

masts and each mast had a square sail. It was a grand sight to see the departure of this flotilla of canoes. They all travelled together as they had to cross Dickson's Entrance, which could get pretty rough at times. Outside of there being a few older people left in the village, Massett was really deserted until the salmon fishing at the canneries on the coast was over. Then they began dribbling back home, a canoe load at a time. When Christmas came around most people were back as this was Potlach time and all wanted in on it to get some Biskit and Sail Cloth.

#### Old Chief Edenshaw

When we arrived at Massett the greatest chief the Haidas had ever had, Chief Edenshaw, was still the top man of the nation, although he was getting well along in years, one thing about the situation that seemed to be the same with other tribes of natives I met in later years, when the Big Chief became pretty old, while he retained his position as top-dog of his people, he rather became the forgotten man otherwise. The old Chief would wander around the village with an old blanket around him and a staff in his hand and an old stub clay pipe in his mouth. The old fellow would call on my mother at the Hudson's Bay house, come in the back door of the kitchen and sit on his haunches beside the stove and tell her yarns of the ancient glories of the Haidas.

He would yarn along in a mixture of English and Chinook and I question if she got too much out of his stories although she was quite good on Chinook, but with her usually good diplomacy she always treated him kindly and always called him "Chief", and always had a good pot of strong tea ready for him, which he loved. He never missed his daily visit and really enjoyed himself. While mother at times would be quite busy she always treated the old fellow well and he enjoyed his half hour visit so much.

As I noticed in after years, as was the same with all Indian folk, the next big moment in Old Chief Edenshaw's life would be when he decided to take off for the happy land, when his funeral and big feasts would be gala affairs. It was said that this old Chief opened the doors of to Christianity and had the reputation of being the best chief the Haida nation ever had. He died not long after we left the islands, succeeded by his son



copied from

my memories

by Wigg O'Neill

E  
E

On 2

Old Chief Ebnashaw

When we arrived at Ansett the greatest chief the Haida had ever had, Chief Ebnashaw, was still the top man of the nation, although he was getting well along in years, one thing about the situation that seemed to be the same with other tribes of natives I met in later years, when the Big Chief became pretty old, while he retained his position as top-dog of his people, his father became the forgotten man otherwise. The old Chief would wander around the village with an old blanket around his and a staff in his hand and an old pipe in his mouth. The old fellow would call on my mother at the Hudson's Bay house, come in the back door of the kitchen and sit on his benches beside the stove and tell her yarns of the ancient glories of the Haida.

He would yarn along in a mixture of English and Chinook and I question if she got too much out of his stories although she was quite good on Chinook, but with her usually good diplomacy she always treated him kindly and always called him "Chief", and always had a good pot of strong tea ready for him, which he loved. He never missed his daily visit and really enjoyed himself.

old fellow well and he enjoyed his half hour visit so much. As I noticed in later years, as was the same with all Indian folk, the next big moment in Old Chief Ebnashaw's life would be when he decided to take off for the happy land, when his funeral and big feasts would be held. It was said that this old Chief opened the doors of Christianity and the reputation of being the best chief the Haida nation ever had. He died not long after we left the islands, succeeded by his son.