this but,” and then he would go on and tell me this incredible stories about animals that speak and came alive and had all sorts of great adventures. SO, white people don’t believe this but here’s what happened in this dream. I heard this voice, in my dream telling me, get up, go in the car, leave your daughter, you don’t have to worry about her,