



WASHINGTON STATE ORAL/AURAL HISTORY PROGRAM
WASHINGTON STATE ARCHIVES,

ACCESSION NO. WCT 75-92MR	TAPE NO.
INTERVIEWEE'S NAME ERITH "RAY" HAWLEY SR	

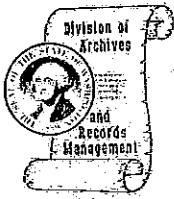
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INTERVIEWER MICHAEL A RUNESTROM	DATE 6/25/75
COMMUNITY ADVISOR Don Eklund	DATE
PROGRAM COORDINATOR Jimmie Fredrik	DATE

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Ray Hawley
SIGNATURE (INTERVIEWEE)



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PHOTOGRAPHING

I, the undersigned, hereby consent to the ~~tape recording of conversations~~
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on OCTOBER 21, 1975 and to the
Date(s)
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PHOTO'S

INTERVIEWER	DATE
COMMUNITY ADVISOR	DATE
PROGRAM COORDINATOR	DATE

Mark Kondratich 10/21/75
Timothy Aredio 10/25/75

X *Ray Hawley*
SIGNATURE (INTERVIEWEE)



TAPE ARCHIVE SHEET

INTERVIEWEE'S NAME Erith Hawley "Ray" BIRTH DATE 1895

HOME ADDRESS _____

INTERVIEWER Michael A. Runestrand

INTERVIEW TITLE EARLY DAYS IN LYNDEN & WHATCOM COUNTY AND MEMORIES OF THE NOOKSACK INDIANS

INTERVIEW DATE June 25, 1975 TIME _____

INTERVIEW SUMMARY Family background; Early Lynden area and settlers; Nooksack Indians, song
in Nooksack jargon; Early roads and transportation; Description of Indian
fish trap; His father's book of area's history Skquee Mus; Lord's Prayer in
Chinook jargon

RESTRICTIONS None

PROPER NAMES OR COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSIONS USED Mrs. Phoebe Judson; Dolly & Nelly Patterson;
Indian Jim; Hudson Bay Fur Trading Company; Lucy Moorehouse, Percival Jeffcott;
Chinook; Nooksack Indians; Lynden

INTERVIEW AND RECORDING QUALITY _____

DOCUMENTATION _____

Mr. Erith "Ray" Hawley

June 25, 1975

"EARLY DAYS IN LYNDEN AND WHATCOM COUNTY AND
MEMORIES OF THE NOOKSACK INDIANS"

Interviewed by: Michael A. Runestrand

Washington State Oral/Aural History Program
Washington State Archives, Olympia, Washington

Accession No. WCT 75-9mr, Tape No. 1, Tape Sides 1&2, No. of Pgs: 19

Mr. Erith "Ray" Hawley
June 25, 1975

Accession No. WCT 75-9mr, Tape No. 1, Tape Side No. 1.

Mr. Michael Runestrand: Well, we're here today with Mr. Ray Hawley. Ray, when were you born?

Mr. Hawley: I was born on March 22, 1895.

Mr. Runestrand: And you were born in Whatcom County, is that correct?

Mr. Hawley: I was born in Whatcom county in the little town of Lynden.

Mr. Runestrand: Now as I understand it..well, there's a book that your father wrote called "Skqee Mus."

Mr. Hawley: Right.

Mr. Runestrand: And his father..you were telling me, his father was the second settler in Whatcom County?

Mr. Hawley: No.

Mr. Runestrand: What was that now?

Mr. Hawley: No. They were the..the second ones to go up the river and settle in what is now the city of Lynden, at that place.

Mr. Runestrand: The first family being Mrs. Phoebe Judson, is that right?

Mr. Hawley: Yes. The Judsons were the..they were the first family to go up there and settle. There was a man..by the name of Patterson who went in there ahead of them, and he took a squaw for a wife. And they had two daughters, Dolly and Nelly. Dolly married a Rittenberg and Nelly married a Patterson...no,..no... a McDonald here in Bellingham. But..in their later years..but those girls... Patterson, he took off or I guess his wife took off and married an Indian, what I understand, married an Indian and run away with him, and Patterson left and he turned his place over to Judsons and..the girls and all..he gave them the girls, they raised the girls from just small girls.

Mr. Runestrand: When was your father born?

Mr. Hawley: My father was born in 1862, in Ohio. From there, I don't know the year, but they went..left there and went to Iowa and from Iowa they came West. Just, I think it was two years after the railroad had come through. They came by rail, and to San Francisco, and then by boat to Seattle, then by boat to Whatcom. And then up the river by canoe.

Mr. Runestrand: They chose North and the upper Nooksack.

Mr. Hawley: The Nooksack river.

Mr. Runestrand: Was this because of..where you mentioned from Iowa..is this because of the farming ability that your father had?

Mr. Hawley: No, no. My father was only ten years old. But his father..no, he was not a farmer. In fact, he was a shoemaker..when I say shoemaker..they made shoes in those days. They didn't just repair 'em, but they made shoes right from the...from the end of the big toe right back to the heel, and as high as you wanted 'em. But he never was much of a farmer. But they had got in touch with Judsons. Before they ever come out here, I'm pretty sure, and where they were, things just didn't look on the up and up. There wasn't anything there to, seemingly, to look forward to. They wanted to get into a new country that had the pioneer..the pioneering spirit, and they came West. Like ..all the pioneers they didn't wait for somebody else to come out here and open up the country and clear half of the land, and then come out here and take the cream off of the crop. They came out here and started from the bottom up. And proved that it could be done. They done a lot of hard work and a lot of land clearing. Of course I helped with a lot of that too. And everybody, nearly everybody in those days had to do it the hard way. They had to just dig and burn and use dynamite or giant powder, stumping powder..whatever you want to call it. There were different names for different kinds of powder and explosives. And they had..some had some stump pullers that they'd..after they'd shoot 'em and loosen 'em up and pull the stumps and they had to pile 'em and burn 'em.

But finally when the bulldozers come along that really put an end to the hard work as far as clearing land was concerned. Of course you can still get out and work just as hard as you want to..at most anything that you want to work at. But that's when they really started makin' headway in this country. And another thing, they took the timber off and sold it..sold shingle bolts and logs and so forth, and even sold great forests to mill companies..come in and cut 'em down. Well then, no more timber..that's really when they got busy with the clearing. That's when they found out it was a farming country. They got the land cleared up. Before that you couldn't even hardly find the ground. They had to cut down and burn down and destroy a lot of good timber in order to let the sun in so they could grow a garden.

Mr. Runestrand: Whereabouts did your grandfather and your father have their settlement, their homestead?

Mr. Hawley: Right there at the Lynden vicinity.

Mr. Runestrand: Right in the Lynden...right on the river or..?

Mr. Hawley: Yeah. the first homestead my grandfather's homestead, was just West of Lynden, and it had good timber on it but it wasn't particularly good farmland. It's all good land now..this farmland. And of course lot's of homes are built on it now. And then when my father was old enough, he took up a homestead on the river..on the river bottom. That was upriver from Lynden.. well, it wasn't over a mile from the city limits, but right on the river. The timber wasn't so great there, in fact there was a little part of that that was almost, well, you might say, a part of it was kind of prairie, there wasn't quite so much big timber there. And of course out here, especially in a prairie-land, there's North Prairie and there's Hog Prairie and these prairies. Well, there was no timber there but there was brush, what we call brush, and like.. smaller stuff..land that's easy to clear; and a lot of 'em took advantage of that. His didn't have much of that. There was some of it had a lot of it. But then he built a house out there and us older children were born out there,

or while they were living on the farm anyway, and they had a house and barn and the families lived there. In fact they had two houses out there. His..my mother's sister and her family lived out there on part of that place for awhile. But the..the freshets..the high waters of the river got a little bit too much for 'em and they had to..they moved ..left there one day when I was just a year old and the river was coming up. We started out and down through the woods.. the old Rhodes trail down through the woods with a team and wagon, and believe it or not, I was only a year old..but when my oldest brother got up..got out to open the gate, he had to wade in water way up above his ankles to get out there to open that gate. Well, I thought that was the most terrible thing that I..I couldn't dream of anything being any worse because us kids were always taught to stay out of the water, not be wadin' in the water. Why he..I got out and opened the gate..of course he was ten years older than me. But I can still see him gettin' out and goin' over there and openin' that gate, wadin' in that water and I was only a year old.

Mr. Runestrand: Well, you were telling me about..about your family, but you were also mentioning their ties with the Indian tribes around this area. Which would be, probably the Nooksack...is that correct?

Mr. Hawley: The Nooksack Indians, yes.

Mr. Runestrand: Can you tell us..tell some of the stories..you were telling one about Chief Jim...when he met you and he was telling you about how he liked the Hawley family. Can you tell that story and how Jim managed to tell it and..?

Mr. Hawley: My people took up with the Indians, you might say, on the way up the Nooksack river. There was..well, we called him Indian Jim..his name was Jim Yelokanum, and he was the chief of the Nooksack tribe of Indians and the Nooksack tribe ranged all the way from the mouth of Bertrand Creek clear to the top of Mt. Baker, you might say. But their headquarters was right there where Lynden is now, at that time.

Mr. Runestrand: That was their tribal area. That was...

Mr. Hawley: That was their tribal headquarters. And they made a hit with Indian Jim, the chief, and they got a lot of information from him. He could talk Chinook and my grandfather, that is my dad's father and mother had gotten a book and they'd learned to talk..get along with the Chinook pretty good before they ever got here, the Chinook language. My mother...my grandmother was a great teacher and there were no schools in that part of the country at that time. She had to teach her own kids and not only that, the kids got acquainted with the Indian kids by playin' with 'em and..but it was pretty hard to get along with the kids..with the Indian kids because they couldn't talk English and they couldn't even talk Chinook. But they could get by with the old..now, I don't like to say, "Siwash," but I'll tell you one thing, there's a lot of Indians that don't like to be called Siwashes, but when I was a kid up the river there, Indian Jim, Indian Louie, Old Indian Joe, and all those old Indians, they referred to themselves as Siwashes and their language was the Siwash language. So...but there are a lot of people right today, or Indians, they want to fight if you refer to them as Siwashes, even those up the river. That's a good bit the same as...when I was a kid the black people didn't want to be called niggers..or they didn't mind being called niggers, I should say..they called themselves niggers. But when they got older, they made up their mind they didn't want to be called niggers. It was an insult to 'em. I don't know what those people would..black people expect that come from Nigeria where there..where there are real niggers, but when they get over here, they want to be called..they wanted to be called colored people for awhile, now they don't want to be called that, they want to be called Blacks. And whether they're all black or half black and most of 'em are half and a quarter black anyway, but they still want to be called Blacks. They don't want to be called niggers.

Mr. Runestrand: That was the same with the Siwashes..same with the Siwash..it was just a change of times.

Mr. Hawley: They..the Indians..a lot of 'em couldn't say Indian, where do I start..they'd say injun..they called themselves injuns for a long time. Now if you called one an injun he'd be insulted. And they started it themselves, they're the ones who started to call themselves injuns. But that's neither if nor and, but anyway they..they were willing to help the Indians and the Indians really appreciated it. They'd do anything that was in their power to help the Hawley family. In fact they just simply moved in as, you might say, part of the tribe, I guess. They just adopted 'em. And lots of..they done lots of legal work and helped 'em out with a good many things. My grandmother even taught the Indian boys, a lot of 'em to speak English and helped some of 'em to read and write, and not only that, but she taught a lot of those Indian kids even to talk Chinook. They couldn't even talk it. That of course..that was in the early days. Most of the older Indians knew it pretty well...they'd learned it..which is..some call it a jargon, call it what you like, but it's a language, a go between the Indians and the Whites that made it easier for both of them to learn to understand one another. And it was created by the Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company that came in here trading for furs to start with. It's a language that's made up of different languages, some of it's the regular old Indian language part of it and some of it's French and some of it's English. But the words are not..English words are not used to..in that..in Chinook as they are in the English language, very few of 'em. There are a few..but it's the same thing. Like the word, "Papa," I guess papa is a father's name the world over..Indian or anybody else, and Mother..I don't know, I never heard what mother was. It..well, the same as the world over..it didn't..the mother ...wasn't too concerned about the mother, it was the father that they..the name was..the name was fastened to (CHuckles) and they..but since we got women's suffrage and a whole lot of other things..gradually worked to where the women are just almost as important as the men are, usually. (Laughter)

Mr. Runestrand: Well, in the..in the area around Lynden when you were growing

up were there a lot of Indians around of the Nooksack tribe or had they..had they rather depleted in number?

Mr. Hawley: Well, they..in a way..you know, unlike the population nowadays, the White people and the way the settlements are, comparatively people were scarce in those days, even the Indians and the Whites, and circumstances had caused 'em to get on the go and get movin'. Some Whites come in and even homesteaded the Indians' land...even right where the Indians lived and the Indians had to move out. They were mean to 'em, they were dirty to 'em. But our folks never done anything like that. They always was on the side of the Indian and helped 'em in every way possible.

Mr. Runestrand: What did Jim say to you one day? What was that deal?

Mr. Hawley: Let's see, what was that?

Mr. Runestrand: Talked about being good relation or something?

Mr. Hawley: Oh. Well, I'll tell you..that..that wasn't Jim. There was an Indian that we..they called Stick Pete, and he had moved out, in fact, he was just across the line on the ..from the Guide Meridian road..entry is there now, and he had a little shack and he had been working in the woods to make a little money to buy necessities. He came into the store one day and he'd had trouble. He says, "I losa the everything. My house burn down..all gone. My stove..all gone. I lose a the two cross-cut saw. I lose a two axe. I lose a the three sledge. I lose a anyting..anyting gone. I come back, I come to the Hawley Brother's store. I like it the Hawley Brothers, I like it the Hawley boys, I like it...I like it the Emmet Hawley, I like it the old man Hawley...he's a good man. I like it the old lady Hawley....she's a good man. Hawley's and me, relation."

Mr. Runestrand: He didn't know the word for friend. Rather..he put in relation rather than friend?

Mr. Hawley: Well, he..a lot of the..you know the Indians and Chinook language,

"Tillacum," what he meant was, they were old friends, old tillacums. But he figured that relation meant a little bit more than that. He felt closer than just plain tillacums, he was a relation, part of him. And they weren't hard to understand, you had to...you had to put two and two together, you know, and fill in places where they....

Mr. Runestrand: Was the..was the Nooksack burial ground in the Lynden area?

Mr. Hawley: Yes. It was Southeast of our house. I remember where it was, I don't remember when they were burying Indians there, but it was Southeast of our house and down on the..not on the river bottom but kind of semi-river bottom. That land was..the elevation of that land was, I would say, ten or fifteen, maybe sixteen feet above the ordinary lay of the river bottom land, and that's where the..that was the burying grounds..that was the old..the customary place where they dug the ..after they started burying them instead of puttin' 'em up in trees in baskets to fall down in a few years, why, after they found the white man's way, they started burying 'em down there. And then ..but they didn't bury 'em deep enough, and some weren't even buried, some were.. they'd hung 'em up maybe, in a canoe or some kind of a basket up in a tree to get 'em away from the animals. But those things in this part of the country would rot down. They couldn't stand the rain forests. But they..they got together after my folks had settled there and they secured a piece of land.. it was Indian land but I think it belonged to old..they called him Old Joe, Old Indian Joe, it was on part of his land, and they moved that cemetery out there in the Northwood district. It would be on the Northwood Road, North of the river. And they wasn't gonna leave their dead down there on the river bottom and started plantin' up there on the highland. And so they went down and started diggin' up the graves..dug that all over...they knew where most of them were and put 'em in a big box with what bones they could find, they'd put 'em in big boxes and then load 'em on wagons and transfer 'em up on the higher land to their new home. And I remember my father telling about what a

bad occasion it was. When he was a kid, he'd get around down that way when that was goin' on and knew of all the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and everything else going on down there. They seemed to keep pretty good track of their loved ones and their relations knew right where they were and where the bones were, and they...the women, all the women and a lot of the men were crying all the time that that was going on. There's a story about that in this book, Skqee Mus, that my father wrote, and you would get a pretty good idea if you read that as to what happened along about that time. Of course that was.. that all happened before my time now..that's all hearsay to me..I've..things I've heard dad...dad got a lot of good stuff in that book, but I tell you there's a whole lot more...there's enough to make that book ten times as big if he could have got it all in there. Boy, I'll tell you he used to tell a lot of good ones...but he was eighty three years old when he was writin' that book and we figured he'd done awfully well to do...get what he did. And I done a little story telling myself but I've got a few pages of stories that I've told and wrote down, but it isn't anything compared to what I've thought about since I've written that. (Chuckles)

Mr. Erith "Ray Hawley
June 25, 1975

Accession No. WTC 75-10mr, Tape No. 1, Tape Side No. 2

Mr. Runestrand: We're goin' again. Now, before you sing this Indian song, can you give us some background on how the song finally became written? I mean, why it was sung? Didn't your father used to play the violin or something for the Indians or...?

Mr. Hawley: Yes. Dad learned to play the violin when he was sixteen years old. In fact he played for dances around the country when he was sixteen years old.

Mr. Runestrand: Yeah.

Mr. Hawley: And...but there wasn't too many dances and too many things goin' on. And he was a young fellow, he liked to get out among people. On Sunday after they moved the mission from the crossing up at Everson and moved it down to Lynden to that..to Stickney home, why they were holding meetings there. So he used to go down there and play with..play his violin during their...on Sunday during their church meetings. Now this is one of the...one verse of a song that they used to sing at the old Methodist mission on Stickney Island. It's no longer an island, one channel of the river was closed off some years ago where I used to...now this was written by my father...I used to attend services with the Indians. The mission was established through the generosity of a lady in the East who donated about ten thousand dollars for missionary work among the Indians. Well, it wasn't ten thousand dollars, but the lady did...she came to Everson first at the crossing, and she worked first with that mission and her name was Lucy Morehouse and she had a doctor's...medical doctor's degree as well as being a missionary, and she...she donated a thousand dollars or more to this new home for the...mission home for the Indians there at Lynden. And just to get off the track just a little bit, that Lucy Morehouse married my wife's grandfather, better than that...became the wife of Peter Sire at Sumas.

But the mission was established through the generosity of this lady in the East who donated about ten thousand dollars for a missionary work among the Indians. The work on Stickney was abandoned many years ago, but there's still a remnant of the effort carried...carrying on at the..at the Indian Stickney..at Goshen. The Indians moved their headquarters up to Goshen where the Indians have a nice church and burying grounds. The Indians of Stickney sang this song in the native Nooksack tongue to the tune of "When I can Read my Title Clear". I never could conquer the native English language, but I can still recall some of the old songs and sing a stanza or two of some, though I cannot interpret their meaning, unquote. (Part of the above material was quoted directly from the book, "Skquee Mus" by Robert Emmett Hawley, the speaker's father).

Tum tum ma aton skyually wan,
 Tum tum ma aton skyually wan,
 Tum tum ma aton skyually wan,
 Le om, le kah, che chus
 Eh quis squee, squeel tally ahm,
 Tallie kah wah men, tah che chus to moh,
 Eh quis squee, squeel tally ahm.
 Tally cah wah men ta che chus.

I'm the only person living who knows that song, knows that tune.

Mr. Runestrand: I'll be darned. I notice like when they have an S, like in skquee mus, you make that... (makes a clicking, snorting noise).

Mr. Hawley: Yes. (Mrs. Hawley intervenes, "That's the way they talked; they talked that way.")

Mr. Runestrand: I'll be darned. Well, that's fine. For the listeners, the lady that just spoke up is Mr. Hawley's wife. Belle, isn't that right?

Mr. Hawley: Belle.

Mr. Runestrand: Bell. She's in here with us. But Skquee Mus, then, the title of the book which was the name the Indians gave your father then...how would you

pronounce that in Indian then?

Mr. Hawley: Skqee Mus, skqee mus... (giving it proper inflexion)

Mr. Runestrand: I can't quite get it.

Mr. Hawley: Well, dad could say it and the Indians could say it, but they had a heck of a time trying to figure out some way to spell it for the name of that book. So..(Laughter) well, I was the one that helped figure out how to spell the names, and it means, "Red face." I..that was proven authentically by an Indian that I knew..knew very well, and I asked him what it meant. "Sure, that means Red face." That was the Nooksack language. Now the Lummi Indians they don't know anything about it. The Nooksacks...some of the Nooksacks partially understand this song that I just sang. Right now. I sang it for them up there at a senior citizens meeting last year, and..but..they were tickled to death. I sang it over at Lummi Indian Reservation for them..they couldn't understand one bit of it.

Mr. Runestrand: No one could understand it. No one with...

Mr. Hawley: No. No one over there, no. But they knew it was something in the Indian..in the Nooksack language. They told me it was Nooksack, it wasn't Lummi. They knew that, but they couldn't understand it.

Mr. Runestrand: I'll be darned, I'll be darned.

Mr. Hawley: Yeah.

Mr. Runestrand: Well, as you grew up in the Lynden area, what were the roads like during the early 1900's out there? The county roads? Were they planked, the main thoroughfare or what?

Mr. Hawley: No, the roads around Whatcom which is now Bellingham were planked, and..the main thoroughfares you say, and you didn't get far without some kind of covering on the road around Bellingham in those days. On account of the kind of soil they have. But later, when they put a road through on the Guide Meridian to Lynden, why, I guess maybe half that road.. was...

Mr. Runestrand: The road to what?

Mr. Hawley: The road from Whatcom to Lynden...that they...the half of that road was what they called, punchin.

Mr. Runestrand: Excuse me, what was that again?

Mr. Hawley: Punchin.

Mr. Runestrand: Punchin?

Mr. Hawley: Or, corderoy.

Mr. Runestrand: Huh huh, yeah.

Mr. Hawley: And that was just simply slabs that were split from cedar trees, big cedar trees, and it was like..to drive a wagon over it..it was like drivin' over a washboard. (Chuckles) Only a lot bigger than a washboard. I remember my rollin' a thimble over a washboard. (Chuckles) And then it just went from that to grading and gravel. They had to use gravel to get the roads built up at all. And finally, the Guide Meridian was pretty well covered with grading and pretty well covered with gravel. And it was a pretty fair road we thought, for those days, but as time went on, why, and things changed and changed from horsedrawn rigs to automobiles, and just had to have sumpin' better and better and better all the time. And the old roads would wear out, the old punchin would wear out. The first road going in..up through the Northern..really the Northeastern part of Whatcom County, run from Whatcom up to Everson to what was known back then as a crossing. And that was started in 1858, put through as just a trail. It was a trail that went on through to the Fraser river to the goldrush..in 1858. Then later there was a telegraph line put over that..on that same road, and then it got to be known as the Telegraph...they kept improving it you know, until you could get through there with a rig and a team. And they called it the Telegraph road. And...it just wound around through the woods. But now there's very few signs of that left. There is some...and there's some places where...the present roads still follow the old telegraph route...road....trail.

Mr. Runestrand: When you were...when you were born in the Lynden area, was the bridge already across the Nooksack? Or, were they still ferrying at that time, or do you remember?

Mr. Hawley: I...I think..I can't tell you that. There is..there is accounts of that in..either in "Skqee Mus," or in "Nooksack Tales and Trails". This man, Mr. Jeffcott, Percival Jeffcott, made an awful lot of research. He made more good authentic..good research than anybody else that ever wrote anything about Whatcom County. And everything that he wrote is either authentic or if it isn't, why he'd tell you right there that he's not sure of it. But if he says it is, it is.

Mr. Runestrand: I was just wondering because I've seen pictures of the ferry across the Nooksack and I was wondering if, by the time you were a kid that the ferry was still working or...

Mr. Hawley: No, no, I don't think there was one ferry still working when I was a kid. I think that they were gone. I think they went about the time I came. Yeah.

Mr. Runestrand: Yeah. Well, you...

Mr. Hawley: I know where they were, several of 'em. Over made of 'em.

Mr. Runestrand: Another thing I wanted to ask you about Ray, was..you were talking about knowledge of the Indian fish traps. Now these..these things that would catch salmon comin' up a creek.

Mr. Hawley: Yeah.

Mr. Runestrand: Can you give a verbal description of one? Of what they looked like? You said you played on 'em when you were a kid.

Mr. Hawley: It's pretty...it's hard to draw a picture of it, verbally. I could draw a picture of it maybe with a sketch along with it..but, the first place, they would take cedar stakes, oh, well, we'll say three..four feet long, and two inches through approximately, and they'd drive these stakes across the

creek as close as they could get 'em which was anywhere from a quarter...a half inch up to an inch and a half wide. And that would hold back, make a barrier and act something similar to a dam and it would hold back about half of that water that was coming through and put a pretty good pressure on what..and they left a hole right in the main...mainstream of the creek. They'd leave a place there without any stakes, maybe it was about a foot and a half to two feet wide. And then on the upstream side of this barrier they'd put this trap in. The trap was made about five or six feet long, and was made out of split cedar stakes. But this split cedar...they had to pick out just as straight a cedar as they could find and split it, and those little slats, I would say, about... we'll say a half inch. Maybe they'll run from a little less than that sometimes to a little more than that. And they'd make a just a reg..kind of a basket out of it and fix one end of it tight so that the fish got in there couldn't get out, and the other end was fixed with a sloping entrance to it...slope in from both sides and they put it right in that gap in the dam. The water could run through these..this basket and the salmon would jump up into that and work their way inside of it. And on one side, and sometimes on two sides of this trap they would have a hole that would..an opening of about six inches and in this opening would be...they'd make a long..as they went down the creek..a long, oh, about the size of a stovepipe..I think it was a little bit bigger...maybe seven inches in diameter, and it was in sections, and they could take it apart. But they were longer sections than an ordinary stovepipe, they were about four or five feet long. And they could stick 'em together and then stick one up into this trap and the fish would get up in that upper trap and they'd get...he'd turn around and try to go back and he'd go back down into that tube downstream. Well that tube might be eight or ten feet long layin' downstream. A salmon can't swim backwards upstream. He might work him away...in still water, he might work hisself back up a little bit to still water, but he can't swim upstream in still water. Well, he'd go down into that stovepipe headfirst and

when he got down to the end of it, couldn't turn around and he couldn't swim backwards. Consequently, he'd drown. Next one come along and he'd go down in there and they'd get jammed in there and the more they got down in there, building in there, they'd jam in there with their gills and they couldn't even breathe. They'd die right now, they couldn't work their gills. And I've seen those things along down there just full of fish. They had a heck of a time unloadin' 'em. Of course they were all dead fish, all dead weight...but they'd take 'em apart and they might lose a fish once in awhile but they'd get salmon and they'd get those big cutthroat trouts and steelheads and jack salmon, anything that was runnin' up the creek, why, they could get 'em. And there's very few people today know how...there might be some Indians up at Nooksack that know how those traps were built, but I haven't seen one for years and I don't know of any Indian up there that does know how they was built. I've always wanted..thought I'd like to get busy and build one of those traps just for the...just for the heck of it because nobody else knows how.

Mr. Runestrand: You used to play on these...play around these fishtraps when you were a kid, isn't that right?

Mr. Hawley: Oh yes, for.. You know, that one trap was on our place, that was one of the most notorious traps in the county...fish traps. In fact the Fish Trap Creek..that's the name of the creek and that name was deprived from the fact that the..that notorious trap that was on our..right on our own place. Oh, the Indians used to come there and come and go as they darned pleased. They had a big smokehouse there. It was gone before my time, but..on the bank of the creek..they'd just go there and live and smoke their fish until they got what they wanted and then they'd go on home. But Old Jim, he lived down on..down to Stickney and..Indian Jim, the chief..he'd come every once in awhile during the season and go to his trap and us kids...I was pretty small then, but I'd be down there with the older ones and playin' around and the Indians would come and go, we'd see their trap was...if we wanted any fish we

were welcome to help ourselves to the fish. We didn't care anything about their old red salmon but sometimes a nice trout or a steelhead in there, why, dad would take one or whatever he needed if he needed it. They wasn't too much in need of fish those days. We could get 'em just about as easy, or easier I think than the Indians could.

Mr. Runestrand: I'll be darned.

Mr. Hawley: But..they had some trouble..they had some trouble with the Whites gettin' in there and stealin' their fish once in awhile. Dad kind of helped them look after it...help 'em out, you know. And one day, Old Indian Jim was down at his trap and he saw somebody'd been there and they'd taken the fish out and wouldn't put the trap back. If they put it back it wouldn't be so bad, but they'd just take the fish out and just leave the trap all apart, maybe some of it would be floatin' down the creek and they'd have to go and retrieve it. They got so they didn't care for that too much. But he found a track there one day, hobnailed shoes or boots, that was something he hadn't seen before and he kept his eyes open...one day he was in town..store doing some shopping and there was a settler there, I won't mention his name, but he suspected him and he started talkin' to him in Chinook. "Hi sclush shoes hi yu skookum na witka, where you catchum shoes?" "Oh, Montgomery Ward." "Oh." And Jim was all enthused, he picked up his foot and he looked at it...looked at the bottom and he measured it..the tip of his fingers back up here on his arm..the length of that shoe. He says, "Oho shimmy trap, down to the fish trap." (Chuckles)

Mr. Runestrand: So, he caught 'em.

Mr. Hawley: Oh, that settler he knew he was caught then, but there was nothin' that anybody could do about it. But the funny part of it was...I left off part of that story...they really knew who it was...dad knew who it was, so dad put a bug up Old Jim's sleeve, and he says, "We'll fix 'em. Come on." Took a hand saw, and there was a cedar slab layin' out across the creek, you know, so

you don't have to get down in the water, just pull the trap out over the trap, why, you could walk across on ot. Well, dad went with him and they went out on it and they took that slab and they took the hand saw and sawed through it.. almost through it..but it was still strong enough to hold itself up but no weight, extra weight. So the next time they came down why, the plank was busted right where the creek was the deepest and of course they could replace that, that was no problem (Chuckles) and they looked along down the creek and they found this guy's hat that had floated down the creek and lodged in the jam. Of course they had to get wet retrieving that hat but the guy that fell in the creek had to get wet too. (Laughter)

Mr. Runestrand: They sort of fixed his wagon..

Mr. Hawley: Huh?

Mr. Runestrand: They fixed his wagon.

Mr. Hawley: (Laughing) They sure did. Oh they..but I was very small then and maybe I wasn't even around...I wasn't there to see it anyway.

Mr. Runestrand: Well those are good stories though and they're factual. You heard those from your father and from-...and stuff, so that's...

Mr. Hawley: Yeah. I wouldn't want to mention the fellow's name but it reminds me...oh well, forget this, it has nothin' to do with it.

Mr. Runestrand: Well, I want to thank you, Mr. Hawley, for singin' that song for us and telling these stories. They're gonna be of a help to people knowing these old stories.

Mr. Hawley: Well I hope it don't do anybody any harm (Laughter) I didn't mention any names.

Mr. Runestrand: No, I just..but I want to say thank you. Thank you very much.

Mr. Hawley: Well, you're welcome.

Mr. Runestrand: Okay. Your...something a girl gave somebody?

Mr. Hawley: Well no, this isn't the one that Rose had, I discovered that. It's one that must have been...it must have been in my..among my father's stuff. The same meaning is here. Now..(Mr. Hawley recites the "Lord's Prayer" in Chinook).