

Duwamish History in Duwamish Voices:
Weaving Our Family Stories Since Colonization

by Julia Anne Allain

B.A., University of Victoria, 1999

M.A., University of Victoria, 2005

A Dissertation Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree of

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Abstract

Duwamish people are “the People of the Inside,” “the Salmon People”—Coast Salish people who occupied a large territory *inside* the Olympic Mountains and the Cascade range. Ninety Longhouses were situated where Seattle and several neighbouring cities now stand. Today, over six hundred Duwamish are urban Indigenous people without legal recognition as an American Indian tribe, still battling for rights promised by the *Point Elliott Treaty* of 1855. Portrayals of Duwamish history since the time of colonization are often incomplete or incorrect.

A tribe member myself, I set out to record and present family stories concerning the period 1850 to the present from participants from six Duwamish families. I gathered histories told in the words of the people whose family experiences they are. It is history from a Duwamish perspective, in Duwamish voices. Collected family stories are recorded in the appendices to my dissertation. In my ethnographic study, I inquire as to what strengths have carried Duwamish people through their experiences since colonization. The stories reveal beliefs and practices which have supported the Duwamish people, and hopes for the future.

Data was gathered using multiple methods, including fieldwork—visiting a master weaver; attending tribal meetings; and visiting historic sites—reading existing documents by Duwamish authors and by settlers, and interviewing, including looking at photos to elicit information. Five themes emerged from the data: Finding a True History; What Made Them Strong; Intermarriage; Working for the People; and Working with the Youth. These themes together constitute what I term the Indigenous Star of Resilience (see Figure One in Chapter Six). For me, this study has truly been *swit ulis uyayus*—“work that the Creator has wrapped around me” (Vi Hilbert, quoted in Yoder, 2004); work that is a gift.

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I also wish to thank the many people who have individually supported my efforts. For most of my life, I believed I lived in a country where one can achieve anything if one tries hard enough. Sadly, I now know that we are not such a country, if we ever were. By the time students are entering doctoral studies, we have used up our student loan funding. There was no formal societal or institutional support for me during my doctoral studies.

I laugh when I say that qualities from my Duwamish and Swedish ancestry led me to believe that I could do it by myself, if I had to, with persistence, sacrifice, and hard work. I almost did! Yet I was likely meant to learn that I could not complete the doctoral journey alone. I gave this work everything, working at three jobs sometimes, and I sacrificed valuable time with my family. The time to complete the degree took twice as long as it could have been. Nevertheless, in my final two years I was forced to realize that I could never finish my dissertation without help. It was a humbling lesson.

I thank the people near and far who have helped me emotionally or financially in so many large and small ways. In particular, Harry, Peter, Catherine... but I can't name everyone. I must have exceptional friends, because virtually everyone has helped. As my friend Dr. Abebe Teklu emphasized a few years ago, a person's degree "belongs to their community."

To those who helped: Thank you from my heart. I will pay it forward and look for opportunities to help other doctoral students in the future, because I now know that our institutions are not making doctoral studies accessible to *all* who are capable and motivated.

Dedication

My dissertation is dedicated to the Duwamish people of the present and past. They have inspired me with their lives. It was an honour and a privilege to hear the life stories of many generations of Duwamish people from six families. I connected with you all in ways that will never be broken.

I dedicate my work to Thomas King, a mentor whom I have never met in person, whose words continue to influence my ways of knowing the world. I share with him the outlook of a “hopeful pessimist.” We know none of our stories will change the world—but we write in the hope that they would.

I dedicate this work to my parents, Louise Intermela and James Lycke Johnson, for their teachings when I was a child, and to my four children, John, Jason, Larry, and Jordan Allain, who always brought joy to my heart despite hard times. I hope you will always remember to question and learn; always remember your compassion; and remember to take time to enjoy life and your family.

I also dedicate this work to the memory of my Ethiopian friend, Dr. Abebe Abay Teklu, social worker and educator. He left us too soon. Abebe was known to many as “the blind professor.” We shared a journey together for 14 years. We studied and grew, and we told teaching stories to each other—stories that taught about life—and we laughed. We worked on creating academic coursework focussed on social justice and respect for diversity of all sorts. It was Abebe who sat with me on a bench at UVic one sunny day and gave me the final “push” to make the decision to apply to a doctoral program.

Abebe was someone who never gave up, despite the societal barriers to his academic and employment successes. Upon his achievement of a doctoral degree, Abebe threw a huge party for his community, and he gave credit to his family and community, rather than to himself, which I could not understand. Fate and time have brought me that understanding.

Chapter One: Introduction

My name is Julia Allain, and I am named after my Duwamish great-grandmother. I am a descendant of Susan Curley, the daughter of Su-Quardle, a high status Duwamish man, also known as Chief Curley. In the Duwamish tribe records, our family is listed as the Scheuerman family, and is sometimes informally referred to as the Curley family. Duwamish people belong to a Coast Salish tribe which resides in and around the city of Seattle and neighbouring areas.

Much of the history of the Duwamish people since colonization has been lost, and it is my view that some details have been misrepresented. In Chapter One, I explain how my interest in my topic—the experiences of Duwamish people since colonization—arose. I speak of the historical context since contact with white settlers occurred, circa 1850. I speak of my growing awareness of the need for social justice for the Duwamish. I discuss the reason for my study, and I set out my purpose and specific research focus. I provide definitions for terms used in this study, and set out delimitations of the study. I briefly present my assumptions as researcher, followed by listing some of my motivations to carry out this research study.

Why Research Duwamish History Since Colonization? Sealth's Demand for Justice

To answer that question, I begin by quoting the words of a respected chief in Duwamish and Suquamish history, Chief Sealth, who demanded of the “white man:

Let him be just and deal kindly with my people.

Chief Sealth, also known as Si'ahl, is commonly known today as Chief Seattle. He had a Duwamish mother and a Suquamish father, and he was in a high status position among the Duwamish and Suquamish tribes. In 1855, Sealth addressed colonists, treaty-makers, the American government, and Indigenous people. He spoke in *Lushootseed*, which was then translated into Chinook Jargon, a trading language, and then into English. The earliest published copy of his address that day was by Henry Smith (1887). Perhaps Chief Sealth's passionate words arose from the changes he had seen for his Duwamish and Suquamish people during the brief time since the arrival of settlers. He demanded the right for his people to visit the graves of family and friends. Sealth said that his people's dead do not forget this

world. He said that even the rocks of the land hold the memories of past events connected with his people. Sealth continued:

And when the last red man shall have perished from the earth and his memory among the white men shall have become a myth, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe. And when your children's children shall think themselves alone in the fields, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone.... At night, when the streets of your cities and villages will be silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with returning hosts that once filled and still love this beautiful land. The white man will never be alone.

Let him be just and deal kindly with my people for the dead are not powerless. Dead—did I say? There is no death, only a change of worlds. (Smith, 1887, p. 10)

I include this quotation because Sealth speaks of much that underlies my own understanding and purposes when I began to plan my research study:

In the short excerpt from Sealth's speech, a listener can perceive that he speaks of the rapid and devastating impact of change for Duwamish people; The impact of colonization was so severe that, a mere five years after colonization, Sealth vocalizes the apprehension that perhaps the Duwamish will exist no more; Sealth speaks of the Coast Salish cultural belief that the past is always with us; and ultimately, Sealth demands justice for his Duwamish and Suquamish people.

As decades passed after colonization, Coast Salish people in Washington State experienced tragic losses. In accordance with the widespread Coast Salish belief (White & Cienski, personal communication, 2008) held by Chief Sealth and others, I believe the rocks and landmarks do carry the memory of Indigenous history, happy or tragic. Such events as the fatal starvation of many Duwamish people and the burning of ninety Longhouses are part of the history held by the land. The tribe lost acres of camas plants, wapato plant (starchy tubers similar to potatoes), and orchards of hazelnuts. They lost fishing rights and access to traditional food harvesting sites. From that time until today, Duwamish people continue to fight for the justice which Sealth had demanded of the American government in 1855.

Nevertheless, Sealth's chilling and tragic warning of a land from which Duwamish and Suquamish people were eradicated, a land populated by angry ghosts, has not been fulfilled. Many times I have heard Duwamish people exclaim, "We are still here!" The tribe has not died out. Leaders and members continue to strive to achieve the justice that has been

denied since the 1855 Point Elliot Treaty, a treaty to which Sealth, as leader of Duwamish and Suquamish peoples, was the first signatory. Under that treaty, the Duwamish ceded 54,700 acres of land, yet have never received the promised rights and treaty benefits.

The Historical Context Since Colonization

Chief Sealth was descended from two peoples, Suquamish and Duwamish, both of which have endured many losses since colonization, but the course of history has differed for the two. When the Point Elliott Treaty was signed in 1855, Suquamish people were a separate Coast Salish group from the Duwamish people, although there was some intermarriage. Their territory lies generally north and west of the present day city of Seattle. Chief Sealth's father, Schweabe, was a leader in the Suquamish tribe. Today, Schweabe's people have reservation land and are a legally *recognized* tribe in the United States, with associated rights and privileges. Sealth's mother, Sholeetsa, was a Duwamish high status woman from the Duwamish allied groups who lived around Elliott Bay, Lake Union, Lake Washington, and on five rivers in Duwamish territory. Sholeetsa's Duwamish people did not receive land, rights, and legal recognition as a tribe. Immediately after settlers such as Arthur Denny and others arrived, the Duwamish land around Seattle was divided up on paper, distributed to colonists, and titles were registered with the territorial government. Settlers resisted the promised creation of reservation land by the government for the Duwamish.

Today, more than six hundred Duwamish people are registered with the Duwamish tribe. Many continue to live on or near traditional land, *without* U.S. government recognition as a tribe or nation. Some others have chosen to join neighbouring tribes if they meet the tribe's criteria. Duwamish tribe members and other legally unrecognized American Indian groups are denied rights and funding. It is the Duwamish people who hold my heart and my dedicated interest because of the courage and persistence that has kept the culture and tribe in existence since colonization despite overwhelming socio-cultural and economic obstacles.

Despite the loss of their traditional territory, despite being driven from their fields, harbours and rivers, despite the loss of acreages of camas and potatoes, and despite the burning of ninety Longhouses by settlers, the Duwamish survived. Without reservation land and other promised obligations of the American government under the Point Elliott Treaty,

and despite the decimation of their population and societal attempts to harm cultural identity (e.g., through mainstream education and in mission schools), the Duwamish are still here.

Without the legal rights and privileges of recognition, the Duwamish people have raised funds and purchased a small piece of land near Ha-Ah-Poos, a site of a former village (Speer, 2002), and then continued concerted efforts to fundraise and build a Longhouse, a cultural centre. Formally and informally, Duwamish people have continued all along to practice and teach their cultural beliefs and practices, the games, dances, and traditions (Tollefson & Abbott, 1996). The Duwamish people continue to advocate for rights and legal recognition. As I have often heard tribal Chair Cecile Hansen and other leaders, such as Mary Lou Slaughter, James Rasmussen, and DeAnn Jacobson, say, “We are still here!”

My Developing Interest in the History of Duwamish Families

Despite many losses, and with hard won gains, the Duwamish people are still here, today. How did they do it? What were the experiences of Duwamish people? Before rejoining the tribe, I’d found only a brief, derogatory excerpt from settler history concerning the tribe around the era of colonization. How would the Duwamish family histories from the mid-1800s to the present time differ from mainstream accounts written by colonizers and their descendants? I began to ask myself these questions.

After bringing my branch of the family back into the tribe, and as I got to know Duwamish people, it became my goal to achieve a portion of that justice which Sealth had once demanded. I could make a contribution by gathering the family histories of Duwamish people. My purpose was to gather the stories in order to recover missing history. I could help by recording the histories of several Duwamish families, from the time of colonization to the present, in order to create a better understanding of the Duwamish experience, and of the strengths that have helped Duwamish people to resist oppression and to struggle to overcome the effects of colonization. I also began to perceive the value in leaving a social minority group’s stories unchanged. I would use their own words, and leave Duwamish stories to be told in Duwamish voices. I wanted to discover and to record the strengths of Duwamish people in the years since colonization. Nevertheless, finding those strengths would be a second stage. The first, important stage was to present the stories of family history.

As my research interests developed, eventually my research question began to emerge. I set out to discover personal and cultural beliefs, values, and practices that have strengthened and helped Duwamish people to resist the effects of colonization. I soon saw that an enriching experience lay ahead of me. I foresaw that achieving my goal would cause me to experience many overwhelming challenges. Nevertheless, recovering the history and understanding the strengths of the Duwamish people has been *swit ulis uyayus*. This Lushootseed phrase has been passed on to us by elder and researcher *Taqwseblu*, a member of the Upper Skagit tribe, known to many as Vi Hilbert. The term means “work the Creator has wrapped around you”—work that is a gift (Yoder, 2004).

The Purpose of My Research Study

The purpose of my ethnographic study was to understand the experiences of Duwamish families since colonization in the 1840s to the present. It was my hope to uncover in family stories just how the Duwamish have survived, and how oppressive practices were (and are) resisted. My research question is: What strengths have carried the Duwamish people through their experiences since colonization? Sub-questions include: What beliefs and practices have been supportive; How does Duwamish culture present itself today in the lives of all generations; What do Duwamish people want their descendants to be aware of in the history and culture; and What do families hope for in the future, for their descendants, and for the tribe as a whole?

To answer this question, a researcher must first uncover what actually were the post-colonization experiences of Duwamish families. The experiences would be revealed in family stories.

The answers to questions which I asked myself several years ago—How did they do it? How did they survive? What was their experience?—could not be found at that time in history books and the answer was unlikely to be found in school curricula in Washington state. Unfortunately, Indigenous children, as well as other children who could grow up to become allies of Indigenous people, have seldom encountered the answer to that sort of question in a classroom (Battiste, 2004). Some Duwamish history has been lost, and more is disappearing with the death of every grandparent, elder, storyteller, Native language speaker, and carrier of culture and history.

I feel saddened by the loss of much of my own family's stories and history, and it feels like a loss of part of myself. It grieves me that youth of the future might not be able to gain the strengths inherent in learning of their grandparents' and great-grandparents' life histories, their resistance to challenges, their valuable beliefs and cultural ways of knowing. Such knowledge helps and empowers Indigenous youth to resist internalizing the oppressive social stereotypes and misinformation which blame Indigenous people for lack of economic and social resources which resulted from colonization. Therefore, it is my purpose to preserve family stories.

It is my goal to fill in some missing pieces in Duwamish history. The recorded history of Duwamish people since colonization is incomplete and sometimes inaccurate. What purports to be Duwamish history is often from settler accounts, in which events are seen from the colonists' perspective. Duwamish history, like that of many North American Indigenous groups, has been inaccurately represented in media and even in educational material supplied to teachers. I provide an example of distorted 'history' in an appendix and discuss it in my literature review.

I have been highly motivated to contribute to a more complete representation of Duwamish history, post-colonization. What is truth, and is it achievable? I believe the closest to truth we can get is to hear the stories in the voices of the people who experienced an event, and their families. Duwamish people had experiences, untold. Settlers knew history from their own perspectives and assumptions. Let multiple perspectives be told.

What will my study accomplish? Ultimately, my purpose is that there will be a record of several Duwamish family histories preserved for the future in my dissertation. It is my hope that persons who work with the Duwamish individuals, families, and tribe will gain increased understanding from my research. I hope also that it adds to the academic knowledge available for teachers, academics, and creators of curriculum.

Terms Used in This Study

Culture—Culture is “knowledge that is learned, shared, and used by the people to interpret experience and generate behaviour” (Spradley & McCurdy, 1997, p. 402). Culture involves ethics, power, and politics (Denzin, 2003). The process of learning one's culture is enculturation. Culture is shared by members of a group; there is no culture

of one. Culture continually evolves. A symbolic system of values, beliefs, and assumptions is constructed and revised through a constant process of social interaction. Culture is internalized, and therefore it usually is unexamined and is perceived as being natural. “Tacit culture is the shared knowledge of which people are usually unaware and do not communicate (the knowledge) verbally” (Spradley & McCurdy, 1997, p. 407). When an individual comes into contact with a different culture than their own, some beliefs and behaviours enter awareness and become explicit culture.

Cosmology—”a set of beliefs that defines the nature of the universe or cosmos” (Spradley & McCurdy, 1997, p. 402).

Status—”a culturally defined position associated with a particular social structure” (Spradley & McCurdy, 1997, p. 406). Some Coast Salish people had hereditary status. Some of my participants referred to hereditary high status as “nobility.” For example, Sealth, Suquardle, Kikisoblu, Quitsdeetsa, and others in my study were high status people, and each had roles and responsibilities to fulfill, and others in their village or Longhouse community had culturally defined obligations, such as to show respect in various ways, and to consider their words when that high status person spoke about an important topic.

Duwamish—in the Lushootseed language, *Dkh’Duw’Absh* (People of the Inside). It sounds like “DOO-Ahbsh” (Hilbert, 2006, in sound recording, HistoryLink essay 8156,

http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?DisplayPage=output.cfm&file_id=8156&PlayID=33

The Duwamish are the only Indigenous group native to the Seattle area, so we often describe ourselves as “Seattle’s First People.” Our name “People of the Inside” refers to our historic territory between two mountain ranges. We are sometimes called “a sea-oriented people” (Duwamish Tribal Services, no date), and we are also known widely as “the Salmon People.” Duwamish historic territory includes the present-day cities of Seattle, Burien, Tukwila, Renton, and Redmond.

Cecile Hansen has headed Duwamish Tribal Services since 1975 to the present (2014). There are over 500 registered members, and more than 100 are under the age of 21. The Duwamish are the host tribe of Seattle and routinely greet foreign dignitaries when they visit the Seattle area (Duwamish Tribal Services, no date).

Cognitive imperialism—Cognitive imperialism is associated with ethnocentrism.

Ethnocentrism is a belief that one's own social group's way of life is superior and is more desirable than that of others (Spradley & McCurdy, 1997). Cognitive imperialism occurs when the dominant group in a society enforces and "maintains legitimacy of only one language, one culture, and one frame of reference" (Battiste, 2004, p. 11).

Hidden curriculum—"a broad category that includes all of the unrecognized and sometimes unintended knowledge, values, beliefs that are part of the learning process in schools" (Horn, 2003, p. 298). Hidden curriculum has a goal, e.g., to create docile citizens, or good workers for a country's industries. It can be racist, sexist, or classist. It also could have a goal of creating an egalitarian and socially just society.

Internalized oppression—An individual from a social minority group has internalized the oppression of a more powerful social group when he or she accepts the negative view of mainstream society toward the group and begins to behave toward him or herself or other group members in a derogatory or even violent way. The term refers to "the process by which a member of an oppressed group comes to accept and live out the inaccurate myths and stereotypes applied to the group" (Urbandictionary.com, accessed Oct. 20, 2009).

Marginalization—The social process of becoming or being made "marginal," being confined to a group with a lesser social standing, and less social power. When taken to the extreme, marginalization can exterminate groups (Mullaly, 2007).

Minority group, social minority group, marginalized group—a group less powerful than dominant group(s) in a society.

Recognition/ Federal acknowledgment—*Recognition* is often used informally. The legal term 'federal acknowledgment' refers to a relationship (categorized as a trust relationship)

between a tribe and the American federal government. As a result of the relationship, the tribe has reservation land and certain rights, privileges, and protections (Cramer, 2005, pp. 5–6). Acknowledgment is often the result of a treaty between the tribe and the federal government.

Resistance—All people resist oppression in small or large ways, depending on to what extent they are willing to jeopardize their safety. Covert or overt resistance can be seen in the stories of residential school survivors, and resistance underlies Duwamish family stories of history since colonization. It is the view of therapist and academic Alan Wade that, any mental or behavioural act by which

an individual attempts to expose, withstand, repel, stop, prevent, abstain from, strive against, impede, refuse to comply with, or oppose any form of violence or oppression (including any type of disrespect), or the conditions that make such acts possible, may be understood as a form of resistance.

Further,

Any attempt to imagine or establish a life based on respect and equality, on behalf of one's self or others, including any effort to redress the harm caused by violence or other forms of oppression, represents a *de facto* form of resistance. (Wade, 1997, p. 25)

Terms used for Indigenous people—First, I believe it is respectful to use the term that the Indigenous person chooses to use to describe himself or herself, and not to impose a term. In my dissertation, I use *Indian* when the participants use that word, and the majority of them did frequently use it. Occasionally, a Duwamish person used *First Nations*. Some of the resources I consulted and some participants at times used *American Indian* or *Native*. At other times I used *Aboriginal* and *Indigenous*.

Indian—In the 15th century, Columbus encountered Indigenous North Americans and called them *una gente in Dios*, meaning “a people in God.” *Indian* is a legal term for Indigenous persons with legal status in Canada. The term *Indian* is still in common use among Indigenous people throughout North America. (Barsh, 1986, cited in Alfred, 199, p. 90.)

Native—This term for Indigenous people refers to the fact that generally they were born in North America and so are racially distinct from other citizens whose ancestors (or they themselves) are immigrants.

American Indian—this term is in common use in the United States and is a legal-political category there (Alfred, 1999). *First Nations* is a similar Canadian term.

Aboriginal—This term refers to people who first occupied a land. There are Aboriginal people on several continents. It is also a legal category in Canada (Alfred, 1999).

Indigenous—Similar to *Aboriginal*, the term *Indigenous* can refer to people who first occupied a land. *Indigenous* can also be used to describe people in various global regions, to emphasize natural, tribal, and traditional characteristics of various peoples who are culturally or historically distinct from other (often more powerful) groups (Alfred, 1999). Indigenous people are frequently defined in national or international law as having certain rights based on their historical ties to a specific territory.

Alfred comments that all the above terms for Indigenous people are “quite appropriate in context and are used extensively by Native people themselves” (1999, p. xxvi).

Delimitations of the Study

The study was limited to thirteen participants over the age of twenty-one years who reside in the Pacific Northwest. All have Duwamish ancestry. The study was limited to interview data collected from November 1, 2011 to May 30, 2012, as well as ethnographic data collected in interactions as a tribe member. Because I used a qualitative approach and an ethnographic design, I cannot test a hypothesis and I cannot use the findings in a predictive way. Nevertheless, the findings will add to existing theoretical understanding of the history of Duwamish people during and since the era of colonization. The findings will be of practical value for teachers and helping professionals who want to better understand the background of Duwamish clients or students.

Assumptions

All researchers have assumptions which underlie the framing of their study and their research question, the methodology they choose, and the interpretation of results. My own personal assumptions are based on my anti-oppressive philosophy of working as a professional and as a researcher. I believe that all people should have equal opportunity to access the benefits of society. Such benefits include intangibles such as respect, and opportunity for a peaceful life, as well as tangibles such as health care, opportunities for education, and for work.

Secondly, it is assumed and expected that all participants provided honest and genuine accounts of their family's experiences since colonization.

Additional Motivation to Carry Out This Study

It grieves me that—like some other Duwamish people—my children and cousins know little of the Duwamish family histories of my grandfather, Charles Leander Intermela, Jr., his mother, Julia Yesler, her mother, Susan Curley, who was born before the time of colonization, or of Susan's father, Chief Suquardle. Nevertheless, we do know that my grandfather Charles and his sister Elsie valued their heritage. Charles was angry with his white father concerning an attempt to hide the Duwamish side of the family, after Julia's death. He named his first child Julia after his Duwamish mother. He taught his children to have great respect for Indigenous people and cultures.

My mother never forgot her Coast Salish heritage. While I was a child living amid the prejudice and racial oppression of the 1950s and 1960s, she showed me the little-noticed, seldom-respected activities and culture of the Indigenous people who lived around us—their lives seemed invisible to the mainstream world, but not to our family. Living in a *white* world, with fair skin and a white father, I saw things that others might not notice. For example, recently I was talking with a friend about a past event. We were both high school students in the sixties. I said, "When we were teenagers, I was appalled when I saw a poster about residential school students who were being taught to play in a pipe band, wearing kilts. I thought, 'What is so wrong with them having *their own* culture?'" This friend told me that (at that time) her perspective was quite different. The lives of First Nations people around us

were invisible to her. She did not even know that there was a residential school in our region: “No one told me,” she said.

My mother showed me that a person could lift up the *blanket* that makes the lives of oppressed people invisible. She could see some things that were going on behind the scenes of mainstream life. I believe she gave me *eyes* that are able to better perceive, because of her teaching. She planted *seeds* in my thinking and values.

Thirteen years after my mother died, I travelled to Seattle. Our family gathered with the Duwamish people near an historic village site, *Ha-Ah-Poos*, which means *Where There Are Horse Clams*, and my sons and I were reunited with the tribe. I felt how proud my mother would have been, and how she would have wished to be part of the reunion. Reunited tribe members were required to make a commitment that day to help the tribe. I decided that my dissertation research would help the tribe in some way.

Conclusion

In this chapter, I presented my research question (What strengths have carried the Duwamish people through their experiences since colonization?) and its purpose and background. To summarize, in my opening chapter I described how I realized the focus of my study. Since making a commitment in 2005 to work to support the tribe, in the years that followed I learned about the tribe’s history, and a little about my own ancestors. It then became my goal to do academic research that would preserve the histories of Duwamish families before the information is lost. People would gain a chance to make a record of family histories as Duwamish people experienced them and as the families remember them. As a result, their children and grandchildren and others, including teachers and academics, and people who may become allies to the Duwamish people, will be able to access the narratives and understand Duwamish history, as told in Duwamish voices. Further, after gathering the family stories, I hoped to discover the strengths that have carried the Duwamish people through their experiences since colonization. In this chapter, I provided some terms which I use in later chapters to explore my findings. I set out my assumptions which I hold as a researcher. In Chapter Two, I provide a literature review, including the known written literature concerning Duwamish people and Coast Salish people of the region.

Chapter Two: Literature Review

My purpose in Chapter Two is to review existing literature about the Duwamish tribe and Coast Salish people in the Puget Sound region. I also present literature which informs my understanding of the broader social environment for Indigenous people.

Literature regarding the social context for Duwamish, Coast Salish, and American Indigenous people is the first section of Chapter Two. I explore what I learned from the work of Cramer (2005). At the start of my research process, I was a Canadian, seeking understanding of the social and political situation for an American tribe. I gained initial understanding concerning the social context for all Indigenous people of North America in Cramer's *Cash, Color, and Colonialism* (2005).

In the second section of Chapter Two—Duwamish Research—I discuss the scarcity of literature and available artifacts regarding the Duwamish tribe, the First People of Seattle. I review literature concerning the history and culture of the Duwamish tribe by Jones (2009); Tollefson and Abbott (1996, 1998); and Thrush (2007).

The third section of this chapter—Stories and Histories of Coast Salish People in Puget Sound—is a review of literature concerning the Indigenous people in the general region, Puget Sound, as found in the work of Harmon (1998) and De Danaan (2013).

In the fourth section of my literature review—Stories and Motives: Political Aspects of Curriculum—I link the idea of representations of history to the work of Battiste (2004) and to Horn's discussion of hidden curriculum (2003). I close with discussion of Witherell et al.'s (1995) article concerning the value of storytelling for building *bridges* between cultural groups, to increase cross-cultural understanding, and I link her work to that of Thomas King's *The Truth About Stories* (2003).

Literature Regarding the Social Context for American Indigenous People

Cash, Color, and Colonialism: The Politics of Tribal Acknowledgment (Cramer, 2005).

In this book, Renee Cramer provides an overview of the American social and governmental context in which the Duwamish tribe and many other groups are situated. She explains *recognition* and *acknowledgement*, and the dilemma for many American Indian tribes such as the Duwamish, who exist but are not recognized. In January, 1855, Chief

Sealth and other leaders signed the Point Elliott Treaty entitled *Treaty with Duwamish, Suquamish, and Other Allied and Subordinate Tribes* (Dupris, Hill, & Rodgers, 2006). The Duwamish ceded 54,000 acres of Duwamish territory. The treaty guaranteed hunting and fishing rights and it contracted to provide reservation land to all tribes whose leaders had signed. The Duwamish never received what the government had promised, and they are not alone in being an unrecognized tribe. More than two hundred Native American groups have not received legal recognition (Cramer, 2005).

The legal term *federal acknowledgement* is used interchangeably with the commonly used term *recognition* and it means that there is “a trust relationship between the federal government and an Indian tribe that is acknowledged, or recognized, by both parties” (Cramer, 2005, p. 5). More than 560 tribes are in such a relationship with the American government, administered by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). The relationships came into being through treaties, and through constitutional provisions, legislative acts, and the Indian Reorganization Act. The BIA administers “tribal trust funds and lands, the provision of law enforcement and health care, and loan opportunities for Indian businesses, education, home improvements, and the leasing of land” (p. 6), and recognized tribes receive some tax exemptions

In 1978, The BIA created the Branch of Acknowledgment and Research (BAR) to adjudicate the claims of tribes who seek recognition. In the following 22 years, the BAR recognized fifteen tribes (Cramer, 2005, p. 8). Sometimes groups lobby against another tribe’s access to acknowledgement. They do so in order to limit another tribes’ opportunity to be allowed to operate a casino. Casinos are regulated by the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act (IGRA). Some Native American groups have found establishing a casino to be a hugely successful venture. Cramer (2005) views access to such resources as a factor in the acknowledgment process today and suggests that it might be a “route to sovereignty” (p. 5).

Legal acknowledgement is indeed tied to the colonial past, states Cramer (2005). Nevertheless, tribes are beginning to use acknowledgement to move toward an increasingly independent relationship with the American federal government.

If a tribe has recognition, it may assert its rights to reclaim burial findings under the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act (NAGPRA). Sadly, if a burial find was to be made on traditional Duwamish territory, the tribe has no legal right to claim the

find because the tribe has been denied recognition. Duwamish human remains and artifacts are given to neighbouring—and sometimes unfriendly—tribes who have legal recognition.

Under the *Indian Arts and Crafts Act of 1990* (IACA), a member of a legally recognized tribe can sell his or her art as *American Indian art*, and that designation raises its value. Should a Duwamish person use that designation, he or she is violating the law and can be fined. Further, the Duwamish and the two hundred other unrecognized groups do not have the protection of IACA for their own works. For example, if a person who was not Duwamish started to manufacture *Duwamish* art, the Duwamish artists are not legally protected by IACA.

Cramer advises that even to enter a case in federal courts to sue for the return of land or to address treaty violations, a tribe must first be federally recognized. This is a grave injustice, in my view. Where does it leave the Duwamish tribe? They did not receive what was promised in the Point Elliott Treaty, and as a result of that breach of trust, they do not have recognition and—according to Cramer (2005)—cannot sue to receive what was promised. Certainly, it has been an ongoing, costly struggle for the Duwamish to find legal situations in which the law has allowed one case or another to be brought in order to try to gain the rights promised in the Point Elliott Treaty.

Cramer explores the reasons why some tribes are unrecognized. Some tribes never made treaties with the federal government. Some groups are called *remnant tribes* because they resisted being moved away from their homeland by the government. They hid or lived in isolation. Today, they proudly claim their heritage as descendants of tribes such as the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Creek peoples. They cannot trace descent to membership lists of removed tribal members (because they did not allow themselves to be removed), and so their groups often cannot attain recognition. There are many reasons that over two hundred groups have not gained legal recognition (Cramer, 2005). There are more than 100,000 American Indians residing in the United States who are *unrecognized* (Dupris, Hill, & Rodgers, 2006, p. 119).

Duwamish Research

I discuss the lack of literature regarding the Duwamish tribe of Seattle, and then I present the literature which exists, which is work by Tollefson and Abbott (1996, 1998), Thrush (2007), and Jones (2009).

Scarcity of Literature Directly Involving the Tribe

As I researched the literature to begin my study, it became clear that very little literature, academic or otherwise, mentions the Duwamish tribe. In the early years of my research, I found articles written by Tollefson and Abbott (1996, 1998), researchers at Seattle Pacific University, and papers by Thomas Speer (2004). As time progressed, I found two more: Coll Thrush's *Native Seattle*, which appeared in 2007, and an unpublished honors thesis, *The Duwamish Struggle*, by Ethan Jones, which appeared in 2009. As well, there are pioneer journals. There are also the words of Chief Sealth, himself.

Chief Sealth, also known as Si'ahl, and Chief Seattle, is likely one of the most well-known Coast Salish people in written history (Speer, 2004). His mother was Duwamish and his father was Suquamish. One of his speeches was written down by a settler and still exists for us to read today, in order to learn about Seattle's people. Indigenous researcher and elder Vi Hilbert holds that the speech was recorded accurately, as does Coast Salish elder William White. At a lecture given by William White and Andrew Cienki at the University of Victoria in 2006, spiritual beliefs and principles common to Coast Salish peoples were presented and discussed. They cited Amelia Sneatlum, a Suquamish elder who has reviewed an excerpt from Chief Sealth's message to Governor Stevens, words which were part of Sealth's speech in 1855. White and Cienki used Sneatlum's review (Wright, 1991) and their own cultural understanding to show how Sealth's words illustrate Coast Salish beliefs. The spiritual beliefs underlying Sealth's words match what White and other Coast Salish people know as their own family and community's beliefs (White & Cienki, personal communication, 2006). Sealth's words are a resource to aid understanding of some of my themes.

There is indeed only a small amount of literature concerning the Duwamish tribe, and there was not a large number of artifacts for me to study, from around the time of colonization. Because we are without legal recognition as a tribe, Duwamish artifacts are

scattered among neighbouring, recognized tribes or are held globally by museums who won't release them to the Duwamish tribal organization. The Suquamish, a recognized and funded tribe, have a museum: we do not. I had to search for documentation. In the early years of my research, interested Duwamish tribe members forwarded information and photos to me concerning the tribe's history. Mary Lou Slaughter emailed photos from time to time as her son, Michael Haliday, carved a Duwamish story pole, the first pole since the mid-19th Century. By way of photos and her emails, I watched the story pole's progress as it was carved and then installed with ceremony at Belvedere Point, 3600 Admiral Way, in West Seattle. Kathie Zetterberg forwarded her historical paper (2006) concerning our Duwamish great-grandmother, Julia Yesler Intermela. In the early years of my learning about the tribe's history, information about the history, culture, political environment, and current situation of the Duwamish tribe was sometimes provided by others as well, such as tribe member Edie Loyer Nelson, and Thomas Speer, a friend of the Duwamish. Speer has long been highly interested in Duwamish history and culture. When I attended my first meeting, Speer was a board member for the tribe, and assisted Mike Evans in teaching the youth drumming and dance. He assisted with fundraising for a Longhouse. Of Indigenous ancestry, although not Duwamish, Speer has been adopted into the Sackman family by a Duwamish elder, Slada (Mary Lou Slaughter). Speer has written two unpublished articles which present an overview of Duwamish history from the late 1700s to the present (2002, 2004). Occasionally, emails arrive in which Speer has provided me and others (e.g., Indigenous students) with links to historical information, articles in the news media, and copies of photographs of artifacts and historic events.

Overall, such assistance helps to address the lack of easily-found preserved artifacts and dearth of written research. Assistance from tribe members when I first began was useful to help me understand the social and historic context for the tribe as well as current tribal events and the ways that things are accomplished in the tribe.

The Duwamish Struggle: An Account of the Political Environment Surrounding the Federal Recognition of Indian Tribes (Jones, 2009).

Ethan Jones has worked as an intern for the Duwamish tribe. *The Duwamish Struggle* is his unpublished Honors thesis for the University of Washington's History Department. Jones provides a brief overview of Duwamish history, including the political aspects of the

ongoing struggle for legal recognition. He sets out the reasons for opposition by state and federal government and certain other tribes. He includes Cecile Hansen's critique of the federal recognition process. The process has not been providing justice, but is highly politicized. For example, one challenge—not based in justice, but on politics and economics—is the anxiety about having “a large casino in Seattle and the increased costs associated with having a sovereign political entity within city limits” (Jones, 2009, p. 13).

Hansen, Chair of the Duwamish tribe, stated firmly in her interview with Jones: “The recognition process is ugly, shaky, and shameful” (Jones, 2009, p. 4). Jones finds parallels and connects the Duwamish tribe experience to the broader struggle of other Pacific Northwest tribes (Jones, pp. 4–5).

Jones' (2009) paper is a resource because he, along with others such as Speer and Zetterberg, has contributed to illuminating and clarifying the current political context for the Duwamish tribe, especially in regard to recognition. He draws on interviews with two Duwamish leaders and other historical sources in print, as well as current media interviews and reports.

Tribal Estates: A Comparative and Case Study (Tollefson & Abbott, 1996, 1998).

Tollefson and Abbott (1996, 1998) have conducted research and written about the Tlingit, the Snoqualmie, and the Duwamish peoples. Personal interviews and surveys are frequently their method of gathering data. In Washington state, Tollefson and Abbott have conducted extensive research with the Snoqualmie people, especially in regard to identity and maintenance of ethnicity (1998). Their work with the Duwamish involves similar issues, as well as the Duwamish people's desire and struggle for federal recognition.

In this study, Tollefson and Abbott (1996) focus primarily on the Duwamish tribe while comparing three situations in which Native Americans have attempted to regain their former *estates*. Such “estates consist of land or some other form of tangible estate which includes water, property, or other natural resources” (Tollefson & Abbott, 1996, p. 321).

In order to better understand the social and political organization of the Duwamish in their 1996 study, Tollefson and Abbott (1996) prepared and conducted a survey. They worked together with the Duwamish tribe while preparing the survey in order to meet the tribe's goals as well as their own. The tribe's goals included gathering information to assist

with a petition for federal acknowledgement and to assist with tribal business and future planning.

Tollefson and Abbott (1996) describe the tribe's members in 1996 as being "highly cohesive in the absence of a specific, politically delineated estate" (p. 330). They noted that their survey showed that Duwamish tribe members interact frequently in ways that assist the tribe itself (39 percent of those who responded). Participation in what the researchers termed *Native American activities* within the past ten years (e.g., tribal meetings, spiritual practices, bone games, bingo, pow-wows, Indian naming, canoe races, and other activities) was found to be 58 percent. The 1996 survey revealed that half the Duwamish were having yearly contact with other tribe members and over 25 percent had monthly contact. Over 71 percent stated it was important to have Duwamish tribal members among one's best friends, and the majority had friends in other tribes as well (Tollefson & Abbott, 1996).

Another finding of the survey was that federal recognition for the tribe stood out as the most important concern for members, followed by having a tribal land base. Those two important concerns were followed by concern with preserving Duwamish culture, educational opportunities, learning tribal history, understanding Duwamish heritage, acquisition of hunting and fishing rights, access to tribal information, gaining Indian rights for tribal members, availability of medical and dental services, establishment of a cultural centre, and welfare services, in that order (Tollefson & Abbott, 1996).

The responses of the Duwamish tribe members to the survey constitute a holistic picture of their concerns and needs at that time. The concerns may overlap, because they were obtained by providing space for qualitative (written) responses, rather than by limiting the responses to a choice of pre-selected categories.

Overall, the study found that the Duwamish people have not surrendered their tribal identity. Tollefson and Abbott (1996) view the Duwamish response as indicating their genuine interest in "the elusive estate of the Duwamish people" (p. 333). Tribe members have not lost their motivation for what the researchers term a *clear estate* (e.g., property and a Longhouse of their own) despite long-term social pressure to assimilate, and despite the loss of a clearly delineated geographical estate.

Native Seattle: Histories from the Crossing-Over Place (Thrush, 2007).

Initially, I was inclined to avoid any settler accounts of Seattle history. I am coming into the region and its Indigenous history as a stranger, since my grandfather left the area many decades ago. It is a gift, having the fresh sight of one who is a stranger to the land. I wanted to see what was to be seen for myself, not to have it coloured at the start by settler stories about the era of colonization and afterward. I wanted to hear what was to be heard from Duwamish people themselves, without any preconceived ideas. Nevertheless, after my interviews and data-gathering stage, I realized that the time had come to read Thrush's book, *Native Seattle*.

Thrush (2007) set out to reveal that Indigenous people are not in a separate space, distinct from urban areas and history. The Duwamish were not limited to being active before colonization, but continued to be active participants during the development of Seattle. He presents and then contradicts the *storyline* we are presented with in modern times, "that Native history and urban history—and, indeed, Indians and cities—cannot co-exist" (pp. 7–8), and that "cities are somehow places where Native people cannot belong" (p. 9). As an historian, Thrush presents an extensive and well-documented description of the development of the city of Seattle from 1851 to the present, providing a history that reveals the involvement of Duwamish people and places as the urban landscape developed. His audience might include both academic readers and the general public.

I respected the extensive work done by historian Coll Thrush to create his book and also the mapping section at the end. Nevertheless, as I read *Native Seattle*, because it was a settler account of what happened to Duwamish people, and because my interests lie with ethnography and with social justice, I watched for the following questions to be answered.

First, I wondered whether Thrush (2007) would begin the preface or Chapter One by openly 'unpacking his knapsack' of privilege as an educated white male of an economically privileged class, and his status as an academic, an author, and academic researcher. Would he acknowledge that he sees with the eyes of a settler and many of his sources are settler's resources? Would he situate himself as an ally to Indigenous people? As I read, I saw that he referred to Indigenous persons as his most important collaborators, and he firmly states that there is no longer any excuse for a scholar "to write Indian history without the active participation of tribal people" (p. xvi). He does not set out his privilege and status.

Nevertheless, Thrush does not purport to speak *for* or *as* Indigenous people in his book: he uses only the voice of an academic researcher telling the story of what he found. Thrush suggests that he has parallel experience of oppression to the extent that he knows what it would be like to being called by insulting or demeaning names, because of his life experiences as a gay male.

Second, I had wondered whether in his writing Thrush (2007) would acknowledge the social and economic barriers that Duwamish people encountered, beginning immediately at the start of the settling of Seattle. I saw that as he described Duwamish and other Indigenous people's involvement in the development of the City of Seattle during the late nineteenth century and onward, indeed he did notice some of the incidences of social oppression, from the hidden to the blatant (e.g., deaths by starvation as late as the 1920s), and the denial of legal recognition to the Duwamish tribe in Seattle.

Further, I asked, would Thrush look for the cultural values and beliefs of the Indigenous people who lived in and around Seattle? Does he look for and record the emotions and meaning that Indigenous people derived from their personal experiences? Does he see their struggle to keep their identity, and to survive and thrive in the developing city?

Does he describe the issues of the Duwamish living without legal recognition as a tribe and the social and economic results for them, as well as the struggle to keep their culture, history, and identity? I saw that, in his final section, Thrush speaks of some of the issues I have mentioned, including the fight for recognition. However, in general, he perceives and writes with the eyes of an historian, which he is. Perhaps he is not asking some questions in his study in the same way that I – with a counselling and social work background, conducting ethnographic research with a focus on social justice - might inquire. His focus is the development of the urban landscape of Seattle over the past 160 years and the previously unacknowledged involvement of the American Indian people in that development. The fact that Thrush seeks to publicly bring to light the involvement of Indigenous people in the development of the city is indeed a goal which leads to social justice.

Does Thrush (2007) acknowledge that there is more than one group of Duwamish people? That question was important to me. To name four informal categories, there are Flathead people of Idaho, there are Duwamish tribe members, and there are people of

Duwamish ancestry within the Muckleshoot tribe, who are people with legal acknowledgment as American Indians. There are also Duwamish people of the diaspora. Indirectly, Thrush does acknowledge that his sources differ from the Duwamish tribe members. Thrush states that he drew heavily on people from the Muckleshoot tribe in Auburn, Washington, where there are some people with Duwamish ancestry. He was previously acquainted with them. The Muckleshoot tribe has been permitted to send a representative to legal hearings to oppose the granting of legal recognition to the Duwamish tribe. Thrush acknowledges that he did not draw from Duwamish tribe sources (p. xvii). Thus, he is showing that there is a difference between two groups, (a) The Muckleshoot, of whom some have Duwamish ancestry, and (b) Duwamish persons, most of whom reside in and around Seattle, many of whom are registered members in the Duwamish tribe. There has been historical conflict between the two groups since the Muckleshoot tribe and reservation was created. It is likely that some of the historical information provided to Thrush was coloured by the Muckleshoot point of view, and could potentially embody a negative perspective toward Duwamish tribe experiences.

Overall, Thrush's book and historical research are excellent and painstakingly done. Nevertheless, the lack of sources and interviews from the people of the Duwamish tribe results in a gap, a space where Duwamish voices were not heard. Those voices were important. Those voices are from the one group who remains in the city of Seattle and represents the First Peoples of Seattle; the group who never went to the Muckleshoot reservation when it was created. There was a need for this missing information. It was my hope that my own research, which draws from Duwamish tribe members, has filled in a small part of the gap.

Although we both write about Seattle post-colonization, and Thrush seems to me to have an interest in social justice, there is a difference. Thrush is a trained historian. I have the opportunity to view Duwamish history from a slightly different perspective in my study. I draw from my interest in social justice, my activism and lifelong work with marginalized groups, and my academic background in counselling psychology, social work, and educational leadership. I am of Duwamish descent, and I am, to a limited extent, an insider because of that descent and because I am a tribe member.

Despite these differences, in his writing of *Native Seattle*, Coll Thrush demonstrates his interest in and friendship for Indigenous people. As he states in his preface, he hopes his work will create new opportunities for “Indian people in Seattle to speak... and be heard, even if the stories they tell differ markedly from or even contradict the broader urban narrative I have written” (2007, xiii).

Literature Involving Coast Salish People of Puget Sound

I have found two resources in this category in recent years, by Harmon (1998), and by De Danaan (2013). The histories involve Indigenous neighbours of Duwamish people, as well as some involvement of Duwamish people themselves.

Indians in the Making: Ethnic Relations and Indian Identities around Puget Sound (Harmon, 1998).

In her well-documented book, Harmon explores history and ethnic identity for Indigenous people of Puget Sound region from the era of fur traders and the Hudson’s Bay Company through the era of treaty-making and Indian wars, and up to the fishing rights struggles of Indigenous people in more recent decades. She writes as a historian and statements are well documented. Nevertheless, her writing is not dry; history is brought to life by the many excerpts from oral history and interviews and Indigenous people’s words from court transcripts. She presents history from a large area inhabited by numerous Coast Salish tribes; there are only eight direct references to Duwamish history. The book was a useful and reliable resource as I reached the point of exploring the meaning of my findings. For example, I was able to compare Duwamish stories of intermarriage between members of differing social groups to Harmon’s information on that subject.

Katie Gale: A Coast Salish Woman’s Life on Oyster Bay (De Danaan, 2013).

In the early 1990s, De Danaan worked for the Puyallup tribe. She was living in a home on Oyster Bay, and she learned of the life of Katie Gale, a Coast Salish woman who worked and resided in Oyster Bay. De Danaan wrote a biography, backed up with extensive historical research. She describes the social changes for Indigenous people of the region, decade by decade. Katie Gale lived with and worked for a white man who, after a few years, became her husband. The settlers’ form of marriage became possible for the couple. Their marriage was documented and registered. Years later, divorce according to the ways of the

settlers also became possible. De Danaan describes changes that were happening for Indigenous people at that time. Katie Gale was able to file for divorce from her drunken, abusive husband in 1893. She fought to keep what she had earned for the two of them, fought to keep her children, and fought for rights to the properties paid for by her thirteen years of labour—her name was never on title. De Danaan then fills in the context, describing how hard Indigenous women worked, and what they believed in and cared about. For example, Katie Gale often visited her extended family, and gave money to family members. Those are two actions which reveal her values, and they are two things for which she was criticized by her settler husband and his acquaintances who supported him in court. The historical biography is a resource which appeared in 2013, as I was looking at my findings and trying to discern the larger social context into which my participants' stories fit. I saw that her descriptions of family life, and of Native American interactions with the court system connected with the history I heard from Duwamish people.

Stories and Motives: Political Aspects of Curriculum

Animating Sites of Post-colonial Education: Indigenous Knowledge and the Humanities (Battiste, 2004).

One of the important goals of political analysts of curriculum is to connect the content and purpose of curriculum to the social structures which create marginalization, poverty, and disempowerment for groups (Lincoln, 1992, pp. 88–89) such as immigrant people, First Nations, women, and disabled people.

In *Animating sites of post-colonial education: Indigenous knowledge and the humanities*, Battiste (2004) speaks of the necessity of decolonization. She adds that decolonization is a source of de-construction and re-construction, and both are needed. She reminds us that Eurocentrism still exists—as we can see in the Seattle homework assignment discussed in Chapter Two. Eurocentrism is still located in the social construction of superiority and dominance (Battiste, 2004). She speaks of *cognitive imperialism*, which is part of Eurocentrism, and which denies some groups their cultural integrity. Cognitive imperialism “maintains legitimacy of only one language, one culture, and one frame of reference” (p. 11).

As a result of Eurocentrism and cognitive imperialism, social minority groups are led to believe that their poverty and struggles to have equal social power are a result of their culture or racial origins (Battiste, 2004). Battiste stresses that,

Education as a humanistic endeavor must then recognize and reconcile the dehumanizing history that Indigenous peoples have lived. Such an education can then lead to a new and transformed relationship. Developing an awareness of the socio-historical reality, facing the complicities that came with privileging, understanding these relationships to the present... (p. 11)

“Taking action to correct misconceptions” (that are) “promoted as a result of colonization will begin a healing journey for all peoples” (Battiste, 2004, p. 11). What a polite word—misconceptions. Although Battiste speaks about First Nations in her address, the implications and consequences of Eurocentrism are the same for other minority groups. Even the groups in power can have a transformed and improved way of life when they no longer rely on the oppression of others to keep their power.

Battiste (2004) has interesting things to say about educational curriculum that involves First Nations content. It remains Eurocentric, as demonstrated by the Seattle area homework assignment in Appendix G. As she points out,

The use of special units on generic Aboriginal culture then become more and more obscure to Aboriginal children, who receive authentic cultural content in their daily lives at home.

They are also subjected to a ‘culture’ of poverty and oppression that have come as a result of their colonial history. These issues are not raised in the schools, and the curriculum is sanitized to ensure that the picture of the government, the settlers, and their policies that led to the loss of their land and resources are not clouded with dispirited facts. (p. 12)

Battiste’s critique of cultural content in education was surprising to me, because I interpret her as saying that Eurocentric and oppressive curriculum, in the form of textual documents and other media, are still being used *on a large scale* in North America. I was unaware of the extent of Eurocentrism in contemporary curriculum. It was not my intention to survey the content of curriculum, though it is my hope that others already are doing so. Instead, it has been my goal to carry out an academic study in which I create documents (Duwamish stories) that combat Eurocentrism by being based on the voice and the experiences of Indigenous people themselves.

Hidden Curriculum: Developing a Critical Awareness of the Hidden Curriculum Through Media Literacy (Horn, 2003); and

What Should We Do with a Hidden Curriculum When We Find One? (Martin, 1976).

Both Horn and Martin inform us about hidden curriculum. Horn (2003) suggests that hidden curriculum is one of the most important types of curriculum, and yet, he points out, it receives very little attention. There are varying definitions and types of hidden curriculum. Horn defines hidden curriculum as “a broad category that includes all of the unrecognized and sometimes unintended knowledge, values, and beliefs that are part of the learning process in schools” (p. 298).

Hidden curriculum can be racist, sexist, or classist. It can stream youth from families in a lower socio-economic class toward ‘blue collar’ careers. It can aim to create docile citizens who do not challenge the nation’s political leaders. Hidden curriculum can teach sexist notions and stereotyped gender roles to male and female students. An earlier theorist states that in her time, the results of hidden curriculum in schools of her era were “docility and conformity, competitiveness and unending consumption” (Martin, 1976, p. 147) and that family, church, schools, community organizations, place of work, and the media have combined to produce them. Conversely, hidden curriculum could conceivably be used to teach things that are the opposite of what has been described.

Hidden curriculum can be purposely and *consciously* put into materials and activities in a classroom, or it can exist without anyone in power having consciously known they put it there. It is included because it is in the assumptions of the person creating curriculum. Hidden curriculum can teach the values of the dominant—most powerful—group in society to the unknowing recipients. The Seattle Homework Assignment (Appendix G) is an example. Unfortunately, educators are generally unaware of hidden curriculum and its effects on schools and education (Horn, 2003).

I remember hidden curriculum in my oldest son’s Grade One class. The teacher acknowledged to me that after completing tasks, the boys went to the play area which had hammers and tools and girls went to the other play area which had a large plastic stove and dishes. I was uncomfortable. At home, and in the library system where I was employed, I was teaching my children and their friends that boys could do anything, including to cook, sew,

and garden, and girls could do anything in which they were interested. One of my sons wanted an Easybake oven, so I got him one. He was not harmed by this experience. Later in life, he learned advanced skills and owned a restaurant. In the example from the school, the teacher was aware of the purpose. She told me that it was based on the assumption that children were better off if they knew their appropriate gender roles. The children were unaware of the hidden goal, as were most parents. It was an era of change, and some parents would have disagreed, had they known.

In another example, derived from residential and mission schools, hidden curriculum was intended to create good farmhands and kitchen workers. Farming skills and food preservation (canning) were taught. A teacher might realize the intent of the curriculum. If the teacher felt neutral about that outcome, or was in favour of it, he or she would not press for more teaching of literacy skills or mathematics, and would not advocate the reduction of home economics and farming instruction in the curriculum. To continue with analysis of this example, such curriculum could be termed racist and oppressive. It creates future employees for white settlers, and does not provide skills for Indigenous students to grow into leaders who can manage their tribe's own affairs, negotiating with governments or managing economic issues. And yet the latter was the initial goal for some Indigenous parents who had advocated for schools to be provided, in their villages.

In *What Should We Do with a Hidden Curriculum When We Find One*, Martin (1976) discusses the choices. To do nothing is a choice, and it could occur when we despair about making a change, or if we are neutral about the results of hidden curriculum. Another choice is to embrace the hidden curriculum, openly or covertly, if we intend the results to occur. Martin advises that educators can change our practices, procedures, materials, environments and relationships in order to avoid hidden curriculum (1976).

Horn (2003) teaches Master's students in Education. He believes it is vitally important for educators to become critically aware of hidden curriculum. Similarly to Martin in an earlier era, Horn also believes there is hidden curriculum underlying all curriculum material.

All representations of people and places and events involve some form of power and identity (Horn, 2003). We cannot merely remove troubling values from curriculum. We must substitute other values, or else we will let random chance—or worse—determine what values

will be underlying the curriculum. Some reformers wanted schools to get out of the *business* of forming attitudes and values, but similarly to Martin (1976) and Horn, I believe it is not possible to have curriculum free of underlying values. In the case of the Seattle Homework Assignment and other similar problematic curriculum materials—which are prolific, according to Battiste (2004)—if we want to substitute other values we could obtain curriculum materials created by First Nations people themselves, telling their own stories.

Horn (2003) believes that we must critique the hidden messages in media and other materials. He encourages the educators in his classes to look for the messages about power: who has it, who doesn't, how to get it, and the messages about identity: Who you are, where you fit in, how to fit in, and efficacy, who is effective in achieving goals, what you need to do to achieve your goals.

Horn (2003) equips his class with a critical vocabulary with which they can categorize their findings. He provides them with what he calls a *technical vocabulary* involving words such as hierarchy, hegemony, cultural capital, oppression, privilege, resistance, marginalization, social reproduction, praxis, constructed consciousness, false consciousness, and critical consciousness. The vocabulary helps students address issues of power relationships, personal and collective identity, and personal and collective efficacy.

The students in Horn's classes are educators. They are concerned with the effect of hidden curriculum on their own children and on their students, and they are concerned about who they are as teachers. As Horn says, critical awareness can be liberating. Choice becomes a possibility. Through awareness, individuals can become strong and effective advocates for themselves and others. They can make informed decisions about use of curriculum. As James MacDonald (1988, cited in Lincoln, 1992, p. 89) proposes, curriculum should be used to work toward "human liberation."

Stories: A Way to Build Bridges Between Cultures.

The Truth About Stories: A Native Narrative (King, 2003); and

Narrative Landscapes and the Moral Imagination: Taking the Story to Heart (Witherell, Tran, & Othus, 1995).

In 2005, I was a student in a course called "*Thunderbird/ Whale Protection and Welcoming Pole: Learning and Teaching in an Indigenous World*" at the University of

Victoria. Our professor, who created the innovative course, was Dr. Lorna Williams. One of her goals, in her words, was to build a bridge between cultures (2005, personal communication). Later, I noticed that the Indigenous author Thomas King has the same goal. His series of lectures in *The Truth About Stories: A Native Narrative* (2003) are a bridge between cultures. His words stir us and reach us on many levels, no matter in what culture we originated. Similarly, Witherell et al. (1995) speak of using narrative to build bridges and to provide opportunities for deeper human understanding of one another.

Witherell et al. (1995) quote a story by Lopez, who speaks through his character, Badger. Badger addresses two young men who are on a journey. He says, “I would ask you to remember only this one thing...the stories people tell have a way of taking care of them. If stories come to you, care for them. And learn to give them away where they are needed” (Lopez, 1990, in Witherell, 1995, p. 40). That quotation echoes what Thomas King said repeatedly about the value of stories in *The Truth About Stories* (2003).

In my belief, stories can carry us on our journey when our heart, our reason to keep going, is nearly gone. Stories can give us a reason to keep on walking, and not to give up, just yet. King said that, too. Lopez says, “Sometimes people need a story more than food to stay alive. That is why we put these stories in each other’s memory. This is how people care for themselves. One day you will be good storytellers. Never forget these obligations” (Lopez, 1990, cited in Witherell, 1995, p. 40).

That quotation also echoes King (2003). And it connects to the piece of curriculum about the Duwamish, attached as Appendix G. My mother passed on some of the Duwamish people’s story to me and I have been learning some of it from others. I am thankful that the story still exists, and that there are still people who can confront the twisted versions when they emerge. That is our obligation, to ancestors, and for our children.

Witherell et al. said that “stories invite us to come to know the world and our place in it” (1995, p. 40). Unfortunately, we have to be wary of who is telling the story and for what purpose. We need to keep a little critic metaphorically sitting on our shoulder and watching. We need to ask questions, and watch for the underlying assumptions. I believe it is probably best if the story is told not by outsiders, but by the person whose story it is.

As Witherell et al. (1995) recommend that stories or narratives can be used for building bridges, and for creating opportunities for healing and for understanding. The

authors wrote about using stories as tools in her classes and workshops. A story can be used as “an interpretive lens for reflecting the storied nature of human lives” and “a good story engages and enlarges the moral imagination, illuminating possibilities for human thought, feeling, and action in ways that can bridge the gulf between different times, places, cultures, and beliefs” (p. 40).

When a narrative helps us to cross over that gulf and walk with the “other” and understand a different experience or viewpoint that once was strange, it is a leap to a connection that is “true to the core” (1995, p. 41) and that affirms that we are “intertwined with other lives and with our natural world,” say Witherell et al. (1995, p. 41). We transcend our lives.

Witherell et al. (1995) go on to say that our connectedness with each other and with the world “defines us as ethical beings” (1995, p. 46). Narratives are the way to “create bridges between worlds, to force us to confront worlds other than our own, to see ourselves and those we are close to in the stories of others, to address injustices, and to find ourselves changed” (p. 47). Stories are a tool that must be shared to accomplish the goal of increased understanding. We might find a moment of community; we might find a clearer vision than we previously had: we might find connection.

Conclusion

While learning about Coast Salish and Duwamish history, and while seeking a methodology which would allow me to use family histories, I was exploring what *stories* are. I have discovered that stories and histories are narratives. Stories are teachers. Stories carry our cultural values. Stories are political. Stories can give us heart and encourage us, and carry us through life when it becomes challenging, or full of grief. Stories have the power as well to harm us and hurt us, as Thomas King and as the political analysts Battiste, Martin, and Horn have warned.

As researchers and as human beings we have to choose words carefully, and be mindful of our own stories and other peoples’ stories. I have discovered from the literature that we have responsibilities and obligations when we use stories. It was not a surprise to learn from Indigenous speaker Chiinuks Ogilvie, during a presentation at the University of

Victoria on January 15, 2007, that this same belief is important in her own First Nations culture as well.

I have also learned that all histories and other curriculum materials contain underlying values and hidden curriculum. I have learned educators and academics need to raise their own awareness about hidden curriculum and learn to see the values that underlie the histories and other materials that they use.

During my own experiences as a child, written and oral stories allowed me to open doors, experience cultures, learn values, and learn about the world. Stories can have the power to heal us and to remind us there is joy in life. And it is important that, as Witherell et al. (1995) and others have said, stories can build bridges between cultures. It is my goal to ensure that the collected family histories of my participants will take the existing academic research and curriculum materials a large step farther. I hope for the Duwamish family stories to express and present a holistic and valid portrait of the Duwamish families involved in my study, and to display the role that culture has played during their lives. I believe the story is best told by the people who experienced it, or whose families experienced it. Using ethnography in this study, my goal is to present the portrait, the family histories, in a way that facilitates understanding for readers from any culture.

Chapter Three: Methodology—Work That Is a Gift

In the first section of this chapter, Steps to Finding a Methodology, I describe how I discerned my research topic and chose an appropriate methodology. In the second section, I describe traditional and modern ethnography. In the third section—My Methodology—I describe how I found a way to conduct the study which I believed to be the most effective and suitable, combining critical and reflexive ethnography. I set out benefits of ethnography. I explore my modes of data collection. In the next section, I describe ethical considerations, and how they led to me creating a research protocol for the Duwamish tribe. In the next section, Research Method: Blending Narrative With my Ethnographic Inquiry, I set out how a narrative method assisted with part of my data analysis. I demonstrate how I worked with some data from a family story. The last section contains a brief overview of the two stages in my study.

Steps to Finding a Methodology

“Science is power. All research findings have political implications” (Denzin & Lincoln, 2003, p. 9). Qualitative, interpretive research is science. Nevertheless, it is not value-free. The questions we ask and the method we choose for answering them are based on our own beliefs and life experience, our world view, and what we deem to be knowledge. A study is shaped by a researcher’s personal experiences, “personal history, biography, gender, social class, race, and ethnicity” (p. 29), and by those of participants in the research—it is an interactive process, and there is no way that we researchers can have “value-free science” (p. 29). When choosing methodology, a researcher suits it to the research question, the situation, and the participants. Methodology choices usually match a researcher’s beliefs, assumptions, and ways of making sense of the world.

My steps to finding a methodology involved looking at my personal values and beliefs, finding the value in preserving accurate stories, and defining my research question, which I describe in the next three subsections.

1. Personal values and beliefs.

My parents raised me to value social justice. They opened my eyes to hidden stories that take place beneath the surface of everyday life and to experiences that were invisible to the eyes of people from the dominant group in society. The hidden stories were those of

people who live on the “margins”—the social context in which those who experience inequality and injustice live their lives (Kirby & McKenna, 1989, p. 33). Less powerful groups in society are sometimes termed minority groups. The “everyday life” I mentioned is life for people belonging to the “mainstream group. In Canada, when I was growing up, the mainstream group consisted of white Anglo-Saxon Protestants (WASPs). It was easier for the mainstream group members to find employment of their choice, and to live wherever they chose. They did not notice much of what was happening for the less powerful groups in society, who were living around them, such as immigrants, Indigenous people, single parent women, and people with disabilities. When the mainstream people did notice minority groups, they frequently misunderstood them. They often ridiculed or demeaned Indigenous people. I saw that even when they were trying to be helpful or respectful, the white majority often viewed Indigenous people in a stereotypical way. I made this realization as a child because in Cochenour, a mining village where I went to school for three years, on the edge of town there was one street where Indigenous people were permitted to reside. The mining company named it Hiawatha Lane. We memorized part of the poem, “Hiawatha” in class. It seemed that none of us, Indigenous or white, could see how the noble hero Hiawatha with his poetic language was connected to the real-life Indigenous people around us.

My family of origin blended in with the mainstream. I imagine we saw some things the way that they did. Nevertheless, my parents were not WASPs. My father originated in a non-Anglo-Saxon, non-English speaking, immigrant family. He told stories of social exclusion, pride, and resistance to oppression—resistance for himself and his resistance on behalf of others. I often heard my mother say firmly, “Well, when your family came here, my family was here to meet the boat!” She told stories about Indigenous people in our family and in North American history. Her stories taught pride, perseverance, spirituality, respect, and resistance to oppression. My parents’ stories taught me that some people’s lives did not match the lifestyles and expectations of the dominant social group, the mainstream Anglo-Saxon North Americans of the 1950s and 1960s. Some people from minority groups encountered exclusion from employment, education, societal benefits, and their cultural beliefs were seldom respected. While I was growing up, I saw that minority group experiences of oppression were almost invisible to people from the dominant groups in society.

Because my parents' stories included an underlying theme of social justice, my career led me to helping relationships with many diverse social minority groups. Later on, I earned my Master of Arts degree, focusing on Counselling Psychology. When I entered the Education Ph.D. program in 2005, I had four general goals:

- a.) I love doing research and wanted to do more. I prefer qualitative research to the restrictions of quantitative studies because I believe it provides increased opportunity for unexpected findings to emerge. Also, Denzin and Lincoln (2003) advise that qualitative research values the "socially constructed nature of reality" (p. 13), includes "rich descriptions" (p. 16), and includes the environment as part of the situation being examined. Those three points are important to me.
- b.) I wanted to do research that honoured my mother and the First Nations side of the family.
- c.) My research, like my employment, must contribute toward achieving social justice for all people.
- d.) It is very important to me that, despite social challenges and historic losses to any group, research that I do in future and in the current study will not portray a situation as being a hopeless "tragedy." In the current study, my goal was to seek to uncover the pride, the resistance to oppression, the strengths and joy of the Duwamish people from the time of colonization around 1850 to the present, as the tribe enters the 21st century.

With those goals in mind, I passed through several stages while developing a research topic and methodology. At the beginning, two major events occurred. During the summer of 2005, I was accepted to the doctoral program. The same summer, three of my sons and I were enrolled in the Duwamish tribe in Seattle in June at a public meeting. We were expected to make a commitment to help the Duwamish tribe. I did not know *how* I would help the Duwamish, but I committed to use my education to do it.

During the autumn, in my first semester in the doctoral program, our class carved a Thunderbird welcoming figure for MacLaurin building at the University of Victoria. That pole took a long time to take shape, just like my slow development of a research topic and methodology. I began to see that cultural activities—including what I formerly called *art*—

have the ability to strengthen people. Culture can empower people to face external challenges in life and society. I decided that if culture is a powerful influence in the history of First Nations people, then I would choose ethnography, because it is a methodology that includes culture as an important part of any situation being studied.

2. Preserving accurate stories: Schalay'nung Sxwey'ga (True History Man).

The next event that led me to find my topic, research question and methodology occurred when I was shown a homework assignment used in a King County, Washington state elementary school (see Appendix G), which I discuss in detail in Chapter Six.

I knew that all historical stories and records are based on the teller's opinion and viewpoint, as I have discussed in Chapter Two. Nevertheless, I was truly horrified when I perceived that the Duwamish people's story, told by an outsider to the tribe in such a flawed and deceptive manner, could become curriculum in elementary schools. The story purported to be an accurate representation of Duwamish history. It was not.

In my first semester of doctoral studies—I blush to remember—I did not understand why curriculum was important—now the importance was becoming very clear in a way that stunned me.

Formerly, I assumed that curriculum materials in North American schools were being evaluated to a higher standard than, in fact, they have been. During my studies that followed that realization, my awareness was raised. In the Department of Curriculum and Instruction, my academic readings, e.g., Battiste, 2004; Smith, 2005, and my personal communication with Indigenous students who are teachers confirmed my new realization. Flawed histories of Indigenous people's experiences have not been unusual. They have been common in North American school curriculum materials. I met teachers and administrators who informed me that, during the past fifteen years, in some regions of British Columbia, curriculum reforms are taking place, at last, with consultation with First Nations people.

At the same time as I received the Seattle area homework assignment which told a distorted version of Duwamish history, I was helping to create an educational website about the Thunderbird welcoming figure being carved by our class. His name, in its short form, was inspiring and pertinent to my realizations: "True History Man." A connection was made in my mind between True History Man and the Duwamish homework assignment. My eyes

were opened. I became interested in gathering Duwamish family histories. I now wanted to enable Duwamish people to tell their family histories for the record, in their own, true voices.

What is a “true” story? When the welcoming figure, True History Man, was ceremonially installed in MacLaurin building, University of Victoria, he was given the name *Schalay’nung Sxwey’ga*.

The first word, *Schalay’nung* has the double meaning of ‘teaching of the ancestors’ and ‘to be a true history.’ *Sxwey’ga*, means man. He stands at the heart of the space where educational activities take place, and reminds those who pass by of the cross-cultural story that has begun to form in the context of the pole course (Williams & Tanaka, 2007, no page number).

Schalay’nung Sxwey’ga’s name raises a question: What is a “true” history? We can start to define things by noticing what they are not. A true history is opposed to a history containing gaps, distortions, and false information. The piece of curriculum material from a Seattle-area school was the opposite of a true history.

Had the descendants of settlers written *their own* story, or used pioneer journals to tell about colonization, overtly and clearly acknowledging it was solely the experience of settlers, then the story would be in the settlers’ own voice. The history would be as true as they could make it—it would be “true” in representing *the settlers’* experience of history. It would be limited to their own experience.

Duwamish people deserve the opportunity to tell Duwamish history in Duwamish voices. The Duwamish people had an oral tradition before colonization occurred. The stories were the record of their history. Coast Salish groups had a traditional system of recording stories and passing them on to be learned by following generations (Ogilvie, 2007; White, personal communication, 2008). I have been told that there were trained listeners among Coast Salish people, listeners who retained speeches from important meetings and could pass them on verbatim. For the Duwamish, there has been a break in that system. We had to find our own ways to pass on the stories now, to transmit history. When designing my doctoral research study, I came to believe that if together we gather and record Duwamish stories of each participant’s family’s experiences, it would be as close to a true history as is possible for me to achieve.

3. Defining my research question.

I set out to clarify my purpose. I saw that a researcher cannot just “gather stories,” because that topic is too all-encompassing. I worried about the topic being even broader, because I would be hearing family stories involving ancestors as well as the teller’s stories of his or her personal experience. I worked through the question of whether to include family stories about ancestors, or only to gather individual stories of each present-day person’s own experiences. I knew that some Duwamish people wanted to tell their family’s story. What they want is a priority for me.

I came to realize that people who are from a culture that is historically collectivist continue to think in a collectivist way. I view my Coast Salish ancestors and tribe as being largely collectivist people. In their stories and actions, people from a collectivist society focus on the goals of the group, the beliefs and values of the culture, and their own responsibility to the group. This view of collectivism was supported when I heard William White, who is Coast Salish, speak publicly on two occasions with his colleague, Andrew Cienski, about the philosophy and traditional values in Coast Salish teaching (White & Cienski, public lecture, April 12, 2006, and January 26, 2008). It was also supported when I heard Chiinuks Ogilvie speak at the University of Victoria (Public lecture, January 15, 2007). A family story about a grandparent or other ancestor *is* the individual’s story, much or all of the time. I decided it was acceptable to include family stories by present generations about previous family members as data in the current study.

As I clarified my research focus, I thought about how I wanted to uncover Duwamish history since colonization. This is, to me, “true history” as seen through Duwamish eyes. I had found my research question. Since colonization, what has encouraged and strengthened Duwamish people and provided meaning during their lives? Next, I began to seek the most appropriate methodology.

Ethnography

As I discovered what my research study should investigate, and how to conduct the study, it was like a shape slowly emerging from the fog. I sought to put Duwamish people’s stories into the context of the social and cultural environment and of the political history. I hoped that with funding, I could volunteer at the Longhouse, and I could gather cedar bark

and make baskets, and such experiences would become part of the data for the study. I planned to request time to interview the tribe's chairwoman about her four decades of activism and leadership of the tribe. Direct, first hand, personal experience would lead me to gain understanding the meaning of cultural beliefs, practices, and experiences in the people's lives and this would help me meet the goals of my study. Which methodology would allow me to do all these things?

Ethnography includes fieldwork, culture, and context. A broad interpretation of ethnography is that it is a research process "based on fieldwork using a variety of (mainly qualitative) research techniques, but including engagement in the lives of those being studied over an extended period of time" (Davies, 1999, p. 4, 5).

Using ethnography, a researcher immerses herself in a social setting or environment for a period of time, which can be as lengthy as a year, during which time the researcher observes the behaviour of people in a specific group, and may interact with group members. The written product of the research is based primarily on data from "this fieldwork experience and usually emphasizes descriptive detail as a result" (Davies, 1999, p. 5). I decided ethnography was the most appropriate way to explore my topic.

My conception of ethnography expanded as I began to learn about different types of ethnography.

Traditional ethnography.

Ethnography is the art and science of describing a group or culture, whether it be a small tribal group in a remote location or a class of students in North America (Fetterman, 1998). Metaphorically, the researcher paints a portrait of a group of people, based on information he or she has collected through fieldwork (Harris & Johnston, 2000). It is qualitative and interpretive, as opposed to the positivistic or scientific approaches (Atkinson & Hammersley, 1994).

In *Decolonizing Methodologies* (2005), Linda Tuhiwai Smith provides an historical context and a critique of past research studies conducted with Aboriginal and Indigenous people in diverse settings around the globe. Smith, a Maori and an academic from New Zealand, has critiqued ethnographers of the past. Early ethnographers portrayed cultures as "exotic." Providing entertaining tales for mainstream audiences. The qualitative researcher was interpreting the "Other." The other was "the exotic other, a primitive non-white person

from a foreign culture judged to be less civilized” (Denzin & Lincoln, 2003, p. 2). Worse, colonized people did not get the chance to write their own view of history or to portray their culture in their own words.

Like Smith, I believe an ethical study should be a way of taking action. People who are the focus of social change are not passive recipients but are active and resourceful. In my study, the action of working with families to record their family’s experiences since colonization would be more than knowledge-gathering to add to knowledge held by the academy. It is a social action. It addresses a gap in knowledge and provides recorded history that schools, teachers, university students, and Duwamish descendants can access in the future. By doing so, working to record Duwamish family members’ experiences is a decolonizing action.

Twenty-first century ethnography: New waves or moments.

In the field of qualitative research in general, there are more paradigms, strategies of inquiry, and methods of analysis than ever before (Denzin & Lincoln, 2003). At the same time, ethnography has begun to use new methods for making representations of culture and meaning (Bochner & Ellis, 1996). Once, ethnographers presented “exotic” stories about the “Other” to primarily mainstream and middle class readers from Europe or North America, the Western world. Today, ethnographic inquiry has begun to take new forms. Ethnographers give increased importance to situating themselves and their participants in a social and historical context, and their studies can be based on anti-oppressive purposes and philosophies. There have been waves, or transformations in ethnography, and the ways of exploring and representing culture in qualitative research have evolved.

To the present, there have been seven “moments” in inquiry (Denzin & Lincoln, 2003; Denzin, 2003a). The time period following the year 2000 is what Denzin (2003a) terms the “seventh moment... the Future” (p. 258). In the seventh moment, there has never been a greater need for a “civic, participatory social science, a critical ethnography that moves back and forth between biography, history, and politics” (Denzin, 2003a, p. 260). Denzin calls on researchers with a critical imagination to do work that will provoke and encourage curiosity, criticism, conflict, and reflection.

Researchers with a critical imagination carry out work that has an ethical grounding (Denzin, 2003b). Such work is based in commitment to challenge racial and economic class

distinctions. Referring to the work of Freire, Denzin advocates for research that promotes radical social change, and that explores positive change in human relationships, change in regard to land, property, economics, education, health, and the right to employment (Denzin, 2003b). Like Freire (1999, cited in Denzin, 2003b), Denzin believes that hope is a human need. Hope is ethical, moral, and it gives meaning to people's struggles as we attempt to change our world (Denzin, 2003b).

Denzin advocates for researchers to "take up moral projects that decolonize, honour and reclaim Indigenous cultural practices" (2003b, p. 258). Such projects produce spiritual, social and psychological healing which can then lead to "transformation at the personal and social levels" (Denzin, 2003b, p. 258).

Researchers with a critical imagination may embrace "a democratic-socialist-feminist agenda" (Denzin, 2003b, p. 261). That is a close description of where I locate myself politically. I agree that in this, the seventh moment of inquiry, researchers with a critical bent need to choose work that is ethically based and is focused on social change.

When considering how to design my study, I realized that in contemporary times, the world and the academy needs ethnographers who are agents of change. I believe we need research that gives back to the community. Denzin advocates for work that uses the academy as the starting point for resistance and empowerment; work that challenges neoliberal values in research, the classroom and the curriculum (2003b).

As I continued to seek understanding of new ways to use ethnography, I looked at work by Bochner and Ellis (1996), whose readers are drawn from the people-related disciplines which are included in humanities and social sciences. Bochner and Ellis explore ways to expand the boundaries of ethnographic research. In *Composing Ethnography*, they seek to show several diverse possibilities for ethnographic representation. They enclose samples of a number of genres of ethnographic writing. The studies are categorized into auto ethnography, sociopoetics, and reflexive ethnography. Examples of innovation began with the Introduction to *Composing Ethnography*. Bochner and Ellis chose to format the introduction as a transcript of an informal conversation between themselves at home, discussing the purposes of the book and the future evolution of ethnography.

Some ethnographers whose work is presented in Bochner and Ellis's (1996) collection combine the arts with their descriptions of culture, for example by using poetry or

photography, or unusual visual formats of text. I decided to include cultural art forms as part of my plan for discussion (e.g., the Duwamish story pole telling of the arrival of colonizers; woven cedar bark baskets and vests). By doing so, I could ask what meanings these objects held for participants.

In their writing and teaching, Bochner and Ellis (1996) seek to transform the old goal of ethnography—representing a culture—to a new goal: communication (p. 19). They propose that a useful study allows “another person’s world to inspire critical reflection on your own” (p. 22).

To Bochner and Ellis (1996), the most important question for a researcher is, “What consequences are created by what we write?” (p. 26). Is it my purpose to expand the readers’ horizons and awaken their ability to feel connected with and understand people different from themselves? If so, the consequences of my study will include building *bridges* to better understanding between cultures. Such goals are important to me and can be met by conducting an ethnographic study.

My Methodology

In this section, I describe my process of finding a methodology for my work.

Critical methodology.

Critical thought informs part of my understanding of the world. Using contemporary forms of ethnography, a researcher can think directly about the relationships among knowledge, social power, cultural beliefs, and political action (Thomas, 1993). I strongly believe research should take into account the social and political context. Conventional ethnographers study culture to describe it, but critical ethnographers study culture in order to *use* the knowledge for social change (Thomas, 1993). Change and social justice are key purposes of my study. For that reason, I came to believe that it could be useful to incorporate a critical *eye*, which could also be termed an anti-oppressive *lens*, and use it to watch the data for signs of power structures that underlie the historic Duwamish experiences since colonization.

I examined perspectives on critical ethnography by Thomas (1993), Carspecken (1996), and Denzin (2003). Eventually, I saw that pure critical ethnography focusses quite intensely on the social power of oppressive groups in the North American environment. I

thought critical ethnography would fail to allow the broader focus that I wanted. A broader focus allows inclusion of the many ways Indigenous people have resisted and struggled to overcome social marginalization and oppression. In my view, the use of critical ethnography might turn the Duwamish family histories into a tale of tragedy. At the time of designing my study, I knew some facts about Duwamish history. It was my view that Duwamish history includes, but is not limited to, tragedy.

How could I make a decision to focus solely on social oppression at the beginning of designing my methodology, before I had even heard the family stories? I did not want that limitation. I wanted to share power. I wanted participants to remain free to tell me their family stories with the focus on *what is important to them*, and to leave them free to tell what *they* believe is valuable for future generations to know.

Reflexive methodology.

Bochner and Ellis (1996) had introduced me to reflexive ethnography. Reflexivity means a process of self-reference. It looks at the relationship of three things: the researcher, the representations of people in the ethnography, and the people being studied. Reflexivity is relevant for social research. It has changed our understanding of data collection and interpretation, because reflexive ethnography means that researchers must acknowledge that our beliefs, our preconceptions, and our personal characteristics (e.g., class, education level, and gender) could affect the way we interpret data. To address this issue, researchers must examine our own personal characteristics and beliefs. They are set aside for consideration and for comparison to those of the group that we study.

A qualitative researcher must interpret the data, and he or she greatly contributes to the construction of meaning during a study. The goal of value-free research is an ideal, but it is quite likely unobtainable—it is not possible to be completely neutral, especially when interpreting a social situation. To address that issue, the use of reflexivity makes clear the researcher's own beliefs and objectives. The goal is to ensure that, by use of reflection and self-confrontation, the conclusions which are drawn in the study are not based heavily on the researcher's opinion. Therefore, it is particularly important that issues of reflexivity are considered in ethnographic research.

My Ethnographic Process

My ethnographic research drew from both critical ethnography and reflexive ethnography. I had to think about my own social location (e.g., age, gender, class, education) and my own assumptions and beliefs, then examine and question them, and leave space to continue to do the same as I gathered data and afterward.

A process of reflection was always in my mind during stage one fieldwork. Using a journal, I wrote about my thoughts and my personal changes. I kept field notes during all interactions and when travelling home from Washington state. I journalled realizations as time passed. Simultaneously, my design was informed by critical ethnography: I am aware of racism, effects of colonization, and power dynamics in social structures. Reflexive methodology and critical thought were part of my study during stage two of my study as well. In that stage, I examined and contemplated the stories and my fieldwork experiences with the Duwamish people, then wrote about the learning I gained in regard to my research question.

Benefits of ethnography.

I found three aspects of ethnography—fieldwork, data from many sources, and the opportunity to share power—which made it a useful methodology for my study.

i. Fieldwork and participation.

One benefit of ethnography is that it involves learning about a people and their culture by fieldwork and participation. In fieldwork, I visited Duwamish people who make cedar bark baskets and clothing, or who took part in the lives of Duwamish people and youth in various other ways. Together, we explored their story of the process and meaning of their work. Lack of funding resulted in having a more brief time to do fieldwork than I had hoped. The opportunities I did have were highly valuable.

In addition to fieldwork, my choice of ethnography allowed me to conduct interviews concerning family histories. During interviews, we used family photos in interviews to elicit memories and thoughts about places and people. A photo-elicitation interview brings out information on practical and abstract levels, and this information is valuable and as reliable as can be hoped for, because it is being provided by a cultural insider (Harper, 2003, p. 190).

Photographs were socially constructed at the time they were taken (2003, p. 192). Harper states, “Photography embodies the unequal relationships that are part of most research activities” (2003, p. 193). In critical and reflexive ethnography and as a researcher who follows anti-oppressive practice, I needed to be aware of power dynamics (e.g., economic, class, race, gender) which existed at the time the photograph was taken (e.g., if the photo includes people, were the subjects willing, and were they photographed in a way they would have wanted?) This information needs to remain in a researcher’s consciousness when he or she decides whether to take photographs. Awareness of social construction and power dynamics is valuable to include in contemporary dialogue about historical photos during interviews.

I took my own photographs during the study, as well. To photograph with social consciousness means to think theoretically when we photograph, says Harper. Photos “concretize the observations” and “help build theory,” and combined with dialogue and memories, they lead to deeper reflection, even to inspired reflection (pp. 193–4).

I had asked interested families for their family histories. When I met with individual participants, I used questions to draw out their stories. I drew on learning and skills from past research experience with interviewing and on my experience as a trauma counsellor. Each participant assisted me in assembling and recording their family history and genealogy, using words and family photos. I visited some family homes for periods ranging from three hours to three days, and I attended Longhouse events on several occasions. I walked and talked with a participant in several historic areas in and around Seattle. All these are ethnographic ways of gathering data and increasing understanding during fieldwork.

ii. Data comes from many sources.

A second benefit of ethnography is that data is drawn from many sources, and so an emerging realization or finding from one type of source can be compared to a finding from another source. To combine and compare data from several sources contributes to making a more reliable and holistic picture of the Duwamish families’ experiences from colonization to the present.

iii. Sharing power.

A third benefit of ethnography today is that the people being studied have choice and power over which way(s) to participate. For example, if an individual’s family story

contained traumatic events, he or she would have choice as to when, whether, how much, and in what manner to participate. My participants chose whether to speak a little or at length. They chose whether or not to pursue a topic in one of my questions. A few individuals chose to communicate by email and declined an interview. As a group, the tribe had the power to say whether they supported my study, and indeed, the council wrote in advance to say that they would permit me to do the study. Today, researchers think about ethical choices such as power sharing, but, in general, the traditional ethnographers of the past had no such consideration for participants. Sharing power is just one way for a researcher to meet ethical criteria.

Ethical Considerations for an Ethnographic Study

To prepare for research involving an Indigenous community, I had considered ethical guidelines set out by Kowalsky, Verhoef, Thurston, and Rutherford (1996), the Canadian Institute of Health Research (CIHR), and I consulted Eugenie Lam, staff at University of Victoria Ethics department.

In my entry into my Duwamish community in the new role as researcher, I hoped to achieve an ethical and respectful ongoing working relationship with community members. Some were acquaintances. In the new role of researcher, I became an outsider again, and council and community had to ascertain my purpose and to assess whether I was trustworthy. I was able to assure the tribe's representatives that I would work in an ethical way, without causing harm, and with the benefit to the tribe and to Duwamish people in mind. The Chair and secretary gave me the opportunity to speak publicly to all assembled members an annual meeting of the tribe.

Cultural sensitivity was a key point in the guidelines of Kowalsky et al. (1996), and of CIHR. Researchers who pay attention to cultural sensitivity will work “with a raised consciousness concerning the impact of a culture on 1) the persons and/or phenomena being studied, 2) on the research process itself and 3)... on the researcher” (p. 269). These are things that I considered when designing my study and also throughout the research process.

Kowalsky et al. (1996) provide practical guidelines for cultural sensitivity which can be used during the process of beginning research with an Indigenous community (pp. 274–280). I considered them when in the process of designing my study. I saw that many of

Kowalsky's guidelines apply to my study. Guidelines which stand out, along with my comments and noted comparisons to the CIHR guidelines, include the following:

- a.) Recognize that the Indigenous people are in charge and be patient. I believe that patience is respectful. Patience is required for an ethical study that considers the needs of the participants. Similarly, CIHR guidelines, Article 2, note that the community has jurisdiction over the conduct of research (pp. 3–4), and recommend an agreement. I have a letter saying the tribe had discussed my study in advance and has given me permission.
- b.) Allow for time; and, be prepared for the unexpected. I expected to do this by being flexible and willing to adapt to change.
- c.) Be honest about your motives. Kowalsky et al. (1996) point out that a researcher benefits from the research. I acknowledge that the research is part of my degree process. The degree could have helped me in a career, had it not taken nine years to complete my degree and the study, because of lack of funding—no scholarship, bursary, or student loan. I am a tribe member in Canada who wanted to know about the Duwamish people, and I benefited by enjoying getting to know tribe members and hearing their family stories. I benefit, but I have also gone through great personal hardship to conduct this research study. Because of financial challenges, I could have given up, losing my personal benefit. What prevented me from giving up was the benefit for others. I was highly motivated to record Duwamish histories for the benefit of the tribe and for Duwamish youth, so they could read it in future years. This was the main motivation that helped me to persevere. Article 9 of CIHR guidelines notes that an important consideration is that research should benefit the tribe, the community.
- d.) Be yourself and participate in the community; contribute to the community. I already participate as a tribe member and will continue to do so. I have helped raise public awareness re tribal issues.
- e.) Remember to be sensitive (e.g., a tape recorder might be a deterrent to communication so learn to listen carefully).
- f.) Recognize and respect the spiritual component. I set out to treat diverse viewpoints with respect. CIHR guidelines in Article 4, 6, and 7 remind me that sacred knowledge

must be protected and I committed not to publish anything which is to be kept protected and confidential.

- g.) Enjoy and allow humour. Humour emerged when talking with Duwamish people about very serious issues and I can't imagine trying to stop it. Communication would break down.
- h.) Respect confidence and guard against taking sides. This was an important consideration during my study. In any such group, including the Duwamish tribe as an organization, there are usually histories of conflict issues among individuals or families, and issues in the political organization of the tribe.
- i.) Be aware of general etiquette expectations. CIHR guidelines in article 11.1 similarly reminded me to learn about and apply Indigenous cultural protocols relevant to the Indigenous community involved in the study.
- j.) Follow the lines of authority and thus show respect for it, and
- k.) Maintain ongoing consultation. Similarly, CIHR recommends ongoing, accessible communication with the community in Article 11.3. I did this and continue to do so. (Kowalsky et al., 1996, pp. 274–280)

After studying guidelines from several sources, I created a research protocol for the Duwamish tribe. I sent it to the tribe with an explanatory letter about the benefits of having such an agreement for future researchers. I suggested that it might raise awareness of ethical considerations that had not occurred to researchers, to the tribe's benefit. It states that research should benefit the tribe and should be agreed to by the tribe. The research protocol was voted on in council and accepted.

Research Method: Blending Narrative With my Ethnographic Inquiry

Originally, I had intended to spend as much as a year in King County and nearby areas, the historic Duwamish territory. This is an ideal of ethnography—to see the participants throughout a year in their lives. Economic issues prevented this ideal goal from materializing. To complete an in depth study, I had to make many short trips over a lengthy period, and I needed to rely on a combination of fieldwork and interviews.

When working with the interview data, I used a narrative method to help myself to discern themes and sub-themes in the stories of participants. Narrative is one of the basic ways that participants understand and share the phenomena of human experience. To combine ethnographic methodology with a narrative orientation enables me as a researcher to be sensitive to context. When designing my method, I believed that the combination of narrative inquiry with ethnography will expand the strength of findings. A finding that seems to be emerging from narrative can be compared and contrasted with points I am realizing from fieldwork.

Example: Working with the data from a family history:

In this section, I illustrate how I worked with data. Over the years of the study, I was gathering information, or data, from ethnographic fieldwork, interviews, and my journals and reflections. In fieldwork, I interacted in various ways with participants, usually at the Longhouse. In interviews, in diverse locations, I gathered Duwamish family stories as they were told in Duwamish voices. I then began the search for meaning in step two. The goal was to discover the history of Duwamish people since colonization by means of the stories, while at the same time seeking individual and cultural beliefs and practices that strengthened Duwamish people during post-colonization times.

Slada's story is a culturally rich narrative in which she describes her life history, her learning experiences, and her world as a woman with Duwamish ancestry. Slada has shared this particular information on several occasions, for example, with a reporter from the *Renton Reporter* (August 15, 2006).

Here is an overview of Slada's story as she told it to me. As a child, Slada went to school one day. The teacher had learned that this little girl, known as Mary Lou, was Chief Sealth's great-granddaughter. Impressed, the teacher introduced her to the class that way, calling her a celebrity. At the end of the day, Slada left the classroom. Some children chased her home, calling her a "dirty Indian."

The little girl Slada felt shame after that day. For many years, she says, she was ashamed of her Duwamish ancestry—yet, there was pride, too. She said two previous generations of her family also felt conflicting feelings about their race and culture.

Finally, in her fifties, Slada had a transformative, spiritual experience. As she tells it, when she picked up an eagle feather, a voice told her that “It is okay to be Indian, because that is how God made you.” That is a second landmark episode in her life history.

After the transformative experience, Slada accepted her Coast Salish ancestry, and her pride in that race and culture grew. She began a period of learning in a traditional way. She learned to make cedar bark baskets with a friend, a master weaver from another Coast Salish tribe. That is a third event in her life history.

One day, the weaving teacher told Slada to find out how the Duwamish made cedar bark baskets. Many baskets still exist which are documented as being made by Kikisoblu (a.k.a. Princess Angeline, the daughter of Chief Sealth). Slada is a direct descendant of Kikisoblu. She studied the baskets made by her ancestor. She has become a Master Weaver. She has learned the cultural meaning of figures and symbols and learned the purposes of each basket and how to harvest and prepare many materials.

As an ethnographer, listening to her story presented in this example, I was making abstract realizations. When Slada is gathering cedar bark and studying museum artifacts, and learning how a Duwamish hat or basket was made, she is not just practicing a *hobby*. She is taking a *political action*. My understanding is that through creating and presenting her art—her cultural actions—Sla'da could be portraying these statements:

I will no longer be ashamed of my heritage.

I will be proud and teach others to be proud.

I will keep this knowledge alive so it can be passed on.

My grandchildren will never be ashamed.

Using ethnography, I learned that I could test those understandings listed above by checking them against what I saw in fieldwork and heard in interviews.

Today Slada works hard, educates the public, and keeps her heritage alive. She has made beautiful and valuable cedar bark clothing for many Duwamish people. The clothing and baskets are made in the authentic and traditional Duwamish method and style. Slada made the Duwamish cedar bark regalia of capes, vests, and head-rings which are worn by *T'ilibshudub* (Singing Feet), the cultural heritage group at cultural gatherings. Her Thunderbird vest was made for her son Michael Halady for the raising of the Duwamish

story pole, and that vest has travelled internationally to Canada and Europe in a museum exhibit of Coast Salish art.

When working with data from the story in this example, I perceived that, by working with cedar and educating Duwamish and outsiders, Slada is undoing some of the harm done to her family and tribe by the colonization experience. Her work is important: It is decolonizing work. I see her as building bridges of understanding between cultures, and restoring pride for the grandchildren of her generation.

These (above) are examples of the realizations that I made as I heard Slada's first story, then added it to data from Slada's other stories. I made ongoing notes about realizations. As I interviewed other participants, I began to make connections between Slada's stories and those of the other Duwamish people whom I was meeting in fieldwork and in interviews. As I worked with the transcribed interviews, I highlighted statements which stood out and, as I had more and more interview data, I began underlining and connecting similar points among participants' stories.

In my study, I was almost always able to gather the experiences of two different generations of each family and gain different perspectives. Slada's son, Michael, is part of the family story which continues into the 21st century, as is her niece, DeAnn. The family story includes a granddaughter, who recently finished medical school. Michael became a carver. He designed and created the first Duwamish pole to be carved and erected in Seattle since the time of colonization. At the celebration when the pole was raised in 2006, he wore a cedar bark vest with lightning bolts on it, woven by Slada, his mother. The lightning bolt symbol is there because their family is directly descended from Chief Sealth, and in their family history, "Chief Sealth had Thunderbird power" (Slada, personal communication, 2006; Speer, 2004).

It was one of my goals to ask participants the meaning of cultural things they created. Why does the Thunderbird design appear in Slada's creations? Slada lines her vests and sometimes hides a pocket in them for car keys. Michael's story pole was not of a completely traditional style. Why? How did tribe members react to an evolving art form portraying their history, rather than the traditional Haida poles which they have seen? What did it mean to Michael—and to his mother—for him to win the opportunity to carve the first Duwamish pole in a hundred years? What would he and Slada and others want the future generations to

realize and remember about their experiences and those of their parents and grandparents? These were questions I explored. Although, in the end, Michael was far from home and unable to participate, I did learn from two different generations of the Sackman family, and in the Appendices, I present the stories they told.

Overview of the Two Stages in My Research Study

Once I had created a chosen a methodology and a research plan, and addressed ethical considerations, I began my study. In this section, I briefly clarify the process. Exploration of my research topic involved two stages: First, fieldwork and interviews to gather data, and second, the meaning-making or analytical stage, in which I found and discussed themes which are responses to my research question.

Stage One: Data gathering and assembling family histories.

In the first stage of my study, I spent time with Duwamish people individually and during group events. I worked with members of Duwamish families to create a record in words and other media, such as family photographs. Interviews to create the written record focused on Duwamish families' experiences since colonization. Storytelling has been a core ingredient of Indigenous cultures around the globe. It was my aim to continue that tradition, as I recorded family stories.

An important part of stage one was creating a booklet of family stories. Shirley Louis, the author of *Q'Sapi: A History of Okanagan people, as told by Okanagan Families* (2002) had inspired me. When writing *Q'Sapi* (means long time ago), about First Nations families in the Okanagan Valley, Louis set out to discover information about her own Indigenous roots, to record family kinship lines, and to preserve traditional names. She wanted to provide a record of identity for the younger generation, as well as to promote dialogue within her community, and to honour her ancestors.

Originally, I wanted to join the participants' family stories together to create a similar document for the tribe. Such a book provides a chance for renewal, rebirth of identity, reuniting of families; it is a chance to educate about how history took place, and "how language and culture changed;" it is also a chance to "right a wrong that has existed since colonization" (Arnie Louie, in Louis, 2002, p. 9).

As the families told me stories, I began to see that, although I had permission, the family stories did not fit together as a united document for the tribe. It seemed clear to me that each family's personal stories belonged with that family, to do with as they wish.

I changed my plan, and created a booklet for each family interviewed. It contains stories, sometimes photographs, and also a genealogy as told to me by that Duwamish family.

Working to create the family booklets, I did two things. I named each story, so it could be easily referred to and found when needed. For the sake of clarity, I moved interview sections around, cutting and pasting sections from the interview to make a cohesive story without digressions or asides that go off on a tangent. I did not change the speaker's words. The stories are truly in the words of each Duwamish participant.

Stage Two: Meaning-making and answering the research question.

In the second stage of my study, I set out to answer my research question—what strengths have carried the Duwamish people through their experiences since colonization? Stage Two was for data analysis and meaning making. Nevertheless, meaning making cannot be put on hold until Stage Two. As I heard stories or participated in fieldwork in Stage One, and as I transcribed stories and set to work to assemble the family booklets, the realizations inevitably began to occur. This is natural for anyone doing a similar methodology. I recorded the realizations. I wrote questions for myself about the realizations. During the second stage of my study, I could go back and explore the records created in Stage One as well as the other data gathered in the field with Duwamish people.

After the last interview, approximately one year passed as I transcribed, made family history booklets, confirmed or asked questions of participants, and made the genealogies.

A second year passed as I went through the transcripts and notes, highlighting similarities, underlining events or statements that had power for me, and that stood out from the rest. I was able to look for answers to my research question among the family stories, fieldwork experiences, and my journals. During that year, in narrative analysis, I found sub-themes, and then themes emerged. An example is attached at the end of this chapter, as Table 1, to demonstrate how I assembled subthemes and came to see themes in the data. After finding themes, I wrote about the participants, the outstanding themes and, finally, the meaning of what I had been exploring.

Conclusion

All stories are political. They are based on a philosophy and assumptions about the world. King (2003) says that stories are “medicine... a story told one way could cure... the same story told another way could injure” (p. 93)—as did the false and oppressive story in the Seattle homework assignment, compared to Slada’s experiences and empowering stories of personal and family history which she tells in the appendices.

What is the true Duwamish story or history: How close to truth can we get, and How will we know? These are questions that I was exploring as I created a research design with which to discover how the Duwamish people have survived, lived their lives, remembered their culture, and have begun to flourish once again. I have described how I created and carried out the study. In the next chapter, I introduce my participants, who shared their personal family stories, whether painful or joyful and empowering, for the sake of the future readers, Duwamish people and others. Again, I say, this work is *swit ulis uyayus*—“work that the Creator wrapped around you.” Truly, to gather, record and work with the stories has been work that is a gift.

Chapter Four: Introduction to Participants and Synopsis of Family Stories

The family stories gathered in this study provide a way of seeing Duwamish history since colonization through the eyes and voices of Duwamish people. It is a rich description of the histories of several Duwamish families. Participants from six families chose to take part. Their recorded family stories are included in the Appendices along with genealogical information.

In the first section of Chapter Four, I explain what I have learned about the historical organization of Duwamish people into *families*. In the second section, I introduce the individual participants from each family who participated in the study. Then, in the third section, I provide a synopsis of stories from each participant and I list the themes that emerged in the stories.

Duwamish Families

Duwamish people are part of a larger Indigenous group, the Coast Salish. Historically, the Duwamish people spoke Lushootseed. All participants have registered in the Duwamish Tribe organization. Each participant is a member of a specific Duwamish family.

In the practice of the Duwamish tribe as a modern day organization, *family* is a way of organizing people into groups who descend from a specific Duwamish individual who lived around the time of colonization (circa 1850).

I began to learn about Duwamish families in 2005. When Kathie Zetterberg and I applied to register and bring our family back to the tribe, my cousin was able to provide missing genealogical information for the Duwamish Tribal Council. We descend from Chief Suquardle, a.k.a. Chief Curley, who had a camp on the shore of Elliot Bay in the 1850s. Soon after that day in June, 2005, when we became registered, Kathie and I began to call ourselves and our relatives *the Curley family*. We noticed that people referred to themselves as members of a historic *family*. We learned several years later that within the tribe we are called *the Scheuerman family*. We were taken aback at this European name, and had not heard the name among our ancestors. We learned that Peggy Curley (married name Scheuerman), was the first Duwamish person in our family to register in the modern day tribal organization. Peggy, like my cousin Kathie Zetterberg and myself, shares ancestry from Chief Curley. Peggy was his niece.

When the tribe became a modern day non-profit organization under American laws for societies, the tribe's officials began the practice of using a person's legal surname to create a family name, rather than using their Duwamish ancestor's *Lushootseed* name. Therefore, many Duwamish family groups in the tribe have a European name, that of the first person among their ancestors to be registered. Peggy was born Peggy Curley, but at the time of registering, she was married, so her husband's surname—Scheuerman—became her family name within the tribal organization. All descendants of Chief Curley must go by the family name of Scheuerman within the tribe.

It's possible that an Indigenous name could become anglicized. I believe the Seymour family obtained their surname as an Anglicization of ancestors' names, *Neesemu* and *Semu*.

The family name is used when members sign in to the annual meeting as members of a specific Duwamish family. Often when people address the tribe, they note their family name when introducing themselves.

It was my observation that many Duwamish people think of themselves as the *Sackman family* or the *Garrison family*, and frequently choose to sit together at meetings as a family group. I observed that any one family is viewed as being a group by other Duwamish people. I have observed occasions when members of a family group do something together to support one of its members (e.g., to temporarily withdraw from Longhouse activities in support of a family member who has had issues with the leadership).

There are diverse ways that people trace and authenticate their Duwamish ancestry. Some use records that are called Roblin's Rolls. Charles Roblin was an agent for the USA government's Bureau of Indian Affairs. Roblin recorded information about Indigenous people in Washington State, noting their tribal affiliations. His records are relied upon when people need to trace their genealogical history to an Indigenous ancestor. Roblin's records "are the basis of almost all tribal memberships in Puget Sound" (James Rasmussen, personal communication, April, 2012).

At present, there are some active Duwamish families and some who are not active in the tribe but their names still exist in records. Our own family had no active members for quite a lengthy time; then, we reappeared. I obtained the Duwamish family names from Cindy Williams, tribe secretary and operations manager, who is very well informed about ancestry within the tribe. She told me how Duwamish family names originated. "The

Duwamish Family names are as follows: Ambrose Bagley, Lucy Bend Eley, Susie Jacobs Fowler, Jane Garrison, Emily Hines Hawk, Julia Whatulach O’Bryant, Maria Sancho Sackman, Peggy Curley Scheuerman, Sarah Seymour, and Mary Kenum Tuttle.”

Cindy Williams added:

All I know about the names (is that) they are the first name you find on the family trees that were submitted to the Department of Interior with our petition. They date back as far as 1831 and it appears that some of the names are first names and maiden names and or first names, maiden and then married names.

There was also a tree for Julie Siddle for about (5) members, most of whom all are either now deceased and/or moved to Lummi (tribe). I think just one person remains from the family and I believe she is very old. Her name is Lola Davis.

There was also the Benjamin Solomon family that has one member attached to it and that is Geraldine McClung. I haven’t heard from her or about her in years.

Lastly, there is the Julia Sigo Family created for one person, Dixie Jo Herman, whom again, I haven’t heard of or about in years. She may be (registered with) Suquamish as there are a lot of Pursers on that tree. (Cindy Williams, personal communication, May, 2013)

Introduction to the Participants

Each participant is an adult with Duwamish ancestry, whose family has been registered in the Duwamish tribe. The majority of participants reside in Washington State.

There were six Duwamish families who took part in my study: Sackman, Seymour, Fowler, Garrison, Scheuerman, and Tuttle. Having read the recruiting poster, the following twelve participants chose to take part in the study: Mary Lou Slaughter (Slada), and her niece, DeAnn Jacobson, Edie Loyer Nelson, James Rasmussen and his sister, Virginia Nelson, and their cousin, Diana Scroggins, Kathie Zetterberg, Cecile Hansen and her daughter, Cindy Williams, Ken Workman and his two uncles, David Haller and Vern Treat. The two other representatives are Florence Smotherman and myself.

It was my goal to have a minimum of two participants from each Duwamish family who participated in the study, ideally from different generations. At first, Edie Nelson and Kathie Zetterberg were lone participants from their families. Then Edie Nelson gave permission for me to use a paper in which her aunt, Florence Smotherman, wrote of her family history. Florence became a representative for the Seymour family. Eventually, I became a representative for the Scheuerman family. During interviews, I found myself

sharing pieces of family history from my branch of the Scheuerman family with my relative, Kathie Zetterberg. I realized that I could use excerpts from our interview transcripts as a basis for my own family stories. Thus, I was able to meet my goal of having at least two people represent each family.

I found twelve participants and two representatives. Travelling to Seattle and nearby cities, I interviewed participants. Some sent additional information and responses by email. An introduction to each of the participants and representatives from six families now follows.

The Sackman family.

The Sackman family is represented in this study by Mary Lou Slaughter and her niece, DeAnn Jacobson. DeAnn came and met me in Seattle for an interview. Mary Lou sat with me in her workspace for working with cedar, at her home, and told me family stories. They are first cousins once removed and they both descend from *Kikisoblu*, also known as Princess Angeline, who was known for her cedar baskets. Several times during the study, I met Mary Lou's brother, Jack Kvarnstrom, a quiet man and well-respected. Jack was an expert woodcarver. He created the burl wood sign for the Duwamish Longhouse and Cultural centre. He donated several wood sculptures to fundraisers and assisted at events to benefit the tribe. I gained an impression of him as an elder and as a supporter of the tribe's goals, and this helped me with my ethnographic study. Jack embodied for me what some of his generation are like. Because of his illness, I was not able to interview him. On March 26, 2013, Jack passed on.

Mary Lou Slaughter (Slada, also spelled Sla'da and Sla'dai (means Lady).

Mary Lou is respected as an elder and teacher, and she is a Master Weaver. She has worked in many art forms. Today, she primarily works with strips of the inner bark of the cedar tree, and sometimes other plant materials. She has brought back to our tribe the Chief Seattle style hats (based on the sole photograph of Chief Seattle), which differ in shape from Haida style hats. She creates baskets, vests, and many other traditional articles. Some are on display at museums, at schools, or at the Duwamish Longhouse. Her baskets and other items can be purchased. Her vests and hats are proudly worn by people who commissioned them. Mary Lou's cedar bark vest with a thunderbird design went on display at Seattle Art Museum, and at the Royal British Columbia Museum in Victoria in a major show of Coast

Salish art. Another vest went to Europe with a travelling display. Mary Lou herself can be seen in a mural at the Seattle Courthouse, in which she is portrayed stripping bark from a cedar tree.

Mary Lou designed the decorative pattern in the floor of the Duwamish Longhouse. It is a traditional ornamental basket design and it represents the concept that we are *the people of the inside*—the people who live between the Olympic Mountains and the Cascade Mountains.

I saw traditional Duwamish hospitality when Mary Lou warmly welcomed me and my sons and our cousin back into the tribe in 2005. That day, I met a dark haired, brown eyed lady, full of energy. Soon after, she reached out by email to keep up the connection and before long offered to teach me to weave a basket. When I have visited her home, I see a woman of strength and vitality, who weaves hats, baskets, and vests for Duwamish people, and who continues to represent Duwamish people in educational and other public settings. She has served on Council and over the long term has supported fundraising events. She teaches cedar bark weaving and still harvests the bark when opportunity arises. At the time of writing, Mary Lou is 75. She is working on a cookbook of recipes for fry bread. She preserves foods from her garden, and is a loving full-time caregiver to her husband, Chuck. Every day is very full of tasks and interests.

When I arrived in 2011 to interview her, Mary Lou, over 70 years old at the time, had finished splitting a cord of wood, and explained with a laugh, “That’s because I got tired of waiting for my son to do it!”

DeAnn Jacobson.

I met DeAnn seven or eight years ago, and I met her son, Aaron, at the Longhouse when he was quite young. A few years ago, DeAnn went to her relative, Mary Lou Slaughter, a Master Weaver. DeAnn began to learn to make baskets using the inner bark of cedar. In another year, at the annual tribal meeting, Mary Lou announced to all present that DeAnn had become an apprentice. Today, DeAnn has become an expert in the skills of weaving.

Without reservation land, Duwamish people have not had a place to live in Duwamish culture together. Similarly to all the other participants, DeAnn’s cultural and historical learning is drawn from what her family passed down to her as they lived their lives in the mainstream, urban world. Mary Lou, her relative, has passed on learning in many ways and

has provided understanding for DeAnn as an Indigenous woman. DeAnn tells of this in her stories.

DeAnn works as a certified Occupational Therapy Assistant in the school system in Washington State. As time passed, DeAnn saw a need, and started getting involved in giving talks about Native American culture at local schools. By her actions and teaching, she is helping to build respect and understanding for Indigenous cultures. DeAnn participated in a film about the tribe, entitled *Princess Angeline*. She has been gradually taking a role, learning and teaching, representing Duwamish people.

Volunteer work is important in DeAnn's life. She said, "I really feel called to serve those who do not have a voice, whether that be globally or at home locally. I have done volunteer work in the Kitsap area serving meals with my son Aaron, packing meals for the food bank. I do have to say I love to serve and feel most happy when serving others." At the time of her interview, DeAnn was fundraising for a period of volunteer work in Africa, and in 2013, she made the trip.

The Seymour family.

The Seymour family is represented in this study by Edie Loyer Nelson and by a brief history written by her aunt, Florence Smotherman.

Edie Loyer Nelson.

I first met Edie Nelson when she reached out with hospitality to welcome my branch of the family back into the tribe. Edie initiated an email connection. In 2011, I spent time at Edie's home to gather her family stories and record her genealogy.

Edie Loyer Nelson was educated and worked as a teacher. She next became a social worker for Washington's Children's Services. She took part in developing a parent-involved alternative school program called *Room Nine*. After several years as a social worker, Edie became head of the Indian Child Welfare Unit. She also spent several years as a researcher in *Longscan*, an important long term study, then returned to the Indian Unit.

Edie is now retired, and is happy to be involved with her grandchildren and her garden. She is a petite, energetic woman and she is very involved daily with her many interests. One interest is the natural environment. In her interview, Edie told me, "My backyard is a Certified Wildlife Habitat through the National Wildlife Federation. If one's

yard has certain protective features such as ground cover, water, food such as nuts, berries, etc. and places where birds can lay eggs, it qualifies for a certificate. It encourages me to keep the birdbath full of fresh water and I left some pruning waste for cover and I have a bunch of little birds using it now. Of course, I keep lots of feeders full of sunflower seeds for birds and squirrels. It's a busy place."

In retirement, Edie continues her lifelong service to her local community and to Indigenous people. She is a retired social worker and belongs to the LICWAC organization—Local Indian Child Welfare Advisory Committee—a body of volunteers who have been approved and appointed by Children's Administration, who staff and consult with the department of Social and Health Services in regard to cases of Indian children and their families when the child or family's tribe, band, or Canadian First Nations is unavailable. At meetings, active social workers present cases, and Edie advises them on case planning and services. An important objective is to keep Indigenous children connected to their culture, and to their extended family.

Edie is a calm and quiet woman who has made a peaceful and meaningful home and environment for herself. Nevertheless, her life as woman, mother, and Indigenous social worker has had challenges. At her home, there is a painting of a woman paddling a canoe. It was a gift on Edie's retirement. Edie's friend told her, "It is *you*, paddling upstream against the current, as you have done all your life."

The Tuttle family.

The Tuttle family is represented in this study by Virginia Nelson, her brother, James Rasmussen, and their relative, Diana Scroggins.

Diana Scroggins.

Diana came to register as a tribe member in 2012. She resides in Idaho. Diana heard me speak at the annual meeting of the Duwamish tribe in May, 2012. We then spoke about Tuttle family history. Diana emailed me the genealogy of her branch of the Tuttle family. James Rasmussen confirmed that a member of her branch of the Tuttle family served on the tribal council in the 1980s.

Virginia May Nelson.

Virginia Nelson is a fabric artist and a woman who takes an extensive interest in her family's history. Along with her mother, Ann Rasmussen, Virginia shares an interest in preserving artifacts from her family's past, of which there is a vast and diverse array. I regretted not having an extensive opportunity to look at and enjoy all that she has saved. In our interview, Virginia chose her words carefully, and she would not speak of anything of which she was not certain. I saw Virginia as a quiet woman who claimed she had no sense of humour, and yet she had a perennial little smile. She is married to Tim Nelson, a retired high school music teacher. Virginia was his aide in the music classes, and now he is her aide in her sales of her work as a fabric artist.

James Albert Rasmussen.

I met with James and his sister, Virginia, together, for our first interview. Later I met with James at his home on land which was the Tuttle family homestead in the 1850s. His wife, Gayle, sat with us. She has since passed on, and is much missed by many Duwamish who knew her.

James is extremely well informed about his family history, having spent much time with his grandfather, Myron Overaker. Similarly to his sister, James feels a close bond with his family, especially his parents and grandfather. His grandfather was interested in music. During our interview, I learned that James is a musician and member of a band, and once had owned a record store, Budd's Jazz Records. It has now, he joked, "gone the way of the dinosaur." Like Virginia, he has preserved many family artifacts, including his grandfather's audio recordings made of performances by early Seattle musicians, and recordings that his grandfather made of Native American gatherings.

James became involved with activism for the Duwamish people in his twenties and played many roles, including council member, Longhouse director, and representative at many political gatherings. His years of experience in political involvement show in the way he carefully chooses each word when speaking in any way that represents the Duwamish people. He is an excellent speaker. He has a clear voice that carries well, and with which he can command the attention of all at a gathering. At the time of the interview, James was active with the Duwamish River Cleanup organization in Seattle.

The Scheuerman family.

The Scheuerman family, descended from Chief Curley (Suquardle), is represented in this study by Kathie Zetterberg and myself. We are second cousins who met in 2004.

Kathie Marleen Zetterberg.

Kathie Zetterberg has spent most of her life residing on historic Duwamish territory. I interviewed Kathie at her home, and attended several Duwamish gatherings with her. We have explored some historic sites together.

By profession, Kathie Zetterberg is a technical artist, educated at Burnley School of Professional Art. She resides in Washington State with her husband, Carl. Kathie's interests include horseback riding, fishing, volunteerism, tracing family genealogy, and researching family history. She has written an article regarding the history of her Duwamish great-grandmother, Julia Yesler, entitled *Henry Yesler's Native American Daughter* (HistoryLink). Kathie has been part of pioneer organizations in the past. In volunteerism, she supports the Seattle Milk Fund, which helps families in need.

Kathie has been on the Council for the Duwamish Tribe since 2006 and has been part of many changes for the tribe. Kathie is a skilled artist and in recent years has created pieces which portray birds and plants Indigenous to the Pacific Northwest. Several of her works of art have been auctioned at fundraising events to benefit the Duwamish. She creates the catalogue of artwork to be auctioned at the annual Gala fundraiser.

Julia Anne Allain.

I am the researcher in this study, and am a direct descendant of Chief Suquardle (Curley). I include my stories in the Scheuerman family history. I discussed shared family history during my interview with my cousin Kathie, comparing family stories. These excerpts became "interview data." I clarified and expanded the excerpts to make my family stories.

I grew up in mining camps in remote locations of northern and central British Columbia and northern Ontario. I was educated by my mother whenever there was no school. She was of Duwamish ancestry and both she and my father were interested in social justice. My academic background includes currently being a Ph.D. candidate in the Faculty of Education at University of Victoria. I am a counsellor with my M.A. in Educational Psychology and Leadership Studies (University of Victoria, 2005). For my Master's thesis

research, I investigated the themes and stages in change for female survivors of abuse by intimate partners.

I have been employed since 2002 at a transition house for women in crisis who seek safety and support with starting a new life after leaving an abusive partner. My role involves social work as well as counselling for trauma, addiction, mental health, and disability issues. I supervise graduate and undergraduate students doing a practicum. They come from diverse academic fields. I enjoy the opportunity to raise awareness about social justice, and to increase students' motivation and skills for working in an anti-oppressive way, using a strengths-based perspective. My passion for this career and for my academic research arises from my own experiences as a woman with Duwamish ancestry, living during decades when North American women and Indigenous people were not respected nor provided equal opportunity by the dominant society. I have worked with diverse social minority groups for a long time. For example, for 14 years I was a research assistant and tutor to a visually impaired student who became a professor.

I am an artist. Since 1997, I have helped organize a community festival which allows my artistic creativity to emerge once a year. For the past eleven years, I have also volunteered at a local community agency. There, I counsel persons with a range of backgrounds who seek help for diverse issues, some of whom could not have otherwise accessed counselling.

Outside of my employment, volunteer work, and studies, my interests include art and culture, and most of all, my family. I have four sons and several grandchildren and I hope one day they read my dissertation.

The Garrison family.

The Garrison family is represented in this study by Cecile Hansen and Cindy Williams. Their interview took place at the Duwamish Longhouse and Cultural Centre.

Cecile Hansen.

Cecile Hansen has been the elected Chair of the Duwamish Tribe since 1975 and has been an activist for the tribe for even longer. She has resided on historic Duwamish territory for most of her life. Cecile was inspired to begin advocacy work for the tribe because of the activism of her brother, activist Manny Oliver. At the time of her interview in 2012, Cecile

disclosed that she was now in her mid-seventies and considering the possibility of slowing down. Nevertheless, two years later, she appears as busy as ever. Energetic and spunky, she has represented the Duwamish tribe to the city's institutions and visitors for decades. During this time, the tribe raised funds, purchased land in West Seattle near the mouth of the Duwamish River, and built the Duwamish Longhouse and Cultural Centre, which opened in 2009. For the majority of her life, Cecile has advocated, fund-raised and unfalteringly sought to achieve her principal vision: "restoration of legal recognition" of the Duwamish tribe.

Cindy Williams.

Cindy has raised her six children while working as the tribe's secretary and operations manager for many years. "Multi-tasking is second nature to her," says one source, adding,

Cindy Williams is still serving as tribal secretary, food voucher principal investigator, DTS Secretary/ Treasurer, Gala committee member and operations manager for the Longhouse. She also helps out when needed at special events and rentals. Ms Williams has worked for the tribe in some capacity since 1985. (*Duwamish Newsletter*, Spring, 2012)

Cindy works six days a week, long hours. She plays a leadership role at the heart of the tribal organization but prefers to stay in the background to work and help, staying out of the limelight. She is a daughter of Cecile Hansen.

The Fowler family.

The Fowler family is represented in this study by Ken Workman, David Haller, and Vern Treat.

Ken Workman.

Ken Workman grew up in a home on the hill above and adjoining the piece of land where the Duwamish Longhouse is now situated. Ken was not told of his family history when he was young. Unknowingly, he grew up close to an historic village site. East of the Longhouse is the Duwamish River and the site of two ancient villages, *Ha-Ah'-poos* (where there are horse clams) and *Tohl-ahl-too* (herring house). Ken has taken a leadership role within the Duwamish Tribe and is a member of the Duwamish Tribal Council. He has been very motivated in his study of the *Lushootseed* language.

David Haller and Vern Treat.

Ken Workman brought two relatives from the Fowler family to our interview at the Duwamish Longhouse in May, 2012. Ken, David and Vern are descendants of Jesse Hiatt, discoverer of the Delicious apple in the late 1800s. The three men were able to provide genealogical information for the Fowler family. Together, during the short interview, they provided valuable history of their family's experiences.

Summary of Family Stories

In this, the third section of Chapter Four, I provide an overview of the participants' stories, family by family. The stories are recorded in full in the Appendices. When there is anything notable about where or how the stories were told, I have added a note about that.

Tuttle Family Stories—James Rasmussen, Virginia Nelson, and Diana Scroggins.

Virginia Nelson and her brother, James Rasmussen, provided family stories and information about their genealogical ancestry. Diana Scroggins provided genealogical information that supplemented the Tuttle family history.

How James and Virginia told the stories.

Both James and Virginia are very thoughtful about the words they choose when telling their family stories, and both show a sense of humour. James Rasmussen is an accomplished storyteller and a powerful speaker. I noticed that James has a method. He makes a point and then illustrates it with a story. He backs his point up with evidence, usually from his own experience. With his tone of voice, he draws attention to important points, which I have italicized when he used emphatic speech. Similarly to some other Indigenous storytellers whom I have encountered, James usually links something that happened to the place where it happened, and he often begins his stories by saying where they took place.

Where they told the stories.

James Rasmussen invited me to a location where some of his family stories had taken place. He and Virginia Nelson had told me about the homestead founded by Anne and Abner

Tuttle on Beacon Hill, Seattle. Anne's Duwamish name is *Quitsdeetsa*. James drove me around the original boundaries of his family's large homestead before our second interview. The interview then took place on the remaining grounds of the homestead, in the home of James and his wife, Gayle.

Telling family stories in the presence of the ancestors.

In one of his first stories, James Rasmussen told that his home, the Tuttle family homestead, is said to be filled with the presence of many Duwamish spirits. Duwamish friends and extended family used to come to spend their last days at the homestead. Some people sense the spirits of Duwamish people when they visit the homestead.

When we arrived at the home of James and Gayle, he shows me two large portraits, side by side on the wall of the living room. They are Abner and Anne Tuttle (*Quitsdeetsa*). On an adjacent wall are photographs which include Myron T. Overaker, a very important influence in the lives of James, Virginia, and their mother, Ann Rasmussen.

It was my impression during that time in the living room that these three, Anne and Abner and Myron, were part of the interview. I felt aware of their presence throughout the interview as James told his family stories. In fact, during the second interview I did not notice anything else in the crowded room except for James, his wife, and the three presences.

In the earlier interview, James had said that some people sense Duwamish spirits in the home. To be so much aware of family members from the past (whether or not one believes they are really there) has the consequence that living people present on the land of the old homestead will take extra care with what they say, and they will ensure that their words truly reflect what has happened in their lives and the lives of their family members.

Overview of the Tuttle Family Stories

James Rasmussen—The first thing that we built was the cultural centre and the Longhouse.

James Rasmussen's first story described the founding of the Tuttle homestead by Anne and Abner Tuttle. Anne was Duwamish, and her name was *Quitsdeetsa*. James agreed to the phonetic spelling, as I heard him pronounce it. Her name could possibly be *Kwitsditsa* or another spelling in records. In James' second story, "Anne Tuttle and changing times for the Duwamish," he spoke of settlers arriving and taking Native wives. He notes that

Quitsdeetsa would have seen huge changes in society, culture and technology in her lifetime. He draws a parallel to how Duwamish spiritual practices have evolved.

James notes that Duwamish society had a nobility strata in society and added that there was something similar to a caste system. He speaks of Duwamish who migrated to Montana long ago, going as far east as their trading partners existed, and who now reside on the Flathead reservation. He ends with a laugh as we discuss the flattened foreheads of the ancestors, caused by head binding of infants, to distinguish their social class. James discussed myths about Duwamish history. He noted that the colonists' view of Chief Seattle is in contrast to the view passed down by his grandfather.

James spoke of his experiences while following in his grandfather's footsteps. At age six, James was meeting Indigenous people with his grandfather, and from the age of nine, he was attending tribal meetings, listening to his grandfather and the tribe's Chair, Cecile Hansen. He was watching and learning to be a leader in the Duwamish way. As a boy, he learned how to behave and how to show respect to adult leaders and in return was treated in a respectful way.

At the same time, James speaks, as others did, about being raised to not talk about being Duwamish. When it became time to become active in the tribe, he said that to go to "being 'out' ... it was something completely different!"

In his story, *Learning to Be a Leader Under Fire*, James tells of beginning to learn to be politically *savvy* in his twenties, when he was sent off to a political conference. Derogatory comments about the tribe were publicly made to him by another tribe's representative. He briefly describes what some members of that opposing tribe from a reservation wrongly think of the Duwamish—their explanation of history. Similarly to what other Duwamish whose families stayed in Seattle have said more than once, James emphasized in return: "The reservation is the last place anyone would want to go!"

Both James Rasmussen and his sister, Virginia Nelson, spoke about the family passing on knowledge about gathering traditional foods and they told of each generation bringing the next to the sites to gather berries or seafood. He spoke of the purpose of locating a Longhouse and small community up a river for defensive purposes, and having them in more exposed locations for other purposes, and seasonal movements, and defense against raiders.

James spoke of the subject of quantum and a meeting when the tribe discussed changing the constitution to require applicants to have a certain amount of Duwamish blood for membership, but decided not to do so.

James speaks of his motivation to support the youth, especially to learn their culture and be confident with practicing cultural traditions and other activities such as canoeing in the annual Canoe Journey. He views the new Longhouse as very important in that process. James also sees it as a serious duty to take care of the health and welfare and education of Duwamish people in general. He hopes that the new Longhouse will be a platform from which to do those things. He believes that we have made a powerful statement when, from the old times to the new times, “*the first thing that we built* was the cultural centre and the Longhouse,” rather than a casino.

Themes in James’ stories include: Finding a True History; What Made Them Strong; Intermarriage; Working with Youth; and Working for the People.

Virginia Nelson—I am Duwamish, and nothing can change that.

Virginia Nelson told a story, *Redressing a Wrong*. Quitsdeetsa, her Duwamish ancestor, was abducted by the Yakima people and taken as a slave. She escaped by water. The family still has her paddle to this day. In reparation, the family was given rights to a piece of land on the Yakima reservation, where Quitsdeetsa’s descendant, Myron Overaker, would go once a year and spend time thinking and contemplating. I notice this story revealed a Yakima and Duwamish practice of a cultural way of recognizing and addressing the wrong, and the redress took place over years and generations. Perhaps the wrong was in taking a Duwamish woman of nobility class and not treating her properly—making her a slave. The story is given much importance in the Tuttle family, and the paddle used in her escape has been kept to this day. The memory was preserved further by making replica paddles for James and Virginia, the great-great-grandchildren of Quitsdeetsa.

Virginia Nelson told a story about reading inaccurate history about the Duwamish. Humour helped Virginia alleviate the stress when she spoke with outrage of the inaccurate portrayal of Chief Sealth. She noted quite ironically that when her daughter went to school, the history books portrayed Chief Seattle as “riding his *pinto pony* through the *birch* trees to his *wigwam* as he is giving his speech.” She concluded, “We were *intelligent* and we lived in *houses* and we are a proud people and we are still a proud people and no matter what

happens, I am Duwamish and nothing can change that.” She wants a true and accurate history to be told.

Virginia, sometimes together with James, told several more stories about the creation of the Tuttle family homestead. She spoke of Anne and Abner Tuttle. James and Virginia remember that “Anne could make friends with the animals” and showed a photo to back up the statement.

A grandparent, Myron T. Overaker, was quite significant in the lives of Ann, James, and Virginia. Myron was described as a brilliant individual who had attended the University of Washington but left his studies, perhaps because of the challenges of racism. He became an excellent electrician and worked at Todd’s shipyard. He was a deep thinker, with wide ranging interests. He could play the mandolin. He made recordings of band concerts and cut the records himself. He also made recordings at many tribal gatherings. Some members of succeeding generations in his family took up musical interests. They also carry on spiritual practices in regard to nature, which began before Myron’s generation. To this day, James and Virginia miss their special relationship with their grandfather.

James and Virginia provided a story: *Growing Up Native*. Virginia spoke of receiving messages of pride and messages advocating secrecy, at the same time. Virginia said that her grandfather did not discuss their Duwamish ancestry with her. She spoke of wishing for the racism in the society around her to end, and expressed her hope that people of the future “would not be bigots.” James reiterated that his grandfather experienced racism in high school. Both confirmed that, although their mother, Ann Rasmussen, experienced racist comments from her in-laws, Anne’s husband took her to Council meetings and was always very supportive of her involvement with the Duwamish tribe.

Themes in Virginia’s stories include: Finding a True History; What Made Them Strong; Intermarriage; Working with Youth.

Sackman Family Stories—Mary Lou (Slada) Slaughter and DeAnn Jacobson.

Stories about their family’s experiences were given by both Mary Lou and DeAnn. Mary Lou Slaughter sat with me in her workspace for working with cedar, at her home, and told me family stories. DeAnn was able to provide her reflections and memories in depth on a too brief visit.

Overview of the Sackman family stories.*Mary Lou Slaughter (Slada)—I made you the way you are.*

Mary Lou began with stories about her ancestor, Kikisoblu, also known as Angeline and Princess Angeline. Angeline was the daughter of Sealth (Chief Seattle). She also provided valuable recollections about the other ancestors, and how they survived the decades following colonization: she spoke of how the ancestors maintained and passed on their Duwamish identity to following generations.

Mary Lou provided stories about how it was to grow up *Indian*, and how it felt to be Indigenous in the white, mainstream society of her childhood and adulthood. There was a painful time when a teacher drew attention to her ancestry in class, after which she was teased, taunted, and tormented. That day began a lengthy period of wanting to not be Indian, like her mother, but to be Swedish, like her father.

In her story, *The Eagle Feather*, Mary Lou told of her spiritual experience in Alaska, when she finally accepted her ancestry, a turning point in her life. In a vision, a voice told her that it was fine that she was Indian—“I made you the way you are.” She received the wing feather of an eagle. In the following story, *Why Me? What Comes From the Eagle Feather?* Mary Lou spoke of her learning, accomplishments, and work for the Duwamish people since that turning point. She has become a Master Weaver with cedar bark and other materials, and she has brought back the Chief Seattle style hat to her people. Another story involving spirituality was Mary Lou’s story of pulling bark in the forest, and connecting with the spirits of the ancestors.

Mary Lou told the story of when she was given her name, *Slada*, at a potlatch in 1996. She said it is pronounced Sla-daight with ? (*glottal stop*) at the end, and accent on the second syllable. Part of the story of the naming involves a mystery. It concerns her mother, Lois. Mary Lou describes her mom as not valuing or perhaps being ashamed of her Indigenous ancestry. Yet, in a confused way, Lois wanted to be proud of her Indigenous ancestry. On the way home from Mary Lou’s naming ceremony, Lois secretly took a piece of paper on which was written Mary Lou’s Duwamish name. Because of *losing* the paper, Mary Lou spelled her name *Slada* instead of *Sladai*. Years later, after Lois died, Mary Lou was startled when she found the scrap of paper in Lois’s jewelry box. Why did Lois take it, Mary

Lou asks? Did she envy her daughter's naming experience and her other experiences as a Duwamish woman? Lois valued the naming, because she did not throw the paper away. She put the paper into a jewelry box, a place to keep treasured things.

Mary Lou also told the story of when her son Michael Halady made a story pole, the first piece of Duwamish cultural art in the city in 150 years. It stands at the top of Admiralty Way, overlooking Seattle. She told of making a cedar bark vest with a thunderbird design for Michael to wear at the pole's installation.

Regarding each ancestor, Mary Lou was quite knowledgeable and told stories such as, *When Grandma Lulu went to Mission school*, and *Memories of my Grandma, Lulu Sackman*, and more. Mary Lou had personally known her grandmother Lulu, who was born in 1880 and raised a large family, relying on her garden and access to beach and clams and salmon. Lulu "was a hard worker." In school, Lulu "learned to forget" her language. She was taught to look down on her culture and on being Indian. "And yet, she always had pride that she was Chief Seattle's granddaughter," said Mary Lou.

Mary Lou also knew her great-grandmother Enna, who was born in 1865. Mary Lou told her story, *Memories of Great Grandmother Enna* (Sladai) as we looked at a genealogical record. Enna Marie Deshaw was the daughter of Mary Talisa and the settler, William DeShaw. Enna was pretty, said Mary Lou, and her Indian name was *Sladai*, which means Lady in Lushootseed—"and she must have been a really nice lady to get that name." As Mary Lou told the story, there was a sense of connection. Mary Lou has retained the early memories of visiting her great-grandmother, whom she visited until age eight. Mary Lou now carries Sladai's name, but for Mary Lou the name is usually spelled *Slada* or sometimes *Sla'da*.

Angeline's Marriage was a story Mary Lou told which showed her ancestor's determination, resilience, and resourcefulness in a challenging situation, her arranged marriage to a Cowichan chief, Dokub-cud. When he arranged the marriage of his daughter Kikisoblu (Angeline) to a Cowichan man, Chief Sealth was continuing the traditional practice of intermarriage among groups who were trading partners of the Duwamish and Suquamish people. After she returned, Kikisoblu married a Duwamish chief named Talisha.

Mary Lou provided a second story, *How Angeline Lived her Life in Seattle in Pioneer Times*. In later life, Kikisoblu lived in the city of Seattle behind Pike Place Market until the

end of her life, despite Ordinance No. 5 which barred Duwamish from having a house within the city limits. She worked hard, doing domestic work, and selling baskets. Kikisoblu, or Angeline, was sometimes photographed when out digging clams—“that’s hard work!” She would return fire with clam shells when settler youths would try to torment her. Angeline sometimes travelled to visit the home of her daughter, Mary Talisa, and sometimes Chief Sealth came with her. Mary Lou’s grandmother, Lulu, knew Kikisoblu personally up until Lulu was sixteen.

Other stories which Mary Lou told were *Mary Talesa* and *Chief Seattle*. Kikisoblu, or Angeline, was the daughter of Chief Sealth’s first wife, LaDalia. As she told detailed stories, Mary Lou spoke of her memories of the life of Lois, her mother, who married Roy Kvarnstrom during the Great Depression. She also told her stories of *Raising Duwamish Children* and *How We Faced the Challenges Since Settlers Came*.

Themes in Mary Lou’s stories include: Finding a True History; What Made Them Strong; Intermarriage; and Working for the People.

DeAnn Jacobson: If you don’t have the culture, you don’t have anything.

A second member of the Sackman family, DeAnn Jacobsen contributed several detailed stories to the Sackman family history. Like Mary Lou, she had stories (*Princess Angeline*, and *Living her culture—Angeline’s actions speak louder than words*) about her ancestor, the daughter of Chief Seattle, a woman born before colonization. Mary Lou saw Kikisoblu (Angeline) as tough and hardworking, and DeAnn viewed her as very independent and determined to live in the way of her people and her culture despite social obstacles.

DeAnn pondered what it was like to see colonization—“the changes are huge”—and to lose one’s land and community. She spoke of Angeline transitioning from being a respected person to being someone experiencing misunderstanding and biases of the colonists.

DeAnn contrasted Angeline’s determination to stay on Duwamish territory with her father, Sealth, leaving for Old Man House, farther away from the newly forming city of Seattle. When Seattle was incorporated in 1865, the legalities included Ordinance No. 5, which barred her from having a house in Seattle, yet she did so. DeAnn views her as having a character that was “resilient. Definitely tough.” With the adversity she faced through all the changes, she was a fighter. Yeah, she was determined.” DeAnn added, “She stayed here. So

that really makes you think of Angeline as also being very independent and strong-willed because she, she chose to listen to what her own heart said to her... or whatever was speaking to her, saying that she needed to stay.”

In her stories, those listed and others such as *Understanding the Past So We Can Understand the Present*, and *Having Both Settler and Native American Ancestry*, DeAnn also discussed having mixed ancestry, and how it affects her feeling and thoughts. She said, “it’s kind of a weird place to be in.” Perhaps having more than one viewpoint from which to view history has been an asset for a young woman who speaks of herself as a deep thinker, who will “question and wonder all the time about what is true, and how it was for them.” She enjoys “analyzing things and picking things apart. I always read and question what I take in.” She has thought deeply about the information she provided in her stories. She would like her son and other youth to “know where the adversity came from and why things are the way they are. Maybe they need to know where they came from... and so... why it is this way today.”

DeAnn spoke about the importance of culture in her story, *If You Don’t Have the Culture, You Don’t Have Anything*. Her valuing of culture “drives her as a weaver and also for sharing with other people.” DeAnn has found ways to educate and share knowledge about Indigenous people of Puget Sound region, on her own initiative. She spoke of that experience in *Sharing and Educating About Duwamish Culture*.

In *Memories of My Father, William Sackman*, DeAnn spoke of the ways that her father was quietly living his culture, and she spoke of him also in *My Dad’s Experience as a Duwamish Person and What He Taught Us*. He had experienced racism, and did not speak much about being Duwamish, yet still she learned from him. His loss was an emotional time and yet also it carried a gift of learning and connection for her. Like Mary Lou, she shared her experiences with and thoughts on spirituality. Her stories included *Grief and Spiritual Things*, and *Chief Seattle’s People and Understanding Spirituality*. She points out that her ancestor, Chief Seattle, was open minded and he explored Christianity. During her time of loss, DeAnn was nurtured and deeply comforted by familial and cultural connection to her relative, Mary Lou, which she speaks of in her stories, *A Connection*, and further in her story, *Learning from Weaving a Basket*. These experiences led to understanding and self-acceptance.

Exploring what the future might hold for Duwamish children and the tribe, DeAnn provided three stories. The first was *The Ongoing Fight for Legal Recognition for the Duwamish Tribe*. She critiques the results of recognition—some people would be excluded from the tribe; there would be some negatives about the changes that a potential casino and money would bring along with it. “That’s not what it’s about. It’s about the culture,” she says. DeAnn connected this viewpoint to her sense of purpose in a second story, *What It Means to Me Today To Be Duwamish—My Purpose*.” She has a focus on commitment to the culture, commitment to continue weaving with cedar bark, and to carry on with educational work. DeAnn states that, “I really feel strongly that my role with the Duwamish is to help sustain and grow the culture, however I can. As Duwamish, that is an important part of it for me, more so than recognition.” She explores why being Native American matters to her and to descendants in a third story connected to the future of Duwamish people: “What I would tell my future grandchildren.” As she and many others in this study have said, “it’s because it is a part of who you are.” “Can you imagine not having parts of yourself?” As she stated earlier, “Without the culture, you have nothing.”

Themes in DeAnn’s family stories include: Finding a True History; Working with Youth; Working for the People; What Made Them Strong; and Intermarriage.

Garrison Family Stories: Cecile Hansen and Cynthia Lynn (Cindy) Williams

Cecile Ann Hansen, Chair of the Duwamish tribe, and her daughter, Cynthia Lynn (Cindy) Williams, together represented the Garrison family. Cecile provided an interview at the Duwamish Longhouse. I spoke in person with Cindy about her family only briefly. Cindy provided genealogical data and family history information by postal mail and email.

Cindy Williams—Being Duwamish means having pride

In *Memories of Growing Up Duwamish* and her other stories, Cindy Williams provided concise comments about growing up as a Duwamish child who would go clam digging and berry picking, and who at times felt “like a fish out of water.” Duwamish culture was passed on to Cindy by her grandmother, mother, aunts and uncles. She descends from Piapach, the niece of Chief Seattle. Piapach was known to colonists as Jane Garrison. Cindy provided brief written information regarding each generation, down to her grandchildren. She

spoke of ways that she lives her culture today, and added that spiritual practice and use of humour help her to heal from harmful experiences.

Cecile Hansen—We are supposed to laugh

Cecile Hanson, also a member of the Garrison family, provided several stories from the Garrison family history. She spoke of being the child of a survivor of the “Indian boarding school”—her hard-working but undemonstrative mother, Margaret Katherine Henry. In her stories, Cecile spoke of her life as a Duwamish woman and a parent, supporting her family and finding her way.

In *Becoming a Leader and the Chair of the Duwamish Tribe*, Cecile spoke of the inspiration of her brother and others which led her to activism and then led to being Chair of the Duwamish Tribe for several decades. “Nobody gives you a book, *How to Be a Chair—Nobody!*” she said. In *Preparing to Get Involved; Still an Activist Today; Restoration; Fighting for Recognition for the Duwamish Tribe; Healing in Indian Country*, and other stories, she shared some of her experiences as activist and as Chair.

During her decades as leader, the goal closest to Cecile Hansen’s heart has been the legal recognition of the tribe. In *Healing in Indian Country*, she speaks of the opposition of another tribe, which she attributes to “greed.” Cecile Hansen’s daughter, Jolene, has fundraised for the tribe, and daughter Cindy Williams has spent decades herself in leadership and organizing, working alongside her mother. At the start, Cecile firmly guided her daughters, Cindy and Jolene, when they took on responsibilities in the tribe. She provided a humorous example of this guidance in her story—*Working for the Tribe, Business is Business!*

In *We Are Supposed to Laugh*, Cecile emphasized that one asset that gets her through the challenges, and which her brother shared, is a sense of humour.

Themes in Cindy Williams and Cecile Hansen’s stories include: Finding a True History; Working with Youth; Working for the People; What Made Them Strong; and Inter-marriage.

Scheuerman Family Stories—Kathie Marleen Zetterberg and Julia Allain

Kathie Zetterberg—The Duwamish... the roots of the community

Kathie Zetterberg is an author of a well-documented historical article about her Duwamish great-grandmother, Julia Yesler Benson, published on line at *HistoryLink*. She has been compiling extensive research about her ancestry. She is well informed about her family and has uncovered much missing information, such as the name of her ancestor, Susan Curley, the daughter of Chief Suquardle (also known as Chief Curley).

Kathie began by setting out her ancestry in *How I Descend From Chief Curley*. In *Why I Began To Do Research into Julia and the Curley Family*, Kathie clearly explains that during the media hoopla about the 150th anniversary of the City of Seattle, she realized that, although her ancestor Julia was part of the history of the era when Duwamish territory was colonized, there was no recognition given to her or the other numerous Indigenous people involved. She tells how she set out to address the gap in history.

Her interest in Duwamish ancestry existed since she was young. In *When My Aunt Bing Told Us About Chief Curley*, Kathie speaks of an occasion when an aunt who was interested in the family's Duwamish ancestry spoke with Kathie and her cousins about a subject that was just not spoken about. Kathie said, "It seemed every other aunt wouldn't say or admit that they had Native blood." She added, "It was intriguing to me because it was the first time that anybody in the family would really talk about it." That day, she learned the name of Chief Curley (Suquardle) and a few facts about him, including the family belief that Curley was Chief Sealth's brother.

Julia is an outstanding person to Kathie, among her ancestors. Kathie provided detailed stories of Julia Yesler's life as a child and teenager and as an adult woman, as well as discussions of existing photographs of Julia and what they reveal. Kathie spoke of family mysteries—for example, Julia was a well-known figure in Port Townsend's social life when she died, and yet her grave has to date not been found. Another mystery is the connection between Kikisoblu (also known as Princess Angeline), and Henry Yesler, sawmill owner, father of Julia. Kathie also told of seeing connections to the past and present day family members when she looks at a photo of Julia.

Kathie told several stories of the life of her grandmother Elsie, telling of her elopement to Victoria, BC, her early married life in Anyox, and her being widowed in 1930

with five young children. Kathie knew her grandmother. Kathie's father, William Roy Price, appears in these stories as well as in "Keeping the family together in hard times," and "My father, William Roy Price," first as a boy, and then, as a teenager. He quit high school to help support the family. By the age of nineteen, William and his mother and younger sister moved into a house which they had purchased. There was an orchard and garden; the hardest times were over. In another story, Kathie speaks of how "a sense of humour and a positive attitude" were common among family members.

Kathie spoke of her own life briefly in her story of her education to become a graphic artist. She revealed other interests in the story of writing the article on Julia, and the story about "*Working to help the Duwamish.*" She enjoys the behind the scenes aspect of being a Council member, and finds it interesting to see the process of advocating in court for legal recognition for the tribe. The Council can, at times, be a volatile place, and Kathie saw herself as having a calming influence. She experiences the Longhouse itself as mellow and as a spiritual place, belonging to all of us.

As for her hopes for Duwamish children in generations to come, Kathie spoke of wanting them to "find out our story, the story of the Duwamish" and to "be proud of their Native side." The Duwamish tribe has value and "is part of the roots of the community." "And learn more about it," she said—as she herself has done.

Themes in Kathie's stories include: Finding a True History; Working for the People; Intermarriage; What Made Them Strong.

Julia Allain—Coming full circle from the Duwamish diaspora

I share ancestry with my second cousin, Kathie Zetterberg. Our family tree divides at the generation of great-grandmother Julia Yesler Intermela. We both find Julia to be an intriguing person. I am the researcher in this study and I used some of my discussions with Kathie, captured on tape, to form a basis for my own family stories. My stories are included with those of Kathie, and are in Appendix M for the Scheuerman Family.

In *Coming Full Circle from the Duwamish Diaspora*, I told of the generations of our family and of how our family moved away from Duwamish traditional territory. Starting with Uncle Lee Intermela, then cousin Kathie, myself and my sons, and then others, we returned to the tribe. Uncle Lee's experience suggests a sense of connection to the tribe through his father, and of his persistence against barriers to registration. After his death, two of his

daughters, Linda and Julie, carried on that sense of connection, and came to Seattle to be registered.

In *My Grandfather, Charles Leander Intermela, Jr.*, I told of the life of my grandfather who went far north from Seattle to live on the north coast, ending up in Prince Rupert. In *My Mother, Louise Margaret Intermela*, I spoke of the challenges of life in my mother's childhood during the Great Depression and early years of World War Two. In my story, *My Great-Grandmother Julia: Having a Foot in Both Worlds*, I discuss the experience of having mixed ancestry for Julia, Charles, Louise, and her brother Lee, and then for myself—four generations of the family. I tell of the tensions and conflicts of being of mixed ancestry, which are slowly being resolved.

Themes in my stories: Finding a True History; What Made Them Strong; and Intermarriage.

Seymour Family Stories—Florence Smotherman and Edie Nelson

The Seymour family is represented in this study by Edie Loyer Nelson, and by her aunt, Florence Smotherman, by means of her paper, which is attached in the appendices.

Florence Smotherman.

Florence was an aunt of Edie Loyer Nelson, and Edie knew her in person. Florence wrote a paper on the family history that was known to her. She wrote the family story of how her grandfather, Bill Taylor, met and married Liza, and homesteaded in Departure Bay, Nanaimo. He had not asked Liza's Duwamish mother if he could marry Liza. Worse, the family blamed Bill for the wife's death after she had given birth three times, "rather close together." The Duwamish relatives came to the house and took away Liza's handiwork and baskets. Bill Taylor did not understand that removal of the Duwamish belongings was part of a tradition, and he knew he was blamed for his young wife's death. As a result, Bill Taylor believed that Liza's mother disowned all their family. The Duwamish relatives burned Liza's baskets and handiwork on her grave, a cultural tradition.

Florence Smotherman, the granddaughter of Liza and Bill, tells of her mother, Edith, marrying an American and moving the family south to reside in the Seattle area. So, some of the family came full circle, back to Duwamish territory. Florence stayed in Washington State, ending up in Kent. She notes that some of the family moved to the San Juan Islands.

Eddie Nelson—Paddling upstream, against the current.

Eddie Loyer Nelson added much to the information provided by her aunt Florence. She began by setting out the family's Duwamish ancestry, generation by generation. Then she wrote about her mother's life in *My Mother, Dorothy Jessie Morris*, and in *Going to the Tribal Meetings*. Dorothy would take her own mother to the tribal meetings. Later on, Eddie took Dorothy to the meetings, and her interest grew. Eddie has fond memories of the relatives coming from out of town and from Canada, and gathering annually at her grandmother's farm to attend the annual meeting and to celebrate their heritage.

Eddie wrote about her Aunt Florence in *My Mother's Sister, Florence Morris Smotherman*, who wrote down family history for us. She wrote *My Grandmother, Edith Maude Taylor, Who Married a Coal Miner*.” Eddie describes her grandmother as a hard-working woman with a sense of humour. Her grandmother would take them out berry-picking or to gather clams. She writes about Grandmother Edith growing up motherless, and her father saying, “Pretend like you're not Indian. That way, you won't have bad things happen to you.” Eddie clarifies why Bill Taylor may have told his three children to deny their ancestry. Nevertheless, the family reconnected eventually, to some extent. Information was passed on. Eddie says, “As a child, I became aware of my Indian heritage from Grandma, by her telling me “Don't ever forget that you're an Indian and always be proud of it.”

Eddie was able to write about an earlier generation of her family in *Theresa (Staut O Mish) Seymour, Who Was Dunked in the Icy Fraser River*. She combined family history and the memories of her cousin Colin deFord, who had lived with Theresa as a child, as well as information she had found in a book, *Native American Wives of the San Juan Islands*. Theresa was born in 1849. She married Julian Laurence and together they ran a trading schooner to Alaska. Eddie writes about Theresa's mother, Neesemu, in her story, *Sarah “Neesemu” Robinson*. Eddie provides much detail which brings the stories to life.

The stories of Eddie's life experiences as a teacher, social worker, researcher for the Longscan study, and as head of the Indian Child Welfare Unit, were a valuable contribution to the study. Beginning around 1970 and continuing into the first decade of this century, she quietly describes her experiences breaking ground in new career areas as an Indigenous person. Some of the stories include, *How I Became a Social Worker; Working at the New Indian Child Welfare Unit*; and *Learning the Cultural Ways of Working*. She also tells of

what it was like to be a supervisor at the Indian Unit, and of the spirit that existed among staff there, which “helped us with being Native American and working in such a regimented, white system.”

Eddie’s final stories include *How My Life Was Different by Being Duwamish*, and others. She speaks of what it means to be Duwamish to her. She provides stories about working for the people, and about the impact of the tribe building a Longhouse, a symbol of connection, a “physical symbol of what’s been talked about all these generations.”

For the future, Eddie wants her grandchildren and great-grandchildren to know that the Duwamish were “welcomers.” She says that errors in history are often based on misunderstandings between settlers and the Indigenous people. Eddie says, “*I can’t help but feel proud of my ancestors that they survived the challenges, the losses, and the changes. They must have had the ability to adapt*”—and she carries that pride forward, to her grandchildren.

Themes in Florence and Eddie’s stories include: What Made Them Strong; Working for the People; Finding a True History; Working with Youth; and Intermarriage.

Fowler Family Stories—Kenneth A. Workman, David Haller, and Vern Treat.

Ken Workman, David Haller, and Vern Treat provided information for their stories together. They began by speaking of Grandma Foote, saying unanimously, “She stands out, for us.” Grandma Foote is a great-grandmother to Ken Workman. She was born in 1898 and her father was Frank Fowler. Her grandfather was Asa Fowler, who had married Chief Seattle’s daughter, Skloke-stead, also known as Susie Jacobs. (Skloke-stead sounds like SCHLOK-sted when spelled phonetically and has a long *o*). At the time of the interview, Ken was not able to provide the spelling. The three Fowler descendants felt a strong connection to their grandmother, a resilient survivor, who gardened and also knew the traditional foods to gather.

Family secrecy was an issue for more than one generation. David Haller told the story of *My Mother’s Hidden Family History*. The Duwamish side of the family was known to David and Vern, but not discussed when David was growing up. When David’s mother Dessi was in her eighties, the family found a tribal membership card in her purse. Before she died, Dessi told David and his sister that she herself had also been told, “You don’t ever mention that.” David adds, “You’d be discriminated against, back then.” In another story, David and

Vern spoke of Grandma Foote being threatened by her husband, “Don’t you *ever* bring up your Indian side.”

David and Vern hope that future generations will know their heritage. David said, “Just don’t hide their heritage. *Don’t hide it!*” He knew he had Coast Salish ancestry, that is all. “I went to school in Seattle, and I was taught as a kid about Chief Seattle, and how famous he was, not having a clue that he was my great-great-great grandfather!”

Ken added that, in their final story, throughout his life he has felt a sense of connection, especially to places. They were always places which were part of Duwamish history, although he did not know it. It is only in recent years that he has been discovering the history of such places.

Ken gave me a photo in which he had morphed Chief Seattle’s face into his own face in several stages. He felt that the Duwamish are still with us, by which he implied that our ancestors are still in Seattle and we can see them in the faces of descendants.

Themes in the stories of Ken, David, and Vern include: What Made Them Strong; Working for the People; Finding a True History; Working with Youth; and Intermarriage.

Conclusion

In Chapter Four, I began by explaining the organization of Duwamish people into *families* for the purposes of the tribal organization and for identification. I introduced participants from six of the Duwamish families. Finally, I provided a comprehensive overview of the information which the participants presented in their family stories. In Chapter Five, I shall present the themes which arose from the family stories.

Chapter Five: Weaving the Family Stories—Themes and Discussion

Introduction

In the previous chapter, I introduced the participants and provided a synopsis of the information which they presented in their family stories. The stories, condensed, are recorded in the Appendices. My purpose was to find an answer to my research question in the stories and in my participation in activities with the tribe. In the first section of Chapter Five, I discuss how I came to find themes which provide a response to my question. In following sections, I present the five themes which arose from the data of the ethnographic study. For each theme, I provide supporting information. I explore how the participants spoke about that theme.

How I Came to Find the Five Themes

As I worked with the data obtained from family stories and from my journals from interacting with Duwamish people, I kept in mind my research question. Over a lengthy period of time, I was immersed in the data. I grouped together the pieces of data that were similar; these groupings were sub-themes. As I worked with the data, eventually there were clusters of sub-themes which were related. Those clusters became joined as themes. Over a two year period, I reached the point of realizing the five themes which were the most powerful in creating an understanding of the experiences of the families who participated and told their stories. These five themes are important points in answering my research question.

A Duwamish cedar bark basket: In my ethnographic study, I have been metaphorically weaving the stories and making a Duwamish *basket*. This image is very strong for me.

When Master Weaver Slada—Mary Lou Slaughter—taught me to make a basket, we took several preparatory steps, and then we wove together the strips of inner cedar bark. There are strips that cross horizontally, and strips that go vertically. Imagine the horizontal strips are the Duwamish families, each family descending from an ancestor such as Quitsdeetsa, Kikisoblu, or Suquardle. The vertical strips are the attributes, values, and experiences, the intangible things that have made up the Duwamish people before and after colonization. These intangibles could be described as strengths or resources that empowered

the Duwamish to survive the onslaught of changes that came with colonization, just as the strengths or resources had helped them with other challenges in the pre-colonization times.

When weaving a cedar bark basket, at some point the weaver bends the strips upward. She has now formed a basket shape which could hold something, usually food such as clams or berries. What does the metaphorical basket of the Duwamish people hold, I wonder? Perhaps the basket holds the culture, the beauty, and the value of what the Duwamish are, and have been, as a people.

To complete the basket making process, the weaver twists an edging around the brim. When Slada taught me to make a basket, the rim edging was not a separate piece of cedar bark. The twisted edging is made from bending the ends of each strip that poked upward. Each is turned under so that it holds other strips together, making the basket stronger—I realize that this is another metaphor for how each individual Duwamish person interacts with the others to make a whole entity, a community. Without the relationships, the leadership, and the support, the large and small interactions—which are visible in the family stories—the Duwamish people as a whole would have fallen apart and disappeared long ago.

There were many *strips of cedar bark*—strengths and resources—which arose from the participants' family stories—*the data*—and the strips are my themes. My five themes are: Finding a True History; What Made Them Strong; Intermarriage; Working for the People; and Working with Youth.

In the following sections, I present the five themes. I support the themes with information provided by my participants. Each theme begins with a relevant quotation from a participant's story. Following presentation of the themes, I discuss the meaning of the themes in Chapter Six.

Theme One: Finding a True History

A lot of people don't know... even the textbooks don't have it. DeAnn Jacobson.

As I worked with the data from interviews and from my experiences with Duwamish people, the theme Finding a True History emerged. It is the first cedar bark strip in my metaphorical Duwamish cedar bark basket.

True history—For the purpose of this theme, *true history* is history from the viewpoint of Duwamish people. Such true history will supplement and sometimes correct the existing historical records gathered by settlers and the descendants of settlers.

Finding—Participants are *finding* true history when they seek further information about their own family, or about the tribe, as several participants did during their lifetimes. Secondly, participants are finding true history when they take action to amend the popular or mainstream versions of history.

How is the ongoing motivation to pass on a true history a strength that helped Duwamish people to survive? The Duwamish people of Seattle would have lost their cultural and historical identity, and their past would be forgotten, if they had allowed settlers' perspectives on their history and culture to go unchallenged. True history is further discussed in Chapter Six.

The commonly held motivation among participants to find, preserve, and pass on Duwamish history was also a motivation of many participants' parents and earlier ancestors, as was revealed in participants' family stories.

During research interviews, I encountered many examples of Duwamish people's encounters with flawed versions of history, and their responses to such experiences. James Rasmussen's story, *Myths and True History*, told of how his grandfather provided his family with his perspective on settler myths and Duwamish realities. Participant Virginia Nelson spoke of wanting an accurate representation of Duwamish people and their history. She was indignant about the portrayal of Chief Seattle and his people in materials which her family has seen in the past. In *Reading History About the Duwamish*, Virginia said, wryly,

Well, the history that my daughter would have received in school is that...there were a few books where Seattle is *riding his pinto pony* thru the *birch* trees to his *wigwam* as he is giving his speech.

In fact, canoes, cedar trees, and Longhouses would have been part of Chief Seattle's environmental surroundings. Then, Virginia stated passionately and firmly,

We were *intelligent* and we lived in *houses* and we are a proud people and we are still a proud people and no matter what happens, I am Duwamish and nothing can change that. (Virginia Nelson—Reading history about the Duwamish, in Appendix J)

In *Myths and True History*, James Rasmussen pointed out that myths about Duwamish have arisen in settler histories. He provided an example.

Now this is the myth, that when George Vancouver came in to Puget Sound, Chief Seattle was a young boy and saw him. Now, when you look at the actual dates of that, it's hard to believe, because that would have made him a really, really old man when he was still doing some of his other stuff. But that is one of the myths.

James' grandfather, Myron Overaker, told the family that Sealth was not as the settlers portrayed him. Today, descendants of settlers continue to portray Chief Seattle as a great leader, the head of the tribe. James told me,

Virginia wanted us to say that when she was growing up—and I remember this as well—my grandfather used to talk about Chief Seattle, and that Chief Seattle was not the “great leader” of Duwamish people. He was a good speaker... he was the face for Native people here. He saw the opportunities. There are all kinds of stories that you can find about him hanging out down in Olympia, ready to take people up here to settle here because he wanted to have the settlers come.... But there were other, my grandfather used to say, more important Duwamish leaders, and that was below them to do. So the perception from the white people's side was that here was “the great friend of the white people,” so therefore he *must be* this great leader....

It is known that Sealth was an influential person in the tribe, of high status, and had been a war leader. At the same time there were other Duwamish persons of high status, such as Suquardle and other leaders, who played diverse roles among the Duwamish people. The Duwamish did not have chiefs in the sense that Europeans meant by the word *chief*. For their own purposes and to meet their own goals, white leaders such as the Territorial Governor Isaac Stevens chose Indigenous leaders to be chiefs, e.g., for negotiating agreements. Four Duwamish chiefs signed the 1855 Point Elliott Treaty. Although Sealth signed first, he was not alone. Sealth might better be called *si'ab Si'ahl*, which means *high status man Si'ahl*.

James also challenged the concept that the Duwamish people were united in a cohesive unit. Based on his grandfather's stories, James believes that,

Back then, there was an affiliation of villages.... And my grandfather still thought that way. We, our family, were from the Black River village. We were from the main village site of the tribe.... The village sites... were the important things. And for mostly defensive purposes, that's where the affiliations came in.

As I worked with the data from interviews, I found that a majority of my participants were motivated to preserve the histories of what had happened to their Duwamish families at the time of colonization, and afterward. Many wanted to supplement, to clarify, or even to correct the perceived history, the settler and colonizer version of history. Kathie Zetterberg and Virginia Nelson, similarly to me, want a true history. James Rasmussen adds that true

history often differs from what we have been told in education and by media. Additionally, Mary Lou Slaughter, Edie Nelson, Kathie Zetterberg, and others wanted to fill in the gaps in their own knowledge. We have all chosen our ways to explore, ranging from speaking to family members, to searching record books and archives.

During the study, I learned of two examples of ways that participants took action and created change.

Example: Kathie Zetterberg’s search for a way to correct the public version of Seattle’s history:

The motivation to find and make known a true history is revealed in Kathie Zetterberg’s story, *Why I Began To Do Research into Julia and the Curley Family*, when Kathie states:

I started the research in 2000, or even a little earlier... before the 150th anniversary of the Denny’s landing at Alki. They called it “the 150th year anniversary of Seattle.” I had heard of all the descendants of all these settlers, and prominent people that made Seattle, and of course Henry Yesler was one of them, who was our great-great grandfather, and so I always thought that, well, Julia should be in with them also, and that she should be part of this history.

And I couldn’t find anything, in any books, about her.

So that is when I started doing all my research. *I did it so that she could be part of the history.*

Kathie clarifies her motivation to have her Duwamish great-grandmother’s history—and, indeed, the involvement of Duwamish people—be a part of the records of early Seattle:

I thought that Julia should be represented too, and not just the Yeslers and (white) settlers. Julia was Henry Yesler’s daughter, and she was part of what made early Seattle what it was.

Early Seattle became what it was with the Native influence of all the Natives that worked at the mill. And I thought it should be represented how Natives around here, the Duwamish, had helped early settlers. Up until the government got involved with putting Indians on reservations it was pretty intertwined in this area, between Native Americans and early settlers. And Julia was definitely part of that period.

Kathie submitted an essay to *Historylink*, the online encyclopedia of the State of Washington. Interested, they offered the help of their genealogical expert and historian, David Wilma. She set out to write an academic article.

Kathie had been a graphic artist by profession, all her life, and not an academic. Now, to accomplish her goal, Kathie learned research skills. She learned how to search records such as obituaries and death certificates. She learned that in the academic discipline of *History*, a statement should be supported by evidence. She learned the academic style of writing necessary for her historical article. Kathie is justifiably proud of her work with David Wilma. She created a second, revised article with more documentation. It went into HistoryLink's Timeline, and now Kathie has successfully ensured that her Duwamish great-grandmother Julia is part of the history. As Kathie states in her story, *Why I Began To Do Research into Julia and the Curley Family*,

It is not just a family story. There are two sections of essays on their site. Some are histories that that they can't make credible; they are just on their website—oral histories, or written histories, really. And then, being that there was so much documentation found for *my* essay, they made it a Timeline on their website.

And so, every year now, on Julia's birthday, my essay pops up.

In Kathie Zetterberg's story, above, two motivations can be perceived. The first is the desire of the individual to learn more. Kathie spoke of her personal desire to know more about family history and Duwamish history, as did Edie Nelson, Mary Lou Slaughter, DeAnn Jacobson, and others, including myself. The second is a motivation to achieve fairness. This fairness, or justice, requires that true history, *the Duwamish experiences*, be added to the settler version of history, and be accessible to the public. Here we see what underlies Kathie's motivation to write the article. She began to want the true and complete story to be told for all to read. That goal required finding the Duwamish story of colonization in the Seattle area, and gaining public acknowledgement and even celebration of the Duwamish part of the history.

The second motivation goes beyond the human need for an individual to know their personal family history. It is a need for justice. I have felt the same motivation. A strong sense of social justice was instilled in me by both parents. I was aware that throughout North America the public or mainstream depiction of colonization and of the development of cities and states was incomplete. The experiences of Indigenous people are frequently omitted or misrepresented.

Kathie's motivation for fairness led her, in her fifties, to reach out and challenge herself to learn new skills that enabled her to write a paper presenting a Duwamish woman's

story, a paper which is acceptable to historians and other academics. Her paper on the HistoryLink site now returns to the public view annually on Julia Yesler's birthday.

Second example: DeAnn Jacobson's search to bring Coast Salish history into the school system:

DeAnn Jacobson's work is a second example of the ways that participants took action and created change. DeAnn commented that she uses critical thinking when she reads historical accounts.

Reading things... you can always take that with a grain of salt, because you don't know how true the information has been passed over time. (I question) all the time. I'm very good at analyzing things and picking things apart. I take things with a grain of salt. I read it and digest it and think about it. I feel that I am a deep thinker.

In regard to biased accounts of Duwamish life during the era of colonization, in her story *Understanding the Past So We Can Understand the Present*, DeAnn said:

It would be good for youth to know where the adversity came from and why things are the way they are. Maybe they need to know where they came from. I think you need to back it up with before that time (before colonization) as well, to have a perspective of why it was the way it was and what happened when this came along. I would want to share that with my son when he is old enough to understand.

DeAnn went on to tell of perceiving a lack, a need, in her school district's curriculum. She stepped in to take action.

I'm a certified occupational therapy assistant. I work within a school setting. I remember going into a classroom one day.... They were going over a unit that was Native American. "So, hey, what are you doing?" I just happened to ask. They were studying about Chinook. "Is there anything about Puget Sound area?" "No, there is not anything in there." "Really? That's kind of disappointing, you know." So from there, it just turned into a nice little opportunity to help out in that way, to further the knowledge and share it with those kids, 'cause they don't know.

DeAnn ended up connecting with several teachers, and when they heard about her Duwamish background and her weaving with cedar, they became interested in having her help teach about her culture and history in their classrooms. She had noticed that most of the art materials in curriculum were drawn from Northern Indigenous groups, but now the students can see art from their own local (Puget Sound) region. Concerning her activities since making a connection with teachers, DeAnn said,

I've gone in and shared in several classrooms in Kitsap County. I have shared about my weaving and just talking about the Native history and some cultural things about

the Puget Sound area that a lot of people don't know because even the textbooks don't have it. What they talk about is either about Native Americans who are south of here which is Chinook or about people who are North Coastal and it's not actually the people from the Puget Sound area. And I've even noticed that within our museums in this area they don't have the appreciation for the Puget Sound culture... even now.

Nowadays culture kind of spans into a whole art form—at least, that's what I get the impression of from the experiences I've had, doing that. I've also done a little weaving culture sharing with a Native group that's through the school district that I work in.

DeAnn continues to explore ways to improve education about Coast Salish history in new ways:

So if I have the opportunity to share, I love to. I also partnered with the Burke Museum and I've actually talked to them about putting together some type of box. They have these boxed kits. They can send them out to the schools so that if the schools can't quite afford to come on field trips to the Museum of History and Industry (MOHAI), they would have the boxes. I actually had talked to one of the girls and she said that that would be something that they could do if they could work that out; that would be a great opportunity. I would love to partner and do more with that if I could.

DeAnn Jacobson is very matter of fact as she tells her story of intervening in the curriculum for Native American studies. Similarly, Kathie Zetterberg, my second cousin, is quiet and unassuming. Both women inspire me by what they have done. Of different generations and backgrounds, we all shared a similar interest even before we ever met. My own sense of fairness led me to veer off from my previous path, the study of trauma and women's stages of healing and empowerment, which I began with my Master of Arts research. Instead, in 2005, I chose to explore my other "burning question," and to discover and preserve Duwamish history in my doctoral research. The family stories which are recorded in the Appendices to my dissertation can be used for that purpose. The research fulfills my motivation to do work that brings social justice.

When beginning my studies in the Department of Curriculum and Instruction, I learned that to discover and preserve the history of Duwamish families would be creating change on a broad level. By choosing this goal for my doctoral degree, unknowingly I placed myself on a path with other Duwamish people—my future participants. I did not know them in 2005, but several of them were already working toward a similar goal. We have sought in our own unique ways to clarify the existing public, academic, and mainstream knowledge of

the history of colonization of the Duwamish territory and of how Duwamish families lived their lives through the intervening years to the present.

Theme Two: What Made Them Strong

We are still here, a strong and proud people despite adversity.

Many times I've heard Duwamish people say, "We are still here." How did this happen? What made them strong enough to survive the economic hardship and the political and social challenges which followed colonization? In this section, I present information that supports the theme What Made Them Strong. It is the second strip of cedar in my metaphorical basket.

The word *strong* refers to strength in relation to resisting and overcoming the social and economic adversity that Duwamish people encountered in the years since colonization. The word *them* refers to Duwamish people of the past, the earlier generations of our families, as well as the generations who live today.

In family stories, participants remember attributes such as tenacity, resilience, and determination among the ancestors. Such individual character traits appear to be culturally valued by the participants. They spoke of their ancestors' ability to adapt. Participants also spoke of the power of shared cultural beliefs and of responsibilities of socio-cultural position to help families to survive the challenges of colonization. Participants spoke of the use of humour to relieve tension. As Cecile Hansen said, "You've got to laugh—or else!" I observed the majority of participants using humour. As well, almost all participants spoke of spiritual practices performed by themselves and by earlier generations in their family. A practice that made Duwamish families stronger was using and passing on the knowledge of food resources, whether it be gathering clams, picking berries seasonally, or cultivating plants.

Valued character traits; beliefs; status and expectations.

When DeAnn Jacobsen reflected on the heritage of stories and beliefs that the Sackman family has passed down, she said she viewed her ancestor, Kikisoblu (Angeline) as having character traits that helped her to overcome adversity and to persist in keeping and living her beliefs. Traits included being resilient, tough, and determined as she faced adversity. She was "a fighter, very independent and strong willed." DeAnn also spoke of her

ancestor, Chief Sealth, as being very “open minded.” She viewed that as a strength that helped him overcome adversity, such as the challenges of the changes during the era of colonization. Sealth’s open mindedness was demonstrated, for example, by his exploration of Christian spirituality. He is recorded as having interest in exploring what the settlers brought with them, such as new technology, a different culture, and a new religion. Nevertheless, Chief Sealth, like his daughter Kikisoblu, did not abandon his culture. He continued to live out his culture. In his last years he stayed at Old Man House, among the Indigenous people.

Then DeAnn added that what made Mary Talesa and her mother, Kikisoblu, strong to face the challenges and adversity imposed by settlers was not solely their personality alone, their individual character and character traits—it was also their beliefs. DeAnn stated that they were strengthened by their respected social position in the tribe, and by the roles and responsibilities that accompany their status. Duwamish people held expectations that Kikisoblu and others of her position would carry out the responsibilities. To do so was to be a leader or model. Mary Talesa and her mother, Kikisoblu, knew the expectations, and believed they needed to live up to them. DeAnn believes this made them strong.

DeAnn spoke firmly of Kikisoblu’s belief that “She did not want to assimilate,” even though she lived and worked among the settlers. Kikisoblu, known to settlers as Princess Angeline, lived within the city of Seattle near the beach in a small home. She stayed, despite the 1865 bylaw which banned Native Americans from having a permanent home within the city limits. She dug clams, and she wove baskets from cedar bark. Her activities and lifestyle are documented in the photos of Edward Curtis, in settler journals, in newspapers, and in Duwamish family histories.

DeAnn describes her ancestor, Kikisoblu, as having a strong belief that it was important to keep her culture in the time of so many changes. DeAnn said that Chief Sealth and the others born before colonization, and Kikisoblu in particular,

had a strong opinion and strong feelings toward their culture. (It was) that she was going to continue to live out her culture and her ways of life—because she continued to live that way even though the area around her kept changing, becoming more settled by whites, and it was obvious that she stuck out, like a sore thumb. She continued to live that way. So, to her, she felt strongly about how she lived and her culture and upbringing, and she would continue to (do so). And she didn’t want to assimilate.

Listening to her words, I observed DeAnn's empathy for Kikisoblu's experience of "sticking out like a sore thumb" among settlers, in changing times. DeAnn added,

I've always thought it was pretty amazing that she had the tenacity to continue to do what she did, in the face of adversity. Her actions spoke louder than any words that she would ever speak. Most of it was about... her character, and what she was doing, where she lived, and amongst everything else there is this shanty, you know, and she's living there, and she's still weaving, and she is still doing the typical Native things. I think the only thing where she kind of assimilated would be by the clothing, which is understandable—I don't know if I'd want to wear cedar all the time!"

In regard to her ancestors' beliefs, DeAnn provided examples. She spoke of Kikisoblu's firm belief that it was important to stay in the place she belonged, Seattle—"This was truly her home and she wasn't going to leave. And she saw that her Dad leaving wasn't okay." In his old age, disappointed at the oppression which occurred after settlers took over the Duwamish territory, Chief Sealth left the Seattle area and went to Old Man House, a Longhouse on the Suquamish land. His mother was Duwamish but his father was Suquamish. He had led both groups in various ways, so the Suquamish people's Old Man House was a place where he belonged. Nevertheless, Sealth had withdrawn quite a distance from his Duwamish people and his adult children, some of whom who were still in or near Seattle.

DeAnn emphasises that their social position among the Duwamish was an important factor which made Kikisoblu, Mary Talesa, and other Duwamish people of their era strong enough to face the challenges that they encountered. DeAnn said,

I think part of it is... it is partly their personalities as far as being strong willed, independent. Also, I wonder if it is partly because they were in a position of—I don't want to say power—but in the position of *authority* for the others to follow.... Maybe they felt they needed to be more of an example.... Maybe more for Princess Angeline because of her father being the leader of the area tribes. I think they had strong opinions and feelings towards their own culture.... That they were going to continue to live—live out the culture and the ways of life.

Another participant, Edie Loyer Nelson, was able to clearly state the challenges that her ancestors in the Seymour family had encountered. She began by saying,

There were challenges since colonization, and many losses. My ancestors lost land and access to food, lost being able to fish, and lost access to rivers. The Black River disappeared when the settlers built the locks, and that's where some Duwamish encampments still were, at that time. I still see that vision in the Princess Angeline video when Mary Lou is talking and the Longhouses were burned and they (Duwamish) are living in encampments on Ballast Island.

Eddie viewed the ability to adapt as valuable to her family. She spoke of the strengths that her Seymour ancestors and the Duwamish people had shown during the era of colonization and afterward.

I can't help but feel proud of my ancestors that they survived the challenges, the losses, and the changes. They must have had the ability to *adapt*.

Eddie spoke of the persistence of Duwamish ancestors, and their success in managing to pass on the heritage to their children.

When I think of Sarah, and when she met her husband, she kept going and somehow or other our heritage continued to be handed down. Even though in one generation there was an effort to stop the kids from knowing their heritage, it was still handed down, and here we are, proud of it, and glad to share it with the world!

Use of humour.

To close the discussion of the theme, What Made Them Strong, I return to the use of humour. It was ubiquitous among participants. There were many types of humour, used for diverse purposes. Kathie Zetterberg described memories of humorous interactions with her father. She would tease him, saying that in his childhood photo he resembled "Little Lord Fauntleroy." This was teasing humour shared as part of a loving family relationship. Virginia Nelson demonstrated dry humour as she spoke of the curriculum which portrays "Chief Seattle riding his pinto pony over the prairie to his wigwam." Making fun of the curriculum releases our stress. James Rasmussen's description of the heads of Duwamish high status people as being seriously flat!" and David Haller's story of his ancestor humorously calling herself a Dewatto Indian were examples of self-deprecating humour, an attempt to not take ourselves too seriously.

Duwamish people have laughed during economic and social hard times. As Cecile Hansen, the tribe's Chair, said, "You've got to laugh—or else!"

In James Rasmussen's story, *Duwamish Babies Fight Back!* James used humour in an ironical way. He is a powerful speaker, well informed, choosing his words carefully, and telling stories in a traditional way, always linking them to a place. Humour was very frequently a part of his stories. In his stories, James had been telling of the decades-long, frustrating process of trying to obtain legal recognition for the tribe. Researchers would come to look at records and see no reason to deny recognition—then documents would disappear

and it would all come to nothing. When James reached the period of the 1980s, he told this story.

George Ross from Bureau of Indian Affairs, who was the head of the whole investigation, was talking to the tribe... His staff people timed their visit to coincide with the tribe's annual meeting. And George Ross was standing up, and talking to everybody about the process and what they are doing.

And there is this infant, who is crawling around on the ground, right? And goes up to his ankle... *and bites him.* (Listeners roar with laughter.)

And he was, like, "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

And the baby was teething, or something like that. It was very, very funny, at the time!

In James Rasmussen's story, *Duwamish Babies Fight Back!* the humour was found among many social groups who are resisting oppression. A small thing embarrasses the representative of the oppressive group, the minority group member who has acted remains safe, and the situation makes everyone in the minority group laugh. There is an Ethiopian proverb which goes: "When the grand lord passes, the wise peasant bows deeply and silently farts." The act is resistance to the oppressor.

Wade (1997) writes in *Small acts of living: Everyday resistance to violence and other forms of oppression*, that resistance is ubiquitous. "Whenever persons are badly treated, they resist" (p. 23). Resistance usually but not always occurs to the extent that the resisting person remains safe. In James Rasmussen's story, the baby did not know he was biting a government representative, but the gathering of Duwamish people saw the irony in the situation.

The humour used by James and the other participants illustrates how a sense of humour helps people to relieve tension, to see life's ironies, and to restore their strength and will to continue with the struggle to achieve their rights.

Preserving knowledge about nurturing and harvesting traditional foods.

After colonization of Elliott Bay and surrounding Duwamish territory, settlers kept Duwamish people from their traditional food sources, including the cultivated camas fields, the hazelnut groves, and places to harvest wapato and berries, and to fish and catch seafood. Many Duwamish starved immediately after colonization and in the first two decades of the

twentieth century, when waterways were altered, and in some cases, eliminated. In desperation, many migrated. Some went to reside on reserves with other tribes in Washington State.

The families in the Duwamish tribe today are descendants of people who stayed in or near Seattle after colonization circa 1850. The family stories showed me that Duwamish people kept on finding places where, despite difficult economic times, and even through the years of the Great Depression of the 1930s, they could continue to harvest traditional foods. Participants frequently stated that someone in their family had passed down the knowledge of what to harvest and where to find it. In the case of James Rasmussen, he spoke with chagrin about the dozens of oysters which his family would gather and cook—a food that he did not treasure. The Duwamish continued the practices of harvesting in good times and in bad, so that the information would be a resource for succeeding generations. Harvesting was sometimes performed as a family group, often as an enjoyable outing, and many Duwamish children learned that this is what we do.

A majority of participants spoke of knowledge being passed down from generation to generation. James Rasmussen and Virginia Nelson both spoke of annual trips to certain locations where they gathered berries and seafood at specific seasons. Ken Workman and his uncles David Haller and Vern Treat spoke of their grandmother knowing of the traditional foods, and which plants were safe to eat. DeAnn Jacobson spoke of her father fishing and hunting, and knowing where to gather mushrooms and berries, in the way his father and uncle had taught him. Her father would share the traditional foods within the Indigenous community.

Before colonization, the Duwamish people already knew how to nurture and cultivate plants. They protected their groves of hazelnuts and fields of camas lilies, among other food resources, and relied on them to keep people fed. They also had fields of potatoes in the Puget Sound area.

Food such as the camas lilies requires a certain amount of protection and care. Coast Salish people did not simply pass by and pick a few berries from the bushes, as colonists would portray them. They nurtured the camas plants and meadows. Camas meadows are regularly burned to remove the trees and shrubs because camas lilies require sunshine. The Garry Oak trees generally grow in the camas meadows. They are fire resistant and so, in old

times, the camas fields or meadows were often dotted with Garry Oaks here and there, but no other trees. Camas bulbs were dug with special digging tools, and a certain size of bulbs are taken and others are left to grow. Digging is beneficial to the plant because it loosens the soil. The camas bulbs were roasted and then stored. They were sometimes traded. When the Death Camas was in bloom (a plant with numerous white flowers in a cone shape—it resembles a hyacinth), Coast Salish people dug them up. Blooming time is the only time it can be differentiated from camas lilies. The death camas bulbs look like camas bulbs and grow in amongst the camas, in the same fields. If the bulb is ingested by mistake, it lowers the blood pressure, fatally.

This is just some of the work that had to be done to protect and nurture the fields and meadows of Camas lilies that Coast Salish people used in old times. Knowing this information, I believe that it was easy for the Duwamish and other Coast Salish people to make the transition to gardening with the new vegetables and fruit crops that settlers brought with them. Some of the Duwamish soon transferred their traditional skills and planted gardens and—in the case of Quitsdeetsa—planted fruit trees. Edie Nelson, Mary Lou Slaughter and Ken Workman are just a few examples of participants who spoke of grandparents and other ancestors who gardened extensively, growing foods that kept the family fed and healthy. Most participants were able to tell me of ancestors who gardened, in some cases as far back as the era of colonization, and the family stories show that the practice continued down through several generations.

Theme Three: Intermarriage

It is kind of a weird place to be in—DeAnn Jacobson.

It's our tradition—James Rasmussen.

Intermarriage is the third cedar strip woven into my metaphorical Duwamish cedar bark basket. For the purpose of this theme, intermarriage refers to a common historic Duwamish practice of making marriages with members of groups who are trading partners or who are supportive in times of warfare. It also refers to intermarriage which occurred after colonization, at which time trading partners were frequently non-Indigenous.

Intermarriage: A traditional practice.

The very first story told me by my first participant was of Mary Lou's Duwamish ancestor, Kikisoblu, who was involved in intermarriage. Mary Lou told me that,

Her husband was a Cowichan chief, Dokub-cud, and he was not a nice man. I have a story. Chief Seattle, or Sealth, got into an argument with his daughter and said he wanted her to marry this man...

Kikisoblu, known later to settlers as Princess Angeline, was told that her father wished her to marry an outsider, a Cowichan man, and go to reside among his people. She lived there for ten unhappy years, but returned after his death.

In the nineteenth century, non-Indigenous people, such as representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company, became trading partners in the region. Settlers arrived nearby, and eventually settled right on the shores of Elliott Bay as well as along nearby rivers. James Rasmussen and Virginia Nelson told stories of their ancestor, Quitsdeetsa, known to settlers as Anne Tuttle, in regard to intermarriage. James confirmed that intermarriage was an ongoing supportive cultural practice which strengthened the families within the Duwamish people. My own ancestors include the daughter of Suquardle. Known to settlers as Susan Curly, she made a marriage of the country with the newly arrived sawmill owner, Henry Yesler.

In the presentation of the Intermarriage theme, participants spoke primarily of the intermarriage of Duwamish people with settlers. After colonization, the traditional practice of intermarriage continued to take place, and Duwamish people married settlers of diverse races and ethnicities. The result was that many of the Duwamish people have mixed ancestry.

Mixed ancestry—sometimes a troubling issue.

Having mixed ancestry was sometimes a troubling issue for many participants and for some of the earlier generations of our families. Yet we rarely speak about it. In this section, I present points about intermarriage that arose in the stories of Mary Lou Slaughter, DeAnn Jacobsen, and James Rasmussen.

a. Mary Lou Slaughter (Slada) and mixed ancestry

Mary Lou Slaughter, like many other participants, has grown up knowing she has mixed ancestry. In *Growing Up Indian*, she told of being teased, chased, and called a "dirty

Indian” by elementary school classmates after a teacher pointed her out as a descendant of Chief Seattle. Subsequently, Mary Lou went to her mother, Lois, and said that she did not want to be Indian. “I want to be Swedish, like my dad.” Those were troubling words for Lois to hear. It may have touched her own issues. Mary Lou has spoken of her mother’s conflicted feelings about her own Indigenous blood. That day, Lois replied to Mary Lou, “You didn’t get those big brown eyes from your father.” Lois seemed to be saying that Mary Lou could not erase her Duwamish ancestry. She could not erase who she was.

It took Mary Lou many years to resolve her mixed feelings of pride and shame about her Indigenous ancestry. She told of that resolution in her story, *The Eagle Feather*. She had travelled to Alaska, where a transformative event took place. She heard a spiritual voice which said, “It is all right to be Indian.” Those were simple but powerful words for her. She is a Christian, and to her, if God has said to her that it is all right to be Indian, how can anyone argue? She finally accepted her Indigenous blood. After the transformative event, Mary Lou blossomed, exploring her culture and history, and eventually becoming a Master Weaver working with cedar. In 2014, at age seventy-six, Mary Lou is a role model to her community. She is a cultural bridge who finds opportunities to teach Native and non-Native alike about Duwamish traditional practices and arts.

b. DeAnn Jacobson and mixed ancestry

Another participant who has experienced that strange and unsettling position in which Duwamish who are of mixed ancestry find ourselves is DeAnn Jacobson. She described that position this way: If you take it and turn it and you look at it from the other part of how we are made up, as the white part of us, it is kind of a weird place to be in.

Many of us have ancestors who share that uniqueness of being from two worlds, two backgrounds. It gives us extra understanding and empathy, sometimes, for both sides. That was illustrated when DeAnn and Mary Lou spoke of their ancestors Mary Talesa, a Duwamish woman, and her husband, William DeShaw, who ran a trading post. As government agent, DeShaw was ordered to burn down the Old Man House Longhouse. This loss was devastating to Duwamish and Suquamish people. To my surprise, Mary Lou and DeAnn expressed sympathy for DeShaw. “That would go against what you would believe,” said DeAnn, “You are married.” They could see that to destroy the Old Man House was

troubling for both Mary Talesa and William DeShaw. In her story, *Mary Talesa, the Daughter of Angeline*, Mary Lou Slaughter states that, “To DeShaw, it was a heavy task.”

“I’m part of the settlement but I’m also part of the Native part, and it is really conflicting to have that,” DeAnn Jacobson said. At this point in life, DeAnn is able to address the unsettling position of mixed ancestry. She takes it, examines it, and asks herself, “How can I use that connection to help further the culture?” She has found ways to do that in an educational setting. Perhaps taking that unsettling position—having mixed ancestry—and using it for a positive purpose is a form of redemption—taking a negative and redeeming it, to make a positive.

c. James Rasmussen and mixed ancestry

James Rasmussen made several points about the experience of having mixed ancestry. At one point, he spoke about people whose appearance is more stereotypically *Native* looking than that of others. Similarly to other participants, as an adult James had struggled with this issue in regard to himself, until an experience resolved it for him. In his story, *Mixed Ancestry*, James says,

The thing that changed my mind about that was when we took a trip around the country on the train... we saw this notice for a Powwow, in Florida, and we said, well, we have got to go see that. And there, people that were the traditional Natives looked *just like me!*

The emphasis and tone of James’ voice revealed that he felt it deeply. He continued, And, it opened my eyes, when you start talking about lineages and that type of thing. That, as far as how much Indian you are, whether it’s (name deleted) or myself, we are not that far apart in what we would call our “*Quantums*” —right?

James then spoke of a later event that also helped him and his mother, Ann Rasmussen, to resolve personal issues about mixed ancestry.

The other thing that changed my mind about that...was the big Paddle event that my *Mom* went on.... When she came back, she said, “They don’t want to know how much Indian you are. They want to know what family you are from.”

That was important to my mother. It was in the first Tribal Journey. When they would go into the villages, nobody asked my mother “How much Indian are you?” It was always “What family are you?”

Surprisingly, they know you; they know you by your family names! I’ve had discussions with elders from different places, and that is a *truism* within Native culture. It is.

At this point, James stated that “The whole concept of quantum comes from government.” He raised two more important points about mixed ancestry, saying first,

Because, there was a *reason* that you have settler ancestors. In my family, there was a reason that that happened! Without that, we couldn’t have stayed here.

James Rasmussen was referring to his Duwamish ancestor, Quitsdeetsa, known as Anne. He told her story in *Anne Tuttle and Changing Times for the Duwamish*. Despite the bylaw which barred Indigenous people, Anne was able to remain living within the city of Seattle because she had married a white settler, Abner Tuttle, and started an orchard and farm with him. Then James added his second point.

It’s also part of *our tradition* to marry into other cultures, whether it be another tribe like Suquamish or Snoqualmie or Yakima—all of which I have relatives among. This (settlers) was just the new people that were moving in, and that (intermarriage) was the important thing to do.

In *Mixed Ancestry*, James described how his boyhood experiences helped to strengthen him in regard to mixed race and the question of his identity, his sense of who he was. He was fortunate enough to be able to spend time with his grandfather, Myron Overaker, who was well known to Duwamish and other Indigenous people. In regard to having both Duwamish and white settler ancestors, he felt accepted among Indigenous people as a boy. James said,

I don’t think I ever felt conflicted about that... probably ‘cause from when I was a young, young boy, six, seven years old, I travelled with my grandfather. And my grandfather—*everybody knew him*. From Neah Bay, down to Quinault, they knew who he was. And they knew who he was in Yakima. And, I remember Indian people telling me, “You do what your Granddad says, ‘cause he is a very important person.” And, so, you know, I, I felt kind of *included* in that.

The theme Intermarriage is discussed in Chapter Six, in regard to the benefits of the practice of intermarriage, and in regard to the issue of *blood quantum*.

Theme Four: Working for the People

Now, nobody gives you a book, *How to be a Chair*. Nobody!—Cecile Hansen

Working for the People is the fourth strip in my metaphorical cedar bark basket. For the purpose of this study, working for the people mean doing diverse forms of work that has the innate goal of promoting the interests of Duwamish people. In this section, I discuss what I noticed and discovered about working for the people as it occurred among the Duwamish

people who took part in this research study. I describe the forms of work people have done in past and present decades.

The family stories revealed that there have been individuals who worked for the people all along. They have worked for the people in diverse ways before and after colonization. As I found themes which respond to my research question, I saw that the work of such people have been one of the reasons that the Duwamish are still here today, despite the challenges brought by colonization.

Each of the six families represented in my study contained people who had taken on an elected leadership role within the tribal organization or who had worked for the Duwamish people in other, less formal, ways, for example, in educational or teaching roles or advocacy or fundraising. Such formal and informal work is working for the people.

Ways of working for the people were diverse. It frequently took place in a less formal way than what occurs among dominant groups in European-based North American society. I noticed that many people just stepped in when they perceived a need. Sometimes they carried out traditional ways of helping. Examples include providing food or shelter to others who needed it, as did DeAnn's father and as James and Virginia's ancestors. Others took on specific formal roles in structured situations. Two examples include acting as delegate to political meetings with government or with other tribes, and taking on an elected role on the Duwamish council, as chair or member. This follows a European-based model that began in 1925 when the Duwamish formed a legal society, an organization which has a constitution.

Working for the people: Sharing resources.

Sharing resources reveals a cultural way of working for the people, a pattern which was occurring over time and down through the generations. My research question investigated strengths that helped the Duwamish families. It is a strength, this cultural practice of sharing, and there is pride in it. In the stories of DeAnn Jacobson and James Rasmussen and Virginia Nelson, there were several examples of working to advance the interests of Duwamish people by sharing resources.

DeAnn's father quietly carried out traditional ways of working for the people when he provided game and fish to people in the Native community who needed food. In her story, *Memories of My Father*, William Sackman, DeAnn said,

I look back on it, and my Dad didn't talk much about his Native culture but he actually *lived* it.

I think about what he used to do and how he would play out his role in the Native community, how he would be the one who would be the provider, that would bring food in for the people.... He loved to fish. He always caught fish. Even at his funeral service, everyone had a story about the fish my Dad could catch. And they couldn't catch a fish and my Dad could always catch that fish, you know. And there's pictures of my Dad with fish; I mean, there's always a salmon.

She continued,

My Dad hunted game. He hunted bear at one time and he said he'd never do it again because they were too human-like.

My Dad was a gatherer as well. He would gather mushrooms and berries, and I'm sure that's from what he learned; he knew everything about his environment from his own growing up, from learning from his father and his uncle.

The line goes down, just passing on those things that you did. You were a hunter-gatherer; you provided for your family. His way was that he went out and he knew all those things.

In a similar example to the information provided by DeAnn, James Rasmussen, and Virginia Nelson spoke of Quitsdeetsa—Anne—who became the wife of the settler Abner Tuttle. They spoke of how Anne and Abner and their descendants had informal ways of working for the people. They would visit Duwamish people at the gathering place that is now Pike Place Market, and sometimes provided fruit from their orchard, and gave other means of help, as well.

The Tuttle family took in Duwamish people at their homestead during times of need. Virginia Nelson said, "Our family supported the cousins... but they weren't cousins!" James Rasmussen remembers being told as a child that cousins were coming to stay. This happened so many times that eventually he said to himself, "We can't have *that* many cousins!" He added,

They (the cousins) were extended family. We have *quit claim* deeds from where people would come to the house to die. We were a family where the Native people knew they could go to get legal matters taken care of before you die.

Some think it is a spooky thing, but it's not. Other people say "I can sense there are a lot of spirits here, but they are very happy."

Quitsdeetsa was Anne Tuttle. She could not own property. She married Abner Tuttle and he started the homestead. Our family doesn't have any history where a husband would say "no, you can't be involved with the tribe." We have family stories where Abner would go to Pike Place Market and be honoured. At Beacon Hill, the orchard, most of the trees were planted by my family. Did they share the orchard fruit? Yes, they shared everything. They would take fruit to Pike Place Market.

As decades passed, the Tuttle family were able to provide the now landless Duwamish friends with a place among a family of their own people, situated on their former territory and within the city of Seattle, a place where they could settle their affairs and spend their last days. Providing a supportive place for Duwamish people on the Tuttle homestead was a way of working from within the oppressive social system to subvert the system. For the Tuttle family, the ability to provide such support arose because of the traditional practice of intermarriage, which is presented as the next theme in this chapter.

The practice of sharing resources was a way that individuals worked to help their Duwamish friends and community. Sharing helped them to survive very difficult economic times immediately after colonization and again in the first two decades of the twentieth century. These were times when many people starved, and many left the region to survive. Sharing resources helped the Duwamish during decades of racial oppression which followed colonization. It also helped them during periods that were difficult for everyone including people from mainstream society, including wartime and the Great Depression.

Working for the people in mainstream societal organizations.

In several stories, such as *How I Became a Social Worker, Working at the New Indian Child Welfare Unit, Learning the Cultural Ways of Working, and Returning to the Work at the Indian Child Welfare Unit as Supervisor*, Edie Loyer Nelson told of her experiences working in Child Protective Services. Since retirement, Edie has volunteered in ways that continue to help Indigenous children stay connected to their extended families and community and to know their culture. She has also helped to educate the public about Duwamish history.

Mary Lou Slaughter and DeAnn Jacobson of the historic Sackman family work for the people by teaching about Duwamish history and culture. DeAnn works in the school system. In her story, *Sharing and Educating about Duwamish Culture*, she provided an outstanding example of seeing a need and stepping in to work for the people. One day, she

discovered that in the Native studies class, the students were not provided curriculum material which focussed on the Suquamish, Duwamish, and other local groups who reside in and around the region. DeAnn connected with teachers and began to provide what was needed. As an apprentice to her relative, Mary Lou Slaughter, who is a Master Weaver, DeAnn advanced her skills for weaving with cedar, as well as adding to her learning about her family and culture. She then has been able to incorporate knowledge of weaving into education about Duwamish culture that she has provided to organizations such as schools and to the public, as well as sharing her knowledge in interviews for a documentary film.

Working for the people as advocate and tribal representative.

A majority of participants have worked for the people as council members for the Duwamish tribal organization and, frequently, participants could name family members from earlier generations who had done the same work. Cindy Williams has worked for the people for many years by managing the tribe's affairs at the office and later at the Duwamish Longhouse and Cultural Centre. Ken Workman, Kathie Zetterberg, and other participants have worked for the people during their years on the Duwamish Tribal Council; Kathie also fundraises for the Duwamish at the annual Gala, using her creativity and computer publishing ability, and her skills as an artist. In their family stories, Cecile Hansen, Cindy Williams, and James Rasmussen, and Virginia Nelson provided striking examples about their own and other family members' experiences with working for the people.

Cecile Hansen and her brother, Manny Oliver, began by working as activists. They confronted governmental systems when advocating for fishing rights, the preservation of Duwamish artifacts and village sites, and the long denied treaty rights. In 1975, Cecile became the Chair of the Duwamish tribe and at the time of writing, 2014, she remains leader of the tribe. She fundraises for the costs of advocating for legal recognition for the Duwamish tribe. She represents the tribe at mainstream occasions such as college commencements, and also at Indigenous gatherings and public occasions, such as the *2013 Canoe Journey, Paddle to Quinault*. Now in her mid-seventies, Cecile continues working for the people within the tribal organization and she remains ever an activist for Duwamish rights.

Learning to work for the people.

James Rasmussen and Cecile Hansen's work for the people involves being in the public view. Since he was a young man in his twenties, James has taken on appointed or elected leadership positions within the tribal organization and outside of it (e.g., with Duwamish River Cleanup). He had worked for the people in formal and informal ways. James and Cecile both told stories of learning the skills to do their work and advocacy, and spoke of what their experiences working for the people have been. Cecile told the story *Preparing to Get Involved*, concerning having to find her own way, and preparing herself. In another story, she said that her workplace is not always a happy place. When a person is the chair, there will always be people who dislike you. Nevertheless, she has retained her motivation to work for the Duwamish people, and has never lost her sense of humour.

What does a person have to do to learn to work for the people, as James and Cecile and other Chairs and council members have done ever since the 1920s, and their earlier family members, as well, in the times when the tribe was not yet a legal non-profit organization? One participant, DeAnn Jacobson, ponders that question in her story, *Chief Seattle, a Remembered and Respected Leader*. She noted that her ancestor, Sealth, "had a presence, just who he was. It just commanded that respect." She believes his voice was part of what created his presence, as well as his words. She continued, "You look at leaders, in the present day as well, and people tend to be gravitated towards someone who commands their respect." She added that people also respect them because of "their actions, of what they do.... It sounded like his talking was something that you respected and listened to."

DeAnn speaks of attributes I have noticed in my experience at the Longhouse and among participants who work for the Duwamish people in diverse ways. I asked myself, how did Cecile Hansen and James Rasmussen learn to do this? They seem like born leaders, but perhaps they were not always that way.

Two examples that illustrate learning to work for the people:

Example One: James Rasmussen:

Both James Rasmussen and Cecile Hansen stated that they began to learn how to work for the people when they were young, by observation. As a child, James was brought to meetings and tribal political activities. He was taught to respect his elders, and to behave in a

way that was proper and culturally appropriate. In *Learning to Take Part in Duwamish Tribe Political Life*, James remembers:

I also was taught at an early age to be very respectful of elders, and especially my grandfather. My grandfather told me, “Sit right there” and I am not going to go running around anywhere; I am going to sit right there and do what he tells me to do. And sometimes you wouldn’t see other kids do that. *You had* to do that. And that was something that I learned early on.

In his story, *Learning to Be a Leader Under Fire*, James spoke of his early experiences.

From when I was a young, young boy, six, seven years old, I travelled with my grandfather. And my grandfather—*everybody knew him*. From Neah Bay, down to Quinault, they knew who he was. And they knew who he was in Yakima. And, I remember Indian people telling me, “You do what your Granddad says, ‘cause he is a very important person.” And, so, you know, I felt kind of *included* in that.

I used this quotation in an earlier section to show James accepting his ancestry. It also reveals the beginning of early training which prepared him to work for the Duwamish people, within the tribe and in the public, representing and advocating for the Duwamish people, their youth, their environment, and other issues. He learned that his grandfather had a role and responsibilities, and respect, and James felt *included*. Slowly, he realized that one day, those would be his responsibilities. In his story, *Learning to Take Part in Duwamish Tribe Political Life*, James said,

I have always been at those tribal meetings, since I was nine. I remember going to annual meetings, *every* year. And I remember my mother (being on council), and first, my grandfather. My grandfather, being the council person, and having to talk to the whole tribe about some issue.

I remember my grandfather talking about who these different families were, and that was when Willard Bill was still chair.

I remember when Cecile first took over as the Tribal Chair, and her being very respectful of my grandfather, and talking to me, as well. I was maybe twelve. Or thirteen. I wasn’t that old then. I was big for my age. They used to have the annual meetings a lot at one of the parks on Puget Sound but on the left hand side, down by Three Tree Point and that was one of those meetings there.

In the early 1980s, James was in his twenties when Tribal Chair Cecile Hansen sent him to the National Congress of American Indians in Washington, DC, to represent the Small Tribes of Western Washington and the Duwamish tribe. There, he stated, he began to learn

where the “action” is, and learned to face and address conflict from other tribes’ representatives. In his story, *Learning to Be a Leader Under Fire*, James said he quickly learned that, “if you really want to know what is going on at a meeting, you don’t sit up at the front of the meeting; you go all the way back by the doors in the back, because that’s where the discussions happen.” He spoke of the challenges inherent in representing a tribe without legal recognition.

It was an education, because there were definitely people there who were dead set against the Duwamish tribe being recognized. And, you know, (a representative, name removed) from Quinault was one of them. And I remember hearing him talk about Duwamish and how “those people were just slaves.”

With logic, James confronted the man and was able to negate what the representative had said.

And I looked at him and I said, “*Where did you get that?*” And he said, “Our elders say that.”

And I said, “But our elders say that about *you*.” And I said, “Is that how this is going to be *decided*? By insulting each other?”

And then, he said, “Oh well, you’re dumb. You don’t understand.” And then, as he is storming off, he kind of starts to say, “You guys had your chance”—I guess in the sixties—”and you just didn’t take the opportunities.”

James was now encountering the historical conflict between two of the Duwamish groups: the descendants of those Duwamish who went to live on non-Duwamish reservations in the 1800s, and the descendants of those who remained off-reservation, in or near King County, Washington state. (Another group consists of people who went north or east in the diaspora.)

James was seeing that some Duwamish descendants who today live on a reservation sometimes cast unwarranted aspersions on the Duwamish tribe members who remained in Seattle area, by unjustly calling them the descendants of slaves. He knew that the Duwamish tribe members could cast their own aspersions on the other Duwamish descendants who live on a reservation, castigating them or their Duwamish ancestors for being “the sort of people who would live on a reservation!” James’ grandfather had told him “the reservation is the last place anybody wants to go!” Other participants had spoken of the same belief among their

ancestors. When James was told, “Well, your people were just slaves,” he says that he thought, “That really is probably completely the opposite of the truth!”

After that meeting, James came home with increased awareness of the challenges and issues involved in taking a role in which he would represent and work for the people. It had been a challenging event and was a very uncomfortable learning experience. James said,

So, for me, that was that *first* conflict type of thing where you really start to feel self-conscious, and being young—at this time, I was in my twenties.... I remember, it was hard sometimes to stand up in those type of meetings and say something. That took *a lot* to get over!

But once I got over it, it was very *powerful* to be able to do that.”

Again, James speaks about an elder being a teacher and model as he learned to speak in public and represent Indigenous people despite conflict and opposition.

How did I get over it? By Cecile kicking me in the ass. You know.

Interviewer: “Motivation!”

Yeah! Serious motivation, you know! And... it is an important thing.

I remember seeing *her do it*, as a young person, as well. And commanding them. And also, listening to people around you. You see the elders, Indian people from Yakima and other places, or from Alaska. And you are hearing them say, “Yes, she’s right.”

James then returned to speaking about another aspect of his learning to work for the people. When he took a place on the council and began representing the Duwamish people at a conference, he was coming out of the closet, racially, as to who he really was. Despite mixed ancestry, he prioritized his Duwamish heritage. James said,

Going from being raised to not talk about who you are, to being “out” in that community, it was definitely something completely different.

People in the mainstream community can put much pressure on an Indigenous person, whether of mixed ancestry or not, to be silent about Indigenous political and social issues and about their pride in their ancestry. Such pressure is further discussed under Theme Five, Working with the Youth, in the section, Pride and Secrecy in a Silent Generation.

At a turning point, James *came out*. He added,

Going from being taught that you don’t talk about that (being Duwamish), you don’t tell anybody else or anything like that, to my mother getting older and her making the decision that “it is time for *you* to take over this thing.”

James was referring to his family's tradition that a family member should be a representative on the council, generation after generation. He and Virginia had spoken earlier of their emotions in 2012 when no one from the family was on the tribe's council.

In regard to his role as a leader, James stated that his vision of leadership for the tribe has always involved working for the benefit of Duwamish people and youth, saying,

When I was on the council, that is what you are charged with: The health and welfare and education of Duwamish people. Period. That's your *job*. That is what you are supposed to do.

At present, James continues to work for the benefit of Duwamish people, including youth, in his employment with the Duwamish River Cleanup Committee.

Example Two: Cecile Hansen:

Cecile Hansen's stories contain some parallels to James Rasmussen's experiences of learning to work for the Duwamish people. Although both learned by being brought to meetings at a young age, both found it a little overwhelming when they first began to take an active role. At the age of seventy-five years, Cecile Hansen looked back to when she began, and exclaimed, "Now, nobody gives you a book, *How to Be a Chair*. Nobody."

In her story, *Becoming a Leader and the Chair of the Duwamish Tribe*, Cecile Hansen looked back to the beginning, and said,

When I was a kid, my mom would drag my brother and me to the forest near Renton, Washington, and we would have a meeting. And it would go on for hours.

Both Cecile and James spoke of attending Duwamish tribe meetings with older persons in their family. Both began to learn the Duwamish ways of leading and working for the people by observing how their elders did it.

In her thirties, Cecile Hansen was newly a single parent, seeking to be independent and to support her family. She began to work as a waitress. She remembers,

I made forty-five cents an hour as a waitress, but that's how I fed my kids, with the tips. And I said, "If I'm going to be a waitress, I'm going to be *the best* waitress!"

Later, Cecile was encouraged to work for the Duwamish people by her brother, the activist Manny Oliver. She remembers,

My brother came to my house and said, "Get involved!" He was being cited by the Department of Fisheries for fishing in the Duwamish River when he was Duwamish. If you think *I* am feisty, he was worse!

He came to my house and he said, “You got to get involved.... Go to a few meetings.” Well, “a few meetings,” and now I’m working with the former Chair, I’m working with a volunteer team, and Department of Fisheries.

Cecile Hansen then became involved with the tribal organization in a more formal way.

When I had been involved for maybe two years, my brother introduced me to Willard Bill, the former Chair of the Duwamish. Well, Willard Bill was an educator, God bless him, and he decided, “Well, Cecile, I am going to, on an interim basis, hand the Chair over to you.” Anyway, after that, I was elected in 1975 as Chair.

Now, nobody gives you a book, *How to Be a Chair*. Nobody.

So. The way I did it was, once I became involved, we sent a survey out. Some people helped me out at Small Tribes of Western Washington. We sent a survey to all the people who said they were Duwamish.... We were asking them, “*What do you want?*” And it was very clear. On top it says, they want their recognition.

A page reporting the result of the survey is included in the Appendices to my dissertation.

Cecile Hansen had once said that if she was going to be a waitress, she would be the best waitress. Now she was working for the Duwamish people, and she wanted to be effective. She decided to prepare herself. She describes the process in her story, *Becoming a Leader and the Chair of the Duwamish Tribe*. Today, no one would guess that she used to be shy about public speaking. In *Preparing to Get Involved*, she said,

If you could have seen me when I was in school, I was the most shy person ever. When I got involved with the Duwamish, I said, “Oh my gosh, I have to go speak!” So I went and did—Carnegie? I went to learn how to speak, for six months. You know what I learned? I learned that if you know your subject, you can talk about it. I’m not saying I know everything, because I’m still learning today. Nobody knows everything, and so I learn something every day.

For the Chair and others who work for the tribe, the work is challenging much of the time.

Cecile stated that a sense of humour is required:

You’ve got to have a sense of humour, because if you don’t...!

Sometimes, this is not a happy camp. It’s really frustrating trying to keep money to operate... and our membership, sometimes I ask, where are they? I was elected in 1975. And *I love what I do*.

Cecile addressed the conflict that sometimes occurs among herself and the council and tribe members, saying,

Some people don't like me, I think because I am too direct and I stick to the truth. It's fine if you do not like it. A lot of people get side tracked on personality. I do not frankly care if they like me or not, as they have not walked in my shoes or even faced the injustice done to the Duwamish tribe.

In regard to advocating for the tribe, and keeping it in the public eye, so that Duwamish issues are not forgotten, Cecile said, "Well, I've done that all right. And I'm surprised at how many people know who I am." For almost 40 years as Chair, Cecile has kept one primary goal. She said, "And now I have been the Chair of the tribe since 1975. I fight for restoration. I am always happy to be the spokesman for the tribe."

During fieldwork and interactions at the Longhouse, I gained a strong impression that Cecile Hansen's leadership has continued to involve a strong element of activism for the tribe during the past four decades. I see her character as feisty and tenacious. At the age of 76, she continues to be first and foremost an activist.

Cecile Hansen has led a fight for legal recognition for the Duwamish Tribe, in accordance with the Point Elliott Treaty, and recognition has been her passionate commitment for four decades. She does all she can, speaking to media and community groups and university gatherings to raise awareness about the need for recognition for the tribe, and holding large and small events, such as *Fry Bread with Cecile* at the Longhouse, to raise funds to pay the legal team.

For almost 40 years, whenever artifacts or burial sites are found by construction crews, Cecile Hansen has always gone down to the site to drum, speak to media, and raise awareness about the issue—even if she went alone. When it was reported at the annual meeting in May, 2012, that Duwamish artifacts were being discarded from land being dug up for the new roadway downtown, Cecile, then age 75, urged the tribe to go to the site and protest, saying,

If we were acknowledged, restored, this would not be happening. I personally want to protest down there. We need to rise up so the mayor and council know that we do not like this.

Whenever she spoke of her accomplishments, Cecile always balanced the statement by following it with humility and also with humour. For example, in her story, *Leadership of the Duwamish Tribe*, she said,

I'll say to myself, "Yeah, Cecile, what have I done?" I haven't done anything, see? If I had succeeded in getting recognition for the tribe.... 'Restoring,' we don't say 'recognition' now, we say 'restore' our status.

One time I was speaking at a college here. They asked me to come, and I said I'll go do it because it was a graduation. And then, of course, invariably, I talk about the tribe. And I said, "Now this is a secret. I have been accused that the Duwamish tribe, we just want a casino. I want you to know—and *don't you tell anybody*—but we want a casino in the middle of Elliot Bay (laughing).

And then I can just see them, "Is she serious?" Well? Yes, serious about turning the injustice around to justice for the First People of the City of Seattle, the Duwamish.

Cecile has been joined in her work by two of her daughters, Cindy and Jolene, who are strong willed women, similar to their mother. Cindy Williams was there to cry with her mother, with joy, on the day that ground was broken to build the Duwamish Longhouse. Cindy and Jolene began learning how to work for the people by observing their mother. Cecile spoke of ensuring that her daughters learned to take seriously the responsibility of working for the people. In her story, "Working for the tribe, business is business!" Cecile said,

Cindy came to work with me when her daughter was little.... And I said, "Fine," because I was running it all by myself. I'd answer the phone and everything. Cindy was a receptionist.

I've fired her twice and rehired her. Well, business is business!

Well, my other daughter, I fired her, too, and she's come back. But, I have to be businesslike; this is serious; this is serious.

Cindy will tell you, I fired her but I brought her back. But she acts like *my* boss, now!

Cecile added,

We have our differences but look, we worked since the eighties together, almost twenty-five years, and now she's head of operations. Cindy doesn't like to be out in front; she prefers to be in the background. And my other daughter is a very strong advocate also. She's an accountant. She used to be our bookkeeper but she is actively raising money because we need money to operate here. You know we don't have a large staff. Myself and Cindy and Linda.

So, *business is business*. I fired her, and one time, well, I fired my other daughter because we were meeting with our attorney that came in from D.C. She decided to go skiing. We needed her there. She was our bookkeeper; we needed to discuss the money part. I said, "She's fired." We raided her house to get the books! (She is laughing).

If you are going to be involved, be serious, and keep your mind focused, or forget about it!

Later, I checked with Cecile Hansen as to whether she wanted to remove the foregoing story from the family history. She said, "No. They know. And they had to take it seriously!" Cecile spoke with pride of how her daughters have become strong and skilled women.

I know these girls can do anything, if they wanted to. Yes. I try to push her but Cindy doesn't like to be in front. And you know, she's very tough; she's outspoken; she's got a mind of her own. It's isn't as though she couldn't. I think that with her experience, she could go to work anywhere. It doesn't have to be with the Tribe.

Cecile Hansen began her work more than 40 years ago as an activist for the tribe. Today, everything comes full circle. While still our Chair, she remains an activist today, even though she is in her mid-seventies. I was present on May 5, 2012, when she addressed the tribe, urging us to activism, saying:

The City is building a tunnel under the harbour in Seattle. It was reported to the tribe that since they began, the workmen are finding waterfront artifacts. They are throwing them away. ESCOTT is the company. If we were acknowledged, restored, this would not be happening.

I personally want to protest down there. We need to rise up so the mayor and council know that we do not like this.

In summary, the stories told by James and Cecile reveal what were the important aspects of the theme Working for the People. First, although they are from different generations, they both began to learn about working for the Duwamish people while children, watching the activities and interactions of older people in their families and in the tribe. It has been the same for Cindy and Jolene, two of Cecile Hansen's daughters. Second, James and Cecile had to prepare themselves, and "dive" into the work, which at times could be unpleasant and challenging. They had to learn skills (e.g., speaking) and learn to understand the politics of groups with whom they interact. As time passed, they grew to command respect. Third, working for the people requires a sense of purpose, humility, and a sense of

humour as well, all of which were demonstrated in the stories of James and Cecile. They pass their skills on to the next generation as they work.

Theme Five: Working with the Youth

I have a lot of faith in the younger generation—James Rasmussen

The theme, *Working with the Youth*, is the fifth cedar strip woven into my metaphorical Duwamish cedar bark basket. The theme arises from observations made when with the tribe and from interview data. Participants spoke about Duwamish people's ongoing hopes for the youth. They told of work that has been done by past and present generations, and spoke of what is needed, in order to pass on Duwamish history and culture and to empower the youth.

The theme separates into three sections. The first section is titled *Knowing Who We Are*. It explores the importance today for the youth to learn their true history and their culture, and to be proud of “who we are”—these words occurred frequently in participants' stories. The second section is titled: *Undoing effects of racism: Pride and secrecy in a silent generation*. In this second section, I discuss the importance of undoing the effects of racism and supporting youth to be knowledgeable and confident with Duwamish history and culture. I present information which led to exploration of what I call “the silent generation.” The third section is titled: *Keeping a Place to Practice and Teach Duwamish Culture to Duwamish Youth*. In this section, I discuss the value that participants find in having a place of our own—the Longhouse and cultural centre—as a base for work with youth.

Section One: Knowing who we are—Our Duwamish history and culture.

“Who we are”—Duwamish people use this phrase over and over. I asked myself, what does this phrase mean? I noted that when Duwamish people used these words, they referred to our culture, our beliefs and assumptions, and our history, and they referred to the Duwamish who now survive as a people, both inside and outside of the tribal organization in Seattle. While speaking of “who we are,” Duwamish participants also spoke of character, and of being able to know, be comfortable with, and live the culture.

Mary Lou Slaughter (Slada), a Duwamish elder and Master Weaver, spoke of character traits. Her wish was for youth of the future generations to be “good” people. It was

at the end of my visit to her home, when her stories had almost all been told. I asked her what she thinks is important for the Duwamish youth to know, even those yet unborn. Her response is recorded in her story, *Raising Duwamish Children*. Mary Lou said, “I hope they are good people, with integrity, honesty, straightforwardness, tenacity—those traits that make a good person.” These are traits which I believe underlie her family stories—Kikisoblu, for example, was very tenacious, and the traits can be seen underlying the lifelong behaviour of Mary Lou herself.

Mary Lou spoke of skills, and of behaviour. She hopes that her grandchildren will carry on working with cedar, a skill which her ancestor Kikisoblu was known to have had. As we wove a basket together in 2009 and shared stories, Mary Lou’s grandson, Seth, played with the cedar scraps around us and he split a strip of cedar very proficiently, then flapped the split piece as if he had made an eagle. Both Mary Lou and I smiled as we saw this display of ability and creativity.

Duwamish families have been separated from each other for over a hundred and sixty years. They live all around King County and neighbouring counties, since colonization and since being legally barred from the Seattle area not long afterward. When living apart from each other, they have been challenged when seeking to pass on their culture to the youth. Nevertheless, while I was present I saw Mary Lou, a grandmother, teaching her grandchildren how they are expected to behave. When Seth sat in on our weaving sessions, he was reminded that he was expected to play quietly with the little twists of cedar bark at the table, and watch us. When he left us to go home, Mary Lou made sure I noticed that Seth had said goodbye in Lushootseed. This made her happy.

Virginia Nelson spoke of wanting the youth and the wider society to know a true and accurate history of the Duwamish tribe. Others agreed, and spoke of the need for youth and the dominant society as well to learn about the Duwamish and surrounding Coast Salish culture.

DeAnn Jacobson was a participant who emphasizes that it is important for Indigenous youth in the Puget Sound area to know their culture. She has worked toward that goal. In her story, *If You Don’t Have the Culture, You Don’t Have Anything*, DeAnn said,

My biggest thing that I really feel strongly about is the culture. I really feel that without the culture, it’s lost. It’s not about the money, having the casino, even

recognition. I'm going to say it: even recognition. If you don't have the culture, you don't have anything.

DeAnn Jacobson shares the culture with Indigenous and non-Indigenous people alike, to create a bridge to understanding. She says,

We had such a rich culture here, and if we can't share that, what do we have? And that's one of the things that drives me as a weaver and sharing with other people. It is the culture, because I just think that other people won't know enough about Puget Sound culture, and they don't have the appreciation of it, either.

DeAnn has been actively working to achieve her hopes for Indigenous youth and for youth in general to learn about our culture and history. Like James Rasmussen and Cecile Hansen, DeAnn is working for the people in her own ways. For example, she is advancing her skills in weaving with the inner bark of cedar; she is advancing her skills in teaching youth and adults in the educational system about Coast Salish culture; and as well, she has partnered with the Burke Museum. She takes the opportunities that she can find or even create.

Retired social worker Edie Loyer Nelson continues to volunteer with LICWAC, advising active social workers with cases where an Indigenous child would be well served by finding and maintaining connection to his extended family and/or First Nations community. Edie stated that, "Being connected through cultural activities keeps our ancestry alive for us." She believes that practicing or living their culture will help Duwamish youth to know "who we are."

In her story, *Memories of Growing Up Duwamish*, Cindy Williams described being a Duwamish child, a member of a minority group in white, mainstream society:

It felt "different" to be Duwamish, like a fish out of water. How it really was? I would like to pass on to my grandchildren that it has been hard, but rewarding.

In *The Past and the Future*, Cindy spoke of how it has been for her grandparents, parents, herself and her sisters, and their children. Cindy spoke also of how she and her children cope with the challenges. Cindy said,

The challenges that I, my family, and my grandparents faced included racism as children.... (We) grew up to be kids in the tribe, and to graduate from college. How do I heal from harmful experiences, trauma? *Faith!* My kids have a good sense of humour and they use it to make everyone laugh.

In *The Past and the Future*, Cindy expressed her wish for the youth to know their history and culture and to be proud:

It is important for future children of Duwamish people to know this: Duwamish were a people, not a place. They have an important story to tell. Today, being Duwamish means having pride in our ancestry and heritage.

In her story, *What I Want My Grandchildren and Great-Grandchildren to Know*, Edie Loyer Nelson also wants future Duwamish youth to be clear about their history. She stated,

The most important thing to know is that Duwamish people were a welcoming people, and that they were here when the settlers came, and they were welcoming to them. They were not fighters; they were *welcomers*.... I would explain that people don't always tell stories about people that are accurate.

Similarly to DeAnn Jacobson, Edie Nelson connects the settlers' misunderstanding of Duwamish and other Indigenous people to a group's cultural beliefs and assumptions. She said,

I remember when I was taking a class on religions of the world and that course explained a lot to me about that we misunderstand and judge people when we don't understand their beliefs... their customs, why they wear what they wear, etc. And when we do understand their beliefs, we can relate to them and understand them much better.

Edie sees the Duwamish heritage as valuable and she is happy that she has grandchildren:

Finally, I want my grandchildren to know how important they are to me. I am so excited that I am seeing my family go into the future. I am very happy the family will continue.

When I think of Sarah... she kept going and, somehow or another, our heritage continued to be handed down. Even though in one generation there was an effort to stop the kids from knowing their heritage, it was still handed down, and here we are, proud of it, and glad to share it with the world!

Knowing our true history is an integral part of knowing "who we are." DeAnn Jacobson, participant from the Sackman family, believes that youth should know about the challenges that Duwamish people such as her ancestor, Kikisoblu, and others, have faced since colonization. She believes youth should be taught about the Duwamish culture and ways of living "before that time" (of colonization), as well as what happened after contact with settlers circa 1850, in order for them to understand the present situation for Duwamish people.

Although it can be emotionally painful to read or hear biased accounts and histories about Duwamish people of the past and present, DeAnn said that the settler accounts should not be hidden from youth. It is important to her that her son and other youth should know about the adversity that the Duwamish people went through. She stated that,

it would be good for them to know where the adversity came from, and why things are the way they are.... They need to know where they came from. You need to back it up with before that time (colonization) as well, to have a perspective of why it was the way it was, what happened when this (colonization) came along, and where you are along the journey. I would want to share that with my son when he was old enough to understand.

Section Two: Undoing effects of racism: Pride and secrecy in a silent generation.

As a result of experiencing racism, a person can have conflicting beliefs about his or her ancestry and heritage. It is possible to hold conflicting beliefs. Among the Duwamish ancestors in the study, sometimes pride conflicted with shame, and sometimes pride was silenced by fear.

In family stories, many participants, including Mary Lou, James, Virginia, David, Vern, myself, and others, spoke of our parents or grandparents feeling proud of their Duwamish heritage and yet being conflicted about it at the same time. Some participants mentioned parents or grandparents who sometimes didn't appear to hold their Indigenous blood in high regard, and were even ashamed at times. It is internalized oppression, when one accepts the low regard in which one's group is held by groups of higher economic or social status.

Participants Edie Nelson, Vern Treat, David Haller, and others remembered a time when it was safer for parents or grandparents not to speak about being Duwamish, even when a person was visibly of Indigenous ancestry. In family stories, it was Duwamish people of my mother's generation, and perhaps the generation before her—people born in an era from 1900 to 1940 approximately, who were spoken of as holding conflicting feelings about their ancestry, and/or who felt unsafe to speak about it. As I worked with the data, I began to think of them as “the silent generation.”

As family stories were told, I realized that my mother and her cousins in the Price family were part of the “silent generation.” They were silent about their ancestry most of the time. In my family story, *My Mother—Proud, Yet Silent*, I wrote about my mother's feelings

about her ancestry. In Kathie Zetterberg's stories, her aunts were silent about their ancestry, all but one. Kathie describes this in her story, *When My Aunt Bing Told Us About Chief Curley*.

In his story, *My Mother's Hidden Family History*, David Haller tells of the secrecy in his mother's generation. He said,

My side of the family hid all that, (the) connection to Chief Seattle and his daughter. I didn't learn that my mother was a Duwamish *tribal member* until she was almost in her eighties.... She had a tribal membership card. And we saw it. So, she never told us. She never told anyone.

When I asked whether the secrecy was to protect the family from social harm, David replied emphatically, "That is *exactly* what it was for!" He continued,

I remember my Mom, Dessi, telling us, before she died, that she was told, "You don't ever mention that. You don't mention that you are part Indian. Because, you're not going to get anywhere." And you'd be discriminated against, back then. You would just be blackballed.

Sometimes participants, as children, knew they had Indigenous ancestry and knew nothing else but that one fact. I was very interested in the little I was told, as was my cousin, Kathie. I know my mother had pride and respect about her Duwamish ancestry. I wrote about it in my family story, *My Mother—Proud, Yet Silent*. Like others, my mother wanted to protect her children from the racism of the 1950s and 1960s in North America. Members of other Duwamish families from that same time period held varying amounts of pride and perhaps shame or fear about their Indigenous ancestry at the same time. Shame was sometimes instilled in residential schools or mission schools.

Whether or not they felt shame, participants often described a parent or grandparent as feeling apprehensive about being out or overt about their Duwamish ancestry. As participants David Haller and Vern Treat said, parents often were silent and wanted their children's silence in order to protect them from social stigma and very real harm. Sometimes, also, there was a white settler husband who threatened the Duwamish wife to keep silent, saying, "Don't you *ever* bring up your Indian side!" as in David and Vern's story, *Grandma Foote's Husband and the Threats*. David and Vern's relative in the Fowler family, Ken Workman, said, "I am the first one back in this modern age where being Native is "okay. Lost are all the years from 1898 until now (2014). I continue in my struggle to put my family's history back together." He is not alone.

David Haller clearly expressed how he wished he had been able to learn of his family history as a child. He knew he had Indigenous blood, and that is all he knew. He said,

What I want for the future generations is: Just don't hide their heritage. *Don't hide it!* I went to school in Seattle, and I was taught as a kid about Chief Seattle, and how famous he was, not having a clue that he was my great-great-great grandfather! I never had a clue. (Vern Treat: Yeah. Me neither.) Yet here in the Pacific Northwest, he is a historical figure. And he is honoured, in a lot of different ways.

Two participants from the Tuttle family spoke of their hopes for better experiences for Duwamish youth. James Rasmussen and Virginia Nelson provided several stories about their grandfather and themselves growing up Duwamish and living among mainstream, white American society. In *Growing Up Indian*, Virginia shared the mixed messages of pride and secrecy that were similarly given to other participants. She hopes a future in which the youth will be unafraid to speak of their Duwamish ancestry. She said,

What I would like for the future? When I grew up, I didn't grow up the same way James did. I knew I was Duwamish and I was proud to be Duwamish. But I was told, *that is not something you tell just everyone*. Somehow my mother and grandfather let me know that you just did not tell everyone that you were Indian.

Virginia said she would have like to have learned about her Duwamish side, but her Duwamish grandfather told her about the white pioneer side of the family.

My grandfather did not tell me stories of the Indian side. I had to learn from other people in the family. My poppa is the Indian side. He told me about the Tuttle side, and how they got to Seattle and married the Indian side of the family.

As a result of the mixed messages, pride and silence, Virginia feels outraged when she hears racist comments today, yet in some situations, she may choose to keep silent. She judges when to do battle and when the conflict is not worth the effort. Duwamish people with mixed ancestry may hear racist comments from acquaintances who do not recognize that they are speaking to someone with Indigenous ancestry and heritage. Virginia hopes for Indigenous youth to not have to live amongst bigots in a climate of racism.

For the future, I would like for people to think before they spoke. You don't always know who you are speaking to.... People assume "Indians live in icky houses and have cars in front of the house, they shoot up signs and they drink." They talk like that sometimes, and you sit there, and you go "Gee, you don't even know who you are talking to!" and you be quiet. And *for the future*, I would hope that people would not be bigots.

James Rasmussen has realized that the trauma experienced by earlier generations can have intergenerational effects. James and his sister, Virginia, have both spoken of the personal impact of racism and physical abuse that their family members experienced. James said,

The stories my grandfather used to tell me, how he was treated in high school, how he was beaten by his teachers, that is an understandable thing that would last for generations in a family. His mother probably went through that as well.

They spoke of their mother, Ann Rasmussen, who could never forget seeing the scars on her father's back from physical abuse. James told another story about his mother as a young woman, a story which he finds deeply emotional. It took place more than sixty years ago. Ann was dating her future husband and was apprehensive that he might reject her because of her Duwamish ancestry.

She knew that my father was going to ask her to marry him and she knew she had to tell him. She brought him into the room where she had all the baskets and Native things. My father... said, "That does not matter." After their marriage, my father always took my mother to the council meetings and annual meetings; he was very supportive.

Although Ann's husband-to-be was not racist, Virginia said, "My mother was called a squaw by her mother-in-law and father-in-law."

Eddie Nelson spoke of the persistence of Duwamish ancestors, and their success in managing to pass on the heritage to their children.

When I think of Sarah, and when she met her husband, she kept going and somehow or another our heritage continued to be handed down. Even though in one generation there was an effort to stop the kids from knowing their heritage, it was still handed down, and here we are, proud of it, and glad to share it with the world!

In the third section of this theme, I discuss passing on Duwamish history, culture, and pride in the current era. During the past five years, the Duwamish tribe has a Longhouse and cultural centre where youth can learn their history and be involved with the tribe.

Section Three: Keeping a place to practice and teach Duwamish culture to Duwamish youth.

Many participants and other Duwamish people have been working to support Duwamish youth to grow proud and strong and to know their culture and history. They are

working to accomplish their vision of a better future for the youth. James Rasmussen shared two stories of his personal history and experience working with Duwamish youth.

In his stories, James Rasmussen has a method of making a point, and backing it up with evidence from his own experience. He begins in a traditional Indigenous way of storytelling, by linking the story to a place. In his story, *Duwamish Youth Becoming Confident In Who They Are*, James emphasized that, despite challenges for our youth, “I have a lot of faith in the younger generation.” He then told his story of a Duwamish teenager and what happened on a past Canoe Journey to Bella Bella.

James was Longhouse Director and he thought it was important to go to Neah Bay to see the canoe group push off. Mike Evans, who was teaching youth in cultural programs, was present that evening. James said,

So, that night two of the traditional chiefs from Makah came down to the camp, and some of their friends. And they started singing songs with drums. I knew the one kid knew one of our Welcome songs really well. And so I kind of leaned over and I was sitting next to Mike. And I said to Mike, “You should have him do it. Have him do it by himself.”

And so Mike looked at me and he says, “Well.”

And so the way Mike does it, he doesn’t really *ask*. And he says (to the young person), “OK we’ve got to do this. Are you going to *help*? You can do it.”

And he did! And the two traditional chiefs who were there were very impressed! The language, he did correctly; the song, he did correctly; how he described it, opened it up and did it at the beginning was absolutely right.

James and others, coming from a tribe who met in fields and parks for so many generations after colonization, were proud of this young man who sang the *Welcome Song* for the two traditional elders. They hoped that he would play a role in the tribe. More important is the personal effect that the successful experience sharing his culture would have on the young man.

James discussed the effect of that experience for the youth. He will carry that memorable evening with him as his life continues, and it will have an effect, “*Forever!*” Forever, and probably for generations. Because he will tell his kids, “*This is what I did.*”

Having a Longhouse and Cultural Centre is beginning to increase the opportunities for youth to grow up knowing their culture and being proud of it, in the belief of participants

such as DeAnn, Kathie, James, and others. When James Rasmussen told the story of the youth who sang the Welcome Song, he concluded by saying emphatically, “You *see* things like that. And so, *the Longhouse has an effect!* It has an *effect* on people.”

James then returned to speaking of his faith in the Duwamish youth, saying, “When I think about that future generation, you know, there’s gonna be some real good kids, some real good people, who come out of it.”

In his story, *Recognition, Youth, and the Longhouse: A Promise Broken*, James Rasmussen spoke of the experiences of the Duwamish tribe, who have faced the challenges of survival on a personal and cultural and group level, without the support of legal recognition, in accordance with the promises of the 1855 Point Elliott treaty. James said,

The tribe could probably teach recognized tribes about what sovereignty is. Because we had to survive without that government to government relationship. But I do know, *for a fact*, that it would be a lot easier *with* recognition than without it.

And it is a promise broken. That’s the main point that I always try to make to people when I talk about recognition. This is a promise that is broken, and this needs to be righted.

During challenging social conditions, lacking a place of their own to meet, for 160 years the Duwamish tribe continued on and passed on cultural values and beliefs to their children. James states that we are teaching the children without having recognition as a tribe, but with resources, we could have done more. He said,

I look at it as (being success) *in spite of!* We could have had better programs, and kids would have had more opportunities to go to college if they wanted to. Or, to really be involved with cultural activities, and—*this is important*—not be looked down on sometimes by other kids from other tribes, who, their parents have taught them that these are not ‘real’ Indians.

They know that; they hear that. *And that is hurtful.* But, you know, the kids know that they are doing the same thing that those other kids are. And that they look like those other kids. There isn’t much difference between ‘em!

James hopes that the discrimination which he has faced and which the youth still experience from members of some of the recognized tribes will end. He hopes and works for a better future for Duwamish people and youth, saying,

When I was on the Council that is what you are charged with, the health and welfare and education of Duwamish people. Period. That’s your *job*. That’s what you are *supposed to do*. You know.

James views the Longhouse and Cultural Centre as meaningful for who the Duwamish are and as a base from which to work with youth and work to better the tribe. The Longhouse is cultural “estate.” Tollefson and Abbott have stated that “estates consist of land or some other form of tangible estate which includes water, property, or other natural resources” (1996, p. 321). Participant James Rasmussen states,

I am very proud of the Longhouse, because that really is a statement for the health and welfare and education of our people. Not that we shouldn't be able to do more. We should. But it gives us a platform and a place to do that stuff from. Something that people can say, well, that is our tribe's. (Something that is) recognizable to Duwamish people, and to the outsiders, as well. Very much so.

James sees the work of the tribe to purchase a lot and build the Longhouse as being a wise choice. He said,

And, it is a very powerful statement that the very first thing, from old times when we lost our land, to new times, *the first thing that we built* was the cultural centre and Longhouse. It wasn't a casino; it wasn't other things that other tribes had built, those who *are* 'recognized.' And there are lots of elders in other tribes that recognize that. I remember when we opened the Longhouse. Over weeks of time, different tribes would show up and I heard, more than once, that this shows *who you are* as a people—this is what you do.

Overall, in regard to the fifth theme, Working with the Youth, the participants have clearly expressed their hopes for Duwamish youth. It is their hope that youth will know their true history, the history of their own family's ancestors and of the Duwamish people in general. They also hope that Duwamish youth will know their culture, and that the mainstream society around them will also understand Coast Salish culture enough to respect it. They hope that youth will be proud of who they are and be confident and comfortable interacting and expressing their culture both within the tribe and with the general public. The participants and many Duwamish people have been working toward such goals for many years. An example is when Duwamish people are raising funds and teaching the youth so they can participate in canoe journeys in the Duwamish tribe's Raven canoe. Another example is when Duwamish youth participate in making videos concerning the cleanup of the Duwamish River. For only the past few years, the Duwamish people have had the new Duwamish Longhouse and Cultural Centre as a base from which to practice and teach their heritage to the youth.

Conclusion

In this chapter, I have presented the five themes which arose in my research: Finding a True History; What Made Them Strong; Intermarriage; Working for the People; and Working with the Youth. The themes represent the answers which arose to my research question. In my Duwamish basket, the themes are vertical strips, the families are the horizontal strips, and the ends all link together, circling the rim. The basket symbolizes how the Duwamish people have endured the challenges posed by colonization. As the Duwamish people are so often heard to say, “We are still here!”

In Chapter Six, I discuss my findings and suggest further research which would be useful and of interest.

Chapter Six: Conclusion

Making Meaning from Our Journey into Family History

When I began a journey of cultural and historical exploration several years ago, I sought to discover the strengths that have carried the Duwamish people through their experiences since colonization. Two steps were required. In the first step, I set out to discover the experiences of Duwamish people since colonization in the mid-1800s, and I asked: How did six Duwamish families meet the challenges of societal, economic, and cultural change? I gathered data from fieldwork, interviews, and documents (books, genealogical charts, photographs, and cultural art which participants showed me). Stories were assembled, using participants' exact words, but deleting asides and digressions. With three participants, from three different families, I was given the opportunity to compile family histories together with the participant. My participants were offered an opportunity to correct or delete information and a second chance to withdraw permission. In Chapter Four, I presented an overview of the family stories. In the second step, working with the data, eventually five themes emerged. Themes were presented in Chapter Five.

In this, the final chapter, I combine the five themes to make the Indigenous Star of Resilience. I explore resilience as other researchers see it, and make realizations in regard to resilience as a process, in this case, connected to culture. In following sections, I discuss each theme and I connect the themes to the work of others. I discuss how each theme may be of benefit to Indigenous people and to educators, academics, and helping professionals. Paths for future research are suggested. I close with the participants' hopes for the future for Duwamish youth.

Discussion and Overview of the Five Themes

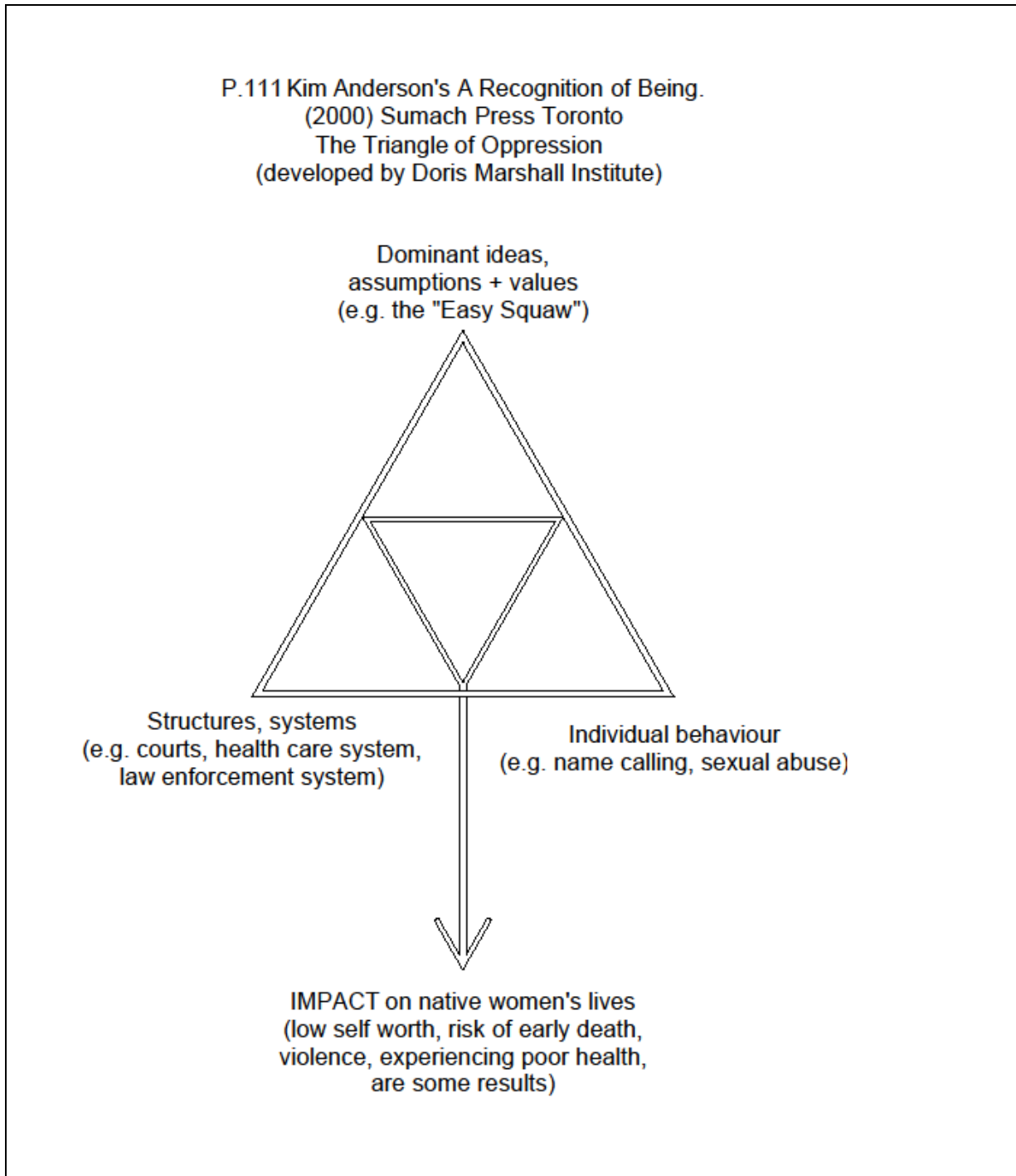
The five themes which emerged from the data reveal what empowered Duwamish people to resist and overcome obstacles and challenges during their lifetimes and to retain their culture to the greatest extent possible for them. Examples of 'obstacles' include loss of the traditional land; lack of cultural property such as status rights, fishing rights and Longhouses in which to pass on culture; and encountering racism in the larger social environment, for example, when seeking employment and education. Examples of

'challenges' include the economic issues which arose when settlers pushed Duwamish people away from their traditional territory and food sources, and also include the challenge for individuals and families to maintain an individual and group Duwamish identity, and to pass on Duwamish history and cultural heritage.

The five themes are Finding True History; What Made Them Strong; Working for the People; Intermarriage; and Working With the Youth. Together, the themes reveal what I discovered about how the Duwamish have been able to survive, face challenges, and evolve into modern day people with Duwamish ancestry who can say, "We are still here."

All five themes proved to be based on beliefs and behaviour. For example, when a person became a member of the Duwamish council, and was "working for the people," there were beliefs underlying the motivation to take on the role and do this work, e.g., "my family has always had a member on the council and now it is my turn to do it," to paraphrase participants' words. When a participant supported the youth to learn to paddle the tribe's canoe, and was "working with the youth," he or she had a belief, e.g., the youth will grow up in a better way if they learn a cultural activity, and the behaviour is to fundraise for the youth's canoe activities or to teach them.

I did not see it at first, but I have now realized that the themes can be used in a way that connects with the Triangle of Oppression (Figure 1, follows), a diagram which in the past I used for teaching graduate students about social justice issues. Kim Anderson used the *Triangle of Oppression* in *A Recognition of Being* (2000, p. 111), crediting the Doris Marshall Institute for developing it (see Figure 1, follows).

Figure 1: Triangle of Oppression

Developed by the Doris Marshall Institute. (Anderson, 2000, p. 111)

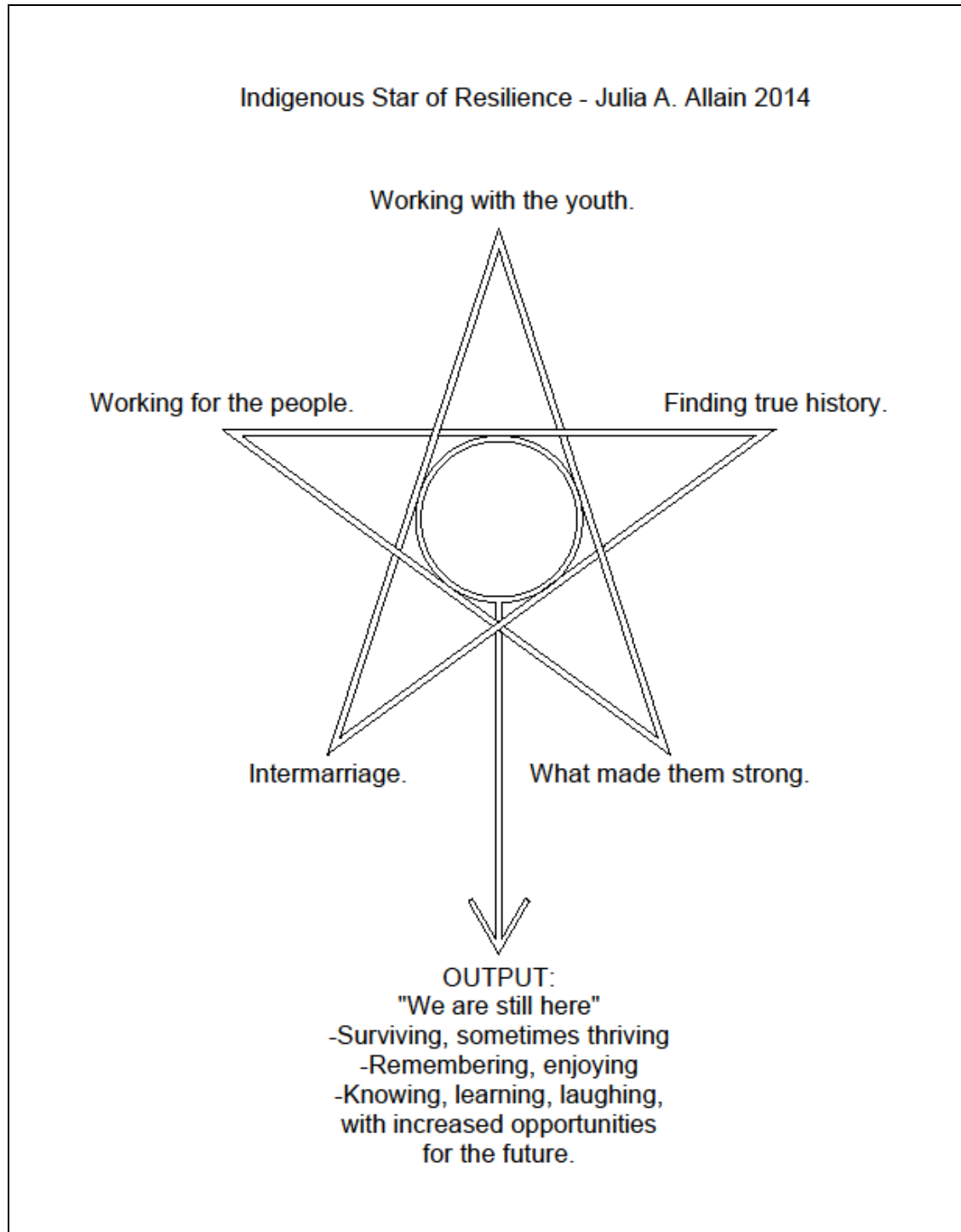
Anderson used the triangle to illustrate the creation of harm to Indigenous women by ideas, systems, and behaviour by individuals in society. The Triangle of Oppression has three points which are labelled as follows: 1) Dominant ideas, assumptions and values (e.g., the “easy squaw,” 2) Structures and systems, (e.g., health care systems, law enforcement system and courts); and 3) Individual behaviour (e.g., name calling, sexual abuse). Anderson notes that “each point of the triangle supports the others to maintain oppression” (2000, p. 112). At the bottom of the triangle is an arrow, which represents output when the three points work together. The output is the impact on Indigenous women (e.g., poor health, low self-worth, violence, experiencing sexual assault, increased risk of death at an earlier than average time).

The Duwamish people have been experiencing Anderson’s Triangle of Oppression on the individual, philosophical and societal level since the mid-nineteenth century.

After two years of working with the data, I realized that the five themes that emerged in my study work together just like the oppressive points in the triangle. However, in this case, they work toward positive results. The five themes, or points, work together to empower, strengthen, and encourage the landless and legally unrecognized Duwamish people. The five points in my *Indigenous Star of Resilience* (see Figure 2, follows) have been working together all along. The output of the five points is that the scattered Duwamish families “are still here.” We are surviving, sometimes thriving. We are remembering and enjoying what we know of our past. We are knowing, learning, and laughing, using our humour to get us through. We hope for and foresee opportunities for our youth in the future.

Resilience was the most appropriate term I could find to encapsulate the meaning of the output of the five pointed star. Resilience is an individual’s ability to survive adversity, and perhaps even to overcome it. Adversity can take many forms. It can appear as family problems, health issues, economic and social stressors such as racism, sexism, poverty, and barriers to education or employment. Resilience promotes well-being and strengthens people to endure or overcome risk factors in the social environments. The five themes are what helped the Duwamish in challenging times and they are five factors which promoted resiliency.

Figure 2: Indigenous Star of Resilience



Resilience can be helped along by supportive families, schools, and communities. Social policies can make resilience more likely to occur. Sometimes, youth are being taught effective ways of coping with stressors, crises, and challenges. When people are resilient, they still continue to experience negative emotions and thoughts and can be anxious about the outcome of the situation in which something is challenging them.

Early research concerning resilience focused on the individual. In the 1980s, academics understood resilience as the ability to overcome adversity. Researchers had been educated in institutions immersed in the values of Western psychological science, and as a result, they viewed resilience as an innate quality (Ungar, 2005), a character trait. Early researchers ignored the connection between their resilience and the social context made by subjects themselves. More recently, researchers began using an ecological perspective that takes into account the external environment and social factors which challenge or threaten an individual.

Michael Ungar of Dalhousie's School of Social Work once held the same views. He conducts research into resilience, and as time passed, he came to believe that resilience should be understood in a "historically sensitive and culturally anchored way" (2005, p. 90). He acknowledges the importance of people's interactions with their environment. He proposes that social ecologies influence resilience (p. 89). Noting that risk factors in the social environment are related to resilience, he has seen that resilience affects the influence that risk factors can have on youth and students—the outcome (e.g., academic success) is influenced by resilience.

If resilience—a trait—arises from interactions and experiences, we should look at it as having potential use when we need to intervene when clients or groups face challenges. We researchers, educators, and parents and community members should not overlook the sources of resilience. Ungar (2012) has explored whether resilience is a process that can be facilitated by families, social institutions, schools, communities, and governmental policies, rather than being something individuals have, a character trait or innate ability.

After considering the work of Ungar and others in regard to ways of looking at resilience, and after looking at the Indigenous Star of Resilience which arose during this study, I see that resilience was not merely a character trait which arose in isolation for individuals from the Duwamish families whose stories have been told here. I have come to

realize that, if you separate resilience from the social environment and isolate it as a trait, you may unknowingly use pathologizing language when you speak of people who score lower than others on tests for resilience—these are things that psychologists of the past have done. As I see it, you then are ultimately blaming the victim for his or her own suffering. Thus, when participant DeAnn Jacobson describes her ancestor Kikisoblu (Angeline) as “resilient,” a reader might view the resilience as a character trait which was inborn, and which exists in isolation from the social context. In actuality, Kikisoblu’s innate resilience was likely the result or outcome of an ongoing process. Perhaps the five themes, the five points of the Indigenous Star of Resilience, are some of the external factors, the socio-cultural factors, which worked as a process to nurture resilience in Kikisoblu, and in some others of the Duwamish families past and present. The Triangle of Oppression shows what oppresses groups, and the Star of Resilience shows what nurtures resilience. As Unger says, terms such as “resilience, even strengths, empowerment and health are a counterpoint to notions of disease and disorder... understanding the etiology of health is as important, or more important, than understanding the etiology of disease” (2005, p. 86).

The foregoing realization is an intimation that further research could be of value. I have gathered family stories, and looked at the narratives in an analytical way to find themes. I saw that the themes relate to culture. As my study was coming to an end, the Indigenous Star of Resilience emerged for me from looking at the themes together. Now I perceive the next step. It would be of interest for a following study to investigate the historic processes—the traditional socio-cultural factors for Duwamish people. Ungar (2006) himself has explored resilience in diverse cultural contexts and found that there are cultural aspects to young people’s lives which contribute to resilience. It is likely that socio-cultural factors created and nurtured resilience in youth and young adults, resilience which served some Duwamish people well during the challenging times after colonization. Kikisoblu’s life was one of hard work into her old age, and the part of town in which she resided became a slum. Her resilience helped her and others like her, to be “survivors.” Some ancestors in the family stories could even be said to be “thrivers.” For example, I think of Edie Loyer Nelson’s ancestor sailing up the coast with her husband, living a good and fulfilling life at that time. As the traditional cultural teachings became disrupted to some extent by mission school teachings and by separation from Duwamish traditional territory and communities, how did

the processes evolve to continue nurturing resilience in the following generations of the families?

The realization I described above provides me with thought-provoking questions. I am tempted to revisit the family stories once again with a fresh way of looking at them. Researchers, social workers, and therapists can obtain “thicker descriptions” (Ungar, 2005, p. 87). of resilience when we notice it in a client or participant’s narrative by asking questions that explore the resilience in increased detail. When asked with sincere curiosity, people do not resist discussion. In my counselling and social work education, I recall a general discussion in which we were encouraged to listen for anything in a client’s stories which speaks to preservation of life, finding support in hostile environments, establishing safety, and holding on to hope or good things that still might exist in his or her life (Yvonne Haist, 2010, personal communication). From my experience, I would say that these are things which occur on a continuum, moving from rare to extensive. I now perceive that these questions which I use in my work as counsellor for people in crisis and people experiencing trauma are actually questions which connect—on a deeper level—to resilience.

I want to ask further questions of participants in my study to explore processes which created resilience in them and in ancestors, but that is not to be. I took us to this point, and fulfilled the purpose of my study. The intriguing new questions are for future research. In the following sections, I explore the five themes individually.

Meaning and usefulness of the theme—Finding true history.

“Finding True History” is one of the points on my diagram, the Indigenous Star of Resilience (Figure 2). In this section, I show how the theme provides an answer to my research question. I explore what a *true history* means, and the harm that can be done by stories. I discuss the benefits of finding a true history, and how we can do that by creating a True History Lens. Identity questions are listed and discussed, along with exploration of the concept of “hidden curriculum.”

How does the theme Finding a true history provide information to answer my research question?

As the theme emerged from the data, I asked myself how the ongoing motivation to pass on a true history is a strength that helped Duwamish people to survive the challenges in

their lives since colonization. How does it contribute to resilience? I asked myself the same question with each theme. It became clear to me that the Duwamish families in the study prioritize remembering and passing down their history. If they had allowed settlers' perspectives on their history and culture to go unchallenged, the Duwamish would have lost their cultural identity—their past would be forgotten. They would be assimilated. Tragically, perhaps this loss has occurred completely for some who have been adopted out of the tribe or in some other way have not been able to learn of their family and tribe's history. For others, despite the changes that arrived with colonists, despite their children attending mainstream schools and having no place to reside together as a tribe, some Duwamish families have passed on a surprising amount of their history and culture, to the best of their ability, as the family stories have revealed.

What is true history?

As my work progressed, I began to see that the majority of Duwamish participants wanted improved accuracy in the records and presentations of their history and they wanted future generations to benefit from such accuracy. In Chapter Five, I wrote about their desire for finding a true history.

I also came to realize that each family has its own unique experiences of history since colonization. Some families prospered, some Duwamish people starved, some became exiles from Duwamish territory, while others found ways to stay within the boundaries of the city from which they were legally barred after 1865. There will be as many different versions of the events of this time as there are people involved. The perspective on history that James Rasmussen was told by his grandfather in regard to the role and status of Chief Sealth in the 1850s, for example, was in sharp contrast to the popular image that mid-nineteenth century colonists held of the wise noble chief and leader Chief Seattle, and it differs yet again from the historical perspective of Mary Lou Slaughter and DeAnn Jacobson, who are descendants of the respected leader.

If remembered history can differ from person to person even among Duwamish people, what, then, is a “true history?” For the purpose of this theme and research study, the true history is what is true for a Duwamish family, and it must be history from a Duwamish viewpoint, history based on Duwamish life experiences. This Duwamish perspective on

history is valuable. Duwamish true history can supplement, or replace, or fill in gaps in the existing version of history assembled by settlers and by settler descendants.

A researcher or a critically thinking person can take the discernment of accuracy and veracity a step farther. The truth of many aspects of the world's history may never be known, but the more we know about an event or situation from many observations, the closer we can hope to assemble an accurate history.

For example, take the case of the differing perspectives that I encountered concerning Sealth, the Duwamish and Suquamish high status man known to the white settlers as Chief Seattle. It is too simplistic to take the three versions and say "the truth lies in the middle." That statement assumes all versions are true in some way. Sometimes, that is not the case. We can put the various stories together and discard the obviously false information, and see what puzzle pieces remain on the table. When trying to understand the man, Sealth, and his role in history, one will soon learn that no Indigenous leader in North America commanded tribe members in the way that European settlers conceived a *Chief's* powers. Duwamish leadership was more complex than that.

There is something to be learned from the false information. Why did this version of a chief, "Chief Seattle," arise? It served Governor Stevens and others well to appoint and create *chiefs*—according to their definition of a chief—here and there in the territory someone who could then sign treaties, ceding land and rights, and meeting the needs of the government and colonists. The chief would then be portrayed as an all-powerful commander, in order to represent the whole tribe and to be seen as having the power to give away the land that belonged to all. This perspective met the needs of Governor Stevens and the treaty-makers. Indigenous leaders had no idea they were being viewed in this way. Leadership was not as simple as that.

Some stories do harm. Some stories contain untruths. Nevertheless, we need to examine and critique the differing stories in order to understand why they were told and to find what philosophical assumptions underlie the stories. What we see then will contribute information to our understanding and knowledge of an event, person, or situation.

Addressing the harm done by stories.

For too long, academics have ignored the Indigenous people's perspective on history as if it—or they—did not exist. In his article, *City of the Changers*, historian Coll Thrush

writes of the 19th century portrayals of the “vanishing Red Man” watching “forlornly as townscapes appear on the horizon,” based on the notion that Indigenous people must die off like the buffalo, or be assimilated—yet this tells us very little about what actually occurred (2006, p. 94). Some colonists made concerted efforts to “write Indigenous people out of Seattle’s story,” states Thrush (2006, p. 96).

In the middle to late 1800s, Duwamish people and the American Indian in general were viewed as inferior beings. Next, there came the American Romantic Period, in which the American Indian was viewed as dying out, a noble symbol, passing away from society (King, 2003). This belief underlies the meaning of art and literature. It is also visible in the meaning or *story* portrayed in the photographs of Edward Curtis. Many of his photos were taken of Duwamish people in Seattle, beginning with his first photograph of a Native American, which was Kikisoblu, Princess Angeline, in 1895. Even today, the settlers’ descendants have a version of history that places “cities and Indians at two ends of the nation’s historical imagination” *and* “academic scholarship has given that placement its legitimacy,” states Thrush (2006, p. 95).

The Native Americans represent the past and white settlers represent the future, says historian Coll Thrush (2006) in histories of urban areas of North America. “Indians all too often appear in the introduction or first chapter, then exit stage left” (p. 93) and yet the Indigenous people and the colonizers constitute “two elements of the same story” (p. 95). Perhaps Thrush developed such beliefs because of his early friendships with Muckleshoot tribe members, some of whom have Duwamish ancestry. They may have raised Thrush’s interest in the history of the region and in addressing the wrong done by writing Native Americans out of regional history. He went on to write *Native Seattle*. Other historians in relatively recent times have begun publishing work on history from Washington State which focuses primarily on the experiences of Coast Salish people. Harmon’s *Indians in the Making* (1998) and Llyn De Danaan’s *Katie Gale* (2013) are examples. They are addressing the gaps in earlier written histories.

Why does the harm done by flawed or biased materials matter to Duwamish people? The harm goes beyond the damage done to historical records when Indigenous history is excluded or twisted. Again, using my storytelling methodology, I present the example of a time when I experienced the harm first hand.

Journal of Julia Allain (p. 93, 95)—Settler accounts of Duwamish history.

In 1997, I was working on a bachelor's degree. In the back of my mind was always my lifelong desire to know more about the Duwamish people from whom I descend. Finally, I was living where I had resources: the largest library on Vancouver Island was accessible to me! I searched and found only two things about Indigenous people of Seattle. First, I was excited to see Edward Curtis's photos of Kikisoblu, Princess Angeline, digging clams. I also found an excerpt from a white trader's journal, written at the time of contact. He wrote that he had seen the "dirty" and primitive people living miserable lives.

Here is my thought process at that time. The trader's journal excerpt in a library book seemed to be a piece of history, an artifact, and the setting in which I found the book was in respected academia. Doesn't that validate the story as being the truth? My critical thinking was in its infancy. Therefore, to some extent I naively believed what I read, as others might do. I felt embarrassed about the people I came from. I never expected this! They were "dirty" and lived miserable lives?

But ...was this really true, I wondered. Wasn't the West Coast full of large trees, the rain forest, and rivers teeming with salmon and beaches full of clams? I had thought it was a relatively rich and supportive environment. My ancestors should have been living well. Didn't they have Longhouses? I knew little, but I knew that much. Several years passed. I didn't dismiss the desire to know the people my mother and grandfather come from. Eventually, I met Duwamish people. I registered in the tribe in June, 2005, and began to develop the idea for my research in the autumn.

The nasty description in the trader's journal had not deterred me, but it had wounded me. I believed it only briefly. However, the wound lasted longer and the result was that I did not want to read colonists' writings about pioneer history. I feel apprehensive and distrustful to this day. I'm sure many readers and students with Indigenous backgrounds share my experience.

Other demeaning portrayals and inhumane critiques of Coast Salish people of Puget Sound existed in past decades, and the stories always surface again when we read current literature. For example, an 1870s editorial from the *Seattle Daily Intelligencer* was quoted in *Emerald City* (Klinge, 2007). The newspaper reported "a couple of beastly squaws" (p. 38), who were found in an "enclave" (p. 39) on the harbour, ill with smallpox. The editor ranted: "As yet, nothing has been done in the way of preventing these beastly animals from visiting our city at will." Ironically, the writer has forgotten that two decades earlier the Duwamish territory in and around Seattle was home to 90 Longhouses belonging to Indigenous people who were well fed and thriving: the settlers had not yet arrived.

Klinge reports that Charles Prosch wrote in his pioneer reminisces that “Cohabiting with Indians, as Henry Yesler and others had done, gave birth to a class of vagabonds who promised to become the most vicious and troublesome element in the population” (2007, p. 33).

Yesler, and his Duwamish wife and daughter—those are my ancestors and relatives. Yesler and his wife Susan Curlay’s descendants and their peers were not troublesome vagabonds as this racist pioneer states. There are no vicious vagabonds in the six appendices of stories of six Duwamish families from 1850 to the present. The ability to work hard and to support their community are two of the attributes of these Duwamish people whether or not of mixed blood.

Historians Coll Thrush (*City of the Changers*, 2006), and Matthew Klinge (*Emerald City: An Environmental History of Seattle*, 2007) both highlighted an historic excerpt by Rose Simmons, concerning the shantytown in the downtown waterfront—“a blemish on our fair city”—where the Duwamish and the “dirty dogs and stray cats” were struggling to survive amid sewage, “contagion and filth, moral and physical ill-being” (*Overland Monthly*, 1892, cited in Klinge, 2007, p. 89). One waterfront resident for decades had been Kikisoblu, the now elderly daughter of Sealth, a well respected person and not known as immoral at all. The newspaper article simultaneously portrays the Duwamish in two ways. The survivors in the waterfront huts and lean-tos are portrayed in a disparaging light, as inferior, immoral, and unclean beings. As Thrush comments, they are being viewed as an “underclass” (p. 104) who are undesirables in the city—and as inferior, immoral beings, they are responsible for their own predicament. At the same time, Rose Simmons, who wrote the newspaper article, along with other writers of the 1890s and the following decade, continued to present the story that the “last Indians” are a “vanishing race.”

Words like these don’t leave my mind after I read them. The injustice and unfeeling cruelty burn their way in. I then want to avoid further reading of this sort. It hurts. And the injustice and cruelty make me very angry.

During the study, I was reluctant to read settler versions of colonization era Seattle, such as *Four Wagons West: The Story of Seattle* (Watt, 1931), by a pioneer’s granddaughter. I forced myself to read several, yet I remained armed with critical thinking every step of the way. The overt portrayals of Indigenous people and the underlying assumptions are offensive

as well as painful to read. For example, I believe probably almost all Duwamish people know that the first settlers were starving during their initial winter, and the Duwamish went out and got food for them, saving their lives. They also showed the first settlers how to make clam broth for a starving infant. In Watt's book of pioneer history, she tells the colonizers' version of this event. In her story, the settlers do have food, but they have run out of *bread*. They have no starchy foods, and crave carbohydrates. In her story, it is the *settlers* who take action. The settlers 'decide' to go to the Black River and try to get food from Indigenous people. They have four Duwamish men *row the boat for them* (like hired servants, not rescuers). The party returns with potatoes which the Duwamish grew at that time. Watt looks down on the food that, in the Duwamish story, saved the settlers from starvation. Potatoes are second-best compared to bread, in the settlers' opinion. There are many Eurocentric assumptions underlying Watt's settler version of history.

Further, Watt (1931), a settler's granddaughter, eulogizes Chief Seattle as a fine old man, a good leader of his race doomed to vanish. In contrast, throughout the remainder of her book the word 'primitive' is her most common adjective for the Indigenous people and for anything they do or possess. Watt views the settlers as fine people, but speaks of the Duwamish as being barbarians, pathetic in their futile attempt to imitate the white man. In one story, settler women are happy to see dress fabric arrive on a ship, offered for sale. Then they realize that every *klootchman*, as she calls them, will be wearing dresses of the same fabric. The settler women decide to keep wearing their mended dresses, says Watt. This is intended to be a funny story. It illustrates her view of how humorous it would be if the comical Indian women were wearing similar dresses to the higher status white women. Why, it would almost be as if we were the same, she implies, and the settler women find that is an untenable situation.

This is not an outdated book, a discarded artifact from the past. Watt's book of pioneer history has had several editions since 1931. It and similar books are still popular today in Seattle bookstores, which is where I obtained it. People like to read about the white "founders of Seattle." Unknowingly, they are being influenced. They are absorbing only the historical perspective and philosophical assumptions of the colonizers. As Thomas King says, "Stories are wondrous things. And they are dangerous" (2003, p. 9).

It is easy to understand the injustice a person with Indigenous ancestry would perceive at reading materials such as the examples I have provided above. It is not merely a cognitive reaction. It is anger and outrage. It is even pain. As Marie Battiste, Mi'kmaw scholar, writes, it causes trauma (2010, p. 16). The emotional hurt of reading cruel portrayals and distorted history are something I would not have easily guessed or understood, without having Duwamish blood and feeling the emotions first hand. It brings to mind the bitter outrage in the tone of voice of one of my participants, Virginia Nelson, as she spoke of the need for accuracy in school materials about the Duwamish people.

As Cherokee chief Wilma Mankiller once said,

Though many non-Native Americans have learned very little about us, over time we have had to learn everything about them. We watch their films, read their literature, worship in their churches, and attend their schools.

Every third-grade student in the United States is presented with the concept of Europeans discovering America as a "New World" with fertile soil, abundant gifts of nature, and glorious mountains and rivers. Only the most enlightened teachers will explain that this world certainly wasn't new to the millions of indigenous people who already lived here when Columbus arrived. (Mankiller, Deloria, & Steinem, 2004)

Change is coming, but it is slow.

How is the theme, Finding a True History, a benefit?

In *The Truth about Stories: A Native Narrative*, Cherokee author and scholar Thomas King tells us, "Once a story is told, it is loose in the world. So you have to be careful with the stories you tell. And you have to watch out for the stories you are told" (2003, p. 10). How can we—academics, educators, social workers, and helping professionals—benefit from the knowledge that Duwamish people have attempted to pass on a true history for the past 160 years? How can we get closer to a true history, ourselves, and learn and teach ways to use critical thinking?

The knowledge gained from this theme is useful for academic researchers, sociologists, political scientists, and historians. Taking the perspective gained from *true history* would benefit social workers and counsellors who work with adults and children. The helping professionals would educate themselves, and gain a deeper understanding of the Indigenous history and culture in their region. They would have a better understanding of the

clients. They would be empowered to pass on a more complete story when educating other professionals who work with Indigenous adults, children, and families.

We can teach future administrators, teachers, and curriculum creators to take a true history perspective. It is my hope that in some universities this is already happening. When they survey potential educational materials, educators can ask, “What would a Duwamish person say about that?”—or a person from whichever Indigenous group the material purports to describe.

Battiste, a professor at University of Saskatchewan, reports that in teacher education, “We are helping pre-service teachers to recognize racism—their own and that of the system—in a course that offers both self-exploration and reflection.” Readings illuminate how “racism, classism, ableism, and homophobia are normalized in practices that, while silent and unseen to those who practice them, are damaging and traumatic to those who are their targets” (Battiste, 2010, p. 17). She visualizes the new teachers going forth with their increased awareness, each holding a torch in the darkness. Her hope is that one day “a growing mass of them can make one great light” (p. 17).

Imagine making a *True History Lens*. With this lens, academics, educators, historians and others can look at curriculum materials and other historical materials, and ask, “What would the Indigenous people involved in this story think of this material? What might they say?” We might even consult the elders and ask Indigenous families what they think. Some school districts have begun to consult. To do this will benefit both parties.

In regard to educators and those who develop curriculum for teaching, to gain knowledge that hidden curriculum exists and how to find it, would be a desirable skill.

In *The Truth About Stories*, Indigenous academic and writer Thomas King (2003) warns that a story can be the scariest thing there is on the earth. King has taught Native Studies in American and Canadian universities, as well as Native Literature and Creative Writing at the University of Guelph. *The Truth About Stories* was a compilation of his Massey Lectures. A story told one way can cure, and the same story told another way can harm, he warns us (King, 2003, p. 92). King’s words guided me throughout my study and I had second and third thoughts about anything I said. I take his warnings to heart.

When one uses a True History Lens to look at stories, when one watches out for potential harm, when one asks questions and looks for assumptions, then political meanings

and purposes that underlie stories can frequently be exposed. They can comprise “hidden curriculum” intended for consumption by a reader or learner.

Consider the Duwamish Homework Assignment (see Appendix G), as well as the four examples which I presented above, the excerpts from two newspapers, a book of pioneer reminiscences, and the reference to the Duwamish in a white trader’s journal. These contain “hidden curriculum,” which is just another name for the philosophical assumptions that underlie stories. Hidden curriculum is “a broad category that includes all of the unrecognized and sometimes unintended knowledge, values, beliefs that are part of the learning process in schools” (Horn, 2003, p. 298). Whether or not it is intentional, it serves a purpose and has consequences. For example, hidden curriculum can create docile citizens, or good workers for the country’s industries. It can be racist, sexist or classist. It can excuse and attempt to justify oppression of a social group or a race.

Marie Battiste, Mi’kmaw educator and a professor at the University of Saskatchewan, wants educators and policy makers to be aware that “in the educational environment... Aboriginal people’s experiences are relayed in spoken and unspoken messages, complete with statistics telling them it is not okay to be who they are” (2010, p. 16). Assimilation to Eurocentric ideas and the English language is normalized. Battiste states that Indigenous learners need to unlearn what they have unconsciously internalized. There is trauma which needs to be healed.

Battiste firmly states that, in order to gain an overall positive cultural identity, part of the process of unlearning oppressive messages is “to learn their own history from the perspective of members of their own culture” (2010, p. 16).

She cites Tisdell, stating that for Indigenous people to learn their own history from their own people’s perspective will be a process of “reclaiming what has been lost or unknown to them, and reframing in more positive ways what has often been cast subconsciously as negative” (Tisdell, 2003, cited in Battiste, 2010, p. 16).

What Tisdell calls ‘subconsciously’ casting historical stories in a negative way is what I and others have called hidden curriculum, in which authors may or may not have examined their underlying assumptions when creating educational materials.

It is troubling that a new generation of students of many races and backgrounds in some regions may continue to encounter similar distorted ‘histories’ such as are found in the

Homework Assignment, or in the problematic histories described earlier in this chapter. Indigenous people who retain the memories of their first hand experiences grow elderly and pass away. When reading flawed ‘histories,’ students would not learn of losses for Indigenous people since colonization. Such ‘history’ erases Indigenous people’s actual experiences in the past and present. The histories from an Indigenous perspective need to be preserved.

Without access to accurate histories told from the Indigenous perspective, there are sad consequences. Indigenous people and white mainstream people alike may point their finger at the poor social conditions in which some Indigenous people live today, and attribute personal blame, without considering the history and social environment that has brought about poverty, loss of community, and lack of access to social resources for some (Battiste, 2004). Accepting such blame contributes to personal harm such as low self-esteem and internalized oppression (accepting the negative view of mainstream society toward one’s own marginalized social group and consequently behaving toward one’s self and one’s own group in a derogatory, harmful, or even violent way).

What can we do about hidden curriculum? When problematic values are removed, we must substitute other values, or else random chance or worse will determine values underlying curriculum (Martin, 1976). That necessitates that educators and all who choose curriculum materials, as well as writers, politicians and policy makers, and counsellors and social workers—all of us—need to think about the meaning and values underlying each sentence.

All materials contain underlying assumptions and beliefs. We need to be aware of which assumptions we want to use. We need to choose carefully. As King said in *The Truth About Stories* (2003, p. 10), “once a story is told, you can’t call it back... it is loose in the world.”

How does the theme *What Made Them Strong* provide information to answer my research question?

I had inquired about the experiences of the families since colonization, and my participants’ responses revealed what made their parents and ancestors strong, resilient, to meet the challenges. The theme is one of the points on my diagram, the Indigenous Star of Resilience.

Family stories provided me with an introduction to Duwamish culture of the past and present. Culture underlies how and why the Duwamish families in this study are, as they so often state, “still here.” Learning began with descriptions of participants’ ancestors. When a person sees and admires or respects traits in a friend, family member or community member, those are generally the character traits which that person holds as valuable. One can see which traits someone holds dear by what they say about that friend or relative. Traits that a person holds as valuable are often what the individual has been striving to build in himself or herself. Many participants described their ancestors as being resilient, tenacious, hard-working, honest, and emotionally strong. Hearing this, one can see that these are some of the character traits which Duwamish participants value.

Learning about valued traits led to learning about behaviours, and it also led to learning about beliefs and assumptions. To hold a trait as being valuable is a belief.

For example, DeAnn Jacobson described her ancestor Kikisoblu’s ‘tenacity.’ Kikisoblu demonstrated tenacity when she persisted in living in her cultural lifestyle as much as possible for the rest of her life, on traditional Duwamish territory, digging clams and weaving cedar bark baskets, despite environmental and social challenges to doing so. DeAnn, in her family story, portrays ‘tenacity’ as a valuable trait.

We see behaviours taking place in the stories. The behaviours are a result of beliefs. For example, when Kikisoblu continued for many years to reside in a little house within the city of Seattle, near Pike Place Market, despite legal and social opposition, that is a behaviour. In DeAnn Jacobson’s words in her family history, Kikisoblu’s behaviour—staying—was based on the belief that staying on Duwamish land and living her traditional lifestyle was important. There was a connection to the area which should not be severed. There were positive aspects of the Duwamish way of life that were worth retaining. Her behaviour reveals her belief.

The trait of tenacity helped Kikisoblu to achieve her goal of staying on Duwamish land despite arrival of colonists in the 1850s, and the 1860s bylaw that forbade Indigenous people to have a house within Seattle. She stayed until she died in 1896, despite social pressure to leave, and despite well-known horrendous living conditions on the Seattle waterfront in the 1880s and 1890s (Thrush, 2006).

In other examples from the family stories, the parents of Cecile Hansen were described as being protective and as working hard to support and nurture their family. The father of DeAnn Jacobson was always going hunting and fishing. He “always had a fish” to share. After hearing the stories from six Duwamish families, I gained an impression of some traits that Duwamish culture holds as valuable: being a hard worker, being tenacious and resilient. I learned from behaviours. Some examples include: persistently resisting imposed oppression; respecting elders; supporting and nurturing close and extended family and supporting community members; passing on knowledge of traditional food resources and knowledge of family history; taking on responsibility; taking roles in which one works for the Indigenous people, and in many cases, staying on Duwamish territory despite colonists’ opposition. Use of humour was another behaviour which helped to empower Duwamish people. I discuss it in the following section. These were all things which made the Duwamish people strong and enabled them to say, “We are still here!”

Use of humour.

Humour was important, and all participants used it while telling of the experiences of their families. They were not all consciously aware of using it. One participant said humour was not frequently used in their family, and yet when I played their family’s recordings back, it was used throughout. When I picture that participant’s face, there was always a little smile.

James Rasmussen and Cecile Hansen said important things about humour and working for the people. Cecile said humour was a necessity in a stressful type of work, where people face opposition and criticism from inside and outside of the tribal organization. James told of occurrences in regard to political decisions that were made.

There were many examples of various types of humour in the family stories. When speaking about serious and challenging times, James broke the tension by telling a joke, such as his earlier humour about head binding and heads that were “*seriously* flat!” After speaking about the tribe’s long and frustrating fight for legal recognition (“This is a promise broken, and this needs to be righted!”). James then told the story of the Duwamish baby who bit the ankle of the government representative. Humour aids resistance to oppression. Decades after it took place, the story of the baby continues to be remembered. James used self-deprecating humour when speaking about his reaction to eating one of the traditional foods, oysters. James smiled ironically when he said that before colonization, when Duwamish left to gather

seasonal food in distant locations, they did not “lock their doors.” In other words, there was no concern about thieves until settlers arrived.

How this theme is of benefit.

I had inquired about the challenges that the families faced since colonization and how the ancestors faced and overcome them. The traits, behaviours, and connected beliefs described in the theme “What made them strong,” along with the use of humour, are some of the things that empowered the generations since colonization, so that Duwamish people did not vanish.

We, the Duwamish descendants, and other Indigenous people, along with helping professionals and educators, historians, and others in the academic world, have an opportunity to gain historical information in the stories in regard to what the Duwamish did to survive colonization. We are also being given an introduction, an opportunity for a glimpse of the Duwamish culture. We have to ask questions and work to find it, but sometimes a behaviour hints of or reveals the cultural belief underlying it. Sometimes a cultural belief or practice is unfamiliar and remains invisible in the story, and when one learns more, it becomes visible. It was there all along. A good example is in Edie Nelson’s story of when an ancestor died and her family came and took her handiwork away. It was not retribution, and disowning the family, but merely a cultural practice. The baskets were to be burned. Because our learning can be progressive over time, the stories contain material to which we can return if we are motivated to understand.

The use of humour was one of the outstanding ways that the Duwamish people stayed strong. The types of humour varied and included satire, irony, teasing, hyperbole, and self-deprecation, and the purposes included personal stress relief, to express anger, to “break the ice” in a tense situation. Humour was also demonstrated to be a way to show resistance to the oppression of governments and colonists. Humour also can temporarily shrink or relieve one’s sense of being overwhelmed by the challenges in society. Cherokee writer Thomas King (2006) writes that he tells certain stories over and over, “because they make me laugh... they are saving stories... stories that help keep me alive” (pp. 118–119). Those of us who are counsellors or social workers or in other helping professions can benefit by this awareness, and even better is to develop our own ability to use humour with clients in ways that similarly are of help.

Discussion, meaning, and usefulness of theme—Working for the People.

In this section, I review the diverse ways that my participants work for the people and discuss the skills that are needed, linking the theme to academic literature. The theme is one of the points on my diagram, the Indigenous Star of Resilience.

What is “Working for the People” and how is it of benefit?

From the findings in regard to this theme, educators, researchers, and people in the helping professions can learn about the diverse ways that Indigenous people work to advance the interests of their people.

Many of my participants support Duwamish and Indigenous people in formal and informal work that takes place inside or outside of the tribal organization. In chapter five, I presented information from fieldwork and from my participant’s stories which revealed that: Ways of working for the people are diverse; working for the people occurs within societal organizations such as schools, museums, social work agencies; it can occur within the Duwamish tribe organization itself; and, it can be done in the form of advocacy. Often, special skills are required. Sharing resources (e.g., shelter and community, food) was an important informal way of working for the people. In the participants’ family stories, I learned that it was a longstanding cultural practice for Duwamish people to share with others. All these ways of working for the people have helped the Duwamish people to survive and to say, “We are still here.”

Working for the People—the skills and attributes of an Indigenous leader.

In Chapter Five, I explored participants James Rasmussen and Cecile Hansen’s experiences of learning to work for the people. To take on the formal role of Chair or council member within the tribal organization and/or to represent the tribe in public arenas requires special skills, knowledge and wisdom. In keeping with the storytelling methodology of my study, and as an ethnographer, I will share two stories about skills, wisdom and respect, and I link the stories to literature by Voyageur (2002) and by Alfred (1999).

Duwamish Don’t Beg!—Story from journal of Julia Allain of the Curley/Scheuerman family.

At the Longhouse in May, 2012, I was listening as the tribe’s chair, Cecile Hansen, was addressing a large gathering of Duwamish people. She was raising funds for the Duwamish youth for canoeing. She was humorous and entertaining as she auctioned

off several items. Cecile Hansen had also been requesting contributions for the legal costs of the tribe's case for recognition. She was strongly urging people to give. In the past, I have heard her say, "Give till it hurts!"

Toward the end of the auctioning, a man got up. He quoted Chief Sealth. He then said, emotionally, "Duwamish don't beg! We don't beg!" One of the underlying meanings of what he said was that the Duwamish are still here in spite of being denied legal recognition, and we can still be here without a court case to "beg" for our rights. It wasn't clear whether he also thought auctioning was begging.

The room was quiet. We waited to see whether the fiery, outspoken Chair would be insulted, or angry. The situation had the potential to alienate the man. I have seen the small tribe further diminished when one person withdraws. Extended family often supports them by staying away from the Longhouse. I'm not only a researcher; I am primarily a tribe member who cares deeply what happens to the tribe. I think I was holding my breath.

Cecile Hansen thought for only a moment. Then she looked at the man, who had gone to sit down. She responded, "Thank you for your words" and there was a small pause. Then she added, "*from your heart.*" And she left it at that.

It seems to be traditional to thank people for their words. The Chair of the tribe went farther. Although she may have been taken aback by his reaction to her fundraising, I admired her decision to set her reaction aside and to show respect and acknowledgment for the beliefs that underlay what the man had said. He knew he had been heard. No one had to be "right" or "wrong."

Those listeners who did not appreciate what the man said and those listeners who agreed with him were brought together. The tension in the room was diffused, and the Chair and Tribe Secretary were able to continue with the business of the meeting.

I respected that Cecile Hansen had acknowledged and validated what the man had said, and had not pressed the issue. A good leader has to choose their battles, and choose whether something *even is* a battle, or is not. No doubt this was a small moment in her life. Maybe no one remembers it except myself, but I noticed that Cecile Hansen responded in a traditional way and a respectful way, and showed her skill as a leader in that situation of potential conflict.

"What are the characteristics of a true Native leader?" asked Taiaiake Alfred (1999), and he answers his own rhetorical question this way: "A leader is a person of responsibility and respect as opposed to one of ambition and greed: an adviser rather than an executive" (p. 90). Alfred presents four traits of leaders in traditional Native American political systems:

1. They draw on their own personal resources as sources of power. They do not give other people's money away to gain support. They are very productive, they are generous, and their values are not materialistic.
2. They set the example. They assume the responsibility of going first and taking the greatest risk for the good of the community.
3. They are modest and funny. They minimize personality conflict and use humour to deflect anger.

They are role models. They take responsibility for teaching children, and they realize the educative and empowering role of government in the community. (Alfred, 1999, p. XX)

In the story which I recorded during fieldwork experience—*Duwamish Don't Beg*—it is noticeable that Cecile Hansen demonstrates several of Alfred's (1999) criteria for being a true Native leader. She is modest; she is funny. After more than four decades of working for the Duwamish people as advocate and then as Chair, she shows humility about her role in the tribe's accomplishments. She did not take credit for the tribe's purchase of land and the construction of a Longhouse and cultural centre which was a major accomplishment of the tribe during her lengthy term as Chair. She views accomplishments as the result of group work.

In the story *Duwamish Don't Beg!* Cecile minimized personality conflict and she showed respect. Similar skills emerge in the fieldwork story which follows.

No bitterness—Story from the journal of Julia Allain of the Curley/Scheuerman family.

There had been a conflict and a relationship break between the Chair of the tribe and an old friend. The friend was a tribe member who had been on council. As Voyageur (2002) said, the conflicts between leaders and council members can be hurtful. After a year had gone by, Cecile Hansen was attending a public event. She knew this tribe member would be present, also representing Duwamish people. Cecile prepared a lovely gift, and surrounded it with eagle down. She gave it to the tribe member and said, "I do not want there to be bitterness between us." I saw from the tribe member's story that she felt respected. Her heart was touched. Her issues and concerns were still there, but her emotions such as anger and frustration were alleviated, to some extent.

Similarly to her handling of conflict in the story about the man who said, "Duwamish don't beg!" I noticed that in this story, *No Bitterness*, Cecile's particular choice of words

when resolving the issue with the former council member meant that the relationship could be restored without either person having to acknowledge being right or wrong.

When a small minority group is facing huge challenges from the dominant society, there can be situations when it is better for members in conflict not to have to work out who was wrong, and to what extent. It can be more effective to set aside anger and bitterness, and to keep working together toward common goals. That was a finding in the unpublished Master's research of social worker and educator Abebe Teklu (2002), who studied the healing and reconciliation process among a diverse group of fewer than 200 Ethiopians on Vancouver Island, Canada. They were uniting to strengthen and empower their small community of immigrants, yet they had to overcome their fairly recent traumatic history of warfare with each other when in their former country. Group members held a culture-based philosophy which Teklu (also Ethiopian) knew from his homeland. He called it in Amharic language, *Yhunlh* and in the Tigrigna tongue, *Ykunelka*. In English, it is "Let it be." It is described in the paper "Let It Be: A Solution-Focused Philosophy" (Teklu & Allain, 2007).

The immigrants in Teklu's study in 2002 drew on cultural wisdom from their diverse backgrounds within the borders of Ethiopia. "By saying 'Let it be,' the people remain together in peace" is an Ethiopian proverb, as is "The road and an argument end when one wants them to end." The futility of trying to change the past is shown in the proverb, "We don't build a house for last winter." By using of "Let it be"—setting aside the past differences and bitterness—and by working together to achieve shared goals, the group achieved a noticeably successful reconciliation (Teklu & Allain, 2007). The community members were successful in achieving several goals which helped them to have a better adjustment to life in Canada (Teklu, 2002).

For Cecile Hansen, it was necessary to develop skills for handling conflict and challenging situations as the years passed. She describes this process in her story, "Becoming a leader and the Chair of the Duwamish tribe." James Rasmussen found the same necessity, which has been described in his story, *Learning To Be a Leader Under Fire*. Both stories are included in the Appendices. With the Duwamish tribe, as with other groups, there can be anger and conflict when council members disagree on issues about which they care deeply. Cecile Hansen has stayed on as leader throughout the conflicts and the successes. At the time of writing, she appears to be the Duwamish leader for life, as the tribe's constitution allows.

Certainly, politics, by which I mean differing opinions, dissent, and sometimes conflict, exists in any organization and any Indigenous tribe or band, as well as among the Indigenous groups without legal recognition, such as the Duwamish organization and others. Cora Voyageur (2002), a sociologist of Athabasca-Chipewyan ancestry, writes of the experiences of women chiefs and leaders. She reports that they can be exhausted from being “always on, with little or no down time.” They may endure open or covert intimidation. Voyageur’s women chiefs advise other Indigenous women entering a leadership role to be aware that “the criticism you receive will sting and it may come from people you never expected to be critical of you.... Be brave... be honest with yourself and others... toughen up!”

Other researchers contribute their ideas to what constitutes effective Indigenous leadership. Allis Pakki Chipps-Sawyer wrote that on Vancouver Island the Nitinaht name for the head of the village translates as “a good and proper person,” and if this person was later deemed to make decisions that were not proper, village members could just leave—they could live in any other village in which they had relatives (2007, p. 294).

Exploration of the theme—Intermarriage.

In the previous chapter, I presented information and quotations from participants’ stories which supported the theme *Intermarriage*. In the current chapter, I discuss how the theme provides information to answer the research question. The theme is one of the five points on my diagram, the Indigenous Star of Resilience. I explore how Intermarriage has been a traditional practice which later evolved, and has been a benefit to Duwamish people. I briefly discuss the issue of blood “quantum,” and the theme closes with a discussion of the nurturing and harvesting of traditional foods.

Intermarriage is a traditional practice.

As I described in Chapter Five, several participants told me of intermarriage between Duwamish ancestors and settlers. Originally, Duwamish people relied on the practice of intermarriage in pre-colonization times, to develop supportive links between groups in widely diverse regions within their trading area. The trading area reached far to the north and south, and east to Montana and Idaho.

Before colonization by white settlers, such “intermarriage” was between two different Indigenous groups, e.g., Duwamish and Cowichan. After colonization in the mid-1800s, the intermarriage was actually a mixed marriage; it grew out of the traditional practice of intermarriage and for the same reasons – economic benefits and stability between groups. Duwamish persons entered marital partnerships with settlers, usually white, but also others such as Hawaiian, Filipino, Black, and Asian persons.

In academic literature, the longstanding practice of intermarriage is recorded and discussed. Alexandra Harmon speaks at length about the custom of intermarriage between members of different groups in her well-documented book, *Indians in the Making* (1998). Harmon includes a story of a Skagit girl who was caught on a beach by a member of another tribe. The captor asks who her father is, and makes payment to him, and receives payment as well, “after which they were married” (1998, p. 13). This family story of intermarriage had occurred one hundred and fifty years before it was told to the man who recorded it. It explained the storyteller’s mixed ancestry, Skagit and Klallam. Similarly to Harmon’s story, my participant Virginia Nelson told me of her ancestor, Quitsdeetsa, a high status woman, who was captured by the Yakima people. Later, reparation was made. It took the form of granting rights to use a piece of land. I was unable to gain further detail.

Duwamish people are aware that long ago Duwamish people relocated singly and in groups to other regions. These people also became trading partners. For example, the Salish Kootenay people in Montana speak Lushootseed and are Duwamish in origin. They were trading partners of Seattle area Duwamish people. James Rasmussen told the story of learning history from a Salish Kootenay man from the Flathead reservation in Montana. After an epidemic, a very long time ago, a group of Duwamish left the Pacific coast and migrated east, and these people carried on the head-binding tradition. They were termed “Flatheads” by white colonists. In his story, *Anne Tuttle and changing times for the Duwamish*, James Rasmussen discussed the cultural modification of foreheads practiced by certain Coast Salish groups. The Puget Sound Duwamish used to bind the heads of infants in high status families. This practice resulted in persons such as Chief Sealth and his brother, Chief Suquardle, having foreheads that were, as James humorously noted, “*Seriously flat!*”

When outsiders who arrived circa 1850 to live in Elliott Bay and surrounding Duwamish territory, intermarriage was a long established practice and was not, for

Duwamish people, an unexpected occurrence. It continued, for the same reasons as in the past: economic benefit, stability, and connections in time of warfare.

When Duwamish people began practicing intermarriage with the settlers, the marriages were more than marriage between diverse Indigenous groups. The marriages were now inter-racial. Participants spoke of ancestors after colonization who were white and some family ancestors also included people who were Black. Harmon speaks of intermarriage with Hawaiians as well, who arrived with the ships.

In other parts of North America, interracial unions had been taking place for more than two hundred years before settlers arrived in Seattle. In *Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur-trade Society, 1670–1870*, historian and academic Sylvie Van Kirk (1993) discusses many documented unions, which were usually traditional country marriages, also called marriage according to the custom of the country, or *a la facon du pays*. Some were temporary, while others were happy alliances that lasted for decades, until death.

Among my participants' families, there are many examples of intermarriage immediately around the time of colonization. Mary Talesa, the granddaughter of Chief Seattle, married a white settler who ran a trading post. They are ancestors of the Sackman family. In the Tuttle family, Annie (Quitsdeetsa) married Abner Tuttle who had crossed the continent to settle in Seattle. In the Curley/ Scheuerman family, it was Susan Curlay, the daughter of Chief Suquardle, who became the country wife of Henry Yesler. The sawmill owner. Cecile Hansen and Cindy Williams had a colonist ancestor, John Garrison, who married Jane (Jennie), niece of Chief Seattle.

Why did Duwamish people intermarry with settlers of another race? James Rasmussen emphasizes that "There was a reason!" James made two consecutive statements concerning having mixed ancestry. He began by saying: Because, when you have settler ancestors, *there was a reason!* In my family, there was a reason that that happened! Without that, we couldn't have stayed here."

I noted that James Rasmussen's statement provides support for the theme about intermarriage, which was reliance on a traditional practice. His statements provide oral evidence from family stories, evidence that reveals how some Duwamish families were able to remain on traditional land right in the city of Seattle during an era when Indigenous people were pushed out soon after colonization and before long were legally barred from the city.

James Rasmussen's family stories revealed how Duwamish people were using a traditional practice, intermarriage, all along, and when settlers arrived, some Duwamish people used that traditional practice for their own economic benefit, and, importantly, to stay on their land. James said,

And it's also part of our tradition to marry into other cultures, whether it be another tribe like Suquamish or Snoqualmie or Yakima—which, all of which I have relatives among. His was just the new people that were moving in, and that was the important thing to do.

Here, James—a Duwamish person who knows his family and tribe's history very well—provides support for what Harmon wrote about in *Indians in the Making* (1998) and what the historian Sylvie Van Kirk (1993) had documented so well in *Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur-trade Society, 1670–1870*.

Edie Loyer Nelson told of an ancestor, Lisa, who died not long after giving birth, and she spoke of the Duwamish mother's concern and disapproval that her daughter had given birth three times in three years. The daughter was married to a white colonist. Historian Van Kirk writes that Indigenous women may have not benefitted from marriage to white colonists as much as outsiders might think. She states, “They bore children more frequently and for a longer period of time... it was not uncommon for the wives of fur traders to give birth to from eight to twelve children, whereas the average in Cree society was four” (Van Kirk, 1993, p. 86). Babies in Indigenous culture were breast fed for as much as four years. Traders discouraged the lengthy nursing of children; then childbirth occurred more frequently, whereas in the Indigenous communities around the era of colonization, children were being born approximately three years apart (Van Kirk, 1993).

In the era of colonization, intermarriage was taken up by many colonists and Duwamish to suit the purposes of both. Yet some of the colonizers viewed intermarriage in a very negative way. For example, the first clergyman to arrive at Fort Vancouver in 1836, the Reverend Herbert Beaver, denounced the vice of the people and refused to accept the married couples who were wed according to the custom of the country. He called them “kept mistresses” (Van Kirk, 1993, p. 155), who could not associate with proper women such as his wife.

My family knows that Methodist minister and settler David Blaine preached from his pulpit against my ancestor, Henry Yesler, for his taking a country wife, Susan, the daughter

of Chief Suquardle. Similarly, settler Charles Prosch wrote in *Reminiscences of Washington Territory* that cohabiting with Indians as Yesler and others had done “gave birth to a class of vagabonds who promised to become the most vicious and troublesome element in the population” (2012, p. 27, cited in Klinge, 2007, p. 33). History denies the negative beliefs and predictions of Prosch and the Blaines and their like. To the contrary, as historian Coll Thrush (2007) describes in *Native Seattle*, the Indigenous people, whether or not of mixed ancestry, were an integral part of the building of the city over the decades that followed the arrival of settlers.

Intermarriage—A thorny issue.

When I began the study, exploring the issue of mixed ancestry was extremely challenging and uncomfortable for me. I was perplexed for a long time as to whether to write about the intermarriages with white and black colonists, and to address in some way the mixed ancestry of tribe members. It was my experience as a tribe member that people did not talk about it. Mixed ancestry might be an issue for a large number of us, a thorny issue: How could I discuss it? Yet, how could I ignore it? The data revealed that participants sometimes did address this issue in their personal life, in regard to their identity and their participation in the tribe.

I mulled over these issues for perhaps a year. Then I began to set down my thoughts. I had noticed that in family stories, white settlers seemed valued and played an important role in the family of participants. The first participant told me of William DeShaw, who operated a trading post and who married Kikisoblu’s daughter, Mary Talesa. There was also Abner Tuttle, the pioneer who crossed North America to make a farm and orchard on Beacon Hill with Quitsdeetsa. There was Henry Yesler, the sawmill owner in his forties who came out from the Eastern USA to make his fortune: he took a chief’s teenaged daughter, Susan, as a wife. He stood out to Kathie Zetterberg. There were non-Indigenous ancestors who made a deep impression on participants in some way. I wanted to ignore the importance of the white settler ancestors. Yet mixed ancestry kept on emerging from the data like an unexpected island looming up out of the fog.

Eventually, I came across the work of Harmon (1998), which provided an academic documentation that intermarriage was a beneficial traditional cultural practice. The Duwamish and Suquamish and other groups around Puget Sound had established a broad

web of family connections. Most people, and especially those of higher status, aspired to marry outside their villages “for economic and social reasons... even outside their language group” (Harmon, 1998, p. 8). Soon after, when reviewing transcripts of interviews, I began to see that James Rasmussen had pointed the way, saying, “There was a reason!” His words had been buried in my mountain of data. His stories supported my realization that intermarriage was not a thorny issue to avoid. Paradoxically, I had discovered that intermarriage and mixed ancestry were very much worth writing about. Intermarriage was worthy of exploration as a traditional practice that continued after colonization, and was of benefit to tribe members.

Intermarriage was a cultural practice that had benefitted the Duwamish and their trading partners, probably for centuries. It made relationships between tribes and groups more stable and it led to economic benefits with trading partners. After colonization, intermarriage was now inter-racial, and it continued to benefit the Duwamish who practiced it, economically, and in regard to safety and stability. As James Rasmussen said, after colonization, Duwamish people became intermarried with “the new people” who had arrived and settled all around them.

One important benefit of intermarriage that I began to realize as I looked at my data was that some Duwamish people were able to stay in their traditional home regions, and staying on their ancestral land was very important to them. Some examples include the Tuttle family, the Curley/ Scheuerman family, and the Sackman family, whose participants provided clear information concerning ancestors who were able to reside in and around Seattle even after settlers had divided up the land for themselves, and enacted bylaws which attempted to prevent Indigenous people from staying there.

Quantum: A consequence of intermarriage.

An Indian is an Indian regardless of the degree of Indian blood or which little government card they do or do not possess. (Mankiller, 1999)

In his stories, participant James Rasmussen discussed the cultural practice of intermarriage with other Indigenous groups within the trading areas of the Duwamish. “Quantum” is the consequence of modern day intermarriage between settlers and Indigenous people, and many of my Duwamish participants believe quantum would not have mattered if it were not for governments and policies. Quantum refers to the percentage of Indigenous

blood that a person has. In the United States, blood quantum legally determines tribe membership.

In his stories, James Rasmussen spoke of the subject of quantum and told of a meeting where the tribe considered changing its constitution to require applicants to have a certain amount of Duwamish blood for membership. They decided not to do so. How could they eliminate people who may have worked for the tribe for years? How could they eliminate their own grandchildren? These are some of the issues raised. James believes that quantum blood requirements come completely “from government.”

James spoke also of the social issues for persons with mixed ancestry, particularly when one person’s appearance is more stereotypically “Native” looking – dark hair, tanned skin, brown eyes – than that of others. Speaking of quantum, legal recognition, and of the lack of financial resources for cultural education and support, James emphasizes the need to change the situation for some Duwamish children, who are stigmatized and harmed when youth from other tribes repeat their parents’ words: “these are not real Indians.” He told stories of conflict and he also told stories of acceptance, in particular when his family took part in Tribal Journeys.

My research revealed that James Rasmussen is correct that the issues of quantum originated with governments of the colonists. In the United States, the use of “blood quantum” or degree of blood began in 1705 in laws in the colony of Virginia. Civil rights were denied to anyone who was the child of an *Indian* or of a *Negro* and even a great-grandchild was inferior under the law. Other colonies and states followed suit (Forbes, 2000).

In the late 19th Century, the American federal government began to use degree of blood when enrolling persons into recognized tribes. An Indigenous person was a ward of the government, but the higher the amount of white blood he or she had, the more rights were granted, e.g., to sell property. If succeeding generations became *white enough*, the children were considered legally competent, and would no longer be enrolled as a tribe member. That governmental policy would ultimately end the existence of a tribe. The recording of blood quantum, states Forbes, is a product of white racism, and it is also part of a plan wherein tribes are expected to disappear when the blood quantum reaches a legally set level, e.g., seventy-five percent (Forbes, 2000er).

Indigenous ancestry is calculated from federally recognized tribes. It leads to all sorts of dilemmas. If a person had a Suquamish grandparent, two Duwamish grandparents, and a Canadian Indigenous grandparent, they would in fact have 100 percent Indigenous ancestry. However, only the Suquamish is recognized by the American government, making this person count as having 25 percent of recognized American Indian blood.

Discussion of the theme—Working with Youth.

The theme *Working with Youth* is one of the points on my diagram, the Indigenous Star of Resilience. Working with the youth down through the generation has been done in different ways, in different eras. When James Rasmussen's grandfather took him along, travelling, when he met with other Duwamish people, he was teaching culture and behaviour, and respect, and what is important to Indigenous people. Today, Duwamish adults teach the same things but in new ways, to a new generation of youth who encounter different issues than their grandparents, and yet, some of the issues remain the same. Working with the youth passes on the culture and history. Participants spoke of empowering the youth to grow into healthy people, ready to face challenges, informed about their culture, and proud of who they are. This is the resilience created by this point and the other four points in the Star of Resilience.

James Rasmussen tells of his motivation to support and encourage the youth to learn and to be confident with practicing cultural traditions and protocols, songs, and activities such as canoeing in the annual Canoe Journey. He views the Longhouse as very important in that process of helping the youth become confident in who they are. In his stories, James spoke of the manner in which youth are taught. They were fortunate to have Mike Evans available for a long time, to teach and work with the youth.

In a meeting at the Duwamish Longhouse in 2013, youth appeared and sang and drummed for the tribe. If these are some of the same young people whom I saw in 2005 at the first meeting I attended, when they sang a welcome song in the park across from where the Longhouse now stands, they have grown up. They were confident and beautiful, and the adults of the tribe were proud. The youth showed us that they knew the traditional way of introducing themselves, saying who they descend from, and their family name, which some of the adults do not know how to do, because we did not have a meeting place and cultural centre in which to learn.

The experiences of racism have often resulted in youth receiving mixed messages of pride and secrecy about their Indigenous ancestry. Participants spoke of their hope that youth of future generations will not face the racism and bigotry of the past and the present. Many of my participants have been actively working to help to accomplish these wishes for future generations. Earlier generations of Duwamish families kept the nurturing of the youth in mind as well. That has been one of the reasons why the Duwamish people were resilient and survived the challenges of colonization, and we can say we are still here today.

History is Closely Connected with Identity

The following are ten questions that my participants, like other Indigenous people, may have asked themselves. Many participants told of setting out to find the answers. Others had parents who were fortunate enough to be able to tell them. Some found answers from relatives not in the immediate family, and by looking into existing records as well.

Ten Identity Questions that Every Indigenous Child Should be Able to Answer

Who are my people?

Where did my people begin?

Where did my people come from to get here?

Where and when did my people move? How many of my people moved?

Where are my people now?

What have my people contributed?

What was done to my people? When? How?

What are the responses of my people to what was done to them?

What are my people like culturally? Physically?

How are my people now? Where are my people today? What are they doing?

These identity questions can be used to examine the issue of Indigenous children's participation in education regarding their cultural identity (Pepper, 2010).

It seemed to me that some of the participants have yearned to know the answers to these questions at some point in their life, and they want better circumstances for the youth. The participants' stories reveal that a majority realized that the portrayal of Duwamish

people in settler accounts, historical accounts, and educational materials was problematic, and sometimes it remains so even today. It did not include the Duwamish viewpoint.

Participants such as Virginia and Kathie expressed indignation.

Youth will encounter misunderstanding. There were cultural differences in assumptions about the world in the mid-nineteenth century when colonists arrived at Elliott Bay, resulting in subsequent behaviours toward the environment and the Indigenous population. My participant, DeAnn Jacobson, and other participants spoke of misunderstanding existing ever since the European colonists encountered the Indigenous people. Immediately on arrival, the settlers frantically set about cutting down the forests, building a dock and a sawmill, and building houses and businesses (Klinge, 2007). The Duwamish had been living at Elliott Bay and around the nearby lakes and rivers for centuries, harvesting seafood and other materials with little impact on the environment and resources. Imagine their thoughts at seeing forests harvested, the harbour changed, and rivers diverted and even drained. At the same time, the settlers misunderstood the Duwamish living in harmony with their environment and resources. Settlers saw the work efforts of the Duwamish and other neighbouring tribes as less “frantic” and that was as a sign of “moral inferiority” to settlers (p. 31). The Methodist minister, David Blaine, stated that the Indigenous people were “retarding the wheels of all true progress” and he wished to see the Duwamish “removed from our midst” (p. 36), while his wife Catherine stated that the Indians were “at best, a poor degraded race” (p. 30).

A majority of participants noticed the lack of history from the Duwamish viewpoint. It will be discouraging if the next generation of Duwamish youth cannot access a more accurate history. In recent years, it is encouraging to see the work of Harmon, Thrush, and De Danaan, along with increased publication by Indigenous authors.

To return to the quotation with which I opened this section, *Ten Identity Questions*, I connect that list of rights with the feelings that several participants expressed concerning their own lack of knowledge about their Duwamish culture and history when growing up. Participants from the Fowler family expressed their indignation and sense of loss when remembering that they grew up without knowing about the Duwamish culture and history or even their own family history, which was hidden from them. All school children in Seattle learned about the famous Chief Sealth, or Chief Seattle, but David and Vern did not know

until many years later that he was their direct ancestor. They knew there was a loss; they felt the loss.

It was the hope of many participants that our youth will feel openly confident and proud of who they are, unlike some of their recent ancestors. Families in my study had experiences of a generation in the 20th century in which someone firmly kept secrecy about their Duwamish family history. Usually, that person felt conflicting emotions about their Indigenous ancestry. They felt shame, and pride, and sometimes fear. Internal conflict was caused by societal oppression, by acts or threats based on racism. Conflict was sometimes caused by what one could call “brainwashing,” in which students were led to disrespect their own language and culture during education in the mission schools or Indian boarding schools and were told that teaching it to their children would be detrimental (Chipps-Sawyer, 2007, p. 132). Conflicting beliefs about ancestry, both pride and shame, were demonstrated by the culturally oppressed person’s behaviours or words, revealed by descendants in the family stories. These family members were from what I came to think of as the “silent generation.” He or she usually passed on little information—or none—about their Duwamish family history to the next generation, and the Lushootseed language was not transmitted.

Those stories struck a note with me, on a personal level. I saw that we Duwamish descendants share a common bond. On the individual level, we can each gain new insight into our own conflicted family member’s experiences by learning about the past experiences of other Duwamish families. We might gain understanding of a troubled member of our parents’ or grandparents’ generation. That is an unexpected benefit of the study.

Going beyond the personal and individual level, the stories are useful because they provide some answers on a broader scale.

The suffering of Indigenous people that occurred immediately after colonization, and which occurred again in the “Progressive Era” is painful to hear. There was a period of extensive engineering to create the Ship Canal and to straighten the Duwamish River in the first twenty years of the 1900s (Thrush, 2006, p. 101), and the needs of Indigenous residents for homes, fish, waterfowl, were irrelevant to the planners and engineers (p. 103). Some Duwamish people starved and died. The landscape was radically changed. Bylaws and state laws were oppressive. People left Washington State, to survive. Some registered with nearby reservations. Some found ways to stay and work in or near Seattle. Those who were poor,

hungry, ill, or landless after colonization were blamed for their own circumstances, which arose from economic oppression.

As participants such as DeAnn Jacobson said, we should not tell the youth only a pretty picture of their Indigenous ancestors' history. Participants stated that they believe their children and grandchildren should learn what really happened, the true history, including even the colonists' cruelty and their misunderstandings... and ignorance. If writers and curriculum creators include the full story of the consequences of colonization, it will be a true history for readers of all races. By hearing of the challenges, Indigenous youth will have the opportunity to fully understand the strength, courage, persistence, and endurance of their ancestors.

Often, the participants focussed on their hopes for youth. They frequently related their hopes for youth to what they had found missing for themselves. One person who did not know his ancestry and heritage while growing up said he hoped for better for the youth. One person who had to hide his identity as a child now hoped for youth to have pride in their identity. Each participant ended their stories with their wishes for the future for youth and the Duwamish people.

Future Research

As elders pass on, the tribe is losing many of its family and cultural stories and teachings. My research was done without any funding and I resided across the Canadian border, at a distance from my participants. I'd have liked to do more. It would be valuable for this study to be continued with the other families of the tribe who were not part of this study.

It would also be valuable to interview and collect the family stories of people with Duwamish ancestry who reside on the Muckleshoot and other reservations and who have taken membership in tribes other than the Duwamish. To combine the stories from the two branches of ancestry might be a first step toward healing the rift between the two groups. If at a future time the two groups can come together amicably and respectfully to work for the needs of both groups, the situation will no longer be based on the concept of divide and conquer. There is power in unity. Could unity and support be achieved, then perhaps improved resources will be found which will help Duwamish youth to face a better future.

Because stories could be said to be saturated in their teller's point of view, underpinned with the teller's assumptions, I did not choose to draw on information from pioneer settlers and their sons and daughters, such as *Four Wagons West: The Story of Seattle* (Watt, 1931). The title alone implies that the author believed that the city grew and was created only by the pioneer settlers. Thrush (2006) has addressed that issue in *Native Seattle*. I drew on books by Thrush (2006, 2007), Harmon (1998), and De Danaan (2013), who are not Indigenous people but who give us information in different ways than in pioneer tales. Thrush, Harmon, and De Danaan have worked closely with Indigenous people for a lengthy period of time, and have gained a deep understanding of how the history of Puget Sound and Seattle area's colonization might appear from the perspective of a Coast Salish resident. They have been exposed to theories of ethics, and ethics involved in research with Indigenous people. Nevertheless, future research could take an interesting journey if the researcher created a study to investigate both views of the era of colonization, to compare experiences. Nicholas Schaeffer was relieved when he saw the warship *Decatur* in Seattle's harbour; what did Duwamish and other leaders think when it arrived and the power of cannons was demonstrated for them?

To think about both points of view, both sorts of historical experiences and the two differing sets of assumptions which underlie the stories would, in a way, verge on what Battiste called "Two Eyed Seeing," although she uses this concept in a larger scale in her article, "Nourishing the Learning Spirit" (2010, p. 17). The concept of Two Eyed Seeing originated with Indigenous elder Albert Marshall. It means to normalize Indigenous knowledge (science and philosophy as well as history) in the curriculum. Thus, both Indigenous and mainstream or conventional perspectives and knowledge would become accessible to enrich all learners, all peoples.

It would be interesting and would fill out the exploration of what was happening as the city of Seattle began to grow and develop economically and socially if a researcher was able to include a third viewpoint from people whom I conceive of as "the outsider group," because they are outsiders to both the Duwamish and the white settlers. There were Indigenous Hawaiians who arrived on ships, as well as Jamaicans (one married into the Garrison family), and there were Asian workers. What did these non-white and non-Coast Salish people observe and experience as they watched colonization unfold? What was their

part in it? It could be extremely valuable to explore all three viewpoints—Duwamish, white, and the outsider group, in one study. I believe we would obtain a more holistic picture of the era of colonization.

An area of interest for future research is Duwamish spirituality as the present generation views and practices it. Most participants spoke about it. I did not explore it, believing one interview on broad topics was not an opportunity to focus on spirituality. It was important to my participants, in their lives, and to each in a different way.

Conclusion

To explore my research question—What strengths have carried the Duwamish people through their experiences since colonization?—I have gathered the family histories of six Duwamish families, and explored what has encouraged and strengthened Duwamish people and provided meaning during their lives. The family stories reveal beliefs and practices (including cultural beliefs and practices) that have been helpful for families, individuals, and the tribe. The stories also reveal the ways in which Duwamish people have resisted oppression—this human ability to resist is ubiquitous, according to researcher and psychologist Alan Wade (1997). People always resist to the maximum that is safely possible, and sometimes go beyond safety. We have resisted, and we are still here. As Thomas King, Cherokee academic and author says, “One of the surprising things about Indians is that we are still here” after five hundred years of “vigorous encouragement to assimilate and disappear” (King, 2003, p. 128).

My five themes were: Working for the People; Working with the Youth; Intermarriage; What Made them Strong; and Finding a True History. I came to realize that the themes were five elements that had contributed to the resilience of Duwamish people, and I created a symbol or diagram, the Indigenous Star of Resilience. The value of my research: the usefulness for academics, educators, social workers, counsellors, and helping professionals has been incorporated into discussion of each theme in foregoing sections of this chapter.

My record of the things that Duwamish people see as important in their own families’ experiences will help to prevent Duwamish family histories and their group story from being erased by the actions of the larger society. The record will highlight the ways that culture has

been of value, and the ways that Duwamish individuals survived and even thrived since colonization.

Both stages of my study are of benefit to the families and to the tribe, to future generations. In stage one, I gathered family stories from six of the Duwamish families. The collected family stories will be empowering for Duwamish youth who read them. The stories, preserved in my dissertation, fill gaps in family history for some Duwamish people in the future. As well, excerpts from the stories could be used for curriculum one day. Their written existence in my dissertation addresses the lack of recorded stories from the Duwamish perspective, accomplishing a social justice goal for Duwamish people. It is my hope that the knowledge gained will benefit academic people who teach and conduct research concerning the experiences of First Nations people since colonization.

The analysis of the family narratives provides knowledge and perhaps builds bridges of understanding for all those diverse persons (e.g., politicians, non-governmental organizations and societies, civic organizations, media) who work with Duwamish and other First Nations people.

The work began by enriching the researcher. As I said previously, in the words of Coast Salish elder Vi Hilbert, this work has been *switulis uyayus*, “work that the Creator wrapped around me” (Yoder, 2004). To do it was a gift. Now my part is ending. It continues to be my hope that the work goes on to enrich the lives of others. Will there be change? Will conditions improve for Indigenous people in North America? Will anyone in power ever use the work that Indigenous researchers publish and present? I agree with the words of Cherokee educator and author Thomas King, who calls himself a “hopeful pessimist” (2003, p. 92). King explains that as a hopeful pessimist, he writes knowing that his stories will not change the world, yet “we wrote in the hope that they would” 2003, p. 92. King said in an interview in 2014, “If we despair, change will never happen” and then he added, “I do my part to keep it going. That’s all I can do. And, watch. That’s about as hopeful as I can be” (King, 2014).

As for all my participants who opened their hearts and told their stories, they deserve the respect of all of us who hear their stories. To them, I say, “I raise my hands to you!”

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Appendices

Appendix A: Human Research Ethics Committee Certificate of Approval



University of Victoria

Human Research Ethics Board
 Office of Research Services
 Administrative Services Building
 PO Box 1700 STN CSC
 Victoria British Columbia V8W 2Y2 Canada
 Tel 250-472-4545, Fax 250-721-8960
 Email ethics@uvic.ca Web www.research.uvic.ca

Certificate of Approval

| | |
|--|--|
| PRINCIPAL INVESTIGATOR: Julia Allain | ETHICS PROTOCOL NUMBER: 11-431 |
| UVic STATUS: Ph.D. Student | ORIGINAL APPROVAL DATE: 18-Oct-11 |
| UVic DEPARTMENT: EDCI | APPROVED ON: 18-Oct-11 |
| SUPERVISOR: Dr. Lorna Williams | APPROVAL EXPIRY DATE: 17-Oct-12 |
| PROJECT TITLE: Duwamish history in Duwamish voices: Weaving our family stories. | |
| RESEARCH TEAM MEMBERS: None | |
| DECLARED PROJECT FUNDING: None | |
| CONDITIONS OF APPROVAL | |
| <p>This Certificate of Approval is valid for the above term provided there is no change in the protocol.</p> <p>Modifications To make any changes to the approved research procedures in your study, please submit a "Request for Modification" form. You must receive ethics approval before proceeding with your modified protocol.</p> <p>Renewals Your ethics approval must be current for the period during which you are recruiting participants or collecting data. To renew your protocol, please submit a "Request for Renewal" form before the expiry date on your certificate. You will be sent an emailed reminder prompting you to renew your protocol about six weeks before your expiry date.</p> <p>Project Closures When you have completed all data collection activities and will have no further contact with participants, please notify the Human Research Ethics Board by submitting a "Notice of Project Completion" form.</p> | |
| Certification | |
| <p>This certifies that the UVic Human Research Ethics Board has examined this research protocol and concluded that, in all respects, the proposed research meets the appropriate standards of ethics as outlined by the University of Victoria Research Regulations Involving Human Participants.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Rachael Scarth</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dr. Rachael Scarth Associate Vice-President, Research</p> | |

Certificate Issued On: 18-Oct-11

11-431 Allain, Julia

Appendix B: Duwamish Permission Letter

February 5, 2010

To Whom It May Concern:

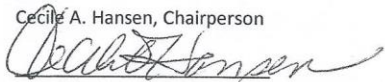
The Honorable Chairperson, Cecile Hansen, and undersigned Duwamish Tribal Council Members do hereby support the research proposed by tribal member, Julia Allain, for the completion of her Ph.D. dissertation.

It is understood that Ms. Allain will be gathering histories and life experiences in story form of Duwamish families and individuals. Ms. Allain feels that this is an important way to preserve information that is at risk of being lost. We can only encourage Duwamish people who are asked to participate to support Ms. Allain in this important work.

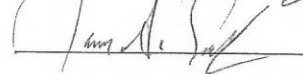
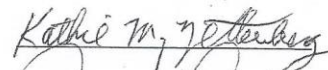
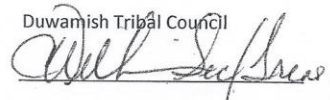
We further understand that Julia Allain may need to photocopy or photograph artifacts and documents that are available by museums and public domain collections and also private owners. We support this activity and would urge all interested tribal members to share with Julia Allain at their own discretion and as you deem appropriate due to issues of confidentiality. Any information that is shared will be treated with the utmost respect and honor and will only serve to benefit future preservation of the Duwamish People.

Signed,

Cecile A. Hansen, Chairperson



Duwamish Tribal Council



Appendix C: Duwamish Permission Letter from Participants

[Your department letterhead]

Participant Consent Form

Project title: Duwamish history in Duwamish voices: Weaving our family stories

You are invited to participate in a study entitled “**Duwamish history in Duwamish voices: Weaving our family stories.**” The study is being conducted by myself, Julia Allain. I am a member of the Duwamish tribe, and I belong to the Curley family.

I am a doctoral candidate in the Department of Curriculum and Instruction, Faculty of Education at the University of Victoria and you may contact me if you have further questions by telephoning 1(250)818-4140 or writing to me in care of the Faculty of Education, University of Victoria, Box 1700, Station CSC, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada V8W 2Y2..

As a graduate student, I am required to conduct research as part of the requirements for a Ph.D. degree in Education (Curriculum and Instruction). It is being conducted under the supervision of Dr. Lorna Williams.

You may contact my supervisor at 1(250) 472-5499.

Purpose and Objectives

The purpose of this research project is to gather histories of how Duwamish families have lived their lives, kept their culture, and faced the challenges since colonization of Duwamish territory approximately 160 years ago.

My research question is: “What strengths have carried the Duwamish people through the experiences since colonization?” I want to uncover what the families’ experiences were. Further, I want to discover beliefs, values and practices that have been important to Duwamish people from colonization to the present time.

Importance of this Research

Research of this type is important because the findings will fill in missing information in Duwamish history since colonization, providing information that is drawn from a Duwamish perspective. Such information has generally been missing from the record. The information from family histories will provide deeper understanding for Duwamish people, the public, educators and academics, and it will support a positive sense of identity for Duwamish youth, as they grow up as a minority group in American society. As well, the genealogical information recorded in my study could help future generations of Duwamish people to prove their ancestry and find missing family members.

Participant Selection

You are being asked to participate in this study because you are an adult with Duwamish ancestry and belong to one of the twelve historical Duwamish families.

What is involved

If you agree to voluntarily participate in this research, your participation will include gathering your family information (genealogy, a family “tree” list of names) in advance, and setting aside other items that you may wish to discuss, such as family photographs, newspaper articles, or other special items related to your family.

You will arrange to meet with me on one or two occasions for one hour to one and a half hours each time. We will meet somewhere quiet that we agree on (for example, it could be a room in the Duwamish Longhouse, or at your home, or it could be outdoors (weather permitting) at a place that is special in your family history).

When we meet, I will ask you about your family’s history. I may make written notes, and/or record our discussion on audiotape with tape recorder so that later a transcription can be made. If you consent, I might take a photo of you, or something you care about such as an object from your family’s history.

Further, during this project, I will write in a journal. I may be present at a Duwamish gathering (such as the annual meeting at the Longhouse) and I may write in my journal afterward, concerning my participation. The purpose of journaling is to enhance and clarify my own learning about the Duwamish tribe and cultural way of doing things. It is possible you might be present at such a gathering, and this be noted in my journal. If there is a negative event (e.g., I felt uncomfortable in some possible group situation), I will not use your name.

If there is a positive event, such as you taking on a new role in the group or speaking on a topic, I am asking for your permission to use your name when using my journal observations as data in my study.

Inconvenience

Participation in this study may cause some inconvenience to you, including giving up one to one and a half hours of your time, during one or two meetings with myself.

Risks

When you participate in this research and provide a narrative oral history for your family, it is possible that at times you may feel emotions such as sadness or grief when telling of some past events or of family member who have now passed on. Please remember that I also share a Duwamish family history which contains losses along with joys.

I have taken the following steps to prevent or alleviate risks: I have provided you with the five open questions in advance of our meeting, so you have the overview of what we will discuss. I have designed my questions to focus on the strengths, successes and valuable learning from family experiences. At our first meeting, I am providing you with a list of resources for counselling support in your area.

If during our meeting, you become upset, I will stop and we will sit together to take a break. I will offer the chance to stop and reschedule, or to stop altogether. If you wish I can debrief with you. I can

call a friend or family member, and will stay with you until that person arrives. You may stop and withdraw from the research at any time without penalty.

Benefits

The potential benefits of your participation in this research include knowing that you have contributed information about your family's history that will benefit Duwamish people. You are helping future generations of Duwamish people to be able to access their family history and genealogy. You are providing missing information and it is drawn from a Duwamish perspective. The narrative history of your family's experiences will provide deeper understanding of history since colonization for Duwamish people, the public, educators and academics. Your family's story will encourage and support a positive sense of identity for Duwamish youth.

Perhaps educators will use some of the family histories from yourself and others in this study to create curriculum materials for elementary and high schools, telling the story of colonization from the Duwamish perspective.

Voluntary Participation

Your participation in this research must be completely voluntary. If you do decide to participate, you may withdraw at any time without any consequences or any explanation. You may withdraw before or during an interview if you wish. At the interview's end, you may withdraw without consequence to yourself. If you do not wish to explain why you are withdrawing, you are then not required to explain. If you withdraw, your data will not be used. It will be destroyed (audiotapes and any photos will be cut up, and transcripts will be deleted from the computer.)

On-going Consent

If a second interview takes place, I will review the consent form again with you before you decide whether you want to continue.

Anonymity

Loss of anonymity is necessary in this study of family histories, because I, the researcher, must know your identity. It is not possible to be an anonymous participant.

Confidentiality

The intent of participation in this study is to contribute narrative oral history for your family, which will be recorded and preserved. Therefore, in this type of study, anonymity is not possible, in general. Each participant is telling of their own family history using their real name.

As well, anonymity is not possible because of context. The Duwamish are a small group of people. Some are well known and would be identifiable to people in the region even if pseudonyms were used.

There are some ways in which I will be able to provide limited confidentiality. When you tell me the family history, if there is someone you do not wish to identify when telling a family story, I will not identify that person by name and will omit any identifying details you wish left out.

To protect data, during the time I am gathering data and making transcripts, all audio tapes and photos will be kept in a locked cupboard, and my computer will be password protected to keep transcripts safe.

Dissemination of Results

It is anticipated that the results of this study will be shared with others in the following ways:

By my dissertation; presentations at scholarly meetings; published article, chapter or book; summary report on internet or other media (e.g., Duwamish tribe newsletter); and a report or summary presentation to the Duwamish tribe and/or to group of participants.

Disposal of Data

Data from this study will be disposed of in the following ways: Audiotapes will be cut up. Printed photos that are my property will be shredded. If photos originally belonged to the participant, they will be returned. Electronic data will be deleted from the computer. Transcripts will be shredded.

Contacts

Individuals that may be contacted regarding this study include myself as the researcher (Julia Allain), and my supervisor: Dr. Lorna Williams. Contact information was included at the start of this consent form.

In addition, you may verify the ethical approval of this study, or raise any concerns you might have, by contacting the Human Research Ethics Office at the University of Victoria (250-472-4545 or ethics@uvic.ca).

Your signature below indicates that you understand the above conditions of participation in this study and that you have had the opportunity to have your questions answered by the researchers.

Visually Recorded Images/Data. Participant to provide initials:

- Photos may be taken of me [my child] for: Analysis _____ Dissemination*
- _____
Videos may be taken of me [my child] for: Analysis _____ Dissemination*
- _____

*Even if no names are used, you [or your child] may be recognizable if visual images are shown in the results.

[WAIVING CONFIDENTIALITY]

I agree to be identified by name / credited in the results of the study.

I agree to have my responses attributed to me by name in the results.

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

Name of Participant

Signature

Date

A copy of this consent will be left with you, and a copy will be taken by the researcher.

Appendix D: Invitation to Participate—Poster**INVITATION TO PARTICIPATE**

Project title: **Duwamish Histories in Duwamish Voices**

Do you remember details of your family's history? Can you provide some names and information for a "family tree"? You are invited to participate in a study being conducted by myself, Julie Allain. I am a member of the Duwamish tribe, and I belong to the Curley family.

Purpose: to gather oral histories of how Duwamish families have lived their lives, kept their culture, and faced the challenges during the past 160 years since Duwamish people lost their territory.

I want to uncover and record what the families' experiences were, and their strengths and beliefs.

Time required: One or two meetings, of 60 to 90 minutes each time.

Benefits: Your family's stories will help to fill in missing information in Duwamish history. You will provide a Duwamish perspective. Such information has frequently been missing from the record. The information from family histories will benefit Duwamish people, as well as educators at all levels of the school systems and university. Preserving the family stories of strengths despite the challenges will encourage a positive sense of identity for Duwamish youth.

As well, the genealogical information recorded in my study could help future generations of Duwamish people to prove their ancestry and to find missing family members.

If you are an adult with Duwamish ancestry and belong to one of the Duwamish families, and are willing to share your knowledge of your family's history, please consider taking part in the study. Let me know in person, or contact me by phone, email or letter.

My background and contact information:

I am a doctoral candidate in the Department of Curriculum and Instruction, Faculty of Education at the University of Victoria. You may contact me if you have further questions or wish to participate. Telephone me at 1 (250) 818-4140 or write to me in care of the Faculty of Education, University of Victoria, Box 1700, Station CSC, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada V8W 2Y2.

My email address is morgana@uvic.ca

As a graduate student, I am required to conduct research as part of the requirements for a Ph.D. degree in Education (Curriculum and Instruction). It is being conducted under the supervision of

Dr. Lorna Williams. You may contact my supervisor at 1(250)_____.

Appendix E: List of Themes (5)

Finding a True History

What Made Them Strong

Intermarriage

Working for the People

Working with the Youth

Appendix F: Survey of Tribal Concerns

SECTION IV; NO 12

Summary

192 survey forms reviewed

136 individuals responded to question in Sec. IV

The 36 number represents 71% reporting important tribal concerns.

The important tribal concerns expressed and the frequency of response is as follows:

| | |
|--|----|
| Federal recognition for the tribe | 83 |
| Tribal land base | 27 |
| Knowledge of Duwamish culture; preserving it and passing it on | 24 |
| Educational opportunities | 19 |
| Learning tribal history; applying it and teaching it | 19 |
| Understanding and maintaining the Duwamish heritage | 18 |
| Acquiring hunting and fishing rights | 18 |
| Having access to tribal information and importance of communication | 17 |
| Indian rights for the tribe and individual members | 17 |
| Availability of medical and dental services for tribal members | 15 |
| Establishment of a cultural center | 14 |
| Welfare services: housing, food, financial assistance, jobs and training | 14 |
| Tribal business related matters | 10 |
| Various social events for member participation | 9 |
| Importance of tribal meetings and tribal unity | 8 |
| Construction a tribal longhouse | 7 |
| Need for a tribal center | 7 |
| Importance of Duwamish language | 5 |
| Having respect for the tribe and traditions | 5 |
| Establishing a tribal museum | 4 |
| Developing and preserving historical sites | 3 |
| Learning and practicing tribal art and craft | 3 |
| Remembering Chief Seattle | 2 |
| Spirituality | 1 |

THIS survey is your guide of the future of the Duwamish.

Appendix G: Seattle Area Homework Assignment

The document was copyrighted in 2004 by Evan-Moor Corp. (Daily Paragraph Editing, Grade 3, EMC 2726, page 61, 63, and non-numbered page with following notation: FRIDAY - WEEK 13, Social Studies Article: Chief Seattle and the Settlers):

Chief Seattle and the Settlers

Seattle saw his first white man when he was a young boy. A ship called the HMS Discovery sailed into Puget Sound. Seattle lived there with his tribe.

Seattle's father, Chief Schweabe took him on board the ship. Captain George Vancouver gave Seattle a treat. Seattle decided that some white people were nice.

At 21, Seattle became the tribe's chief. By that time, many settlers were moving to the Pacific Northwest. They liked the Puget Sound area. Seattle invited Isaac N. Ebey and B. F. Shaw to live there. He taught the settlers to fish for salmon and he helped them build houses. In the winter, he gave them food.

Chief Seattle started a fishery with Mr. Charles Fay. He was from San Francisco. Seattle and Mr. David S. Maynard then opened a fishery. It was near the shore of Elliott Bay. Many settlers moved there. They liked the helpful chief so they named their town after him. Seattle is now the biggest city in Washington state.

Soon, the United States wanted to buy his tribe's land. Chief Seattle met with Territorial Governor Isaac Stevens at Point Elliott. They signed a treaty and Seattle sold over two million acres of land. The land became the white settlers' land. Until his death, Chief Seattle kept his friendship with the settlers.

Describe Chief Seattle's friendship with the white settlers. Explain how he felt about the settlers, and why he felt that way. Tell about the ways he helped the settlers. Tell what the settlers did to honor Chief Seattle. Begin with one of these topic sentences, or write your own:

Chief Seattle was a friend to the white settlers.

The white settlers were lucky to know Chief Seattle.

Chief Seattle helped the settlers in many ways.

Appendix H: List of Duwamish Families

The Duwamish Family names are as follows: Ambrose Bagley, Lucy Bend Eley, Susie Jacobs Fowler, Jane Garrison, Emily Hines Hawk, Julia Whatulach O'Bryant, Maria Sancho Sackman, Peggy Curley Scheuerman, Sarah Seymour, and Mary Kenum Tuttle.

All I know about the names are they are the first name you find on the family trees that were submitted to the Department of Interior with our petition.

They date back as far as 1831 and it appears that some of the names are first names and maiden names and or first names, maiden and then married names.

There was also a tree for Julie Siddle for about (5) members, most of whom all are either now deceased and/or moved to Lummi (tribe). I think just one person remains from the family and I believe she is very elderly. Her name is Lola Davis.

There was also the Benjamin Solomon family that has one member attached to it and that is Geraldine McClung. I haven't heard from her or about her in years.

Lastly, there is the Julia Sigo Family created for one person, Dixie Jo Herman, whom again, I haven't heard of or about in years. She may be (registered with) Suquamish as there are a lot of Pursers on that tree.

Source: Cindy Williams, personal communication, May, 2013

Appendix I: Stories from the Family of Sealth and his daughter, Kikisoblu—the Sackman Family

I heard and recorded stories about the Sackman family's experiences from Mary Lou Slaughter (Sla'da), a Master Weaver with the inner bark of cedar, and from her apprentice and relative, DeAnn Jacobson. DeAnn came and met me for an interview. Mary Lou sat with me in her workspace for working with cedar, at her home, and told me family stories.

Mary Lou's Stories

Growing up Indian

I was born "a long time ago when the earth was young" ... on July 16, 1938, in Bremerton, Washington, and my dad, Roy Kvarnstrom, worked in the Naval shipyard. I now reside in Port Orchard, Washington.



Mary Lou, age 6, with brothers Jack (8) and Carl (10)

I went to Manette School in Manette, Washington, from grade 1 to 6. I went to George Dewey Jr. High in Manette for grade 7 to 9. Then I went to Bremerton High but left in my senior year. I finished high school in Novato, California in 1976, twenty years after I would have graduated from Bremerton. My dad was so proud of me for finishing.

When I was in 2nd or 3rd grade, I had a teacher named Miss Elliott. She went to the Kitsap County Fair and saw a big burned beam from Ole Man House at the reservation. A photo of my grandma Lulu and myself was hanging above it. (Note: Mary Lou shows the photo. She has her arm around her grandma. She appreciates that she looks like her grandma.)

In the classroom, she announced that we had a celebrity in our room. I looked around to see who it was. It turned out to be myself because of my lineage to Chief Seattle. The teacher told the class that Mary Lou Kvarnstrom was a direct descent 4th generation great-granddaughter of the famous chief that the city of Seattle was named after. At that moment, I felt shocked. I was startled. And then the bell rang. In my mind, that went. I cleaned my desk. And when I left to walk home, the kids spit at me and war whooped at me and called me “dirty old Indian,” and they chased me home.

So when I ran into the house, I was crying, of course. And I told my mother that I was not Indian like her. I was Swede, like my father. And she said, “You didn’t get those big brown eyes from your Swedish father.” And I said, “I wish I had blue eyes, like Daddy.” And she told me to Shut up, and be glad I could see out of them. And that was it. I was hurting inside, and she was not the type of person to hug me and say it is going to be OK. That is just the way Mom was.

And at that moment, I realized that I had to deal with it on my own. So, for fifty-five years I stuffed my Native American heritage into the back of my head. And I did not talk about it unless somebody asked me.

My first husband and I went on a charter boat to go salmon fishing. And there were two sets of teachers from Michigan. And my husband at the time could not keep his mouth shut, and he said, “My wife is the fourth generation descendant of Chief Seattle.” And I glowered at him. And they said, “May we touch you?” And that just went all over me. And maybe they thought they were honouring me, but it repulsed me. And there were other times like that, through my lifetime.

The eagle feather

It is amazing, since I got into my heritage, the things that have happened to me.

In the early 1990s, at the end of June, I went to Alaska. Someone gave my son David a ticket to a B & B at Pelican, ninety miles west of Juneau. I needed a break after taking care of my mother for years and Chuck for years, and I could not sleep for eight months. So I thought I needed some R&R. So I asked David if I could go with him to Alaska. So I went.

They told me to bring enough food to make a couple of meals and to dress warm. You could only get in or out by boat or plane.

We went up there, one week before July 4. It was so beautiful. I loved walking on the beach.

David and I decided we would go fishing for salmon. We got all ready and we went to the boat. It was a small motor boat with an engine. We were going to go trolling. David forgot the bait. There was a small island out in the ocean canal there. He left me on the island and went back. I said “Just don’t forget where you left me!”

I never thought of bears! (laughing).

I was so infatuated with eagles! They were everywhere.

So I am standing at the beach, looking at all these eagles soaring overhead. I looked at my feet, thinking I would go explore. When I looked at my feet, there was a big wing feather lying on my boot. I bent down to pick it up, and there was a hot bolt of heat that went up my arm and I almost went to my knees.

A voice said “Mary Lou, It is OK that you are Indian. I made you the way you are.”

Makes me tear up, every time I tell it. (She has tears).

He gave me a scripture, Isaiah 39–41, I believe: “You shall mount up on wings of eagles. You shall walk and not be weary; you shall run and not faint.” It still makes me tear up. You know what, something crazy about the whole thing, we were talking at the Longhouse, and I realized, “Oh my gosh, He gave me a *wing* feather.”

(Note: She cried and showed me the feather.)

That just blew me away.

This was just so healing for me, because of all the taunting I went through in school and thinking that I was “just a dirty old Indian,” and I hated it, just hated it.

I know what it is like to feel nasty because I am Indian. Even if someone does something to me, I do not want to make them feel that way.

I did not tell my son, David.

(Note: We discuss that if you receive visions, you should keep it to yourself and think about it, and not to talk about it for many months. Or if you do, it fades away and you do not receive the full meaning.)

Why me? What comes from the eagle feather?

It is one of those things, where you say “Why me? Why me, of all people?” And then I look, and see what has happened (since that time). My son Michael started carving, and I looked to see what I could do for my heritage.

David Boxley of Metlakatla taught Michael how to carve. Once, a lady said, “Oh David, I did not know you were making masks.” He said, “I’m not. That is Michael’s.”

(Note: We look at masks by Michael Halady which are on Mary Lou’s walls at home.)

When I got back home, I ran into a Tsimpsonian lady, Loa Ryan. She lived here in Port Orchard, and she invited me—”would you like to take a basket-weaving class?” I said, “Oh would I! I’d love to take a basket weaving class.” It was a lot of money for me, a hundred dollars for the first class. I went and took the class. I made this little basket. (Note: Mary Lou showed me the first little basket, called “Strawberry Fields.” The basket is tightly woven bear grass and maidenhair fern, and it has a fitted lid and a knob.)

I showed it to her and said “What do you think?” She said, “I think you need to go to your own tribe.” I was taken aback, and I thought I was infringing on her territory.

But then later I realized what she meant. I should learn support my tribe by learning my own people's way of weaving. I asked, "Well, who would that be?" And she said, "Eddie Carriere in Suquamish." I called. It took him three weeks to call me. And I am one of those people, when I want something to happen, I want it *right away*. And I had to wait.

So I took lessons from Eddie Carriere for almost three years. For part of it I got a grant through Washington Folk Arts. He said, "You are was doing so well and we need to put in for the grant." Later, he said I was the best student he had ever had, to that time.

That blew me away. I guess I had low self-esteem since I was taunted as a child and it meant a lot that he said that. I suffered from low self-esteem from being taunted when I was a child.

He taught me my favourite type of basket, the coil basket that Duwamish people cooked in. It is *challenging*. It was part of puberty, the girls went away with a mentor and had to make a basket that would hold water. They would spit in the basket. And if it didn't work, hold water, they threw it out. I've seen a Skohomish woman softening the cedar with spit. That takes a lot of spit!

The coil basket, that is DeAnn's favourite basket, too.

When I speak at places, I tell people "I really dig my roots. I *REALLY* dig my roots!" (Laughs). That is *hard work*.

Ed Carriere taught me to make a hat, Northern style, conical. After about ten years of weaving, I decided I wanted to make a Chief Seattle style hat, with the curved top, conical, like he has in the only photo. So I tried, not really paying attention to what I was doing. I did. And someone said, "Oh, my gosh, do you know what you have done? "No." "You have brought back the Chief Seattle style hat to your people." The real hat.

I think people were known by the type of hat, Haida, Tsimpian...

I wore that hat to Muckleteo. Do you know why? The tree was cut... there was a man I met when Chuck and I went to see logs cut for the log house. He said, do you want some bark? The log has been under the water for 150 years. Purple colour, reddish, dark. The tree grew before colonization, yes.

Someone called me for the 150 year anniversary of the treaty, to speak at Muckleteo, and I had just finished the hat. The whole hat is from that bark. Look at how it shines and I have not put nothing on it. That hat has a real history.

Sometimes you think, "*Now* I know what I am doing; I am bringing our tribe back."

And if Michael wasn't carving and I wasn't weaving, what would our Longhouse have? For a while I was the only Duwamish weaver. But DeAnn is now weaving, and her auntie Sue has learned and wants to do it. But she lost her home and you can't really weave when you are upset.

I taught Cindy Williams, and she has the gift. I taught Barbara Droughtboom; we went in the woods and pulled the bark. I have given classes. I want to give a class on prepping the materials.



Traditional basket design adapted by Slada to be used on the floor of the Longhouse

NOTES: At this point, Mary Lou showed me the hat she woven. She had just finished it when invited to the Muckleteo event, so she wore it there. The whole hat is made from the inner bark of the special tree that was 150 years old which was pulled out of Lake Union in recent times. People think of the tree as a pre-colonization tree, because it was cut down 150 years ago, so, therefore, it grew to maturity before settlers arrived. Mary Lou saw the tree when she went to look at logs for the Longhouse with Tom Speer. A person said, “Do you want some of the bark?” The outer bark was gone and the inner bark was still there. I (Julie) used a piece when weaving my first basket. It is a dark reddish-purple strip. Mary Lou has made a Chief Seattle style hat from the bark from the 150 year old tree, with a small square on the point of the top, and she inserted a small ermine tail there on the top. She showed me the hat. The bark strips are thin, and a beautiful shiny colour with a sheen, even though she has not treated it with anything.



Mary Lou Slaughter in a Chief Seattle style hat which she wove from cedar

A mystery about my mother, Lois

It was 1996 when I took my great grandma's name at a potlatch, hosted by David Boxley (Tsimpian) at Ballard, Washington.

Before that happened, my mother and Aunt Lacey and I were at an elders' banquet at Port Madison reserve with Suquamish, and Lawrence Webster asked me, "Do you know that your great-grandma Enna had a Native name?" He told me it was Sla'da (pronounced Sla-daught with a ? glottal stop at the end, and accent on the second syllable.)

I wrote it on a scrap of yellow paper and put it in my purse.

I was thrilled. I asked him, do you think I could ever take her Indian Name? Lawrence Webster, a former Suquamish Chief, said, "I think you would be deserving of it." Because of his knowledge of his background, I thought it would be okay to take the name.

I went home, and on the way I helped my Aunt Lacey walk up the hill to her house to bring her home. I returned and drove my mother home to Belfair and then went home. I looked in my purse for the paper to show my husband and the paper was gone. I looked and looked, and could not believe it. I suspected my mother took it. I will never know why.

Some think she was jealous. I was moving ahead and doing the artwork and getting to know more of the culture, and having a naming ceremony, and this had not happened in her life. Yet she had often said she didn't care about "those things"—the culture and history.

After she died, I found the scrap of paper in her jewelry box. And I still have it.

(Just a footnote: The year before Lois—mom—passed away, I taught her to make a basket, and I have a picture of her grinning from ear to ear, holding it.)

Being given the name Sladai

I was taking drawing lessons in the northern style from David Boxley and he had been getting ready for quite a while for this potlatch. He asked, “Are you coming?” I said, “If you are going to have a potlatch, would you do a naming ceremony for me?” He said, “That would be wonderful.” I asked him what I had to do. He said, be prepared to give away 2,500 gifts. That blew me over! At that time I was president of the Quilters Guild and I put together a picture of my lineage, done in pictures, so I rolled them and tied them with raffia, and my guild helped me roll them and tie them. And then, I found a place that would make *cedar* pencils. They smelled wonderful. I bought ten boxes, and my name was imprinted on them, and my Indian name, “Sladai,” and “Duwamish tribe.”

My children were there and their kids. There were dances and cultural performances, and special ceremonies and blessings of articles.

When it was time for the naming ceremony, someone had to call out my name. Usually it would be my mother, but she had declined. She did not attend.

I had asked Cecile Hansen to be the one.

So as I remember it, Cecile stood in front of everyone. I was with her. Cecile called out, Mary Lou Slaughter. Then she called “Sladai!” four times, each time facing one of the four directions. Then the fourth time, all the assembled people called out my Indian name. That made it official. Then I went around with my children Lorraine and Michael, and my grandchildren Tasia and Michael Jr. and Danny and Hannah and we gave out my gifts. There were 1,650 people there. They all got a gift and they all hugged me.

I remember there was a feast for lunch and for dinner and it was all traditional food, roast venison, elk, and halibut roe on seaweed. Roe is very crunchy. There was oolichan oil and fry bread.

Afterward, I was proud and happy and it was a wonderful day. I started putting that name “Sla’da” on my baskets, and used it in marketing my baskets, and people began calling me by that name. I was also proud that it was my great-grandmother’s name. She was one of the sweetest people I had ever met.

Making a story pole and making a vest

This is the story of Michael carving a pole. It was around 1994 or 1995 when my son, Michael Halady, started woodcarving under the tutelage of David Boxley of the Tsimpsonian people. Michael started carving in 1994, and he carved a whale. I have it. I was sick a lot of the time with my thyroid and being a caregiver. And I did not sleep for eight months and needed R and R, and in June, 1995, I went to Alaska.

And after the Alaska trip, that eagle feather did a lot. And I was back home. And I realized I had to validate Michael’s heritage. I could see that Michael was so good at what he

did; I could see that he was so talented. And I knew his artwork would be a blessing financially for him. And also I saw that he was embracing his heritage.

Michael was asked to join the tribal council. He wanted to know more about his heritage and thought he would learn more by doing that. He was on the council for almost a year. He was working full time and trying to get back and forth. He had Tasia and Michael Jr. at home.

There was an old pole at Belvedere Park in West Seattle, on a hill over the Duwamish River. You can see Seattle in the background. It was not carved by Duwamish, or even by any Aboriginal people at all. It was being eaten by carpenter ants and was ready to fall over. People took it to the log house museum in West Seattle and left it there after they treated it with something to kill the ants.

The City of Seattle wanted to replace it. People had the chance to put their name in to have the chance to carve the new pole. They submitted a proposal of what they would do and what kind of pole it would be. My son, Michael Halady, was chosen.

Michael designed a pole that was 25 feet tall. It was designed in increments of five feet. The bottom was a welcome figure because we welcomed the whites. It told the Duwamish story of the first settlers that came, the Denny party. They came in the schooner *Exact* on a nasty winter day about 1851, raining like crazy. He could not put a schooner on the log. We brainstormed and came up with a sailing ship to represent the *Exact*. You get the back end of a sailing ship sticking off of the pole, and Michael put the sails going upward. That took five feet.

Above the five feet of boat, Michael put three faces, representing the men, women, and children of the Duwamish tribe. They are basically similar, but each is a little different.

The next five feet is a chieftain figure, which represents Chief Seattle. I believe he is on a welcoming position, and wears a woven hat.



Duwamish story pole carved by Michael Halady

The next five feet up, seeing how Chief Seattle had Thunderbird power, there is a Thunderbird on top, and there is a very big wingspan. The Thunderbird would come out of the mountains and swoop down and catch the orcas, and when he opened and shut his eyes, lightning bolts would come out of his eyes.

The pole came from—Michael had to call around to the federal forests. And up at Forks, someone came in and cut a big tree down, and forestry people caught them. The tree was 65 feet long, and the top had been blown off by a lightning bolt! Michael's *thing* is

lightning bolts and that is why I put them on his vest. At first, Michael was not sure it would work because lightning affects the lignum in the pole.

Michael had to buy the pole. He was responsible for moving it. The base part of the pole was huge, about 5 feet tall as I remember. When the logging man arrived with the truck, he had to take limbs off. The thieves had intended to make cedar shakes out of the tree. The man put it on the trailer. Michael says to me, "Look out the window, we are coming right by the house." I saw it on the truck. They were taking it to a barn at his mother-in-law's house. He then made a 25-foot pole from it.

Michael stayed at that barn and carved the story pole. It took Michael four months of work to make the pole. I have a picture of Seth, sitting at his grandma's watching the pole going out, to go to the ferry to Seattle.

There had to be a bottom to fit it. And the back had to be hollowed out so it is U-shaped so the wood will not split from drying. The city of Seattle made the inside steel post thing that would hold it up, and something to hold the wings on with metal strips. There is a metal base and they drilled holes. They poured a cement pad. They bolted it. It is right at the top of Admiralty Way, when you come off the West Seattle Bridge.

I made Michael a cedar bark vest. It was for the day that the story pole would be installed. It took three months to make it. It has lightning bolts on the back and shoulders. It represents Thunderbird. I made a headband, black with red lightning bolts from dyed red bear grass.

Our family has Thunderbird power.

This was the second vest I had made Michael. It was 'specially for the occasion of installing the pole.

The first vest I made Michael was the vest that went into the "*S'abadeb*—The Gifts: Pacific Coast Salish Art and Artists." The vest was displayed in Seattle at the Seattle Art Museum, and then in Victoria at the Royal British Columbia Museum. The baby vest I made for grandson Seth went to a display in France. I also had a basket in that travelling Coast Salish display.

When I look back at the things that Michael and I have done, in 2011, I see that a basket is at the Peabody Museum at Harvard; I have had two dozen interviews and photo shoots; I am in the mural at the courthous;, and Michael and I were put on the Sealth ferry display.

How did Michael feel about the vest? I think he was very proud of the first one. We went to the naming ceremony. When he walked in with the vest on, at the Indian heritage high school, two ladies went running after him, feeling the back of the vest. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Where did you get that vest?" "My mother made it." "Who is your mother?" And they had heard of me. "Oh, it has lining?" "Well, this is 1995, now," Michael said.

The second vest blew him away. I lined it too, with a nice Eddie Bauer t-shirt, with a pocket for cigarettes, and a pocket for wallet with Velcro, and a pocket for cel phone, with Velcro. Now he is telling me, "You have got to make them longer in front." He is getting a tummy, with age! I said, "It might be a long time till the next one!"

On that day when they raised the Duwamish pole, there was Michael and his family, and Chuck and I, and Michael's dad, and Ted with his wife and family, and many dignitaries from the city, and Cecile Hansen and many from the tribe, and altogether about 150 people were there. The Mayor of Seattle, and West Seattle dignitaries too, and media were there. Kathie Zetterberg was there. Her photo was on the front page of the paper with me.

What it meant to raise that pole? It was the first piece of Duwamish artwork in the city in 150 years. I had such a pride that day. It was just such a beautiful day. And the Singing Feet youth group sang a song, and there was drumming, and it was just the most rewarding time, a wonderful day that I had with the tribe.

And to see the look on my son Michael's face! He was so handsome and his eyes sparkled and he was grinning, and I have never seen him like that before. It was something unique and phenomenal and I was so proud of him.

What it means for his family, his kids? I hope we have some carvers coming up. They all think Daddy does wonderful. Seth can't wait till he is old enough. I think Michael is looking forward to the day when he can teach them things.

The story of pulling bark in the forest

It was up at Gorst. I had a friend who had property, a woods. She said they were taking the trees down. She gave me permission to come. I pulled bark myself the first day. The second day I called Loa Ryan, who taught me to make my first basket. She brought her daughter, a college student. We pulled bark that day for a while. When we first started, I said, "You pick a tree and I will, too. You have first pick."

Loa picked a large tree, where I would pick a smaller one because the bark is more flexible.

So I said a prayer and was thankful that I could pull bark from the living tree, and I asked the tree for its bark because I needed it for basket weaving. I hear Loa muttering, "Why is this not coming off?" I asked her what was happening, and she said "The bark won't come off!" I said, "Did you ask?" And she gasped, "I forgot!"

So, tell me that don't work!

So Loa proceeded to ask the tree for its bark and everything was fine. We pulled bark all day and went home for dinner. We agreed to come back at 8 o'clock the next day. So when I got there in the morning she had already been there a couple hours, and she and her daughter had already pulled a lot of bark.

I thought, Gee, there's not a lot of trees left. So, I will just dig cedar roots. So I was doing that, and in the meantime her daughter had been up on a high hill, and there was a big cedar stump, four or five feet, and with a two foot strip out of it, so that told me the cedar had been gathered maybe 70 or 100 years ago!



Mary Lou Slaughter pulling cedar bark, May, 2014

I hike up this hill and get up to the stump, with her, and I thought, ' I just want to touch it.' I put my hand on the place where the bark had healed over, but it is still scarred. I was thinking it was so nice, and this was from so long ago. I thought about the earlier people, gathering bark from this tree. All of a sudden, a wind comes up. The trees started screeching and rubbing together in this wind that came up. The hair stood up on my neck. Loa and her daughter, their eyes got big as saucers. "What do you think that is?" they asked. I said, "I guess the spirits are happy that we are gathering cedar bark traditionally, today."

And when I heard the trees being pulled down by the logger, and each tree would thump, I would feel it in my heart. We listened to that for two days. After the trees went on the truck, I salvaged a lot of bark. Anything over three feet long, you can use.

When Grandma Lulu went to mission school

Lulu B. Sackman was my Grandma. She went to a mission school. She was between four and six years old. She got in a big canoe. They went on rough water. Can you imagine? She had to bail.

They went from Suquamish to Priest Point, where the Indian School was. It was residential. Boys on one side of the creek and girls on the other. My grandma must have been a pistol. They would set up the altar for the priest and they would get into the wine.

She was a wonderful seamstress, and could look at a guy and make a newspaper pattern and sew clothing for him. She made braided rugs. They taught them to cook and sew there. Her homemade bread and her fried clams were wonderful.

She learned to forget her language.

She got out when she was eighteen. (Note: Mary Lou showed a photo of Lulu at that age.)

I was taking my language class and I could not say this word like “Tsaow-wish.” The teacher (Zeke) told me it meant “sick.” Why could I not say it? Zeke asked me. I replied, “Because my grandma taught me that word and she said it meant a female body part, a nasty body part,” I told the teacher. Suddenly I realized that the nuns shamed her to make her stop speaking her language, so when she rubbed her tummy and said “I am sick” in Lushootseed, the nuns said, “Don’t say that, it means your nasty female part,” to make her stop saying it.

If someone made a pass at her, she would say, “He was being *dirty* to me.” Isn’t that awful, that someone, the nuns, would pervert what God made special?

She lost most of her Lushootseed language. She was taken away in winter time each year and that is the time when people would go to the Longhouse and learn basket weaving and many cultural things.

My grandma, Lulu, was taught to look down on her culture and on being Indian. And yet, she always had a pride that she was Chief Seattle’s granddaughter. And she always hoped that one day they would get their treaty rights and payment for the land. I am glad she didn’t see when we got our \$68.00. Did I tell you what I did with mine? I figured we got *scalped*, so I bought myself a wig.

But if it wasn’t for my Grandma! She passed on to me being proud of my ancestry to Chief Seattle and proud of being Duwamish.

I would ask my grandma about school and what she did there. All she said is she was not supposed to talk her language and was taught to sew and cook. She said she never wanted for anything—but, if she never had it, how would she know? She used to cry herself to sleep. Her father died when she was a baby. She had a brother, but he died when he was ten.

Memories of my Grandma, Lulu Sackman

My Grandmother Lulu was married to my grandfather Joe Sackman, whose wife had died and he had five kids. His name is Joseph Wright Sackman in the family genealogy. Grandma Lulu was Duwamish and Joe Sackman also had Duwamish blood.

Joe Sackman met Grandma when she was eighteen years old, just out of residential school, and they dated. He took her to dinner and she took him to meet her parents. Her step children were all older than her. Joe Sackman was forty-seven. She cooked and sewed for them all. Then she, herself, had seven children. Lulu’s children were Leah Gladys, William, Arthur, Lacey, Lulu Mary “Babe,” Gloria “Glow,” and Lois.

Lulu’s eldest child, Leah, died at nine years old. Lulu wanted to die herself when Leah died, and was going to throw herself off of the pier. She realized that her other children needed her, so she went back to the house and did what she had to do.

Lulu had colon cancer when she was twenty-three. She had the first cancer operation in Kitsap County, by Dr. John Skut, and she lived. Dr. John would come to Traceyton from Bremerton in a rowboat, out delivering babies, and he would stop at her house, and say, "Lulu, I am so tired! Can I stay and lie down at your house? I just can't keep rowing." She would say yes. He would lie down in her bed. What with her hubbie being so old, and she young and pretty, I bet she got into lots of trouble for that! (laughs). My grandma was a character!

I remember crawling into bed with her when I was a kid and she would grab the brass part of the headboard and rock the bed and it was just like being rocked in a cradle. A long time ago, you did not have screens on the windows. There was a cord to a light bulb above the bed. In summer, big brown Miller moths would come in and bounce off the ceiling and I was scared they would crawl in my ear!

Older, I slept under the stairs in a cot. Quilts were very heavy and made of parts of denim jeans. I would jump out of bed and step on the claws of the bear rug and do a Native dance!

In the spring time, at the two-week break, we would go to Grandma's at Traceyton, and she would pull cascara bark and steam it in a big pot, and give you two tablespoons of it. It was a laxative. Now the next morning three kids were fighting over the *one-holer* (outhouse). I'd beg not to have it. She would say, "I will give you a sugar lump afterward." I think it was a colon cleanse. Like today! Everything that goes around, comes around! Sometimes my brother Jack would just take off and walk home before my grandma got it out!

On the 4th of July, we got into a skiff up on blocks, singing, and beating pots and pans, and we broke the keel off! My uncle Ed, her stepson, came up from the beach and saw what we had done, and was madder than mad! What in the hell did you think you were doing, Lulu?"

We used to block up a creek and make a swimming hole. And there was a duck nest down there. We would go get the eggs and she would make us the best cake. It was always fun to go to Grandma's. Uncle Ed made us a lean-to with cedar boughs and we'd play in it. And he would carve me little canoes.

My grandfather, Joe Sackman, was Duwamish also. He was half Duwamish, and my grandma was a direct descendant of Chief Seattle.

Grandma Lulu lived through the Great Depression. She was born in 1880. She had all those children, five stepchildren and then her own as well. When the family needed food resources, Lulu had access to beach and clams and salmon, and she had a garden.

Lulu got burned out twice. I knew her; she was a hard worker. She had to scrub the floor where loggers had rooms and they would spit on the floor. At Grandma's, they had a hammock that swung from the porch to a tree. I would get in it with her and we would sing. That was when I was between age five and eight. Then, years later, my Grandma would sing in the car on the way to Seattle with me and my first husband Ted Haladay, and this was around 1955 or 1956.

Lulu was encouraging to me about the Duwamish heritage and that maybe someday (the tribe would be) getting recognition.

Memories of Great-Grandmother Enna (Sladai)

Enna Marie Deshaw was the daughter of William DeShaw and Mary Talesa. She was born at Agate Point. She was born November 7, 1865. Enna's name was sometimes incorrectly spelled *Ina May*. My Grandma, Lulu Sackman, said that was wrong.

I remember that Enna had a real gift for training dogs.

Both Lulu and Enna at some time lived at the reservation. (Note: Suquamish reservation.)



Enna Marie (Sladai) DeShaw

Enna's first husband was Seth McPhee. They had two children. In this genealogy chart, their names are given as Lulu Bessie McPhee and William Seth McPhee. In my family Bible, Lulu's name is given as Lulu M. McPhee.

Enna's first husband died at age 31, around 1882. He drowned. Her second husband was Charles James Thompson. She had six children with him. They were Gladys, Ina (or Enna), Walter, Chester, Charles Haydn, and Blanche.

I knew Lulu's mom, Enna, "Little Grandma," until I was about eight years old. Enna stayed at Lulu's and she was sick. I can remember three visits. She died March 11, 1946.

And Enna was pretty; she had a really nice countenance. Her Indian name was Sladai, which means 'Lady' in Lushootseed, and she must have been a really nice lady to get that name. And as I said earlier, she was the sweetest person I ever met.

(Notes from Interviewer : Underlying Mary Lou's story of Enna is a sense of connection, even though her great-grandmother Enna died long ago. Over the years, Mary Lou has been able to remember and keep the early memories and feelings about being with her great-grandmother up until she was age eight. Mary Lou now carries Sladai's name.)

Angeline's marriage

Angeline was born and grew up in the Seattle area; that is my belief. She was the daughter of the first wife of Chief Sealth. Her mother died in childbirth when Angeline was little. She was about three years old, I believe. Her daddy raised her.

Her Duwamish name was Kikisoblu (pronounced "Kikisomlow").

Her husband was a Cowichan chief, Dokub-cud, and he was not a nice man. I have a story.

Chief Seattle, or Sealth, got into an argument with his daughter and said he wanted her to marry this man. And she said to her father, I don't love him. She ran down the hill crying and jumped into a canoe, where a man was sitting, and Angeline was thinking it was the man she loved. His back was to her. But, no. It was Dokub-cud. He absconded with her and took her to Canada, where she was treated badly. He beat her. She waited on him hand and foot. He was very abusive.

On the trip up in the canoe, Angeline would look and try to remember the special things she saw on the way, so she could find her way back. If she ever got loose from his grasp, she could come home. She was abused for ten years with this man. This is a family story I heard somewhere. He was Cowichan and Scallalum, I believe.

Dokub-cud, he died of alcohol problems, I believe. Angeline got into a canoe and she brought herself back to Seattle, and she was a fixture on the Seattle streets of Seattle for years.

Angeline lived behind the Pike Place Market, roughly a couple blocks away. They pushed down the hills in Seattle and changed the line of waterfront. The ground was pushed down into the harbour and the edge of the water moved out. If you are at the Seattle Fairgrounds, where they later had the world's Fair, that was the Duwamish potlatch field and we Duwamish would have gatherings there. We'd go there and do songs and dances there, in Duwamish history. This was the tribe. The tribe did this, years ago, in Duwamish history, before the 1970s. In the place where they had the World's Fair. And the reason I was telling you is because Angeline's little shack was behind the Pike Place Market. She was roughly a couple blocks from Pike Place Market. It was behind that area.

After she returned, I have heard from a historian—I am taking his word for it—that Angeline married a Duwamish chief, and his name was Talisha. Two of their daughters are Betsy, and Mary Talesa, her sister.

(Note: My notes from seeing the genealogy chart that Mary Lou showed me later seemed to mention another two daughters, Mary Ann and Caroline. The genealogist noted: "Mary Ann: From her descended the Temples of Suquamish. Caroline: from her descended the Lowerys of Indiana." We discussed it and Mary Lou wondered whether they were the second and third wives of Wm. DeShaw after Mary Talesa passed on.)

How Angeline lived her life in Seattle in pioneer times

Angeline's daughter Betsy married a white man named Joe Foster who was a drunk and was abusive. It was like "the beat goes on." He was so abusive. His son was Joe Foster Jr. Betsy was distraught and hung herself in a shack, a shed behind Pike Place Market.

Princess Angeline ended up taking care of the boy, Joe Foster Jr. He was a handful for her to take care of, but she did.

The other girl, Mary Talisha, married William DeShaw, who was my great-great-grandfather. And they had my great-grandma, Enna Marie Deshaw.

Angeline was a feisty woman. She had to be. She eked out a life, I have no idea how. There is a big gap between Talisha, her second husband, and the later years when she was by herself, walking the streets of Seattle. There's a lot of things we don't know. For a time, Angeline was a domestic worker. She was a hard worker.

I was on a radio show, and later had thirteen phone calls. One old woman said to me, "My mother had eleven children and she hired Angeline to help with the children and get them ready for school and fix breakfast and whatever. Angeline had a song she would sing." I asked the lady to sing it. She did. She was singing it in a different language, and it meant, "Let's clean the crumbs off the table; we have company coming." I think it must have been Lushootseed. The children and Angeline would sing it as they cleaned the kitchen up. I asked the lady to write it down phonetically and send it to me. She never did. It was like "katinka something." She also said, "if there was any food left over, such as johnnycakes, like pancakes, Angeline would put jam on it and put it into her skirt pocket and say she was taking it "home to my Johnny." This woman said Johnny, but she must have meant Angeline's grandson, Joe.

When not working, Angeline dug clams. That's hard work. This woman was really a *hard worker*! I can really relate to her. I think she had a *wry* sense of humour. I think she was just *one tough cookie*! She must have been a nice looking lady when she was young. She is so haggard and wrinkled in the photos. You can tell that she is weather beaten and had lots of trauma, in the photos when she was elderly.

I think she was a fine looking woman. Kikisoblu was her first name, and Dokub-kud was the husband's name, and Doc Maynard's wife said "you are too pretty to be called Dokub-kud," and she gave her the name 'Angeline.' "Kikiss-om-low" is the phonetic way to say her name, Kikisoblu.

There were kids that used to taunt Angeline, and she would pick up clams and peg them at them to get them out of her hair. I think she was pretty ticked (irritated). I am sure she was good at it - throwing the clams.

In my mind's eye, I don't see her laughing a lot. She probably hit them with the clams. Yes, I'm sure she must have been good at it.

You hear stories about Angeline's feistiness. You would have to be feisty to walk the streets of Seattle in those days. She lived in a little shack with a wood stove.

When Angeline asked for money from Doc Maynard, she never took more than she needed which I thought was a real big virtue.

Not taking more than you need would be a Duwamish virtue? - Yes.

I picture her as being a very honest person.

My grandmother knew Angeline until she was sixteen. She didn't talk about Angeline much and she really didn't care for her, because of going to mission school. Angeline came

up here (on the Olympic Peninsula). Angeline came to visit to Bonanza trading post with Chief Seattle on Bainbridge Island. Sometimes they stayed in a house next to the trading post. And they visited my great-great-grandfather. That is in the history books, too. And Seattle visited Mary Talesa, his granddaughter, Princess Angeline's daughter. And he visited Mary's husband, William DeShaw, the proprietor of the Bonanza Trading Post.

After the radio program interview, a woman caller told me that she was alive when Angeline died. They buried Angeline in a casket shaped like a canoe. This woman remembered it. She was a school child and was there. The school children saved pennies for something about this burial. The school children came and put cedar boughs with the casket.

Mary Talesa, the daughter of Angeline

Mary Talesa and her sister Betsy (short for Elizabeth) were the daughters of Angeline (Kikisoblu) and Chief Talisha, who was Angeline's second husband. He was a Duwamish chief. Mary Talesa and Betsy (Che-Wa-Tura) were the granddaughters of Chief Seattle (Sealth). Mary Talesa married William DeShaw. Deshaw was the proprietor of the Bonanza Trading Post. She was DeShaw's first wife. They lived together for many years at Agate Point, Bainbridge Island, Washington state. They had a girl, Enna Marie, and several boys. There was another girl, Elizabeth, who died in infancy.

DeShaw had the order from the government to destroy Ole Man House. Can you imagine? His wife was Duwamish. Several hundred lived in Ole Man House. To Deshaw, it was a heavy task.

Chief Seattle, a man of wisdom and integrity

The mother of Sealth, or Chief Seattle, was Sholitza, and she was the daughter of a Duwamish chief. His father was a Suquamish chief, Schweabe, who was born in the 1760s and died in the early 1800s. Here is a genealogy chart of the bloodline of Chief Seattle down to Lulu Sackman and her children. It was assembled by R.B. Campbell, a member of the Kitsap County Historical Association. It says that Sealth was born on Blake Island, Kitsap County, Washington, in 1786, probably in late August.

Where did he live? During his life, Sealth lived in several places, including Bainbridge Island, Suquamish land, Blake Island where he was born, the Seattle area, and at Ole Man House.

Sealth's first wife was named LaDaila. (Sometimes it is spelled LaDalia). Angeline was her daughter. She died about 1811 or 1812. Angeline was raised by her daddy.

Sealth married Olahl, also called Mary Sealth, who was his second wife. When Sealth became baptized, he was called Noah Sealth. They had six children together: George Seattle, Jim Seattle, Julia Stiluta, and two girls who died young, and a daughter who was married on Lake Sammamish to a chief. Olahl died in the winter of 1851-1852 at Alki Point, West Seattle.

He was wise for his age. He had honour and integrity. He was an honest person. He had some insight, which made him smart at making decisions.

He was smart in a few battles, like one time when tribes came to attack, and Seattle knew they were coming. They cut the trees down, and sunk them under the water. When the

canoes came along, the logs underwater tipped them over, and the Duwamish were waiting for them there.

One time, there was some Chimakum Indians around Port Angeles, and the Indians were at Ole Man House, and Chief Seattle went up to Chimakum and they killed all but two or three of that tribe. So there are no more Chimakum Indians.

When Chief Seattle signed the Point Elliott treaty, he believed everything that Governor Stevens said to him, that they would get reservation land and medical help for the people. And he signed and the tribes ceded the land. And he was really disappointed when he was old and saw that the government did not keep their word. And today, I myself feel, if you are not going to do something, don't tell me you are. A handshake used to mean something, but today it does not. If I make a promise to somebody, I definitely will keep it, or if I cannot, I will contact them and explain. But we have not gotten anything back from the government.

Chief Seattle died at Old Man House on June 7, 1866.

I have a book and a photo of Chief Seattle. In this book, Kitsap County History, (published by K Co historical Society, 1981, 2nd edition), it says a photographer named E.M. Sammis took Chief Seattle's photo at Main St. and 1st Ave. in Seattle. He saw him on the street and brought him in. It was August, 1864. The book says that later, Ray Coombes made a sketch of him that went into common use. Sammis sent off 100 copies of the photo to a dealer in New York. And I have a copy of the photo, which I got for three hundred dollars.

Memories of Lois, my mother

My mother, Lois Sackman, was the baby of Lulu's children. She was born Jan. 3, 1915. She never experienced the degradation of the Mission School. My mother said that she did not remember being teased or insulted for her Native blood. She lived and was educated in Traceyton (once called the town of Sackman). She was a wonderful swimmer and saved seven kids from drowning.

She had inflammatory rheumatism when she was 14 and couldn't walk and missed a lot of school. She had to learn to walk again. Dr. Scut was the doctor and came by rowboat, and he came to treat her. He put sandbags on her knees.

She was a pretty young woman, admired by the fellows. Lois was age twenty-four when the Great Depression came, and she became married to Roy Kvarnstrom during the Depression. I think she had skills from her mom which helped her get through the Great Depression. She canned food a lot. Dad had a big garden at Belfair and she canned all the veggies and meat. They had a little cabin. When I was young, my Dad would spade the garden with a shovel after work.

When I was four, my dad hand dug a well and he broke ground for a garden in Manette. The city bought it out from under him. I remember the house coming down the street when it was moved. We had a water view. Dad lost the house when I was a teenager. We rented in the projects, then found a place in Belfair – the cabin on Union River. I would have liked to grow up there.

When Dad retired from the Navy yard, he had always wanted to have a farm. He lived in Bremerton in the fifties and made \$3,000 a year and paid \$90 rent. They found a place on the Union River. The house was a chicken coop that was remodelled. They moved in and it had a wood stove and an electric stove and it was a two-bedroom house. There was only rosin paper on the walls to separate the rooms and no sheetrock on the walls. When they moved in there, I hauled panelling sheets for my Dad in the back of my station wagon for them to put on the walls. They had found a claw foot bathtub but it was four inches too long for the spot. He had the skills as a chipper and caulker and he cut four inches off it and put it together and got it into the spot. I remember my son Michael floating in that tub.

The other side of the family gave my kids presents. My side of the family did not have money. We learned to take care of things. We never had bikes, couldn't afford it! We are lucky we had food!

After my divorce, I used to take the kids to the river a lot to see their Grandma and Grandpa. The kids loved to be in the woods, and to fish with Grandpa. A lot of good memories! We would have Fourth of July celebrations, and Aunt Lacey and other family would come, and we would have a bonfire and roast marshmallows. It didn't matter that their Grandpa and Grandma did not have money; my kids loved to be there.

Mom was proud of being Duwamish but she did not know a lot about the history. They all knew where they came from, they talked about it and not in a negative way. We ate the fish and clams and traditional foods. We did a lot of clam digging and ate geoducks and it helped our subsistence and was good for you. There is a saying, "*When the tide was out, the table was set.*"

My grandma would show me pink huckleberries and purple huckleberries when we walked through the woods. She said they were good to eat. Mom and Dad and the family would always take a grocery sack and go pick the hazelnuts. They were a different hazelnut than the filberts. The way it was packaged on the bush was different. There were prickly burrs on the outside.

The hazelnuts would be in a brown paper sack by the chimney and dry there. Dad would crack them and Mom would make cookie dough and pack them in a margarine container, a box, and freeze it. Then you would slice the dough later and cook it. I have planted hazelnuts in my yard now and I fight with the birds now to get them, but they don't have the prickles on them.

I led her to Jesus in the last year that she was with us. She passed on Sept. 11, 2001, in a nursing home in Gig Harbour. Before she died, one time I was sitting with her as she slept. Then she sat up and exclaimed, "Momma! Jokey!" He was Joseph Jr., her uncle. She must have been seeing them, come to get her at the end of her life.

Uncle Dude, Cousin Bill, and DeAnn

DeAnn is my cousin's daughter. My mom's brother William Alan Sackman is known to our family as "Uncle Dude." Everyone called him "Dude" because he liked to dress up. His wife was Marie Drummel. Their son, Bill Sackman, was my favourite cousin. Bill died of a brain tumor. Before he passed away, Bill told his daughter, DeAnn, "Go see Mary Lou and have her teach you to make baskets." And she did.

Raising Duwamish children

Angeline loved her daddy (Chief Sealth). When she was a little girl, she would be skipping on the beach and singing and hanging on to his hand. The traditional way of raising children is very loving.

I heard my cousin Jules James speak at Muckleteo, and he said, “A long time ago in the Longhouse we lived as a communal group, and there were so many people around that we did not have any molestation or any mistreated children. They were our future. We taught the children things that they could use in their life. We cared for our children, they are our future.” I think the natives had a good way of taking the kids along with you and letting them learn by being there and seeing the adults and what they were doing.

(Note: At this point, we talked about Mary Lou’s grandson, Seth, watching Mary Lou work with cedar when I visited in the past. Seth was a preschool aged child in 2011, yet, he could split a strip of cedar bark easily while an adult student was be struggling to learn how to do it.)

And to see Seth split the cedar strip! And Tasia, I already taught her to make a coil basket and an inner cedar bark storage basket. She was very bright as a child. Tasia is Michael’s daughter, learning to be a doctor. And recently, she had a baby. She did not quit. She is very persistent. That is a virtue.

Did you see, when my grandson just left—did you hear what he said? They all say “goodbye and see you later” in Lushootseed. Because of sports and school, I don’t get a lot of chance now to do a lot of interaction with Seth now, which is sad.

You asked me what I would tell great-grandchildren who are not yet born, and what I think is important for them to know. I hope they are good people with integrity, honesty, straightforwardness, tenacity—all those traits that make a good person.

How we faced the challenges since the settlers came

What challenges did our family face as time went by? We lost the Duwamish land. There was the unfulfilled treaty, the Point Elliott Treaty. There was poverty, taunts and insults. There was losing our culture, because of the Mission schools, for so many years.

We were so dispersed and without our land so we didn’t have a place to meet and come to. There are six hundred Duwamish people (registered) in the tribe. And some Duwamish people are on Lummi land, and lots at Tulalip and at Muckleshoot. So they are dispersed. And they are called Muckleshoot and Tulalip and Lummi and not called Duwamish. And the rest, the remnant are the six hundred Duwamish who call ourselves Duwamish and are trying to restore our recognition. I am one of the ones who could have been registered in another tribe, the Suquamish, but my children would not be registered. My grandma and great grandma were both raised on the rez in Port Madison, and I am really not sure how we (earlier generations) decided to be Duwamish (we have both ancestries). Back as far as 1925, our family would canoe across to Renton and go to Duwamish meetings and gatherings. My great uncle Maurice Sackman was the tribe’s secretary. It is his house that burned down, and some of the tribe’s records were lost.

What made our family strong, to face the challenges? I haven't the foggiest idea. I can only think of my own experiences. You keep hoping for the better; you keep hoping for change; you think I can do better, and you push yourself. It is like pulling yourself up by your bootstraps, or maybe it was moccasin straps!

I have been blessed with the attitude that I can do better. It is a "can do" attitude. I am a fighter; I have got to find a way to get things fixed, and I do not want to give up. I am not a quitter.

If I am contemplating, "how do I do this; how do I make it better?," then I think of all the people that my DNA is made of, and that makes me strong. I think of Chief Seattle. I love the fact that I have Chief Seattle's DNA. And Princess Angeline was feisty and I think she had a "can do" attitude.

My grandma was definitely having tough times, went to mission school, and was married to a man so much older and she was starting out with five step kids to take care of, and I think I have her toughness and tenacity. She lived through tough times - and then the Great Depression came! - with children she had to feed, but she was fortunate, living by the water.

DeAnn Jacobson's Stories

Princess Angeline, a strong and independent woman

My family is descended from Princess Angeline, the daughter of Chief Seattle. She was born before the settlers arrived.

I think she was a very independent person.

She stayed. From what I know, she was married and her husband was abusive towards her and she was able to break away from that and come back. Then, she never left where she grew up.

I know she was a weaver, and she'd seen a lot over her lifetime, and I think she was a very strong individual. Seeing pictures of her, when she was older, and just looking at her face and she just looked like she'd seen a lot and been through a lot, and I don't think her life was easy. I think it was very tough and difficult, and she was dealing with seeing life change from what she knew to what modern day is. In her lifetime, the changes are huge... what we call technology today, you know, for them, back then, was pretty amazing.

When I say her life was very tough and difficult, I think Angeline met a lot of adversity with *who she was*, as a Native American, and she had to deal with that. I think also of how she had to deal with losing her land... I mean, she was looking at her people's land and people taking it over and how that may have felt to her, and not just to her, but to all the Natives, how that may have felt to see her life just change.

And I realize how it may have felt to see parts of the Duwamish culture not.... What they knew was not what they were seeing. I'm sure she thought in her mind that *what she was*, that the white people didn't think that it was okay.

And I think about how it may have been for Angeline to see and interact with white people, how that may have been for her, too, you know, because you have the language barrier, and how that may have been for the Duwamish people, too.

The land was taken, and the laws did not allow Duwamish people to stay, but she stayed. So that would give you some of an idea of what Angeline's character was like as a person. Resilient. Definitely tough. I mean, determined. Those words come to mind. With the adversity she faced through all the changes, she was a fighter. Yeah, she was determined.

It just makes me think about her life and her interactions. I always wonder what were her interactions with her father because, you know, Chief Seattle.... For her to be where she was at and *decide to stay where she was*, and is the reason she stayed because of all of what happened in the earlier time with her struggles with her abusive marriage? Is that part of the reason why she stayed here after the settlers came? Or is it because she felt this was truly her home and she wasn't going to leave, and she saw that her Dad leaving wasn't okay? I don't know. It's all kind of interesting how that works, and not knowing.

She stayed here. So that really makes you think of Angeline as also being very independent and strong-willed because she, she chose to listen to what her own heart said to her... or whatever was speaking to her, saying that she needed to stay, you know.

And you look at it too, if you take and you turn it, and you look at it from the other part of our ancestry, how we're made up, including the white part of us, the white settlers part... it's kind of a weird place to be in, and so it makes you kind of wonder about that, too, you know.

Living her culture—Angeline's actions speak louder than words

I think part of the reason Angeline and Mary Talesa were strong to face the challenges they faced is their personalities because they were strong-willed and independent.

Also I wonder if it's partly because they were in the position of—I don't want to say power—in the position of *authority* for the others to follow. Maybe they felt they needed to be more of an example. This may be more true for Princess Angeline because of her father being the leader of the area's tribes but I think they both had strong opinions and feelings towards their own culture.

They had a strong opinion that they were going to continue to live in their culture. I think especially more for Angeline, to continue to live out her culture and her ways of life because she continued to live that way even though the area around her kept changing. Her area was becoming more settled by whites and it was obvious that she stuck out, in a sense, like a sore thumb, and she continued to live that way, living her culture.

So for Angeline, I want to say, she felt strongly about how she lived and her culture and upbringing and she would continue to, and she didn't want to assimilate.

I don't know much about Mary Talesa. She was married to the trader, William DeShaw. The one who strikes me as really interesting is her mother, Angeline.

I've always thought it was pretty amazing that Angeline had the tenacity to do, to continue to do what she did in the face of adversity. Her actions spoke louder than any words that she would ever speak. People talked about her character and what she was doing, you

know, the photographs of her, and ... where she lived. Amongst everything else there's this shanty, you know, and she's living there and she's still weaving and she's still doing the typical Native cultural things.

I think the only thing where Angeline kind of assimilated would be by the clothing, which is kind of understandable. I don't know if I'd want to wear cedar all the time (laughing) and something kind of makes sense—*cloth!*

Angeline is an ancestor that stands out for me.

Chief Seattle, a remembered and respected leader

I have a lot of respect for the leadership that Chief Seattle had for the area, and for the respect that he commanded by his presence, and I just find that interesting as well, and what he did for the area. I guess the question is, what was it about him that everyone respected? Was it just his presence, because he was so big? Was it his voice? It would be so interesting to find out what it was. Those are things I think about and wonder about.

From what I've read and just from that picture I've seen of him it strikes me that Chief Seattle was just a very dignified person. He's one of those whose presence commanded respect. Maybe the reason why everyone liked him was the way his presence was. Just, who he was. I think it just commanded that respect of who the person was. And, maybe the fact that he was tall and he was big. With his voice. You usually look at leaders, in his time and in the present day as well, and people tend to gravitate toward someone who commands their respect, and then also there is their actions of what they do. I think, that's got to be a chunk of why they keep remembering and respecting Chief Seattle.

I read about our family, and Chief Seattle. I question and wonder all the time about what is true, and how it was for them. I am very good at analyzing things and picking things apart. I always read and question what I take in and, I don't know if that has more to do with what I do for a living... I think I just tend to do this naturally. I take things with a grain of salt; I read it and digest it, and think about it. I feel that I'm a deep thinker. And from reading things, I have an impression of Chief Seattle. And you can always take that with a grain of salt because you don't know how true the information is that has been passed on over time, but it sounded like his talking, his words were something that you respected and listened to.

Understanding the past so we can understand the present

When it comes to the children, I think it would be good for them to know where the adversity came from and why things are the way they are. Maybe they need to know where they came from... and so... why it's this way today.

I think you need to back it up with *before* that time as well, to have a perspective of why it was the way it was, what happened when this came along, and you know, where you are along the journey and where you're at. I want to share that with my son when he is old enough to understand, so he would understand why. And the funny thing about that is, for my husband, it wasn't until he went to a cultural event at Blake Island that he really began to understand. I'd share things with him, but it wasn't until he went there that he really understood. Something just dawned on him and he realized why the Natives did what they did. They did it for a reason, and he understood that that was their perspective on what life was like then, and it didn't mean that it was wrong or right. What they were doing wasn't

wrong; it was right for them at their time and there were reasons for why they did what they did. Before colonization.

If you don't have the culture, you don't have anything

I think it's that culture piece.... And that's probably one of my biggest things that I really feel strongly about, the culture. I really feel that without the culture, it's lost. It's not about all the money. It's not about all those things like having the casino, or even recognition. *I'm going to say it. Even recognition.* If you don't have the culture, you don't have anything. How can you? I mean, we had such a rich culture here, and if we can't share that, what do we have?

That's one of the things that drives me as a weaver, and also for sharing with other people... it is the culture, because I just think people don't know enough about Puget Sound culture and they don't have the appreciation of it either and so... I think with my husband understanding—like finally, he is feeling, “wow. I get it now!”—it is because he grew up in North Kitsap. So his experience with Natives in the education setting was not a good one. It wasn't a pleasant experience and so he had a different mindset or thought process towards that. Through talking about the process of the way things had gone and where they're at *today*, it was great to see him understand why people did what they did at the time that they did and that you can't judge because that's not our place to do and we don't know all the details. Yeah, so that was just kind of an eye opener. It brings it around because... if you look at the culture, think about other people's cultures, how they have traditions and things that they do, then they maybe did them for a certain reason, and you have to be *open-minded* to look at why they did what they did.

Sharing and educating about Duwamish culture

I've shared the culture and history. I work in the school district. I'm a certified occupational therapy assistant, so I work within a school setting. I work with kids who have from just basic to severe learning disabilities so anywhere from autism, Downs, chromosomal kinds of things to neurological learning disabilities.

I've gone in and shared in several classrooms in Kitsap County. I have shared about my weaving and just talking about the Native history and some cultural things about the Puget Sound area that a lot of people don't know because even the textbooks don't have it. What they talk about is either about Native Americans who are south of here which is Chinook or about people who are North Coastal and it's not actually the people from the Puget Sound area. And I've even noticed that within our museums in this area they don't have the appreciation for the Puget Sound culture... even now.

Nowadays culture kind of spans into a whole art form—at least, that's what I get the impression of from the experiences I've had, doing that. I've also done a little weaving culture sharing with a Native group that's through the school district that I work in. So if I have the opportunity to share, I love to. I also partnered with the Burke Museum and I've actually talked to them about putting together some type of box. They have these boxed kits. They can send them out to the schools so that if the schools can't quite afford to come on field trips to the Museum of History and Industry... MOHAI... they would have the boxes. I actually had talked to one of the girls and she said that that would be something that they could do if they could work that out; that would be a great opportunity. I would love to

partner and do more with that if I could. I just don't know where MOHAI is at with their upcoming grand opening.

How did I start to have the opportunity to talk about Duwamish culture in the schools? In the beginning, I never thought of doing something like that. I remember going into a classroom one day because I do some work with general students. I go in and help out or get a student from a classroom. I remember they were going over a Native American unit. I just happened to ask, "So hey, what are you doing?" and they were studying Chinook. And I said, "Well, that's interesting. Is there anything about the Puget Sound area?" "No, there's not anything in there."

"Really?" That's kind of disappointing, you know.

So from there it just kind of turned into the sharing. Some of those teachers went to a different school and I ended up connecting with them and they had heard about my weaving and so they had asked and it then kind of went from there to a few other teachers going, "oh you do that?," and so then it progressed.

It's been a nice little opportunity to help out in that way, to further that knowledge and share it with those kids because they don't know. Because most of it, what they ask questions about is Northern or coastal art, which is interesting.

Having both settler and Native American ancestry

I was thinking, "What can I share that's relevant, 'cause, you know, I'm in this place, and I don't know how you feel, or your kids feel about this... that part of me, that I'm part of the settlement but I'm also part of the Native part... and it's really conflicting, to have that, and it's like, how can I make that to be that connection to help further the culture? I think that it just puts you in a different place and, I think how you can take from that and make that where you're at.

Chief Seattle's people and understanding spirituality

If you think about it too, the settlers and the Native Americans, in a religious perspective... how would that be for the Natives, when they ...to be in a place where they're at... like, when Chief Seattle became a Catholic. A lot of the Natives decided to become Catholic and that may have been unsettling for them in their time because they went from knowing all this *one* way to actually being another way.

One of the things that stuck me and made me feel a little more respect for Chief Seattle is that he was *open-minded*. He must have been open-minded because for him, as a leader, and with what he knows, to be able to listen to the religion that came in, to take it in and say, "You know what, I want this in my life." And he was open to that and was willing to do that. That is pretty amazing.

And I think too, you look at that religion perspective and for a while there, because I'm a Christian, and sometimes you hear people say things like, "It's not Christian, it's heathen, because they do these things" and I think, "Oh, is that okay to say? Because that's being judgmental and you're, as a Christian you shouldn't be judgmental because that's not your place." So, maybe there's a reason why I'm around in your study, because you never know who you'll run into that you could have that exposure with. I'm just thinking in my

own personal perspective with X (name deleted, someone in her extended family). He has definite views about what being Native is, without knowing, and I can tell by his persona, how he reacts to that, not that he is outwardly saying it, but I can tell, it's a lot of disapproval.

So it was nice for me, when my husband made a realization and he began to look at it (Native culture) from an open mind, and he began to say that they did this for this reason. They didn't know who Christ was or God... they knew their own perception of Him. And how do we not know that He didn't reach those people and they had a different system?

We don't know, you know.

So it is important to have that open mind about it. I had a little inner struggle with it too, but also as I have gone along, I've realized that it's not my place to judge. I'm living my life and reaching whoever I can, and I am understanding that everyone - that doesn't just mean Natives, it's all the cultures around the world—there's reasons why they have a belief system of whatever they do, and it is based and rooted in the culture and whatever meanings they have.

And I think too, my journey and learning the weaving and some part of the Duwamish culture from Mary Lou has helped me view spirituality in a different way, too. So now I understand more of why that is and how I've always felt connected to my surroundings and this area. And I think that connection has some spiritual meaning, and being sensitive to it and being aware of it too, is good.

What I would tell my future grandchildren"

You asked what I would want my future grandchildren to know about why being Native American matters. Why, with ancestors who are settlers and ancestors who are Duwamish and Suquamish, did I not just let it go? Yeah. I would say to them, it's because it is a part of *who you are*. It's a part of your make-up.

It's not really something that you can just let go of because every part of your genetic make-up and who you are makes you who you are, makes you your own individual. And I would want them to know how you can share that experience with others. And not everyone has that heritage and that background and that's something. I guess it just comes back to the whole culture thing. Can you imagine not having parts of yourself? And sharing that culture about the environment and the things that I have learned in my life, from my Dad?

Memories of my father, William Sackman

I look back on it, and my Dad didn't talk much about his Native culture but he actually *lived* it.

I think about what he used to do and how he would play out his role in the Native community, how he would be the one who would be the provider, that would bring food in for the people. I just think of his actions when I was younger. He loved to fish. He always caught fish. Even at his funeral service, everyone had a story about the fish my Dad could catch. And they couldn't catch a fish and my Dad could always catch that fish, you know. And there's pictures of my Dad with fish, I mean, there's always a salmon, and I just think of that.

My Dad was a gatherer as well. He would gather mushrooms berries, and I'm sure that's from what he learned; he knew everything about his environment from his own growing up, from learning from his father and his uncle. The line goes down, just passing on those things that you did. You were a hunter gatherer; you provided for your family. His way was that he went out and he knew all those things. You look at those traditions of Natives, what they did and how they hunted and gathered and what he did was similar.

My Dad hunted game. He hunted bear at one time and he said he'd never do it again because they were too human-like. And it's interesting to have that conversation because I had a conversation with Mary Lou and she has had previous experiences with bear-type things, and I as well, and so we were beginning to think that our family's, what do you call that, spirit animal was a bear. Of all the things my Dad hunted, he respected a bear... and he just couldn't kill them because they were too human-like to him. That was huge for him to feel that way. It is something to do with respect.

What it means to me today to be Duwamish—My purpose

I think being Duwamish is... part of, part of *who I am*. I know I am part Suquamish as well but I know about my Duwamish side of the family, my Dad's side. Because, you know, we could have went either way. We're Duwamish and Suquamish.

I can still enrol as Suquamish if I choose to, but the whole purpose of why I am Duwamish. If I was enrolled as Duwamish, and if my earlier family enrolled our family into the Duwamish Tribe and not Suquamish, there had to have been a reason for it. And so would it be okay, or would it be right for me to leave? What purpose would that serve? I don't know.

I just see it as... why it's important to me, I just come back to the whole key word of culture and I really feel strongly that my role with the Duwamish is to help sustain and grow the culture, however I can. As Duwamish, that is an important part of it for me, more so than recognition.

The ongoing fight for legal recognition for the Duwamish tribe

I see what recognition brings to other tribes. Cecile Hansen (our Chair of the Duwamish tribe) wouldn't agree with me but I just don't think that recognition is the best thing at this point for the Duwamish.

How many Duwamish people would not be even recognized? I look at that, too. I would not be recognized, for that plain fact that I wouldn't have enough of the blood quantum to be recognized. I know I'm an eighth but I think you have to be more than that to be (a member) once the government says the tribe is recognized. I think you have to be a quarter and so I just look at that, and I think.

Then, I also look at another part of it. What does that recognition become for these other people from tribes that have become recognized? Yes, and what has that done for their tribes? All of a sudden, the money comes in and then all of a sudden you have all these *other* things that come. Maybe there is some good that comes out of that recognition, but then there's also... you see a lot of destitution of all these tribes, from alcoholism and (casino money) is almost like a "hand-out" kind of thing...

And you see a lot of poor and needy people and I just think that there's more for the Duwamish to go with... I don't know... *it's a hard question* to think about.

I understand why Cecile Hansen wants recognition and I think, so, yes, we deserve that as a group, let's say as a tribe that was one of the first ones of Seattle to sign the treaty. But my thought is, how is recognition really going to help? How would it really help? I mean.... *What would it do for our people?* Would it really help them? Do we really need to be looking at the power and the money and that's... to me... *that's not what it's about. It's about the culture.*

To me... I just go back to the culture.

If you don't have culture, you have nothing.

You can have a casino somewhere but what does that teach anybody? "Oh, I can go gamble there." Well, I don't want people recognizing our name as a people and saying, "Oh, that's where you go gamble and spend your money or drink alcohol" and I just... I just think it doesn't bring good.

If the tribe has money or raises money, it should be for passing on the culture and for doing good within your community.

I know there are some Tribes in eastern Washington or in northern Idaho where they've contributed to their community and I'd like to see more of that within this area, because you see so many casinos and I just think how is that really helping, I mean, really helping in making a difference in your community and your people?

I just feel like there's more opportunities out there for us to further the culture and the appreciation of the culture, and I just don't feel that that's being supported and furthered, within that role (in the tribe) and how do you go about doing that? We have limited funds and there's lots of variables there, too. And I understand and I'm not pointing fingers or anything, but I just feel like, why not make that more of the focus?

My dad's experience as a Duwamish person and what he taught us

Perhaps the last person who spoke Lushootseed in my family was Mary Talisha.

I just think of my Dad's experience and I think that was hard for me because... I think my brother and I both feel this way... well, I think I've come to terms with it but there are so many things we wish we could have asked my Dad because he would not offer that part of his, his growing up. He made sure that we knew was that it was an important part of who we were to be Native American and that we should be proud of it and that we should embrace it and you know, do whatever we can with it. He taught us not to hide it and put it away.

And I just think of the time when he was called names and made fun of and spit at when he was going home from school, and that is the same kind of experience that Mary Lou remembers as well. And I think my Dad didn't want that for us and so if I look at how I dealt with being Native American, you know... if I want to take it from the Native American's perspective, I think of the underlying viewpoint of being Native American.

Grief and spiritual things

When my Dad passed away I had a hard time with losing him. For me, I just think of the one thing, there's an underlying viewpoint of being Native American, and how you are connected. And I don't know if everyone feels this way, but I feel more connected to things in my surroundings... more sensitive to that. And I am more sensitive to... I don't know how to say that, it's hard to say... more sensitive to... spiritual things.

And when my Dad passed away, I grieved differently than my mother did and I think my Mom and I clash that way. I don't think she understood how I grieved for my Dad and that I just felt like... he's all around.

I'm just thinking of the spiritual side of that. Maybe she thinks a little differently in that way. I had a hard time with that for a while. And coming to terms with that, I think that everyone does grieve differently and everyone processes things differently. I can't judge how we grieve one way or the other, and I think having that Christian background has helped me to realize that I need to not take things so personally, and I need to be more open-minded... and not to sweat the small stuff.

When I say my Dad was all around, I just think of one of the Chief Seattle sayings where he talks about "my people are... in the rocks and in the hills of our land," that part. I just feel like when I'm at the beach, when I'm in a boat, when I see a fish... when I take part doing the things that I knew that he enjoyed, that has helped me grieve for him and get through it. It brings me comfort at this point to think about those things.

Maybe part of it is that it brings back memories of those times that I spent with him.

It just brings you comfort and peace knowing that a part of him is... I know I will see him again someday, but just knowing that he's... yeah, it is that comfort and that peace in knowing and feeling that *he's a part of where-ever I'm at* when I'm in those places. You have those moments, those spiritual moments where you feel like the air, the wind is around you and you feel just a comforting feeling in that moment. Yes, like the trees being...for me, like my.... I can just say for one perspective of this, I have no problems at all walking down the streets of Seattle and I remember having this conversation with my Mom where I said "I don't feel comfortable in the streets of Spokane"— which is a smaller town. I said that "when I'm down in Seattle and I'm walking, I don't feel afraid" and my Mom does, and isn't that interesting, how you can have that feeling and that sense that it feels like home.

A connection and understanding about being Native

Just another little side note and I don't know how that connects with the whole being Native but... after my Dad passed away it was really comforting for me to be around Mary Lou. And I think Mary Lou showed me that role as a family member, you know? And it meant a lot to me to have that experience, 'cause it helped me through that time.

I guess the reason why I feel emotional about it is because for the first time I could really understand what it felt like to be Native and she could get what I was feeling. (Note: She is crying.)

Because I *finally understood* why I felt the way I did. I felt like I was being validated for feeling the way I did and that it was okay to feel that way, and that the spiritual things

that I was experiencing were okay, because I was thinking that they weren't okay. And I was thinking that, for whatever reason, I shouldn't be sharing them. But, definitely from that Native perspective it's okay, and oh, it's so nice to have someone that's a closer family member that can understand where I'm coming from.

And that meant a lot, especially during that time because... I just needed that. I just needed that connection and it helped. It helped me though that part of it. So, yes, and I'm just grateful to have her in that part of my life.



Mary Lou Slaughter with apprentice and cousin, DeAnn Jacobsen

Learning from weaving a basket

As I learned how to weave, I came to really understand and respect how much you put into a basket and how much it becomes a part of you. I don't know if you felt that way when you wove your first basket, how much it was such a part of you, and when you give a basket away, how that feels, you know. You feel that a little piece of you gets passed on. It's interesting.

Learning about yourself as you weave, I think that was a lot for me. I—very much—can be a perfectionist and can be very critical of myself and that was a good learning opportunity for me, to learn from Mary Lou. Well, I was learning how that perfectionism can become such a huge barrier in your ability to progress on as well, you know, because you just get stuck in these... little things. So it was good, yes. In lots of different ways it was a good experience and I miss going to see Mary Lou, because I don't get to go as often now.

Genealogy One—Mary Lou Slaughter’s lineage

Information provided by Mary Lou Slaughter in November, 2011, and subsequent emails, drawn from her memory and oral history, as well as from her historical books, documents, and from an extensive genealogy chart which shows “the bloodline of Chief Seattle”... down to Lulu Sackman and her children.” The chart was assembled by R.B. Campbell, member of Kitsap County Historical Association. Much of the information in generation two and three below is drawn from Campbell’s chart. Academic Kenneth Tollefson has conducted research into the history and preservation of culture in the Duwamish tribe. In his article, “The political survival of landless Puget Sound Indians,” (*American Indian Quarterly*, Vol. 16, No. 2, Spring, 1992, pp. 213–235), Tollefson speaks of a Duwamish community called “Sackman,” located on a small inlet north of present-day Bremerton. The community was established after colonization, after the Duwamish were pushed out of their villages. The white settler Daniel Sackman married Maria Sanchos, daughter of Chief Chiteeath, and they established the community of “Sackman” with Duwamish people. Three of his sons married local Indian people, inherited the logging business, “and perpetuated their community and Duwamish culture” (Tollefson, 1992). The community was based on logging and the Duwamish traditional methods of harvesting foods. Later on, in 1890, incoming white settlers renamed the community Tracyton.

Lulu Bessie McPhee married Joseph Wright Sackman, thus bringing two Duwamish ancestries together.

1. In the first generation is Sholeetsa, who was the daughter of a Duwamish (*Dkh^w’Duw’Absh*) chief, and Shweabe, Chief of the Suquamish tribe, who was born approximately in the 1760s and died in the early 1800s.
2. The child of Sholeetsa and Shweabe is Si’ahl, also known as Sealth, and popularly known as Chief Seattle. It is said that Si’ahl was born at his mother’s *Dkh^w’Duw’Absh* village of *Stuk^w* on the Black River, in what is now the city of Kent. However, many believe that, as the Campbell chart says, Sealth was born at Blake Island, Kitsap County, WA, in 1786, probably in late August, and died June 7, 1866. It is well known that Sealth died at Old Man House on the Suquamish reservation.
3. Seattle married twice. His first wife was LaDaila who died 1811 or 1812. His second wife was Olahl, also known as Mary Sealth, with whom he had six children. She died in the winter of 1851–52 at Alki Point, West Seattle.
4. Sealth and Ladaila’s daughter was called Kikisoblu (Kikisomlow). Settlers called her Princess Angeline. Kikisoblu’s husbands: First is Do-cub-cud, also known as Chief David Cub. He was a Skagit and Cowichan chief. They had three children. He died in a fight about 1835–40, after which Kikisoblu returned to Seattle area. Her second husband was called Chief Talisha, and was a Duwamish chief. (Note: Talisha is spelled several ways in the records.) Sealth also had other children, including George Seattle, Jim Seattle, Julia Stiluta, and two girls who died young, and a daughter who was married on Lake Sammamish to a chief. Edward Curtis recorded that Sealth’s “oldest son” died in battle in 1847 against the Chimakum people, in which a large

force of Suquamish led by Chief Sealth assisted by Klallam warriors effectively exterminated the Chimakum.

5. In this generation are the children of Kikisoblu (Angeline): Mary Talesa, Betsy, and a third child who died young. As well, there may be the three children she bore while away from Seattle, as the wife of Do-cub-cud. One of Kikisoblu's daughters was Mary Talesa (a.k.a. Mary Talisa, Mary Talisha) who married William DeShaw. She was his first wife. They lived together for many years at Agate Point, Bainbridge Island, WA. In Mary Lou's family records, Kikisoblu had Mary Talesa and another daughter, Che-wa-tura (a.k.a. Elizabeth, Betsy, and Lizzie) and a third child who died young. Betsy married a white settler, Joe Foster, and in desperation from his cruel treatment, she committed suicide and was buried in the old Seattle cemetery. She left a son, Joe Foster, Jr., who was raised by his grandmother, Kikisoblu.
6. The next generation is that of Sladai (*Lady* in Lushootseed), also known as Enna Marie DeShaw. Enna was the daughter of William DeShaw and Mary Talisa, whose children included several sons (names not provided) and Enna Marie and also a daughter, Elizabeth, who died in infancy. Enna was born at Agate Point on November 7, 1865. Her name is sometimes spelled Ina and Enie in various records. Mary Lou knew her great-grandmother Enna when she stayed with Lulu, and at that time the family referred to Enna as "Little Grandma." Enna died March 11, 1946.
7. The next generation includes all the children of Enna Marie DeShaw. Enna's first husband was Seth McPhee (he died by drowning at age 31) and their two children were Lulu Bessie McPhee (b. Aug. 18, year not provided) and William Seth McPhee—it is recorded that this son died at age 11 on Jan. 17, 1893. Enna's second husband was Charles James Thompson and their six children were Gladys, Ina (or Enna), Walter, Chester, Charles Haydn, and Blanche.

Enna's first child, Lulu, married Joseph Wright Sackman, who also had Duwamish ancestry from Maria Sanchos, who married Daniel Sackman, as noted in comments at the beginning of the genealogy. (Lulu and Joseph are the grandparents of Mary Lou Slaughter).

8. Lois Sackman, the daughter of Lulu and Joseph Wright Sackman, is in this generation, along with Lulu and Joseph W. Sackman's other children. Lulu's seven children were Leah Gladys (died age ten), William Alan, Arthur, Lacey, Lulu Mary "Babe," Gloria "Glow," and Lois. Lois was born on Jan. 3, 1915 and died on Sept. 11, 2001. Lois married Roy Kvarnstrom. Lois's brother, William Alan "Dude" Sackman, born July 3, 1901, is in this generation and he is the grandfather of DeAnn.

DeAnn's branch of the Sackman family is shown in Genealogy Two, which follows this one.

9. The three children of Lois and Roy Kvarnstrom are Mary Lou, Karl, and John Arthur (Jack) Kvarnstrom. Mary Lou is also known as Sla'da, sometimes also spelled Sladai, which means *Lady* in Lushootseed. Mary Lou married her first husband, Theodore

(Ted) Halady and had four children. Her second husband is Charles (Chuck) Slaughter.

10. In this generation, the children of Mary Lou are Theodore J. Halady, Jr., David Halady, Lorraine Halady, and Michael Francis Halady.
11. Mary Lou's brother John (Jack) Kvarnstrom married Dana and their children are Inga, Sonja, and John. Carl had no children, but has a stepson.
12. The grandchildren of Mary Lou are as follows. Theodore Jr.'s two children: Theodore J. Halady the third, and Jeremy Aaron Halady. David's daughter: Kaitlyn Halady. Lorraine's three children: Ben Alan Ridge, Hannah Ridge, and William Daniel (Dan) Ridge. Michael's six children: Michael, Jr., Tasia Nicole Halady, Seth Ryan Halady, Lucas Michael Halady, Noah, and Hope.
13. The great-grandchildren of Mary Lou are: Theodore J. Halady IV; Xavier Ridge, Cadence Bartell, Tucker Hults, and Michael Carmine.

Mary Lou Slaughter formally adopted Thomas Speer into her Sackman family in the Duwamish tribe, in front of the members at an annual meeting.

(Note: My apologies for any omissions. Because of time constraints, a complete list of names of grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Mary Lou's generation was not recorded.)

Genealogy Two—DeAnn's lineage

This line is identical to Mary Lou's line as given in generations one to six in Genealogy One, above. The line splits away at the sixth generation. Information provided by Mary Lou Slaughter and DeAnn Jacobson.

1. In the first generation is Sholeetsa, a Duwamish (*Dkh^w'Duw'Absh*) woman, and Shweabe, Chief of the Suquamish tribe.
2. Si'ahl, also known as Sealth, and popularly known as Chief Seattle.
3. Sealth's daughter was named Kikisoblu, and settlers called her Princess Angeline.
4. Mary Talesa. The children of Mary Talesa include Enna Marie DeShaw.
5. The children of Enna are listed in Genealogy One, above. Two of them are William Alan "Dude" Sackman (grandfather of DeAnn) who was born in Traceyton, WA, and Lulu B. Sackman (mother of Mary Lou).
6. William Alan Sackman married Marie Elizabeth Drummel.
7. The children of William Alan "Dude" Sackman and Marie are: Shirley, Joe, Frank, William (Bill), Sue, and John Sackman, (Note: Shirley's married surname is Siegal. Sue's married name is Sanders. Joe Sackman is the father of Nancy Sackman, on

Duwamish council, and is the second cousin of DeAnn.) William Sackman was born March 16, 1940. He married Mary Ann Kleiner.

8. The children of William and Mary Ann Sackman are: DeAnn Marie Sackman, b. Feb. 8, 1973, at Bremmerton, WA, and John Arthur Sackman, b. Nov. 24, 1971.
9. DeAnn married Kyle Jacobson. The son of DeAnn and Kyle is Aaron William Jacobson, born June, 2004.

Appendix J: Stories from the Family of Quitsdeetsa and her Daughter, Nellie—the Tuttle Family

The Tuttle family is represented in this study by James Rasmussen, Virginia Nelson, and Diana Scroggins. Virginia Nelson and her brother, James Rasmussen, provided stories about the life experiences of themselves and their ancestors. They also provided information about their genealogy. Diana Scroggins provided genealogical information that supplemented the Tuttle family history.

Both James and Virginia are very thoughtful about their stories. Virginia told her stories with a little smile most of the time. She was very careful about facts. Both James and Virginia incorporated a sense of humour into their storytelling.

James is an accomplished storyteller and a powerful speaker. I noticed that James has a method: he makes a point and then illustrates it with a story. He backs his point up with evidence, usually from his own experience. With his tone of voice, he draws attention to important points, which I have italicized when he used emphatic speech. Similarly to several other Indigenous storytellers whom I have encountered, James usually links something that happened to the place where it happened, and he often begins his stories by saying where they took place.

James Rasmussen's Stories

The Tuttle family homestead on Beacon Hill

(Note: This story's setting is the homestead on Beacon Hill, Seattle, Washington. Today, it is no longer a farm. There are blocks of private homes and paved streets. James told me the following as we drove around the boundaries of the original homestead in May, 2012, and it was not taped.)

James: Notice that some of the land is facing toward the Pacific Ocean, and some is on the hilltop, and much of the land is lying on the other side of the hill from the ocean. That shows their wisdom. They would not get much winter wind from off of the ocean. They planted an orchard here.

Abner and Anne Tuttle built an original home on the homestead, and a second house was built later and also a third. I live in the second home, with Gayle. Over time, much of the land was sold off bit by bit.

(Note: In the earlier interview in April, 2012, James told me that Duwamish friends and extended family used to come to spend their last days at the homestead, and that some people sense the spirits of Duwamish people when they visit the homestead. When we arrived at the

home of James and Gayle, he shows me two large portrait photographs side by side on the wall of the living room. They are Abner and Anne Tuttle. They are a very large feature of the room. Anne Tuttle's Duwamish name is Quitsdeetsa. On an adjacent wall are other photographs, including James' and Virginia's grandfather, Myron T. Overaker, who was and is a very important influence in the lives of James and Virginia, and their mother, Ann Rasmussen.

It felt to me like these three, Anne and Abner and Myron, were part of the interview. I was continuously aware of their seeming presence throughout the interview as James told his stories. In fact, I did not notice anything else in the crowded room except for James, his wife, and the three presences. To be so much aware of family members from the past means that people now present, speaking about those persons, will take extra care with what they say and people will ensure that their words truly reflect what has happened in their lives and the lives of their family members.)

Among the following stories, those told by James alone were told at the homestead. Those told by James and Virginia, or Virginia alone, were told at an earlier interview in April, 2012, away from the homestead. Words are in italics when spoken emphatically.

The first story is about Anne Tuttle, or Quitsdeetsa.

Anne Tuttle and changing times for the Duwamish

Anne Tuttle – Quitsdeetsa - whenever I see pictures, of her, she is an *incredibly strong and stern* woman. And, also, dressed to the nines.

Yeah. Just how the house is. When it is a sunny day, the porch is in the shade. The house catches the morning sun as it comes over the Cascades. And you can see it real well. And you are close—you are (situated) in the middle of Elliott Bay and Lake Washington. You know. If you are an Indian person, that is kind of where you want to be. Not on one side or the other but right in the middle of it all.

Challenges. Um (sighs).

Interviewer: Well, in the 1850s, settlers came, and they were marrying Native women. Later, still in Anne's days, there was a movement that these people should have white wives. Things would shift.

Correct. Because there were white women that started to come.

But there was still that group of early settlers (white men and Coast Salish wives) who were proud of who they were. Now, I know that both of these (James points to the portraits of Anne and Abner Tuttle) were honoured in places like Pike Place Market. (Note: A downtown Seattle meeting place for Duwamish people, on traditional territory), and they were very respected for who they were.)

My great-great-great grandmother's uncle was Doctor Jack, who was one of the last practicing medicine men in Puget Sound. There was a handful of them. By the mid 1800s, I only know of two. One was Doctor Rose, who was Snoqualmie, and the other was Doctor Jack. They both knew how to do a good Spirit Canoe ceremony.

But that is also something that I think... In the way that it was done in the old days and the way it is practiced today, the Spirit Canoe ceremony has probably changed. *But*

that's okay. Everything does evolve. Everything does. That's something that I think that Indian people sometimes *don't understand*, is that, for some reason, between 1800 and 1850, for Indian people, tradition *stopped!* (said very emphatically.)

You know. "This is the way our people used to dress. This is the way we used to live. These are the things they used to do, and that's just the way it is." But, for thousands and thousands of years, there was a *transition* going on! In the art, the song, in the canoes, in the paddles, and all, it didn't just start that way, and that is the way it was. *It evolved.* And I think over the past 150 years, we kind of stopped evolving! Because so much change happened at one time!

So we are back to the challenges again. So, we look at her, Anne Tuttle, Quitsdeetsa... and... everything changed in her lifetime. She was born and raised speaking Lushootseed, and raised in Duwamish (culture) and that probably as a teenager or young woman she married Abner, when things changed. And then she had this life, and...

Now, this is what I have been taught. She was high born. So the transition (also involved a change in status). And some people say, "Don't say that. No, don't." She was royalty. Everything that I have learned about Indian people in Puget Sound was that it was a very stratified society, from slaves, to people that did the work, and to the heads of the households and those type of things. And you know, probably very much like East Indian society is. Castes. Very much so a caste system. Remember the picture of Chief Seattle. He had a flat forehead. (Note: Infant head binding was part of that caste system.)

At that very first meeting that I went to in Washington, D.C., there was a chairperson from Salish Kootenay, which is in Montana. Now, I knew enough about who I was that (I knew) they are part of the Salish culture, here, right? And he is from the *Flathead* reservation, and from the Salish Kootenay tribe. And I remember one night, and I think we were in the bar, and I walked up to him, and I said, "You know, I'm going to ask you probably like a really stupid question, but I just have to know and you are probably the best person to ask." And I said, "I come from Puget Sound, and my people are Duwamish people." And he says, "Oh, yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah." He knew who we were.

I said, "Where does Salish come in, to Montana? That is a long ways away."

And that's when he told me about when the Spanish first came, over five hundred years ago... Juan de Fuca... that's when diseases decimated the tribes here. And that a large group moved East. *As far East as their trading partners existed*, which was Montana. The Chinook jargon language was spoken north of Vancouver Island, and south to northern California, and all the way East to Montana. That was the trading area. And when you look at Puget Sound, it is *right in the middle* of all that.

And that's the reason their reservation was called the Flathead reservation, because the people used to flatten their heads there. They did the same thing.

The Duwamish flattened their heads here. Very much so. Yeah. As a matter of fact, there's old pictures of Chinook, when the whalers used to come up, and you would see these white etching drawings of natives, and (he stops).

Interviewer: The heads are flat.

James: *Seriously* flat!

About Duwamish youth becoming confident in who they are

I have a lot of faith in the younger generation. It's difficult. It's difficult! We have, you know, some kids that are just having a tough time. And that kind of thing happens. But, um, we have others. I have *seen* others do *incredible* things!

One of the kids... he married very young. A couple years before he got married, he was on the Canoe Journey to Bella Bella. They were pushing off in Neah Bay. And they had been delayed.

And this was just while I was Director of the Longhouse, right at the beginning of it all. And I remember thinking, you know, it's really important to go up, to see them.

And I got there, and I found this little picnic shelter, and the truck that the tribe had been using to haul all their stuff and everything else was there. So I pulled up, here is this one young man, and he is taking care of about three or four real young kids. And the rest of them had all gone someplace else, like the tribal centre. And the young kids didn't want to go, so he said "I'll stay and I'll watch them."

Well, everybody came back, and Mike (Evans) was there, and I think they had some food to eat, and they were going to be leaving in the morning. And I had to be back in Seattle.

So, that night two of the traditional chiefs from Macah came down to the camp, and some of their friends. And they started singing songs with drums. And I knew the one kid knew one of our Welcome Songs really well. And so I kind of leaned over and I was sitting next to Mike. And I said to Mike, "You should have him do it. Have him do it by himself."

And so Mike looked at me and he says, "Well."

And so the way Mike does it, he doesn't really *ask*.

And he says "OK we've got to do this. Are you going to *help*?"

You can do it."

And he did! And the two traditional chiefs who were there were very impressed! The language, he did correctly; the song, he did correctly; how he described it, opened it up and did it at the beginning was absolutely right.

And we, at that time, I was hoping that he would be a cultural guy in training for the tribe... because that was something that we really needed at that time. But he decided to get married, and his girlfriend lived in Eastern Washington, so that's where he went.

But um, you see things like that. And so, the Longhouse has an effect. It has an effect on people.

One way or another, it is having an effect.

Interviewer: That's a moment that changes his life.

JR: Yes.

Interviewer: And so, he'll carry that with him.

JR: Forever!

Forever, and probably for generations.

Because he will tell his kids, “*This is what I did.*”

When I think about that future generation, you know, there’s gonna be some real good kids, some real good people, who come out of it.

(Note: In the above story, you can clearly see James Rasmussen’s method of making a point, and backing it up with evidence from his own experience, and beginning by linking the story to a place.)



James Rasmussen

Learning to be a leader under fire

(Note: Thirty years ago James was in his late twenties when tribal Chair Cecile Hansen sent him to a political conference. There, he experienced and learned to address conflict from other tribes’ representatives. James has just finished speaking about the issue of having Duwamish and settler ancestors.)

I don’t think I ever felt conflicted about that (issue) as much as the.... And probably ‘cause from when I was a young, young boy, six, seven years old, I travelled with my grandfather. And my grandfather—*everybody knew him*. From Neah Bay, down to Quinalt, they knew who he was. And they knew who he was in Yakima. And, I remember Indian people telling me, “You do what your Grandad says, ‘cause he is a very important person.” And, so, you know, I felt kind of *included* in that.

So, when I first came on the tribal council—way too long ago!—one of the first things that Cecile Hansen (Duwamish Tribe Chair) did was to send me to Washington, DC, to a National Congress of American Indians, and I was there to represent the Small Tribes of Western Washington. And the Duwamish tribe.

And... it was an education, because there were definitely people there who were dead set against the Duwamish tribe being recognized. And, you know, (a representative, name

removed) from Quinault was one of them. And I *learned*, really quickly, if you really want to know what is going on at a meeting, you don't sit up at the front of the meeting; you go all the way back by the doors in the back, because that's where the discussions happen, and that's where the other people....

And I remember hearing him talk about Duwamish and how "those people were just slaves."

And I looked at him and I said, "*Where did you get that?*"

And he said, "Our elders say that."

And I said, "But our elders say that about *you*."

And I said, "Is that how this is going to be *decided*? By insulting each other?"

And then, he said, "Oh well, you're dumb. You don't understand." And then, as he is storming off, he kind of starts to say, "You guys had your chance"—I guess in the sixties—"and you just didn't take the opportunities."

And then, when you combine that kind of thing with what I was taught by my Grandfather about that "the reservation is the last place anybody wants to go!" And knowing what it was like, you know. Any book you read about the history of Indian people here, it was not a place that anybody wanted to go.

So when I heard him talk about, "Well, your people were just slaves," that really is probably completely the opposite of the truth!

So, for me, that was that *first* conflict type of thing where you really start to feel self-conscious, and being young—at this time, I was in my twenties. And, um, I'm not even sure, *now*.

That was probably about 30 years ago, so I would be about twenty-five. I am now fifty-six. So, I remember, it was hard sometimes to stand up in those type of meetings and say something.

That took *a lot* to get over! But once I got over it, it was very *powerful* to be able to do that.

How did I get over it? By Cecile kicking me in the ass. You know.

Interviewer: Motivation!

James: *Yeah! Serious motivation*, you know! And... it is an important thing.

I remember seeing *her do it*, as a young person, as well. And commanding them. And also, listening to people around you. You see the elders, Indian people from Yakima and other places, or from Alaska. And you are hearing them say, "Yes, she's right."

Because, going from being raised to not talk about who you are, to being out in that community, it was definitely something completely different. Going from being taught that you don't talk about that (being Duwamish), you don't tell anybody else or anything like that, to my mother getting older and her making the decision that "it is time for *you* to take over this thing."

And, then actually having to confront my mother in annual meetings, sometimes, which you can understand!

Duwamish babies fight back

(Note: James had been telling of the decades-long, frustrating process of trying to obtain legal recognition for the tribe. Researchers would come to look at records and see no reason to deny recognition—then documents would disappear and it would come to nothing. As James told of the ups and downs in the history, he reached the period of the 1980s and told this story.)

James: One of the interesting things is—and I can't even remember whose kid it was—but George Ross from BIA—Bureau of Indian Affairs—who was the head of the whole investigation - was talking to the tribe at the annual meeting. His staff people timed their visit to coincide with the tribe's annual meeting. And George Ross was standing up, and talking to everybody about the process and what they are doing.

And there is this infant, who is crawling around on the ground, right? And goes up to his ankle... *and bites him.* (We all laugh, hard.)

And he was, like, "Aaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

And the baby was teething, or something like that. But it was very, very funny, at the time!

Gathering traditional foods—berries and oysters

(Context: James has been telling that a Longhouse was located up a river, for defense from raiding tribes, or located somewhere else, for various purposes, and Duwamish people moved with the seasons to get fish and so on.)

Some of the (settler) people would explore around here. It would be in the summertime and they would come upon a village and there was nobody there. And they would say, "There was this beautiful village that was abandoned."

Well, we didn't have to *lock our doors* and things like that, when we left! (he laughs). And we might be gone for two or three months.

And you know, from *my* family (Note: James now refers to his immediate family during his own lifetime, 1950s and onward), my grandfather used to teach us that we would go to Hood Canal. And that Hood Canal was the place that we gathered things. We would gather oysters and we would pick berries. And that is what the family did.

And my mother, every year, would make me eat oysters. And I *hated* it! I loved going to Hood Canal. I *hated eating oysters!* She would bread them, and fry them, and everything else, so that it didn't look like an oyster; I would put a ton of ketchup on it, but as soon as you bit into it, it was oyster! And, oooo-eeeeeh-hewwwww!

Interviewer: It is just like if you are Scandinavian, you have to eat the pickled herring!)

Yeah, yeah, yeah! In our yard out here, if you dig down in certain places, there's a big pile of oyster shells. Oh, God.

Learning to take part in Duwamish tribe political life

I was taught at an early age to be very respectful of elders, and especially my grandfather. My grandfather told me, “Sit right there” and I am not going to go running around anywhere; I am going to sit right there and do what he tells me to do. And sometimes you wouldn’t see other kids do that. *You had* to do that. And that was something that I learned early on.

I have always been at those tribal meetings, since I was nine. I remember going to annual meetings, *every* year.

And I remember my mother, and my grandfather, first. My grandfather, being the council person, and having to talk to the whole tribe about some issue.

I remember when Cecile first took over as the tribal Chair, and her being very respectful of my grandfather, and talking to me as well. I was maybe twelve. Or thirteen. I wasn’t that old then. I was big for my age. They used to have the annual meetings a lot at one of the parks on Puget Sound but on the left hand side, down by Three Tree Point and that was one of those meetings there.

I remember my grandfather talking about who these different families were, and that was when Willard Bill was still Chair.

And my grandfather knew things weren’t well. There was problems going on. That was when United Indians of All Tribes first started as an urban Indian organization here in town. Willard Bill was the Treasurer of United Indians of All Tribes. Bernie Whitebear was the head of the movement. And at one of our annual meetings, and this was when I was at the University of Washington, Bernie Whitebear really wanted to have the Duwamish tribe as a member of the United Indians.

And it was a vote, taken.

And the tribal members decided against it. Because *we are who we are*. We don’t need to belong to another organization.

I was there.

And Bernie was talking about we could get health care and all these other things, and there were Duwamish people who were talking right back at him and going, “Well, we should be able to get that *anyway*. We should be able to do those things. How come we can’t?”

And this was still before the whole question of recognition came up. Nobody had anything, really. This is late sixties, early seventies, and I think the whole idea of treaty rights and those kinds of things were just starting to happen.

So you had younger Indian people who had gone to college and that type of thing, and some of them wound up in Lummi, some of them wound up in Puyallup, and different places like that, *but they also were Duwamish*. Some of them were at the meeting. And there was a call at that same meeting to change our constitution to make membership be *quantum*, because that is what the federal government needs.

And you know, a lot of things were being thrown at tribal members really fast, and we did not change the constitution.

Even though the updated constitution we voted on was turned down at that time, it is still on the files, at the tribal office for the Duwamish. Through all that stuff, the tribal membership didn't bend! *The tribe is stubborn*, you know, sometimes to their own... (detriment). Would it have been better to be part of United Indians of All Tribes, I don't know.

Recognition, youth, and the Longhouse: A promise broken

James: When I think about that future generation, there's gonna be some real good kids, some real good people that come out of it.

Interviewer: And what you are talking about, that doesn't take "Recognition" to happen. It is happening without it. What do you think about that?

James: No. No. The tribe could probably teach recognized tribes about what sovereignty is. Because we had to survive without that government to government relationship. But, I do know, *for a fact*, that it would be a lot easier *with* recognition than without it.

And it is a promise broken. That's the main point that I always try to make to people when I talk about recognition. This is a promise that is broken, and this needs to be righted.

Yeah. You're right, (we are teaching the children without having recognition as a tribe) but I look at it as (success) *in spite of!* We could have had better programs and kids would have had more opportunities to go to college if they wanted to. Or, really be involved with cultural activities, and—*this is important!*—not be looked down on sometimes by other kids from other tribes.

Who, their parents have taught them that these are not real Indians.

They know that; they hear that. (Note: He means they know that this is sometimes said.)

And that is hurtful. But, you know, the kids know that they are doing the same thing that those other kids are. And that they look like those other kids. There isn't much difference between 'em! So, you know, that *whole* (he stops).

Interviewer: So, we are still talking about what we hope to see happen, like for Duwamish people, and Duwamish youth in the future generations, really.

James: When I was on the Council that is what you are charged with. The health and welfare and education of Duwamish people. Period. That's your *job*. That's what you are *supposed to do*. You know.

Which is why I am very proud of the Longhouse, because that really is a statement for the health and welfare and education of our people. And, not that we shouldn't be able to do more. We should. But it gives us a platform and a place to do that stuff from. Something that people can say, well, that is our tribe's.

Recognizable to Duwamish people, and to the outsiders, as well. Very much so.

And, it is a very powerful statement, that the very first thing, from old times when we lost our land, to new times, *the first thing that we built* was the cultural centre and the

Longhouse. It wasn't a casino; it wasn't other things that other tribes had built, those who *are* recognized.

And there are lots of elders in other tribes that recognize that.

I remember when we opened the Longhouse. Over weeks of time, different tribes would show up and sometimes their Senior Centre would come up, and groups like that, and I heard that, more than once, that this shows *who you are* as a people—this is what you do.

Mixed ancestry and our traditions

(Context: We were discussing issues concerning having mixed ancestry. James spoke about people whose appearance is more stereotypically “Native” looking than that of others).

James: And, the thing that changed my mind about that was when we took a trip around the country on the train. We were staying at Gayle's sister's house. And we saw this notice for a Powwow, in Florida, and we said, well, we have got to go see that. And there, people that were the traditional natives looked just like me! (Note: By the tone of voice, he felt it deeply. It changed his mind.)

And, it opened my eyes, when you start talking about lineages and that type of thing. (Note: He refers back to my question.) That, as far as how much Indian you are, whether it's X (name deleted) or myself, we are not that far apart in what we would call our *quantums*—right?

But, the other thing that changed my mind about that, was after that. It was the big Paddle event that my *mom* went on. And, that was the first. When she came back, she said, “They don't want to know how much Indian you are. They want to know what family you are from.”

That was important to my mother. It was in the first tribal journeys. Dad paddled. Mom drove the car. They were part of the crew. They were still carving as they paddled up to Canada. My father would carve canoes that still needed to be carved out more. He does that well. When they would go into the villages, nobody asked my mother how much Indian are you? It was always what family are you? The whole concept of quantum comes from government.

That is an important part of how we were raised.

Surprisingly, they know you, they know you by your family names! I have had my discussions with elders from different places and that is a *truism* within Native culture. It is.

Because, there was a reason that you have settler ancestors. In my family, there was a reason that that happened!

Without that, we couldn't have stayed here (on Duwamish land).

And it's also part of *our tradition* to marry into other cultures, whether it be another tribe like Suquamish or Snoqualmie or Yakima – which, all of which I have relatives among. This was just the new people, that were moving in, and that was the important thing to do.

I don't think I ever felt conflicted about that (mixed race)... as much as the... And probably 'cause from when I was a young, young boy, six, seven years old, I travelled with

my grandfather. And my grandfather—*everybody knew him*. (Note: Indigenous people knew him.)

From Neah Bay, down to Quinault, they knew who he was. And they knew who he was in Yakima. And, I remember Indian people telling me, “You do what your Grandad says, ‘cause he is a very important person.” And, so, you know, I, I felt kind of *included* in that.

Myths and true history

James: Now this is the myth, that when George Vancouver came in to Puget Sound, Chief Seattle was a young boy and saw him. Now, when you look at the actual dates of that, it’s hard to believe, because that would have made him a really, really old man when he was still doing some of his other stuff. But that is one of the myths.

Virginia wanted to say that when she was growing up—and I remember this as well—my grandfather used to talk about Chief Seattle, and that Chief Seattle was not the “great leader” of Duwamish people. He was a good speaker. That was his strength, that he was a good speaker, and almost like a flim-flam guy. He was the face for Native people here. He saw the opportunities. There are all kinds of stories that you can find about him hanging out down in Olympia, ready to take people up here to settle here because he wanted to have the settlers come, because that was kind of the role that he was playing.

But there were other, my grandfather used to say, more important Duwamish leaders, that that was below them to do. So the perception from the white people’s side was that here was “the great friend of the white people,” so therefore he *must be* this great leader...

Chief Seattle was prominent, of an important family; he had ties to the important tribes in Puget Sound. And honestly, probably during that time they (Duwamish) didn’t look at themselves that way. We look at ourselves today as being this (the Duwamish, a cohesive group)—as if that is what Duwamish people were. Back then, there was a loose affiliation of villages. But you *came from a village*.... And my grandfather still thought that way. We, our family, were from the Black River village. We were from the main village site of the tribe. And that’s where we came from.

And I remember early on in the recognition process that there were still elders that thought that way. And that was *hard*, because you weren’t telling somebody that they weren’t *that*. But they had to also think about themselves as the greater affiliation, *or else we’re sunk!*

It was a loose affiliation of *village sites*. The village sites—they were the important things. And *for mostly defensive purposes*, that’s where the *affiliations* came in.

And when northern tribes would raid—my grandfather used to talk about that. That was a very real thing. That the tribes from up North, and he never really said who it was, but we are talking Klingit Haida, would come down in the summer. And he was very specific with this, and he said, “They would eat children.” And when you actually do research about them, it. (Note: His tone of voice implies that it is verified to be true.)

They may have done that. The real Northern coastal people. Well, there was taking the power from somebody. It seems to be part of the culture as well. It was not a cannibalistic society in that sense. But there was always a great fear of the northern tribes.

And when you read the Treaty, that's one of the things that's in the Treaty, that the United States government is to protect us against the Northern tribes. Because, they would come down, and it's... it's hard to think about today but if you would think about a party of about twenty to fifty war canoes coming into Puget Sound, and they already know where they want to go.

That's why the main village site of Duwamish tribes is on the Black River. In Renton. *You can defend it.* And there are places of natural defense *along* the river, before you even get there, that would be difficult, I mean *incredibly difficult*, for anybody who is coming up that river to take. But, you know, the village sites that were on Elliott Bay—right?—were the vulnerable sites. Those people would run to the Black River site.

(Note: This is Duwamish history as passed on by James and Virginia's grandfather, a Duwamish person. It shows how some Duwamish people viewed Chief Seattle. He passes on the history of raids from the north. He notes the evolving of culture and identity as Duwamish are forced by social pressures to begin to view themselves in a different way. James tells of his own personal experience as part of the leadership of the tribe, seeking legal recognition, and helping people to realize they must no longer identify as a family from a certain village site, but as part of the larger group.)

Virginia Nelson's Stories

Redressing a wrong—The paddle story

(Note: Virginia believed the story is about her great-great grandmother Quitsdeetsa, also known as Anne Tuttle. After the interview, she confirmed with her mother that it was, indeed, Anne Tuttle in the story that their family calls "The Paddle Story.")

Virginia: My grandfather had a piece of land on the Yakima reservation, because of one of my ancestors who was abducted by the Yakimas. It was Anne Tuttle. She was abducted by the Yakimas and taken as a slave and she got away and she had to paddle; my mother has the paddle. Ask James about the paddle story, because that is important. My father copied the paddle for my brother and for me.

My grandfather was given a piece of land on the Yakima reservation. And he would go there once a year and just sit, and contemplate, and kind of get in touch with himself, because he was a thinker.

He got the land somehow because of what happened to someone in the family (this abduction). Something that was signed by Woodrow Wilson said the land was given in perpetuity. Then the Yakimas decided that once my grandfather died, it would end with him. Then they made a settlement with my mother because she could not find the paper that said it was in perpetuity. Not too long ago, I found the paper. It is too late.

It had to do with her being taken by the Yakimas.

(Note: I notice that the cultural way of recognizing and addressing the wrong involved giving the place on the Yakima land, and this redress took place over time, years and generations. Remember, James said that Quitsdeetsa was of nobility status. Perhaps the wrong was in taking a Duwamish nobility woman and making her a slave.)

I noticed that this story of a wrong that was addressed is given much importance in the Tuttle family, and the paddle has been kept to this day. Later, the memory was preserved further by making replica paddles for James and Virginia, two descendants of Anne Tuttle. The artifact helps the family to remember the story which is very important to them.)

Reading history about the Duwamish

(Context: I have just asked what would she like future Duwamish youth to know.)

Virginia: Well, the history that my daughter would have received in school is that... there were a few books where Seattle is *riding his pinto pony* thru the *birch* trees to his *wigwam* as he is giving his speech.

We were *intelligent* and we lived in *houses* and we are a proud people and we are still a proud people and no matter what happens, I am Duwamish and nothing can change that.

James and Virginia's Story

The Tuttle family homestead

Virginia: Our family supported the cousins... but they weren't cousins.

James: They were extended family. We have 'quit claim' deeds from where people would come to the house to die. We were a family where the Native people knew they could go to get legal matters taken care of before you die.

Some think it is a spooky thing, but it's not. Other people say "I can sense there are a lot of spirits here, but they are very happy."

Quitsdeetsa was Anne Tuttle. She could not own property. She married Abner Tuttle and he started the homestead. Our family doesn't have any history where a husband would say "no, you can't be involved with the tribe." We have family stories where Abner would go to Pike Place Market and be honoured. At Beacon Hill, the orchard, most of the trees were planted by my family.

Did they share the orchard fruit? Yes, they shared everything. They would take fruit to Pike Place Market (shows a photo). This is Anne Tuttle. This is the one with the deer. She could make friends with the animals.

Virginia's Stories

My grandfather, Myron T. Overaker

V: And my grandfather went for a very short time to the University of Washington. But I have a feeling that because of who he was, because he was Native, *he was not welcome*.

(Note: She said it very firmly.)

And he was there for a very short time, and then he wasn't any more, and *I think he wasn't welcome* at the University of Washington. That's my opinion. He was born in 1891 and probably graduated from high school when he was seventeen, so it would have been right around the First World War and I don't think he was probably welcomed, at that time.

My grandfather was an exceptional electrician. He was *outstanding*. He had a mind that could do electrical things that were *amazing!* He helped people with the first kidney machine.

He could put things together. He was the one they would call when they ran into a problem and he could figure it out. He did not think of it; he could just help them with it.

He worked at Sandpoint Naval Station, off of Lake Washington in Seattle, during the Second World War. He did not join up, because they would not let him, because he could do the electric things.

And he worked at Todd's Shipyard. He did electrical things. He worked, you know, he had lived in California, he worked on I don't know what, all the different places. But, you know, he came back.

As a child, I used to sit in the basement with my grandfather. I used to listen to music. He had this big leather green chair that my mother and my grandfather gave to my great-grandfather. I have the leather chair in my home in my front room... the Green Chair. When my mom and dad would go somewhere, we never had babysitters. And, I would sit with my grandfather, and he and I would sit in a chair together, and we would listen to music. And my grandfather had all this wonderful music. And I would get to pick out what I wanted to listen to. Mostly classical.

You could touch which record you wanted and he would get it out and put it on the record player. My grandfather recorded music, live music, and he cut the records, himself.

He would go to band concerts and do that, all around the city (Seattle) in the fifties, and make records for kids to buy, in the fifties. That's long before tapes and things. He had huge recording machines. Have you heard of the Milk Box Derby? Anyway, my grandfather would put up all the sound equipment. It was huge. These huge speakers, you know. He would supply all the speakers for these things for the City.

And he had a 1929 Touring Packard! And I can remember that it only got driven once a year. The engine always worked perfectly. That was the *one* time of year, when we went to the Milk Box Derby, over at Ray's Boathouse. And I get to go into the car, and we would go to the Milk Box Derby, where we had all the sound equipment.

He was... we grew up, together, and you know, he was special!

He played the mandolin. And he made sure my mother played. My mother played the marimba. My daughter plays the marimba.

My daughter was a physical education major, history minor, who played a Senior music recital at Pacific Lutheran University when she graduated.

How many people do you know who play a senior music recital who don't even have a minor in music. They don't do that!

(Note: James became a musician and had a music store, and Virginia married a high school music teacher/school band leader and was an aide to the band.)

He was just a genius, as far as if you needed anything done, electrical or mechanical, he could just do it.

And he was just this old guy, and you could talk to him.

In a way he was like my mom, but not quite the same, not quite as sharp as my mom, but, he would tell it like it was. Up front! He would tell you what you needed to do, but you knew he loved you.

He had a lot of notebooks, which he wrote in.

Here is something he wrote: “I come to you with a heart heavy laden with scars / By the malpractices of life” / The so called inevitable is something that there is no reason for... but there is—don’t know what that word is—in it, / And just enough hope to keep oneself alive. / Those who have the greatest desire to live are those whose lives are the most worthless to the world. / When I do big things for a big girl, she despises me. / When I do little things for a little girl, she loves me. / There is just one answer.”

And he also, he got cancer, and he went one day, and he had his first chemotherapy, and they thought that went really well. My mother built her house next door to the old house, on her, the lot they , there was three lots left and she built the house next door, and she was going to take care of him. And then, they went to the first chemotherapy. And they came home from that, and she said, “That went really well.” And he died the next day of a heart attack, because I think he decided that, “I don’t want to do that.”

And he died at home. o he died in the old house, and he, I think you know about the spirits that are there. And I think our... (pause).

Grandpa Myron and spirituality

You ask, in what ways did my grandfather live his culture? Well, I have a thing here to show you. Here, this is one of his books.

My grandfather was *very spiritual*. (Note: She said this slowly and emphatically.)

Spiritual, but not in a churchy way. He would go with his recording equipment and would record at the Indian gatherings. *All* the Indian gatherings. (Note: The tone of voice expresses pride.) All the powwows. My brother has all the recordings. My grandpa wrote about that in here, (she reads) “where I enjoyed the fun.”

And all of our family does this. It’s an *inner* thing, I think—and he did the same thing. You can only be so long, before you have to go to the mountains, or to the water... and pick up shells, rocks, or something, you know, or take off your shoes and walk through the water, or something.

And we have the *old* jars. I have some of my mother’s jars and my mother has her grandfather’s jars and her grandmother’s jars and her great-grandmother’s jars, and we passed them down, with agates, and pretty rocks and pieces of wood. And we all seem to do it. My daughter does the same thing, and it’s not because we taught each other to do it. It’s just something we have to do. It just seems *inside*, that we have to do it. And, uh, my grandfather did it.

James and Virginia's Story

Growing up Indian

Virginia: You ask, what I would like for the future? When I grew up, I didn't grow up the same way James did. I knew I was Duwamish and I was proud to be Duwamish. But I was told, *that is not something you tell just everyone*. Somehow my mother and grandfather let me know that you just did not tell everyone that you were Indian.

My grandfather did not tell me stories of the Indian side. I had to learn from other people in the family. My poppa is the Indian side. He told me about the Tuttle side, and how they got to Seattle and married the Indian side of the family.

For the future, I would like for people to think before they spoke. You don't always know who you are speaking to. We live by Quinault... People assume "Indians live in icky houses and have cars in front of the house, they shoot up signs and they drink." They talk like that sometimes, and you sit there, and you go "Gee, you don't even know who you are talking to!" and you be quiet. And for the future, I would hope that people would not be bigots.

James: The stories my grandfather used to tell me, how he was treated in high school, how he was beaten by his teachers, that is an understandable thing that would last for generations in a family. His mother probably went through that as well. His grandmother probably did not have to.

Virginia: My mother was called a squaw by her mother-in-law and father in law.

James: The most emotional story... she knew that my father was going to ask her to marry him and she knew she had to tell him. She brought him into the room where she had all the baskets and Native things. My father, being the guy that he is, said, "That does not matter." My father always took my mother to the council meetings and annual meetings; he was very supportive.

Genealogy One

The following information was provided by James Rasmussen and Virginia Nelson.

1. In the first generation is Quitsdeetsa, a Duwamish woman who was born in 1833 in Oregon Territory, and died November 1, 1913, at Seattle. She became known as Anne Tuttle. Anne was married to Abner Tuttle. Her uncle was Doctor Jack, who was one of the last practicing medicine men in Puget Sound. Quitsdeetsa is the great-great grandmother of James and Virginia.

14. Nellie Tuttle is one of the four children of Anne and Abner. The four children are Nellie, Ida, James, and Henry Tuttle. Nellie Tuttle is the great-grandmother of James and Virginia. Nellie Tuttle was born at Salmon Bay, Washington Territory, in 1863. Salmon Bay is in Seattle, and is west of Lake Union. Nellie continued the tradition of making baskets. Nellie Tuttle married a man with the surname of Overaker.

15. Myron T. Overaker was the son of Nellie Tuttle Overaker. Myron was born in 1900. He went to a mission school. Myron married Dorothy. He died in Seattle.

16. Myron and Dorothy's child is Ann Virginia Overaker, born in 1929. She married Rasmussen.
17. Ann Virginia Overaker Rasmussen had two children. They are Virginia and James Rasmussen. Gayle is the wife of James, and Tim Nelson is the husband of Virginia.
18. The daughter of Virginia and Tim Nelson is Christine Nelson.

Genealogy Two

Information about her branch of the Tuttle family was provided by Diana Scroggins. The family tree takes a different branch than that of James and Virginia, after the generation of Nellie Tuttle. It seems Nellie married twice.

Therefore, Nellie Tuttle and her mother are the shared Duwamish ancestors of James, Virginia, and Diana.

2. In the first generation is "Grandpa" Tuttle, Abner, and his wife, Quitsdeetsa, or Anne.
19. Their child is Nellie Tuttle. Nellie married William Conklin.
20. Nellie and William had several children: Dorothy, Wilma, Noni, Gladys, and others.
21. Jessie Conklin (the grandmother of Diana Scroggins) married Paul Pittman.
22. The five children of Jessie Conklin and Paul Pittman are: Jessie Ellen, Alice May, Paul Jr., Mike, and Terry. (Here are the children of Jessie's siblings. Alice married Otto Timm and had three children: Carey, Mary, and Larry. Paul's three children were Karen, Anita, and Danny. Mike's two children were Krista and John. Terry's three children were Terry, Jr., Corey, and Jessie.
23. Jessie Ellen Pittman married Glenn McBride. They are the parents of Dawn, Diana, and Glenn, Jr.
24. Diana McBride married Michael Scroggins. They have three daughters. Diana is a participant in this study.
25. In this generation are the daughters of Diana and Michael Scroggins: Tanya, Amanda, and Sarah.
26. In this generation are the grandchildren of Diana McBride Scroggins. Tanya has three sons: Bryan Scroggins, Tommy Holland, and Michael Scroggins. Amanda married Elliott Jack and they have four children: Gage, Sarabeth, Jordan, and Elliott, Jr. Dawn married James Roberts, and they have three children: David, Charles, and Angela.

Appendix K: Stories from the Family of Piapach and her daughter Anna—the Garrison Family

Cecile Ann Hansen and her daughter, Cynthia Lynn (Cindy) Williams represented the Garrison family in this study. Cecile provided an interview and Cindy provided genealogical data, as well as information by postal mail and email. Because of their lack of time for interviews, both participants encouraged me to supplement the data with already published information. The family tree which Cindy provided is attached after the family stories of Cindy and Cecile.

Cindy's Stories

Memories of growing up Duwamish

When my siblings and I were kids, I remember going clam digging at the ocean and berry picking in the summer for raspberries, blackberries, and huckleberries. I lived in South Seattle, White Center, Riverton Heights, Tukwila, and I attended school at Cascade Elementary, Showalter Junior High, and Foster High School.

My mom is Cecile Ann (Oliver) Hansen and my father is Rafael Flores. I was born in Oakland, California, on October 5, 1963. My mom went to live in the Bay Area in the early sixties due to personal family reasons and met my father. My father is Puerto Rican. I have never met him. In 1966, she also had my sister, Jolene (Williams) Haas. We left California after that and have never returned. We have live in Washington State all of our lives. I have three half-sisters and one full blood sister, Jolene. My mom, Cecile Hansen, had a total of eight children. There were six girls and two boys. One sister and both of my brothers (half) died as infants and are buried in Aberdeen, WA. I have six kids ranging in age from 28 to 14. Their names are Kristina Marie Williams-Wilbur, Olivia Rose Johnson, Jacob Evan Johnson, Adam Jesse Johnson, Alyssa Shaye Johnson and Benjamin Jared Johnson. All of my children are offspring of two different fathers, neither father has Native blood.

Growing up, it felt “different” to be Duwamish, like a fish out of water. How it really was? I would like to pass on to my grandchildren that it has been hard, but rewarding.

Generations in my Duwamish family

My great-great-grandparents are Jane and John Garrison It has been documented that Jane was the niece of Chief Seattle. Her Native name was “Piapach.” My family descends from Chief Seattle’s niece.

Jane was sometimes called Jennie. She married John Garrison. It has been documented that John Garrison a.k.a. James Garrison was probably born in Jamaica and was first noted on the 1857 census. It was thought that he may have jumped an English ship (don’t know the name) in 1853 and got work at William Renton’s sawmill as a logger. It was noted that he was also a fisherman.

Jane Garrison had ten children with James and lived in South Kitsap. Jane was also noted as being famous because she was the first person to ride over the Manette Bridge when it opened June 30, 1930. It states she died a year later (1931). She would have been 93 when she died.

My great grandma was Ann (Garrison) Henry. She was sometimes called Anna or Annie. She was the daughter of Piapach (Jane). She married Leroy Peter Henry Sr. I'm not sure if he is Duwamish but a lot of his family members reside in Tulalip. My Native ancestry on my Mom's side includes Duwamish, Suquamish, Snoqualmie and Snohomish and Chinook, Cowlitz and Quinault on my grandfather's side of the family. His name was Charles Oliver.

I now have two grandchildren. My granddaughter's name is Isla Grace Johnson, born June, 2012. Her parents are Kim Wilson and Jacob Evan Johnson, my son. And my new grandson's name is Maximus Lee Delong Pearson, born February, 2013. His parents are Michael Pearson and Kristina Marie Williams-Wilbur, my eldest daughter. Happy grandma I am!



Cindy Williams at Duwamish Longhouse Grand Opening 2009

Learning my culture from my Duwamish family

My grandmother, aunts and uncles and my mother were the people who passed on Duwamish history and culture and beliefs to me. My family, grandparents and friends lived the Duwamish culture when they were fishing, berry picking, attending ceremonies, and clam digging. Some of the way that I live my culture today are when I am attending cultural activities, and drumming and singing.

Nobody in my family can speak Lushootseed.

My mom's parents were Margaret Henry and Charles Oliver. The most important thing I remember about my grandmother, Margaret Henry, is that there are family stories about her going to Indian boarding school. I see my grandmother as a leader, and also my uncle, in regard to fishing rights.

The past and future

The challenges that I, my family, and my grandparents faced included racism as children... grew up to be kids in the tribe, and to graduate college.

How do I heal from harmful experiences, trauma? *Faith!*

My kids have a good sense of humour and they use it to make everyone laugh.

It is important for future children of Duwamish people to know this: Duwamish were a people, not a place. They have an important story to tell.

Today, being Duwamish means having pride in our ancestry and heritage.

Cecile Hansen's Stories

My mother, Margaret Katherine Henry

People in Indian country say, "Watch out for Cecile Hansen!" I'm just a jokester. I am only four foot ten. My kids might think I'm tough. My mom went to a parochial school, an Indian boarding school. *She* was tough. She only had to say it once.

At one time, when I was a kid, a teacher was torturing me. She was discriminating against me because I was a Native American. That was one of my first experiences of a teacher. For whatever reason, she didn't like me, so she bullied me. She was an elementary school teacher. First grade.

And I would go home crying and my Mom put up with it. After a while, she said, "What's going on?" She finally got upset. It took Mom a long time to get irritated. So she goes down there and she just *told* this teacher! She said, "You know, my daughter doesn't *have* to go to school here so why are you treating her this way?"

And I had other cousins going there who were Native American and I don't know why she felt that she had to bully *me*. And you know when you are being bullied. I mean, she didn't physically touch me but she didn't treat me like she treated my cousins around the school yard. So that was my first experience of being put down, bullied. And this was in Pacific Beach.

My Mom—oh, God bless her. Her mother died of the flu when my mom was four, in the 1920s. Mom and her sister were in Indian boarding schools. So that's where my Mom was raised until she met my Dad and they got married. I was raised in the boarding school mentality—*strict, very strict!*

"Gee, you know, Mom doesn't really love us"—but you know what, she worked! She took care of five of us. There was one brother and three sisters and myself. One of the things that is so clear to me is that I had said, "Our folks don't love us," but if they worked like crazy for you and we have a home and we have food, *they care*.

But if Mom never had a Mom, what role model did she have to hug her? She had to live with the matrons, so they got spanked, and they weren't treated very well.

You ask me whether my mother learned some cultural things to pass on to me, but, well, how could she do that if she was going to boarding school, learning the White Man's

way... at four years old, huh? White Man's way. Those boarding schools, they take the Indian-ness away from the Indian children.

Mom went to the Indian boarding school all her childhood, since she was four. And after Mom raised everybody, she was living in Seattle. I lived in the South end and she lived in Queen Anne. And then she announced to me, "I'm going to go to school." She went to Seattle U. and she took courses all about medicine, because she was always interested in medicine. My Dad got a job in California, and they moved to California. The next thing I know, not only Mom was going to college and got two degrees, but also my two sisters were going to college and they graduated from college... and so, my Mom was fifty when she made this decision. So, my point of telling that little story about Mom who was raised in the Indian boarding school is that it's never too late to go to school, and I commend you to do the same thing for yourself because it's never too late.

Supporting my family

When I came up from California, I didn't have any work experience and I said, "I can't expect my brother to take care of me. I have to go to work. I can wait on tables."

I'd never done it before, so I went and got a job as a waitress and I said, "*If I'm going to be a waitress, I'm going to be the best waitress.*"

I made 45 cents an hour as a waitress, but that's how I fed my kids, with the tips.

And, the customer is always right!

Marriages

My husband, Doug Maxwell, married me with four kids! So, I was being a waitress and cashier, and then he came into the restaurant in Auburn. I guess I must have looked good to him. So, he's standing there. Here he's six foot two and I'm just a little short lady and he said, "Are you married?" I said, "Well, yes." He said, "Do you have any children?" and I said, "Yes." He said, "How come you don't wear any rings?" and I said, "You don't have to wear a ring to be married."

The (first) man I had been married to was a really nice man but he was alcoholic and I wasn't taken care of; I got beat up. What do I know about alcoholic? I didn't know anything about it, and I lived with that man for twelve years and then I decided "*I don't need to be married to this man.*"

I didn't have any money, and that's when I got the job as a waitress and I met this man who wanted to marry me with four kids. And I said "the guy's nuts," and I didn't really believe him... I mean, I liked him and everything, but you know... and then he was in the Marine Corp. and he took off to Vietnam and then he came back and I got to know him... well, he got wounded actually. So when he, Doug Maxwell, came back and we got to know each other, I ended up marrying the man, and we were married for over 20 years.

I didn't tell you how I got my last name, Hansen. There was someone broadcasting on the radio and he used the name 'Ichabod Crane.' He was always telling stories about his father. So, one day I phoned the station and I said, "I want to ask your father if he would go to the Neil Diamond concert with me." We went to the concert, and I ended up marrying him, the next year. He was six foot six tall. We were married for six years.

Becoming a leader and the Chair of the Duwamish tribe

When I was a kid, my mom would drag my brother and me to the forest near Renton, Washington, and we would have a meeting. And it would go on for hours.

And now I have been the Chair of the tribe since 1975. My brother came to my house and said, “Get involved!” In 1975, I was elected Chair. I fight for restoration. I am always happy to be the spokesman for the tribe.

I went to high school at Highline, which is in Burien. And later on, there came a time when I was a stay at home mom, raising my children. I didn’t have to work, and I had my home and a car and I just loved interacting with my kids and all their activities—*that*, I enjoyed. And I loved to cook, so that was cool.

The two oldest ones got married but then I had three girls left. Cindy was the oldest one at home and then her sister and then my youngest one. And you can only clean your house so much.

Okay, so that’s when my brother showed up. He was fishing in the Duwamish River here. He was being cited by the Department of Fisheries for fishing in the Duwamish River when he was Duwamish.

If you think *I* am feisty, he was worse!

He came to my house and he said, “You got to get involved.” I’m saying, “Well, and do what?” and he said, “You know, go to a few meetings.” Well, “a few meetings,” and now I’m working with the former Chair, I’m working with a volunteer team, and Department of Fisheries. You start moving around, you get involved.

When I had been involved for maybe two years, my brother introduced me to Willard Bill, the former Chair of the Duwamish. Well, Willard Bill was an educator, God bless him, and he decided, “Well, Cecile, I am going to, on an interim basis, hand the Chair over to you.” Anyway, after that, I was elected in 1975 as Chair.

Now, nobody gives you a book, “How to Be a Chair.” Nobody.

So. The way I did it was, once I became involved, we sent a survey out. Some people helped me out at Small Tribes of Western Washington. We sent a survey to all the people who said they were Duwamish. I don’t know where they’re at, these people, today.

We were asking them, “What do you want?” And it was very clear. On top it says, they want their recognition.

And you know, the last thing that they wrote, somebody said they wanted their religion. You know, you cannot give anybody religion. A tribe cannot give you religion.

I respect the religions and I don’t try to push what I believe on anybody else. I believe in the Creator, God. I say ‘Creator’ not to offend anybody, whatever they believe. I mean, I’ve known people from different places; that’s okay with me. (I am) respecting all living faiths.

Preparing to get involved

If you could have seen me when I was in school, I was the most shy person ever.

When I got involved with the Duwamish, I said, “Oh my gosh, I have to go speak!” So I went and did—Carnegie? I went to learn how to speak, for six months. You know what I learned? I learned that if you know your subject, you can talk about it. I’m not saying I know everything because I’m still learning today. Nobody knows everything, and so I learn something every day.

Still an activist today

Cecile Hansen, addressing the tribe (May 5, 2012):

The City is building a tunnel under the harbour in Seattle. It was reported to the tribe that since they began, the workmen are finding waterfront artifacts. They are throwing them away. ESCOTT is the company. If we were acknowledged, restored, this would not be happening.

I personally want to protest down there. We need to rise up so the mayor and council know that we do not like this.

Restoration

Everyone should know their own history. The government did not fulfil their promise. We got sixty-four dollars. Do we want to continue the battle? Now we are told we need an expert witness and we require \$50,000—why do we need it? We know our own history.

Some tribes oppose us. Muckleshoot, Puyallup, and Tulalip. Indians are Indians, and why aren’t they supportive? Why does it all come to greed? In 1855, when the treaty was signed, did anyone say, “You’ll get a casino”? They’re so afraid we’ll build a casino and take away their green... their money. Yeah, we’ll build one, right in the middle of Elliott Bay! (laughs). Like Cindy says, it’s none of their business. Do we want a casino? Casinos, they help their people. But also, they’re too greedy. Anyway, it is nobody’s business what we do.

Healing in Indian Country

We lived off-reservation; we never lived on the reservation except when we were in Taholah which is Quinault ‘cause my Dad is part Quinault. We lived there until my brother was born in ‘39 there. We must have lived in Tulalip, because that was where I was born but I’m not Tulalip. See, Tulalip is a reservation and Tulalip is also an Indian hospital. My sister and I were born there. I hate telling people I was born at Tulalip because the Tulalip leadership is one of the Tribes who have been actively opposing our Duwamish Tribe from being acknowledged. I mean they have a lot of money... and Muckleshoot is the other Tribe too that had done that, and see...

Today, and I *always* say it, people want to listen to me, *there has to be a lot of healing in Indian country*. Traditionally, we all *supported* each other. Now it’s all greed and money.

I think the government wants it that way.

Fighting for recognition for the Duwamish tribe

I sometimes get really offended that, if we signed a Treaty in 1855, we give up all Seattle. Who were the Indigenous people? It wasn’t Muckleshoot; it wasn’t Tulalip. (Note: They did not exist.) It offends me so you see why I got involved, and then I say, well

‘recognition,’ well (at first) I didn’t know anything. So then you start doing your little research, talking to different people and I said, “This tribe needs to be acknowledged.” And we’re the first signers of the Treaty and here it is 155 years later. Although once we did get recognition (for a day)... reluctantly they gave it to us and then they took it away. And all the other Tribes that are on that Treaty from 1855, there is only one other tribe that isn’t recognized and they’re still fighting. This is... it’s sick. Very sick. You know I’m getting older here now...

There’s politics in it, rotten politics.

I don’t mind speaking up for us.

I was back in D.C. one time. Well a bunch of us tribes. There were about seven tribes that went back, that travelled together. There was a hearing and they chose me to speak for all these tribes. They all had their history, but I was there to speak for everybody in a general way.

The Chair of the committee said to go back and see what is the problem. We went to the Tulalip leadership to ask what their problem was and they said it was the fishing that they were fighting about. Well... God gave us fish for everybody. Why are we fighting about fish?

But you know what it was, I think at that time, and this was in the ‘80’s, it was all about casinos. They were so afraid... and we weren’t even thinking about casinos, because nobody had any casinos anywhere. But anyway, (eventually) we all got into the casino business.

And even though the Tulalip leaders would not say, I just got up and spoke ‘cause I was geared coming back from Washington, DC. I just told them to their faces. I said, “You know, this isn’t about fishing, this is about greed.” And they all went insane. When you accuse somebody and they get up and they start jumping around and deny it, you know you’ve hit it.

It’s about greed.

We should share, and we should get away from greed. People accuse us and say that the only reason the Duwamish want to get recognized is ‘cause they want a casino—and this has been going on for many years—and now I say, today, “We do! We want a casino *in the middle of Elliott Bay.*”

And they’re kind of shocked, because is the government going to allow us if we ever get recognized to put a casino in the middle of Elliott Bay and then the ferries are going to have to round the cruise ships (laughing)... You know what I’m saying, and how crazy that sounds. So you kind of jump around with the truth of the matter.

We are supposed to laugh

I have to have a sense of humour *because, uh, if I don’t!*

If my brother had lived, and if he was still around.... He told all these stories and everybody laughed and everything. When he died, I think he died in 1999, 600 people showed up at his funeral in Tulalip. He was Manny Oliver. He was well known, by every tribe. He was just a magnificent storyteller and his sense of humour!

He is the one that got me involved in the Tribe.

We are supposed to laugh! We're supposed to have a good time and so, when I was lying in the hospital two months ago, I thought, 'I have to change my ways. I have to get more family-oriented; I need to travel more and I need to work less, for health reasons; for the better.

Getting land to build the Longhouse

You ask me about the Longhouse being built during this time (while I was the Chair of the tribe). I feel like I haven't done anything. Some people were helping us raise money. We became good friends. They were George Wade and Arlene. One day George called me, saying, "Cecile, Arlene feels bad because you don't have any land." He said to me, "Do you mind if *"this is the only part I played in the whole plan"* if I look around? Is it okay if I can find a piece of property for you?" This gentleman is a hero because he did find someone, an old man who knows when he dies he can't take his money, and he owns a lot of land here. George got him to agree to sell us the land and George put up the first \$10,000. Now isn't that something? Because we didn't have any money but the good part about it, with me running around advocating, we own the land and this is all paid for. See. We all had our part in it.

We rented this old rickety house next door to the piece of land, so we could see the place. Cindy and I were next door at our Tribal office and when they were breaking ground, when we see it start scraping, we both started to cry because we had the land and now the Longhouse was going to be built.

Now we own two thirds of an acre!

Parking is terrible, so we want to buy the adjoining land, absolutely. Need help on the wish.

Well, I was telling people, if we get recognized, I won't kick everyone out of Seattle! (laughs). Since we gave up 54,000 acres. Come on!

Renting an office for the Duwamish tribe

I got the first \$12,000 to open up an office. And this is the sad part; this is *so disgusting*. I ran around for almost a month trying to rent an office for us and they said no. Everyone said no. I would be turned down because I was representing an Indian group.

So this one time I was turned down I went home and I was really sad! And I was sitting there drinking a cup of tea and I was all by myself in my house. I don't know where my girls were. So I opened up the local newspaper, and it said, "Office for Rent."

I called them, and when I talked to this guy, Mr. Hall, I said, "Do you like Indians, or not?" He said, "I don't have any problem."

I went over there and we rented this office from him for a hundred dollars a month and we were with him and another office for 12 years.

Working for the tribe, business is business!

Cindy came to work with me when her daughter was little. So we only had a little bit of a pot of money but when I was at the second office that I rented, Cindy called me up, and she said, "Mom, how 'bout me coming to work with you?" And I said, "Fine," because I was

running it all by myself. You know, I'd answer the phone and everything, and so... when she came, her daughter couldn't even roll over.

Cindy was a receptionist. She's worked for me all these years. I've fired her twice and rehired her.

Well, business is business!

Well, my other daughter, I fired her, too, and she's come back.

But, I have to be businesslike; this is serious; this is serious.

Cindy will tell you, I fired her but I brought her back.

But she acts like my boss, now!

We have our differences but look, we worked since the eighties together, almost 25 years, and now she's Head of Operations. Cindy doesn't like to be out in front; she prefers to be in the background. And my other daughter is a very strong advocate also.

She's an accountant. She used to be our bookkeeper but she is actively raising money because we need money to operate here. You know we don't have a large staff. Myself and Cindy and Linda.

So, *business is business*. I fired her, and one time, well, I fired my other daughter because we were meeting with our attorney that came in from DC. She decided to go skiing. We needed her there. She was our bookkeeper; we needed to discuss the money part. I said, "She's fired." We raided her house to get the books (laughing).

If you are going to be involved, be serious, and keep your mind focused, or forget about it!

I know these girls can do anything, if they wanted to. Yes.

I try to push her but Cindy doesn't like to be in front. And you know, she's very tough; she's outspoken; she's got a mind of her own. It's isn't as though she couldn't. I think that with her experience, she could go to work anywhere. It doesn't have to be with the Tribe.



Cecile Hansen

Leadership of the Duwamish Tribe

Sometimes, this is not a happy camp. It's really frustrating trying to keep money to operate... and our membership, sometimes I ask, where are they? I was elected in 1975. And I *love what I do*.

What have I been fighting for, and we haven't got it? (Note: Refers to legal recognition.)

I hear people accusing me that I haven't done anything. Some people don't like me because, I think, I am too direct and I stick to the truth. It's fine if you do not like it. A lot of people get side tracked on personality. I do not frankly care if they like me or not, as they have not walked in my shoes or even faced the injustice done to the Duwamish tribe.

Interviewer: You had to be who you are to keep the tribe in the public eye all these years, and fight for recognition.

Well, I've done that all right. Yeah, and I'm surprised at how many people know who I am. It really surprises me.

I'll say to myself, "Yeah, Cecile, what have I done?" I haven't done anything, see? If I had succeeded in getting recognition for the tribe.... 'Restoring,' we don't say 'recognition' now, we say 'restore' our status.

One time I was speaking at a college here. They asked me to come, and I said I'll go do it because it was a graduation, all these people.... And then of course, invariably, I talk about the tribe. And I said, "Now this is a secret. I have been accused that the Duwamish

tribe, we just want a casino. I want you to know—and *don't you tell anybody*—but we want a casino in the middle of Elliott Bay (laughing).

And then I can just see them, “Is she serious?” Well? yes, serious about turning the injustice around to justice for the First People of the City of Seattle, the Duwamish.

Genealogy

Recorded by generation, starting with Jane Garrison:

3. Piapach (known as Jane or Jennie) Garrison and husband, John Garrison. Cindy Williams stated that it has been documented that Piapach was the niece of Chief Seattle. John Garrison is believed to have probably been born in Jamaica. Jane and John lived in South Kitsap.

27. Jane and John’s daughter is Anna Garrison, who married Leroy Peter Henry (whose parents were Peter Henry and Katie Paulie). (Note: Anna and Leroy Garrison are maternal grandparents of Cecile (Oliver) Hansen, and the great-grandparents of Cindy (Flores) Williams. Jane and John Garrison had ten children in total.)

28. Anna and Leroy’s daughter is Margaret Katherine Henry, and her eight siblings are Ione (Henry) Cox, Leta (Garrison) Buchanon, Ethel Henry, Leroy Henry Jr., Vera Henry, Hanford Henry, Mamie Henry, and Margorie Henry. Margaret Katherine Henry married Charles Wilford Oliver (whose parents were Cecilia Johnson and Samuel Oliver).

29. Margaret and Charles’s daughter is Cecile Oliver, born August 8, 1936, at Tulalip, WA. Cecile’s siblings are: Manny Oliver, Catherine (Oliver) Rivera, Charlene (Oliver) Loebrek, and Carolyn (Oliver) Williams.

30. Cecile Oliver and Raphael Flores’ daughter is Cynthia (Cindy) Lynn Flores, born October 5, 1963, at Oakland, CA. Cindy’s siblings are: Barbara Williams, b. April 14, 1956, Ann Margaret (Williams) Cowan, b. March 11, 1958, Jolene (Williams) Haas, b. March 19, 1966, and Victoria Jean (Maxwell) Welch, born January 31 (year not provided).

31. The children of Cindy (Flores) Williams are Kristine Marie Williams-Wilbur, b. May 30, 1984, Olivia Rose Johnson, b. September 27, 1991, Jacob Evan Johnson, b. October 1, 1993, Adam Jesse Johnson, b. June 4, 1996, Alyssa Shaye Johnson, b. January 3, 1998, and Benjamin Jared Johnson, born May 19, 1999.

32. Cindy Williams’ two grandchildren at the time of this chart: her granddaughter Isla Grace Johnson, born June, 2012, to Kim Wilson and Jacob Evan Johnson, and her grandson Maximus Lee Delong Pearson, born February, 2013, to Michael Pearson and Kristina Marie Williams-Wilbur.

In the second generation, above, there are Oliver ancestors, which are not Garrisons. They are the paternal grandparents of Cecile Oliver. This line goes as follows:

- 33 Cecilia Johnson m. Samuel Oliver. Cecilia and Samuel's child is Charles Wilfred Oliver, who married Margaret Katherine Henry. Their other children are the siblings of Charles Wilfred Oliver, and they are Emmett Oliver, James Oliver, Jenny Stixrude, and Frances Oliver.
34. Charles and Margaret are the parents of Cecile Oliver, now known by her married name, Cecile Hansen. Cecile's siblings are: Manny Oliver, Catherine (Oliver) Rivera, Charlene (Oliver) Loebrek, and Carolyn (Oliver) Williams.

Appendix L: Stories from the Family of Neesemu and her Daughter, Staut O Mish—the Seymour Family

The Seymour family is represented in this study by Edith (Edie) Loyer Nelson. Florence Smotherman is also representing the Seymour family by way of a family narrative she wrote at the age of 93.

Edie's Stories

The Seymour family's Duwamish ancestry

My name that I go by is Edie Loyer Nelson and I would like it to be used in this study.

To have the opportunity to tell you about our family, the descendants of Theresa Seymour, a Duwamish Indian, is an honour. It is also a gift I give to my relatives. There are fewer and fewer direct descendants of the Duwamish left to tell the stories, so it is important the younger generations hear them.

Our family is fortunate to have a cousin by the name of Colin DeFord living in Port Coquitlam, B.C., who maintained a family tree and kept family members connected in spite of large geographic separations. Much of my information comes from him. When he was a child his mother, Rose, shared their home with Theresa Seymour, Rose's mother, who lived to 101 years old. Colin knew her stories. Theresa could only speak in an Indian language, and she helped care for Colin and his memories of her are precious. Other sources for my information are family stories, tribal information, and existing literature on Washington State history.

The first generation of my Duwamish ancestry begins with Sarah, who was also known as Neesemu, and she was the sister of the first wife of Chief Sealth. She married Thomas Stotmish Robinson, who was Indian as well. The second generation is their daughter, Theresa Seymour, also known as Staut O Mish, who was married to Julian Laurence, sometimes called Louis or Looie, who was French. The third generation is Liza Laurence and her husband, Howard (Bill) Taylor. The fourth generation is my grandmother, Edith Maude Taylor, who married Mark Morris. The fifth generation is my mother, Dorothy Jessie Morris, who married Clark Loyer. Her sister is Florence Smotherman. I and my two sisters, Marjorie Diane and Lorraine Leona, are the sixth generation. Edith Merilynn Loyer is my maiden name. I was born on June 19, 1944, at Seattle, WA. I married John Eddy Nelson, on August 26, 1966, and we were later divorced. My two children are: Monica Lynne Nelson, born January 22, 1968, and Paul Eddy Nelson, born July 8, 1969.

That is our family's Duwamish ancestry, generation by generation, beginning as far back as I know, and I will tell you what I know about these ancestors.

Dorothy Jessie Morris

My parents were Clark and Dorothy Loyer. Clark was born July 29, 1904, in Michigan, and died in 1976 in Kent, WA. Dorothy Jessie Morris was born December 1,

1909, in Extension, a mining area adjacent to Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, B.C., Canada. Dorothy's father was a coal miner. While she was still a child, Dorothy moved to Washington state with her family. Her father's foot had been smashed in the mines.

At one point in her life, Dorothy worked in a laundry and her wages were the family's only income at that point, and provided a lunch for Florence, her younger sister. She had to drop out of school. At another point, she was a nanny in a well-to-do home.

Florence Smotherman has written a narrative about the family history. Both she and Dorothy would remember the time when their parents had moved out and the two sisters lived together in an apartment. Dorothy got a job for a brewery around 1932 after prohibition. This is in the hard times, the Great Depression. Dorothy was already married to Clark when her sister Florence was married in 1940.

In the early 1930s, Dorothy Morris met Clark Loyer while visiting friends in downtown Seattle. He had travelled from Michigan by hopping railroad cars and was exploring job opportunities on the West Coast. He was about to leave on a ship for China as a laborer. He asked Dorothy to wait for him. They were married in 1935 in Seattle.

Dorothy Jessie Morris and Clark Loyer had three children: Margery Loyer Miller (b. 3/27/38), Lorraine Loyer Nelson, (b. 8/16/40), and myself, Edith Loyer Nelson (b. 6/19/44).

Dorothy's sister, Florence Sarah Morris, was born April 6, 1913. She married Perry Smotherman. Her children are Linda, Barbara, and Mark Smotherman. Florence died June, 2010, in Kent, Washington.

Dorothy's brother, Kenneth Ramon Morris, was born June 13, 1932. His kids are Scott Morris, born October 6, 1961, and Karen Morris, born September 14, 1964. Kenneth lives in Arizona with his wife Betty. Their adult children, Scott and Karen, live here in Washington state.

After they married, Dorothy and Clark lived on Beacon Hill on a small farm with their first two children, Margie and Lorrie. This was before I was born. Later, they moved to the East Hill of Kent, on the shores of Clark Lake, to a 10-acre farm, which was my dad's dream. Clark had always wanted a big farm. When WW II began, Clark could not enlist because of having one kidney. He worked at Edison Tech., teaching how to work on machinery. He was a machinist by trade. He always talked about how he taught during World War II. Clark died in 1976.

My mom was a *hard worker*. Just like her mother. My Dad would go to Alaska for the summer, to work and run machinery in the fish cannery. He set up the conveyor belt, and slept in the same room as the belt. The Natives would work in the cannery and he kept the machinery running. And when he was gone away, Mom would milk the cows, and she brought us kids down with her when we were too young to stay in the house alone. When she brought the milk in, we would help.

My mom, Dorothy, lived on the 10-acre farm east of Kent for about 30 years. Their property wrapped around part of Clark Lake. She sold the property to King County and it later became a park.

I walk there sometimes, and think about the fun memories, making camps, and getting mad at the cows for knocking down my camp. I remember in later years riding a horse. I remember there was always a batch of kittens being born in the barn.

It was hard for Dorothy to leave the farm, but she had had a stroke. She enjoyed being active and took advantage of the travel opportunities and she had her bag packed all the time. She blossomed there in the retirement community. She lived in this retirement community in Kent, Washington, for about the last ten years of her life. She died in 1996, in Renton, Washington.

Going to the tribal meetings

Dorothy, my mother, went faithfully to her annual Duwamish tribal meetings. My mother took her mother Edith to tribal meetings each year. At that time, they were held in Renton. After my grandmother Edith died, I took my mother to the tribal meetings. Now my kids take me.

When we were growing up, we knew at least once a year the Canadian relatives would come for a weekend because of the annual tribal meeting. The relatives from Canada would all come down. These are some of my earliest memories of tribal meetings.

My grandma lived on the east hill of Kent not far from where we were living and she had a little two room house, just a bedroom and a kitchen and then an outhouse and a well. Even with those spare accommodations, all the relatives from Canada would come down for this once a year meeting and would stay with her. They'd pitch their tents or they would stay with us or other relatives. Everybody would go back to Grandma's for during the day and there was always lots of food and lawn chairs outside. Everything would happen outside since my grandmother's house was so small. Tables and chairs would appear and there would be games, laughter and singing to my grandfather's mouth organ music. It was a time to celebrate our heritage.

I have memories of those annual meetings, always having all the Canadian relatives together and us cousins playing and running around being wild. "Wild Indians," I guess! And all the parents then would go to the annual meeting. Usually, we kids didn't go with them.

In my adult years I remember my mother and grandmother talking about the struggle with the attorney for getting money for the land that had become the city of Seattle and their frustration when it finally ended. I think each tribe member got something like sixty-two dollars. I had a sense the frustration wasn't about the amount of money; it was the long process that had been involved and all of the opposition they had run into. Also, I got the sense that the Duwamish didn't get the respect that they should have gotten and I find it interesting that that's still going on now as we struggle for recognition as a tribe.

But yet that continuity of the family certainly never stopped in our family.

Taking my mother to tribal meetings increased my interest in my heritage. I served on the Tribal Council for a few years and have represented the Tribe in a number of ceremonies such as welcoming Seattle School Superintendent in a ceremony last year. Several years ago I represented the Tribe in dedicating a place on Richmond Beach where the King County Arts Commission was to erect a Native sculpture. Now that I live near Richmond Beach, I can see the sculpture regularly.

My mother was not on the tribal council. She bring my Grandma and they would go to the tribal meetings. And then after my grandma was dead my mother very much wanted to go to tribal meetings herself and she would talk to other relatives about being Duwamish.

My mother didn't have strong leadership skills. She wouldn't have been a person who would take a leadership position in anything. She was a kind, loving, nurturing caregiver who felt strongly about certain values and she felt strongly about being a Duwamish Indian but you wouldn't have seen her taking a leadership role anywhere. I took after my Dad. I've always been in leadership roles such as church youth activities and in my school years and as an adult in my union activities and also in the community. Yes, I'm a big mouth! (Edie laughs).



Dorothy Jessie Morris

My mother's sister, Florence Morris Smotherman, who wrote down family history for us

Florence Morris married Perry Smotherman, a career army officer. As a captain in the army, he travelled for many years and took his family with him. They had three children, Linda, Barbara and Mark (Mickey John). Beginning in the later 1950s, they settled down in a home next door to my Grandma Morris in Kent.

My aunt Florence lived to be 96. She spent her final years in an adult care home in the Park Orchard area of Kent, Washington.

I would go and visit her in the care facility, and Florence was always excited to hear about what was happening within the Duwamish tribe. Her daughter Barbara was on the tribal council for a while. Then I became active. Florence always wanted to know what was happening in the tribe.

Then, at age 93, Florence wanted to tell her story, so she told it and I wrote it down. She was a very intelligent woman. She was reading all the time and becoming strong for her faith and for her work. Two of her three children had PKU and it was an unknown disease that caused them to be developmentally delayed. Today, there is a medication for it. She had a hard life caring for the kids, so she became a very committed Christian Science practitioner and people all over the country could call her for help.

My grandmother, Edith Maude Taylor, who married a coal miner

I knew my grandparents, Edith Maude Taylor and Mark Morris. At one point, my family was a couple of miles away from my grandma Morris and the Smothermans had their house right next door to my grandma, and my uncle Ken, my mom's brother, had his house right next door also. We were all very close.

Edith Maude Taylor was born May 4, 1892, probably in Nanaimo, B.C. She was four years old when her mom Liza died, and at that time, Liza lived in Departure Bay, B.C. Grandpa died in 1962, and Grandma died in 1985, both of them in Kent, Washington state.

My grandpa, Mark Morris, was born January 27, 1888, in Wales, and he emigrated. Grandpa Morris was a coal miner in the Nanaimo area, where Liza grew up. Mining is what brought them to Buckley, and then to Seattle, and then to Kent, Washington, later, when grandpa worked in a mine in Ravensdale.

As they moved around to where Mark could find work, Edith worked at various jobs to help support the family. She cooked in logging camps most of her life, which led her to develop the best chocolate chip and walnut cookie recipe in the world. They were very thick and large in order to satisfy the men with big appetites. She made them by tossing together a handful of this and a pinch of that. She knew when they were right by the texture of the dough. She also made them for the family, and nowadays, we try to replicate that recipe. No one, in my opinion, has yet to master her cookies but generation after generation we keep trying. Greg's wife, Trudy, has come pretty close. Now, the one who did the best is required to bring Grandma Morris Cookies to the family gatherings!

Edith and Mark had three children. My mother, Dorothy, was born in 1909. Next there was Florence, and many years later, Kenneth was born. Edith and Mark travelled to where the jobs were, making a living working in coal mines, logging camps, picking hops and ended up settling in King County. One of the memories my mother shared about her younger sister Florence, who is our 92-year-old tribal elder, was seeing her as a toddler sitting between the rows of hop plants playing with bugs.

Grandma Edith Morris was very strong and stern, and my mom Dorothy was more shy and sweet. Mom worked with developmentally delayed children in her last years of working life. She had so much patience, the patience of Job.

I have a cousin, Colin... they would go on trips together. After my dad died in '76, Colin and his wife would come down with their RV, and pick up my mom and grandma, and go down to Reno or go down through the Southwest or go to California. Both my mom and my grandma went. They were globetrotters. We always laughed at Grandma being a "Grandma go-go." always with a suitcase packed. If anybody says "You want to go?" she would be in the car before they could even start it. My grandmother had such a gusto for life.

Grandma had a good sense of humour. My mom Dorothy had a sense of humour but Grandma Morris let it hang out more!

In her later years, Grandma Morris worked in nursing homes. When she got up on Saturday mornings she would make bread for the week, and then make a big dinner for Saturday night and family would come, even though she lived in that small two room house. If we were there, we kids would help knead the dough. There was no sitting around at Grandma's. You had to get up and help. She would have us pick blackberries when driving

on logging roads, or if we went to the beach, we gathered clams. You always worked, if you were with Grandma.

She was a *hard* worker. And so was my mom.

Liza Laurence, my Duwamish great-grandmother, who died as a young mother

My great-grandparents are Liza Laurence (Duwamish), born in 1875, and Bill Taylor, also called Howard Taylor. He died in 1905. Lisa's name is sometimes recorded as Eliza.

Great-grandpa Taylor was from Leeds, England. His family owned a teahouse and some kind of manufacturing business. He received a stipend from this business each month after he settled in Nanaimo area with Eliza. He had a fishing boat. Bill Taylor homesteaded property at Departure Bay, B.C. Aunt Emily grew up to have a house in Departure Bay that overlooked the water. I have visited there.

Liza had three children, Edith, Emily, and Jessie. The eldest is Edith, born May 6, 1892. Edith is my grandmother. The second child is Emily, and then Jessie, born around 1896. Complications arose after the birth of her last child in 1896 and Liza died in childbirth, at Departure Bay, B.C. Liza was 21 years old. Her oldest child, Edith, was only four years old when Liza died.

The family blamed Bill Taylor for Liza's death. The Duwamish side of the family was angry with Bill Taylor for having his wife have three babies all so close together. The story is told in Aunt Florence Smotherman's "Duwamish Family story," which is provided at the end of my Seymour Family History. My aunt Florence said she has memories of the Indian relatives coming to their home.

Florence wrote her narrative when she was 93 years old. She wrote it in 2006 after I had asked her about her memories of childhood as a Duwamish Indian.

Florence believed that her great-grandmother disowned the family (see Florence's notes). The great-grandmother of Florence is Liza's mother. Liza's mother is Theresa (Staut O Mish) Seymour (Duwamish woman). So it seems that Theresa Seymour is the one who is said to have disowned the family in 1896, after her daughter Liza Laurence died. The Indian relatives were upset because they thought that he was making her have babies too close together. That is the way I understand that.

That must have been so hurtful. When Liza died, the relatives came and took away all the baskets, etc., that Liza had made. Florence recorded that her family believed the relatives took the baskets because they did not want to leave them with this mean white man who had made Liza have babies too close together. It is about both things, being white and being a mean parent. There must have been a resistance to the white settlers anyway, and then having this white man hurt their relative.

It seemed to the family that, at that time, Theresa and other family members were denying the three daughters their Duwamish heritage and their family connections and support.

Later on, I discovered another aspect to the removal and burning of Liza's baskets and other handiwork after her death, which was done by Liza's mother and her family. I learned more recently that it has been and continues to be a custom of Coast Salish tribes

after a death. Liza's white husband and the young children would not have known about the custom.

The children's father raised his three little girls on Departure Bay in Nanaimo B.C. My grandmother told us stories when we were little that her father would tell them, "Pretend like you're not Indian. That way, you won't have bad things happen to you." And I think she resented that, but when I look at the history, I understand that he probably was trying to protect them because children were taken to boarding schools in those years and there was open discrimination against Indian people in that area where they were living which was the Nanaimo, Departure Bay area.

And she would tell about a memory she had as a child. My grandmother remembered her Indian relatives coming to visit and they didn't like her father, they didn't get along. And she gave me a sense that there was hostility between him and the Indian relatives. So I think she lost some of the connection for her to her culture, when she was growing up. As a child, I became aware of my Indian heritage from Grandma, by her telling me "Don't ever forget that you're an Indian and always be proud of it."

When he told the children, "Pretend you are not Indian," the family wonders nowadays whether he may have been concerned that they would be taken away to a boarding school (called residential school in Canada). My grandmother, when telling me this story, emphasized that, "You should *never* be ashamed of being Indian." I assume that she regretted not being able to connect to that part of herself when growing up. It has led to my resolve that future generations will know of this precious heritage.

Theresa (Staut O Mish) Seymour, who was dunked in the icy Fraser River

Theresa Seymour's Duwamish name was Staut O Mish. My relative, Colin DeFord, recorded that information. He had much personal information about the family and when he was little, he and his mother, Rose, lived with his grandmother, Theresa. Rose could speak their Indian language. Theresa spoke only her Native language.

Theresa was born in 1849, while her parents were picking hops near New Westminster. She was born near the Fraser River. Theresa told the family that she had been dunked in the Fraser River by her father, Thomas Stotmish Robinson, when she was a child, and she also told the story in later years that her father bathed her in ice water; she always said this explained her longevity.

More about Theresa can be found in the book, *Native American Wives of San Juan Settlers* (1994, p. 22). October 20, 1849 was recorded as Theresa's birth date. This family had the habit to fish the Fraser River, which is why Theresa was born up there.

Theresa's husband was Julian Laurence—she met him while visiting her sister in the San Juan Islands. He also went by the name of Louis or Looie (he was a Frenchman).

According to the book, *Native American Wives of San Juan Settlers* by Karen Jones Lamb, Julian was born and raised in Montreal and had been to the Gold Rush in California and British Columbia. Later he worked providing game for the workers laying railroad track.

After marriage in Friday Harbour, Theresa and Julian Laurence lived on a farm in Orcas Island. They made their living running a trading schooner back and forth coastwise to Alaska. Eventually they settled on Vancouver Island.

In 1875 Theresa and Julian had Eliza, my great grandmother. Theresa raised 11 children including, beside Eliza, a Louis, a Theresa and a Julian. (Note: This can cause confusion when studying family history.)

When Theresa found she was having another child at age 50, she was upset but Julian assured her it would be good as this last child would take care of her in her old age. That child was Rose who, indeed, cared for her. Although an aunt to my grandmother, Rose was about the same age as Grandma. I remember Rose visiting us when I was still a child. She and my grandmother were both quite short and looked alike.

After Julian's death, Therese supported her family with garden produce and by fishing.

Theresa raised 11 children, having the last one when she was 50 years old. That was Rose.

Theresa's brother, Tomsemu, became chief in Chemainus Bay. Tomsemu is all one word. He is also known as Tom Seymour.

I have the book, *Native American Wives of San Juan Settlers* (Karen Jones-Lamb, 1994, Bryn Tirion Publishing, no city. ISBN 0-9641066-0-4. The author can be reached at General Delivery, Decatur Island, WA 98221). Jones-Lamb records that there was a relative of our family, Sarah Seymour. Sarah married a Moore, but she was part of the Reed family. Theresa was the sister of Sarah Seymour. (They were both daughters of Sarah (Neesemu) Robinson.) They call her Thelma Lawrence in that book but that is inaccurate; her name is Theresa. Theresa and Julian married and lived in San Juan Islands at Friday Harbour for a while. There are many in the Reed family who are related to our family. One time, I drove my grandma and my mother to a reunion of the Reed family in the San Juan Islands—I don't remember what year that was.

From what has been recorded by my relative, Colin DeFord, I know that Staut O Mish (Therese) raised 11 children. They are: Julian, b. 1871, d. 1879. Liza, b. 1875, d. 1896 (Liza is Edie Nelson's great grandmother). Peter, b. 1877, d. at Bellingham. Isabella, b. 1880, d. 1936. Cordiellia, b.1882, d, 1883. Theresa, b. 1885, d. 1936. Edward, b. 1888, d. 1953. Albert, b. 1891, d. 1907. Louis, b. 1894, d. 1965 at Vancouver. Lena, b. 1899, d. 1981 at Nanaimo. Rose, b. 1900, d. 1984 at Vancouver. (Rose is Colin DeFord's mother and same age as my grandma. They were aunt and niece. Rose was my grandma's aunt.)

In *The Native American Wives of San Juan Settlers* (1994), concerning Theresa and her family, the author states:

they were a mobile family but Theresa Laurence told her descendants that Shaw Island was their home until the United States obtained possession of the (San Juan) Islands with the resolution of the Pig War and the arbitration of that bloodless conflict by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. At that time, brother Tom Seymour, born in 1847, moved to Chemainus Bay where he became a chief. He may have been the one who gave Sarah to William on the beach at Stockade Bay. Throughout the years, the family was back and forth in constant communication, Sarah Seymour Moore of Olga. (p. 23)

The author states also that, “It is known that Shaw Island was called Somemana by the local tribes. (The) Chemainus Band of Canada are Salish peoples” (p. 23).

When elderly, Theresa lived with her daughter, Rose, and grandson, Colin, in Port Coquitlam (B.C.). Rose was the 11th child and Theresa was age 50 when she had Rose. When Colin DeFord was little, his grandma Theresa would take care of him. I have many photos of Colin and Theresa. There is a story that Theresa would swear at Colin in Lushootseed if he stole a cookie.

I remember one time my cousin Colin and another cousin, Ralph Maughn, in his seventies, who were laughing uncontrollably together while remembering when they were little boys locking their grandma in a room so they could get some cookies or something out of the kitchen, which they weren't supposed to have. And Theresa was swearing at them in the Indian language behind the locked door. Telling them, “Open this door, open!” (EDIE is laughing). They were, you know, just old men laughing about it.

Hearing the memories that they had together growing up with this Indian grandma made it come so alive for me. Then they took me over and showed me where she was buried, and I saw the tombstone right next to her husband, Julian Laurence.”

Theresa lived to be 101 years old. She died at Nanaimo, B.C, Canada, in 1950. She is buried in a communal family grave in Nanaimo.

When the Seymour family left Seattle area for a time

How did the family leave the Seattle area? Actually it started way back, I think with Theresa. It looks, from what Colin has been able to get from the family tree and the history that he has collected, like it was Theresa that actually left Seattle with her non-Native husband and began travelling around. Now Linda Lamb's book talks about Teresa travelling with her husband up and down the Fraser River. At some point, Colin talks about (Theresa and her husband) having a boat that would take people up to Alaska, which would make sense in those years 'cause it coincides with the Alaska gold rush.

I'd also heard that when the whites came, there was frustration on the part of some of the relatives with the way the Indians were being treated and the struggles of trying to get jobs and make a living, and to get food where you're used to being able to get food. Also, Duwamish were being relocated. And some were leaving and going up to Canada. Theresa's brother ended up being chief of the Chamanus tribe. That's right outside of Nanaimo.

Sarah “Neesemu” Robinson

Neesemu was born in Duwamish territory which has become Seattle. She was the sister of Chief Sealth's first wife and the aunt of Princess Angeline. I believe the surname Seymour came from “Semu.” Neesemu was known later as Sarah Robinson. She was born in 1825. I believe Colin DeFord got this birthdate through Neesemu's daughter, Theresa. His mother, Rose, was Theresa's youngest daughter. Colin did extensive work on our family genealogy and has over 4,000 names in his genealogical records. He introduced me to the website called *Tribal Pages*. Colin sent notes and family information to me in 2010.

Sarah's descendants registered as off-reservation Indians with the Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1919.

A Duwamish chief, William, is said to be Sarah's father. This information came to me from Tania Bennett, a wife of cousin Shane Foster. She did not provide a source. Tania Bennett also said that Sarah Neesemu Robinson had four children. We know for sure there was a daughter Sarah (mentioned in *Native American Wives of San Juan Islands*, and a daughter, Theresa (my ancestor). Then there is Sarah's son, Tomsemu, who became a chief of the Chemainus Band. He is also known as Tom Seymour.

We know that Theresa's brother, Tom Seymour, became chief of the Chemainus band, and that position was not inherited. A few years ago, Colin DeFord took me and Marge to visit the Chemainus reserve on Vancouver Island. We went to the front desk at the band office and we said, "We want to find Peter Seymour." They turned around and called, "Chief!" We visited, and we found he had an extensive family tree. We compared family trees and exchanged stories passed on by our elders.

Sarah (Neesemu) was married to Thomas Stotmish Robinson (also Indian). This is from Colin DeFord's notes. I am very sure this information is accurate, because Colin was very careful and meticulous and he lived with Theresa and knew the family history. *Tribal Pages* says Thomas was born at Chemainus, B.C. He was a high spirited man who rebelled about the encroachment by the non-natives and this kept him moving around.

(Note: Edie Loyer Nelson informed me that there are errors in records regarding Sarah's husband. One source says Sarah (Neesemu) was married to William Moore, Senior. This erroneous information is from "Ancestry chart" (Edie is not sure where she got it) which says "Person preparing form: Priscilla McLemore). This note about a Sarah being married to Wm. Moore, Sr., actually should refer to a second Sarah Robinson who is a daughter of Sarah (Neesemu). Sarah (Neesemu) gave birth to a Sarah, just as Theresa gave birth to a Theresa. Sarah (Neesemu)'s daughter Sarah is Theresa's sister from the San Juan Islands. To clarify: Theresa's sister Sarah was married to Wm. Moore, Sr.)



Edie Loyer Nelson of the historic Seymour family

Going on a heritage trek

When we were on our heritage trek, when I went with cousin Colin and Olga, we went over to the tribal office of the Chemainus band on Vancouver Island. We knew that Tom Seymour from our family had become a chief there, long ago. We were not knowing if there were any descendants of the original Seymours left in Chemainus.

I went to the tribal office and asked, “Do you know of any Seymours?” and they looked at me like I was crazy. And they said, “Well, Pete Seymour is our chief and he’s right outside the door!” (Edie laughs).

So I went out and introduced myself and he said, “Oh, yeah, we’re cousins,” he said.

And then he introduced me to his wife, and he called another cousin, who came over and met us. We went into the tribal council room and he got out his family tree and we got out ours. He got out pictures of his relatives. We compared notes.

There’s an awful lot of us around but we’re spread out. They are becoming more and more aware of their Duwamish tribal affiliation. Colin sent an application to join the tribe. My grandmother’s sister Emily had four children. And they are all resistant to identifying themselves as Indian, but their *children* want to know more about their heritage. One of them, Jerry Foster has, through Colin, contacted me and now we exchange email regularly about every other month.... He’s worked for the Provincial Court system up there (in Canada) and he’s joined the tribe now and he gets mailings and he’s very interested in his heritage, so it’s growing.

Working during my high school and college years

I worked part time during high school. At 15, I got a job in a bakery and I learned about the work ethic from a very cranky old guy. Once he yelled at me and I dropped a load of pies. I went home crying one day and I said, “I don’t like this, but I know I have to work.”

I worked because I wanted to buy matching socks and skirts and sweaters—everything had to match back then. I was a clothes hound!

While shopping for clothes, I was asked if I would like to come in one weekend and volunteer to help with inventory. I loved it, seeing the clothes come in in big boxes, and how they sorted them and hung them up. I helped more than once on weekends when I wasn’t working at the bakery. So when I quit the bakery job, I was hired by Lucille’s Tot and Teen. I was age 16. Worked there part time all the way through college. Even when at Western, I would go home on weekends and work at Lucille’s Tot and Teen. I always had a part time job. Most of my friends did this, too, working on weekends.

I really liked working. Kids were expected at 16 to have a part time job. Girls often had babysitting jobs on weekends, too.

My oldest sister had kids and I would babysit them to help out, and their friends needed me too. I sometimes had as many as eight little preschoolers to oversee and I had my hands full.

In college, I had a part time job in the Registrar’s office part time during the week and they were like my second family. I could go in after classes and know that I would have these positive adults around me, and that was really supportive, especially that first year away from

home (still working on weekends at home). I caught rides with friends, back to Seattle area to my sister's house and then get home from there.

I did not think of it as too much. College is expensive. My parents had to mortgage their house to send me. They paid my tuition, and I paid for my housing and spending money. They sacrificed a lot for them to send me to college. They always said, if you want to go, we will find a way. My parents were very supportive. And my parents did not hold the view that girls didn't need college.

My sister Lorrie went to college for one year and dropped out and got married. She then returned later, taking classes while she worked, and got a degree and became a chaplain. I can still see her in her cap and holding a baby. Today she is a chaplain, at Providence Hospital in Everett. She is working full time at 71 years old and I keep asking her if she isn't going to retire and she says, "Why should I? I like my job and I can still do it." She went to Africa this year with her daughter and brought back beautiful photos of wildlife, out in the wild.

My other sister Marge (Marjory) got married at 17, right out of high school, around 1959, and had two children, Greg and Terry.

We three each had a girl and a boy. Mine are Monica and Paul. Lorrie's kids are Angie and David.

Lorrie is in Everett, Marge is on Mercer Island, so we are all within an hour's drive of each other. We have a traditional Auntie Edie's Brunch annually on the Sunday before Christmas. Lorrie and I go on excursions sometimes, like a trip to Tofino, B.C. I saw Roy Vickers' art gallery, and bought a piece of art which has two photos, Frog Drum and Salmonberries. They are the name of full moons from various coastal nations.

My first career: A teacher

When I went to college, I had the intention of taking one year and becoming a professional secretary. A friend and I went up and lived together in a boarding house.

It was really a school that was noted for Education—teacher training. After being there a year, I got to know people who were getting their Education degrees, and I had taken some of the requirements, and it whetted my appetite. I decided I wanted to go the whole way. I wanted to be a teacher of young children. The babysitting I did for friends led to the interest. I ended up with a minor in Sociology and almost a minor in Psychology; I took a lot of those sorts of classes. I loved my Sociology courses. Education was my major and Sociology was my minor.

Then I graduated with my Education degree and got a teaching job. I found myself working in a school with a lot of transient people, on Aurora Ave. It was Oak Lake Elementary, one of the oldest schools in Seattle, since then torn down. It had a lot of children from families living in motels up and down Aurora Ave., transient families. I wanted to help the families, as much as to educate their kids. This was my first teaching job.

Then I had to quit, because I became pregnant with my first child. The baby was born in January. It was my choice to quit and stay home with the baby. I could have kept working. The following fall, I had a substitute teaching job while I was again pregnant, and kept that job till the second baby was born.

After my first baby was born, the second was born 17 months later. I stayed home for about two years and then I started substitute teaching again.

How I became a social worker

My marriage was starting to fall apart. My husband Jack had graduated from law school and was working for the prosecutor's office. We'd chosen Shoreline for our home because it was the second-best school district in the state. I had researched that, and I wanted my children to be in good schools. Then he put the house up for sale. We had a discussion and I reached my limits. I pulled out the "for sale" sign. I had made a few sacrifices to that point and now this was it. I was developing my own life and he was developing his, and they were separate lives.

I had to find a job. I'll never forget those years. I was grabbing part time jobs as I could. Trying to put food on the table.

At one time, I was desperate and I went to the welfare office to get assistance. I was left in a cubicle while the worker went out of the room. The experience of having to go there was so degrading and humiliating to me that I started crying and bawling my eyes out. I was pretty sure I would not be accepted and given any help. The worker returned. She said that I was unable to get financial assistance unless I had a divorce decree or legal separation, which would be proof that I was living alone with the children. I could not afford an attorney to get those things. I told her I had tried and tried and could not find work. She said, "Just a minute," and went to check at an administration office. When she returned, she said there was a job with them that was still open. It was as receptionist in that office, to greet people who were coming to apply.

I began working there. Boy, was that an eye opener! You met some interesting characters! They were just people who needed help. Sometimes it required some intervention techniques.

This was in the seventies. I stayed in clerical work at the welfare office in a variety of different positions for two or three years until I was eventually hired as a caseworker for Child Welfare Services. At first, I licenced foster homes for about a year, and then after that I carried a case load. Some of the people I worked with became lifelong friends. We worked in a small office in Ballard. King North Unit. There were six or seven of us and we became a tight team. That was probably the healthiest way to have caseworkers work. This was truly a healing team. We had traditions. We had a ceremony where someone would be awarded a Toad if they did an "oops!" and we would laugh about it. This was supportive.

Eventually, I was told I was going over to work at the Indian Unit. So when I was leaving the King North Unit, they gave me a Toad award for leaving the unit.

During those years, I became active in the union. I was going to national conferences with the union. At one point I was on the International Women's Committee with the union AFSCME (American Fed of State County Municipal Employees) and travelled to conferences internationally sometimes.

Mostly, on that committee, I was helping women with equality in the workplace. We went to Puerto Rico to help them start a chapter and empower women to have equality in the workplace, for example.

This work and these experiences were very empowering for me and it gave me a feeling of self-worth because I was doing something meaningful.

Meanwhile, I was active in politics and was doing the newsletter for Women's political caucus, Washington State. The National Women's Political Caucus has been around since the early '70s and the State women's political caucus started soon after as a chapter of the national. One of our goals was to increase the number of women in the state legislature and we were quite successful. Over the years, the percentage increased significantly.

During those years, I worked on several women's campaigns as they ran for office.

At the same time, I was a caseworker.

Becoming involved with the Room Nine program

My children were in an alternative program in Shoreline. It was referred to as *Room Nine* and was a parent involved school. Its first location was Room 9 at Parkwood Elementary. It kept that name, Room Nine, no matter what school it was located in. One of the goals was to meet the needs of all the different styles of learning. Children were involved in creating the curriculum. Teaching was based on the child's individual style of learning. For example, kids could read at grade 1 level and do math at grade 6 level and with parents involved, we could do this. When children reached 6th or 7th grade, they could choose a country to visit. Before that they would learn the language and study the culture. Two years in a row, we went to Mexico. The first, my daughter went and I went, with a group of six, and the second I was a chaperone, with a group of 12. The children were motivated and really anxious to learn. It was a very successful program. Paul loved school and loved to learn. Monica, however, was okay in a structured classroom. Paul was an individualist and he blossomed in the alternative classroom. Today, the program still exists but is not exactly the same. The kids grew close, and some are still friends today in their forties.

The district paid the teachers, and parents raised the money for everything else. Its location moved several times. We always had to beg each year for the school district to allow the program to continue.

Four of the kids from my son's class grew up to work for Microsoft.

I have visited that school and done a presentation about the current Duwamish people. I have done it twice for two classes.

I did the newsletter for that program instead of working in the classroom, because I was working full time, but I did come to volunteer for special events. Sometimes we went camping together as families, or had a slumber party at a local church. I still feel the other families are extended family, and my closest friend, Susan, is someone I met while my children were at that school. We used to exchange babysitting.

The challenges were to persuade the district to continue funding, and to volunteer while working, and so I would do the newsletter. I would go along to help persuade the school district to continue funding. I had an education background. I was convinced it was the right way to go and that the district should invest in it. I saw kids who would have fallen by the wayside, and were being helped to learn.

Working at the new Indian Child Welfare Unit

When I was working at King North Unit, one day the supervisor came to me and said, “You are coming to the Indian Unit.”

I said, “What?”

“You are Indian, so you are coming to the Indian Unit.” That was how I got hired.

I was told that I needed to come work in the new Indian child welfare unit in the 1980s. I started with state in the 1970s and then in the 1980s, I went over to the Indian Unit. I then worked in the Longscan research study, and later was called back to the Indian Unit.

I started working at the Indian Unit in the eighties. At the Indian Unit, I supervised eight social workers and each of them had about 30 cases, so I had to have knowledge about all the cases, in case they were delayed in court and I would have to pick up and run to take care of it. I had to be a leader and educator, and also to inspire teamwork so that social workers could feel that somebody has their back. I retired in 2002.

Raven Heavyrunner at the Indian Unit would always acknowledge the Duwamish at the start of every meeting, and it felt good to be acknowledged as part of the First Peoples of Seattle.

Learning the cultural ways of working

I had an experience one time. I went to the house to see how this 6-year-old girl was doing. I knocked and a grandma came to the door. I handed her my card and said, “I am Edie Nelson, the social worker, and I want to see how your granddaughter is doing.” She just stood in the door silently and said nothing, and after a while she closed the door.

So this happened twice. I was worried about the girl with this grumpy grandma and I had to figure out a way to get in there and see how she was doing. So I went there a third time. I knocked on the door. When the grandma opened it, I just stood there and said nothing. After a while, the grandma began to talk.

Later on, we became friends and she told me, “You just had to shut up and listen!” It was about the cultural way of doing things and having respect for your elders.

Another time I went to a large gathering with my son and as we approached, he said to me, “Mom, did you notice? As we walked along the sidewalk, all the teenagers got off and stood aside.” I had not noticed, but he did. I told him that the teens were raised on the reservation and they were trained to do that, to respect elders.

Being part of the Longscan research study

After several years in the Indian unit, carrying a unit, they sent us down to Rainier Valley in the Research Unit at Fircrest, here in Shoreline. I thought it would be interesting to go into research. I was hired to be part of a study called *Longscan*. It was a longitudinal study of the effects of child abuse and neglect on children ages birth through four years old. I set up, I would go to North Carolina to be trained on how to do the study, and then I returned here to set it up in Washington State. I ran that study for about six years.

I liked the autonomy of the work, setting my appointments and going to the home and interviewing the caretaker. I also got a little data from the child if they were toddlers, giving

them things and observing them. Could they listen, follow directions? it was very standardized across the country, in order to make the data valid. You could not be as flexible with the children as you would like to be. I liked working close to home. I think I might have still been active in Room Nine then or when the kids transitioned into high school but were still home.

I conducted the tests, gathered data, and had to learn new computer programs such as Excel, and I had to give presentations to administrators. I had to learn how to do Powerpoint presentations. I presented the results.

There were about six employees in the research unit (part of state Children's Services) and each had a different project. We had a person who trained us for computer programs. It was a 21-year study. You could google Longscan and see the results.

Returning to work at the Indian Child Welfare Unit as a Supervisor

Doing the Longscan research was an interesting stage but not as enjoyable for me as casework and supervising casework. Then I got a call asking if I would return to the Indian Unit as a Supervisor, so I did.

We each had a caseload of about 35 children. Child Protection workers had less of a caseload, but we Child WS workers were working with children who were already taken into care, and we were finding them placements, and monitor them in foster care while we were trying to get them guardianship or more permanent homes.

During my work, I developed a shield to protect myself. Not purposely. It was unknown to me until after it was over.

And then one time after I retired, the veneer was gone. It was about six months after retirement. I saw a news report about a child being hurt, and I cried and cried. The veneer was gone. That was when I realized I had developed it, in order to do that work. The veneer did not keep me from being caring or compassionate, but it kept me from losing time by grieving.

Grieving was a luxury. You had to keep going. One reason I had to keep going was because I had such a big caseload. Sometimes I look back and say "how did we do it?" You had to be in court and testify and give evidence. You had to be in court but at the same time you had to be making sure the new home got the child off to preschool the first day and so on. There was always this balancing, the needs of the children, the needs of the new foster parents... now the work is more broken down, and there is a separate unit for everything, such as a unit for finding the homes, etc.

The balancing was a challenge. I met it by organization. Organization was an absolute necessity, to try to get everything in in one day.

I could leave it behind me and start fresh when I next walked back in the door. So I could go home to my kids and be a parent there.

Maybe that is where the veneer started to get built.

And seeing what happened to the children... I still have two children in my heart who I have never been able to forget. One is a young Native American girl and one a boy who was abandoned at four years old. I have never forgotten them, over the years.

The spirit of the Indian Unit

In the Indian Unit there was a real sense of cultural pride and a way of celebrating our cultural heritage together. We would smudge before meetings. That helped us with being Native American and working in such a regimented, white system.

Even those who were not of Native ancestry developed a sensitivity there. And I will give you an example. When 9/11 happened, spontaneously, after the initial news was on the air, several workers went and got the ceremonial drum that was stored away for special occasions, with the beaters, and went out to the parking lot and started drumming for the victims. People were in shock, and grieving, and scared. We did not know what would happen next. We thought it might be the start of something nationally that might happen.

And all kinds of workers, not just CWS, but also the other branches, hundreds of workers started to come out of the building one by one and we made a big circle. We stood around the ceremonial drum as it was being drummed, a drum-beating for the victims. It created a feeling of *unity and strength* in being together. That was an example of the spirit of the unit. It (spirit) was there all the time.

How my life was different by being Duwamish

As a child, I enjoyed the once-a-year celebration of our heritage. A lot of people are growing up what they are, but don't have a way to celebrate it in everyday life. The relatives from Canada came every year, and it was a reminder to me, "Oh, it is tribal meeting because the relatives are coming!" We would eat together and play together.

Later, I took my mom and grandmother to the meeting, and I thought I was helping them, but it ended up I liked being at a celebration of our heritage.

Grandma was separated from her culture while growing up and she would not have known many of the things that Indians do. She picked berries and gathered the clams. That helped her and was part of our family surviving the Great Depression of the 1930s. It is hard to say what she knew. Respecting elders is not unique to natives so it is hard to separate it out, whether it came from Native beliefs or not.

There are times when our family faced prejudice. I remember that I did not like it when my mother was referred to as "an Indian princess" in a derogatory way on some occasions. I remember it sticking in my head and thinking "that's not nice."

What it means to be Duwamish

Being Duwamish has proven to me the value of heritage. Family is important. Being connected through cultural activities keeps our ancestry alive for us. As Duwamish people, we can be proud of the legacy left for us.

To be Duwamish means having a connection to those who've gone before. It means a continuity inside myself that I belong to something that's very special, very beautiful, and very much in balance with the world.

The values that our ancestry can bring to us as humans keep us helping the world be a better place to live in. I can go out and breathe in the air and be so thankful for everything that's alive around me partly as a result of what I've learned in being Indian and I feel that I'm more in tune with it genetically as a result of being a Duwamish Indian.

This response is just coming out of my heart, and I am stating it as I am feeling it at this moment.

My children are not taking leadership positions at this time, but they both are members and they practice their Duwamish heritage. They're very sensitive to all of nature around them. They feel a kinship with other people of Indian heritage. My son (Edie laughs) wears a cap with a medicine wheel on it. While he recognizes he's Coastal and the medicine wheel represents Plains, he nevertheless knows. He's had long struggles, and he uses his medicine wheel throughout his life to keep himself going. And he uses his heritage, what he learned in his heritage, to make himself and of course everyone around him better.

Ways that I work for the Duwamish and other Indigenous people

I have been invited to be a volunteer with United Indians on an advisory board. They are looking for people with expertise on abuse and neglect. It is just being set up. (Note: November, 2011.) They just got funding. It is still being set up how they will get the referrals to do home visits, and so on. It is valuable to do home visits, and I have seen it work over and over again. United Indians is a non-profit organization that has a big multipurpose building in Discovery Park. Bernie Whitebear and other activists won and got property and built this big multipurpose building.

The Duwamish are not excluded from United Indians, even though we do not have legal recognition as a tribe.

Within the Duwamish tribe as an organization, I was on the council for a few years. We were meeting in a little office near Burien. On the council were two men, Frank Fowler and another man (who was almost full blood) and they both knew a lot of the cultural way of life. They had so much knowledge.

I still have a folder of all my years of action for tribal recognition, to no avail.

I put together the quarterly newsletter for about a year and a half.

I tried to arrange for national and local meetings of social worker organizations at the Longhouse but it went wrong.

Today, I represent Duwamish people at schools and educational meetings, the museum, and at social work organizations to help Indigenous children. These days, I represent Duwamish people as a member at large and not as a representative of the tribal organization.

According to the *National Indian Child Welfare Act*, tribes are to be consulted when services are being provided to Indian children. This was passed as a result of so many Indian children separated from their cultural heritage, adopted by non-Native families, and losing their language and ethnic identity. I belong to an organization, the Local Indian Child Welfare Advisory Committee—LICWAC—which makes sure the Act is being followed. To do that, I meet with active social workers who each present a case. We make recommendations about a service plan. Our goal is to make sure the child is safe and is in touch with his or her heritage.

I've been a trustee at the local community college, and, as well, I belong to the board of the King County Veterans and Human Services Levy—Human Services Oversight Board (regarding transition houses, emergency shelters, and long term shelters.)

I am a member of the Shoreline Historical Museum board. The museum had a recent exhibit, *Faces of the Duwamish*, which raised public awareness that the First Peoples of Seattle area are the Duwamish. A few years ago, I assisted in choosing a Lushootseed name for a local park, the Kinnickinnick—Indian tobacco—Kayu-Kayu-Ac).

I believe art in parks and public places should be Coast Salish art, and not Alaskan Native art. For example, salmon are representative of Duwamish people. Traditionally, salmon bring us life and take it away. Another example is canoe paddles. They should be ocean canoe paddles, not river canoe paddles, and I voted for that for the gate to the park.

Another time, I was asked to help students at Rosehill Junior High in Kirkland School District. They were in grade 7 and 8, blossoming into teens. I met with them and they were preparing a presentation. They had been accepted to compete at a state level, and other competitors were from high school and college. They wanted to tell a story about a Native American woman who meets and falls in love with a white man, they said. I told them about my Duwamish great-great grandmother, Theresa. I told them of Theresa meeting a Frenchman, who was from a boat. They went to the Gold Rush in Alaska on his ship. He owned a fishing boat. I showed them the Princess Angeline film to provide some more background.

I met with them first and gave Duwamish history, and then met the second time and showed the Princess Angeline documentary and gave them more information about Theresa. They made their presentation later on and then they wrote me a thank you letter and shared some of what was in the presentation.

The impact of buying land and building a Longhouse

When the tribe was buying the land, I thought that it would help in the future to keep the continuity among the descendants. We won't have to keep moving the annual meeting from place to place and scramble around trying to get all the relatives notified where this next meeting is going to be, like we did in the past. This way we will have a focus, a centralized place where our communications will be consistent and we will have a consistent location to meet.

However, you know, *we already are connected*. It is not going to make us any more connected.

We stay in community with each other and have in spite of what the federal government says. We are an entity, the tribe, because we do stay connected. When we were in the planning stage, I had mixed feelings about the Longhouse because I think about the different places we've been going to have it, and now we were buying land, rather than asking a government entity, and it's up on a hill. It's not on the water. Nobody can bring their canoe to our house. We will have to cross the street to go to our house. But that's OK. We've survived in spite of all kinds of stuff for over a hundred and fifty years.

We've survived and we will continue to survive whether or not our house is where we would like it to be. It is not going to keep us from being a tribe. We will continue and we'll use it.

For the future we need to have a place for our children to go and our grandchildren to go to say oh, yeah, this Longhouse is the symbol, the physical symbol of what's been talked

about all these generations and what we talk about every Thanksgiving when we're together and this is a physical symbol of it all.

What I want my grandchildren and great grandchildren to know

The most important thing to know is that Duwamish people were a welcoming people, and that they were here when the settlers came, and they were welcoming to them. They were not fighters; they were *welcomers*.

How would I explain misrepresentation and omissions in history? I would explain that people don't always tell stories about people that are accurate.

I remember when I was taking a class on religions of the world and that course explained a lot to me about that we misunderstand and judge people when we don't understand their beliefs... their customs, why they wear what they wear, etc. And when we do understand their beliefs, we can relate to them and understand them much better.

There were challenges since colonization, and many losses. My ancestors lost land and access to food, being able to fish, lost access to rivers. The Black River disappeared when the settlers built the locks, and that's where some Duwamish encampments still were, at that time. I still see that vision in the Princess Angeline video when Mary Lou is talking and the Longhouses were burned and they are living in encampments on Ballast Island.

I can't help but feel proud of my ancestors that they survived the challenges, the losses, and the changes. They must have had the ability to *adapt*. When I think of Sarah, and when she met her husband, she kept going and somehow or another our heritage continued to be handed down. *Even though in one generation there was an effort to stop the kids from knowing their heritage*, it was still handed down, and here we are, proud of it, and glad to share it with the world!

Finally, I would want my grandchildren to know how important they are to me. I am so excited that I am seeing my family go into the future, because of having grandchildren. I am very happy the family will continue. I can't imagine being without children and grandchildren.

Genealogy

Edith Merilynn Loyer is my maiden name. I was born June 19, 1944, at Seattle, Washington. I married John Eddy Nelson, in August 26, 1966, and we were later divorced. My two children are: Monica Lynne Nelson, born January 22, 1968, and Paul Eddy Nelson, born July 8, 1969 (provided by Edie Loyer Nelson on November 21, 2011, revised by her on May 29, 2013).

1. SARAH "Neesemu" (Duwamish) and husband Thomas Stotmish Robinson (Indian). Sarah was born in 1825 and she was the sister of Chief Sealth's first wife. Sarah is the great-great-great grandmother of Edie Loyer Nelson. (Note: Sarah is said to be the daughter of Duwamish "Chief William"—Edie Nelson said this last is unverified information.)
2. Edie's great-great-grandmother, THERESA ("Staut O Mish") SEYMOUR (Duwamish) was born in 1849 in British Columbia, and died in 1950 in Nanaimo, B.C. Theresa married Julian (a.k.a. Louis) Laurence, French, born 1837 in Montreal,

Canada (before Confederation). Also in this generation are Theresa's sister, Sarah, and brother Tomsemu, or Tom Seymour.

3. Edie's great-grandmother, LIZA LAURENCE, b. 1875, married Howard or Bill Taylor. Liza is one of the 11 children of Theresa (Staut O Mish).
4. Edie's grandmother, EDITH MAUDE TAYLOR, b. May 4, 1892, d. 1985 at Kent, Washington, USA. Married Mark Morris.
5. Edie's mother, DOROTHY JESSIE MORRIS, born Dec. 1, 1909, married Clark Loyer. Dorothy's sister is Florence Sarah Morris, b. April 6, 1913, d. June, 2010. who married Perry Smotherman. Elsewhere, Florence's birthdate was given as April 19. Dorothy's brother is Kenneth Ramon Morris (b. June 13, 1932).
6. Edie Loyer Nelson, was born EDITH MERILYNN LOYER on June 19, 1944. She married John Eddy Nelson on August 26, 1966. Also in this generation are Edie's two sisters, MARJORIE DIANE LOYER, born 3/27/38, and LORRAINE LEONA LOYER, born 8/16/1940. As well, in this generation there are the children of Florence Smotherman: Linda, Barbara and Mark Smotherman, and the children of Kenneth Morris: Scott Morris, b. October 6, 1961, and Karen Morris, b. September 14, 1964.
7. This generation contains Edie's children and her nieces and nephews. Edie married John Eddy Nelson. Edie's two children are MONICA LYNNE NELSON, born Jan. 22, 1968, and PAUL EDDY NELSON, born July 8, 1969.
8. Also in this generation are the children of Edie's two sisters, Marjorie and Lorraine. Marjorie Loyer's children are: Gregory Lyle Miller, b. April 16, 1957, and Teresa Diane Miller, b. January 19, 1959. Lorraine Loyer's children are Angela Noelle Nelson, b. December 15, 1964, and David Nelson, b. Mar. 21, 1971.
9. In this generation are the grandchildren of Edie and of her sisters, Marjorie and Lorraine. Edie's grandchildren. Monica's children are: Olivia, b. February 27, 2005, and Connor, b. December 6, 2007. Paul's children are: Matthew (stepson), b. February 18, 1993, and John, b. Dec. 16, 2005.
10. Margory married Bob Miller. Their grandchildren are: Gregory's children: Staci, b. February 15, 1977, Melissa, b. July 11, 1983.
11. Teresa's children: Cory, b. April 13, 1986, and Erin, b. December 4, 1990.
12. Lorraine married Ken Nelson. Their grandchildren:
13. Angela's children: Andrew, b. March 12, 1994, and Evan, b. September 24, 1997.
14. In this generation, there are great-grandchildren of Edie Nelson's sister, Marjorie. They are great-great nephews and great-great nieces of Edie Loyer Nelson.

15. Marjorie's great-grandchildren are:
16. Staci's children: Jordan, b. November 14, 2001, and Gavin, b. May 24, 2005.
17. Melissa's children: Joey, b. September 26, 2004, Grace, b. September 26, 2006, and Cecelia, b. May 28, 2009.

Continuation of the Seymour Family—Florence Smotherman Narrative (age 93)

This section belongs to Seymour family member Edie Loyer Nelson and is provided with her permission.

My grandfather, Bill Taylor, was born and raised in England, in a small town close to London. His parents owned a large tea business and are still active in tea warehouses and restaurants. As a very young man, because he drank too much, his family encouraged him to get a job as a deckhand on a sailing ship heading for North America. It was exciting idea and he did that. The ship he sailed out on arrived and docked in Seattle, before the big fire. However, he promptly got drunk and his ship left. It was not unusual for ship captains to pick men off the streets when they needed a deck hand. He woke up on another ship that sailed for Canada and he found himself on Vancouver Island. He jumped ship again and ultimately travelled up the Island to Nanaimo and Departure Bay.

He managed to homestead property at Departure Bay on which he built a small 3-room house—a bedroom, living room with a fireplace, and a kitchen. The fireplace was used for heat and for cooking. I remember the kitchen had a dirt floor.

He found a boat of some sort and began fishing for a living. On his way up the Island, he stopped at an Indian Village. There was a large family of Duwamish living there. So when he was fishing he would sometimes stop and visit them. That was how he met a young Indian girl whom he married, without her mother's permission. I remember being with my Aunt Emily and shopping in Nanaimo I saw a little Indian woman across the street and my Aunt pointed her out and said it was my great Grandmother. I wanted to go talk to her but my Aunt said, "No, she won't talk to you—she disowned all our family because her daughter married a white man." Her daughter's name was Liza and she gave birth to three girls rather close together. Complications arose after the last girl arrived and Liza passed away very young. Her family blamed Grandpa for her death. Soon, one day when he was away fishing they broke into his home and took all of the handwork and baskets Liza had made, before she was married. They burned it on top of her grave. This was a tradition.

Grandpa had neighbours who cared for the girls when he went fishing. They protected the girls. The mother and their school teacher guided them and told them facts of life. I met one of the sons once when I was a young girl at a family gathering. I also saw a first car—Ford—and I remember the excitement.

On one of his fishing trips he had to take the three girls with him. The youngest, a 3-year-old, threw his compass overboard. With a great deal of difficulty, he found his way back home.

One of the things I remember as a child, he always had a nice big salmon, wrapped in ferns, hid out in the woods by a cold running stream. The stream came out of a spring and

was ice cold. In addition he always had a bag of candy on a shelf above the fireplace. All us grandkids looked for that when we arrived to take a swim!

When my mother and her sisters grew up (she was born in 1892), they worked at a shell manufacturing place close to Nanaimo before the beginning of WW I. My father couldn't enlist in the US services. He was rejected because he had his foot smashed in the mines where he had worked. Because WW I was mainly fought on land, he was unable to march. He travelled to Canada to work at the same factory. That is how he met my mother and they married. After the war they moved back to U.S., to Buckley, Washinton, where I was born in 1913.

We lived in various places in King County and ultimately moved into Seattle at the beginning of the Great Depression. We lived on a street right behind the building which housed the cable cars on James Street. I enrolled in Broadway High School as a freshman. I graduated in 1931 and I think they closed that school not long after that. It was Seattle's first High School. I still have that year book. I remember my sister worked in a laundry and it was our only income! I remember my sister would give me a nickel every day for my lunch and it bought me two donuts. We had very little with which to make a lunch.

Our parents and our 6-month-old brother moved out to Cumberland, close to Enumclaw. We stayed in Seattle in a small apt. on Capitol Hill. Ultimately my sister married and I got a job as receptionist for the Hemrich Brewery. It was a small building about a block from the present Brewery. It was about 1932 and prohibition was removed and beer and alcohol could be obtained publically. The Seattle Star was the major newspaper at that time. Sometime later I worked night shift at Seattle Star on their large two position switchboard. Even at night it was busy—calls for information of all descriptions. I lived in Seattle until I married in 1940.

So you see, we, members of the Seymour family of the tribe, never lived far from Seattle which was the original home of the Duwamish Indian Tribe. The Seymour family moved from Seattle to one of the San Juan Islands because of the rumor of a pending war. From there they moved to the Fraser River Valley in Canada. It was an ideal place to raise and sell vegetables for a living. Their final move was to settle on Vancouver Island, Canada.

After we were in Seattle my Grandfather spent two or three winters with us. He loved going to movies. There was no means of travel to downtown but several theaters—so he would walk down each day and see a movie. At night he would go to a theatre close to where we lived. Pike Street was the main street to down town and there were no street lights until after his first visit. He refused to use the stop lights on corners for some time. I can't remember when he decided he had to obey the law or if he ever yielded to a stop and go light.

My sister and family moved from Seattle to East Hill in Kent, Washington. My father and mother were already living there. My husband and I moved there, close to them, in 1947. All our children were born and raised there. (signed) Florence Smotherman, age 93.

Appendix M: Stories from the Family of Suquardle (TsE'ahqwE'áhl), also known as Chief Curley, and his daughter, Susan Curlay—the Scheuerman Family

The Scheuerman family, sometimes called the Curley family, is represented in this study by Kathie Zetterberg and Julia Anne Allain. Kathie's family stories are followed by Julie's in this appendix. Julia is the researcher in this study and used her discussions, captured on tape with participants, to form a basis and starting point for her stories in this family history.

Kathie's Stories

How I descend from Chief Curley

I come from the Curley family. My Duwamish great-great-great grandfather was Suquardle. To settlers, he was also known as Chief Curley and sometimes as Curly Jim. He and his band of Native Americans were settled all over the King County area here, around Seattle. They had Longhouses down around Pioneer Square, where he started working with Henry Yesler, who owned the first sawmill in that area, and he had his band, and his family, there. Chief Curley was also prominent during the *Battle of Seattle*, where the Indians from Eastern Washington came over, protesting the migration of white settlers. They came over here to help Chief Leschii (LESS-shy), who is their relative, and he lived down around Nisqually. I believe it was the Walla Walla Indian band and the Nisqually Indians, they raided around the Seattle area. Chief Curley helped Henry Yesler keep informed of the impending Indians coming to do harm to the city. Curley was employed as Henry Yesler's foreman and he told of when the attack would happen, and that is how the defences around Seattle were warned about the impending attack. And so when Curley warned Yesler and the attack was warded off, then the city was saved.

Going on through the generations, Curley had a daughter named Susan, and she was the Native wife of Henry Yesler. Between the two of them, Henry and Susan, they had a daughter, Julia, in 1855. And Julia was also raised (later on) with her stepfather, who was Jeremiah Benson. Then, Susan, Julia's mother, died when Julia was about 17 years old, in 1872. And so.

Why I began to do research into Julia and the Curley family

I started the research in 2000, or even a little earlier, before the 150th anniversary of the Denny's landing at Alki. They called it "the 150th year anniversary of Seattle," which was in 2001.

I had heard of all the descendants of all these settlers, and prominent people that made Seattle, and of course Henry Yesler was one of them, who was our great-great grandfather, and so I always thought that, well, *Julia* should be in with them also, and that she should be part of this history. And I couldn't find anything in any books, *about her*, and so that is when I started doing all my research. So that she could be part of the history.



Kathie Zetterberg

It was really when I submitted my sketchy essay to *Historylink*, the online encyclopedia of the State of Washington. They got interested in the essay, and wanted to help me document, so that it would have a lot of credibility. And so they put their genealogical expert and historian onto my case, David Wilma.

And so we worked together. David Wilma knew all the ins and outs of where to look and had sources that I didn't have for looking up information. He would give me things to do, and he would do things, and together we came up with a lot of information, obituaries, records like death, birth and marriage, and all those sorts of records, and archives.

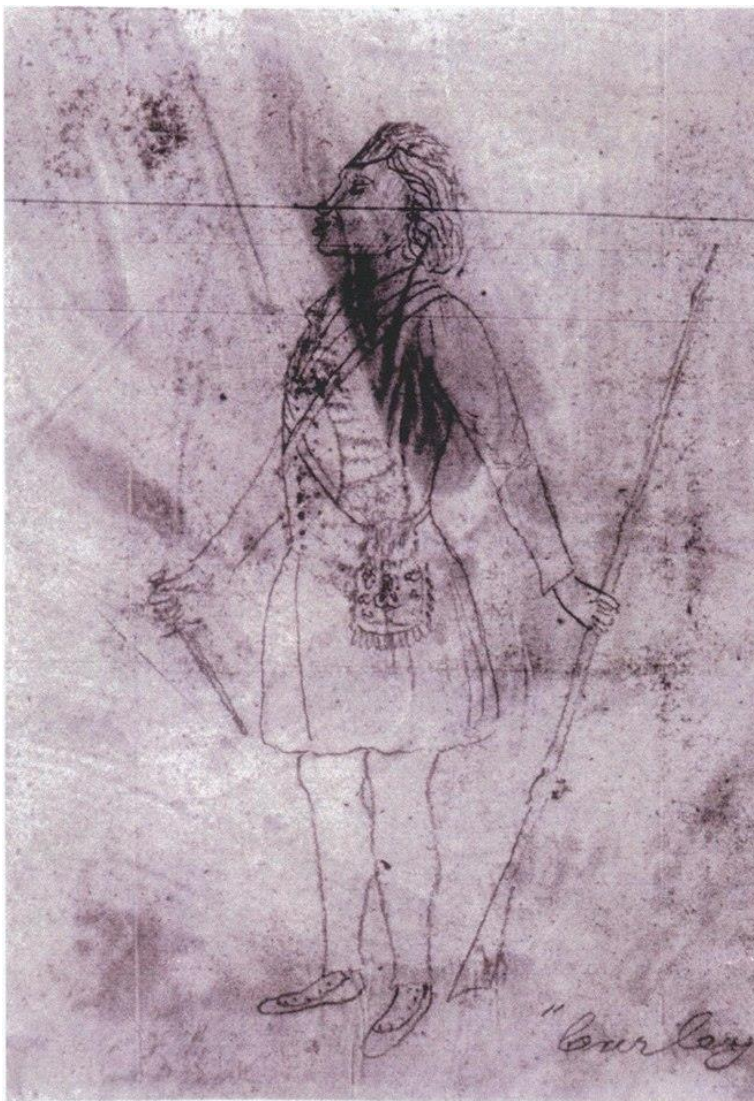
We came up with a second, revised article with more documentation. It went into the Historylink Timeline, not just a family story.... There's two sections of essays on their site. Some are histories that they can't make credible; they are just on their website—oral histories, or written histories, really. And then, being that there was so much documentation found on *my* essay, they made it a Timeline article on their website. And so, every year now, on Julia's birthday, my essay pops up.

I thought that Julia should be represented too, and not just the Yeslers and (white) settlers). Julia was Henry Yesler's daughter, and she was part of what made early Seattle what it was. Early Seattle became what it was with the Native influence of all the Natives that worked at the mill. And I thought it should be represented how natives around here, the

Duwamish, had helped early settlers, and up until the government got involved with putting Indians on reservations it was pretty intertwined in this area, between Native Americans and early settlers. And so Julia was definitely part of that period.

When my Aunt Bing told us about Chief Curley”

It was around 1970, thereabouts. I think I was in my early 20s and we were with my Aunt Bing and other family, for a dinner.



Curley (Duwamish Chief Suquardle, TsE'ahqwE'áhl). 1856 sketch by USS Decatur Surgeon John Y. Taylor. Yale Collection of Western Americana, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library.

Aunt Bing had been away and came back and stayed with her daughter, Helen. I think we were over at Helen's house with family. I don't remember my dad or aunts being around, just Aunt Bing and me and my cousins. It was more all the cousins that she was telling this to.

They pulled out some old photos. The only one I really remember is a tin photo of Julia in her satin wedding dress. It was just gorgeous and I so much wanted to get a print of that and that was the last time I ever saw it. I tried asking all the cousins if anybody has that picture and nobody either can find it or is ‘fessing up that they have it.

Bing was my aunt who talked the most about being Duwamish and she told us we were descended from Chief Curley and that if we ever did any research that it would be Curley.

My aunt Bing said that Curley was Chief Seattle’s brother. She said that Curley was Chief of the eastern side of Lake Washington and that Seattle was Chief of the western side. As I found out, it was more that Seattle was the Chief of the western side of *Puget Sound* and Curley had the camp on the eastern side, so the water seemed to be more Puget Sound than Lake Washington.

Other things that Bing said about the family history turned out to be true. Well, of course, it was true that Curley was the Chief of the one side of the water and that Seattle was the Chief of the other side. She said that there might have been a little friction between the two brothers, between Seattle and Curley. Other research that I have done suggests the same thing.

Of course, Chief Seattle would have been about 20 years older than Curley. Angeline and Curley and Yesler would have been closer to the same age. All were about in their forties when Yesler came out to Seattle in 1852. Chief Seattle was in his sixties at that time. Which could mean two different fathers. Chief Seattle’s mother was the Duwamish and his father was Suquamish. So for him and Curley to be *brothers and Duwamish*, it almost had to be the same mother.

So, after that day with Aunt Bing, that was the first thing that I had to go on, too, as far as clues that it was Chief Curley who was the grandfather of Julia. I just knew that it was Chief Curley’s daughter, but I did not know her name.

It was intriguing to me because it was the first time that anybody in the family would really talk about it...

It seemed like every other aunt wouldn’t say or admit that they had Native blood. My Dad, he admitted that there was Native blood but he really didn’t seem to have any interest in finding anything out about it so this was the first person.... I wish I’d had more opportunity to talk to Bing, because she seemed to be the only one who knew anything.

Bing would have been second oldest of Elsie’s daughters. I am sure that Elsie told her these things. That would have been the only source, my Grandmother.

Finding photos of Julia, my Duwamish great-grandmother

There are no photos of Susan, the country wife of Henry Yesler. It was quite difficult even to find her English name, Susan, I had to find that through Julia’s half-sister, Hannah. I retrieved Hannah’s Death Certificate, and it said that Hannah’s mother was Susan Curley (spelling on certificate), and that was how I found out the name of Julia’s mother.

The existing pictures of our great-grandmother Julia, include the one of her sitting at a table, reading a book, with her needlepoint demonstrated on her lap, and I believe it was from around 1872—that is what Historylink staff thought it was—1872 when she left the

Seattle area to go down to Oakland, California, to the Pierces, who were friends of Yesler. Julia lived down there several years, until she and the Pierces migrated back up to the Seattle area, and actually homesteaded around Quilcene. She was in the Seattle area in the late 1870s.

There is a second picture of Julia with her husband, Charles, about 1890. It was taken at a studio here in Seattle. And then there is an obituary picture, the third photo, and I don't know the source of that picture. It shows her older, so it must have been when she was living in Port Townsend, after her marriage. It probably was later in her life. She died when she was 52, so it was somewhere in that time period. There was a fourth picture that I saw when I was in my twenties, which my Aunt Bing had. The fourth photo was a tinsplate of Julia in a satin wedding dress. And it was just a gorgeous picture, and that was actually the first picture that I had ever seen of her, but I have never seen that picture since. No one has claimed having it, or knows where it is. We are fortunate to have three photos of Julia and to have some evidence of what she looked like.

And there's our great-grandfather, Charles, when he was Treasurer (shows a photo). And that was—there is a map and it says 1912. He was treasurer when this was made. Matter of fact, it was a framed photo that was on a bookshelf that was in a little gift shop in there. And it showed him... it wasn't identified or anything. That room was actually *that room in the photo*. Where the gift shop is, that is the office where the treasurer would have been. Charles has long legs. My dad was six foot. Which would lend it to Charles Intermela's side, because Julia was short. And of course you can't tell here, but Elsia was quite short. She was quite short, and she would have still had a Native look, 'cause the Native women, many were short.

Julia Yesler's life as a child and teenager

Julia actually grew up in Henry Yesler's household, as a little child, until age three or four, and again later on. I found her on a census.

During the Battle of Seattle (January 26, 1856), Susan went out to a warship. I got this information from a recollection by a pioneer, Nicholas Schaffer. He was there in town, during the Battle of Seattle, and he records that all the women and children were asked to go onto the warship *Decator* for protection. Henry Yesler had asked Susan and the baby that was in her arms to go onto the ship. And Susan did not like that idea and protested quite a bit! But she was persuaded to go onto the ship for the remainder of the battle. It also was recorded that Yesler was very fond of the baby girl and he wanted them protected.

When Henry Yesler's wife Sarah came out from the East, from Ohio in mid-July 1858, then Susan had to leave, because Yesler already had a wife! (smiling)... at least, his *traditional* married wife, was coming out here. And so Susan was the *Native* wife according to the country, or wife of the country, something like that? according to the laws of the country of the Native people. And this region was not part of the United States, at the time. It was still a territory. There are many letters from the settlers, and they would always refer to this area as almost like another country. They would say "I am going to go back to the United States," you know, if you were going to go back East. This was still wild territory, and it was like a common law, then.

Susan was the ‘country wife’ of Henry Yesler, and that term gives some validity to the relationship. But the other wife came out to Seattle. And I don’t know if Yesler ever thought that she would ever come out, but she, Sarah, must have figured that something was going on, and she better get to the bottom of it. And Henry Yesler had about four years with Susan and the baby. Julia was born on June 12th of 1855.

When his wife came out here, Henry Yesler didn’t just dump Susan. He made sure that she was looked after, and I think he arranged the marriage with his employee, who was, I believe, his cook at the mill, Jeremiah Benson. There is information about this in the Nicholas Schaeffer recollection. Schaeffer was a pioneer.

Jeremiah Benson worked at the mill, and Susan became his wife. I never have found a marriage license but they were together, Susan and Jeremiah, all the rest of Susan’s life, and they also had their daughter, Hannah Benson (born January 5th, 1866), who was Julia’s half-sister.

After Susan and Julia were with Jeremiah Benson, then Julia’s surname was Benson. ‘Cause in the records that you can find of her, it’s “Julia Benson.” And in the obituary of Julia Intermela, they add Benson (as well as saying she is the daughter of Yesler). And some records say Benson Yesler.

On the census, where she is listed as back at Henry Yesler’s home as a teenager, it says *Julia Benson*, The census shows her in Henry Yesler and Sarah’s household as the “house servant,” which I thought was rather striking, that she would be considered a house servant. Perhaps he couldn’t say she was his child, and couldn’t admit to it.

But nevertheless, in Nicholas Schaeffer’s recollection, it said that when Sarah came out and found that Henry Yesler had a baby girl, by another union, she took her in as her own. And that, I always liked that. I always kind of liked the character of Sarah, and I was glad to hear that she and Julia got along, and that Sarah was like another mother to her.

The recollections of pioneer Nicholas Schaeffer are that Julia got the best education. Yesler gave her the best education that was available. There was a school—Julia probably went to that school that was established when the Mercer girls came out. Out of the 11 Mercer girls that came on the first trip, one did not marry and was the teacher, one of the first school teachers in Seattle. I believe Julia would have been in that class. I have not seen her name on the records of the school kids that went to that class.

She did not show up on the school records, and in every census, there is an “HB” after her name, for Half Breed. And Julia and Hannah were the only two that showed up as Half Breed, in Seattle. The rest probably didn’t get recorded. At least in the white census. Which was kind of curious, too, in itself.

From the time Susan married Jeremiah Benson, Julia was raised with them, in Seattle. She had a young half-sister, Hannah Benson. I think the Bensons remained in the Seattle area until Susan passed on. Julia’s mother died in 1872. Julia was 17. The family of Jeremiah Benson, the rest of their family migrated up to the Skagit Valley, up around Mount Vernon, after 1872.

So, there was a period where Julia, as a teenager, is back, residing in Sarah and Henry Yesler’s home and appears on the census. Sarah is said to have accepted Julia. One of the prominent pictures of Sarah Yesler, that shows up every now and then when they show a

picture of Sarah on the internet, it will say that it was taken in California, in San Francisco or the Bay area, so I have always wondered whether she was down there visiting Julia, while Julia was down there with the Pierces.

When Julia left for California to go live with the Pierces, being her mother was gone, Yesler wanted her to have a family life, I think. The Pierces wanted someone to raise like a daughter, and so he (Yesler) arranged that. I don't believe the Pierces were related to Yesler, but they had lived up here in early Seattle and were business associates of Henry Yesler. They may have worked at the sawmill. It was Charles Pierce and his wife, Jenny. And then they moved to Oakland. The Pierces were of Yesler's generation and would have been in their fifties, by then.

Great-grandmother Julia's life as an adult woman

After five years, Julia is back in Seattle. In 1878, she shows up on tax records. The Pierces returned, and they homesteaded up around Quilcene. I'm not sure if the Quilcene property was homesteaded by Pierces — slash Julia, or by Charles Intermela. They all ended up living there, Pierces and Intermelas, after Julia gets married to Charles. During this time, she was present at her cousin Lena Graham's wedding, and in 1889 she was a witness in court for Lena.

Then, Charles gets a job as the Jefferson County Sheriff. Then they move to Port Townsend. It would have been pretty close after they got married, because they got married in 1890.

Henry Yesler was still living, in Seattle. He did not die until 1892. That year, my grandmother Elsie was born January 14, and Henry Yesler died in December.

Charles was born in 1894. Elsie was born in Mount Vernon. Julia was at her sister Hannah's.

Living in Port Townsend, Julia shows up on rolls and in the Port Townsend Leader newspaper for doing community service, for quite a few years. She was in the women's clubs. At the end, she was elected President of the Women's Auxiliary.

I have a Havilland china dinner set that was handed down to me from my grandmother Elsie. I believe it was Julia's. Elsie was living in the minefields in Anyox in her early married life and then struggling later on (when her husband died), raising her family by herself, so I can't really see *her* buying the set of china, a French Havilland set of china. It would make sense that it was Julia's china dinner set. I know that it was made around the 1880s. I believe they bought it when they were living in Port Townsend and Julia would have been using it for entertaining with her social clubs, in the lifestyle they would have been living there.

Julia had a Duwamish mother and yet she had an education which Henry Yesler, her father, provided, and she had pressure to be in the world of the settlers, especially with Yesler's influence. I think he wanted her to be accepted. Also, probably he was trying to protect her from any racism that was in the community.

Family mysteries and secrets

Julia was active in community service when married to Charles. You ask whether Julia encountered racism in Port Townsend? I've never, in my research, seen any real racial

issue there. The only issue that I came across was after her death, and the reaction of her children and the stepmother. And that seemed to have been from the *stepmother's* point of view, that the children had Indian blood in them. That's the only place that I saw that had any racism.

As far as our Indian side, I had no input at all from my grandmother Elsia. She never talked about it to me at all. Matter of fact, there was hardly anyone, other than one of my older aunts, who would acknowledge that there was any Native American in the family.

It was my cousin Helen's mother, Mary (also called Bing). She was the one that showed us the pictures and actually gave me the name, Chief Curley, as a source to look up. She knew about Chief Curley. She knew *that* much about it.

My oldest aunt was Nell. That would be the mother of my cousin Roy, who is in Texas. He said that when his mother (Nell) was in a nursing home, she had written down her recollections of the family. He said it is somewhere in his garage. But as far as *he* could remember, the connection was Angeline, as being the Duwamish mother of Julia Yesler. which was the ongoing story of *who was* the Duwamish mother of Julia, until I went and did my research. Actually I was trying to get Angeline to *be* the mother, but it just wasn't working out with any of the records.

And I do have to believe that Angeline had some part in the family. There was a connection there somewhere. She was so close to Yesler. Their relationship was very close. And with it especially being that she requested to be buried next to him, which she is, in the pioneer cemetery. They granted her request, being who she was, and being Sealth's daughter, and Yesler's uh, friend. She came to Yesler's house after he died. It was in his obituary. And it mentioned that they let her into his mansion on the hill in Seattle after his death. In her way of mourning, she was over in the corner, and just wailing and carrying on quite a bit for the loss of her best friend. Yesler's mansion was located where the courthouse is now. The City of Seattle got that property because Yesler had donated it as a library. And then the mansion burned down, but the City still had the land.

There must be a connection between Angeline and our family. Especially that two sides of the family, for two generations, were separated and then come together and we *both* had the story that she was the mother of Julia, which was kind of intriguing.

And there is the empty plot in the Yesler part of the cemetery, which is supposed to be for someone in the family, so we wondered if it was for Julia.

And...*where is* Julia? I always thought she was at Redmonds Cemetary at Port Townsend. I got a record of that cemetery, and it shows Charles and *Anna* together, and no Julia. So...*where is she?* That is another thing that we are going to have to investigate.

When you look back to Julia and her education in Seattle, she had a chance to get educated before the city filled up with white women. Yesler was such an influence on her life, and I am sure that Yesler was the reason that she was in Seattle. The rest of the Duwamish could work in the town but they couldn't live there. Those who stayed anyway, it was probably because it would be kind of hard for them to be too far away from the town to do their work.

But I don't know, I always got the impression that Julia had a better life as part Native American than others would have had.

Julia's connections to her cousin, Rebecca Lena Graham

Patricia Hackett Nicola (a certified genealogist who is interested in Washington State Native Americans) contacted me when I was in the early stages of my own research. She mentioned that my great-grandmother Julia had been a witness at a wedding of her cousin, Lena. The cousin, Rebecca Lena Graham, was known as Lena, and she is the niece of Chief Curley, who was Suquardle. Lena's mother is Peggy Curley, a Duwamish Indian, the sister of Chief Curley. Nicola states that Peggy was born around 1844. At the age of 13, she entered a relationship with the settler Franklin Matthias and Rebecca Lena was born about two years later (1859). They split up, and in May, 1864, Peggy had a son, John, with David Kellogg. Later, she became the wife of Christian Scheuerman and had seven or eight children with him.

This is where my story about Julia comes into it. The article is in *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* from the Summer 2006, issue, and it mentions that Chief Curley worked at Henry Yesler's mill, and that Yesler had a daughter, Julia, and that she was "adopted" into the Benson family, but actually, Benson would have been her stepfather. Later in this story, Julia shows up several times. In March of 1889, Lena's husband John evidently gets kind of crazy. He has homicidal tendencies, and they had to go to court, and Julia shows up in court records as a witness that this husband is crazy. He ends up in a Hospital for the Insane in Steilacoom. The witnesses for Lena include her cousin, Julia Benson, and a police officer.

The article had to do with Lena getting her inheritance from her father, Franklin Matthias, who was white, and she being a 'half breed,' this Rebecca Lena. She did eventually win her case, and inherited the estate. And then the writer says that Lena "had a close relationship with her cousin, Julia Benson, who was the daughter of an even more prominent settler, Henry Yesler." It was a similar situation. But nothing ever came of that.

Elsia's elopement to Victoria, British Columbia

Julia had two children, she and Charles. The eldest was born in 1892. That would have been my grandmother Elsia, who everybody knew as Elsia. She grew up in Port Townsend, and lived there until about a year after Julia died. And then she married.

And there is a story of the elopement of Elsia and her school friend, Roy Price.

As it turns out, it was in the *Port Townsend Leader* newspaper that there was prominent people of the area, four of them, that had gone over to Victoria on a steamship, and had made out marriage licences over there. That was on the first day of this article. No names were given, at that time. And on the second day, in the newspaper it was confirmed that it was a double marriage. Roy Price and Elsia Intermela had married, and Roy Price's sister, Nel Price, and a military officer at Fort Flagler near Port Townsend, had also married at the same time. It was a double elopement!

Roy Price's father was out of town at the time. Roy's father was managing a smelter, up in Ironsdale which was very close to Port Townsend, and (at the time of the elopement) he was back East, possibly to Pennsylvania, to do business back there.

One reason for the elopement was that Elsia's father, Charles, had remarried after Julia had died, and the new wife, Anna, evidently didn't get along too well with the two children. So I think that prompted the marriage of Elsia. Elsia's brother Charles (Charles

Leander Intermela, Junior) still lived with the family, and he did not get along too well with the stepmother, and so he left as soon as he could.

When our family lived in Anyox, in northern British Columbia

Roy Price was heavily into gemology, like his father. I think that is what prompted him to go up to the mining areas of B.C. And so they went up to Anyox, British Columbia, and there they had children. Now, I am not sure where my oldest aunt, Nell, was born. I believe she was born down here (Washington state), because they lived around Ironsdale for a little while.

So there was my oldest aunt, Nell and then my second oldest aunt was Mary, but everybody knew her as Bing. Then the next daughter was Corrine, and she *was* born in Anyox. And my dad, William Roy Price, was also born in Anyox. They are about a year apart. He was born in 1919. All told there was five children in the family. Eight years after my dad was born, another girl, Beverly, was born. So there was four girls and one boy in the Price family.

Elsia's brother Charles' family was up there in Anyox, B.C., too. And they (the Price family and the Intermela family) were together in Anyox for some time. And then my dad, as a baby or small child, developed a heart condition, and the doctor said he needed a milder climate. And that is when our family, the Price family, came back to Washington and settled. The first place I know of is Alderwood Manor, which is up north of Seattle. And after that, they lived on a duck farm, and raised ducks.

And my dad and my grandmother always told me that there were a lot of cousins in Canada. I don't know how much my grandmother Elsia had kept in touch with anybody on her brother Charles' side of the family after Charles died. I believe there was a disconnect for a generation or so. So it really is quite amazing that the two families came back together!

Keeping the family together in hard times

In 1930, my grandfather died, and then the Great Depression started. That was a real rough time for any family. I don't know how our family lived. I actually have never heard any stories of how Elsia paid the bills. I always thought she was a homemaker, staying home with the children.

What helped her keep the family together in hard times? Well, she was a good cook! And so is Corinne, and Bev. They all were very good cooks. And I remember that my Dad especially liked a lot of his favourite foods, Depression-type foods, the macaroni and cheese, and the short ribs with hand-done noodles. I once went over to my Aunt Corinne's with Dad because she was making up a batch of short ribs and she was doing her own noodles. And they were laying over the backs of the chairs (laughs) and getting ready to be cooked. That was definitely a handed down recipe. The family recipe for potato salad came from Julia and Elsia's side of the family. My family has a lot of the recipes from the Depression era.

Elsia was an excellent gardener. When I knew her, it was more flowers, but everybody had a garden back in the Depression. Especially with the knowledge she had of gardening, I am pretty sure she had a garden in the Depression years. That was one of her passions, gardening. The begonias she would grow were just huge. I remember, with Bing or Mary and Clarence, that was one of the first things they did. They had a nursery over at Kirkland that grew begonias.

When was Elsia registered in the Duwamish tribe? It was probably after the constitution of 1925. I always had the idea that Elsia registered in the late '20s or in the '30s after Roy passed on. Maybe she thought that the tribe could help her, because she was a single mother with five kids. Julia might have instilled in Elsia that, "if you are ever in trouble or need help, go to the Duwamish." Elsia might not know too much about the Duwamish, but she knew that much.

After one or two years of high school, my father went to work so that he could help the family. When my dad was 19, in 1938, they bought a home in Haller Lake. It was a double lot with a lot of fruit trees on it, all sorts of them, and it used to be an orchard. It was the family home that Corinne and Bev and my grandmother lived in before Dad got married in 1947. Aunt Bev went to Lincoln High School from that house. When we left in 1968, he said he had lived there thirty years.

Corinne was married by then, when they moved to Haller Lake. Dad would mention the house around the corner, and Corinne was saying that that is where she lived with her first husband. And so it may be possible that Corinne could have been supporting them from her marriage. The sisters went out and started their own life and possibly helped out their family. 'Cause in later years, they were helping each other out quite a bit.

I was always around my grandmother, Elsia, when she was older. One of her children or the other was taking care of her, and she would kind of go from one to another. She lived with us for a while, and then she lived with my aunt Corinne for the rest of her life. I think cousins Gail, Bill, or Tony Germann might know more, because they were, in their formative years, when Nana, my grandmother Elsia, lived with them. I was a little kid when she was living with me, but they were more teenagers when she was living with them, so it is possible she could have told them more stories.

My father, William Roy Price, a veteran

My dad is William Roy, born in 1919. He was the next to youngest child. He had the heart problem, up in Anyox, B.C., but he outgrew it. My grandparents lived at Swamp Point, Anyox.

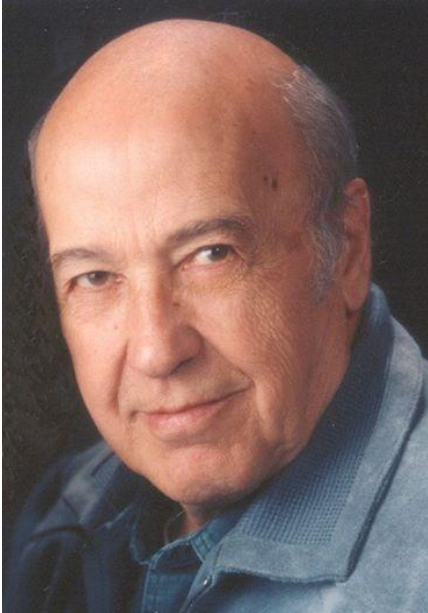
Well, he was, of course, the only boy, and all his four siblings were sisters. I always thought, from early pictures of him when he was a little boy, he looked like a *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, (laughs) to which he always said, "No, I wasn't!" (laughs again). He was always very close to his sisters. Corinne would have been about almost two years older. I think Corinne took on more of the Price side, but you can see in his eyes and features a lot more of... I see the Duwamish. He had the black, dark brown eyes. Actually, he looks a lot like me as a kid.

My father went to high school at Mount Lake Terrace High School, in one of the communities on the east side of Lake Washington. Then And Beverly is eight years younger than him, so she would have still been a schoolgirl.

My dad's father, Roy Price, got tuberculosis and he passed away when my dad was eight years old. That really put a hardship on the family. Grandmother Elsia became a single parent of five children. She had a hard time, and, this would have been right during the Depression years.

It was a pretty tough time, in those days. They were living in Alderwood Manor when my grandfather passed away. Then they lived in Mount Lake Terrace, which was on the other side of Lake Washington. And that would have been the high school that my dad went to, Mount Lake Terrace. My aunts' names pop up in the papers for contests and social things.

My dad stayed in school until he was a sophomore or junior in high school. The family was desperate enough that my dad dropped out of school to try to get money to help the family. He didn't get a high school diploma till later in life. He went to Edison Technical School and got his high school diploma, going to night school. I was around; I remember when he got his diploma.



William Roy Price

A sense of humour and a positive attitude

My father had to support the family. Being the only boy, too, there probably had more pressure on him to go out and do some work. I am not sure what type of jobs he had at that time.

In his early 20s, before World War Two, my dad worked at a candy company called Society Candy. And that is where he met my mother! Actually, he was the chocolate boy there; he melted the chocolate! So I always said, Well, she was the gumdrop girl and he was the chocolate boy! (laughs). They actually got engaged there.

Then World War Two came, and my father went into the army and went overseas, and went into the Pacific, mainly around New Guinea. He was stationed around New Guinea and the Philippines. And he drove a half-track, and ended up with a Purple Heart and the Bronze Star. Evidently, his half-track broke down. Being the mechanic that he was, he got out in the line of fire, and got underneath and fixed it. He got a wound in his arm in the process, but he got the thing running to get his crew out of there. So that is how he got his Purple Heart.

Then when he got out of the service, he came back to Washington, and that's when my mom and dad got married. It was 1947. They actually eloped, too, as Elsie and Roy had done. They eloped to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

They came back and lived at Haller Lake, north of Seattle. At Arden Farms, he became interested in refrigeration. He got an apprenticeship in commercial refrigeration, and then he worked for over 30 years at Modern Refrigeration, until he retired. He was known as a really good, renowned repairman. A lot of people came to him for advice. And he also did installation. He went up to Alaska. I remember when I was a child, he was up there for several months, doing installation, over the Christmas holidays. That was the only Christmas he wasn't around, so I remember that one quite well.

My mom died when I was 16, so that was quite a hardship on both my dad and I. And we stuck together for quite a few years. He married three times after that. With the third one, Wanda, they had a happy life together. He always lived in the Seattle area. I am his only child. He died in 2001. And he knew of my research into the family, when I started it.

There was always a tinge of humour in my Dad's family and I always remember Beverly, especially, as being quite a card and always joking about stuff.

Bev was always doing a little jibbing or jibing or she would say... some of the things would be a little off coloured sometimes (laughing)... that was one of the big occupations on birthdays and things... find funny... everybody was trying to outdo each other and finding funny cards to send each other.

And of course Dad was always joking about stuff. He was always pretty light-hearted. I would say that they all pretty much had a positive view on life.

My childhood education and going to work as a graphic artist

I went to Haller Lake Elementary School as a child, for kindergarten through sixth grade. Then I went to Wilson Junior High for seventh and eighth grade. Then they had a brand new school that opened up, Thompson Junior High, and when I was in the ninth grade it was the first graduating class of that school. Then I went to Ingraham High School for my sophomore, junior, and senior high. It was in Haller Lake, a neighbourhood in north Seattle. My mother died when I was 16, and as I said, that was a hardship on me and my dad. I continued to live with my dad.



Kathie Zetterberg

After high school, I went to the Burnley School of Professional Art. I went two years there and then I got a job so I didn't go back for my third (final) year, but as it's turned out, it was more that you *went to* the school than that you *graduated*.

Then I went to work at this advertising agency, Media Results, where I worked for about a year. Actually, that boss is the one that talked me out of going back to my third year at Burnley School of Professional Art. Then I went to work at Sterling Engraving and worked there for three years. While there, I was part-time art department and part-time office but while I was there I joined the Ad Club of Seattle. I was in the Junior Ad Club because I was under 30. I went to quite a few conferences during the three years that I was with them. For one conference I went as the Junior Ad representative and I did a report back to the Junior Ad Club here and they liked my report so much they paid for my next trip.

From Sterling I went to GM Nameplate, and that was in May of 1973. I have been there the third-longest of everyone. I'm getting up there in seniority.

Looking at family photos and seeing connections

Here is Julia's photograph from when she was a teenager. Notice the embroidery. I think it's meant to display her needlework. She has at least two pieces in her lap. One is a long runner and the other looks like a tablecloth but the whole thing has needlepoint on it. Even her dress has what looks like embroidery on the front. And then her collar looks like it could be lace. Julia has a choker necklace on that has like a cameo or something hanging in the front.



Julia Yesler, probably age 15

This photograph has been retouched. Cousin Bill has the original. He scanned it and sent it to me and it was very pale. I had to retouch it in a photo program, just so you could visualize it better. It had a lot of dents and things over the years that I had to get out just to make it a little bit more presentable.

The statue in the background looks like Diana because it has a hunting dog. Like, she is a huntress with the dog and then she has something in her hand... either an arrow or a bow. Usually Diana has a bow and arrow. The statue was probably a studio prop.

Those eyes... the eyes show up a lot in people in the family. Even in this other picture here of my grandmother, Elsia, her eyes are half closed but you can definitely see the intensity of the eyes. It seems to be a family trait... I've often noticed in my pictures over the years that even my eyeballs are kind of just the first thing you spot.

So, that was interesting to analyze the picture. She's reading the book... it's probably a prop but it would have been interesting to know of the type of reading she would have been interested in.

She looks very relaxed in the picture. Many of those pictures back then were time-elapsed exposures. The subject looks so stiff because they don't want to move. It looks like holding still wasn't hard for her.

Her hair, I think it was naturally curly. In other photos, it was curly, and always, it seemed like it was always split in the middle. Elsia, my grandmother, had soft, wavy hair, and my dad also had curly hair.

And in this picture she has a little bit of a flower or something in her hair, and she has the earrings. And her hair doesn't look long like so many Victorian ladies. They wore their hair long and up, never cut it. Her hair looks like it had been cut at some time. This is around 1870 or 1872, somewhere in there. She wouldn't have left until 1872 to go to Oakland.

This is probably one of the better photographs. You see the detail.

But here's the later photo, the wedding photo, from Boyd and Braas, the photo studio in Seattle. It was at 614 Front Street, Seattle, that's the address of the studio. Evidently, Boyd, one of the two, went off by himself so to have it labelled "Boyd and Braas" puts it in a certain year, before they split up.

I believe the wedding photo was taken around 1890. Julia's dress was just very exquisite, with the lace inlay, it looks like, on the front. And the little flowered sash around the waist. And it looks like she had a little over-jacket, and then it looks like about $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves. It had a little puffy sleeve and that spread kind of down... it's like a scalloped sleeve...

And there again Julia has a split hair-do, just like in the earlier one. But now she's wearing her hair up. As a newly married woman. And at this age, she's more dignified. She has some more maturity in her face. But you see she doesn't have much ear lobe and that's carried on because I have no ear lobe. She has dark eyes, and they are intense. Brown eyes are dominant.

In a photograph of Henry Yesler, in his fortyish picture, you can tell he has the lighter eyes. They have a crystal look to them. And then the hair is straight hair. No curl at all.

So curly hair, and heavy lidded eyes, we get that from the Duwamish side of the family. I know my Aunt Bev would always comment, "Well, my eyes are always at half-mast."

My Dad's eyes were brown and mine are brown. My grandmother Elsie had brown eyes, intense eyes like Julia. Some of my aunts didn't have brown eyes. Julia has kind of a broad nose, she definitely had a more hooked nose. She is not tall. Julia's husband, Charles, looks like he would have been fairly tall compared to Julia. I would imagine that Julia was about the same as my Grandmother, and she was maybe around 5 foot 2 inches. Or maybe like Cecile, about 4 foot 11.

Working to help the Duwamish

I wanted Julia to be part of history. It was just something that I always thought I would want to research and that was a good opportunity when all the hoopla was with the descendants of the pioneers and it was in all the newspapers during the 150th anniversary of the City of Seattle. That spurred me on to think, oh, now's a good time to start researching. And I did... I did. I wrote a draft, and I wrote the HistoryLink article. David Wilma was the co-author of the essay and the essay is on Historylink as 3396, for reference for searching.

I've been on the Gala Committee for several years now. I am doing any artwork needed for the invitations and catalogues at the Gala itself. And invitations too for the Gala.

I have a series of nature drawings. I donated enlargements of some of them but they're kind of just graphics... a graphic art series that I originally did for note cards and art pieces for the gift shop. I donated an enlargement for the Gala, once a year. Last year, I did the blue heron that was 11"x14" piece and they got \$100 for it. It was a print on canvas. It was matted and framed. It made a nice piece when it was all put together. I have also done a mallard duck for the Gala fundraiser. That was also on canvas 11"x17." Previous to that, one year I submitted two things. That was when the Gala was at MOHAI and I did the

Nighthawk. And then I also did a “Henry’s Prose,” that was a piece that he had written at the sawmill during the “Battle of Seattle.”

Both Henry’s Prose and the Nighthawk were donated for the MOHAI Duwamish Gala. They were smaller pieces and so they went to the silent auction.... It was when I did a bigger piece, the Mallard, that it got into the live auction. The Duwamish Committee decided what was going to be in the silent auction and what was going to be in the live auction. So it was quite an achievement just to get a piece into the live auction.

The Henry’s Prose piece is from an original un-mailed letter that’s archived at MOHAI, the Museum of History and Industry in Seattle. It was a prose of my great-great grandfather Henry Yesler during the treaty war in January, 1856, and I slightly revised and re-printed it. There was a passage in it that was blanked out on the copy that MOHAI sent me so I just tried to figure out the words to go along with the rest of it. He was quite a card and he was living in the upstairs of this mill where he was sleeping on a cot, and he had his rifle next to him, and he was talking about the deer and the pig and whatnot that was living underneath, down around the pilings of his building he was staying in. He also was dreaming about a lovely lady with a babe in her arms and was that Susan and baby Julia? And it was kind of intriguing. He was quite the poet, at least in this letter. He had kind of a whimsical way about him.

I belong to the *Pioneer Association*, which is for any descendants of any pioneers of Seattle. It evidently was the only club or association that Yesler had belonged to way back in the day.... That was one reason I chose that as an organization to join, and of course you had to prove your ancestry there. And then they have a side organization for ladies, that is *Daughters of the Pioneers* and that goes even back further. You have to prove that you are descended from somebody before 1870. I belonged to them. Their symbol is the dogwood. So, when they invited me, I did a Powerpoint presentation of our family history during their annual conference. For my doing that they gave me some money to go buy something at a nursery and I went and bought a dogwood tree, which was symbolic of the Daughters.

Then there was an organization, *Descendants of the Pioneers*, and I was with it for a couple of years, but the timing of their meetings was during the day so I could not really participate that much. They did fundraising that helped the Duwamish tribe. I wasn’t much help other than being a member of the committee. I got up and told a story of the family at one of their presentations of *Coming Full Circle*. And it was quite funny because this Chris Broughton who is a descendant of Doc Maynard was there. We ended up here talking at this *Coming Full Circle* and I gave my story of Curley and what went on during the Battle of Seattle and then Chris got up to tell his story of Katherine/ Catherine Maynard which would have been his ancestor, and he says, “Oh, and what an awful person Curley was” and he says, “sorry, Kathie!” (laughing). But I guess it went down through history that the Maynards and the Yeslers and Curleys didn’t really get on all that well. It was because Maynard was one of the first Indian agents and he was trying to get the Duwamish to go on the reservation over on the Suquamish side of the sound. Curley and other Duwamish didn’t want to go over. A lot of the Natives on this side didn’t want to go over and so they were kind of the catalyst to keep them on this side of the sound so that... there was some friction between the Maynards and the Curleys and Yeslers.

So, in order, I wrote the essay and I was in the Pioneers Association and then the Descendants of the Pioneers come later, about the same time as I joined the Tribe. And when I joined the Duwamish Tribe, I had so many things going on, and I had to... I put my focus more on the tribe.

I believe I joined the Council in 2006, about a year after I joined the tribe and I am still on it. Six years, now. And then I started helping with the fundraisers, the catalogues, and making and donating art pieces to the Gala.

I have seniority on the Council, other than Cindy and Cecile now. It is fulfilling because I just like the behind-the-scenes aspect of it. I like to know what's going on with the tribe. And to learn what Cecile's been doing during the month, because she is always out there doing something interesting. I think it is neat that the community has acknowledged her as a go-to person when dignitaries are in town or when they need a blessing for something, they ask her to give them a blessing. We've gotten a lot of support in the recent years from the Bill Gates Foundation and some of the bigger organizations out there for charities.

And then there is something else interesting, that I can't say much about, and that is the legal aspect of the fight to get recognition. It's not all positive but a lot is positive, and the trials, it is a great opportunity just to learn what goes on in those situations.

The meetings are on my way home from work so I just take the car that day. Before the meeting, I just hang out at the Longhouse for an hour and I talk with other tribe members. I see what is on display and any groups that come through and go get a cup of tea in the kitchen, and pretty much make myself at home. 'Cause it's our home. It's our... that's our native home.

To me it's real soothing even when all the lights are out and you're just walking through the dark Longhouse there, to the kitchen and there's just... a real... almost mellow feeling about it. And just like they said when Johnny Moses did the blessing of the Longhouse, the Longhouse was blessed before any inhabitants came into there and they were supposed to be happy spirits that live there. At the Native Opening ceremony when the Longhouse was being opened, that December, James Rasmussen was at the ceremony, in the photo I took, there was something. And I even sent it to him, and I said, "It looks like you had a spirit over your shoulder" and he said, "Oh, that must have been my Grandpa" (laughing).

But it was strange. Some of the photos, at first, before the Longhouse was blessed, pictures were taken in the Longhouse and there were orbs all over the place. And it was... it was just like it was saturated with them. But now, just *one* shows up here and there. And everybody that goes to the Longhouse now, that I've talked to, seems to have a real soothing feel about it.

You ask me about the challenges of leadership, the challenges of being on the Council. Oh, probably it is just helping keep the peace. Yeah, if nothing else... to be the calming force or something.

I feel I'm on a pretty steady keel and a lot of times things get kind of heated and it can be the way to steer things in the right direction. I think that is a good accomplishment.

Without saying anything too much, sometimes you are the target even (laughing). When things are tense, when someone has their say to the Council, all you can do is say, “I’m doing the best I can” (laughing). I didn’t quit. They did. But, I’m still here.

Carl, my husband, is supportive. When I first started, when they first asked me to go on the Council and I thought “Oh man, I can’t be putting another big thing like that into my life, too” and I was going, “Is Carl going to be upset because of it taking up time once a month,” but he said I should do it, so I had a lot of support.



June 11, 1994 Kathie and Carl Zetterberg’s wedding

What I think is important for future Duwamish children to know

I think so little is ever taught about Natives around here. As a kid, I thought of Native people more as Plains Indians and riding around on horses. And then, I was such a horse freak that I was kind of disappointed when I found out that the ones I was descended from were riding around in canoes! Horses weren’t really part of Duwamish culture. But I think the knowledge about the Duwamish tribe is coming out more. I think the Longhouse has really helped the schools in this area. They come to the Longhouse on their fieldtrips to see what the culture really was like around here. I think that is very valuable. So the Longhouse is playing a role in... in the teaching for all... not just Native children but all children in the area. I think it’s been very well taken. A lot of the school curriculum around the area has really taken up on it and it’s getting to be very popular as a field trip especially in the fourth grade where local history is being taught. I think that’s wonderful that the Longhouse is having that effect. I know this from the director, Linda. She keeps us on the Council well informed about what is taking place at the Longhouse, and what is on her horizon. She says there’s a lot of teachers that come in, just look the place over and see the possibilities for future trips, for the kids.

When the Longhouse was first built, the museum quality display out in the foyer was designed by the people at the Burke Museum. A lot of the artifacts came from the Burke and although they are Duwamish in origin, the Burke are holding them for the Duwamish, so they had to make sure that the cases were quality and would preserve the artifacts. Between the story that is told by the exhibits and the Angeline video that they show for the school groups, that is the history of the Duwamish. Linda says that the kids, especially a lot of the littler kids, that see that video often start crying because it is such a sad story. It is a powerful story.

So, for what I want future children to know, the Longhouse is playing a big role in making change there.



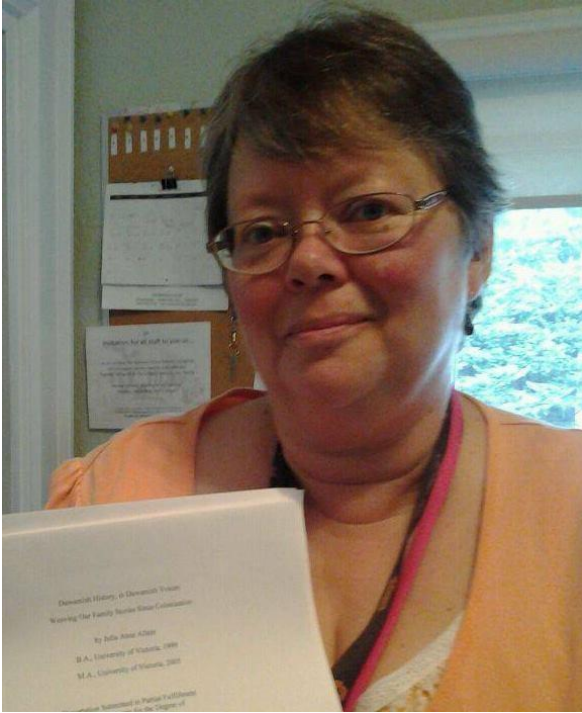
Kathie Zetterberg at the Duwamish Longhouse

Also, I think it is more accepted, being Native, now. Maybe it is harder, if you are on a reservation. So, you wonder if some of the challenges are more from class, you know, because they are poor, more than from race. I think class is a big thing, more so than race, because you see a lot of people that are of different races but that can overcome race. It might be hard because of attitude, how they see themselves as a Native person. Could they have been taught to not respect their culture?

I might not be exposed to some of that (racism), but, to tell you what I want future children to know, I would tell the Duwamish children that “I would be proud of my Native side.” Definitely. And it is something that I would encourage them to learn more about.

I would encourage them to find out our story... the story of the Duwamish, and to find out why we are trying to get recognition and to keep the tribe alive. And I would tell them that the Duwamish tribe does have value in the community as a whole and it is part of the community and the roots of the community. It was the people that were here before... it was Seattle.

Julia Allain's Stories



Julia Anne Allain, August 29, 2014, submitting Official “First Draft” of Ph.D. dissertation.

Coming full circle from the Duwamish diaspora

My great-grandmother, Julia Yesler Intermela, was the daughter of Susan, a Duwamish woman who was a teenager when colonization took place. Julia was born in Seattle, but took the family a small distance away. Her mother, Susan Curly, raised Julia for much of her early life, and would have spoken her first language, Lushootseed, to Julia. Susan would have passed on some of her cultural beliefs and practices. Susan died when Julia was a teenager. Although she did not live with him between the age of about four years until she returned as a teen, I am told that Julia was provided with education by her settler father, sawmill owner Henry L. Yesler.

Julia eventually moved away from Seattle and became married to a white settler, Charles Leander Intermela, Sr., who later became the Treasurer of Port Townsend, and at one time was sheriff.



Julia Yesler Benson and Charles Leander Intermela, Sr.

Julia raised her two children, Elsie and Charles Junior, in an upper-middle class lifestyle in Port Townsend, Jefferson County, Washington state, high on the Olympic Peninsula. Nevertheless, as an adult, Julia visited Seattle and stayed connected to her Duwamish cousins and half-sister, Hannah. She gave birth to at least one of her two children at Hannah's home in Seattle.

Julia's mother, Susan Curley, was the daughter of Chief Suquardle, also known as Chief Curley and as Curly Jim, a Duwamish Indian (believed to be brother of Chief Seattle by oral family history and other records) and his wife, "Mrs. Curley" on census, first name unknown to the family. I'm told that Suquardle was the *head man* of Elliott Bay. It is known that he had a Longhouse there, on the waterfront.

Some sources have told me that Curley's camp was located near the present day Clipper Ferry terminal at 2711 Alaskan Way. However, in *Native Seattle*, researcher Coll Thrush has said the Longhouse was located "between Columbia and Cherry Street and First and Second Avenue by one source, but (was located) closer to Seneca and Spring by others" (Thrush, 2007, p. 229). Well, there is no doubt it was on the waterfront! And not too far from Yesler's mill, after it was established. Curley's men worked there.

Chief Suquardle was sketched in 1856 by the USS *Decatur* Surgeon John Y. Taylor. Later, Suquardle was known to settlers as *Chief Curly*, and he was recorded that way on a King County census in 1870. His age is given on the census as 60, but it could be only an estimate. There is a "Mrs. Curly," age 50, on the census. The word "Flathead" is written on the 1870 census because he had a flattened forehead. It resulted from infant cranial deformation, also called cultural modification, a practice of Duwamish "high-borns," the hereditary nobility. Chief Sealth, a close relative of Suquardle, also had a flattened forehead. I've been told that many Pacific Northwest First nations shared this practice, including the Kwakwaka'wakw. Among the Duwamish, it was done to both girls and boys of the nobility. It is highly likely that Susan Curley had a flattened forehead. My ancestor Suquardle died in 1878. Suquardle had at least one sister, a woman named Li-cu-mu-low, or Ki-cu-mu-low, known to the settlers as Nancy. Her daughter was Peggy Curley.

My branch of the family was part of the Duwamish diaspora.

Julia left Seattle and returned, several times, and died at Port Townsend. Our family's part in the Duwamish diaspora took place more definitely with my grandfather, Charles Leander Intermela, Jr. He and some others left the region for many reasons. Coll Thrush and others have noted the unfriendly environment for Indigenous people in Seattle of the first 20 years of the 1900s. Duwamish people have told me of ancestors who went to Tsawwassen, the Fraser Valley, Nanaimo, and the San Juan Islands. Some went east to other states, and some went north. Duwamish traditionally intermarried with people from the north and east, and so relocating there seemed to be an option after Duwamish territory became the City of Seattle and (in early days) Duwamish were barred from the city and had lost early food sources. The diaspora went on for some time.

My mother told me that when her father went north as a young man, he was leaving behind a serious disagreement with his father over racism in the family after Julia's death. His father and new stepmother (Anna J. Stiles) seemed to want to hide that there was Native blood in the family. Julia was gone but her children, Elsie and Charles, were still at home and were made uncomfortable. Elsie married and left. Charles left as soon as he was old enough. My Aunt Ann told me that my grandfather "was trained as a surveyor and went to the Alaska Highway." I believe would be around 1920, when proposed routes from Prince George, B.C., to Fairbanks, Alaska, were being drawn up. He went north to work where there were more opportunities for Indigenous people. In the 1920s, Grandfather Charles and his sister, Elsie Intermela, spent time up on the Northwest Coast at Anyox, B.C., Canada, when married to their respective partners.

Charles' daughter, Louise Margaret Intermela, was born in 1928, on a bootlegger's boat travelling to Anyox from nearby Alice Arm, two mining communities in early British Columbia. She longed to know her culture, to reconnect with her cousins, and to see where the family used to live. She connected strongly with her Indigenous background, during her

life. As my father said, “*She never forgot!*” I felt very sad that he added, “...I don’t know why.”

My mother and I are part of the diaspora. Like my mother, Louise, I was born high on the Northwest Coast. Other Duwamish descendants in my branch of the family reside in Hazelton, B.C., Prince Rupert, B.C., Kamloops, B.C., and on Vancouver Island, B.C., and in other parts of Canada, as well as in Ohio, and Michigan. Today, other tribe members also have branches of their families in areas far from the site of traditional Duwamish territory.

No one from our family had been registered in the Duwamish tribe since Elsie Intermela Price had registered in the 1920s. I don’t know whether she registered her children. I thought my grandfather, Charles Leander Intermela, Jr., was registered, but I now believe that is unlikely, because he left the region before the tribe began the practice of registration. My mother told me that my grandmother tried to register her seven children in the tribe but was denied, because she did not know and could not provide the name of Julia’s Duwamish mother, Susan Curlay.

Each year, people appear at the annual meeting to bring themselves back into the tribe. One year, my uncle, Lee Intermela, (nicknamed Ding), went to Seattle for this purpose. Aunt Ann Hobbs told me about this.

I have noticed that Uncle Lee was a bit of a curmudgeon. He had told Ann once, “People say we are Native. I don’t know where they got that idea!” However, our cousin Kathie found him through the internet, and after he spoke with her, he thought about his father, who had died when he was 11. I believe he felt a sudden re-connection to his father, whom the children had loved very much and whose loss they still grieved. Speaking of his death would bring them to tears, even when in their sixties.

Aunt Ann told me that Uncle Lee jumped in his car and he drove from Nanaimo to Seattle, to the Duwamish tribe’s office, and he told them he wanted to be registered as a member. The chair, Cecile Hansen, and secretary, Cindy Williams, very strong personalities themselves, told him firmly, “You have to apply. Fill out this form, and come back for the annual meeting.” He refused. He stated, “I am going to stay here and *I will not leave until you register me as a member of the tribe!*” They could see he meant it. Yes, he was a curmudgeon, and stubborn. His own family have said, “He was set in his beliefs.” Yet, during his lifetime Uncle Lee was also extremely full of charm, even in old age, especially for women. Perhaps the charm and determination were the reason that eventually, and surprisingly, the people at the tribe’s office told Uncle Lee that they agreed to “hold a special meeting and register him”—I heard this story from my Aunt Ann Hobbs.

Not long after Uncle Lee’s registration, my sons John and Jason Allain and I, along with cousin Kathie Zetterberg, did more to bring our family back into the tribe. It was June, 2005. It was a landmark day for us. Jason had a difficult trip getting to the annual meeting in Seattle, having gone to the wrong airport, and thus leaving on a later flight. John rushed to the SeaTac airport to get him, just in time. They risked missing the meeting they had travelled so far to attend. A person has to be present to be accepted into the tribe and registered. Also, each of us had to speak and say a few words, who we are, and what our commitment to the tribe would be. This was a surprise to my sons. John and Jason came to support me and they wanted to meet the tribe, but they say they did not realize I was submitting *their* names and their brother Jordan’s name for registration. That same day, the

tribe's secretary told me that the paperwork in which I had sent all our family's applications was misplaced. My sons agreed to reapply. I was very happy about that. We quickly filled in the forms again, with cousin Kathie's help.

John got up and spoke of the waterways in which he has kayaked and how it was a connection to the Duwamish. I spoke of how happy my mother would be to know we had reconnected with the Duwamish people that day. I felt that she knew. Privately, I spoke to a couple of people about my commitment, which was to do my doctoral research in a way that tells the history of the Duwamish. I had just been accepted into the program at University of Victoria for a Ph.D. degree in the Faculty of Education.

That summer was the start of getting to know Duwamish people in the Seattle area and learning about the tribe and its history. After 2005, the tribe saw the installation of a Duwamish welcoming pole carved by Michael Halday; cousin Kathie was there. Mary Lou Slaughter had sent me photos as her son progressed with carving the pole. Then there was a trip when I saw the breaking of ground for a Longhouse. Later, I was there for the Native Opening celebration of the Longhouse and Cultural Centre. I have danced with the tribe and celebrated and grieved with the people. In 2008, a few years after Uncle Lee Intermela's death, his daughters Linda and Julie came to be registered. In 2010, Kathie's cousin Anthony and his son, Taylor, descendants of Elsie Intermela Price, came to be registered. Our Scheuerman (Curley) family grew, and we hope to see other descendants of Chief Curley return one day.

Since the days of the diaspora, when my grandfather went so far away from the Duwamish, we returned as best we could, in this century. For myself, and on behalf of my mother, who deeply wanted to connect, and for the rest of the family, too, now our Curley family has come full circle.

My grandfather, Charles Leander Intermela, Jr.

My grandfather grew up in Port Townsend, Washington state, a picturesque coastal town on the northern tip of the Olympic Peninsula. His father was a city official and his mother, Julia, took part in charitable organizations.

And so, Charles Leander Intermela, Jr., that was my grandfather. He was a teenager when Julia died. He was about 13. Similarly to a story from Kathie's branch of the family, coming from her grandmother Elsie, there is a story passed down to me from my mother. She said that when Julia Yesler Intermela died, then Charles Senior married Ann, the stepmother, and things changed. Charles, Sr., and his second wife, Ann, did not want to acknowledge that there was a Native side to the family, and that there had been a Duwamish first wife. They were trying to sweep it under the carpet. Yet the children, Elsie and Charles, Jr., had Duwamish blood. And they loved their mother.

Charles was angry with his father about this racism, so I was told by my mother. Elsie married and left. Charles also left home as early as he could. Charles stayed in Washington State long enough to spend a bit of time in college, though. My Aunt Ann Hobbs told me that he learned to be a surveyor, and then he went north "to the Alaska Highway." He met my grandmother, Lilian Naomi Nickerson, in the north. She had a child, Annabel, named for the poem, "Annabel Lee." Charles became "Dad" to Annabel, known as Ann. He and Lilian had six more children together, and he named the first one 'Julia,' after his mother.

Below is the only photo that the family has of Charles, taken in the 1920s.

My mother told me that Charles had brown eyes and brown hair, with some red in it.

So at some point, my grandpa Charles was in Anyox, B.C., and also at Alice Arm, nearby, and his sister Elsia also lived at Anyox. I am not sure whether the cousins met as toddlers. Nevertheless, many, many times my mother told me, “My father’s sister is Elsia Price. There was cousins; they are Prices, and they are in the Seattle area now, but they had been in Anyox.” She mentioned it so often that I thought there was a strong connection and I could tell she hoped that the family would reconnect. I think so.

I know little of him, but I do know that my grandfather was cheerful and had a good heart. My mother told me that he and my grandmother both came from very small families, and Charles and Lillian both wanted a large family. “They did not foresee that the Great Depression would come, and there they were with seven children,” she would say, looking at me in a warning way.



My grandparents, Charles Leander Intermela, Jr., and wife Lillian Naomi Intermela (nee Nickerson), at Alice Arm, B.C., during the 1920s.

When my grandmother had so many children, all young, in Alice Arm, B.C., my grandfather hired a girl to help her. My grandmother, however, insisted that she could do everything herself.

My mother treasured a memory of her “father singing, as he went to wash diapers in the creek.” Her stories reveal a caring man who was not afraid to help out. He worked hard for the family. In 1962, we walked up an old road and my mother was able to show me train tracks high on the canyon wall. We were 17 miles or more up the canyon of the river that flowed into Alice Arm’s harbour, and she said, “Your grandfather drove a train along that

track.” He was hauling ore for the mining company in the train. She told me there is a book about that railroad, titled *Steel Rails & Silver Dreams. A History of the Dolly Varden Mines and the Narrow Gauge Dolly Varden Mines Railway*. It was written by Darryl E. Muralt in 1985. I would like to have it.

I was told that when Charles Jr., my grandfather, learned that his father died (in early 1930s), he turned down his inheritance, still angry. My mother told me of this, and said her mother was angry about that, because a few short years later Charles was ill and died, leaving her impoverished, with seven children, not grown yet.

I wish I could have known my grandfather, but he died when my mother was only 13, about 1941.

Aunt Ann told me of the day that her father walked into the house, and Ann said, “What is wrong?” and he began to cry and said, “Ann, I am blind!” He was despairing. He could no longer work. He was ill at home and later in the hospital. His blindness was because he had kidney disease. I believe that when he died in 1941, his children were age 16, 15, 14, 13, 11, and two were younger. Later on, when my oldest son was diagnosed with kidney disease, my mother felt very emotional and hopeless about it. I have seen my mother and Aunt Ann and Uncle Lee get tears in their eyes when they would speak of their father’s illness and his funeral, which happened when they were very young. They were in their sixties when they spoke of it, and they would cry when they heard “Amazing Grace,” because it brought back that time.

My mother, Louise Margaret Intermela

I don’t know how my grandfather met my grandmother. I know that grandmother Lillian (Nana to her grandchildren) was born in Shelburne County, Nova Scotia. Her mother was a Nickerson who married a Nickerson. Possibly her name was Naomi. The one photo shows a beautiful, well dressed woman having her photo taken in Boston. Lillian’s mother died when Lillian was two. She had joined a church where people went into the ocean to be baptised, and she became ill and died. Lillian’s father packed a trunk and took an ocean voyage down around Cape Horn and back up the other side of South America and North America, to settle in Seattle. Later on, Lillian’s two aunts brought her out to Seattle by train. She lived there until the early 1920s, I believe, and there was a stepmother in her life. At some point, Lillian went north, to Prince Rupert, and so did her father. At some point she took secretarial training. At some point, she had her baby, Annabel, named for the poem, *Annabel Lee*. And at some point, she became the wife of my grandfather.

My mother told me, “I was born in a bootlegger’s boat, when my mother (Lillian) was trying to get from Alice Arm to Anyox to give birth.” It was July 7, 1928. The bootlegger’s wife was somewhat of a shady lady. She filled in as a midwife. For several years afterward, she would run up to mom on the streets of Alice Arm, crying out, “My baby!” Mom would be teased. Mom (Louise Margaret Intermela) had a happy childhood in Alice Arm, where her mother was presenting the family with a new baby each year and her father drove an ore train at the Dolly Varden silver mine. Her older sisters, Annabel, Julia, and Lillian, started school there. Mom was born there, and probably her brother Lee was, as well, in 1929. I don’t know whether James and Jane were born there. Alice Arm was an idyllic harbour on the ocean, fed by two rivers, the Kitsault and the Illiance. Another mining community was across the harbour, and it was called Silver City, and Anyox was a few miles

away, “around the corner” of the inlet. Alice Arm had a good climate and the mining families grew vegetable gardens and daffodils and roses, particularly because they could, while Anyox people could not, because their smelter was creating a dead zone all around, killing vegetation.

At some point, the family moved to Prince Rupert. That would be during the late thirties, and then around 1941, my grandfather died of kidney disease. My mom, Louise, was 13.

My mother told me of her challenging life of poverty in those years. Her mother would send her to the fishboats in Prince Rupert to ask for fish that the fishermen did not want, and her mother would cook it. She and her brother, Lee, were malnourished, and she remembers stealing milk from a milk truck with him. She and Lee got into much mischief at times and she always loved him very much. Because of poverty, her mother forced her to quit school at grade 8, even though her teachers asked her mother to leave her in school. Mom was quite a reader, and her brother Lee remembered that she would angrily throw things at him if he bothered her when she was reading. She remembers reading Shakespeare’s plays out loud with her sister, Lillian.

I don’t know how they survived after my grandfather died. My grandmother was an only child, without family support. Elsie, the sister of Charles, was widowed young, and had five children. Elsie was back in Seattle and could not have helped. At one point, Lillian’s father came and lived with them. Perhaps he contributed. I also believe my grandmother rented out rooms from a top floor of a building, while the children lived in the bottom floor. There is a mystery about those years which aunts and uncles did not discuss with me. The family was desperate for money for a while.

My mother spoke of babysitting for money, sometimes in some pretty scary homes in risky neighbourhoods. She and her sister, Lillian, made beautiful woven cushion covers and sold them at people’s doors. Those two made beautiful embroidery, as well.

During the early war years, my grandmother took a second husband, a young Indigenous man, Tommy Dennis, who was in the military. He went to fight in Europe, and she received support payments, which were no doubt small for such a large family, but it must have helped. Some of my family resented Tommy Dennis, but as I see it, my grandmother had to do whatever it took to keep the large family together, housed and fed, in the early 1940s when there was no social safety net. My mother told me that Tommy was age 18 and Lillian was in her thirties. Mom was 13 with a stepfather of age 18. Years later, he had a family of his own, but still supported my grandmother. Then, later, in the 1960s, my grandmother moved to Chemainus, to a house that Tommy owned, where she spent her last years. Some of her adult children moved to Vancouver Island as well. By the 1970s, only James and his family remained in Prince Rupert.

Looking back to those hard times in Prince Rupert, I remember seeing a photo of the family having Christmas dinner with the Salvation Army. No one talks about those difficult years. Aunt Ann would only tell me, “I was married and left. I don’t know what happened.”

Ann and Julie married soldiers and left the region. My mother went to work at a fish packing plant. Soon she was no longer packing fish, but worked in the office. Then she married my father, after his discharge from the Royal Canadian Air Force.



Louise Margaret (nee Intermela) Johnson and daughter Julia, 1951

Welcome to Canada: Louise's marriage to James Lycke Johnson

My Swedish grandma, Anna Brita, arrived in Canada as a young woman with two little kids, William and Selma, in 1910. What an adventure! Her husband, Peter Johnson, settled them in a tent on a point of land on the shore of Wabigoon Lake, so the breeze might keep mosquitos away, and he went away to work in the gold mine.

Breeze became wind; wind blew the tent down. Young Anna Brita was struggling so hard. Nearby town people did not help her. Along came two First Nations women in a canoe. Anna Brita was scared of them at first, but they had only come to help.

The women helped Anna Brita set the tent back up again before night fell. They lit a huge fire to dry the blankets and clothing. They spoke Ojibway or Cree and Anna Brita spoke Swedish, but they all spoke *woman*. They took out several fish to cook over the open fire. With gestures, they said they wanted to trade. Then they traded their fish for some of her tea.

My father remembers that when Anna Brita would tell this story, she always said, "It was the first time I felt good, since I came to this country!" As my father said when he told me this story, the other white women in the area had not helped her out, "so, who welcomed her to Canada?"

Hearing such stories from his mother helped my father develop a social justice perspective toward Indigenous people. He saw them in a different light than did many of the farmers and mining community of his youth.

At the time that my dad told me this story, July 12, 2000, few in the family knew it, but I have since shared the story widely.

I picture young Anna Brita in Sweden with her first two children, waiting four years for her husband to send the fare to bring them to Canada. I imagine her wondering what the wilderness will be like. The 1910 meeting with Indigenous women must have impacted her. She told the story to my father, who was not even born until a few years later. He realized the story was important to her and he remembered it.

When my grandmother, Anna Brita, landed in Ontario and had this adventure, little did she know that one of her future children would grow up and marry a woman with Duwamish ancestry, and another descendant would bring an Ojibway line into the family. Yes, welcome to Canada.

And I remember that when my father may have been speaking of his Swedish immigrant family, my mother would say, emphatically, “When your family came here, *my family was here to meet the boat!*” Even as a child, when this topic of race was rarely discussed openly with me, I knew she meant her Duwamish blood.

My father, James Lycke Johnson, was born in 1913. He grew up on a farm in northern Manitoba, and in a mining area of northern Ontario, and learned many diverse skills. He could make anything he needed, from a log home to a dogsled, or a riverboat or snowshoes or skis. He could farm, build, do carpentry or mechanics. During World War Two, my father enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force. In 1944 he got a commission and became a Pilot Officer. Later, he was a Flying Officer. He was trained as a navigator. He was discharged in 1945 in Vancouver and by 1948 he was working at Prince Rupert. He met my mother, and within six weeks, they were married. He was 35 and she was 20. It was October 29, 1948.

I was born in Prince Rupert in 1951. Soon after, my mother and father lived in Tulsequah, B.C., south of Atlin, near the Tulsequah River and the Taku River. My father worked in the power house for the mine, run by the CMNS mining company. My mother had to fly to Juneau to access a hospital for childbirth, for my brothers Lee and Edward.

I remember our log home, with a well outside. Mom drew water, then heated it on the woodstove to give us children a bath. Dad broke sod that had never been broken, and he planted a vegetable garden. Mom grew poppies and other flowers. We had a wild raspberry patch, shared at times with black bears. My brother Lee and I would watch ore trucks rumble past our door, taking ore to the river to be shipped. In winter, I remember riding on top of a dogsled heaped high with firewood. I remember well going on the river in a riverboat. The dogsled and riverboat were both built by my father. My father loved living that way. It was his way of life. My mother loved living in the wilderness and was unafraid to take us three children for walks to see flowers, birds and deer and other animals. Nevertheless, her memory of that time is of hard work!

My father was a storyteller, and many of his stories related to social justice, as did those of my mother. He was a member of the CCF party and later the NDP, and my mother shared those progressive political beliefs.

Being a lifelong learner

Throughout her lifetime, my mother, Louise, kept on educating herself. She bought books and art prints by mail, and recordings of Shakespeare’s plays. She took up an art topic or a learning area and got books and learned all about it. She ordered library books from the Open Shelf Library in Victoria, B.C., and they were delivered by airplane to the remote mining camp. We children ordered library books, too. Mom usually had only me to talk with about the things she learned, as we continued to live on one isolated mountain top or another. I remember one time when I was about fourteen, she said to me, “You know, India is very interesting. It has had empires and has several religions.... We should get books on it and

learn all about it!” Being a teenager, I groaned, inside. I didn’t learn about India that year. But, I learned very much from her discussions with me. When I went to university in my forties, I was accessing a ‘buffet’ of education that I had long desired. Whatever diverse courses I took, such as, to name a few, sociology, psychology, anthropology, history and political science, I came across many things where I would say, “Mom told me about this!”

In the late 1960s, my mother got her grade 12 equivalent at vocational school and got bookkeeping education after that. She began work in the payroll office, first for BC Rail and later for Noranda Mines at Hendrix Lake, B.C. Her health was damaged, from a poor diet and lack of calcium during her growing years. She spent her last few years on a disability pension. She created and managed a library for residents in her building.

From a young age, my mother, Louise, had interest in arts, literature, politics, philosophy, and cultures of the world. My mother decided around her late teens that she would explore spirituality, so she looked into the beliefs of various churches, then joined the Anglican Church. When Mom died at age 64, she had been spending the past months watching a program, a TV course about the development of Christianity for the past two thousand years. She had gotten a book on this topic and a Concordance to the Bible and a dictionary with which she could look up the many obscure terms from religious history as she waded through the textbook. She was making notes and writing down definitions in a scribbler. I found all these things. Had she lived, what would she have explored next? Despite lack of opportunity to finish school, and despite living in remote locations without much of an income, despite chronic pain, she allowed nothing to stop her. Definitely, she was a lifelong learner, self-educated, motivated, and highly intelligent. I want her future descendants to know this about her.

My great-grandmother Julia: Having a foot in both worlds

Great grandmother Julia Yesler Intermela really stands out, for me. Just think of her, born at the time of colonization of Seattle to a mother who had just known the colonists for about two years, and who lived immersed in her culture up until that time. During Julia’s childhood years, with her mother Susan’s first language being Lushootseed, Julia would have learned customs and language with her mom, during the time she was with her. Susan Curley died young; she died when Julia was, I believe, 17. We don’t know that she always lived with her mom till she was 17. She was at Yesler’s home for a while as a teenager. Julia also knew her Duwamish relatives. I think she would have absorbed a lot of her Duwamish culture. She was probably the last Lushootseed speaker in our family. She was visibly an Indigenous woman. There was no opportunity for hiding and *passing* for her or her children.

And Julia would have had a foot in both worlds, white and Duwamish, and understood both, and yet she likely faced huge pressure to be in the white world, the settler world. Nevertheless, Julia kept up connections with her Duwamish relatives.

Julia was educated in the settler’s school, it is not known for how long. In her photo as a teenager, she is dressed as a white woman of status, with embroidery in her lap. The more you could *behave* like a white person, the more you might be protected from harm. But you can never escape the racism, and especially *then*, but even now. You cannot escape it, and she *wouldn’t* have escaped it.

Because of his mother, Julia, I do know that Charles, my grandfather, really valued the Native side of his ancestry. For many reasons, I believe that his mother had instilled in him respect for the Duwamish side of the family, their heritage, and I know that he passed it on to my mother.

And Julia did not abandon and turn away from her Duwamish relatives. She stayed connected with relatives, attending the wedding and the court case of her cousin, Rebecca Lena Graham, and kept a relationship with her half-sister, Hannah, where Julia went to deliver her baby. She might have said to Charles and Elsia that when you are in trouble or need help, you can go to the Duwamish. Other Duwamish people have spoken of how people came *to their* home for help, and that was one of the tribe's values.

My mother—Proud, yet silent

My mother, Louise, like her grandmother Julia Yesler, also had a foot in both worlds. She was proud of her Indigenous ancestry. I have a story about that. She told me that most of her teachers in school were from England and that they despised Irish people and said they were ignorant. Mom's mother, Lillian, was Irish from Nova Scotia. Mom was growing up during World War Two, so her Germanic ancestry from the Pennsylvania Dutch side of the family, Henry Yesler and perhaps Charles L. Intermela, Sr., as well, would not be something to speak about. Her Irish and German ancestry were looked down on when she was a child. However, her dad, so beloved, was visibly an Indigenous person, and he spoke about that ancestry with pride and spoke with love about his mother, Julia. He passed on that he was angry when the Indigenous ancestry in the family was supposed to be "swept under the carpet" after his father remarried. After he died when my mother was age 13, my Mom missed her dad very much, and she accepted her Native side of her ancestry as her primary heritage.

Mom had slightly darker skin tone than her white neighbours, and dark hair, but she and her brothers and sisters were able to *pass* as white. They were the first generation in our family who could do so. When my mother was an adult, we lived in rural areas of Canada during the 1950s and 1960s, times when there was huge oppression and racism against Indigenous people—not that that has stopped today, but there is increasing awareness among the general public now. Therefore, to protect us children, Mom seldom spoke about our Coast Salish ancestry. But she always thought about it and respected it. Remembering her, I can see that respect. She explored what she could find out about the Duwamish, living so far away. She encouraged and even urged me to read works by Indigenous people, such few published books as existed in those days, and she pointed out things the Native people were doing in our region. She told me stories about social justice. She told me in 1962 about the Duwamish fight for legal recognition. And yet, I always knew as a child that our ancestry was a forbidden topic at the same time as I was being encouraged to respect and be proud of Indigenous people. Like Julia Yesler, and like my grandfather, my mother had a foot in both worlds, as do I. The white world and the world of the Duwamish. I think she was conflicted about it... always proud, and yet afraid. Therefore, she shared her pride with me and only a few others. From most people, she kept her heritage a secret.

I felt my mother's spirit was with me and that she was happy when I and my sons reconnected with the tribe in 2005 with our cousin Kathie. I also felt her with me at some points during the research interviews with Duwamish families, in moments when we made

connections. In some way that I can't explain, my mother had my "burning question" in 2005 along with me, when I began this learning experience. When I found the Duwamish friends and joined their journey, my mother's spirit quietly came on the journey along with me; she was fulfilled.

Coming to terms with having a foot in both worlds

I have said that I believe my mother's spirit was fulfilled when she came on my Duwamish journey with me and I became part of the Duwamish tribe. I was not necessarily completely fulfilled, myself, but I have grown and evolved. I have finally increased my comfort about having a foot in both worlds, Duwamish and white. It has always been uncomfortable, necessarily, to be in two worlds, and yet that Duwamish heritage was always something I had to keep as part of me and despite feeling social pressure, I could never abandon it.

Having Duwamish ancestry led to this research study for the tribe, despite the many challenges of being financially hard pressed, as well as being an outsider to Seattle area (American) Duwamish people, and other challenges. As time passed, I found out I was not as much an 'outsider' as I thought, or rather, Duwamish people were sometimes 'outsiders' along with me.

Like my cousin Kathie, I found out the Longhouse felt like a place I belonged. I grew into a new person, over time. I believe that my branch of our family has not only physically reunited with the Duwamish tribe (in 2005), but also reunited psychologically, in that the tensions felt by Julia, Charles, and Louise are becoming resolved in me. Because of the many challenges, the experience has been like purposely choosing to walk through an alley of fire, and yet the rewards have been many and I would not have chosen otherwise.



Julia A. Allain with sons Jason, Jordan, Larry, John, and grandson Austin, at Ladysmith, B.C.

Genealogy

First generation

Chief Suquardle, also known as Chief Curley and as Curly Jim, a Duwamish Indian (believed to be brother of Chief Seattle by oral family history and other records) and his wife, Mrs. Curley on census, first name unknown to the family. Suquardle died in 1878. Suquardle had at least one sister, a woman named Li-cu-mu-low, or Ki-cu-mu-low, known to the settlers as Nancy.

Second generation

Susan Curley (b. around 1840 and d. 1872), a Duwamish Indian, the country wife of Henry Leiter Yesler (b. 1810, d. Dec. 16, 1892). Also in this generation is Suquardle's son, Charley Curley, who lived in Curley's Camp during the Battle of Seattle in 1856. Also in this second generation is Suquardle's niece, Peggy Curley, born about 1844, country wife of Franklyn Matthias, and later the wife of Christian Scheuerman. This generation also includes Ki-cu-mu-low's son, Yark-eke-e-man, nephew of Suquardle.

Third generation

Julia Yesler, also known as Julia Benson, and Julia A. Benson Yesler, as a child, and later becoming Julia Intermela. Julia was born in Seattle when the region was a

territory and not yet a state. Julia was born on June 12, 1855. In 1890 at Mount Vernon, Julia married Charles Leander Intermela (b. 1848, in Buffalo, New York, d. 1933, Port Townsend, WA.). Julia Intermela died on February 11, 1907 at Port Townsend, WA.

Also in this third generation is Julia's half-sister, Hannah (nee Benson) Behrens, who was the child of Susan Curley with her second husband, Jeremiah Benson. Also in this generation is Julia's cousin, Rebecca Lena Graham, born about 1859 (child of Suquardle's niece, Peggy Curley with Franklyn Matthias).

Fourth generation

The two children of Julia and Charles L. Intermela are Elsia and Charles. Elsia Gertrude Intermela ("Elsia") (b. Jan. 14, 1892, at Mount Vernon, d. Oct., 1965, at Seattle, WA.) married Roy Claremont Price (b. 1883, d. 1930). Her brother, Charles Leander Intermela, Jr. (born 1893 or 1894, Mount Vernon, WA.) married Lillian Naomi Nickerson. Charles, Jr., died March 9, 1942, at Prince Rupert, B.C., Canada. In B.C. archives, his age was recorded as 48.

At this point in the genealogy, there are two branches of the family, the Price genealogy and the Intermela genealogy.

Genealogy of the Price Family

Fifth generation

The five children of Elsia Gertrude Intermela and Roy Claremont Price are Nel, Mary, Corinne, William Roy, and Beverly.

Nel Price (b. 1910, d. 1989) married Charles "Putt" Middleton. Mary "Bing" Price (b. 1912, d. 1987), married Clarence Musgrove. Corinne Price (b. 1917, d. 1978), married Bill German; later married Bill Brender. William Roy Price (b. 1919, d. 2001), married Marlowe Vee Smith. Beverly Price (b. 1928, d. 1987), married Cliff Roberts.

Sixth generation

The two children of Nel Price and Charles are Charles and Roy. Charles "Putter" Middleton (b. 1947, d. 1984), married Sandra, and Roy Middleton (b. 1951) married Amilla Valdez.

The one child of Mary "Bing" Price and Clarence is Helen Musgrove (b. 1935), married Billy Wright, later married John Powell.

The three children of Corinne Price and Bill Germann are: Gail (b. 1942), Bill (b. 1945), and Anthony (b. 1950). Anthony married Janice.

The one child of William Roy Price and Marlowe is Kathie Marleen Price (b. 1949), who married Carl Theodore Zetterberg III.

Beverly Price and Cliff Roberts had no children.

Seventh generation

The two children of Charles “Putter” Middleton and Sandra are: Jonathan (b. 1979) and Ryan (b. 1983).

The four children of Roy Middleton and Amilla are: Jason, Christine, Katherine, and Sarah.

The three children of Helen Musgrove are: Dennis (b. 1955), Darin (b. 1960), and Dana Powell (b. 1964).

The two children of Anthony Germann and Janice are: Taylor (b. 1982), and Erin (b. 1986), married Tommy Brennan.

Eighth generation

The child of Dennis Powell is: Rachelle Powell (b. 1975).

The two children of Dana Powell are: Sandra Powell and Gage Powell (adopted).

The two children of Erin Germann are: Hadley Brennan (b. 2011) and Luke Brennan (b. 2013).

Genealogy of the Intermela family

Fifth Generation

Charles Leander Intermela, Jr., married Lillian Naomi Nickerson. Lillian was born in Shelburne County, Nova Scotia, on April 9, 1909. It is believed her mother was also named Naomi, and was a Nickerson who married a Nickerson. The children of Charles Leander Intermela, Jr. and Lillian are:

Annabelle. Charles raised Lillian’s firstborn, Annabelle (Ann) as his much loved eldest daughter.

Julia (born around 1922 to 1925, died at age 21 approximately), married Andrew Nuss.

Lillian (married William Brunelle).

Louise Margaret (b. July 7, 1928, d. August, 1992) married James Lycke Johnson in 1949.

Charles Leander Intermela, III, (Lee, or Ding to family), (b. July 22, 1929, at Prince Rupert, B.C., d. April 4, 2005) married Shirley.

James William Intermela (Whitey) (b. Dec. 6, 1930, d. April 1, 1999, at Prince Rupert, B.C.) married Victoria Laura Lewis (b. June 17, 1928, d. Sept. 9, 2011).

Jane Intermela (Dee) married Raymond Lofgren.

Sixth generation

The one child of Julia Intermela and Andrew Frederick Carl Nuss is Andrew Frederick Lee Nuss, Jr., born Dec. 21, 1943 at Prince Rupert, B.C.

The one child of Lillian Intermela and William Brunelle is William Thomas Brunelle.

The three children of Louise Margaret Intermela and James Lycke Johnson are Julia Anne (b. Feb. 24, 1951, at Prince Rupert, B.C., and two brothers born at Juneau, Alaska: James Lee (b. Oct. 18, 1952, d. July, 1970), and Edward Peter Johnson (b. June 4, 1955).

The children of Charles Leander Intermela, III, (Lee) and Shirley are Linda, Cindy, and Julie Anne, as well as Shirley's firstborn, Connie, raised as Lee's eldest daughter.

The two children of James Intermela and Vickie are Terry James Intermela (b. Nov. 1, 1954, d. Sept. 19, 2013) and Donald William Intermela (b. April 15, 1959). Both were born at Prince Rupert, B.C..

The three children of Jane Intermela and Ray Lofgren are Raymond, Jr., Eric, and Shawn.

Seventh generation

Andrew Frederick Lee Nuss married first wife Judith Ann Hunt. Their three children are Jennifer Joy Nuss (b. 1965), Michelle Marie Nuss (b. 1967), and Michael Mark Nuss, (b. 1969). None of them have any children of their own. Andrew's second wife is Kris Ann Trump. Their son is Brian Gilbert Nuss (b. July 5, 1984), who at present date has no children.

The children of Julia Anne Johnson (married John Edgar Allain, Oct. 24, 1970, divorced Dec. 1993) are John Lee Allain (b. April 6, 1971), Jason Edward Allain (b. June 19, 1972), Jordan William Gerald Allain (b. Aug. 5, 1980) and informally adopted son Larry John Marion (b. 1979).

The three children of Linda Intermela (married Russell Williams) are: Lee Jonathon, John, and David Williams.

The three children of Cindy Intermela (married Douglas Jarvie) are: Christie, Brooke, and Alex Jarvie.

The children of Julie Intermela (married Gordon Gerlock) are: Troy and Ashlee Gerlock.

The two children of Don Intermela (married Lori-Anne Plewak, b. Feb. 23, 1969, at Keeseekoowenen Reservation, Manitoba) are James and Melody. James Donald Joseph Intermela was born Jan., 2003, and Melody Abigail-Mae Intermela was born May, 2006, both at Hazelton, B.C., Canada.

The children of Raymond Lofgren, Jr. (married Kristy Ramsey, now divorced) are Christopher and Matthew.

The two sons of Eric Lofgren (married Claire) are: Hunter and Jake.

Eighth generation

The daughter of John Lee Allain (married Trina Dammel) is Emma Catalina Allain, b. Dec., 2007, British Columbia, Canada.

The children of Jason Edward Allain (married Lorin Mehall) as of the date of recording this family genealogy are Oliver James Allain, b. Jan., 2011, Anna Sophia Allain, b. March, 2013, and Winston Alexander Allain was born Dec., 2014. All children were born in Michigan State.

Appendix N: Stories from the Family of Sealth and his Daughter, Shlok-sted—the Fowler Family

The Fowler family is represented by Kenneth A. Workman, and his two uncles, Vern Treat and David Haller.

While the uncles refer to Grandma Foote, Ken refers to her as Great-Grandma.

It was a group interview, so family stories are a group process as presented here. It was not always possible to distinguish David's voice from Vern's when transcribing the recording of stories.

Our interview time was extremely brief. Further information on the experiences of the Fowler family is recorded in Kenneth Tollefson's article, "The political survival of landless Puget Sound Indians," in the *American Indian Quarterly*, Spring, 1992, pp. 213–235). In this article, Susie Jacob's Duwamish name is spelled *Sclochsted*. There was, in fact, a Dewatto Duwamish community as is mentioned in the Fowler family stories, below.

Ken, David, and Vern's Stories

Grandma Foote

An interesting person in the Fowler family to know about and remember is Grandma Foote! She stands out, for us. Yes, our Grandma Foote. Her father was Frank Fowler. Her grandfather was Asa Fowler. And Asa Fowler married one of Chief Seattle's daughters.

Ken: Chief Seattle's daughter's name was Skloke-stead (it sounds like SCHLOK-sted when spelled phonetically and has a long O). Susie Jacobs. I don't know what the spelling is.

Uncle: Yeah, that's what I have heard, too. So, Grandma Foote is Ken's great-grandma.

Ken: While I remember her in a good way, I know there was huge pain and suffering in her life.

Uncles: The whole time I knew her, she lived in Centralia, for many years. She was born in Arlington, on December 23, 1898. My mom was really big on birthdays and we got all the dates from my mom. And then at some point, she moved to Dewatto, on Hood Canal.

Ken: She was my rock (laughs). She *was*! She loved her grandkids *unconditionally*. She was just wonderful.

Uncle: And she was tenacious. She had severe problems with eyesight. She was practically blind. And at the end, she *was* blind, yeah. But she could still get around, and cook for the family.

Her children? She had Bessie Francis Foote, born December 3, 1917. And she had Dorothy Marie Hannah Foote, born June 16, 1919. Those are our mothers. Another of her

children is Thelma. I've only known her as Thelma. She had two more. She had Isabelle. The next one in line there is, I guess, oh yes, Isabelle. And then Clarence. He's still alive. And Isabelle is still alive. There's the two. They are still alive. I think Isabelle was born in 1923, but Ken will have to check on that.

Ken: I think it was 1927.

Uncle: The children were all raised when she started having the eye problems. She started losing her sight in the sixties. So she was in her sixties. I remember in the fifties, her coming up, with us in Seattle, and having cataract surgery. Mom paid for all that.

But I remember her walking me home, it must have been in the sixties, 'cause I was born in '59, so I was probably five or six. We went downtown shopping, and I wanted to go home and eat dinner with her. And so my mom and brother went down one street, and then Grandma and I went another mile or half a mile to her house. She was able to see, at that point.

Grandma Foote's garden and gathering food the Indian way

Uncle: Grandma Foote had the little box house, the one across from the tracks. I remember the little box house. She lived in that place forever. She had a garden. She was real interested in flowers. I remember her having different flowers. One time, I actually pulled some parsley out of a flowerbox on the porch, 'cause I thought it was a weed (laughs). She was growing parsley.

Ken: I have heard from—and I don't even know the sources now—that Great-Grandma Foote knew the Indian way. She knew how to go down on the beach and get stuff.

Uncle: Yeah. Frank Fowler in the Oral History interview talks about his Aunt Francis knowing all the Duwamish ways. The only thing she told me was that she liked to eat nettles. And that they tasted a lot like spinach.

Uncle: She showed me how to fillet rock cod. We used to go there every summer for a week and stay at Tillicum Beach. And she'd come stay with us.

Grandma Foote, the Duwatto Indian

Uncle: I remember my mom talking about living in Duwatto; she's got an uncle buried there, she went to school there. And she and Grandma Foote used to row across the canal to go to the store. My recollection is that Grandma Foote would say that she "was a Duwatto Indian."

She called it Dewatto Indian because they moved to Dewatto (laughs). And she would say that her "grandmother was a full-blooded Dewatto Indian." That's all she ever told me.

I didn't know that her great grandfather was Chief Seattle. She never said that, that I remember.

David Haller's Story

My mother's hidden family history

My side of the family hid all that, about that connection to Chief Seattle and his daughter. I didn't learn that my mother (Desi Francis Foote) was a Duwamish *tribal member*

until she was almost in her eighties. This is the Haller branch of the Fowler family. Yeah. That was hidden from us.

How did we find out when our mom was in her eighties? She had a tribal membership card. And we saw it. So, she never told us. She never told anyone.

But somehow, Pattie knew a lot. I remember a family reunion, I think the one we had on Hood Canal, back in the nineties, and Pattie was showing me pictures of (stops).

Pattie? She is my sister. She lived with mom the longest. I was out the door at 16 (laughs).

Interviewer: I am finding there is always a generation in each family where somebody was hiding their Native history, for—usually—to protect the family from social harm.

Uncle David (emphatically): That is *exactly* what it was for!

In fact, I remember my Mom, Dessi, telling us, before she died, that she was told, “You don’t ever mention that. You don’t mention that you are part Indian. Because, you’re not going to get anywhere.” And you’d be discriminated against, back then. You would just be blackballed.

My mom told me about this when she was in her eighties. She died, she was 89 when she passed. That’s been... five years.

Vern: Well, I don’t remember how I found it out. But Colleen (?), she said that when she was a kid, she was told never to mention it, by her mom. Never to mention their Native American heritage. I think it was Grandma. My mother’s mom.

David and Vern’s Story

Grandma Foote’s husband and the threats

Ken: There is a question about Great Grandpa, though. And his treatment of great grandma Foote as not being so well.

Uncle: You are talking about Clarence hurting our Grandma, Francis Foote? Clarence was her husband. He was an alcoholic.

Other uncle: He was a hard drinking, hard fighting, son of a gun.

Uncle: I heard stories about him, telling Grandma Foote, “Don’t you *ever* bring up your Indian side.” He would say this in drunken rages.

And he was a logger. He was a brakeman on the logging train for the Mud Bay logging company. This is Clarence Foote. He used to come and visit us in Seattle, and he would sleep with me, and man, he snored, omigod, I couldn’t sleep! (laughs).

Ken: He passed away in 1956 and I was born in ‘59, so I never met him.

Uncle: Yeah, I remember the phone call. By that time, he was staying at the Catholic Mission in downtown Seattle and doing odd jobs for them, and I was the one who got the call, when he passed.

I didn’t go.

Hope for Duwamish children of future generations

David: What I want for the future generations is: Just don't hide their heritage. *Don't hide it!* I went to school in Seattle, and I was taught as a kid about Chief Seattle, and how famous he was, not having a clue that he was my great-great-great grandfather! I never had a clue.

Vern: Yeah. Me neither.

David: Yet here in the Pacific Northwest, he is a historical figure. And he is honoured, in a lot of different ways. The tribe was ripped off. Our great-great-grandmother ran and hid, because that happened.

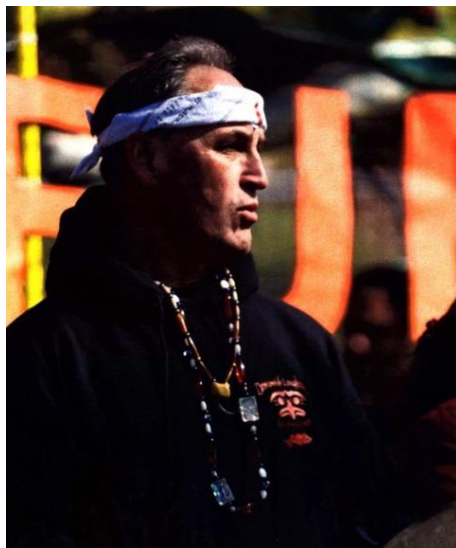
Ken's Stories

Being connected to the history

Ken: I never understood, until you (refers to his uncle) disclosed to us our Indian heritage, but since I was a kid, if I would hear any of the Indian songs, I always loved them. I still do. I never knew why.

I was raised in these woods, right behind us. (Note: Right next to the site of the Duwamish village, Place of the Horse Clams.)

I keep getting connected to the history. Back to Chief Seattle. Since I discovered this family history, I've been doing research, and basically *everywhere I have moved, in this area, has been chasing him.*



Ken Workman

I used to go to Blake Island, as a kid, and play. There's places out there, berry patches, foundations, before this was Tillicum Village. He was born there!

So then we moved north to Richmond Beach. I go down to the beach; I look across the water; I wonder what is across the water. I am looking right over where he is buried, right now. It just keeps going on and on, it doesn't stop, it never stops.

My family history and genealogy

Ken: The Fowler tree as it pertains to me... flows like this: Si'al, Asa (Fowler), Ben, Frances, Dessie, Jacqueline, me.

Chief Seattle has daughter Sloksted who marries Asa Fowler. They have Ben Franklyn. Great Grandma (Frances) is the result of Ben's union, followed by Grandma and Mother, then me.

Genealogy

1. This first generation includes the parents of Chief Si'al. His father was Suquamish and his mother was Duwamish.
2. The second generation includes Si'al (also known as Sealth, Chief Seattle, and Noah Seattle) and his wife.
3. Skloke-sted, also spelled Sloksted (a daughter of Si'al), married Asa Fowler. Skloke-sted was also at one time known to settlers as Susie Jacobs. Skloke-sted is pronounced SCHLOK-sted with long O and short E.
4. Ben Franklyn Fowler is the son of Skloke-sted and Asa Fowler and is the ancestor of David, Vern, and Ken. Information provided by Ken Workman. In the interview, it was said that Frank Fowler is the son of Skloke-sted and Asa Fowler.
5. The daughter of Frank Fowler is Francis Fowler, who was born in Arlington on December 23, 1898. She married Clarence Foote (who died in 1956) and she was known to the family as Grandma Foote. There is a second Frank Fowler, probably in this generation. This second Frank Fowler was raised by Grandma Baxter, a woman married to Frank Fowler. She was later on going by the surname of her second husband.
6. Grandma Francis Foote's children were Desi Francis Foote, b. December 3, 1917, and Dorothy Marie Hannah Foote, b. June 16, 1919. Her other children are Thelma, Isabelle, and Clarence. The two living at the date of the 2012 interview are Clarence and Isabelle.
7. Jacqueline is in this generation, as are David and Vern. David Haller and his sister Pattie are the children of Desi Francis Foote. Jacqueline is also a child of Desi Francis Foote. Vern Treat is the son of Dorothy Foote. Vern is the cousin of David and Jacqueline.
8. Ken Workman (b. 1959) is in the eighth generation recorded in this genealogy. His mother is Jacqueline.



Ken Workman at signing of Resolution 31538, declaring Indigenous Peoples' Day to replace Columbus Day, in Seattle, October 13, 2014
