Tom: Oh yeah. (laughs) (Singing in Indian). My wife and that's hers now.

David: That was your wife's song? Evelyn Walker's song?

Tom: (laughs) (Singing in Indian). Oh the feathers from
the eagles flying... This dance, it's not mine, but (Indian) is mine. Travelling minister goes there. They say he's got a big beard.

Lady: ...different houses. And he sniffed as soon as he walked in. He's really crazy about Indian food... according to her. And he'll take her all over, and he'd sniff and he used to talk Indian.

David: Was this Reverend Hall?

Lady: Yes. And he'd say, "What is that I smell? It smells like dried salmon." And he have to sit down and taste some. And then he'd go to the next house and they'd be having seaweed or something. He'd go from one house to another just sampling all the different dishes.

David: And your mother went along with him?

Lady: Oh yeah. She had to go along with him.

David: Was she sort of a teacher's pet?

Lady: I guess so. Because, you know, sometimes he used to stay there in the summer.

David: Oh, I see.

Lady: You know, right in the school.

David: Why? Was there nobody at home?

Lady: I don't know. You know, her mother was waiting all the time, living next to him and... So she said some summers she had to spend in the school, like. And after they got back from visiting all the villagers -- all the houses -- his beard would be all smelly with (Indian). So she'd have to -- her and his wife -- used to wash his beard out, every night.

David: Is that right?

Lady: Oh, she used to tell me all about that, you know, about this...

David: So was school for her, was it a good time, at St. Mike's, or was it a bad time for her?

Lady: Well, being able to go out with the principal like that, I guess it was all right.

David: Yes. So she never spoke of them as being hard times for her?

Lady: No, not that I can recall.

David: Yeah. Even though she was away from her mom and dad?
Lady: Yes. I think she used to work in the cannery later on, you know, canning fish.

David: Right. At Rivers?

Lady: Yes.

David: Yeah.

Lady: I think they still had all those canneries. I think the only one that wasn't working was R.I.C.

David: Oh.

Lady: And I think (inaudible) used to -- they used to go in canoes. You know, all up and down the coast.

David: Yeah. Yeah, there's some canoes in those photographs, big canoes.

Lady: So (inaudible). They might look big.

David: They probably were very safe, right?

Lady: Yes. She always talks about Chief (name). I think that was before even (inaudible).

David: Oh yeah. So this would be from Campbell River, then?

Lady: Yeah, Campbell River. So how long have you been doing this?

Unknown: He wants to know about Nora. You know Nora?

Tom: Yeah.

Unknown: What is her last name? The one with the twin girls.

Tom: Yeah, I know.

Unknown: He wants to know about her.

Tom: Yeah, Nora...

Unknown: Who her parents were and everything.

Tom: That's Carg, Carg. C-A-R-G.

Unknown: Is that her last name?

Tom: Carg. Nora Carg. That's her name when she was here in Rivers. And she wasn't raised in Rivers. She was raised at (Indian).

Unknown: Raised in (Indian) Inlet.
Tom: Right. Nora was raised in (Indian) Inlet. Nora Crag, but she became a Webber. She became a Webber.

David: She married a Webber?

Unknown: I don't know. I don't think so. They may have been the people who raised her.

David: Who adopted her? Yeah.

Lady: Flo (?) was my aunt. I had an aunt over in (inaudible), Jenny Taylor.

David: Oh yeah. Jenny Taylor?

Lady: Yes.

Tom: Nora...by the name of Carg. But that was... the old man's name was Carg. That's Emma's father -- Nora's mother was Emma.

Unknown: Oh, that was her grandfather, eh?

Tom: Webber was not her father, just her step-parent.

David: Yes.

Lady: ...small canoe. My grandmother was standing there watching when we got close to the shore and the canoe sank.

David: Really?

Lady: Well, there must have about seven of us or something like that in this little canoe. And she pulled everybody out. And she didn't say nothing to me, she just looked at me. And I thought, well... And...

David: Were those houses empty at the time?

Lady: Yes, they just emptied, I mean, you know, there wasn't anybody living in them.

David: What year would this be, about?

Lady: Oh heavens! It must have been about thirty, thirty-five years ago.

David: Yes, there were still houses? Were there any totem poles on the island?

Lady: Not that I... I can't remember. I just remember those old houses.

David: Where were the people living then?
Lady: Right across, you know, on this... on that shore, I guess it would be.

David: Yeah. On the sawmill side or on the R.I.C. side?

Lady: R.I.C.

David: Oh yes.

Lady: Because she had this house right on the end. And she was looking out watching us when we were coming back. And the kids, you know, were bringing this little canoe over. And every time they tipped it a little bit, a little bit of water would come in. And we were all screaming, you know. We thought it was funny. But after we capsized they all asked how come she never bawled me out. She bawled everybody else out. They said, "You get away with everything." But she was really frightening... I used to be afraid of her. But then I thought, "Oh heck! Why be afraid? She's my grandmother."

David: Yeah.

Lady: And the other grandchildren wouldn't hardly talk to her, they were so afraid of her. I guess it was because she looked so severe.

David: So how old would you be at that time?

Lady: Must have been about fourteen -- thirteen, fourteen.

David: Oh, I see. And did you spend much time there?

Lady: No, not really. We used to just go there in the summer, you know, when he was fishing.

David: Were there any feasts or potlatches when you were there, or did you see any dancing?

Lady: There was one in, when was it? There was a cannery there and they used to hold...

David: Kiltala?

Lady: Yeah, that's the one. And then they had a potlatch there.

David: They did it, eh?

Lady: But I was too small, you know. I think that was when they gave my sister her name. And she died seven years ago. But she spent more time with my parents than I did.

David: Do you remember anything about the potlatch? What was going on? Who was giving gifts away? What was the occasion?
Lady: No, I don't remember very much about that. I just remember the dances.

David: Yes. Lots of masks?

Lady: I can't remember that. You know, you're so young all you're doing is just playing around. You know, we used to go hide. But my grandmother used to give quite a few potlatches. Have you ever tried Tony Hunt?