

Narrator: Joan Wekell (JW)
 Interviewer: Katy Barber (KB)
 Also Present: Donna Sinclair (DS), Makenzie Moore (MM), and Jane Wekell-Pulliam (JP)
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One audio file, 113 minutes, 39 seconds = one hour and 53 minutes of audio

Time Code	Transcription
	Audio File, 113 mins., 39 seconds
0:00 –	<p>[Audio begins mid-sentence]</p> <p>JW: And anyway, he said, they were asking, “Well how did she feel about that?”</p> <p>And he says, “Well she said something to me that I,” I’m quoting Jeremy. He told her that I told him that, “Well, I guess I just have to look at it as an adventure I haven’t been on before.”</p> <p>And anyway, for some reason that struck something. They thought that was wonderful that I said that. And anyway they made me this [referring to necklace] and sent it to me, and they sent me messages through Jeremy, and talk about [indistinct] knowing, I guess, have kept up with my recovery. And there was something.</p> <p>JP: They sent you eagle feathers too.</p> <p>JW: Oh yes, they sent me. It was a Golden Eagle feather, it was about this long. Golden Eagles must be magnificent. It got [laughs wryly], this eagle got tangled up in an electrical wire right by the prison, and it died. And they were able to get it down and the prison people give things like that to the Native group. But they’ve had wonderful success with this group where they’re finding their Native, who they are, their Native center and I guess it’s a great program.</p> <p>KB: Yeah. What prison is it?</p> <p>JW: People getting out are going to their tribes and looking at their old ways in art, being safe and good again.</p> <p>KB: That’s phenomenal.</p>

DS: [referring to the recorder] I went ahead and turned this on because I wanted to catch that story about Jeremy. Can we clip it on [you], maybe clip it right here [to her shirt]. Is that okay?

JW: Oh, okay.

DS: All right. So now you'll have a microphone on.

JW: Okay.

DS: And, so [to KB], do you want to do the honors or do you want me to?

KB: I think maybe we can go back and forth a little bit.

DS: Okay, well usually we have people state their full name and place and date of birth.

JW: Okay. My name's Joan Wekell. I was born in San Pedro, California, although I've always felt like a Washingtonian, because, well we came here when I was two years old because of World War II. We went back to California after the war, and lived there for maybe a year and a half and my parents divorced and my mother brought us back to Washington, and I feel like a native Washingtonian, really.

Anyway, I was born March 7, 1940. Was that all you needed to know?

KB: To start. I think so.

JW: Okay.

KB: Yeah, and I would really like to ask you some questions about your mother and growing up, but before we get to that point, we'd like to ask you to tell us about your genealogy, as far back as you would like to or can, or know.

JW: On the Indian side of my family.

	<p>KB: Well, actually, it's been interesting to hear some of the non-Native genealogy that people have told us too. So you can feel free to include that as well.</p>
<p>3:00</p>	<p>JW: Okay. Well, I'll talk about the Indian side. The first ancestor that I'm aware of, and I'm not sure how you pronounce her name. Her name was <i>T'mai T'mai</i>, and it's capital T, apostrophe, m-i and then [laughs] repeat it the same way. And she actually was a chief in her own right, and was a very strong leader and she was, I believe the mother of Comcomly. And Comcomly had several wives and lots of children, and one of his children was named <i>Temish</i>, and she died young. And she was married to a man—she was Clatsop, and she married a Chinook whose name was Redhead. He did have red hair evidently, but I was reading that the redheads pop up in the Chinook Tribe all the time and have been for generations. My mother was a redhead, too. And anyway, then they had <i>Tonwah</i>, who was one of my ancestor grandmothers. I can't count back that far. They died, though, when she was an infant. I've heard that they were murdered. And she went to live in Comcomly's lodge. And the chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, John McLoughlin was visiting Comcomly. I don't know if these line up, but [laughing] this is stories I've heard.</p> <p>Anyway, and [he] saw this orphan baby. He was married to an Indian woman,¹ and he took in several Indian children and raised them. And he took her home and she was raised at Fort Astoria, I guess.² Then she met John Pickernell, who was an Englishman. His story was kind of interesting. He was from New Hampshire, and he signed on to a boat crew, and they sailed around, you know, South America, and they got up to California and he really hated what he was doing, and he escaped from the boat and signed up with a cattle drive bunch that were driving cattle north. And he changed his name to John Edmonds, because he [laughing], he'd broken the law by breaking his contract. So he went by John Edmonds for years, and I don't know when or how he met <i>Tonwah</i> but he lived in Oregon for a while and then they moved to Ilwaco. And he changed his name back to his real name, which was John Edmonds Pickernell.³</p>

¹Marguerite Wadin McKay McLoughlin, the daughter of a Cree woman and a Swiss fur trader, Jean Etienne Wadin.

² John McLoughlin was chief factor at the Hudson Bay Company's Fort Vancouver, which was built in Vancouver, Washington during the winter of 1824-25. The HBC took over Fort Astoria from the Northwest Company in 1821, so it is conceivable that McLoughlin would have been in Astoria in the early 1820s. Fort George was abandoned from 1821-1825 and then reoccupied from 1830-1848 as the center of the HBC's salmon operation, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fort_Astoria [accessed Dec. 27, 2011].

³ John Edmonds Pickernell was born in Wendall, New Hampshire in 1818 and came to the Northwest around 1837. He voted with the Americans at Champoeg and enlisted with the Oregon Rangers, the first military company in the territory. According to Lucile McDonald in *Coast Country* he was appointed sheriff to arrest Joel Turnham, who had attacked another settler, but shot him instead.

	<p>And they had four [or is it five?] children, one son and four daughters, and I don't know their birth orders. And their daughter Julia is the one I would be descended from.</p> <p>My mother remembers her quite well. She died in 1926, and she was the mother of Anna Amanda Green. Well, Julia had sort of two families. She was married to a Swede who was Amanda's father and had four children. And then he worked, I don't know if it was for the local government or what, but he was to carry collected tax monies to the county headquarters, which at that time was in Oysterville, and now it's South Bend. Anyway, it's about twenty-five miles from Ilwaco where they lived. And he was murdered and robbed, and thrown in a creek. I don't think they ever found out who killed him.</p> <p>Then she married a fellow named Charles Russell and they had four more children. And that marriage, from all I've heard, was horrible. He was not a very nice man and mistreated Julia, and I heard that she finally told him to get out. And he was just a lazy bum, I guess. I know nothing more of what really happened to her. Well, I mean I know more things that happened to her but not chronologically.</p> <p>And then, let's see, then Julia had Anna Amanda, but she went by Amanda. And she married William Williams, and he was from Wisconsin. I can't think of the name of the town he was from, but I've read that at one time. They had eight children, and one was, my grandfather was the oldest of the children. And my mother told me that one thing that she loved about going to her grandmother's house was that they had portraits of all the children taken when they were babies, and they had them in big old frames and they were all around her living room. And she often wondered what happened to these wonderful baby pictures, you know.</p> <p>I do have a—that would have been a good picture to bring. It was a baby picture of my grandfather. Jane can probably scan that for you, too. It was a tin-type and I took it and had it restored, because if you bend tin-type they fade out and I could see that that was happening, and so I had it reprinted and framed.</p>
10:00	<p>JW: Let's see, then he married my grandmother, Lettie Maxwell, and that was her name. I don't know if she had a middle name or not. And my mother was her second child. And they also had eight children. [laughs]</p>

McDonald claims that he fled to Baker Bay with his Native wife and changed his name to John Edmonds because he feared retribution (1966: p. 38).

JP: Now, didn't the Maxwells live at Westport and run a clam chowder stand?

JW: My grandmother Maxwell did. I have the—everybody calls it Grandma Maxwell's clam chowder. Now that was the non-Indian side.

JP: And they were Oregon Trail people, weren't they?

JW: Yes, yes, my grandmother, her name was Delilah. I only found that out a few years ago. I thought, 'Oh we always called her Grandma Maxwell.' But anyway, she was two years old and she was in the last of the Oregon Trail people. Everybody said, "Oh, she didn't go to Oregon." Well, they split off and they came up and homesteaded in, oh around Montesano, and my grandmother was born near the Wynooche River, in the Wynooche Valley [located in the Olympic Peninsula].

JP: What were they doing in Westport? Why did they have a clam chowder stand?

JW: I don't know. I don't know what my Grandfather Maxwell did. That wasn't his job. I think people liked clam chowder, so she'd make it and she had a little stand and people in the Coast Guard would come and buy it. Oh, also, they used to have, it's down by the dump in Westport now, but there was a dock on the river; which, I don't know if that's the Chehalis River or what, that comes in there. But anyway, they would have these pleasure boats or something that came down and there was a hall by the dock where people could go dance. In the daytime it was like a tea dance or something. Then when these boats full of people, they'd come and buy clam chowder from her.

And well, [pause] let's see, oh my mother told me a story that she—I don't know when, it's probably after Julia kicked Charles Russell out, and she was living in North Cove, where my grandfather was stationed later and my mother, between about a year and ten years, they lived there. And she said one day she was coming home from school and, oh, something else—my grandmother didn't like the idea that there were, that that was, that her husband was Indian. [laughs] She passed him off as something else, and my mother didn't really know she was Indian until she was a little older, probably about this age. But anyway, she was coming home from school and she saw her grandmother who was out on the porch snapping beans or doing some sort of chore like that. And she was with a bunch of kids and she said, "Oh, hi Grandma."

And she said, “Oh, hi Helen. How are you? Come and give me a love,” you know.
And anyway she joined her friends and they said, “Your grandma’s an old Indian woman.”
That’s, I think, when she found out.
She went, “She is not! She’s my grandma.” [laughs] Anyway, then my grandfather started telling more stories. I mean, the kids knew then and he told her lots of stories, and she in turn told us stories. I don’t know if he spoke Jargon or not. He knew a lot of words and used them often. We all learned, you know, several words from him. And the family still uses some of them, but.

15:00

JP: Did you once tell me that Grandma’s grandma, when she got old, she wouldn’t talk English?

JW: Yeah, which I thought was kind of curious. But my sister told me that story. My grandfather, when they first married, my grandmother, they were in Westport and he took her down to Ilwaco to meet his family. And so she went into Amanda’s house, who, they were pretty modern and didn’t live in the Indian way too much. And Julia was sitting in the corner. She had a little chair, weaving a basket, and she did beadwork too. That would have been a good thing to bring down, too, although Tony [Johnson] took a picture of it. I have this, it’s a pouch. It’s flat, it’s about that wide, that tall, and just solid beadwork of tulips. And the inside is perfect. It’s this needle material, but it’s, I’m thinking about getting a conservation frame. But anyway, she was doing her craft and she would not speak English. But I have a hard time believing that that was her first language, because her mother was raised at a fort where they spoke English. Her stepfather, you know, but well it was probably Jargon that they were speaking but—

DS: They spoke Jargon there a lot at the fort.

JW: Yeah. Well, maybe, you know. Well, the woman, McLoughlin’s wife was Indian, so it might be that she did; because usually when they get senile they go back to their original language, but it would seem like her original language would have been English. But anyway, she refused to speak English and that’s all she spoke, you know, when she got really old. Oh, that doesn’t make sense, the story about her sitting, because that would have been ten years later, saying “Hi Grandma.” So I don’t know. I may have gotten a couple of stories mixed up there, but I’m just telling things I’ve heard. [laughs]

DS: Can I ask a question? I'm curious about Charles Russell? Is that the Charles Russell who had the oyster beds and was the oysterman? Or was that maybe his son, because it was North Cove, like the Tokeland area. Is that right?

JW: Oh!

DS: Because Charles W. Russell is the person who lived next to James Swan. And he was married to a woman named Old Suis, S-u-i-s at one point, so maybe it was his son. Was this like the 18—?

JW: They didn't have a son named that. I tried to think of the name. I have it written down at home somewhere.

DS: Oh, okay. I just wondered if it's the same Charles Russell, who actually was one of the first settlers—

JW: Oh, Charles Russell was, no it wasn't. He came out here because he was in the Army, not Coast Guard. He was stationed at Cape Disappointment. That was also an army station at one time. So, no, it wasn't.

DS: It was a different Charles Russell.

JW: Yeah.

DS: Okay.

JW: James Swan is sort of my hero. I just got a new book and I only read a few pages, though, *Winter Boys*, by Ivan Doig. And I've read, I've read *Swan Among the Indians*. I think it's one of my favorite books ever. What an adventure! [laughs]

Okay, what else do I know about my family? Oh.

DS: I have another question. [KB laughs] Well, the other question is, you said that there's words of Jargon that your family spoke.

	<p>JW: Mm-hmm.</p> <p>DS: What are they?</p> <p>JW: Oh, oh they were playful words, I guess, like <i>muk a muk</i>. I thought that was [laughing] such a funny word for eating. And my grandpa, he used to, when the grandkids were playing and you know, getting rough—I mean he had eight kids so he had lots of grandkids. And we’d be doing something and playing. I was only four when he died, but I do remember this. So we’d be running around and he’d call us <i>skookum muk a muk</i>, which was “strong little devils” or something like that. It’s sort of a fluid word that you could use for—<i>skookum</i> can be strong, it can be mischievous, it can be the devil and, you know. Oh, and <i>skookum muk a muk</i> like “little devils that eat too much,” or [chuckling] something like that. Anyway, that was the words that he’d use, and I think all of his grandkids remember being called <i>skookum muk a muk</i>. That’s sort of one of the things that we all laugh about.</p> <p>And, oh, sort of words we use now, <i>klahowya</i> and [pause]. [laughs] Well, you know, I never heard my grandfather say that but that was used as sort of a derogatory term; it was <i>kloochman</i>. A <i>kloochman</i> was a woman but a <i>klooch</i> was someone who went with any guy, you know. [laughing]</p> <p>JP: Hmm, so a tipi creeper would know who the <i>klooches</i> were. [all laugh]</p> <p>JW: Yeah, my mother described certain guys that, they would have families all over the place, and they were called tipi creepers. [laughs]</p>
21:00	<p>KB: So you said that your mother remembers Julia?</p> <p>JW: Mm-hmm.</p> <p>KB: What kinds of things did she tell you about Julia?</p> <p>JW: Oh, she loved her and thought she was wonderful. Nothing in particular. I mean she told me, “Oh, Julia made this bag,” and “She was very good with her hands.” Oh, and she did have</p>

some of her baskets, which, I just feel terrible about, because they were having their house remodeled and the baskets disappeared. She should have called the police, because obviously one of the guys that were doing the remodeling, he stole her shoes, which was odd. I mean her shoes disappeared about the same time. She didn't know about the baskets till later and she just figured it was him, because it was like a couple of months—because they were upstairs in a place that she didn't go very often.

But I remember there was one that was very big, you know, a basket, and it had a lid on it. But it was sort of caved in and that kind of bothered her. She told me that you could cook in these baskets. Well, they'd put hot water in and I guess boil. I don't know how that would, I don't know how they boiled the water to put it in the basket to cook in.

JP: They used hot stones.

JW: Oh, that's right, they used hot stones. When she died I was the executor of her estate and I really went through. I thought they've got to be here somewhere, because there was more than one. That one I remember in particular. There were some small ones too, but they were not there, and that's sad. That's why I suggested at a cultural meeting, and we are trying to get something going, where we're photographing baskets and you know, things that we have from the ancestors, because people are tempted to sell them, or they get stolen, burn up in fires; you know, so many things. And it's nice to keep those things.

I should ask my cousin because her mother had some baskets, too, and they may still have those. And I talk to this cousin all the time and she—Cookie—because I know, Florence I don't think had any but Marge did.

JP: A couple things you told me. One was Barbara [?] got taken to the Shaker Church in Tahola and thought it was the [weirdest thing?].

JW: Bud loved it, though. [laughs] My mother would, they lived in California and this was before I was born. But she, in the summer would come up and spend several weeks with her family, and my grandfather was living in Tahola at the time. So they'd go to the Shaker Church, and my sister was probably about ten or eleven—no, I would have been born then. She must have been a little bit younger than that. She thought it was scary and weird; you know, these people shaking and ringing bells and marching around.

	<p>My brother just thought it was bizarre and interesting, [laughs] and was amused by it. He was about six, I guess. My mother, I think she [thought], ‘Oh this church is the way they do it.’ [laughs]</p>
<p>25:00</p>	<p>JP: You also said, and I don’t know, were you speculating or is it true that the reason your grandfather moved away from Tahola was the girls were dating Indian boys?</p> <p>JW: Well, their youngest daughter.</p> <p>JP: Oh, okay.</p> <p>JW: Yeah, she was about thirteen and getting interested in boys. And I felt that was such a prejudiced thing to do, but she was flirting and falling in love with Indian boys. Actually, maybe she was a little wild, I don’t know. But she was sent to live with Aunt Mabel, his sister, and I’m not sure where Mabel lived at the time but she lived there for about a year. Then my grandfather was working as a fish buyer, and his brother had a [pause], his name was Jess Williams, and he had actually quite a bit of money. He must have done well. I don’t know if he canned fish or was a broker in Aberdeen, but I remember going down by the river and seeing a substantial building with a lot of fish things. [laughs] I was probably oh, nine, ten years old. I don’t know exactly what he did but he worked as a broker for his brother in Tahola. His sister, she ran the post office in Tahola, and the post office was in the little general store, and she lived there for—Aunt Gladys—several years.</p> <p>And then I have a cousin who’s, he’s a member of the tribe, named Bradley Andrews, that was my Aunt Gladys’s son. He wrote a book about Tahola in the ‘30s, but he used a lot of Aunt Gladdie’s stories. The heroine in the story, I think he should publish the book. It was really—I loved reading it. The heroine ran the post office and the general store, except she was twenty-two years old. There was a part where my Aunt Gladys, great-aunt, shot a seal that was stealing salmon out of the nets in the river with a pistol. And he included that in the book, too. [laughs]</p> <p>DS: How did they end up at Tahola?</p> <p>JW: It was after the, oh when they gave out allotments. And everybody was allotted, the family, and a lot of Chinooks moved there then. I guess my grandfather had land there, and decided to</p>

	<p>go; you know, he had retired from the Coast Guard. He was in California and that's where he went after he retired. I think he saw an economic thing working with his brother, too, and they knew a lot of the people. There were a lot of Chinook up there. There still are. He died there too.</p> <p>KB: Now, was Lettie still with him, or?</p> <p>JW: Oh, no, that was one of the saddest things. She had eight children, and she was only fifteen when she got married. She had eight children and she found she was pregnant again. They were in San Pedro and she just, she just really didn't want to have another baby and she was crying on this friend's shoulder and she says, "I just don't feel like I can take care of another one and I just don't want this baby." And I think their marriage, from what I heard, was kind of rocky at the time, too.</p> <p>JP: And she was forty or so.</p> <p>JW: Yeah, she was forty. She had a grandchild, a couple of grandchildren by then. And anyway, the friend supposedly was a nurse, and she says, "Don't worry, I know what to do." She gave her pretty much a coat hanger abortion, and she got peritonitis and died. And I just sent five hundred dollars to Planned Parenthood. I do that for my grandmother. It should never have happened.</p> <p>JP: I like it when you see the protestors in front of Planned Parenthood, where you pull in, and she tells them, "Thank you for alerting me to where Planned Parenthood is."</p> <p>JW: I go in and give them ten dollars whenever I go by it. [laughter]</p>
<p>30:00</p>	<p>DS: Where was your grandfather born?</p> <p>JW: Ilwaco.</p> <p>DS: So the family was in this area.</p> <p>JW: Yeah. Well, his grandfather, Pickernell was one of the co-founders in Ilwaco. He had a farm called China Garden. I read that, not listened to family things. It was quite large, evidently</p>

and he divided it out between his children, where he was able to give them a sizeable piece of land. I don't know if that was an area called Stringtown. I know my great-grandmother was born in Stringtown, Amanda was. I know there's a Stringtown Road, but Stringtown doesn't exist anymore. But something about his farm I thought was interesting was, I always wondered where *Tonwah* or Emmeline was buried. I found on the Internet that John Pickernell had a family graveyard. I guess he started it because some sailors drowned and there was no place to put them and he formed a [cemetery]. So he had about five or six people buried there. Then, unfortunately, later, years later when the farm was sold—I read about this on the Internet, too, so I don't know how much you can trust but the next guy came along and it was bothersome to him and he just plowed it up and planted things. So no one really knows where the bodies are now.

JP: Now who was it who had the bar bill and they lost their farm?

JW: Oh, that was MaryAnn, one of the daughters. They, evidently, I read some of Charlotte Davis's things and I think, MaryAnn and her husband led sort of a tough life, and they were regulars at the bar and very hospitable people, it said. [laughs] And partied all the time, and they ended up owing the bartender a lot of money and they lost the land that her father had given them, to the bartender.

KB: This was your grandfather's farm? A portion of it.

JW: Mm-hmm.

KB: So it would have been his daughter.

JW: Mm-hmm.

KB: Okay.

JW: And I don't know how his farm got passed down. We used to come down and visit—you may run into this name too—Becken—they're Chinook. And this was Mom's cousin. We knew them in California. They lived in San Pedro when we were [there]. And then Alfred and Lucy, oh! That reminds me of something. Anyway, they came back up to Washington and I don't

know if they always owned it, but it was a piece of John Pickernell's farm and they built a house and they lived there. We used to go visit there. Again, this is when I was young. It was on, I don't know if it was a river or slough but I remember my cousin and I having a lot of fun on a raft; sort of pushing it along, you know, it was down near their farm.

But that brings me to something that maybe [to DS] you'll know what to do about this. Lucy Becken gave me a doll bed that belonged to Julia, and she said, "This is over a hundred years old and we don't have children," and she liked me. And I was about six. It was beautiful. It had—it was so complete. There was a little thing that fell off; you know, I mean but really in great shape. There was a little feather bed and then there was like a pillowcase that was over the feather bed and it had red stitching. The little pillows were made the same way. A little quilt. The bed was about the right size for Barbie, because you and Megan used to play with it. And one day I thought, 'Oh this thing is going to wear out. It's getting too fragile and it's such a nice piece.' I talked to the Washington State Historical Museum in Tacoma about it, and they called me one day and asked if they could use it for their Christmas display of old toys and stuff. "Oh yeah!" So I took it down there and I thought, you know, 'maybe it belongs to the museum.' So I said, "Could I put it in permanent loan?"

"No, we don't do permanent loans." [laughs] So I'm really worried it would be destroyed, so I out and out gave it to them. And they sent me a very nice certificate. Well, what makes me kind of mad is the damn museum doesn't put anything out that's antique, they put replicas and little computer things, and they're really boring now. But it's there. Oh they did ask me, "Who did it belong to?"

And I said, "Oh, our family wasn't anybody." Well, come to find out, yes, there really was some wonderful history to it and I should have never given it to them. I think I feel bad about it, I wish I'd given it to the Ilwaco Museum. It belonged down here. But I don't know how to go around them and say, "Please, I know I gave it to you but it belongs someplace else."

DS: I can talk with them and it might be an option.

KB: The institution to institution relationship. I think it might be hard to get it back for yourself.

JW: Oh, I don't want it for myself. I would love to see it in the Ilwaco Museum. I don't know if John Pickernell made that bed. I don't know how Julia had it, but I sure kick myself a hundred times for that one.

	<p>JP: I was disappointed when you gave it away, as a kid, too.</p> <p>JW: It probably wouldn't have lasted through you little girls! [laughs] Because it was getting too tender then.</p> <p>JP: Who, what side of the family—</p> <p>JW: And I thought we could go see it anytime we wanted too. They just changed museums and I don't like them now. [laughs]</p>
38:00	<p>JP: Which side of the family was it—Grandma kind of needed a job. The lady was a Madam and wanted Grandma to cook for them?</p> <p>JW: Oh, that was on the white side of the family. [laughs] Yes, she didn't take that job. She went and cooked for old soldiers out in the Soldier's Home instead. [laughing] That was during the '50s when that happened. I think it was a really hard economic time for a lot of people. She went to Alaska and worked and I lived with an aunt and uncle for about a year. Then she came back and worked at the old Soldier's Home, as a cook, and was very good at it. Later she opened her own restaurant and did quite well.</p> <p>JP: What about? You should tell about the summer that you went to Makah.</p> <p>JW: Oh, my uncle, Don—my mother's family, some of the people looked Indian, some really didn't. My Aunt Marge looked Indian, except she had blue eyes, and my Uncle Don, he looked full-blooded Indian. I don't know, well with eight kids I guess you get—there was just a big [difference]. Florence, she had sharper features, not like Chinook but she was dark and had black hair. But she didn't, facially she didn't look that, but anyway, my Uncle Don bought a fishing boat and he fished out of Neah Bay. And my aunt and uncle invited me to come and stay in Neah Bay for that summer. I figured I was Makah, I think at that time. All my friends were the Makah kids. I don't know if it's still like this anymore. I haven't been there in years but they had wild horses on the reservation. I think they still do, but the kids would go out and kind of half tame them and kids would ride them and stuff. They'd feed them, I think that's how they—anyway,</p>

I'm longing for a horse of my own and my aunt, "Don't you dare get near one of those!" And I didn't. [laughs]

But it was always a treasure, we'd find like broken toys on the beach and it was a fun summer. For some reason, a story I love to tell, I think it's so funny, is they had a movie theater in Neah Bay. And this is 1948. But for I think nearly the whole summer—they must have changed it sometime during the summer—but it was always the same movie. It was *I Shot Jessie James*. I must have seen it about five or six times that summer, as every kid in town did. My cousin was thirteen or fourteen and she'd take me to the movie. One night we were at the theater and there's a part, toward the end of the movie there's a part where Jessie James has become a good guy. He's married and I think they have a baby, and they live in a house; you know, life's going to be wonderful. He's standing on this, as I recall there's a hallway and he was nailing a picture up on the wall, putting a nail in on a chair and this guy comes in and shoots him in the back. Anyway, we liked Jessie James by the [laughs] time the movie ends. We all feel bad. Well, one night, the last time I saw the movie. No, well I did go one more time. This boy in the audience jumped up, ran up on the stage with a knife and started slashing the screen. He wanted to kill the guy that was going to kill Jessie James. I think we did go again and they had mended the screen with some tape or something. [laughter] I don't know if there was something wrong with the kid, or if he had a screw loose, or if he was really primitive. [laughs] I don't know.

KB: So it sounds like that summer happened when you were eight years old?

JW: Yeah. Oh, and we lived next door, it was, I think my mother called it a "shotgun house." You walk in and you're in the kitchen and then you walk through the living room, and then you walk into the bedroom, and then you walk into another bedroom. I don't know where the bathroom was. It must have been in that layout, but I know we had one, because I would have remembered if we were using outhouses. It was a funny house. But we lived next door to the guy that was the chief. And that summer, his daughter was hurt, I don't know if she was thrown from the horse or what; you know, this horse thing. She was about my age. She was a little older than me. Anyway, I think she had a head injury and they took her in to Cushman Hospital in Tacoma, which was an Indian Hospital at the time, and she was still there when I left Neah Bay.

But maybe she was getting better, because the day I left they were having a potlatch at this guy's house, and they had built the trenches and oh I loved salmon! I wanted to stay so I could eat the salmon, because they, well they were cooking it in the traditional way and it's so good! I

	<p>never did know what happened to the girl, if she got better or what. My aunt and uncle must have told me but I don't remember.</p> <p>JP: Was that the only potlatch you missed out on? There's somewhere I heard a story that there was a potlatch, that they didn't get to go, and all the kids that went got really nice toys.</p> <p>JW: That wasn't my story, I don't think.</p> <p>DS: You mentioned that you thought you were Makah? What did you hear about being Chinook?</p> <p>JW: Well, I think I always knew I was Chinook. I think I just thought, I thought that we were related or that somehow the Makah were really Chinook. I mean I associated them with being relatives. Well, they probably are.</p>
45:00	<p>KB: I'd like to go back and talk a little bit about your mother. You said before we started recording that she really liked the life of being a Coast Guard daughter.</p> <p>JW: Mm-hmm.</p> <p>KB: So she ended up moving around a lot.</p> <p>JW: Oh, yeah.</p> <p>KB: And spending some of the time in California it sounds like.</p> <p>JW: Oh yes, the places she lived, well, Westport, North Cove, and then I think they went to Coos Bay and then Point Reyes, and then as a teenager she lived in Sausalito and went to school in San Francisco. I think that was a fun time for her but, my grandfather, he had a kind of interesting job; it was during Prohibition. And he was transferred to, oh a service that went out and caught rum runners and stuff, and that's what he was doing in San Francisco and he got some honors for his work that he did down there.</p> <p>One of the stories that my mother told me was this, my Aunt Jo, Josephine was her name, she</p>

was my grandmother's sister [laughs]. She was kind of a—quite the gal; you know, married several times and the family kind of disowned her because she got an Italian boyfriend, I mean not that he was Italian but he ended up being part of the Italian, people that were doing illegal things. They didn't call it mafia, but they were bringing whiskey and everything. Well, she was down in California at the same time, in the Bay area. And my grandfather told my grandmother, "You cannot associate with Josie." He said, "I know you love her and I love her too, but my job depends on this. She is not welcome here. You don't go to her house." So, if he was gone for a week or so, Aunt Jo would come over anyway, and Mom said it was always fun because she'd bring them toys and—she had a lot of money then. And you know, just all these wonderful treats, and they always looked forward to seeing her. But they knew that they couldn't tell Dad that Aunt Jo came over.

Aunt Jo ended up, well I think some of the people got arrested, I don't know, their racket fell through and there was some gun fighting and she got shot in the shoulder. That always fascinated me that she carried a bullet in her shoulder for the rest of her life. [laughs] That woman could swear. Oh! I learned more words from her. I mean, when I moved to Westport for a couple of years as a child I'd go by her house, and believe it or not I was a skinny little kid. [laughs] And she'd say, "God dammit!" And some other derogative, "You get in here! You're going to freeze your head off. No wonder you always have a runny nose." She'd put a bandana on me. I must have had twenty bandanas because I'd never wear them. She'd give me a new one every time she saw me without something on my head. [laughs]

KB: Did she have children as well?

JW: Yeah, she did, but it was kind of—she had a daughter that died of nephritis, and then she had a son that was fishing off the jetty and a big wave came in and pulled him off and he drowned. And then she had another son who, he was about nine years old and he was—they weren't living in Westport; it was a place that had curbs. He was sitting on a curb and there was, where the water was going around and he was playing with a boat and he had his feet out in the road and a car ran over his legs, and he was in and out of hospitals for a long, long time. Unfortunately, I think he became addicted to painkillers and he just, he was an alcoholic and a drug user, and just, life never came together for him after that.

JP: Is Aunt Jo the one that always wore a negligee?

	<p>JW: Yes. She had a whole closet—that’s [laughs], she had a closet full of negligees and they were these filmy, you know, 1950s wonderful things, but you’d go into her house. I mean they were beautiful, you know, and she’d be dressed that way. I mean when she’d go out, she always wore—maybe she only had one outfit that she’d go out in or something, because it was a taffeta skirt with a lot of pleats that sort of flared out, kind of a see-through blouse, and a black [tam?], velvet tam. That was her going [out clothing] and she’d wear way too much perfume.</p>
<p>50:00</p>	<p>JW: My mother had a restaurant in Westport, too, and she would come in every now and then, because her husband was a fisherman, and he’d be gone maybe for days. She’d come in and have a steak dinner or something. And she’d say, “You come here. I want you to try some of this steak. It’s just wonderful.” And I hated taking bites from her because it always tasted like her perfume. [laughter]</p> <p>JP: What was the name of Grandma’s restaurant?</p> <p>JW: The Surf Café. I think, it’s still there but it’s I think a real estate office now.</p> <p>DS: When you were in Westport were there a lot of Native people?</p> <p>JW: A few, not too many.</p> <p>JW: The Rasmussen kids. Well, I think their mother was Native, and they looked Native. I don’t know what tribe. Oh, one of the things that happened was, in Westport—actually I’ve written this down a long time ago; it was when we were seeking restoration, about memories of certain things. One day this lady and some other people came into the restaurant and she knew Mom from North Cove. They were Shoalwater people, I guess. Mom never differentiated between Shoalwater and Chinook. Actually, they’re the same people. Anyway, this lady knew Mom, and she came in and she said, “We’re trying to get people together. Someone needs to come down to the graveyard.” I’m not sure where this was, but it’s somewhere between Grayland and Tokeland, that’s my only memory of the location. And she said, “Because they’ve broken into graves and we need to clean it up.” So my cousin, and I think my Uncle Jack and my Aunt Marge were there, and Mom and I went down there to help clean up. I remember there were</p>

broken dishes on the ground, that were from graves, because they did get—it seemed like they were blue willow, in my mind that’s what they—the dishes were. And I don’t remember any other artifacts, except the broken dishes. They probably took the beads and other things.

One thing, with more knowledge now, looking back I know what they were. I thought they had wooden tombstones, but I think they were story boards probably, after I read James Swan. I thought, ‘Well maybe they were so poor they had to do tombstones out of wood,’ but, and then after everybody cleaned up everything, they went over to someone’s house and you had a view of the water, but it doesn’t seem like the ocean. It seemed like a river, but I’m not sure. And they had like an old wooden kitchen table or something out in the yard but they had beach grass laying on it. I don’t know if that was to keep it clean or what, and they brought out a big thing of smoked salmon, and then they brought out some saltines. And then, some people were drinking beer and some were drinking coffee and they gave us kids orange pop.

And an old man came over and told us a game, and I just thought it was something he made up, but then I heard something on channel nine one time, where they were, someone was repeating. And I thought, ‘Oh, that was an Indian game.’ But this man started out like he was telling a story and he said, “A long time ago, the trees would blow in the wind,” or “sway in the wind and dance. And they thought they were human beings.” And, “A long time ago, salmon would swim in the water and frolic and have fun, and they thought they were human beings.” Anyway, it goes on and then when you pause, you’d say, “A long time ago, people thought they were human beings.” [laughs] But anyway, you would go through and so after we kind of caught on there, this one boy said—

55:00

[interruption—Margaret Lorton Payne enters the office and DS and MS go into a separate room with her]

JW: This boy said, “A long time ago a salmon smoked and thought he was a human being!” [all laugh] And we thought, oh he’s so funny and witty, you know. In fact, that was the Rasmussen kid. He was Indian, now that I think about it, George Rasmussen did that.

Am I forgetting anything?

JP: You should probably mention Sure-shot Williams.

JW: Oh! [laughs] I guess my grandfather, like I had said he was catching rum runners. And I

	<p>always thought it was Catalina Island, but I think I read something somewhere that it wasn't Catalina but it was in California. There was a boat called <i>The Gray Ghost</i> that was very, very fast and they would bring, they could outrun anything the Coast Guard could. And it was really a thorn in their side, and these guys were bringing a shipment of whiskey and the Coast Guard managed, my grandfather was a chief warrant officer. I think he was in charge of the boat. They ran it up on the ground, the <i>Gray Ghost</i> and pursued them. And there was gunshots and [laughs] my grandfather shot this one guy in the butt. And they, well, he didn't die or anything and people thought it was funny and they started calling him Sure-shot, you know, and that became a nickname for him. But the Coast Guard was able to confiscate that boat and they used it as a Coast Guard boat for chasing rum runners. My grandfather got to, that was his command was on that boat. He was in charge of it.</p> <p>JP: Wasn't his brother in charge of New York harbor or something?</p> <p>JW: Oh, that was his brother in law.</p> <p>JP: Brother in law, okay.</p> <p>JW: He was in charge of, well he retired, I think he was promoted to admiral but that was a temporary title. But he retired as a, just under that. He was in charge of the Coast Guard yard in Baltimore, which is their big headquarters.</p> <p>JP: Was he a Chinook, or?</p> <p>JW: No, he was married to a Chinook. My Aunt [Willa?].</p> <p>JP: Okay.</p>
58:00	<p>KB: So, when your grandfather and your mother, growing up, were traveling from community to community and being relocated, was your grandfather still making connections back to the Chinook?</p> <p>JW: Probably not, except for relatives. Well, because all of his brothers were in the Coast</p>

	<p>Guard, and brother in laws. [laughs] They were always running into each other. You know, on moves and stuff. And have you interviewed Jane Johnson?</p> <p>KB: No.</p> <p>JW: Because her grandfather was my grandfather's brother and he was a lighthouse keeper, somewhere in Oregon, I don't know. I don't know about his career too much.</p> <p>JP: Jane Johnson lives in Silverton, or near Silverton.</p> <p>KB: Okay.</p> <p>JW: And she used to be very active in the tribe, and I think she still is, but geographically it's not working for her right at this time. And she will be more active, you know, when she can.</p> <p>JP: Right. We bought the house from Jane.</p> <p>KB: Okay.</p> <p>JW: Which was a Pickernell house at one time.</p> <p>JP: It looks like it, yeah.</p> <p>KB: Well, my mom lives in Silverton, so it would be easy enough to go over there and talk with her.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">So your mother, I mean this is my assumption is that your mother talked to you about being Chinook and—</p>
60:00	<p>JW: Oh yeah, she told me stories. You want me to read you one?</p> <p>KB: The stories came from your grandfather? Where did she get the stories?</p> <p>JW: I guess, from her grandfather. She could have made them up. I don't know. [laughter] Well,</p>

okay, this one, I started out by, because I wrote it [and] since it was a story I gave it to the Culture Committee. So I had written a little paragraph before.

[reading] “My grandfather, [Layton?] Williams died when I was only four years old. Though I remember him, I do not remember the stories he told. My mother, Layton’s oldest daughter, however, did remember some of his stories. And this is the story of *Tonwah*.”

Tonwah was also Emmeline’s Indian name. Oh, and *Tonwah*, I’ve been told—I should ask Tony this, means “one of little use,” supposedly. But that was her Indian name.

JP: But that could be befitting of a rich man’s daughter.

KB: Okay, thank you. [to Jane] You saw my distress. [laughter]

JW: Well, maybe he didn’t like her, I don’t know. [laughs]

JP: But it could go either way, I guess.

JW: Before I being this story, I’d like to say that this story mimics Chinook stories and explains the origins of the Chinook people. This story really does.

1:01:24

JW: [reading] “One day the Tyee’s daughter, *Temish*, was walking in the mountain meadow, looking for a new berry patch. A shadow crossed in front of the path, and she looked up and saw a wondrous sight. The great Thunderbird flew over and landed on the mountain and began to lay eggs. The Thunderbird laid many eggs that day, and the nest on the mountain top overflowed, and one egg rolled down the mountain. *Temish* quickly ran and caught the egg so that its fragile shell would not break. She put the egg in her berry basket and carried it to her father, the great *tyee* Concomly.” Concomly, Concomly, whatever.

“She told him the story about the Thunderbird and the egg. Concomly sent her to the medicine man, and *Temish* told the story to him. The medicine man told her to take the egg to the lodge and place five smooth stones in a circle and put soft moss and sweet grass in the center, and then place the egg in the center of the nest. He told her to take care of the egg and not let it get too hot or too cold, and to protect it from anything that might harm it.

“*Temish* did as the medicine man told her, and many days later the egg began to move. Then it cracked. Then to everyone’s amazement, it opened. The whole tribe gathered around to see the

birth of the Thunderbird's child. To everyone's amazement, a human baby came out of the egg, not a baby Thunderbird as expected. The baby had a fine head of red hair. When the medicine man came to see the baby, he held her up for all to see.

'Behold, the daughter of the Thunderbird. You will always be able to tell the mark of the Thunderbird by the red hair.' He then gave the baby to *Temish* to take care of and be her mother. *Temish* named her *Tonwah*.

Tonwah grew up to be a fine woman and had many children and grandchildren. In every generation since *Tonwah's* birth, we get a child with red hair. And we know that child bears the mark of the Thunderbird. My mother and many of my cousins have red hair."

KB: That's a lovely story.

JW: You want it?

KB: Yes.

JW: I tried to make a notation because I, well as I say, that's all the same person.

KB: Right.

JW: [papers rustling] I should see if I have anything else in here.

1:05

JP: Oh another, it's not even really a story. Tell about the first time you had smoked salmon.

JW: Oh yeah! That was in California actually. Right after we moved back during the war, I was probably five, and we had gone down to, well it should be called Cabreyo [phonetic] Beach, but really it's called Cabrillo [phonetic] Beach. [laughs]

Anyway, my Uncle Jim, he came late, they were having sort of a picnic dinner and kids were swimming and everything, and it was getting kind of late, or there was fog. It was sort of mysterious and fun, because he asked me to go for a walk with him. Anyway, he had this package in his hand and he said, "This is smoked salmon. They told me that you're going to love it, because you're a Chinook girl and this is something Chinook people ate." And he gave me—I couldn't believe how *good* that was, it was just, like I almost craved it after that and thought we

should have smoked salmon all the time. [laughter]

KB: How old were you when that happened?

JW: Five.

KB: Five, you said that.

JW: Yeah, we had just moved back. I was in Kindergarten at that time.

JP: It's funny, because the first time I remember eating smoked fish is, Uncle Bud had some, my mom's brother, and he gave, [probably David] and I, he said, "You kids are going to like this. It's smoked sturgeon, but you don't get very much. It's for the adults." [JW laughs] And I just could not believe how delicious that was. Again, I said, "Oh, more, more."

KB: [to JW] Was it an adult food when you tried it, too, something that would more frequently be something that the adults would eat?

JW: Kids in our family loved it. [laughs]

JP: I think because the sturgeon was more expensive.

JW: And you don't get it very often. I don't know if Bud bought it or somebody gave him some or what, because you didn't usually get—

JP: Because the salmon was—[indistinct]. But the *sturgeon* was the primo [food].

KB: So, your mom told you these stories. Under what circumstances? Would you be getting ready for bed or, how did she tell you the stories?

JW: Oh, she just told stories. Well, I was the youngest kid, and my brother and sister—I'm, oh, eleven years younger than my sister and eight years younger than my brother. So I had a lot of Mom time, you know, when I was little. I guess, we didn't have cartoons or anything, [laughing]

so she entertained me. And sometimes it would be bedtime. At bedtime I remember her more reading stories to me. But it would probably be during the day or maybe she'd be sitting down and I'd say, "What's there to do now?" And she'd tell me a story or, I don't know, she was just a good story teller.

[to JP] I told you guys stories just off the cuff quite a bit when you were little.

JP: Yeah, about the time you found a mermaid on the beach. [JW laughs]

KB: Tell me a little bit about your dad.

JW: You know, I really don't know him very well. He [pause], he met my mother at a [Grunion?] hunt or feed or something down in California. He was born in Wisconsin but his father was a telegrapher and was sent out to California and worked out there and they stayed for the rest of their lives. He was only about five or six when he moved to California.

Thinking back, being the telegrapher, in 1906 when they had the San Francisco earthquake, I mean things were destroyed and the telegraph lines were down. They didn't have any communication, my grandfather was part of a crew of people that was sent immediately to San Francisco to help establish communications. And one of the things that I've asked my cousin, because I had moved to Washington—my parents had divorced by the time; you know, they lived in one place and they moved while I was gone. Anyway, he had a work shed out back and he had this thing of nails; it was about that long [gestures], so wide, and these nails were all sort of melded and interlocked and everything, but he used it for a door stop on this shed. Well, that was from the San Francisco earthquake. When he was out wandering around there was a hardware store that burnt, and the box had burnt, you know, around the nails and these nails had melted. Well, he picked it up and just took it as a souvenir. So this was in 1945, '46, though, when I'm remembering that.

Then they moved to Yucaipa and he didn't have it anymore, but I'm thinking, you know, my grandmother said, "Oh, you're not going to take that damn thing with you!" You know, which was a priceless piece of history, but that's what I think happened to it. But I've asked my cousins that have stayed down there and they've said no, they don't remember. Well, Tim wouldn't even remember when they lived in Arcadia, because he was born; you know, he was about two years old when they moved. But he didn't remember anything like that. And Audrey, she remembered it but now I don't know what happened to it, so [pause].

1:10	<p>JW: Anyway, my parents, after the war divorced. My mother, they were married about seventeen years but after the war—well, it’s still happening. They come home and they’re sort of different people. And my father was—my niece was just amazed, she said, “Well Grandpa had to be in his forties when he joined the Navy for World War II” which was true. He was. He had been in World War I, but they were taking anybody then. I think he was forty-one or forty-two and he reenlisted. And he had skills they could use, so, but he came home and he was drunk all the time and he was anti-social, and Mom just, “No, I can’t do this. I’m going to go back to Washington with my family.”</p> <p>KB: So, was it you and your brother and your sister who all came up with her?</p> <p>JW: Yeah, Bud was about thirteen I think, or fourteen, something like that, and Barbara, she was probably sixteen, seventeen.</p> <p>KB: And you came up to Westport? Is that where?</p> <p>JW: No, we went to Ordning.</p> <p>KB: Oh.</p> <p>JW: And then, well my mother had never worked. She had been a housewife. I mean, I think she worked in a dime store when she was eighteen, nineteen, you know. But she had been pretty much a typical housewife. And my Aunt Marge and Uncle Herb went to Westport because he got a good job as a longshoreman in Aberdeen, and they bought my Grandfather Maxwell’s house. Anyway, Mom went down there to see her sister and there was a vacant restaurant across the street from Marge’s house and she said, “That,”—my mother had kind of a way of doing things—she did try another job before that. When we first got to Ordning, she had read the book <i>The Egg and I</i> and this place where we lived had great chicken coops, and probably had been a commercial [operation]. So she cleaned it all up and she bought chickens and she was going to raise chickens, and went broke on that. [laughs]</p> <p>And I think she got a job at Penny’s, and didn’t like it a lot but you know, and we did have child support but not a—well, we got forty dollars per kid, I think. Then this opportunity with,</p>

she said, "I've always been a good cook. I'll open a restaurant." [coughs] So she went to Westport and she liked Westport and had lived there, you know, and she opened a [restaurant]. It wasn't a tourist town then, you know. So the restaurant wasn't a real big success. And the snow storm of 1951, I remember it was a blizzard; there was ice out in the ocean. It was horrible. And pipes broke, and oh it was, you know, I'm, the career was, she, "Ach! I can't handle this," you know.[rustling sound with microphone] So, well she didn't move then. She went to work in a cannery down there and then she went to Alaska.

Oh! I took this off.

KB: I'll just fix it. [rustling] All right. Okay.

JW: She went to Alaska to work and I lived with an aunt and uncle in Ordning. Then she came back and I had to continue to live with the aunt and uncle because she went to work for the Soldier's Home, and for some odd reason they had a policy where women workers had to live on the campus at the Old Soldier's Home. So she had to live in the nurse's quarters and there wasn't any place for me to live, so, and it would have disturbed school and everything. So I, I saw her frequently, of course, and continued to live with the aunt and uncle and then the policy changed, oh God, within the year after she got that job and she could live anywhere she wanted and so then, then after that we lived together. [chuckles]

1:15

KB: So, what we have been doing is asking people about their childhoods and things like schools and that kind of thing. Is that okay to talk about?

JW: Sure.

KB: Okay. So, let's talk about the schools that you went to. It sounds like you probably changed schools a couple of times.

JW: Yes. Frequently. [both laugh]

KB: So, do you want to start with elementary?

JW: Okay, I guess I started Kindergarten in San Pedro because that was right after the war

ended. And now I remember that first, that Kindergarten teacher but we couldn't have been there more than a couple of months and we moved to Wilmington, California. I remember liking the teacher but I don't remember her name. Then we moved back to San Pedro. Well, I was in the, I did get to the first grade in Wilmington, and I didn't like that teacher, because one of the things she did—I was a talker—and for punishment she came and wrapped toilet paper around my face, and I just, you know, and I don't—it was humiliating, it was just, I was just sitting there wanting to cry and people looking at me. I mean, well I thought they were. [laughs] They probably were, “Oh, she does that all the time,” you know. [laughs] But you feel so singled out and awful.

And then we went back to San Pedro and I finished first grade there. And started second grade but it was sort of mid-year; they had mid-year advancements. So I went to second grade but the school year wasn't over. Then when we moved to Ordning, I said, “Well, I'm in second grade.”

And they, “No, you're not.” [laughs] “You're back in first grade.” I remember not liking that very much. So then, well I went to school in Westport, which was a two-room school, and that was kind of—we moved there in January and we got there and they had a wood burning range, I mean not a cooking range but it was one of those sort of enamel [stoves] and we had a woodshed out back. It was a two-room school and it had two bathrooms but one of them was broken. So they had to line up the girls to use the bathroom, and the boys. But they fixed that very shortly, I think it was a very brief [time]. But within the first week they switched over to an oil burning stove and took the woodstove out. But we had boys that would go out and bring wood in [laughing], and fill the wood box, which I thought was kind of interesting. But they didn't take out the woodshed and it was one of those sheds that had, like a board here and a skip and a board, and so we used it as sort of a play shed. And we'd crawl up the walls and then go hand over hand over the rafters, and then crawl down the other side of the wall.

I remember this one boy, his dad was in the Coast Guard, so they had good medical, I guess but he fell and broke his arm. And there was no lawsuit or anything; it was, “Oh, kids do things.” [laughs] But they did take the woodshed down after that. And they had a real play shed that had a basketball hoop and stuff, but it was kind of dilapidated. That school now is the Episcopal Church in Westport, and the school that my mother went to in Westport when she was little is now, they've turned it into a tavern. [laughs] It's now called the Fisherman's Inn. They tore down the old building and it's nothing like that old funny tavern. I mean it was a funny tavern when I was a kid. [laughs]

Then we went back to Ordning and then I stayed there and went all through school. I've known

my husband since he was in Kindergarten and I was in first grade. Actually I knew him probably before that, but I don't remember it. [laughs] And we went all through school together, and I guess it was the end of our junior year, became boyfriend and girlfriend. And then we got married. He was twenty and I was twenty-one. [laughs] And we've been married fifty years, in September.

KB: We were remarking, Makenzie and I interviewed Daniel Stephan and his wife, Claire, and they told us that they met in Kindergarten. Or was it first grade? It was first grade—

MM: It was first grade. He was in Kindergarten.

JW: Oh, they're like us. She's a year older than her husband too.

KB: We were remarking on how unusual that must be, and here you are the second person we've interviewed [laughing] who tells that story.

JP: Edna Miller's brother.

JW: Oh, okay, I guess I didn't recognize the name.

Anyway, we've had a nice life together.

KB: Did you enjoy high school? Did you enjoy the—?

JW: Oh, hell yes! My husband was the student body president. I got to be first lady of Ordning High.[all laugh]

KB: Does that mean that you were popular then? You had lots of friends?

JW: You know, I never thought about it but looking back, yes. [laughs] But we weren't mean popular. I mean we, [laughter] I mean you hear of kids being so mean to people, you know, now. I don't know, I guess in a small town, I think you grow up and you know everybody and you just don't dare be mean. I mean there were nerds in school but [laughing] we were nice to them.

1:21

JP: Now didn't some Pickernells move to Ording?

JW: Oh, yes. They did. That always bothered me. The boy, he was probably a year younger than me. I think about a grade behind me and his name was John Pickernell. I knew that my great-great-great grandfather was John Pickernell, and the only thing I didn't like about Johnny Pickernell is he was one of those kids that had snot that hung to here constantly. It was sort of, nnnng, but anyway, when they moved to town I—and there were some other ones. I just remember John. I remember going home and telling my mother, "Guess what." And telling her, and she says, "Well, don't go up and tell him you're related." And I guess she must have been a little embarrassed about it, you know, and I didn't. But I wish I had pursued that more. I think they were only there for about a year. And they were actually probably quite closely related.

JP: And you said that Grandpa's family wasn't very happy that he married Grandma.

JW: No, and that used to bother me when my grandmother on my [father's side], my grandmother called him "squaw man"; you know, "Well, here's the squaw man." They didn't like that. I was very fond of my grandfather. My grandmother, I think you just automatically love grandmothers on one level, but she was always sort of scary and I always thought she was sort of mean.

I asked my cousin Tim about that and he said, "No, Grandma wasn't that way at all," but he was the youngest grandchild. I mean, Tim I didn't know as a kid. I've known him as a grown up, and "Oh no, Grandma wasn't that way." So I don't know but she always—it might have been that squaw man stuff or you know, little asides, and that—but my Grandfather Tuttle was just a loving and warm and wonderful man.

KB: Was his personality such that he just took those comments in stride or?

JW: Oh, my father? I think he just pff! Shrugged it off. He may have laughed about it, I don't know. I'm not sure. I really didn't know my dad that well. After the divorce, he came to see us when I was eight years old. I don't think—it was just before I turned seven that we came up here. And he stayed a couple of weeks, and I remember being relieved that he went home, because he would get drunk and he'd get so stupid. Like one time he was standing at the kitchen sink and there was one of those little corner, those baskets where you, that had drains so you

could put egg shells and coffee grounds in, before disposals. And anyway, he came home late. He was very drunk. And we had already had dinner and he was standing and eating stuff out of this garbage thing. And he said, [in sarcastic voice] “Ah, your mother never could cook!” You know, and going on like that, and everything.

“Oh, I wish he’d go home,” you know, I’m just—and then when I was fourteen he came up to visit. He was on better behavior then. [laughs]

My mother, I think she always loved him but she just couldn’t live with him because of a comment she made years later; you know, about “the man I loved the most in the whole world,” or something. But anyway, he went home and then, and he would write letters, and he’d write stories. I don’t remember his stories at all, though. I wish I had kept the letters. My cousins remember them. It’s funny that I don’t remember them. But as I got older, he ceased to write. He did send me money for college, and that was very nice [laughing] and my mother was very relieved. So he paid for my way through college, but it was a funny relationship and when I got married I wrote to him and asked if he would come and give me away and he never even answered the letter. So my brother gave me away at my wedding.

Then later after he had a stroke and everything he wanted to come up and be with his kids so they could take care of him. [laughing]

KB: Did he come up then?

JW: Yeah.

JP: Didn’t you say there was some question, or he questioned your mother—

JW: Oh.

JP: —about your?

JW: Yeah, well he was really drunk, as always I guess. He came to the hospital and looked—my mother, she came up to Ordning and she said she was actually thinking about leaving my father at that time, and she came up to spend the summer. She got here and discovered she was pregnant. She figured she got pregnant about the night she left. So, she went back home, and so when I was born he went to the hospital really drunk. My aunt told me this. My mother backed it up.

	<p>That he looked at me and he said, “It’s a good thing she looks like me or she wasn’t going to bring this one home.” [laughs wryly] And I do look like my dad.</p> <p>KB: Sounds like a rough relationship.</p> <p>JW: Yeah.</p>
1:28	<p>KB: So, I was interested, you said that you married somebody that you said you had known your entire life, when you were about twenty-one.</p> <p>JW: Mm-hmm.</p> <p>KB: Which, I thought that must mean you went to school after you were done with high school.</p> <p>JW: Yes.</p> <p>KB: What college did you go to?</p> <p>JW: University of Washington. I didn’t graduate.</p> <p>KB: Okay, okay. What did you study while you were there?</p> <p>JW: Elementary education. [laughs] I wanted to be a school teacher. Then after I—I thought about going back and then after I had kids I decided I don’t want to spend my day with a bunch of little kids. [all laugh] Unless they were my own.</p> <p>KB: And did your husband go to [UW]?</p> <p>JW: He went to Stanford and then ran out of money. [laughs] And although, well he finished up, he did graduate from the University of Puget Sound. And well, he finished after we were married. I think we were married two years before he graduated.</p> <p>KB: I don’t recall your husband’s name.</p>

JW: Oh, Tom.

KB: Tom.

JW: His name is Charles Thomas, but he's Tom.

KB: Okay.

JP: Well, the reason I thought Dad didn't go back to Stanford is because he got married.

JW: No, I didn't get pregnant then. It was after he was home [laughing] all the time.

JP: Oh, I thought it was just summer vacation.

JW: No. [pause] Oh, it was but he already was, I mean he was already registered for [UP?].

JP: Oh, okay.

JW: So you're right.

JP: Because I thought I was conceived on his birthday.

JW: Yes, [laughing] I think you were.

KB: When he left for Stanford, was there an understanding that you would get married after school?

JW: Probably. I think it was just something we assumed. We just loved each other so.

KB: And what did he study?

JW: Mathematics. And I guess that's what his degree is in.

JP: I think so.

JW: Yeah. Yeah, he does have a degree in math. He studied business and I think, what's his minor? Because he took a lot of psychology too, but probably business because he knew he was going into business. He didn't want to take, he didn't want a business degree. He loves math and he decided his job didn't, it didn't matter what he took, he was just going to take something that he really liked. [laughs]

JP: He graduated in 1965. I know it from, A, I remember it. I wasn't there but his graduation picture, they used to put the dates on the [back], and it's 1965.

JW: Yeah, he did. Yeah, Megan was a year old.

JP: Yeah.

KB: So you came back to Washington and you married, and then within two years, is that what you said, two years after you married? Or no, he graduated two years after—

JP: You were married in September of '61 and he graduated in '65.

JW: Yeah, I think he took five years to go get a degree. Well, he was working.

JP: And had two kids.

JW: Yeah.

KB: That must have been unusual at that time, for somebody who was going to school to have a family like that. Was it?

JW: Well, actually, I belonged to the University of Puget Sound Wives Club and there were lots of, lots of, lots of us. [laughs] That were married and had kids and...

	<p>KB: During that time you were raising children?</p> <p>JW: Yeah, I was pregnant when I got married. So, yeah. [laughing] Jane was a seven-month baby.</p> <p>JP: I guess my great-grandparents thought I just looked pretty good for a seven-month baby.</p> <p>JW: “God, she even has fingernails.” [laughter] I don’t think they were really that naïve, but it protected them maybe. [laughs]</p> <p>KB: Sometimes it’s better not to say anything. [laughs]</p>
1:32	<p>KB: So, when did you get connected with the Chinook Nation? How did that happen?</p> <p>JW: Oh, I think my mother enrolled me, I’m not sure when, late ‘50s, early ‘60s. It was before I was married. That was something that always bothered me, because my first name is really Carolyn but I’ve never gone by that name. And I asked a lawyer, “Can I go by Joan Tuttle Wekell?”</p> <p>And he said, “Yes, that’s perfectly legal. Just sign all your documents that way and you’re fine.” Anyway, so you know I would get the badge that says “Carolyn Wekell.” [laughing] That just looks so foreign.</p> <p>My mother always had a connection with the tribe, somehow or another, I mean for years and years. Well, [pause] well like the graveyard thing.</p> <p>KB: Right.</p> <p>JW: Well, that wasn’t actually Chinook but it was, relatives, I mean they all sort of knew each other.</p> <p>Oh, something I forgot to say, my grandfather very briefly played baseball; you know, the Indian baseball team that was kind of famous? And one day, my mom and my uncle and I were at the Shoalwater Restaurant [in Seaview, Washington?] This was back in the ‘80s, and they had these old pictures, and they had pictures of the team. And my uncle said, “Look! Pop,” you know and pointed to one of the pictures. I don’t know how long he played. And he was very musical,</p>

and I think there were other Indians involved in it, but they would play at dances. This was, he was in the Coast Guard but they would have community dances and he was part of the band. He played several different instruments.

KB: Do you know what kind of music it was? Was it, probably would be—

JW: Oh probably whatever you would hear at a dance hall in, you know, [laughing] the early 1900s.

KB: Huh. So, your mother stayed connected. Did she stay connected with the governance or?

JW: With what?

KB: With the governance of the tribe? I know that there was a, you know, there has been a long effort to get some kind of recognition.

JW: Yes, because I remember that being discussed when I was in high school. That was about a lawsuit [sighs] that we were all supposed to get money because, it had to do with how many beaver pelts were taken and you know, the, I'm not clear on what—I think the suit was settled but they never figured out how many pelts of beaver. I mean, there were more than beaver pelts, how much we really did lose for the trapping and whatever. And the government was going to pay us. Then I heard that some of the Indians did get paid but not all of them. But she got pretty interested in that, and that might have caused, you know the idea that she might get some money may have made her more an activist. Well, and then she kept running into people when she would come to a meeting that was a relative, a friend of a friend or somebody she knew a long time ago, but I don't remember her being too active until the late '40s, early '50s, and I was a kid then and a lot of it probably went over—maybe she was deeply active.

I should look; there's some letters at home that she kept. A lot of it had to do with her Indian allotment and some of it—there was like a—somebody that was a secretary for the Chinook Tribe wrote her a letter and was putting really personal things in it; I thought, 'That's a funny letter to get.' Because I thought it was a business letter. And she said, "Well, that person's related." And I, I'd forgotten about those. I should go through my mother's things because those might be important now. I've got all of her original papers from the '30s when she was getting

	<p>her allotment.</p> <p>Oh, one of the things—that would have been—I don’t know, you probably have other copies of it, because I recently had my mother’s deed signed by Franklin Roosevelt, framed. [laughs] That was her allotment. I don’t think it’s really his signature because it looked just like the secretary’s. She signed her name, too, and the handwriting looks the same. But it’s still pretty impressive to see.</p> <p>JP: I remember going through Grandma’s papers, and she did have mimeographed Chinook newsletters from the early ‘60s.</p> <p>JW: You know, I hope I didn’t throw those away.</p> <p>JP: I think you gave them to the tribe when they were collecting stuff.</p> <p>JW: Oh, maybe I did. I’ve got to get that—there’s two places I have a lot of her Indian [papers]. I was her executor, so I ended up with a lot of her papers, but I should take a good look.</p>
1:38	<p>KB: So it sounds like she was going to meetings and—</p> <p>JW: Yes.</p> <p>KB: —very active in that way.</p> <p>JW: As active as she could be. She didn’t drive, so it was always, you know she depended on, “If you’re going, can I go with you?”</p> <p>KB: Do you recall Myrtle Woodcock?</p> <p>JW: I’ve met her but I don’t [pause], it’s probably been in the last twenty years; very casually, we weren’t good friends. We’d probably have to be reintroduced if I saw her. I’m sure she’s dead now, probably for a long time, because I think she was about ninety the last time I saw her.</p> <p>KB: Okay, yeah. Did you go to those meetings—</p>

JW: No.

KB: —when you were in high school? Okay. And not in college?

JW: No.

KB: So, at what point did you become involved?

JW: Probably after I—well before that. Especially, I suppose, after I inherited my mother's allotment, and I'm trying to think when I became active.

JP: Did you go to the Allottee's meetings with her?

JW: Yes, I did. And then I met some of the people and, and I don't know. I can't remember the first time I went to an annual meeting; it was just I wanted to go find out what they're doing and, [sighs] God, it's probably in the '80s, I'm not sure.

KB: Did you start doing committee work at that point? Or that took a while before—

JW: Mm-hmm.

KB: —you got involved in that.

JW: Yeah. I think I started getting more involved because I was on the Allottee's board for many years. So I met a lot of Chinook people that way. Most of them were Chinook on that board. And I think I found out more about the tribe through that and got interested, and then [pause], well then as I got to know people through those meetings, and even the annual meetings I wanted to see them again and I knew I'd hear stories. And I just became very interested.

KB: Was the Allotment Board then through the Quinault Reservation or?

JW: No, it's separate from that. They don't even like the Quinaults. [laughs]

KB: So what's the Allotment Board?

JW: It's the—

JP: Allottee's.

JW: —Association of Affiliated Tribes, and there's—

JP: —of the Quinaults.

JW: —of the Quinault Reservation, because that's where the land is, and I think there's nine tribes that are part of it. When I was on there, as I say, most of them were Chinook; a couple of Cowlitz, I think. I don't think there were any Quinaults.

JP: Well, Davey and Leda and Lois—

JW: Well, but they were—

JP: —Chinook at Quinault.

JW: Yeah, they live on the Quinault Reservation but they associate with the Chinook.

JP: And then Nolan was Quinault.

JW: But she, but she—

JP: —declined and now she's—

JW: Yeah, she said she never felt like a Quinault and she was born on the Chehalis Reservation, and, because her great-grandmother was Quinault, but she, she's, I mean she's one-seventh white, I think, and she has a lot of—and she's part Chinook, too. She was born and raised on the Chehalis Reservation, so that's who she feels like.

<p>1:42</p>	<p>KB: So, when did you join the Culture Committee?</p> <p>JW: Last year, I guess.</p> <p>KB: Okay.</p> <p>JW: Well, that was something. I was the secretary of the Allottee’s Association and, and I [pause], it was, it just was getting awful. People weren’t showing up for meetings, so we’d never have a quorum and just, it was maddening. So I wrote them a letter and said, as of January 1st- this will give you—it was a few months before—I will be resigning. Because I was the secretary and I wanted them to have fair warning; you know, that they were going to have to replace me. So I did. But I’m still interested. Well, I continue to be a member, but I’m not on the board.</p> <p>And I wanted to become more active in the tribe and I was very interested in the culture things; you know, like reading about, I got interested in a crafting group where we were doing some cedar bark weaving and exchanging stories. This is what I like, I don’t like sitting in those awful meetings, [laughs] you know. So anyway, I try to be active.</p>
<p>1:44</p>	<p>KB: How were you asked to be a witness for the canoe naming ceremony?</p> <p>JW: Someone just came up and asked me. [laughs] I guess, I think I’m the oldest person in the tribe—I’m not the oldest, but one of the oldest in the tribe, and they treat you very nicely when you’re an elder. I mean, God, being an elder in the Indians has got a lot of sex appeal! [laughter] They’re very nice to you, and someone just came up and asked me that day. Phil Hawks was one of them, and there—was Phil and I the only Chinooks?</p> <p>JP: I don’t know. I was working at the gate, so—</p> <p>JW: Yeah, Anna, oh by the way, Anna Halla [sp?] was in a car accident. Someone rear-ended her, and I talked to her yesterday and she said, “I can hardly move.” And she said, “I’m seeing a massage therapist and a doctor.” She’s just really stoved up.</p> <p>Anyway, Anna Halla was one. She’s Tlingit. Well, I think I listed who—</p>

	<p>KB: I was just looking at it to see. So, we have somebody who's from Grand Ronde, Shoalwater, somebody from the Clark family. Angie Wimer, Snoqualmie. It looks like you and Phil were the only Chinook.</p> <p>JW: Yeah. That was a wonderful day. Were you there?⁴</p> <p>KB: Uh-huh.</p> <p>JW: Oh, good.</p> <p>KB: So, well but I'd like to hear from you, and for the recording, what was important about that day for you? What made it wonderful?</p> <p>JW: Oh, just seeing everybody together. Seeing that something worked, someone wanted to do something right, and to see happy people. Plus, I think it was one of the first days I was feeling good all summer, because I had been sick all summer, and suddenly was feeling better. And, [pause] always proud to see my son. He's on the council and he was there, saying good things. [laughing slightly] It's nice to see your kids grow up nice. Just seeing family, I guess, to share that closeness. And it was just a beautiful day.</p> <p>JP: Indistinct.</p> <p>KB: It was phenomenal in a lot of ways. The weather. [laughs]</p> <p>JW: Yeah. Oh, the weather was beautiful, but it was sure windy. That's why they didn't—well, I don't know where we would have sat in that canoe because I guess the seats weren't in. But they weren't going to put it on the Columbia that day. It was too choppy.</p>
1:47	<p>KB: Well, is there anything else you'd like to add?</p> <p>JW: I don't know what to add.</p>

⁴ The canoe naming ceremony took place on September 25, 2011 at Fort Columbia.

JP: Is there anything else? I mean you said so many stories. I got to wondering, when you lived with your aunt and uncle, did you hear any Indian stories there?

JW: No, but, now I don't know why. My aunt must have been—she was the youngest daughter in the family. But she must have heard them. And you know, I don't remember Florence ever having any baskets or anything, like Marge and Mom did. They were, well there were eight kids and Marge and Mom were number two and number three, and it seems like the older kids knew more about the Indian than; although my uncle, my youngest uncle did. But then he also lived in Tahola.

But so did my aunt Florence when I lived with them. I don't know why. I mean, she knew she was Chinook and, it was just not a thing she'd talk about. I mean she talked about the farm and the ladies society at the grange, you know, things like that. She worked really hard, I mean she was—as soon as gardening came, they had three gardens. I mean they were huge gardens and we lived on a farm and she separated the cream and the milk that we'd drink. She canned. She was a very busy lady. She may not have had time for this chit-chat, I don't know. [pause]

JP: Yeah, that's all I can think about right now. [pause] We have to [?] your cousin that has all the good [?].

JW: Oh, yes. Oh that, my aunt, when she got sent away from Tahola, that aunt, she went and lived with—the aunt she lived with was Aunt Mabel and that was Bob and—

JP: Bob and Dick?

JW: Not Dick. Dick was, oh God, God my mind's gone blank.

JP: Gil.

JW: Gil! [laughs] Anyway, she went and lived with that family for a couple of years. And then when Pop moved to Ording, she moved to Ording. There was no Indians there [laughing] for her to date.

KB: Well, I want to thank you very much for letting us record you and for asking questions.

JW: Well, I hope it was helpful. It just seems like sort of, just old stuff that we've always known or talked about or whatever.

KB: Oh. I think this is the stuff that makes me glad I'm a historian, getting to sit and listen to these stories, but also collecting all of them, I think. Taken together, we'll have a really interesting way of sort of mapping out what this area and other areas look like over the years.

JW: Oh, something I'm doing. I'm thinking of stories. I belong to a—Jane too, belongs to a story group. We're studying the Boas stories, and this summer I thought, 'Oh, I'm going to be sick all summer, going to the doctor all the time. I'm going to rewrite all these stories.' I didn't know how sick I'd get. So I really didn't, I think I rewrote one. I'm trying to get them into a more flowing style to read. We have started a story, annual story thing, where our story group comes and we have a gathering of Chinook people and children, so they can learn the stories. We had the first one. We're supposed to do it every year for ten years so that these kids will grow up with the stories. I think it's important.

KB: Wow. So when does that happen? What time of the year?

JW: We had it in March. There's a tradition where you are not supposed, you can tell stories from the time that the frog stops croaking until the frogs start croaking again. And there was a reason for that. It was that the rest of the year you had to be fishing, smoking fish, drying fish, doing berries. You worked; you didn't sit around telling stories. The wintertime was the time to tell the stories.

JP: Even, they say if you tell stories out of season you'll get stung by a lot of bees.

JW: So, anyway, we have to tell them no later than March.

JP: I thought it was the first frost until the frogs start to croak.

JW: Oh, maybe it was.

JP: That's how I remember.

JW: I think you're right. Well, last night we, I don't, did it freeze down here? All the rooftops in Tacoma were white and the cars were white, I mean with really heavy frost.

JP: It was cold last night.

KB: It was.

JP: And the stars so shiny and bright.

JW: So, anyway that was our first frost in Tacoma.

JP: Good, because I told bits of stories this morning. [all laugh]

KB: Well, thank you. I'm going to go ahead and turn the recorder off.

JW: Okay, and I'll—

KB: Yes, get rid of your— [recorder off; interview session ends]