Mrs. Joyce: Yes. It wasn't, you had no say whatsoever, even the boy himself if it was arranged, because they had to marry this, for their standing, you know. It's like the Royal family. I don't think that they ever have any say in anything. It's all arranged very much the same.

Imbert: Did, you sort of accepted this. You didn't really like it or dislike it, it was just the way things were.

Mrs. Joyce: Well, I didn't after going to... I thought as a child, yes, I quite realized that you had to honor your people. But as I grew up I didn't like the idea at all because they told us that we didn't have to do that, it was that you married for love. When you grow up older you begin to think about it.
Imbert: My attitude towards this is that I'm not quite sure which side is right, you know what I mean. I don't think it's necessary marrying for love works out at all. What is your feeling about it now? I mean is the Indian way right, do you think, or the white man's way, or what do you think?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, if I had to maybe live a little bit longer there at home, I would say that what they themselves preached it was right for them. Myself, because I'm quite happy, but I'm only in one case among a hundred, which I do know that it wasn't right for them to leave home, because it just didn't work with some of them, they just went wild. You know, they had no idea that...

Imbert: They pulled up their roots.

Mrs. Joyce: Yes. Well, they didn't root nowhere, they just kept on going and never stopped, you know what I mean. You've heard a lot of them down around Vancouver, and all that. I don't know if it still goes on.

Imbert: When you went back did they try and arrange a marriage for you?

Mrs. Joyce: Oh yes, yes. But I... In fact I was married before but that was dissolved in Indian too. I just wouldn't take it, that was all there was to it.

Imbert: If you were betrothed beforehand, I suppose, when you're quite young, it's pretty tough.

Mrs. Joyce: Yeah.

Imbert: Did you grow up then thinking at one time you knew who you were going to, who you were supposed to marry?

Mrs. Joyce: Oh yes, we knew. We knew from the time we were children that it was arranged long before. But they would only tell us that when -- like I told my sister, if they had told me I would have run away long ago. (laughs)

Imbert: Now can you remember when you first, what was the school that you first went to?

Mrs. Joyce: The only one school I went to was the Alert Bay Home. That was the Anglican Home, Anglican school.

Imbert: Can you remember first going there and your feelings having to go there?

Mrs. Joyce: Oh yes. Very hard. I went in there, went to the Indian Agency first -- that's where we got our white name from. We didn't have white names until we got there. Each one of us we have a half dozen Indian names, you know. But we have one real name, like mine is (Indian), and... But I have a lot other different names, not only from my parents, they're from
my uncles, aunts, and different ones, you know. But of course I got named Alice as I went into this home. And getting in there it was very hard because I didn't understand a word of English, it was "yes" and "no" and that's all I knew. Very hard for a young child to go into, it took quite a while to learn anything. Oh, I guess I must have cried. I can remember, I think.

Imbert: Can you remember going there, the journey there?

Mrs. Joyce: Oh, I was happy at first because I, we used to go from Kingcome in canoes to go to Alert Bay for shopping, you know. If we couldn't get it at Simoom or at Kingcome itself, well, mother would say, "Well, we'll go to..." Or dad would say, "We're going to Alert Bay." And even for a visit we'd go to visit some of our relatives there. So as a child I remember seeing all these girls walking through the Indian village, you know, and they were... I guess I noticed it on a Sunday because that's when they had their outfits, you know, like midis and skirts, you know. Oh, I was just dying to get into this school. "Oh, I'm going to that school." But after I got there I had a different feeling altogether. Mother and dad had gone, wouldn't see them for a long time.

Imbert: You said you first went there only for a short while.

Mrs. Joyce: I don't very barely remember that because I was only five. I don't know why they took me in. But I can remember crying seeing my parents go.

Imbert: Then they sent you back again?

Mrs. Joyce: They sent me back home, too young.

Imbert: How old were you when you went there again?

Mrs. Joyce: Six. The next year I went back.

Imbert: Did you gradually get used to this, or was it always a...?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, I guess it's like every white child. If you go away from home, you go to school, you begin to know other children and then you feel at home while you're there. You miss, like during the holiday, you'd feel so bad seeing them leave for holidays you'd feel like crying to see them go. But as far as the home went itself I think it was all right the way they run it, but it was too much religion. Something -- I don't know what religion you have...

Imbert: I don't have any religion, not in that sense, form of religion.

Mrs. Joyce: No. Well, it was too much continually praying, and
everything you eat, you prayed before you eat, you prayed before you get down from, like when you get up in the morning, prayed. It was just praying, praying, praying before school, praying after school, and praying before you went to bed and then get on your knees by your bed and pray again before you jump into bed. Well, I think that gets overbearing to any child. I don't know, of course a lot of them kept it up and I don't know. It just seems to have got too much. Something like Catholic. I know I shouldn't call them down but -- I'm not really calling them down, but I think it gets too much. You know that yourself, it's...

Imbert: I don't think white children had to put up -- even in boarding schools -- with quite this kind of thing. They seem to be, some of these schools seem to be in the hands of very religious people.

Mrs. Joyce: Well, to tell you the way I understood it, there was very few outsiders or from Canada itself. I think they all mostly came from the old country and New Zealand and Australia. You know, we had Australian and New Zealand cooks, and very English, Scotch from Scotland. They were all from there and I guess they were really brought up religious and that's why we had to have it. And I think it spoiled a lot of us.

Imbert: Tell me about the school. What did it look like? What kind of place was it?

Mrs. Joyce: Very dreary looking, although it was better than home, as I say. It was so... Well, you had your regular meals but not meals that I would give to anybody that was boarding here. Should I tell you what we had?

Imbert: Yes, tell us.

Mrs. Joyce: Well, we had porridge in the morning and a cup of tea, and maybe half slice of bread. Lunch time we might have cup of tea and some soup or maybe a little bit of meat in it. I think it was quite all right, but lots of times we were hungry. I know I swiped a lot from the pantry when I was working in the kitchen. (laughs)

Imbert: Sure, any child would. And then what would you have later on?

Mrs. Joyce: Supper we had cup of tea and bread, and that was it.

Imbert: That wasn't very much. Did you get any fruit at all?

Mrs. Joyce: Very seldom unless it was an occasion. And then we had one Easter egg during the year. They had chickens -- we used to have to clean out the chickens and clean the chicken eggs, and then put in baskets and I don't know where they brought it.
Imbert: You didn't get the eggs?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, I guess they used it for sometimes, maybe, we'd have a good one maybe on a Sunday. Oh, they made cookies. They taught us how to make cookies so I guess a lot of the eggs went in there. It would take quite a bit of eggs to put in cookies and things like that for thirty-six children, which was when I was going there.

Imbert: Boys and girls, would it be?

Mrs. Joyce: No. Girls, all girls. We were in a girls' home.

Imbert: Was there a boys' home?

Mrs. Joyce: Across, just across, yes, there was a boys' home. Finally, just about the time that I was leaving they were starting to build the school there that they have with the boys and girls now, at Alert Bay. You've been there, haven't you?

Imbert: I've seen it, yes.

Mrs. Joyce: Yes. And we did all our chores. We'd put in a big garden, we milked the cows and fed the animals, you know, like what they had there. It was good for us, I think, because what would we be doing if it wasn't for that? They taught us a lot of things. I learned how to make bread and different things there. Of course I guess mother would have taught me, but just the same. When I was only nine years old I was teaching other girls how to make bread. First got married I went and told my husband, "I can make better bread than your mother." So I went and made bread and from then on I never quit making bread till about a few years ago. That's a long time for making bread. (laughs)

Imbert: Yes, and I suppose you made your own clothes and things like that, did you? Did you learn how to sew?

Mrs. Joyce: They taught us how to sew by hand mostly. And then we sewed for the W.A., or Girls' W.A., that's what we did a lot of fancy work and things like that. Had its good points.

Imbert: The people that ran the school, who would they be, would be in charge of you? What kind of people were they?

Mrs. Joyce: Some of them were kind and some of them were the opposite. I think some of them really got that job because they had, say like they just came from the old country, they couldn't get any other job. And they acted as if we were, they didn't want us or something. It wasn't our fault that they got there. But I shouldn't talk that way, I guess they tried their best.

Imbert: Were you allowed to speak your own language?
Mrs. Joyce: No. No.

Imbert: What happened if you did?

Mrs. Joyce: We got punished. We must not speak our own language.

Imbert: What way would they punish you?

Mrs. Joyce: Sometimes we got the strap behind or else on the hand.

Imbert: Of course it was the same with the boys.

Mrs. Joyce: Yeah.

Imbert: It's just if they heard you speaking your own language?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, sometimes they have girls that were, I don't know what they call them -- captains or whatever they called them. Anyway they listened and if they heard us, well, they'd report us to the principal or whoever was the head of us.

Imbert: Were you encouraged to forget all your culture and your background?

Mrs. Joyce: Yes. They didn't seem to want us to... In fact they not only stopped us there at the school, they tried to stop it at home. But my dad was one of those kind that wouldn't stop, he just went right ahead. And in fact a lot of our children have the Indian names, like my husband's and our children, all of them have Indian names. And I'm sure if they had lived any longer our grandchildren would have all had Indian names too. So that's what he was working for all the time -- to keep our names going. It was important that we had our names.

Imbert: Who would try to stop this at the village?

Mrs. Joyce: The Indian Agency had what you white people call stool pigeons. I think they were paid, I'm sure they must have been. Of course I'm not saying that they were, but I kind of think that they were paid. In fact -- I shouldn't say this about poor old Halliday -- God bless the old man, he's gone -- but I think he was the meanest old thing that there was. In fact, there was one time my poor old dad he went to get my little sister in Kingcome and she was only three years old, she was staying with an aunt. We heard that they weren't living the way they should be so my dad went up into the boat and went and got her. He was gone a whole week, we couldn't figure out what was the matter. Finally old Halliday came to the village and he got a hold of my mother and he got Mr. Cook's son-in-law to interpret, more or less, for him to talk to mother, because she never ever went to school in her life. So he told her and this -- you must remember him -- Mrs. Cook's son-in-law. He
used to have Imperial Oil, was it, years ago. Well no, you would be too young for that. His wife is still living, Tannia(?). Old Mr. Tannia(?), he was intrepreting like, although he couldn't speak very good English. And Mr. Tannia(?) was mad. You see, he had seen my dad up in the mouth of the Kingcome Inlet drifting around and he told my mother that all they had to eat on the boat was sugar. And old Mr. Tannia(?), you should have heard him swearing. He says, "Why didn't he tow him in?"

So mother rented a boat and we went and she got Mary out of school. I went with her because she had a little baby -- I had to go and look after it. So we went and we just got outside Alert Bay and great big southeast come up and I don't know how we made it to one of those little islands outside Alert Bay. We stayed there overnight, had to dry all our clothes -- everything was soaking wet. In the morning just at daybreak we started out. Sure enough there he was, floating. Just, you know, he had no... Something had gone wrong with the engine, so we towed him back to Kingcome. Got him some dry clothes and everything and then we come back to Alert Bay, brought him back. But what I can't understand is... the thing I couldn't understand is why didn't he tow him in at least, anyway. I think he was put there for to look after the Indians. But of course I think he didn't like my dad because my dad was always against him. As I say, he'd go right ahead and do his potlatching and have a grand old time, and then old Halliday would throw him in jail just because this party would report him. But he'd come out again and do the same thing again. He never once asked to forget it either. He'd tell us all our, what we should know and the way of running all this.

Imbert: Tell me about your father. What was his name? What was his white name?

Mrs. Joyce: The white name that they gave him was Amos Johnson. And then his Indian name was (Indian), that's what they gave him. That's what we all knew him by, but he had a lot of... As I say we all, we don't only have the one name but we give you one name to remember you by all the time.

Imbert: Where did he come from?

Mrs. Joyce: He was partly from Fort Rupert, and then he was the chief of Gilford Island. That is the (Indian) tribe.

Imbert: When was he born?

Mrs. Joyce: I don't know when he was born. He was about twenty-five years or more older than my mother.

Imbert: Tell me about him, anything that he did and that happened to him. I dare say there are many things, but things that would be...

Mrs. Joyce: Well, he was a very kind man. Anybody came to the
village that we didn't know, say like somebody from Interior that we didn't even know, nobody would have him in their houses. Maybe this poor boy or poor man nobody liked him so he travelled from village to village. Well, my dad would take him in and feed him maybe for months. And he'd take his shirt off his back for anybody that didn't have it. He'd be just so happy to do anything for anybody. But my uncle was different, he was very class conscious, very... My old uncle, that was my father's oldest brother. He must have been about twenty-five or thirty years older than his brother. They only had one mother and one father but they were so such a distance in between them and my old uncle he was married before the, you remember, the big flu. And his wife, of course you know what happened to everybody. All the women, well, she died giving birth to this child, so he never had any children. When we come along he remarried again -- Billy Johnson was his name -- he remarried again but he never ever had any children. So when we come along, of course, that's why our sister is... he spoiled us all, old uncle did. You see, we took all this, well, she took the stand-ins(?) and she used to give it to her children and all that, you know. He was kind of a character himself. He wouldn't speak to certain people because they were low class and, you know, he'd tell us, "Don't talk to those people. Don't mix with them." But my dad was different. He would, everybody was supposed to be, you know, you're one.

Imbert: Was your uncle the head chief? He was the one that had the most standing?

Mrs. Joyce: Yes, yes, he had the say in...

Imbert: Did he and your father, did they accept Christianity or did they...?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, he was very Catholic, my uncle was. They were all Catholic in the beginning. And then they, the Catholic, I don't know what happened -- they abandoned the place. They never come back again. And then nobody came then until Miss Westbury came. That must have been in 1925 or '24 she went there as a missionary. And I don't think she had a special religion, she was just a kind, religious woman. She started teaching school and...

Imbert: That was the school at the village?

Mrs. Joyce: At the village, yes. I don't know where she got the money to start it from. Must have been some religious...

Imbert: How did she work out in the village?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, everybody got to like her. She was very kind. She went from house to house. She didn't, as you would say, hold her nose up and say, "Well, I don't want to go in there because so and so they have..." You know, as Indians, some Indian homes, you know what they're like. But she went in from house to house and she went to help. And if anybody was sick she was called. She did what she thought should be done,
and if she couldn't do it, well she'd get word to the doctor at Alert Bay for them to come there. She was an awfully kind woman.

Imbert: And she taught school?

Mrs. Joyce: She taught school, and I say, she had time to... Of course we'd, like the younger girls, the younger boys, they'd go there and chop wood and help her pack water and different things like that. She was just that kind that you couldn't help but help her out, you know. We knew she meant good to the people. She tried.

Imbert: How was it that the Anglicans came in?

Mrs. Joyce: I guess because a lot of us were Anglicans in school, in the home we went to. Maybe that's how come they got there.

Imbert: What year did you go to school?

Mrs. Joyce: At Alert Bay?

Imbert: At Alert Bay.

Mrs. Joyce: I was born in 1913, '18 I guess, 1918.

Imbert: Your father, who stood out so much, you know, for the old Indian ways, did he accept Christianity at all, or did he feel that he had what he wanted in the old religion?

Mrs. Joyce: Oh yes, he wanted us to, to go to church as much as possible, yes. He thought that it was... Well, we had to sooner or later turn that way, they had to anyway. But he still wanted to keep his way of living, like the Chinese and the... He often said, "Why on earth are they trying to get it away from us when they don't bother the Scotch or the...? They still do their dances, or the Chinese and Japanese, they're still able to do their own celebrating. Why couldn't the Indians do it?"

Imbert: Were these things forbidden you?

Mrs. Joyce: We were told not to have anything to do with it.

Imbert: Tell me about that. Do you remember any of these... being told this, any incidents, you know, this stopping of all these things? And who did it and how it was enforced and so on.

Mrs. Joyce: Well, in this school we were told it was wicked. We weren't supposed to, we were supposed to forget all that. That's what we were in the school for, to try and forget it, not to remember it anymore because it was wicked.
Imbert: What was wicked exactly?

Mrs. Joyce: I don't know what was wicked but it was supposed to be wicked, (laughs) whatever it was. I didn't see anything wicked about it because I enjoyed it, and I always think, well, say like mother used to say. If I'm able to do that when I'm young, if I can give people... The things that they gave away was always useful, even to food, we give away to everybody. And when you get older it's more or less like it's returned to me when I get old and I'm unable to do that. Then I still get it. You see I always think that is like a bank and when you're old and I never ever seen old people go hungry when I was a kid. And remembering now, I've always remembered old people with walking sticks and very long white hair. Nowadays you don't see that. All stooped Indians and very old people. It was like that, but I don't think so. There seemed to be a lot of old people when I was... It might have been the way they dressed too, you know, of course.

Imbert: It was, by "it" they meant the potlatch was forbidden, was it?

Mrs. Joyce: Yes, yes.

Imbert: Did that mean also dances and that sort of thing?

Mrs. Joyce: Everything. Everything connected with potlatch was wicked. We must forget that.

Imbert: The costumes, the masks?

Mrs. Joyce: Everything. They even went all around buying all the masks when I can barely remember that. It just seems like a dream. So and so sold all their costumes. But old people they just wouldn't give it up.

Imbert: To what do you attribute the fact that the Kingcome people kept their ways so much? How were they able to do that?

Mrs. Joyce: Well I think the thing was... As I say, the Catholics started there and I don't know why they didn't keep on. Being that there wasn't very many missionaries or religious people going up there, I think that was the reason they kept it going. They had nothing else to do in the wintertime but that.

Imbert: You remember these ceremonies and dances, do you?

Mrs. Joyce: I...

Imbert: I know you didn't do it yourself, but could you perhaps describe what you would see in some of these ceremonies in the winter in the house. How it would be performed and how it would be lived? Can you remember? Just give us a picture of that.
Mrs. Joyce: Well, as I say, when you get called each house... I may as well tell you, in the beginning each house is called. Like if I'm going to give a feast or potlatch I send out my Bears or whatever you call them and there's to be about two or three of them and each one carries a stick. And instead of going in the door they hit your door and they name each one in the house, "You are welcome to Chief so and so's building. We are giving a supper or giving a potlatch, and some Indian dancing -- everybody come." Well, they have to go from house to house twice to call you, that was the custom. So we all go in -- the whole family goes, like my mother would be ahead and then we'd all go in our blankets. And as you go in the big door is wide open. Of course they've got it all decorated with trees, which with their trimmings, you know, the evergreens. We'd go in there and there would be a big fire in the middle and we'd all sit down in our proper places and wait for the dance to come. Then it would come, the wild man would come first. Oh, we enjoyed that. We were scared of it in a way when we were children, but after you got to understand it it wasn't anything to be afraid of.

Imbert: Tell me about the, what do the wild men look like? What would they be dressed in and so on?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, the first part of it, when he comes, he is a wild man. He comes through the roof, like. He opens and he jumps through there. Before he gets in he's running around in the woods with this whistle -- I've got one my dad had. And he's whistling around and then he gets on the roof. I don't know, but he gets up there and then he's up there he's practically bare naked. All he has is this evergreen around him on his head, on his wrist, on his ankles, as well as here, just his covering. He jumps down and they catch him and they're trying to tame him and it takes quite a few days to tame him. When they eventually tame him, well, they put on cedar wrist bands on him, you know, colored red and natural cedar on his waist, on his, around his neck, like, you know, on his legs. He's practically tamed and then when he gets good and tame, well, they dress him up in either a cedar blanket made for that purpose -- it's all trimmed nicely for him -- and they put that on him and they put it on this red band around with the ermine on each end. And oh, either a bare blanket with ermine and then an apron with little bells or anything that makes a lot of noise. And then he's quite tame and then he has another quiet dance, you know.

Imbert: You said it took several days to tame him.

Mrs. Joyce: Yeah.

Imbert: How would that be?

Mrs. Joyce: It took about, when I was a child, well, it took about four days for a person to give an Indian dance. It would take pretty near a month for, say, like my dad gave a potlatch.
Well, he wouldn't give everything out, say, like, he would maybe give blankets today and then some more dancing, feasting. And then the next day it might be dishes and so on, or even (inaudible) or anything like that that was useful to... Like, he would say, "Well, so and so needs that. That goes to that party." So that's how come it used to last because there was feasting. Like I say, they dried this fruit, they dried different fishes and all that. That's what they worked towards for the winter. And then the next party would take over again if he wanted to take, well, he would take over. It kept on all winter long pretty well. But later years they only had it for a week, which would last for a long time when I was a child. But now they only have it for a child. They put all in one instead of going through the whole thing. They don't go through it anymore, they just rush through it, and no big excitement now. (laughs)

Imbert: What... oh yeah. What time of day would you go? would you go a certain time of the day?

(END OF SIDE A)

(SIDE B)

Imbert: ...and the early days. Well, they're not so very early because you're not as old as that. (laughs) But at any rate your memories of growing up there and things like that. Tell me first of all about the village, where it was situated and what it looks like, as you remember it.

Mrs. Joyce: As I remember it. I haven't been home since 1927, I guess -- that's quite some time ago. But there was quite a lot of community homes, you know those big Indian community houses. There was in those days very few of the other buildings that they, like this now, of course, I know what it's like today, but that's...

Imbert: How do you remember those? What were they like and what was inside of them like, the outside?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, very much... I should have pulled out some old books that I have here that...

Imbert: Well, I'd much prefer you told us in your words.

Mrs. Joyce: Well, much similar to what they're building at Alert Bay now. You know, the same thing. They had the totem poles for the, you know, the, in the front part of the thing, at the door. You know, the great big cedar things, that's what they had. And then as a child we didn't have any private quarters like, you know, it was all mostly little open compartments where we slept on the side of the buildings. And then during the time that we had to eat we used this centre part with the fire -- they cooked right in the centre part.
You've seen it, with the opening where the smoke went out.

Imbert: I haven't seen it, I've seen pictures of it. And I was hoping perhaps for you to describe it as somebody who lived in it. This is interesting, this is particularly interesting.

Mrs. Joyce: Well, when we had to eat, all the family -- like our family -- was in there. And when we ate, because we cooked, as I said, right in the centre of the fire... And then we had a little, something similar to the chesterfield, only about three times as long, and of course it was boards, all boards. And then like the cupboards on each end where you kept your food or dishes and things like that, you know. But the food itself was kept in great big wooden cedar boxes every, ate (?) like dried fish or baskets or whatever the case would be. And it was mostly always dried fish, dried berries and things like that that we had. It was oolachan oil always mixed with what we ate, you know. And myself I think that was really nice because I even long for it yet. I wish I could, but my husband doesn't, he wasn't brought up to understand how to eat all that. I think if we eat it now today it would be so much better for a lot of us. They way they used to eat their food, you know, it was all natural food, natural got from nature, you know. And even, like deer, it was smoked and kept for the winter and, well, clams and everything, whatever, like seaweed and... And then the oolachans itself they were smoked to keep. Wild crab apples, wild rice, and oh, porcupine, beaver. You could go out and it's a delicacy if you know to cook it, you know, there's nothing. I mean I just can't describe it to you people unless you know what it tastes like. If you haven't eaten it you wouldn't know, but ourselves we've eaten it and I like it.

Imbert: I think these things, as you say, they are so natural that they were good for you, I agree with you there. Many, what interests me is there's such a variety of things.

Mrs. Joyce: So much that people say, "Well, all the Indians did eat was dried fish and things like that." But it wasn't so, I don't think. To my own idea we had so much variety at, all the year round that it could be got to be dried to be kept for the winter, you know. Like berries, blueberries, blue huckleberries and red huckleberries, that could be dried, salmonberries could be dried. And we dried the seaweed, as I say, we ate that and then...

Imbert: What kind of seaweed would that be?

Mrs. Joyce: This is the same thing that the Japanese get only they kind of, they make theirs turn white. I don't know how they do it, but ours we just go out, like out at... Where mother came from was at Mackenzie Sound. Well, we used to go there after the oolachan work was over and then we'd go and take the seaweed and work on it for pretty near a month and dry
it. It's dark -- you've seen seaweed, it's a dark brown color. Well, we pull it off the rocks. It's a lot of work but it's worth it because we used to trade with a lot of people that came down from the Interior. And then they'd trade with us with their soapberries, because we don't get soapberries down here, which we love too. I think it was a good idea.

Imbert: You wouldn't, it would always be the dark seaweed? It wouldn't be any of this bright green stuff that you get?

Mrs. Joyce: Well you can, no, no, no, that's another one, that's different still. That's, no, no, that wouldn't be it. But then as it first comes, the seaweed itself, like when you first go out there to get it, we can cook it, like when we first get it and it does get green. But it's not this green stuff that you see on the beach, it's not a, very much similar to it but it's, you know, not a...

Imbert: ...cooked on the fire?

Mrs. Joyce: A lot of it was barbecued. Before it was smoked mostly, you know, like the deer meat and the clams. You put it on sticks for about so long then you put it by the fire and barbecue it first before you smoke it. Delicious. (laughs)

Imbert: I'm sure it was. You wouldn't have any salt, would you?

Mrs. Joyce: Well it's salty itself anyway. I mean after it is smoked it has its own salt flavor to it. You notice yourself whatever you get out of the sea it seems... even like the seaweed is quite salty. I guess that's where they got their salt from, but I don't ever remember hearing of them getting salt anywhere else -- just the sea itself.

Imbert: Would you have sugar?

Mrs. Joyce: No. But I do remember I liked sugar. Of course, I guess they didn't have sugar them days, I don't think, because I remember the old grandparents saying, "Eat that horrible stuff! It's no good for your teeth." And they knew it. But oh, I like my sugar. (laughs)

Imbert: Did each family have its own supply of food?

Mrs. Joyce: Oh yes. Well, we all, like, like everyone, like when the, like this seaweed, when it was ready to get, well, we got it. Well, each family went out and got it. When the clams were ready to get they all knew when it was ready and they went and got it, so pretty well everybody in the village went after it. If they didn't, well, they might have gotten something else they liked. They might have got more dried berries and then they'd trade with you if you had seaweed, you know.

Imbert: And you stored, each family stored their own supply in the boxes?
Mrs. Joyce: Oh yes.

Imbert: Each family had one of those boxes for...

Mrs. Joyce: But like in my time, of course, years ago they had boxes. And I know they had boxes when I was quite small, I remember it now. But later on they had barrels and then they started, of course, canning and the bottling things, like you white people do now, you know. Of course it's mostly frozen, but it was always mostly dried that I remember as a child, it was all dried.

Imbert: Tell me about the big house that you lived in. What was on the outside of it?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, just, there was no lining of any sort. It was just plain cedar boards, you know, maybe thick or twice as thick as my hand. I guess you've seen pictures of them, but they were that thick. And no insulation of no sort. It was just... I shouldn't say that, I guess that's why young people of today have so much colds because everything is insulated. But we were always more or less used to this cold. It didn't affect us. I think we were healthier for it. Don't you think?

Imbert: I'm sure you were, yes.

Mrs. Joyce: I don't remember us very little, ever, until I started going to school that I ever got colds as a child. We didn't have these horrible colds that we got when we got into this home. And did we ever get it.

Imbert: Tell me about the front of the house. What did it look like? What was the decoration of it?

Mrs. Joyce: According to you family legends you had either a Crow or a Thunderbird or an Eagle or... And then maybe you might have totem poles on each side of the door outside.

Imbert: What was the one that you were in and what was its significance? And tell us about your own family and clan and so on.

Mrs. Joyce: I was in so many of them that, so much of it that...

Imbert: Tell me about the, we were talking the other day or was I talking with your sister about the four class, sort of castes almost, and yours was the Eagle, was it not?

Mrs. Joyce: The Eagle isn't really a class to what you mean. The Eagle is a standing among the Indians. It's not what you thought it would be. It's like... I'm not an Eagle, my sister is an Eagle. She was born in the family and the oldest girl in the family is an Eagle, or the oldest boy is an Eagle. So she
was the oldest in the family so she became, she was known that she was going to be an Eagle as soon as she got old enough. It's in certain families, not all families have it. And it's not that, like you say, well, she has to get it because she's, she wants it -- it's hers anyways. But they do have ceremonial things that they go through. Like she has to have a name given to her, her Eagle name. And they give a potlatch and she becomes a Eagle -- she's the second Eagle at Kingcome. Our cousin, Mrs. Webber from Kingcome, is the first. But I'm not an Eagle so I'm not entitled to it unless she wants to pass it to me. But she'd have to pass it on to her oldest child now. And the oldest child passes it on to his. That's the way it works, so not everybody becomes an Eagle.

Imbert: So it's the firstborn?

Mrs. Joyce: Yeah. Although she could have given it, like if she wanted to herself, that would be her own choice. If she wanted to give it to her older brother she could do so if she wanted to.

Imbert: These houses then, they didn't have any decoration on the outside, any painting?

Mrs. Joyce: A lot of it had. When the white people come they all started, painted their family crests and stuff. As far as crests goes, well, we have so much of it. As I say, my dad was from Port Rupert as well as from Gilford Island, as well as Kingcome and he had so many, you know, in the family. In fact, way back he was... Years ago, I guess around the time when the white people first come, there was in that tribe... They were so respected or so high class that his great-great-grandfather went from village to village and he could choose any woman he wanted to, chief's daughters. And he could say, "Well, I want her." And you couldn't just, well, you couldn't refuse him. It didn't matter whether he had twenty wives or whatever the case may be, that was their custom. Of course, being the chief he could get away with it. So that's why we've got so many relatives all up and down the coast, you know, it's...

Imbert: How would you go into the house?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, you have a back door as well as a front door. There's a front double door. Like, when you going to have your family, not your family but you ask the tribe to come in to have an Indian dance, they all... People went or one of the family is going to give an Indian dance or a potlatch, whatever you call it. Well, they use this two doors and they open it, every time each one comes in. Well, that's like the society people among the white people, you announce who comes in. Each time they come in you have to announce that party has come in, you know.

Imbert: Well, except on the ceremonial occasions, then, you used the back door, did you?
Mrs. Joyce: Well, that's for the, yes, for the dancers that come. They use that for to bring in their costumes and their masks and stuff. That's what that's for.

Imbert: And when you went into these houses what was it like? Was there much light to see by? What was it like?

Mrs. Joyce: Very little light. As I say, it wasn't tight. You could pretty well see because the opening would be about half the width of this room right now, which was never ever covered. We never ever noticed the rain or anything like that, if it snowed, I guess, I don't quite remember. But the fires must have been going most of the time, because I know at home there's quite a bit of know up at Kingcome. Get about six or seven feet of snow pretty near every winter and you get snowed in for three, four months up there.

Imbert: Was the floor level?

Mrs. Joyce: They made it level. It was just sand. Of course up there it's mostly sand.

Imbert: Not some of the houses, the floors weren't sort of set down?

Mrs. Joyce: Yes. Well, there was some houses like that. Like my mother's, where she was from at Hopetown, she was from Hopetown. Her father was, my mother was from Hopetown but father was from Kingcome but she was raised in Hopetown. And her legend is that this young fellow had been taking exercises and making himself strong just because he was getting into manhood to be able to get a wife and everything like that. And they lost him somehow. They, in all his, like what he did, he'd go in the swimming in the water or do different things to show his strength. And then this time they lost him and they figure he was drowned. And they never found him for years -- this is only a legend. Anyway, he come back. He was under the water, he travelled for I think she said seven years under the sea. And he told his little brother, like his youngest brother, he told him the little boy was down the beach on a rock... And you know when the tide goes out there's little pools in the rock and sometimes this little rock bullheads get caught in the little pools.

So he asked... his grandparents took him, and he asked his grandmother and granddad, "Can I go and get those little bullheads?" "Oh, do what you like." They weren't interested with him, interested in... They were still sorrowing for the boy that they had lost, you know. So he says, "Granny, can I have one piece of your hair?" You know, that's what children did to go and get those little rock cods, little bullheads, apparently. So she says, "Oh my goodness! Keep quiet! Here you are," she pulled it. Of course, like me with my long hair, she pulled one and give it to him.
He was quite happy and he went down. He was having fun. All of a sudden this sea gull came, sat on the rock. And he's playing and he looked at the sea gull and no more sea gull -- there was his brother sitting there. And he says, "Go and tell grandmother and grandfather I'm here." He went running, the little boy did, and he told his grandparents. And they said, "Oh, go out and play. Don't be so foolish. I guess we'll never ever see him again." So when he went down he was, he disappeared. Next thing he seen this duck and this duck was swimming around. He kept on after his bullhead. He was more interested -- he was very childish, you know -- he didn't realize that this was important. He seen this duck and he didn't take notice of it and the next thing here it was his brother again. And he says, "Go and tell grandfather and grandmother I'm here." So he was excited too, because he had heard about him quite a bit. This went on until he came into different forms, he came into a seal, he came into a, oh, you know, those great big loons and different things like that. Then finally the grandmother says to the grandfather, "Why don't you go and see what he's talking about? It may be true." So the little boy, him and the grandfather went down just to see. He seen him, the grandfather seen him, and he changed into some other... maybe it was a seal, I don't know. Anyway he changed into another form and away he went. Well, the grandfather says, "We were wrong. He was right." (telephone rings)

Imbert: And...

Mrs. Joyce: He seen the other grandson, the oldest grandson. The oldest child is always thought a lot more than the younger children, so he was quite mad at Granny. Why didn't she say something sooner? And he would have, well, "We'll catch him, we're going to catch him." So they did. They tried everything they could to catch this boy and every time they got close to him he changed into some other thing. Finally they called the other tribes to come help and they went along with their canoes and he come up with his great big building just to show them what he had underneath the sea, and he come up with this building. They got him, I don't know when they got him, but they finally did catch him and they... When he did come out, well, they build him the house that he had showed -- he didn't bring it with him, it went underneath again. So they build this big building according to his building underneath the sea. They called all the different tribes.

And apparently we all have our enemies, you know. So these people that he had been against, that had been against him, that's what he was trying to do, to get himself strong apparently for some cause. I don't know what it was, to beat this young fellow, young boy that was his rival. He then called everybody and then called this boy and the family and they had a great big, gave a great big feast in honor of him coming back home. Brought everything, like dried fish, dried berries and everybody had a feast and dances and the different dances he had brought from under sea. They had a wonderful time. Finally, I guess, in his anger coming back home he had
his slaves -- his parents, his grandparents had their slaves and he told them, "Shut the doors." This house had four big doors on each side. They wondered why he wanted them shut, so they shut them for him. So he said, "I want..." I wish I could remember his name, the young fellow that, his rival, "I want him to come out and show his strength." So they came out in the middle of the floor and he says, "I want you to show your strength." And then they went at it. And he says, "I'll show you." (telephone rings) So what does he do? He takes this young rival and he takes him in the middle of the skull and opens his skull right up and everybody just went wild in the building. They tried to open the doors. Some of them got out some of them didn't. And there were so many different tribes there and the different tribes that didn't get out, that when they did lock it again, they were his slaves thereafter.

So I think that's the end of that. My sister might have some more, but that's where a lot of our names and our dances are from on my mother's side.

Imbert: From under the sea?

Mrs. Joyce: From under the sea and up the sea as well. I mean there was the seagull, ducks and the loons and that's where our dances are mostly from. Even two-headed, what do you call those now? Dragons are they supposed to be? They had fire coming out of their mouths. That was one of them. So therefore, that's why we have that crest, two-headed dragon, and the Thunderbird is another on on my mother's side too. There's very little to that. It's just that Thunderbird lives on the mountain. I don't blame him. This mountain is, nothing hardly ever grows on it. Maybe the Thunderbird lives there, all right, but according to my memory there's hardly anything there. But he's supposed to live there and he come down and he turn to human, like you and I, and talk to his people. And finally he said, "Well, I'm not coming down any more. But if you hear me roaring you know wherever you are that one of us, one of our people have gone home." The Indian doesn't say die.

Nobody dies, you're just gone home. Back to... if an Indian tells you that, he's not an Indian, because we don't say die.

Imbert: Where do they go back to?

Mrs. Joyce: I don't really know. The way I look at it it's just that you're... Well, after being raised in an English home and having been taught the Bible and everything like that, you begin to realize, well, you begin to think of different things. What is it? Is it really you're just gone home or is there such a thing as Christ? And all this things, you know, you wonder. You're torn between two things when you're raised as an Indian as well as... Like we used to go to Alert Bay school and then in the summertime we go work in the cannery. But of course as soon as you were able to read and write to Eaton's and Simpson's, well, you were taken out of school. They didn't enforce it any more. After fourteen you could
leave, they didn't make you go back.

Imbert: What you're sort of saying is that perhaps as soon as you learn to read and write, or come in contact with the Bible, that certain ideas and concepts force themselves on you.

Mrs. Joyce: Yes.

Imbert: And it's difficult to think back to the old meanings.

Mrs. Joyce: Old meanings, yes. That's quite right. Yet in a way I like to believe what they believe in themselves, because that's a nice thought to think that you've just gone home.

Imbert: When you say that, forgetting entirely the Bible and other concepts, you don't really have a specific idea. It's more something that's undescribable. How would you, what does it mean or does it, is it possible to explain what it means?

Mrs. Joyce: Well, it would be like the spirits that... They say in the Bible there are spirits around you. And after, as I say, after going to this white school or this home, they try to raise us as white and having taken up the Bible and... You begin to think, well, they think themselves just like the Indians do, they go home. That's all we do and I think that's a good thought. I mean, like I say, like my dad died. Well, mother said, "Well, I guess he's happy with his parents and his relatives now. A very nice thought I think. They have no such thing as anybody going down hell. It's... Even if he was wicked, anything, he'd just gone home.

Imbert: Would that imply that life on earth, you are a stranger, you were in a strange land on earth and you went home?

Mrs. Joyce: What I think is home is your spirit is there, around home. Like my mother will say, "Well, they're looking after us. They are there somewhere." So I think, say, like if I went I would still be around here and still looking after my own.

Imbert: I see what you mean, yes. The spiritual ideas, as you know, are very interesting because they're closer to things. The concepts that the white man brought along are often...

Mrs. Joyce: Well, they scare you. They scare you and I don't think it's right that anybody should be scared of anything. That they should just say like... Even a small child is told, "Well, if you do that again you're going to hell." I don't think that's right because it scares you. And they tell you what hell is, full of fire, and who wants to go there?

Imbert: That used to be in some of the... I don't think
they do that much today.

Mrs. Joyce: I don't know no ars since I've went to S... We would go to hell if we told a lie, you know, and I don't think that's nice.

Imbert: I'd like to talk about this sort of... This business of, you know, where you came from. This home, you see, and then had to go into the white man's world. And this is a very interesting and sort of important thing because so much is lost there. Tell me now, in your own life, how long did you live in the village before you... And how old were you, in other words, when you went away from the village?

Mrs. Joyce: First went to school I was only five years old, but I only stayed there a few weeks then I went back home again. But all in all, as far as staying in the village goes, we always went back after the school was out. And then I left when I was only fourteen and then from then on until I was eighteen and got married. Fourteen, well, that's quite a long time. And then not only that, as children we were always told, we were always repeatedly told that we had to obey our elders.

They were, we were brought into the world by our parents. It's something similar to what the Bible says, you have to honor them. They are, whatever they want you to do, even in marriage, you don't have your say. There's no such thing as married for love years ago. It was because you were a choice from certain family, you were the choice. They had it all arranged and you couldn't say yes or no. It was the custom. And they didn't... The younger, the younger generation did. I know I didn't like it one bit. After being raised in this home we were told there that we didn't have to marry unless we loved somebody. That was explained to us in such a way that we didn't like it when we went back home and we were told to marry so and so. Which was all arranged because of the names of the family. We had to keep it going. It's something like royalty...

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