



We are continuing regular newsletter updates to share exciting history from the Archives with the communities. Some of you know these stories but others do not, so it is a pleasure to introduce the ninth edition of: **Tales from the Vault.**

Epilogue

THIS STORY COMES FROM J.J. WALLAS BORN 1097 AT BEAR COVE, THE ORIGINAL SITE OF PORT HARDY. HIS FATHER WAS FROM A VILLAGE IN QUATSINO SOUND AND HIS MOTHER WAS FROM A VILLAGE ON HOPE ISLAND. HIS WIFE ANNIE WAS A DAUGHTER OF A CHEF WHOSE VILLAGE AT WINTER HARBOUR EVENTUALLY AMALGAMATED WITH THAT OF WALLAS. JJ'S STORIES WERE TOLD TO PAMELA WHITAKER AND PUBLISHED IN 1989.

At Cape Scott, a few miles south of where the Transformer and his brother landed, there is a pile of big boulders. The Transformer had told the people that no one was to touch those rocks. "Do not kick them, hit them, or throw other rocks on them," he said. "If you do, a big storm will come up."

Now not more than one hundred years ago [1889], some surveyors wanted to go to that place. They hired a man from Hope Island to be their guide. He was called George and had a canoe. When they arrived at that spot, George said to the surveyors, "Don't touch that pile of boulders. Don't kick them or do anything to them or a big wind will come up."

The men thought George was crazy to think that. "How can a pile of rocks bring on a big wind?" they scoffed. George repeated the warning, "Don't touch those rocks or we will have a terrible storm," but the men paid no attention. They went over to the pile of boulders and kicked them and shouted at them. They picked up other rocks and smashed them down on the boulders.

George pulled his canoe off the beach and tied it down very securely in preparation for the big storm. He took his tent and pitched it deep in the shelter of some trees.

"Don't leave your tent on the beach," he advised the surveyors. But the men just laughed and paid no attention to him. They went to bed with their tent sitting out on the open beach.



Late that night the surveyors awakened to the whistling of the wind in the trees. Soon it became a howl, and rain pelted out of the black sky. A strong gust of wind ripped up their tent stakes and blew the tent high into a tree. Waves almost washed over them as they struggled against the wind to reach the shelter of the trees.

"George! George!" they shouted. "Can we come in your tent? Ours is up a tree!"

"I warned you and you wouldn't believe me," he answered. "Now you go up in the tree and get your tent down - I have no room."



Figure 1 Three B.C. hunters and tent, 1885.

As he finished this story, Mr. Wallas gazed out the window in the direction of Hope Island where his mother was born. "George died only fifty years ago," [1939] he mused.