MEMORIES AND MOMENTS: CONVERSATIONS AND RE-COLLECTIONS

Report to the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples

Life History Project

Tammy Anderson Blumhagen
with Margaret Seguin Anderson

Executive Summary

This project was designed to re-collect vignettes to highlight the relationships that are made, valued and transmitted in everyday conversations in the community of Hartley Bay, a Southern Tsimshian community approximately 80 miles south of Prince Rupert, British Columbia. We developed our narrative in the genre most familiar to the community, *conversation*. We have tried to use both indirect exemplification and direct discussion to convey the incredibly dense web of shared knowledge from ordinary conversations, the insider savvy needed to interpret nicknames and anecdotes, and the system of social relationships encoded in the Tsimshian family histories or *adaox*. This very everyday knowledge is more or less widely shared by the people who comprise the Hartley Bay community and the wider Tsimshian Nation; a community is as much a set of shared conversations as it is a place on a map.

The result of the project is a product that reflects the relationship and collaboration between two women whose lives have intersected in several ways. Tammy Anderson Blumhagen was born in 1960 and grew up in the small Tsimshian community of Hartley Bay, British Columbia; Margaret Seguin Anderson first met Tammy in 1978 when she came to Hartley Bay on a research project, and eventually became Tammy's step-mother. The experiences we have shared have shaped the story told here.

Our original research plan had been to collect conversations focused on both of Tammy's grandmothers, but over the course of the research the project became focused largely on Louisa Anderson, Tammy's "little grandmother". As the work progressed we found that concentrating on Louisa, who is Tammy's paternal grandmother, was a productive approach, casting a revealing oblique light on contemporary issues in this matrilineal community, and that a discussion of her life expressed the complexities and contradictions of lived experience in a Tsimshian milieu in the present day, illuminating the ingenuity with which those who respect that culture now carry it forward. The actual living of Louisa's life, and our own, is both located within the Tsimshian kinship system and an example of the complicated process of clan adoptions and adjustments that make it function in the contemporary world, and by centring the discussion on Louisa we have been able to consider this process.

For this report we have selected vignettes in which a variety of relatives, friends and acquaintances share their memories of Louisa, mingled with information to help readers understand the significance of their recollections; the photographs included are from a variety of sources, particularly family members.

Tammy was the primary researcher, working through previously collected tapes and photographs, continuing the discourse with people in the community and writing down their memories. Margaret worked with her in planning the research, organizing the materials, contributed the theoretical and methodological sections, and edited the report. Research was subject to the ethical protocols appropriate for working with a small community in which confidentiality is not feasible.

Remembering and the recollection of memories are social practices as much as psychological processes; so is forgetting. Whether a fleeting evocation stimulated by a smell/taste/feeling/sound/sight that opens up a past moment with vivid but brief immediacy; or a recital of a formal liturgy re-heard for generations, the shaping, storage and retrieval of memories is experienced within a cultural milieu. Formally recited *adaox* (matrilineally inherited owned family histories which document rights in material and symbolic property) are important examples of culturally significant stored memories in Tsimshian communities. Casual reminiscences of a long-ago excursion recalled by friends when a familiar place name is mentioned, and similar informal memories, are also shaped by conventions of conversation, though their exchange is not governed by the strict protocol governing the recital of an *adaox*.

One interesting product of this research is the identification of a genre of discourse in the middle-ground between these extreme cases. We have identified a small set of familiar anecdotes that we have heard many times, and which we believe are passed on to keep alive the memory of family and friends no longer present, and which seem to be a selection of the more casual stories that are shaped by repeated re-tellings into larger-than-life 'character anecdotes'; these have many of the same features as the formal lineage histories, and experienced story-tellers apparently sometimes used these as *txal 'ya'ansk*, lively additions and elaborations to the stories in their repertoire. There are hundreds of examples of these generally warm and familiar glimpses of the moments that seem to crystallize the essence of a family member or friend; they are each told by only a few people who were present, or who heard the story from someone who was, and are thus small instances of the sort of respect for authorized testimony that the *adaox* carry to a formal limit.

Another implication of this work relates to the issue of the active control of information evident in the materials collected for the project. Being able to shape and control public representations is integral to the collective celebration of shared community, and it is useful to observe that a specifically Tsimshian form of communal memory-shaping underlies the reflexive self-construction of the small community of Hartley Bay. The community works to present its chosen face to the outside world and leaders of the community are well aware of this. We contrast this awareness with the naive assumption in a recent court decisions that written documents left by traders and missionaries could be treated as if they were the direct result of a kind of cinéma verité and therefore more objective than oral materials from insiders in the culture. We note that the court's decision reflects everyday ideas from élite culture, and challenge researchers to ensure that the assumptions and intentions that shape these written records are not obscured.

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Tammy Anderson Blumhagen, Principal Researcher
with Margaret Seguin Anderson, Research Advisor
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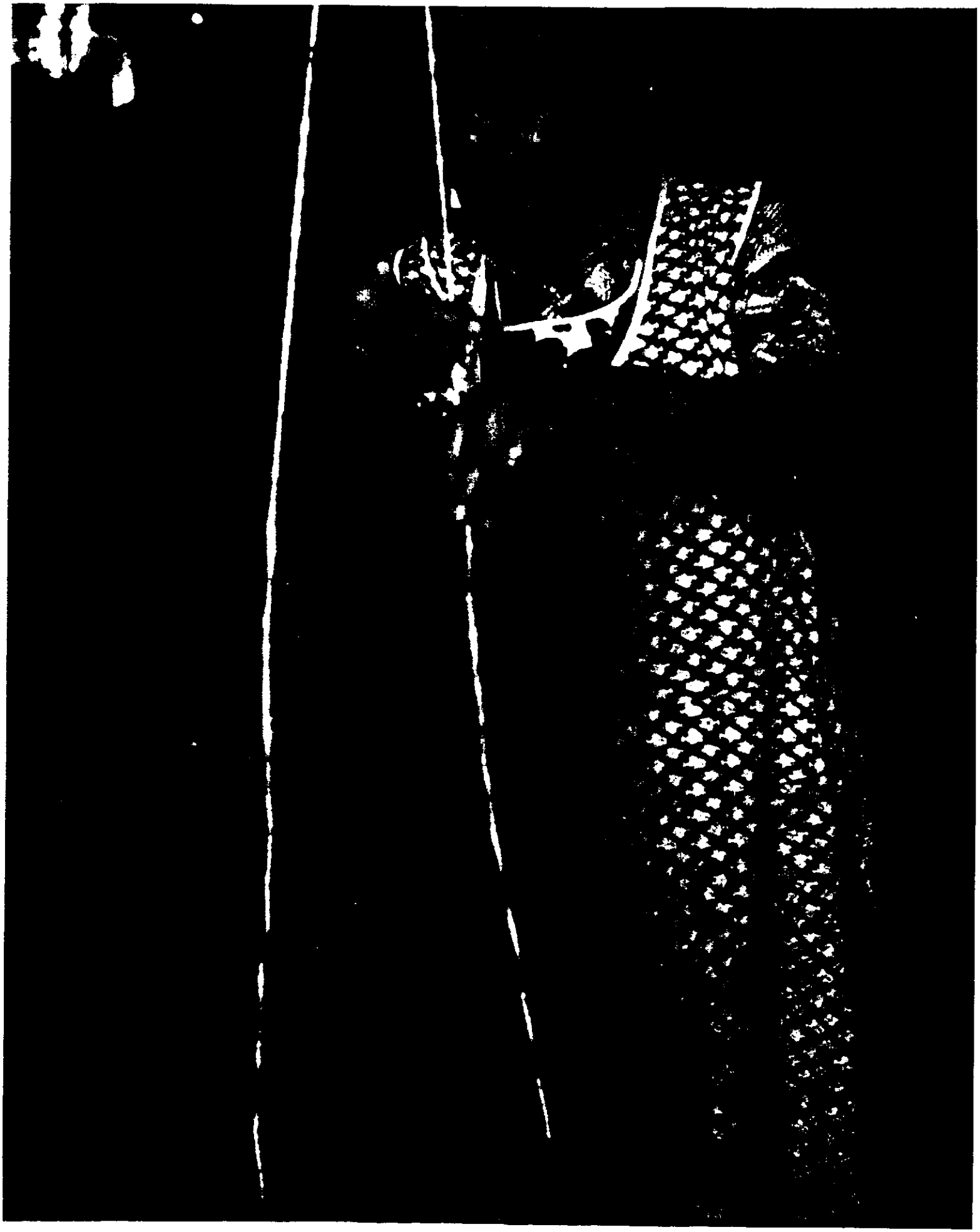

Louisa Anderson, 1907-1989
Louisa was tying dried salmon *wooks* in a smokehouse
Photograph by Margaret Anderson, 1978

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Acknowledgements

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Orthography

There are many words in this report in *Sm'algyax*, the language spoken by Coast and Southern Tsimshian people. Where we have spelled the words from oral material we have transcribed the pronunciation of the speakers following the practical orthography documented in John A. Dunn's **Dictionary of The Coast Tsimshian Language** (Mercury Series, 1978). Where we have used quotations from written sources we have followed the conventions of the source. A glossary of the Sm'algyax words is provided for the convenience of readers.

Introduction

Background

This report is sometimes informal and very local in its perspecitve, and other times it is more academic and distanced from its subject. Its double voice comes from both of the women whose collaboration has produced it, and the several ways our lives have intersected. Tammy Anderson Blumhagen was born in 1960 and grew up in the small Tsimshian community of Hartley Bay, British Columbia[1]; her mother was the youngest daughter of a large family, and her father was the only surviving child in his family. Tammy was an only child. She grew up living with her mother and father in the house of her maternal grandparents; her paternal grandparents also lived in this household with her widowed maternal grandmother after the death of Tammy's mother in 1977. During the summers one of her maternal aunts and her family were also usually in residence; and frequently several cousins were there as well. Tammy's childhood was spent in daily close interaction with literally hundreds of relatives -- at school, church, recreation activities, and in the course of daily chores, she dealt with close or distant relatives. In terms of Tsimshian kinship her maternal aunts are especially close -- they are also mothers to her, and their children are her brothers and sisters; the other members of the Eagle clan into which she was born may also be called 'sisters and brothers', but while some are close and familiar, others are strangers to her.[2]

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1 The population of Hartley Bay is about 200-250 people; the membership on the band list is now about double that.

2 Tsimshian kinship terminology emphasizes matrilineal links, with clans, named after animal powers encountered by ancient ancestors. Tammy is an Eagle (*Laxskiik)* because her Mother was. Tammy's maternal (Eagle) Grandmother let Tammy's father adopt her as a Blackfish (*Gispudwada)* because he had no sisters, but Tammy continues to hold her Eagle name, and still respects her

Figure 3: *No'os* and *Hade'ix* in the Church at Hartley Bay

Eagle crest. See below for an explanation of Tsimshian crests and kinship.

Tammy's childhood was also enriched by other women and men, some of whom she never actually met in person, and some of whom were deceased long before her own birth, but who remain vividly present in Hartley Bay -- manifested in stories and remarks in conversations of people in the community. Two of the best-remembered community members are Tammy's maternal great-grandmother and great-grandfather, known to most people in Hartley Bay even now as *No'os* (mother)[3] and *Hade'ix* (father)[4]. In 1983 Tammy married Gordon Blumhagen and they now reside in Prince Rupert with their three children, Laurie, John and Karl.

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3 *No'os* is the Sm'algyax word for mother; when using kinship terms as 'nicknames' some people tend to use a unique form for each person. For instance some people call one person *No'os* and another person *No'oh*. There are similar patterns with *Ntsi'its*, 'grandmother' which is variously shortened to *Ji'ism*, *Ji'ji*, *Jiij*, *Ji'is*, etc.; and *Ni'yaa*, 'grandfather', which shortens to *Ya'as*, *Ya'ya*, *Ya'a*, *'Yaasm*, etc.

4 *Hade'ix* is actually a Haida word for father; Haida is used on the Queen Charlotte Islands (Haida Gwaii), and is not related to Coast Tsimshian at all as far as can be demonstrated by linguists at this time. Dunn (1984) discusses the fact that kinship terms were sometimes borrowed by the Tsimshian along with many other words, and notes that the use of this Haida word is an honorific among Tsimshian people.

Figure 4: Laurie and 'Jiij

Margaret Seguin Anderson first met Tammy in 1978 when she came to Hartley Bay at the request of the teacher of *Sm'algya̲x*, who was Tammy's mother, Daphne Robinson Anderson. Sadly, Daphne died after the project was arranged, in the fall of 1977, and was not able to pursue her interest in written language materials; Margaret never got to meet her. During that first summer after her mother's death Tammy worked with Margaret on the project her mother had initiated. Part of the work that they did was to record songs, stories and conversations with Tammy's grandmothers, who were generous in their help on the project. Through this first project Margaret encountered many of Tammy's relatives, both those living in the community and those departed or deceased, whose vital presence constitutes much of the fabric of the community.[5] More projects followed, and Margaret published articles and a monograph about the continuity of the feasting tradition in Hartley Bay. In 1984 Margaret married Tammy's father, Clarence Anderson, and became Tammy's step-mother. Clarence and Margaret now split their time between Hartley Bay and Prince Rupert, where Margaret recently became the Regional Co-ordinator for the Northwest for the University of Northern British Columbia after several years working for UNBC in Prince George.

The community of Hartley Bay was the site of the initial intersection of our lives, and it figures prominently in this project. It is both a very ordinary and a very special place. Eight hours by fishing boat from Prince Rupert, now accessible on a daily basis by seaplane, Hartley Bay is a small isolated fishing village with fewer than 200

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5 Over the years the characters of many people Margaret had never met became familiar to her as well: *No'os*, *Hade'ix*, Little Pete, *Ji'ism Gyilhowli*, Old Man Peter Bates, and others are mentioned frequently in conversations among older people, and their names evoke fond recollections.

residents on-reserve, limited economic opportunities, and many of the social stresses and preoccupations that are familiar to residents and visitors to such places. Despite the pressures of life however, Hartley Bay has avoided some of the most horrific manifestations of stressed communities. Most importantly for members of the community, there have been no deaths by violence or suicide within the village. People are aware of their relative good fortune, and many link this to the strong influence of preceding generations, specifically to the authority of *No'os* and *Hade'ix*, known as 'mother and father' by most of the community. Some people lament the breakdown of the many rules that underpinned strong internal social control through the early 1960s, though few imagine that it would be possible or even desireable to reinstate them.[6] On public occasions when the community re-presents itself to outsiders, especially to non-native people, the bonds of kinship and affection appropriate within the community, and the need to respect each other and "the Old People" who went before are major recurrent themes.

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6 Life in Hartley Bay until the middle of the twentieth century was structured by rules enforced by the Village Council; these gradually relaxed through the 1970s. These rules included a prohibition on Sunday work, curfews for adults as well as children, patrols by local constables to enforce the curfews and fire regulations, punishment by the Council for infractions (including fines for adults and corporal punishment for children) inspection of houses for hygiene and fire safety, etc. These were all locally adopted and enforced (though directly derived from the rules of the missionary community that flourished during the third quarter of the 19th century at Metlakatla, British Columbia under the tutelage of William Duncan). The disappearance of these strictures is lamented by some in the older generation now as a cause rather than a symptom of loss of control by the local community.

Project Focus

Our project was commissioned by the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples Life Histories Project. We planned to re-collect vignettes that highlight the relationships that are made, valued and transmitted in everyday conversations in the community of Hartley Bay, which extends beyond the small home village on Douglas Channel to encompass the members who reside "in town" (Prince Rupert) and elsewhere. By developing our narrative in the genre most familiar to the community, *conversation*, we wanted to try to let readers discover some of the texture of the community indirectly.

Our original research plan had been to focus on both of Tammy's grandmothers, but over the course of the project the work became focused largely on Louisa Anderson, Tammy's "Little Grandma".[7] One of the reasons for this was that we felt that some members of her other grandmother's family might be reluctant to have stories about her included in a published work, and we wanted to respect their feelings. A more significant reason however was that as the work progressed we found that concentrating on Louisa, who is Tammy's paternal grandmother, was a productive approach, casting a revealing oblique light on contemporary ways of keeping traditions alive in this matrilineal community; and that we could see in her life many of the complexities and contradictions of lived experience in a Tsimshian milieu at the present time. Seen in perspective, the shape of Louisa Anderson's life illuminates the ingenuity with which those who respect that culture carry it forward now.

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7 Louisa Anderson was about five feet tall, and Tammy usually referred to as her "Little Grandma" in contrast to the taller Violet Robinson, who was her "Big Grandma."

To focus on a paternal grandmother for this research emphasizes the always complicated and sometimes contradictory "situatedness" of the lives of the people that we have considered, and we feel that it challenges the Project Mandate for the Life Histories Projects as established by the Royal Commission, which uses terms such as "matrilineal," rural," aboriginal" and "family" as though these were timelessly stable ideas and entities, and as though people might be found whose lives are archetypes of the concepts. The project under which our research was conducted had the following mandate: "A Three-Generation (grandmother / mother / daughter) study of a rural aboriginal family. This study to be conducted in a west coast, matrilineal nation." Writing literally to this mandate would have meant submerging the complexities of lived experience that have shifted the lives written about here from (usually) rural to (mostly) urban; from matrilineal to matrilineal for feasts with a patrilineal surname and with adopted clans that sometimes "go-both-ways"; and from "seamlessly" aboriginal to married-out / married-in / adopted-in; and from a three- or four-generation extended family resident in a single house to one- or two-generation families who gather with other generations only for special occasions. But as will be clear from the complexity in our materials, there is no such stability.

The lived lives of the authors and subjects of this research are complex, contradictory and conflicted. We might have glossed over or factored out the complexity, but have chosen instead to highlight it as a revealing insight about particular people, a specific community, and the context of contemporary Tsimshian culture. In particular, we argue that to say "the Tsimshian are matrilineal," while true, over-simplifies and does not fully reflect the lives of any family in the community, and marginalizes many.

For example, Louisa Anderson is Tammy's paternal grandmother[8], and mother-in-law to Margaret; however because Margaret was new to the community, and not Tsimshian, in some ways Louisa was a second mother to Margaret, watching out for her and helping her to learn things Louisa knew would be important. When Louisa's husband Alfred adopted Margaret to his Eagle crest and gave her an Eagle name, Margaret was in some contexts able to act as a father's sister to her husband Clarence (a relationship of considerable significance within the Tsimshian system); however, the name didn't come from Alfred's family directly, but was the one that had been Louisa's maternal grandfather's. When Clarence adopted Tammy as his clan sister for the purposes of passing on some of the Blackfish crests for which he and Louisa had responsibility, the clear categories of matrilineality might be thought to have become even more convoluted. In fact, however, each of these relationships is specific to a context, and it is only in abstract algebra of an external presentation of "the system" that they appear convoluted or contradictory.

Tsimshian Kinship 'By the Book'

The actual practice of Tsimshian social organization is necessarily convoluted in the present context. Over the past one hundred and fifty years Tsimshian people have found ways to make their syustem work within a legal framework that was generally incompatible, and sometimes hostile.

Coast and Southern Tsimshian peoples (and their near relatives the Nisga'a and Gitksan) describe their social structure as built around groups of people who think of themselves as very close relatives. A basic building block is the single *waab* or house in which a *Sm'oigyet* (highest ranked male chief) and several other people with

8 See the family tree at the back of this volume.

important name-titles and their sisters (known as *Sigidm'na'nax*) are the social and political leaders who make decisions about territories and resources linked to the house. Married people maintain their ranks in their own *waab*, but may also be given some privileges and responsibilities in the activities of their spouse's group, particularly if they reside in the spouse's house territories. After people get married they may live with the parents or another relative of the wife of the husband, or may set up their own home. When people's livelihood was based mostly on fishing, hunting and collecting foods from the land, it was useful to be able to live and work with any one of several kinds of relatives. In this way there were likely to be enough people of each age and gender group to make effective use of the resources of every territory without over-exploiting and ruining a territory.

Each such house belongs to one of four matrilineal crest groups or *pteex*, by virtue of their shared descent through their mothers and grandmothers from ancestors whose exploits had attained mythic proportions commemorated in *adaox*, family histories publicly recounted during ceremonies hosted by the group. The four matrilineal crest groups or *pteex* into which all Coast Tsimshian people are divided are the *Gispudwada* (Blackfish or Killerwhale), *Laxskiik* (Eagle), *Ganhada* (Raven), and *Laxgibuu* (Wolf). These are sometimes called 'phratries' in technical publications, and are often called either 'clans' or 'tribes' by Tsimshian people speaking English.

There are sub-divisions within some *pteex* based on several distinct origin stories. For example, there are *Gispudwada* with the *Nuganaks* story in which several ancestors were taken to a house under the sea and returned with tokens of this experience; and there are other *Gispudwada* who don't have this story, but whose ancestors had encounters with Grizzly Bears and One-Horned Mountain Goats. Each

such sub-group is entitled to display the crests that commemorate their ancestors' experiences, and only authorized members of the sub-group should use the specific paintings, carvings, songs, name-titles, and dances that celebrate the powers of their origin as a group.

Whatever the story of origin, however, it is incestuous to marry within the *pteex* -- all people whose mothers are sisters call one another sister and brother, and this is extended up the chain of relationship through grandmothers so that even if the "blood" relationship is quite remote it is unthinkable for a "clan sister and brother" to marry. On the other hand because of the rule of clan exogamy (marrying out), the children of a person's mother's brothers, or father's sisters, are inevitably members of a different crest group. These "cross-cousins" used to be favoured marriage partners when arranged marriages were important mechanisms for controlling the inheritance of wealth, power and social position, and a major way to establish and solidify advantageous connections with other groups in Tsimshian social practice.

While the matrilineal kin group is the fundamental social unit, there are elaborate social relationships with the kin group in which a person's father is a member. There are frequent service and gift exchanges with this *kswaatk* group, and respect should always be shown by gifts when their crests are displayed.

Because matrilineal relationship is primary even at great remove, it is possible for a house with no suitable heir for a name-title within the closest circle of relations to reach back to "distant" relations for an appropriate successor -- as long as the person is from the mother's side, and is therefore a member of the same *pteex and waab.* "Closer" relations through a patrilineal link are not members of the same group, and are not eligible unless there is a special adoption into the group. There are numerous

accounts in the histories of many families of such successions of distant matrilineal relatives, often involving individuals whose residence was in a different winter village, and might have been so for many generations.

The most significant public ceremony at which family histories or *adaox* are invoked is the *yaokw*, the series of feasts associated with status changes, especially the assumption of a hereditary name-title linked to a territory. At such events, elaborate regalia bearing the crest designs belonging to the group may be worn, and the display of these emblems always requires the expenditure of wealth as gifts to the people who witness it. The hosts at the *yaokw* are the members of one crest group, while the guests are from different *pteex*. The *pteex* comprising each local winter village have always been linked together by formal exchange cycles among their *Sm'gigyet*, marking birth, naming, maturation, marriage, and, of course, death and succession. To a substantial extent the gift-giving and feasting is still practiced, though while these events were once the entire "social whirl", they are now part of a busy calendar of school, sports club, church and village activities. Each individual born into Tsimshian society is enmeshed in a web of actual and potential relationships and gift exchanges set in motion by birth into a specific matrilineal group; story, house, crest, song, name-title, feast and territory are important organizers. When Tsimshian people describe their system in abstract terms, it should be understood that this is an "ideal" model, which would only apply in an ideal world. In the past as in the present there was some flexibility in the system. In the past century this flexibility has been stretched and adapted to deal with stresses that flow from the colonial context.

Contradictions in the Contemporary Context

After a single generation in a matrilineal system such as the Tsimshian have,

the children of a group of men and women members of a single *pteex* are split into the children of the women, who are members of the same *pteex* (since their membership 'goes by the mother's side'), and the children of the men, who belong to other groups determined by the *pteex* to which each man's wife (and her children) belong. This pattern of matrilineal descent and group membership carries down the generations.

Though this system was stressed after the imposition of colonial barriers to some of the practices such as inheritance through the maternal line, Tsimshian people continued to adapt it to their situation. For instance, the impact of the huge population losses caused by epidemics sometimes made it harder to determine which person was "in line" to get a particular name, and may have contributed to the frequency of the practice of bringing back distant members of houses to maintain a succession, which is well attested from the nineteenth century. After the entry of British Columbia into Confederation the Indian Act was imposed, causing new strains and disruptions in implementing the Tsimshian system.

Under the Indian Act, until 1985, Indian Status and Band membership were transmitted patrilineally. That is, the children of all male Band members would be Band members; this includes the children of any female members whose partner is a Band member of course, but also includes the children of any other women, including a non-Tsimshian woman married to a Band member. The children of any female Band member whose partner is not a Band member would not be members of the Band, but would either be members of the Band to which their father belongs, or might not be members of any Band if their father were not entitled to Indian Status or Band membership.

Since 1985 the provisions of Bill C-31 have altered the rules regarding

transmission of Indian Status, and Bands have had the option of creating local rules regarding Band membership. It is still frequently the case, however, that children are registered as members of the Band in which their father is a member. Unless a strict application of matrilineal principles were used to assign eligibility for Band membership, the dissonance between Tribal membership and Band membership principles is unavoidable even after the changes of Bill C-31.

There are many complications arising from the conflicts between the two systems. For instance, it is not now possible to marry (first) cross-cousins, which eventually will diffuse the pattern of inheritance of name titles among a much larger group than the traditional practice of arranged marriage with the preference for cross-cousins for potential title-bearers. It is now legal (and increasingly common) under the Indian Act for individuals who are members of the same *pteex* to marry, which makes the regulation of the business of the *pteex* more complex, requiring "clan adoptions" to avoid the continuing censure on such unions. Marriage into a community by non-Tsimshian women or men, who aren't members of any house, also introduces stresses. Most of these are also handled by "clan adoptions," in which individuals are adopted at feasts to participate as members of clans which are not theirs by right of birth. The use of these practices facilitates the continuation of the system to which Tsimshian people have a strong commitment, and is clearly an adaptation of the system. That the Tsimshian system has been adapted flexibly and will continue to change does not mean that it is not a system.[9]

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9 This statement might seem obvious, but it is necessary in the light of attitudes such as were expressed in the judgement of the court in the Delgam Uukw case. That decision includes the following language: "It became obvious during the course of this trial that what the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en witnesses describe as law is really a most uncertain and highly flexible set of customs

The actual living of lives in Tsimshian communities is both located within the Tsimshian kinship system and exemplifies the complicated process of clan adoptions and adjustments that make it functional in the contemporary world. Our family is probably an extreme case because there are "only children" in several generations and therefore a dearth of the nieces and nephews who are key to the "textbook" operation of the system. However the *adaox* show numerous examples of adjustments to the "pure" operation of the theory of matrilineality, and it is unlikely that it ever operated strictly according to abstract rules[10] any more than Euro-Canadian law does (as is demonstrated by the many volumes of case law needed to interpret Euro-Canadian law).

There are complexities in the lives of most contemporary Tsimshian people, and they are working to adapt their system which developed in a strict matrilineal clan context with carefully arranged marriages to the world of patrilineal last names and individually chosen marriage partners. In this contemporary context Tsimshian people

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which are frequently not followed by the Indians themselves. . . . There always seemed to be an aboriginal exception which made almost any departure from aboriginal rules permissible. In my judgement, these rules are so flexible and uncertain that they cannot be classified as laws (p. 189). As quoted in Don Monet and Skanu'u (Ardythe Wilson) 1992. As noted above, the Gitksan are neighbours of the Tsimshian, and their languages and cultures are closely related.

10 There are stresses and strains in any system of kinship, descent and inheritance. Some of the stresses of the Tsimshian system are appent in Claude Lévi-Strauss' analysis of several Tsimshian stories about a man named Asdiwal. Lévi-Strauss believes that the stresses inherent in the Tsimshian system are dramatized in the repeated episodes in which Asdiwal marries women from houses connected to his in different ways, and tries to settle down sometimes in his own community, sometimes in his new wife's community, etc. Each solution brings its own complications as Asdiwal embarrasses his new brothers-in-law by amazing hunting success, cheats on his wife or just plain gets homesick.

continue to reflect on their lives and to represent their experiences to themselves and to the world at large in ways that are specifically Tsimshian. Some of the solutions that people have devised are apparent in the material that appears in this volume, and we hope that this brief introduction to the Tsimshian system will help readers to understand them.

Research and Presentation Format

Our goal is to introduce readers to Louisa Anderson, to the community of Hartley Bay, and to Tsimshian culture. We hope to do this in a way that is somewhat like the way a newcomer entering the community for the first time is suddenly caught up in the middle of whatever is going on, and only finds time to reflect about things a bit later. We have tried to control the urge to get outside our material to "lay it all out" for our readers in a narrative line, tidying up the stray bits and creating a neat package. Neat packages are useful for some purposes, but they are usually wrapped from the outside -- explanations are often external and rather artificial means to simulate knowledge about a community without ever encountering the rather ordinary events of daily life, which constitute most of the experience of insiders.

Instead of an analysis, we want to try to convey the sort of experience of someone visiting Hartley Bay for the first time; at first the people met and referred to in conversations dissolve and merge in confusing ways, and explanations about who is related to whom in what ways only add to the overload of information! The same stories are heard several times, sometimes with a different slant each time, and they begin to sound familiar. That is the feeling we are trying to create! We have not entirely avoided the urge to locate ourselves outside of our material however. We include in our presentation some discussions and analyses -- the presentation here is

thus not 'seamless'. We have added to the mix some of the sorts of asides that people offer newcomers when they look particularly bewildered (such as explaining puzzling expressions like "herring on hair"); we have also included a bit of "anthropologist talk" such as the preceding description of Tsimshian kinship. We see these interjections as shortcuts to figuring out what is going on in Tsimshian community life. These leaven the highly contextualized and localized stories that may make readers feel like they have come into the middle of the conversation -- as they have! Such material is more representative of how most people encounter the community, whether growing up there or moving there to live and work as an adult. We hope that gradually the characters will begin to sort out for our readers, and the names and places become familiar, and suddenly readers will know what is going on!

For this report we have selected vignettes in which a variety of relatives, friends and acquaintances share their memories of Louisa, mingled with information to help readers understand the significance of their recollections. The photographs included are from a variety of sources, particularly family members. We hope that in giving readers background information we have made it easier to get to know the people and community (how do clans work; why do Tsimshian people sometimes "adopt" their own children or their children's spouses; what is a 'ganjie'; how do you dry seaweed; what on earth is "herring on hair"). We also hope we have managed to avoid becoming tedious despite repeating some information at several points so that readers won't have to look back over many pages to find out how two people are related or when Louisa and Alfred celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

Tammy was the researcher for our project, working through previously collected tapes and photographs, talking with people in the community and writing down their

memories. Margaret worked with her in planning the research, organizing the materials, and did the editing. Research was subject to the ethical protocols appropriate for working with a small community in which confidentiality is not feasible. In many ways this is the same standard that governs the conversations we sought to collect -- much is omitted when outsiders are present, and a tape recorder is very much like an outsider. There is much omitted, and much to be read between the lines of course, and at the end of our report we will discuss the kind of self- and community representation that is illustrated here. We will conclude this section with a paragraph from one of the anonymous reviewers from the Royal Commission: "The paper looks at first like a scrapbook family history, gathering together recollections and images of someone who was central to the lives of many people in this small Tsimshian community. The researchers allowed their subjects to speak for themselves. The result, when put together, is more than just an individual portrait or family history. Through the particulars of this one person's life and the recollections of those who knew her, the reader obtains a rich and sensitive portrait of an entire community."[11]

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11 Our thanks to this anonymous reviewer from the Royal Commission for this thoughtful reading of our manuscript. The reviewer's recognition of the potential impact of presenting 'the particulars' evokes the comments on particularity offered by A.L. Becker in his 1985 lecture in the Georgetown (Linguistic) Lecture Series; Becker argued that the richest forms of study of human meaningfulness begin from particularity.

Figure 5: Ambrose Robinson, Tammy's maternal Grandfather He is remembered as a wonderful story-teller

Making Memories

Remembering and the recollection of memories are as much social practices as psychological processes; so is forgetting. Whether a fleeting memory stimulated by a smell/taste/feeling/sound/sight that opens up a past moment with vivid immediacy; or a memorized recital of a formal liturgy, the shaping, storage and retrieval of memories is experienced within a cultural milieu.[12]

Formally recited *adaox* (matrilineally inherited owned family histories which document rights in material and symbolic property) are important examples of culturally significant and highly valued stored memories in Tsimshian communities. The *adaox.* and their invocation at formal events, are structured by cultural conventions that reflect conversational patterns in *Sm'algyax.*[13] On the other hand, casual reminiscences of a pleasant day recalled by old friends when an almost-forgotten place name is mentioned, and other similarly informal memories, are straight-forward instances of the genre of conversation, also culturally shaped, though not governed by the strict protocol governing the recital of an *adaox.* The most interesting product of this research is generally in the middle-ground between these extreme cases. *'Txal ya'ansk* are familiar anecdotes told and re-told many times, shaped to accentuate the characters and incidents described, and often passed on to younger people, keeping alive the memory of family and friends, even beyond their lifetimes. These seem to be a selection of the more casual stories that are shaped into 'character anecdotes' through many tellings. These have many of the same features

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12 Becker, A.L., 1979

13 Seguin (Anderson) 1984 discusses several of these conversationally-based patterns.

as the formal lineage histories and lively traditional stories of *Txaamsm* or *Ts'ak* ('trickster' figures). Experienced story-tellers apparently sometimes used these character anecdotes as *txal 'ya'ansk*[14], lively additions and elaborations within widely known stories in their repertoire -- the localized and localizing touchstones that bring stories home in a rich sense for listeners who share the joke.

For example both of the authors have heard many times the story we call 'Little Pete[15] Shot Two Deer With A Single Bullet'; and it is simple to prompt someone who knows the story to tell us 'How Little Pete Shot the Ganjie[16] and Lost the Biggest Halibut We Ever Saw'. Tammy's paternal grandfather, Ambrose Robinson, was a wonderful story-teller, and he often incorporated 'Little Pete' and other local characters into his versions of stories.

There are hundreds of examples of these glimpses of the moments that seem to crystallize the essence of a family member or friend, generally warm and familiar, but occasionally pointed or biting. Some are told by only a few people who were present, or who heard the story from someone who was, and are thus small instances of the sort of respect for authorized testimony that the *adaox* carry to a formal limit. Others are so widely known that they have become the source of nicknames that are used locally. For example, "Gale Warning" was the name that some people used to refer to

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14 *Txal 'ya'ansk* has a range of meanings, including exaggeration.

15 "Little Pete" is Peter Bates (whose grandfather was also named Peter Bates). Clarence Anderson's mother's sister was Little Pete's mother, so according to Tsimshian kinship, Clarence and Little Pete were "brothers" (parallel matrilineal cousins). Little Pete was a lively person who was constantly organizing activities and playing practical jokes.

16 A 'ganjie' is the name for one of the many short lines with baited hooks that are connected to the each long anchored line in fishing halibut.

Tammy's Big Grandma in some contexts, because for years she was the village Health Inspector. This job entailed visits to every house in the community to inspect its cleanliness; those houses that were not up to standards received warnings, and might eventually be cleaned and the householders billed by the Council. When "Gail Warning" was out inspecting there was a real whirlwind of activity ahead of her! The name "Gail Warning" was used for the CB for the Nursing Station in Hartley Bay many years after the weekly home inspections had been discontinued.

Sometimes just the name of a familiar character is used by insiders, and the significance may have to be explained to others: 'Ya'sm Bilip is a name that a few people now might call a man who cooks with great energy and raises a sweat exactly like Philip Douglas did many years ago.

We found that people from Hartley Bay offered us a mixture of "casual" reminiscences and a few of the more formalized *'txal 'ya'ansk*, the elaborated anecdotes that could have titles. Everyone recognizes and uses nicknames, and kinship terms are used even by people with no actual relationship; the nicknames generally have an explanation, but rarely a 'story'.[17]

The advent of writing, the erosion of story-telling as a widely shared genre, and the tendency to "freeze" traditional materials and to root out contemporary

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17 For example to say that Clarence Anderson is called *Gwa'als* because that is the short form of the name of the person he reincarnated is an explanation, but it has no story-line or plot, and is not really a story. On the other hand, to describe how *Ji'is Goy'is* [Mariah] and her brother *Hade'ix* [Heber Clifton] recognized that Louisa's new baby was the reincarnation of Richard Clifton, and wouldn't leave till he was baptized *Hagwil'skaask*, might be made into a story.

"contaminations" have all worked to close the corpus of Tsimshian stories.[18] The *'txal 'ya'ansk* may well represent a new generation of episodes of Tsimshian Trickster stories and even occasionally *adaox*, waiting to be born and nurtured into the stories to keep them alive. In this report we begin with a brief excerpt from an *adaox*, select several "plain" conversations, and include a few *'txal 'ya'ansk* used as conversational caps. We hope that Tsimshian people will share these with pleasure, and remember and pass on others for their own grandchildren, and that through reading these recollections, other readers will come to know something about Louisa Anderson and her family, the community of Hartley Bay, and the Tsimshian people.

18 Some, but not all Tsimshian people avoid changing old stories or reject 'made-up' stories, sometimes saying that they are taken from comic books and aren't Tsimshian.

Figure 6: Louisa Anderson with Laurie Blumhagen, 1987

The next chapter will open with the *adaox* to which Louisa Anderson was entitled as the carrier of a particular chiefly name who had been elevated and had given feasts. We will close this introduction with an example of a relatively unshaped memory from Laurie Blumhagen, Tammy's daughter, who was just five years old when her great-grandmother died:

> The thing that I remember about my [great-] Gramma is that whenever I saw her she would give me fifty-dollar bills[19] and that she had a lot of wrinkles.

We are both pleased that in future years Laurie will have other memories of her Gramma as collected in this report from many people who cared for her.

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19 Though the only income that Alfred and Louisa had in their later years was their government pensions, Louisa always saved money to give to Laurie; this was to be used for her clothing or saved for her education.

Nis Haiwaalxs

Over the course of her life Louisa Anderson was a daughter, sister, wife, mother, aunt, grandmother, mother-in-law and friend; she was a piece-worker and wage labourer, and sometimes a fisher; she helped when her husband worked his trapline and collected, preserved, and prepared much of the food needed by her family; she produced delicate crocheted doilies and afghans, supported the United Church Women, sang for years in the church choir, drummed, sang and danced at feasts, and entertained with comical skits at festivities. She was, in sum, many things, but one of the facets of her identity, which was central for her, was that she was a Tsimshian Chief[20], and responsible for several high ranking names entrusted to her by her maternal grandfather, Walter Wright of Kitselas.[21]

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20 Louisa Anderson had a Chief's name that would generally have been a man's name; in her generation she was the one who had to take the responsibility for that name. She told us that when she was young she really wanted a different name, a particular woman's name that she liked, but they told her she had to have that man's name; as shown in the genealogy provided at the end of this volume, there were no males in Louisa's family line in her generation.

21 Louisa's mother's mother, Rhoda Wright Bates, was Walter Wright's oldest sister, and in Tsimshian kinship terminology Walter Wright was Louisa's "grandfather". The eligible individuals of the intervening generation did not live to take on the names themselves (Wright lived to be 104 years old). Walter Wright had seven sisters, and it is interesting that their marriages appear to have been arranged to create relationships in each of the communities that figured in the *adaox* belonging to the line; his sisters' descendants are now represented in Hartley Bay, Kitkatla, Port Simpson, Kitselas and Kitsumkalum and also in Nisga'a and Gitksan communities. Wright allowed his *adaox* to be written down by a non-aboriginal man from Terrace, Will Robinson, and that version is available under the title **Men of Medeek**. He also allowed other people such as William Beynon to record parts of it several times, and there are a number of versions in various archives as told by him or other members of this large crest group. While Louisa was born in Kitkatla and spent part of her childhood and her entire adult life in Hartley Bay, she identified herself as 'from' Kitselas. When Clarence Anderson was a boy of 13 or 14, Walter Wright visited his sister Rhoda at the cannery on the Skeena where the family was staying for

Louisa's respect for her heritage, and her efforts to ensure that the names she was looking after were properly carried on, were major themes in her life. Her involvement started early; when she was a small girl her grandfather[22] took her to a feast in Bella Bella, and she recalled seven decades later that she had been frightened and hid under the table.[23] Throughout her life she attended and hosted feasts, contributed generously in money (as appropriate to the holder of a male chief's name) and in goods to be distributed (usual for women) to feasts given by the Blackfish, and served as a cook and supervisor of the protocol for distributions and naming for the Blackfish, and sometimes also for the Raven Clan in Hartley Bay, to which she was eventually adopted and given a name.[24] By training and experience she developed and maintained the knowledge of descent and protocol that made her a valued expert. Two months before she died she was insistent on having us take her

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the season; he asked to take Clarence back with him to be trained, and identified the woman he would be married to in Kitselas. Rhoda (Wright) Bates told her brother that Clarence was still a boy and not ready to get married. Clarence eventually succeeded to Wright's Chief name, *Neas'd'hok*. after Peter Bates (Little Pete) died without having completing his own succession.

22 This may have been Albert Argyle (pronounced by Louisa as [Agai)], a prominent Blackfish from Kitkatla or her maternal Grandfather, Peter Bates, who was an Eagle from Hartley Bay.

23 Louisa told Margaret Anderson about this occasion; she said that there was a man there who had done something "out of line", and that they kept calling his name out and pounding with a talking stick, and each time they said his name they put a thousand dollars in front of him; six times, and when they finished he couldn't lift up his head.

24 When Louisa's mother died, she was raised in Kitkatla for a time by her father's sister, Evelyn Ridley, who was a *Ganhada* (Raven clan member); when Louisa received her Raven name this was mentioned as one of the reasons. Louisa later moved to Hartley Bay to live with her grandparents, Peter and Rhoda Bates.

for a trip to visit her cousin Sarah Shaw[25] in Kitamaat "to straighten out the names". It is fitting therefore that we begin with an excerpt from the formal *adaox* to which Louisa was privileged through her Blackfish Chief name *Nis Haiwaalxs*.[26], which exemplifies this most formal of the genres of Tsimshian discourse.[27]

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25 Louisa and Sarah are both maternal descendents of sisters of Walter Wright, so they belong to the same lineage and are sisters in the Tsimshian way -- what Louisa spoke of as "really our own" (wül'a'is).

26 *Nis Haiwaalxs* is the name spelled according to the current orthography, with the pronunciation that Louisa used; in the excerpt it is spelled as Will Robinson wrote it, *Neas Hiwas*. Marius Barbeau spelled the same name *Neeshaiwaerhs*.

27 The prose used by Will Robinson to render Walter Wright's narratve is formal and highly stylized. The formality is probably appropriate, though the appropriate genre might well be poetic. The vitality of the genre in Sm'algya̲x genre isn't apparent in this translated example.

At the Gitsalas canyon

There remained to date (P. 470, Plate XXXIII) in 1910, three old, slender totem poles, or heraldic columns, which were rounded from base to summit and showed no evidence from chambers in the back that they were used as mortuary columns for the reception of the ashes of the cremated dead. These carvings are crude in comparison with either those of the coast or of the upper river, and would indicate either the poverty or the want of artistic sense of this people.

In the accompanying Plate XXXIII, the totem pole shown in (a) is carved to represent a beaver sitting up at the base, above which the rounded pole is ornamented in encircling series of parallel grooves indicating the marks of the beaver's incisors.[1]

The pole in (b) is more elaborate; it shows at the base a frog, and above a mythical four-fin killer-whale [M.B., the salmon *qanis*], the tail carved to represent a human figure. Adjoining are the remains of the old communal house, with ridge-pole carved in the form of a salmon.

Figure (c) of the plate is a plain, rounded column surmounted by a wolf figure [M.B., the Grizzly Bear].

Only the base of the pole shown in (d) now remains; it is a human figure seated and enclosing a smaller figure.

The decayed remains of other carvings and house-timbers, half buried in the moss and overgrown with brush, confirm the statement of the natives that this was the largest and most important of the villages in the vicinity.

FIREWEED AND KILLER-WHALE PHRATRY

The Fireweed Pole of Neeshaiwærhs, on the Fortress (*ta'awdzep*) of the Gitsalas canyon of the mid-Skeena River. Restored in 1928; it had been leaning at a precarious angle.

Description. This long plain pole, without any carving except, possibly, [illegible] top, represented the Fireweed crest of the owner.

Function, age. It was erected by Kastu'ini, a chief of an Eagle clan of the Gitsemkælem tribe of the Tsimsyans Proper, in memory of a former Neeshaiwærhs, about sixty years ago or more.

(Informants, S. W. Qawm, chief of a Raven clan of the same place and Rosa Herring of Port Essington, belonging to the same family; William Beynon, acting as interpreter, 1926.)

[1] The small projecting shelf above the figure contains a trespass notice requesting that the post be not disturbed, as it is private property.

Figure 7: *Na'Ptsaans Nis Haiwaalxs*
Photograph from the Canadian Museum of Civilization, Ottawa

Excerpts from the *Adaox* of the House of *Nis Haiwaalxs*

Neas-D-Hok is my name,
and I am the head Chief of the Grizzly Bear People of Kitselas.

I have "Power" on both sides of The Big Canyon.

On the right hand side I have the power of my Chieftainship.
For many generations Neas-D-Hok has had that right.

On the left hand side I carry the "Power" of Neas Hiwas,
for in my generation there is no Chief of that name.

When I was a boy my Grandfather, who was Neas Hiwas,
taught me the history of Medeek.

...And since that day the Men of Medeek have taken their right
to wear the head-dress of the One Horned Goat.

That head-dress is the insignia of the scion of the Royal House;
the emblem that denoted the youth who would, in due time,
be raised to the seat of rulership.

...So, in obedience, the Men of Medeek have taken and used
that strange crown - the Goat head
with a single horn rising from the centre of the forehead;
while down the right cheek a vivid streak of red stands out
against the silver whiteness of the hair.

...In due course Neas Hiwas called a Council.

In that Council Neas Hiwas brought to memory the gift
of The Goat Crown... Here was a like instance.

"From this day," he announced, "I take as my head-dress
the head of Medeek, the Grizzly Bear.
It is the Law that when men die in a great disaster
those who follow after them have the right to take unto themselves
the name of the destroyer.
Thus, from this day on, I take the name of Medeek.
It shall be the crest of my Totem."

(excerpts from pp. 1-21, **Men of Medeek**, Will Robinson,
as told by Walter Wright, (written during 1935-36).

Figure 8: Louisa Anderson weaving a basket, 1982

The *adaox* are formal, public, and freighted with implications for territories, privileges, and political relations among actors and groups. They are largely restricted to the contexts in which these matters are being publicly transferred or transformed; in fact even there they are rarely heard, even in part -- it is more usual to refer to the story, rather than to tell it. Except for the requisite linkage to establish prerogatives, these are stories that resist the agency of contemporaries.

Louisa Anderson was profoundly aware of the significance of the legacy of names that she carried throughout her life; she spent enormous time and resources remembering and respecting the relationships on which they rest. She gave feasts herself, contributed to those of others with her labour, goods and money; and at feasts she worked gladly as a cook, server, passer of goods and namer. When the event was a 'fun feast' she would join her friends in a lively skit; and at solemn events she drummed, sang and danced.

She spent countless hours discussing the protocol for feasts, consulting on which names should be given to particular individuals, and the best choice of ceremonial namers; and she and several friends sometimes played with the words of their own language to create new examples of the one or two-word poetic balances of meaning and sound that are Tsimshian names. She liked to listen to stories from published and archival collections of Tsimshian materials, and was especially interested in sounding out the names in these.

The following comments by Helen Clifton discuss Louisa's impact on the community through these roles.

Louisa Anderson: Killerwhale Clan Elder

Contribution by Helen Clifton[28]

Whenever ceremonial feasts were planned, a meeting of the clan took place.[29] Serious discussion would ensure whether the feast was just an ordinary get together, or a memorial feast. Elders spoke, young people listened and learned.

Due to her long experience, in her latter years she was listened to as knowing established protocol regarding the potlatch giving away system, and how gifts are presented in the hierarchy of presentation.

As a singer/drummer for the clan dance group she remembered all the songs and the dance steps that accompanied them. She was in a core group of three elders: Louisa Anderson, Cora Robinson and Flora Eaton. Her enthusiasm and her keen feeling of pride in the clan energized her counterparts as they became teachers of an existing group today.

Louisa knew well the preservation of natural foods, from cutting fish and smoking them in a smoke house, preserving berries, medicinal plant use and gathering bark. Her forays into gathering places became the source of remembered stories and place names as most recollections of people and history past are provided through memories of elders.

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28 Helen Clifton is the wife of Chief John Clifton of Hartley Bay. She submitted this contribution in writing.

29 The clan meeting, or *t'ilgyet*, establishes a course of action by consensus. If a difficult decision is involved the meetings might go on for weeks. See "Clans of Hartley Bay", published by School District 52, Prince Rupert.

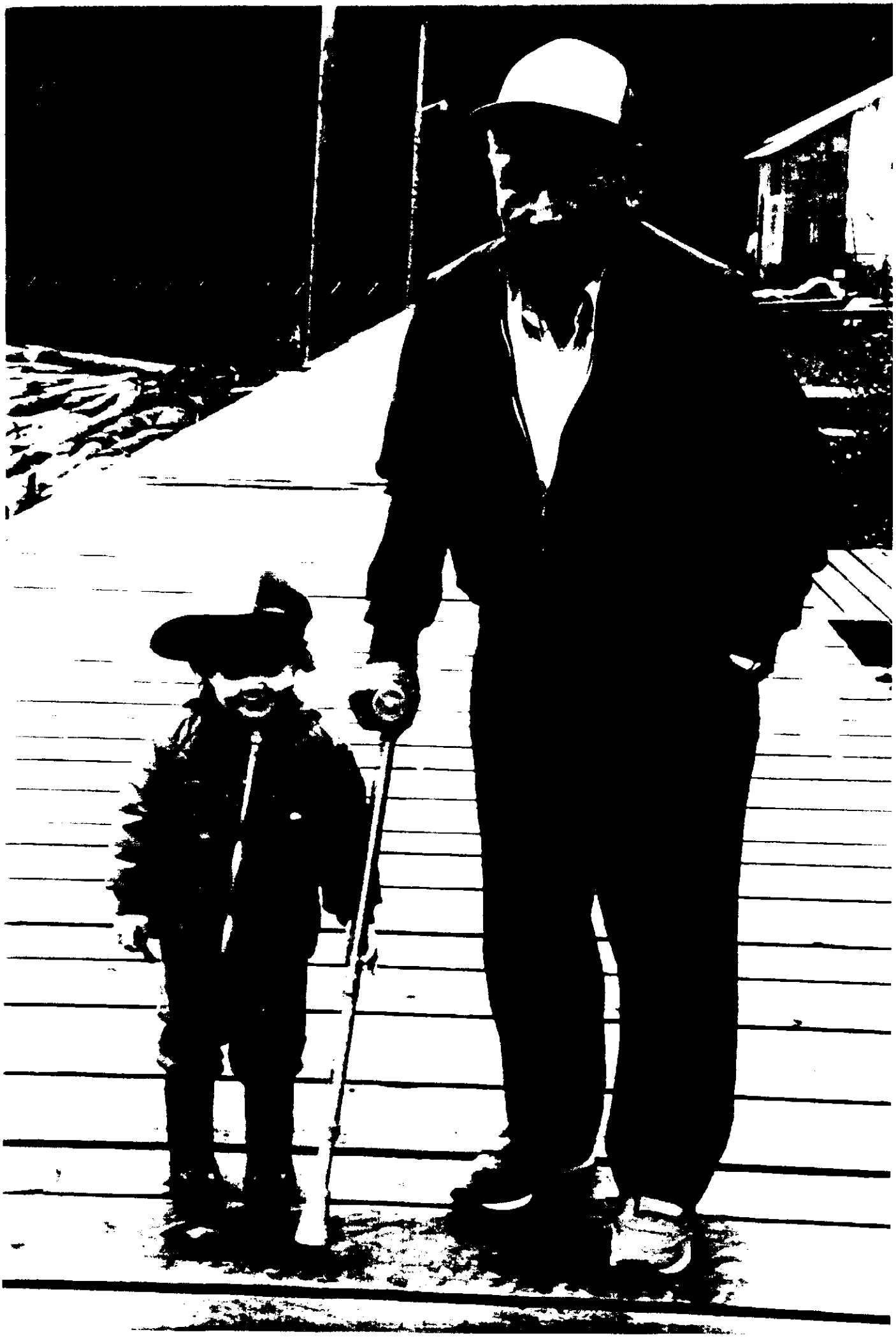

Figure 9: Alfred Anderson with Laurie Blumhagen on the boardwalk in Hartley Bay, 1986

Dap Blit[30]

Alfred and Louisa Anderson were married over fifty years and had grown to know and anticipate each other's thoughts and words. While their lives were not always placid, in their later years as Tammy and Margaret knew them, they were inseparable. Almost no one spoke of them except together -- it seemed natural to think of them both. The following contributions reflect on their lives together from a variety of perspectives, reflecting the relationships of each of the different people to Louisa and Alfred. The section begins with Charlie Robinson, who tells a bit about their earlier years; Charlie is almost a generation younger than Alfred and Louisa, and recalls the hard work that Alfred did for his own elders. Rosie Mason had been married to Louisa's 'brother' (in Tsimshian kinship terms) Reggie Mason; she talks about Louisa's family, and then tells an anecdote about Alfred. Goolie Reece remembers a place where she spent a season with Alfred and Louisa drying halibut and collecting seaweed. Jack Eaton is from a younger generation, and recalls Alfred and Louisa from the eyes of a child visiting them. Alrita Leask is from Metlakatla, and met Alfred and Louisa as a grown woman when she started going out with their nephew Raymond; Alrita's memories are of getting to know the family. Darlene Leland is the daughter of Flora Eaton, a close friend of Louisa; Gordon Blumhagen, Henry Clifton, Terry Lowther and Perry Reece and Allan Robinson each talk about Louisa and Alfred living and working together.

Alfred was a Big Help to the Old Folks

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30 *Blit* is a nickname based on Alfred's first name as it is pronounced by speakers with a *Sm'algyax* accent; there are no *f*-sounds or *r*-sounds in *Sm'algyax*, and the pronunciation of *d*-sounds at the ends of words is usually like a *t*. *Dap* is often used with individual names, and translated as "them", so *Dap Blit* might be translated as "them Blit"; it means Blit's family.

Charlie Robinson[31]

They lived with Peter Bates.[32] Alfred was a big help to the old folks. Martha was Louisa's mother's sister. Louisa's mother was Alice, she was married to Stephen Ridley, from Kitkatla. She [Louisa] had a sister named Evelyn, but she died of t.b. She was already a teenager when she died, and Peter Bates and his wife took care of them after Alice died. Louisa had a brother, and he died in Kitkatla. I think his name was Albert.

Alfred was a real help to old man Peter Bates, you know when Peter couldn't do anything Alfred was the man of the house. Kept them in wood, kept them in food, he used to go trapping. The old man was one of these guys that wouldn't take a chance. Alfred was telling me, when they used to, they used rowboats trapping. They didn't have gas boats then. They would go one end of the trapline, and they used this big boat, and every time they would go to leave to set traps or look over their traps, they went up or down from where they lived.[33]

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31 Charlie Robinson's father's father's brother was Alfred's grandfather; Charlie was also related to Louisa through his mother's mother; Clarence Anderson's late wife, Daphne, was Charlie's sister. Hartley Bay, and in fact the entire community of Tsimshian people, is linked together by multiple relationships such as this.

32 Peter Bates, Louisa's maternal grandfather, was one of the leaders of the village in his generation; Alfred's trapline was given to him by Peter Bates, as was his *Laxskiik* (Eagle) name. Louisa and Alfred lived with Peter and Rhoda Bates for years.

33 The trapline Charlie which is describing here is on Campagnia Island; it had a cabin in the middle. Alfred later had a trapline on Pitt Island from York Point to Three Mile; Clarence became his partner on this line, and since Alfred's death has taken Tammy as his partner.

Rosie Mason[34]

Parents - her dad was Steven Ridley, but she called him uncle[35]. Peter and Rhoda Bates raised her, because her mom died, I don't know how old she was when her mom died. Relatives - Reggie and Louisa were brother and sister in the Indian way, their mothers were sisters. Rhoda Bates was blind, she was a quiet women. Martha [Reggie's mother] was paralysed from arthritis.

The thing that I remember about Louisa was that she was drawn to my daughter Audrey. Another thing that I remember about Louisa was that whistle that she used to do *SSSSS sssss*, and when she was mad it would get worse!

I remember the first time Alfred dropped into my house in Hartley Bay. I was surprised, [because it is a long walk from his house[36]] He said "nobody thought I'd make it and I just wanted to see your house", and before I knew it everyone was calling, looking for him. He just said "never mind, let them worry about me".

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34 Rosie was married to Louisa's mother's sister's son, Reggie Mason.

35 After Louisa's mother died, she was raised for a time by her father's sister, which is why she called her father 'uncle'. Later she moved to Hartley Bay and was raised by her maternal grandparents.

36 Hartley Bay has boardwalks rather than roads, and except for a few small garden tractors used to haul freight in recent years, and a couple of ATVs, there are no vehicles. Rosie's house in Hartley Bay was built in the mid-1980s, so Alfred was close to 80 years old when he visited her house the first time and decided to let people worry about him!

Goolie Reece[37]

One thing that I remember about Louisa and Alfred was that we went camping with them one time. We camped in *Kluu'nagat*,[38] in April. There was the five of us in a small house, we were working on fish, halibut. I think that Perry was with us that time, we stayed for quite a while, for a month I think, then we went to Kiel for some seaweed.

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37 Margaret Reece (Goolie), is married to Alfred's step-brother, Simon Reece.

38 This refers to a place in the outside chain of islands close to Campagnia; there is another *Kluu'nagat* on Grenville Channel. Halibut is fished and dried in large quantities in the spring; at the present time people who are able to do so move to Kiel for a month or more in April and May, to fish halibut and pick and dry seaweed. The seaweed is dried on rocks in the sun, then taken back to the village and made into thick cakes in boxes before being chopped fine with axes on large wooden blocks. The chopping is usually done by a group of women working together in the summer and the chopped seaweed is thoroughly dried in the sun for storage.

Jack Eaton[39]

When I was growing up, I remember Alfred and Louisa, in *Lax 'tsis Wada* [Surf Inlet], that's how I remember them, having a good time trapping. [Trapping for mink, otter, and marten] with Wyler and his family. Art was there[40]. And in the evening they would entertain themselves by playing cards, and start to argue [about the card game].

I can't remember if Clarence was there! But they all lived in the same house. The food was plentiful. You know abalone. This was in March when they would go out trapping. They had a son named Noogie [Tammy: What was Noogie's English name?] Jack: I don't know, but the name Noogie came from his playmates. Louisa's children weren't healthy. (Jack's mother, Flora Eaton, commented that Louisa and Alfred's children had very curly hair. The children that had died.[41]) I remember Alfred, this was in Rivers Inlet. I went out with Art. After they would make a set, they would tie up together, Alfred, Sam (Wilson), Art (Robinson), they would sit in the stern of the boat and enjoy a drink. I remember Alfred offered me a candy, he told me to go and help myself, the candy was in the wheelhouse.

They were always happy to have company. They would rush around to make the company feel comfortable and feed them.

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39 Jack Eaton is Alfred's father's sister's daughter's son.

40 Wyler and Art are Jack's mother's brothers.

41 Louisa and Alfred had five children. Clarence is the oldest and the only child who survived to adulthood; there were also three others, a daughter named *Sudaa£* who died in infancy and twins who were still-born. Another son, Raymond, who was nicknamed Noogie, was severely injured in a fall from a bridge in Hartley Bay when he was about eight years old; he died after some months as an invalid.

Alrita Leask[42]

It was kind of interesting how it was when I first met your Granny. Ray took me down to North Pacific to introduce me to them, and we went in there. It was really cute you know, like in the other story that you had, how she cruised around doing her house work, and this and that. She always went fishing with Alfred, so they were always busy doing that when she came in, she would get ready for the next time that they had to go out again. We went in there, she rushed around and we sat down. She was going to get us tea and this and that, she was going to get a treat for us. It was really funny because she spoke in our language, she asked Ray what he was doing bringing a white women to her house -- and I was just sitting there! I just laughed and she looked at me. We used to laugh at the first time that she met me -- I understood what she had said, and we told her who I was, and where I was from, so that was really cute.[43]

But all the time, she used to go fishing with him all the time, when I used to go gillnetting with Ray. They used to be fishing in the same area as us, and one time when we were out there, we were having trouble with the gas fumes leaking, so they took both the kids on to their boat and kept them overnight until we got things fixed, and then we took the kids back. She was really good that way and she was always busy cleaning, even like in later years.

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42 Alrita Leask was married to Rosie Mason's son Raymond; Raymond's father, Reggie, was Louisa's brother in the Tsimshian sense (child of a mother's sister).

43 Alrita is from Metlakatla.

Figure 10: Alfred Anderson, 1984
Photograph taken by Tammy Blumhagen

I used to stay with her in Hartley Bay when I would go down there and work with the village.[44] I really enjoyed staying with her; she'd be up, and you know how she would whistle around. I really enjoyed spending that time with her, but I can always remember her for being right with Alfred, like they did everything together. It was a real team effort the two of them, her whole life just centred around everything that was going on and what they were planning, and really being a partner right there with him, they did everything together. I think it must have been really hard when he died.

Tammy: Yeah it was. I stayed in Hartley Bay with her for a little while. You know how they collect everything, she collected all of his belongings for burning,[45] and when we were done, we went to Terrace, because that's where I was living at the time, and she would say to me, you know it feels like I'm just away on a trip, and I have to hurry home, cause he's there waiting; so she had a really hard time.[46]

Alrita: Even when she was alone and I used to stay with her, because I stayed with her when he was still alive, and then I stayed with her again after, but it was really strange. I used to think that there was such a loneliness about her after because so much of her life revolved around everything that they did together. They were good,

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44 Alrita works with the North Coast Tribal Council.

45 It is usual to burn the clothes, linens and personal possessions belonging to someone who has died. People who are very close to the family may help with this, and if someone asks for an object it can be 'passed over the fire' (held on a long pole over the fire) and then be given to them.

46 Louisa stayed at Tammy's house outside Terrace for a month the summer after Alfred died. In August she went to London, Ontario with Margaret, and stayed until Christmas time so that she could receive medical treatment. She enjoyed many of the things that she got to see (especially the visit to Niagara Falls), but she was homesick for her language and her lifetime friends, especially before Clarence came to London after the fishing season was closed. Louisa died two years after Alfred did.

they really did everything together. I always envied people as a couple who could do things together, and be really happy and comfortable with each other. Even when we lived in Hartley Bay, when we stayed that one winter, and we stayed in their house at the other end, she had everything just so.

Tammy: Where were they at the time?

Alrita: They must have been out at North Pacific.[47] They were away, do you remember when we stayed that one winter down there?

Tammy: I remember when you were there, but I don't remember why they weren't there.

Alrita: They were up here, and I don't really know what was going on, but I remember Ray asking if we could stay in their place, and we did. And yeah it seemed really strange you know after he died, and she was by herself, 'cause I think it's really lonely, especially when you've been with someone for that many years, and being so close, eh.

Tammy: Yeah, they celebrated their fiftieth anniversary.

Alrita: They sure did, they did everything together, I don't think it would seem quite as bad if people who weren't so close with each other all the time, you know the shock of everything, if you are occupied with your own little thing, but she was right there doing everything with him all the time.

Tammy: What was she like with your children?

Alrita: She was good, she really took an interest in them. I think that she had

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47 North Pacific Cannery, near Port Edward. Alfred worked at the reduction plant or on repair and maintenance of the cannery's fleet of boats during the winters some years.

had a child named Ray[48] or something. But with her and Reggie taking one another like brother and sister, that's where the bond was, and almost with everyone, it was like Ray [Reggie's son Raymond Mason] was always the baby. He was always babied by everybody, I will always remember that. So they always took an interest in things, and she was good with the kids. She did take an interest in the kids when they were around. We always made a point of seeing them, we would always go down there, (North Pacific) and they stayed at our place a couple of times, when they were in 'cause we had an apartment on Fulton. But with everything that was going on, just like what they had in that little article before, everything about her was Clarence and Tammy, what was going on with you guys. That was a real -- she was always like that, telling us what's going on with Clarence and what's happening with Tammy, that was always a part of what they were doing.

Tammy: I grew up with my other Grandparents, my Mom's Mom and Dad, so Louisa was my favourite Grandma. She always did special things for me, and Violet, she was kind of hard, and I can understand now, because I have three children, but she would have no part in spoiling me. It was Louisa and Alfred that spoiled me, because Violet had to live with me, so I would go over to Louisa and Alfred's. I used to love going over there because they had cards. Louisa had cards in her house -- well according to Violet that was the ultimate sin, because that was considered gambling! I would come over and play cards with Grandpa, begging him to have one more game, and he put up with me for so long.

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48 Louisa and Alfred had a number of children, but only Clarence lived to maturity; Ray, who was nicknamed *Noogie*, died after an accident when he was 8 or 9; *Sudaa£* died as a baby, and a set of twins died at birth. Louisa and Alfred took several other children into their home for as much as a year hoping to adopt them, but in each case the parents later took the children back.

Alrita: I think that she would have had you over more than she did, I think that she was envious of the time that you had with your other Grandparents,

Tammy: I remember that I used to go over and spend time with them on weekends, and I used to love going out to NP[49] in the summer.

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49 North Pacific Cannery. There were 'Indian houses' at the canneries where families from the villages would live during the fishing season. NP is now a national heritage site, the only cannery left standing on the north coast from the original heyday of the industry. The North Pacific Cannery Village Museum Society is engaged in a project to reconstruct some of the Indian houses, which were condemned for health reasons, leading to the closure of the cannery; the new facility was located in Prince Rupert where the company did not have the obligation to provide housing to workers.

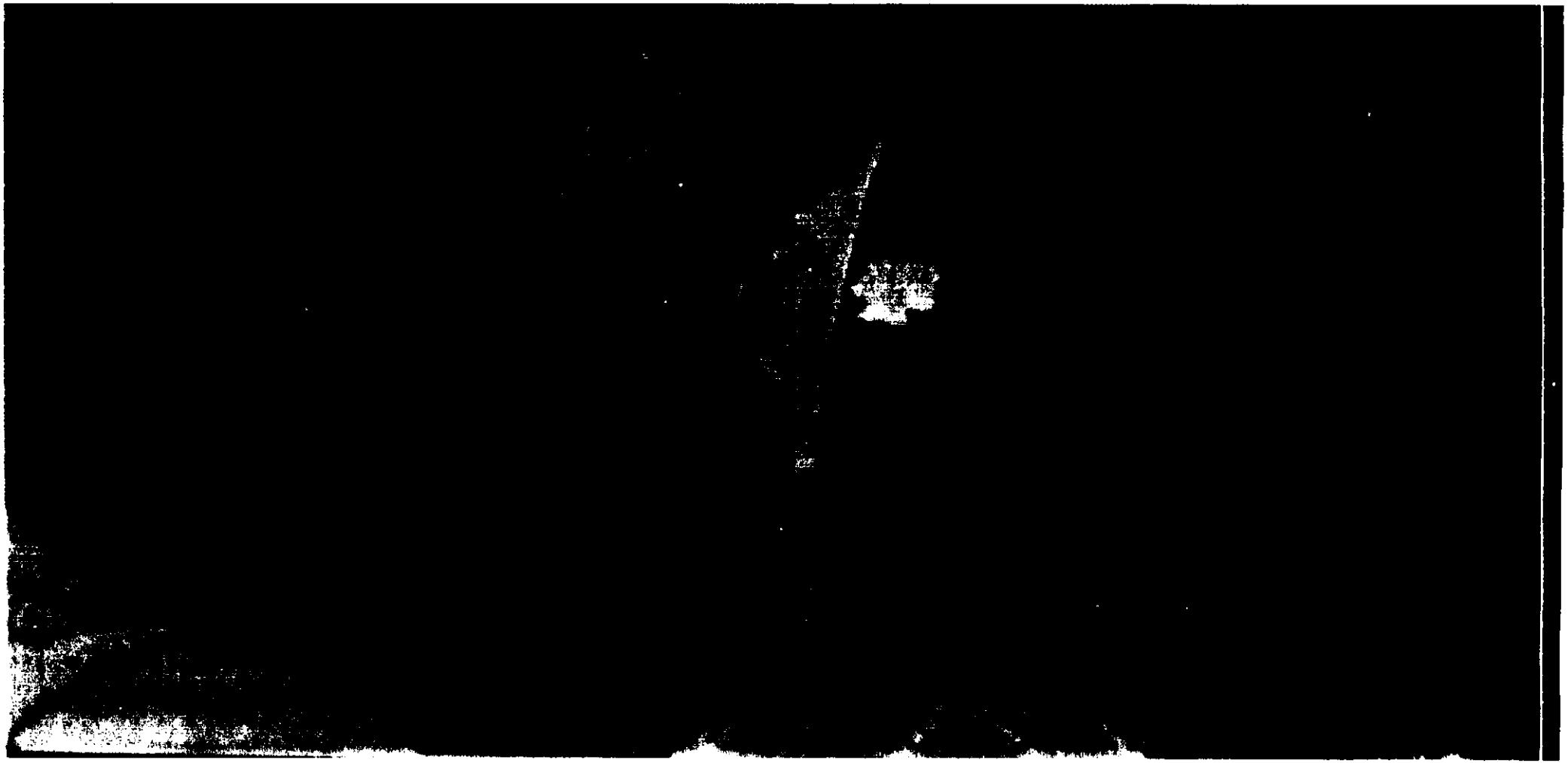

Figure 11: Louisa and Alfred at their 50th Anniversary feast

Darlene Leland[50]

The eagles served at the anniversary feast, because I was a guest at the feast, and I remember that he [Alfred] was very shy, and he got tired of kissing her,[51] so they started with other people, like Simon and Goolie or Belle and Ivan. The party was during Christmas, the hall was decorated nice, and this took place in the old hall.

Charlie Robinson: I don't know how old she was when she got married. Alfred was older -- he must have been 24 or 25 -- your Grandma must have been 22, so when they celebrated the 50th anniversary, they must have been in their 70's.[52]

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50 Darlene is Jack Eaton's sister, and is Alfred's father's sister's daughter's daughter.

51 This refers to the same custom used at non-native wedding and anniversary events, where the guests may make noise until the couple kisses.

52 Louisa and Alfred were both born in 1907, and they celebrated their 50th anniversary in 1981, when they were both 74.

Figure 12: Gordon Blumhagen & the Fish that he Didn't Catch with Alfred

Gordon Blumhagen[53]

I went on a fishing trip with Alfred one time. I knew very little about the gillnet, and, out of the blue he said "come on we're going to go fishing." I had been talking about wanting to go for some time, but, one day he comes up and says let's go, so out we went on this boat, Clarence's gillnetter. We didn't go very far, we went to the light marker, just outside of Hartley Bay, the rock. The entrance of the channel there, we were trolling around in that area. We hadn't caught anything; it had started to rain, it was just generally turning out to be miserable. It was cold, it was wet, there was nothing to be caught. Neither one of us was enjoying ourselves, and I caught something. I caught hold of something. I didn't have a big fishing rod, I didn't have the right rod. I had a trout rod, way too light, way too light. I bent this thing dammed near in half, so we stopped the engine. We're not going anywhere, and I haul this thing up, it's a big one, it's heavy, and it's coming up slow, and we're both kind of interested and up and out of the water this thing comes, what I caught was a foot-round rock, with a jellyfish attached. I snagged a jellyfish, a "rock fish" -- try to live that one down! It's funny now, but it was embarrassing. He talked about that for weeks, it had just made his day, cheered the man right up. I think that Louisa thought that was funny too.

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53 Tammy's husband Gordon is not native, and had to learn a lot about new customs after he and Tammy began dating.

Henry Clifton[54]

As I was growing up, there was a group of women that would go around, I guess it was UCW [United Church Women] women, would travel with Gale Warning,[55] we'd have to clean the house up just about 5 minutes before they would get to our house, otherwise they would hire someone to do it for us.

Louisa always seemed to be the nicer one in the bunch, to me! And getting into my teens, those old women that would associate with each other were funny women to me. They would fix us things and give them to my mother to give to us for presents, like socks, or slippers or woolen underwear, (*'paksa huu*). So they were always nice old women to me, I've never known anything bad about them, to this date I still don't know anything bad about them, and I wouldn't want to know.

They were the greatest actors and actresses of Hartley Bay, I will say, those old people. Thinking about them today is a place where I get my strength from. Because Louisa's husband is one of the ones that baptized my son, he gave him his Indian name, so there's more strength there for me[56]. It's a Raven name.

As they got older, I was called upon to help more and more, I guess because I was living with Auntie Violet and Uncle Ambrose, and I did a lot of chores for them, and

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54 Henry is Tammy's age, and his grandfather, Lewis Clifton and Alfred Anderson were raised together by Alec Moody, *'Yasm Alik*.

55 The nickname Gale Warning was used for Tammy's maternal grandmother, Violet Robinson, when she acted as the village health inspector. Her job was to visit each house to check cleanliness; if the house was not up to standards the health inspector could order it cleaned, and even send in people to do the job, for which the householder had to pay the Council. When the health inspector was walking around people scurried to get to their homes ahead of her like they were preparing for a gale wind.

56 He means that this is another connection to the elders for him.

Alfred didn't seem to be some tough old guy any more. Because we grew together as friends, not just elder and little kid.

Tammy: When talking to other people he seemed to have that cheeky attitude about himself, and it surprises me to hear that, 'cause I didn't ever see that side of him.

Henry: ...What else can I tell you about? Oh, another thing, when I was building my house there, that's another thing that I'm never going to tell anybody about, that him, Alfred - Louisa's husband and Art Robinson would come over and watch. Soon after Louisa would come over, they would stand there, talk. A lot of times I think that they were just making fun of me, of what I was building, but they told me that they commended me for what I was doing, a young man working by himself, building his house and since they've gone I haven't touched that house, and deep down inside of me I think that's the problem, 'cause I've never touched that house since [they both died]. So, I'll have to go back and see if I could do something.

Tammy: Because you're an Eagle, you must have worked with Alfred at feasts.

Henry: Actually, not really, we worked together, but 'cause they had status and I didn't, so I had to be with the workers, and Louisa would be there helping, and that's who I associate more with when we were doing these Eagle things, and I ended up being cook a few times, her and Margie would just say it's OK, don't worry about what people say; you have a job to do, just do it.[57]

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57 While there is plenty of flexibility, "men's work" is typically to pack the heavy boxes of food and goods to the feast hall, and to cut the meat up; women usually do the cooking and serving. When Henry said he was a cook it likely also means that he also had a table in the hall. Younger men are sometimes asked to do this when there are too few ladies to make up the right number of tables for the guests who are invited. "Having a table" entails taking dishes, flatware and serving pieces to the feast hall and setting the table; serving the food to guests during the feast; and of course washing the dishes afterwards.

A funny time that I can remember Louisa -- we were on our way to Prince Rupert from Hartley Bay, and the boat was full. There were a lot of people,[58] and all the old people were sitting around the table, and I just came back from the wheelhouse. There were people smoking all over the boat, and I could never stand cigarette smoke, on a boat, it just turned my stomach. This one time, I didn't know that I was going to get sick. I walked back and I stood right beside her. She was on the bench at the table, and I don't know if it was popcorn or cookies or something in this big bowl on the table, and out of the blue I got sick, I threw up right there, and she grabbed the bowl, and I had most of it in my hand, and on my shirt, and she dropped the bowl in a split second underneath me, and it went into the bowl. Everyone at the table was smirking, and she was just looking at me seriously, and when I walked away, they all died laughing. That's about the only one that I can remember.

Tammy: Can you remember if they had shared anything about themselves?

Henry: Yeah Alfred did, about how they had to travel on the steamships to get to camp. The other one was when they fished their little boats. A boat would come along to a line where all of the other little boats tied to. When they got to the destination they'd untie it a certain way that they'd float out from the line so they wouldn't get tangled up with anybody else.[59]

Many women in Hartley Bay have special sets of dishes kept packed away for use at the hall during feasts, funerals, public gatherings and parties.

58 Hartley Bay is about 80 miles south of Prince Rupert and the trip takes about eight hours by fishing boat. Often quite a few people would travel on the boats, especially at times like Christmas. Now there are also several seaplane companies providing scheduled and chartered services.

59 This was one of the styles of fishing before individual gas boats became widespread. This was all 'hand power' of course.

Figure 13: Louisa and Alfred at coffee with Steve and Tina Robinson at North Pacific Cannery

Terry Lowther and Perry Reece[60]

Terry: I've known Louisa from when I was really young, up until she died, because she and my step-uncle were married. Her husband, Alfred Anderson, was my mother's step-brother, and that's how I got to know them. I didn't as a child, I used to be scared of my Uncle Alfred, I don't know why, he used to tease us all the time, Bernice, Sissy, Lolly and myself, he used to tease us all the time, and I remember your Grandmother hollering at him, I guess that was why. My growing-up years I never really saw much of them, because they spent most of the time in North Pacific, but I used to see them whenever they came into Hartley Bay, I used to get to see them. I didn't come close to them until Ralph and I got married, I remember your Grandfather wasn't too pleased when I married a white man, that was when I really started coming close to them, because whenever they would come into town they would come and stay with us up on 9th West, and sometimes they would stay for a week or two, or sometimes they would stay for a month or two, or whatever. That's when I really got to know them, Alfred and Louisa.

One of my really good memories I have of your Grandma was sixteen years ago when I had Steven. She crocheted me a blanket for him, and I really treasure that blanket. I still have it now, I've kept it in really good condition. Through the years they used to come up and visit Dad, and I only wish that I had kept a tape, for when they would come and visit, you know they would tell stories back and forth, you know between Dad, Alfred and Louisa.

I remember when our mother died we called on her to help us, because we had

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60 Perry Reece is Alfred's step-brother (Alfred's mother's second husband was Perry's father). Terry Lowther is the daughter of Perry's sister Susan, so she is Alfred's step-niece.

left Hartley Bay so many years ago and we didn't really know how to conduct ourselves at a feast, you know how to pass things around. She was a real big help in that way, and through the years, we more or less asked her for help in things like that. Like I said, it had been years since we had been to Hartley Bay, and you kind of lose touch with things like that, the protocol. Like I said, I wished that I had kept a tape, because it was really interesting to sit here and listen to all three of them talking about what it was like when they were young. Maybe if Perry would talk more, he could tell you more, I think that he used to stay with them in North Pacific.

Perry Reece: Yeah, I was close to them, I used to stay with them, but we used to have our own place, in North Pacific.

Terry Lowther: Another one of my fondest memories was, I was put in Miller Bay hospital here for quite a few years[61], about a year, hey Perry, or a few months. It was quite a while, and it was so hard to get back and forth between Rupert and Hartley Bay. It just so happened that Perry, Uncle Alfred and Auntie Louisa came up and Perry was the one that took me out of the hospital. It was in the spring time, I guess that they had just got through fishing, for halibut and what not, and Perry took me out of the hospital, and they had just gotten all of their pay checks, that was when the Empress, hey Perry, that was when everybody would stay at the Empress Hotel. That was when it was a decent hotel, and I remember these guys having all that money, and they didn't know what to do with it. That was when people didn't believe in banks, and Auntie Louisa was really concerned because she had cashed a lot of fellows' pay checks for them, and so did Perry, so Perry went into a gift shop and bought me a little handbag, a little straw handbag. I was really young, I barely remember this, but who

61 Miller Bay was a TB sanitorium

would have suspected a little kid walking down the street swinging this handbag, and that was all that was in it, just bills, because she had rolled them up and put an elastic around them, and she was so worried about me that night because I had my own room, and Perry had his own room on the other side, and her and Uncle Alfred were on the other side of me, because every now and then she would bang on the wall. It seemed that I would just get to sleep and she would bang on the wall to make sure that I was ok. I was about 10 years old then.

Then for their 50th anniversary they came into town, and we had gotten an invitation and we couldn't go[62], so I had a little party for them out in Port Edward, and I made an anniversary cake for them, I decorated a cake for them. Just my family was there, like Sissy, Bernice, I can't remember who was all there, but it was just our side of the family, you know the ones who couldn't make it down for their anniversary, so we had a party for them out at Port Ed, and she was really happy.

One thing about your Grandma, she never really showed her age. She buzzed around, she was always busy. I used to love her for her crocheting, all I have is that blanket that she crocheted for Steven.

There was one other time that I remember in Hartley Bay. I was really young, I can't remember how old I was. We were living in Jack Pahl's house, I think there was a ball team, coming in because I remember the whole front room and the dining was set with tables. My grandmother was still alive, her and mom were making dessert in the kitchen. Grandma and I used to stay in Hartley Bay in the summer time, and do berries, and fish and everything. I don't know how many berries we did, and they were opening these jars, of blueberries, and for some reason my mom got the idea that they

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62 Louisa and Alfred celebrated their 50th anniversary in Hartley Bay in 1981.

were sour, there was something wrong with them, so they had dumped them out. They had dumped out about two cases, before your grandmother had said "gee, we better taste this before we do anything more", and I had to laugh. There was just the three of us in the kitchen, and both my mom and her made me swear up and down that I wouldn't tell my grandmother, 'cause they had dumped out two cases of my grandmother's berries.[63]

Then she used to always be around I guess, 'cause I remember them getting together and having big suppers, because I used to love to listen to them talk, and tell stories. Not very often you could get Alfred talking, he was very shy. I remember with Alfred up here, I used to invite them every now and then for a meal and he never liked the fact that I married a white man, he was really against that, and we had a friend visiting from England, and every time they came around, or anybody came around, we spoke *Sm'algyax* and I spoke English to them. And he would get mad, he would say you know how to speak *Sm'algyax*, you understand it, you should speak it. We were all sitting around the table here, and he was telling dad a joke, and Auntie Louisa said stop, he said watch these *liksgodm 'amsiwah* [64]-- every time we laugh they laugh, and they don't know what we're laughing about. Auntie Louisa used to get so upset with him. He said "what difference does it make, they don't know what we're saying".

Tammy: I don't know who was in their wedding, or where they got married.

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63 Louisa was always very suspicious that food might spoil, and if she had the faintest whiff of anything "off" she would throw the lot "down the beach" for the ravens to eat! Her concern was reinforced by several incidents of food poisoning, including deaths in the village from improperly preserved salmon roe.

64 crazy white people

Perry: Your mother was one of the bridesmaids, [Terry's mother, Susan Bolton, who was Alfred's step-sister], and the only thing that I remember was that old man Clifton[65] was the best man, but I don't know who was the maid of honour. They got married here (in Prince Rupert).

Terry: But years ago, they used to get married in Prince Rupert, and then have the wedding feast down in Hartley Bay.

Perry: Because I heard him, when we were in Butedale, he was taking old man Clifton to be his best man.

Tammy: When they had their 50th anniversary in Hartley Bay, we suggested that they renew their vows, but he said "once was enough". That would have been nice.

Terry: She was always smiling, Auntie Louisa.

Perry: My mother said that he was different than his brothers, he had Matthew, Simon, Herbert and Jane, there was five of them. Yet he was always different.[66]

Terry: One time they stayed with us on Ninth west over there. Calvin was really small, it was just after Ralph and I got married. Calvin must have been about three. Calvin used to get up early in the morning, because Ralph and I would sleep in on Saturdays, and Cal used to get up and watch cartoons. One morning Cal got up, and

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65 Heber Clifton, whose son Lewis was raised with Alfred.

66 The family trees in the appendix to this report show the relationships involved. Alfred's mother's first husband was Joseph Anderson; they had four children: Alfred, Matthew, Herbert and Jane. After Joseph's death Alfred's mother married (the elder) Simon Reece, and they had four children: Susan, Joe, Sydney and Perry. Herbert was given to Simon's brother Robert and his wife Esther to raise, because they had no boys; when Simon was born he was given to Simon and Alice. Alice and Esther were sisters, and Simon and Robert were brothers.

they were staying with us, and I guess they used to get up early in the morning, and they were sitting there having toast and coffee, and Calvin came through and got yogurt, and got her to open it. I guess she got some on her finger, and tasted it. Well, she thought it was sour, so she took it away from Cal and threw it out. Calvin opened another one, and she did the same thing with that, he was on his third one when he finally asked her, what are you doing? She said "that's sour, what you're eating". He said, "no, that's just what it tastes like".

Perry: I don't know how old he was, when Issac Nass trained him. He wouldn't go near the water, especially when they were [...tape unclear], he wouldn't dare, so one day Issac Nass took him out and said that he was going to train him, and that is how he broke out of his scaredness. I don't know where Issac took him, and pretended to tip the canoe over, and that is how they got him out of that. He said it took him a long time to get over that, to feel comfortable. He was afraid of everything, he was a scaredy-cat.

Terry: I remember one of her favourite stories she used to tell us about how he used to be afraid of Santa Claus. But even after Uncle Alfred died she used to phone me, when she would come to town.

Tammy: Remember when I had that kidney failure, my grandpa came along to Vancouver too. He was saying that when we left for Vancouver it was really rough, and when they came on the evening flight, he doesn't remember the flight, he was so worried about me. When we came back, I had left the hospital, a month later, it was just beautiful, a beautiful day for flying, and my grandpa was scared; he was just shaking, he was hanging on. I'll never forget that.

Terry: That was one thing I couldn't understand about your gram, she was so

afraid of the water. I remember one time we used to, you know, at Christmas time the boats would come up to Rupert for everybody to do their shopping and what not. I can't remember why, but one time I came up with my mom and dad, and we were on our way back to Hartley Bay, and it was rough, it was really rough. Her and Cora were all sitting in the galley, and you could see the waves coming from the side, and being just a kid, I mean to me it wasn't anything, and I used to just get a kick out of listening to her. Auntie Louisa and Cora were screaming. Mom said to them, Louisa, "why do you keep looking at it then", she said "sit with your back toward it, so you don't see it coming". "No", she said, "I feel better when I see it coming". And every time she would see a wave coming she would start screaming. As long as I could remember Auntie never changed, to me she always looked the same, she never changed.

Perry: I remember she almost died in Lowe Inlet. The boat she was on tipped over, and the side of the boat hit her side, and that is why she had pains in her chest every once in a while. It took a while for that woman to survive her [rescue her], and she was a pretty good swimmer, but she couldn't move her arms, and the woman put her arms on her back and started to swim, and she managed to tip the boat, and that's how they got back, they were in their teens, fourteen, fifteen. The side of the boat hit her.

And one time I think it was Mrs. Clifton, Johnny's mother, they went out for *'ksiu*,[67] they went out to the graveyard, just before they moved the grave yard to Turtle

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67 *'ksiu* is the 'inside bark' of balsam, fir or hemlock trees, scraped off in thin strips as a spring delicacy. It can be cooked with 'Indian rice' (chocolate lily root), oolichan grease and sugar, or several other ways.

Point,[68] when a big tree came down, and Louisa and Edith seen this, they started to run towards the river bank, and the force of the tree knocked them in, and that was why they didn't get hurt, they were right under the tree, and the river bank was quite high, so they both had a close call. I think that tree is still there, the branches went down, and that's where Edith was sitting, the branch went quite deep, in the sand, and so is Louisa, she was right behind her. I guess that everybody thought that they were under the tree, dead, and Edith was the first one out of the branches, to tell old lady Clifton. This was after they were married.

Terry: Edith was her really good friend.

Perry: Edith and Emily Douglas when they lived in Claxton. They were together all the time. They had a lot of girls, but they died. Just Noogie lived for a long time, him and Clarence, Noogie died when he was about four. I don't know who he was playing with, and he fell off the bridge, by Billy's.[69] At the time just Pete Long was living there. He was just skin and bones when he died, they took him down to River's Inlet. He couldn't walk, they just carried him around, he lived for a year. They had twins too, they had a girl and a boy, that was the same year Teddy died.

Terry: She never talked about her children, but Vanessa used to crawl all over them, kissing them. I was surprised that Uncle Alfred put up with it.

Tammy: He was really patient with kids.

Terry: Yeah, my kids used to just love them. The reason I said that I was

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68 The old graveyard is on the point right by the village; this section means that they went to Turtle Point before the graveyard was there.

69 The bridge over the river in Hartley Bay; Billy Clifton's house is now on the site where Peter Long used to live.

surprised that they put up with it was they never had little ones at home, and I used to think that they would get tired (*moolk*) with having them around, and my kids never would let them alone, when they would come, and they would crawl all over them. One time when they came to visit, my kids had pets, pets all the time. One time Calvin came in, "Auntie" he said, "do you want to see my pet?" "Cal", I said, "don't you even think about it", and she said "what is it", so I told her it was a lizard, because I thought she would be afraid of it, and Cal said "I'll take it down and show you". She sat there for a long time just holding it, it was a long -- it was a fairly big lizard, and it would change colours, that was when she told us the story of *No'oh*'s.[70] Hey Perry, was it her or was her mother that did that, they would bite it in half, that's what she was telling Calvin, she said they would use these for, I don't know how you would say what *'aalaxk* is, but she was telling Cal, and the kids were really fascinated by her story. And Steven was so impressed with her that she would hold Calvin's lizard, he went and he got his guinea pig, and she wouldn't have nothing to do with it. Steven wanted her to hold his guinea pig, she started to laugh, and said you couldn't get me to touch that. Yeah I was really surprised when she held Calvin's lizard, I guess when she was telling the kids what they used to do in the olden days. How would you translate *'aalaxk*.

Perry: *'aalaxk* means to be brave.

Terry: The kids were really fascinated about what she was telling them, and she was fascinated watching that lizard turn colour, I was really surprised because she was letting them run around on her. And then she turned around and changed her mind completely about the guinea pig.

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70 Terry is referring to Lucille Clifton as *No'oh* here.

Figure 14: Jessie Bolton preparing *£ioon* (bannock)
Jessie is the sister of Allen Robinson, whose contributions follow here.

Allen Robinson[71]

They used to come to the house and play cards, that was my Mom and Louisa, they'd play Pedro, a card game. Alfred and my Dad[72] were partners. Sometimes my Dad would make a mistake and Alfred would holler out swearing, you could hear them for miles, laughing at my Dad, (Louisa and Mom) when Alfred would get mad at my Dad.

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71 Allen Robinson's mother, Edith's, first husband was Walter Bates, Louisa's mother was Walter Bates' sister.

72 Allen's father was known as *Ba'ya'yaa*.

Figure 15: *Kiel* (seaweed camp)

The whole village used to go to *Kiel*,[73] they used to take the kids out of school, like it is now, but they don't take the kids out of school. The whole village used to go down to *Kiel*, same way with Old Town, *Lax'kal'tsap* we call it.[74] Peter Bates, Reggie, Martha, they had a place, almost everyone in the village had a place.

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73 *Kiel* is several hours from Hartley Bay by fishing boat; there are small houses there which belong to some of the families, and which are occupied during much of May as people pick and dry seaweed and dry halibut. Families with school-age children visit their grandparents at seaweed camp if they can over the long weekend in May.

74 The present site of Hartley Bay is calle*Xa£'giu*. The village was moved to that former fishing site in the 1880s when the population was restored after the Metlakatlans decided to remove to Alaska with the missionary William Duncan; a small nucleus of the Gitga'ata people determined to establish a community on the model of Metlakatla in their own territories. Old Town was further up the Douglas Channel, less accessible to the steamer route; there are still some houses there used while people catch and smoke dog salmon ('dogs', also called chum salmon) in the fall. Dogs are quite large; they preserve best in the fall when they are not so rich, as a high oil content makes smoked fish more likely to go rancid during storage.

Figure 16: Old Town (*Lax'kal'tsap*)

Allen Robinson: Do you remember the time we were at the camp[75], and Alfred was working on his net. We went out there, he was mending his net, so Clarence and I went to help him, we were just about finished, and there was another camp not far from Canadian Fish -- B.C. Packers -- and there was a little boy playing around on the camp. The parents weren't close by and the kid fell overboard. He was screaming and Alfred saw this. We just untied the lines, we didn't pull the end of the net right in, we were so excited, so when the ordeal was over we had more rips on his net, we had more work, but the kid was OK! Yeah, the parents heard us screaming, we took him aboard.

75 Fishing companies used to maintain camps close to the fishing grounds with supplies and groceries available for the fishing vessels. These often also had space for nets to be spread out on sawhorses to be mended as well. Most of the Tsimshian men and women who fished used to be able to hang and mend nets, though this is not always the case for people who have entered the industry in recent decades.

Figure 17: Hartley Bay Emmanual United Church

Figure 17: Hartley Bay United Church Choir, late 1950s

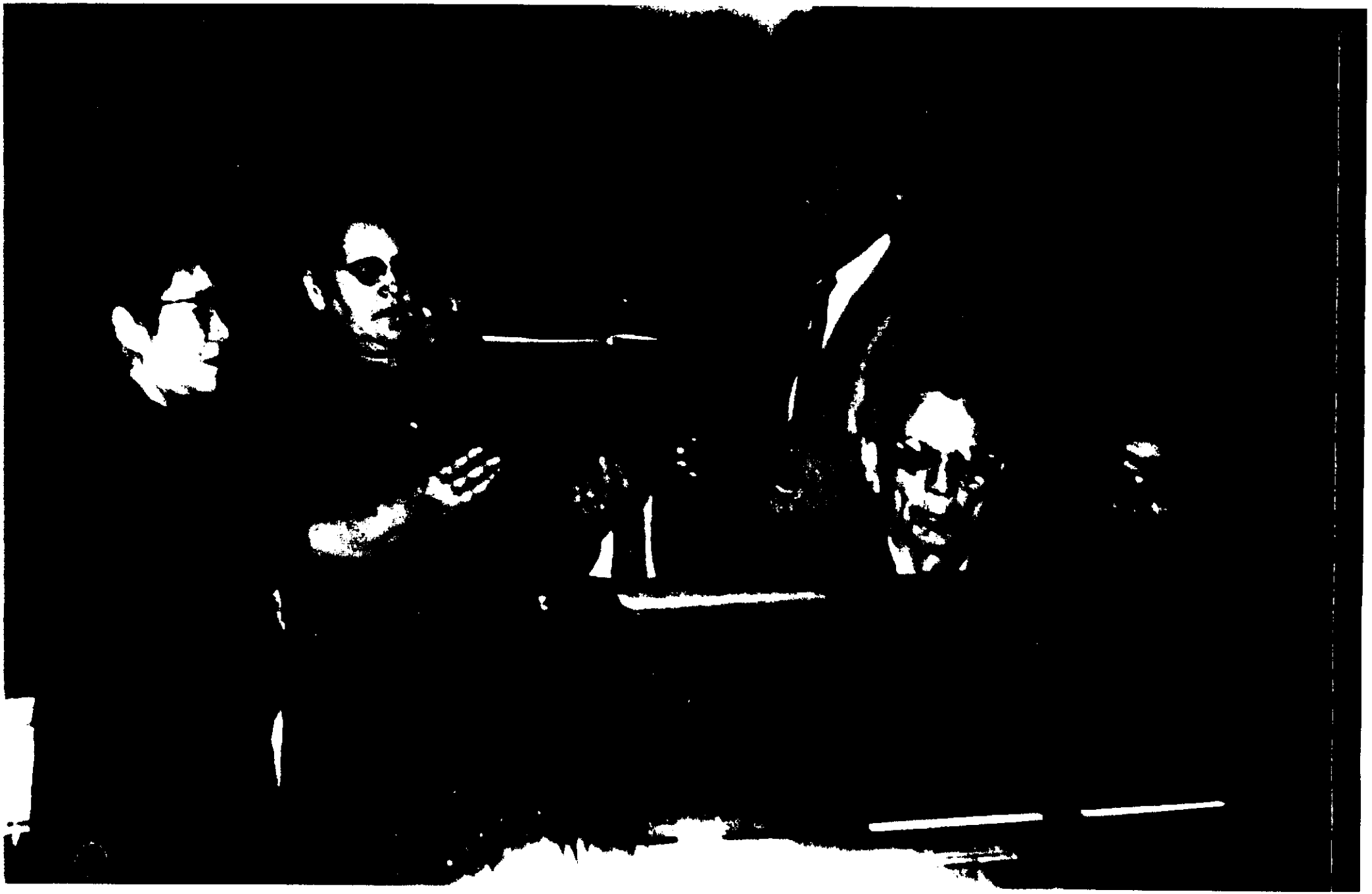
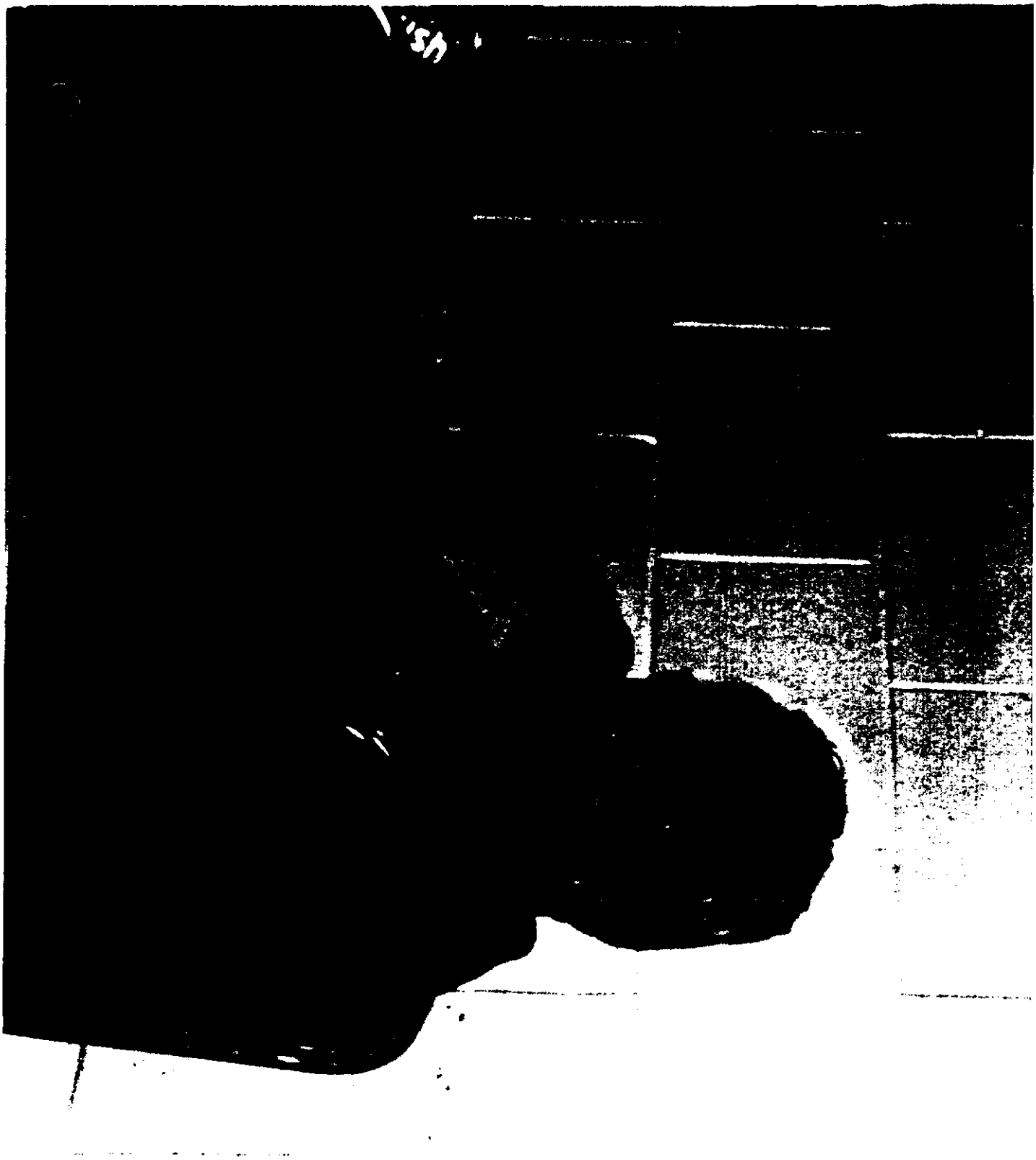


Figure 18: Practice for the Choir
Louisa Anderson, Violet Robinson, Frank Dundas (standing)
Lewis Clifton and Wyler Robinson, late 1950s



Allen Robinson: Louisa was alto in the choir,[76] my Mom was soprano, when they didn't know their part, in order to get ahead, they would sit there some nights and teach them.[77] Louisa, my Mom and sometimes old Frank Dundas was there... Joe Brown, members of the old choir.

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76 The Hartley Bay Choir was a source of considerable community pride; they sometimes performed in other communities, such as Kitamaat, Kitasoo and Kitkatla.

77 Several members of the choir had musical training and could play the organ; the other members would memorize their parts.

Figure 19: Lucy Robinson ('Dah)

I was Standing beside my Grandmother Putting the Fish in the Cans[78]

Louisa worked from the time she was a child until she and Alfred retired from fishing when his eyesight became poor. They made many friends at these jobs over the years, and the memories of their experiences were often a subject of reminiscences. The following conversation between Louisa Anderson and Lucy Robinson ('Dah) concludes with a humorous *'txal ya'ansk*, which seemed to provide a structured element to conclude the talk; this "parting shot" was welcome, if not essential to the conversation. This conversation is followed by a number of contributions relating to workplace memories.

Louisa: I forget how old I was when I started to work, you know (a job) but I did help my Grandmother in Claxton a long time ago. I don't know how much I made then. Then we went back out [to Kitkatla] -- after my mother died, and I started to work for my own. If I recall it right, it was in Kermode [Lowe Inlet/Claxton] where I started. My starting wage was 35 cents an hour.

Dah: I can't remember how much I made when I started.

Louisa: Well, when work was over, I don't know how much money I had made, and I gave it to my Grandfather, that was money to buy my clothing. Well, after that, we were living in Butedale. Work [there] didn't start at eight o:clock in the morning, it was six o'clock. Gee, we worked a long day! That was when I made my own money, and I spent it on myself, I bought my clothes.

Dah: That *Sxatiin* [foreman, from the Nass]; he'd walk in the morning [to wake

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78 From a taped conversational interview in *Sm'algyax*, with Louisa Anderson and Lucy Robinson; translated by Tammy Blumhagen. Lucy Robinson is a Ganhada (Raven clan) woman originally from Kitkatla; her husband was Tammy's maternal Grandfather's brother.

up the workers for the morning shift], and sometimes he'd go in the evening, six o:clock to wash fish [when there was so much fish they needed an extra shift; the women who washed fish were the first ones to go to work].

Louisa: Yeah, yeah, in Claxton, yeah.

Dah: He'd bang on the door -- 'Time to go to work'.

Louisa: That was the boss at the time, in Claxton, he was the boss.

Dah: That was when we were crazy, we still weren't out working yet.

Louisa: I was helping my Grandmother already then. Ernie Janzen stacked up two boxes for me to stand on, you know where the tray was, I was standing beside my grandmother putting the fish in the cans.

Dah: I really didn't, it was just recently, it wasn't until I got married, that I quit gillnetting, then I started working in the fish plant.

Louisa: Gee, so you were working on a boat, a seine boat.

Dah: I was a cook [on a seine boat]; I don't know many years I worked on the seine boat.

Louisa: It was a long time, hey.

Dah: A long time. Two years before [her father died], that's when I moved on with Stanley [her brother]. I heard what Ida was saying, that she wanted to cook on the boat, that's when I told Stanley, I asked him and that's when I moved on.

Louisa: And I was there a long time at N.P., before I quit working; and I didn't make much for the amount of work we did, working in the packing room. I still worked at it with arthritis in my hands, and when we quit, I'd go seining with Alfred, fishing down south.

Dah: We took the boat to go berry picking, close to that place called, *Gala'haitk. No'oh* pulled up right away, that's where we landed to pick the berries, there weren't many berries there so we packed up to go again. We travelled along for awhile, and not long after, we heard wolves. *No'oh* said "oh my gosh". Every once in awhile we'd hear the wolves, then *No'oh* would say "oh my gosh!" She thought the wolves had eaten Cecil. He was out with Frank, trapping. That was Frank's crew, up the river. That's where they went, and it was close to where we heard the wolves. I don't know what time we returned home. We went back to Old Town, not long after. They came home too. We couldn't stop laughing, because *No'oh* was crying. She thought the wolves had eaten Cecil.

Lavinia Clayton

The thing that I remember about your grandmother was that she would watch over the kids, when the train came, she would go outside and make sure that the children would stay away form the tracks. When the tide was high she would make sure that the kids wouldn't run back and fourth across the bridge. She was afraid one of them would fall overboard.[79]

When your grandpa was at work she would spend time with Eva (Stewart) both her and Eva enjoyed their coffee. And that's how I got to know her, having coffee with them at Eva's. They were good friends, and became good friends of ours. She was like a mother to all. Another thing that I remember was that she would always be worried about cooking for your grandfather, when she knew that he would be home soon, she would rush home to make sure that she had something cooked for him. They were always together when he wasn't working.

I worked with her in the packing room, she was a fast worker. and even though she was the eldest one there, she seemed to get along with everyone there.

I remember that she made the prettiest little doilies, fine cotton. She was good at making them, and she sold them. She would also preserve fruit, cherries etc. They were the first people that we met from Hartley Bay.

She was always thrilled when you and your parents were coming to visit, she would always try to make something special. I think sometimes she was lonely. She was happy for the most part, but sometimes she seemed lonely.

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79 Having lost her son Raymond to a childhood accident, Louisa was always particularly concerned about children playing anywhere that she thought might be dangerous.

Bob Stewart

In 1956 we moved to North Pacific, and I worked with your grandpa in the reduction plant. And we lived next door to them, at the far end of the cannery towards Sunnyside.

I got to know your grandpa first, we worked together in the reduction plant. This was in the winter months, and in the spring/summer months your grandpa worked as a carpenter.

I was quite a lot younger than them, but I had in my mind to learn how the Tsimshian lived,[80] and what they ate, and he shared all that with me.

My late wife got to know your grandma because she worked with her in the packing room, they put the cans in the boxes by hand. They put many hours in, working there. They didn't have to do much lifting though.

Friendships all started from working together. Your grandpa was the only one that stayed right through. [I think he meant through the year.] He always had a job. He would fish in the summer, and worked in the fall,

My late wife got to know your mother well, before she passed on. We were very shocked when your mom died. She got to know your mom, being a neighbour. Your parents would come to visit your grandparents at North Pacific. Your mother was kind of shy; she didn't talk much until she really got to know us. Then my wife got to know your auntie Millie, through your mom. We didn't know that they were sisters. They are nice people to talk to -- friendly.

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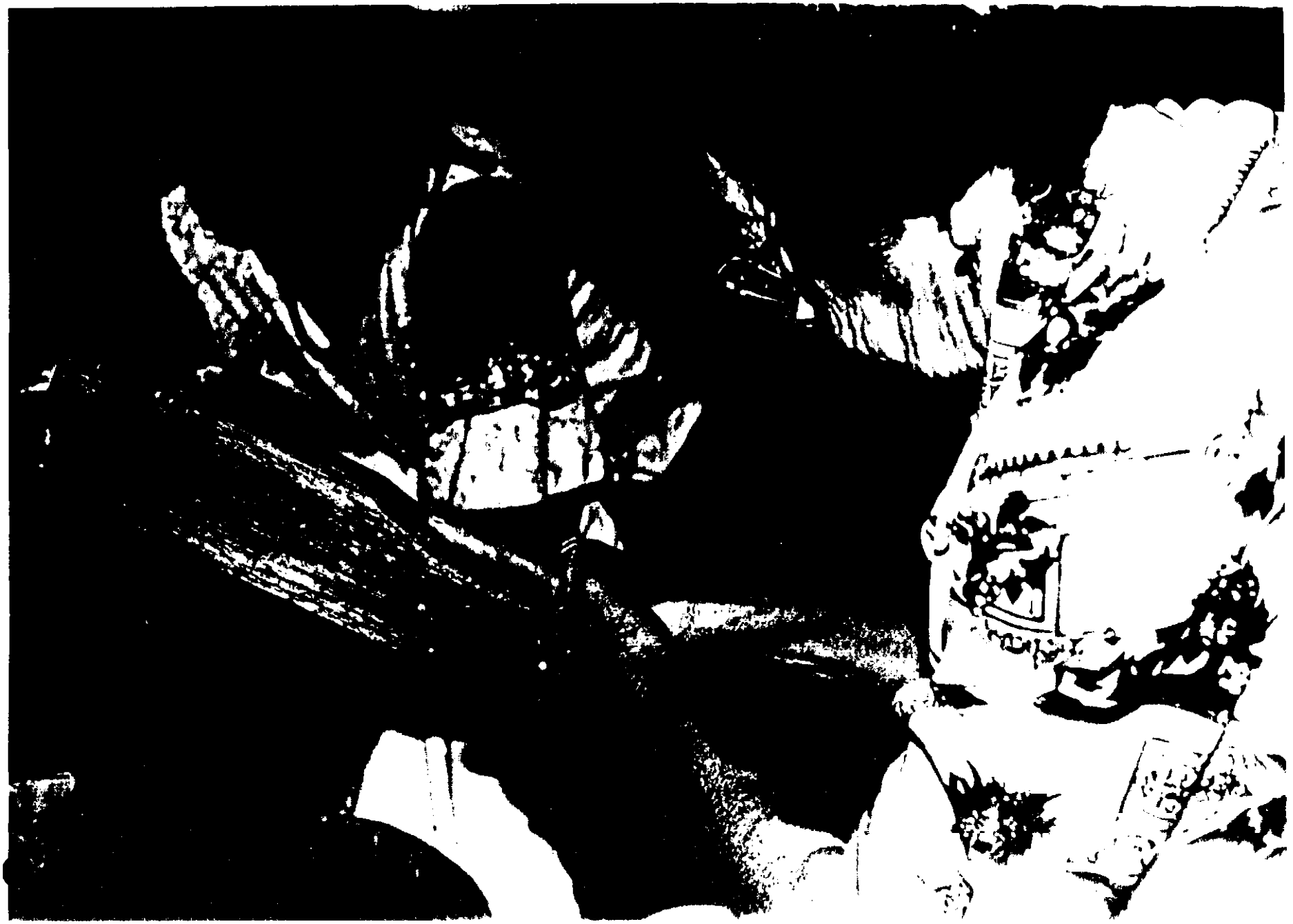
80 Bob Stewart is Nisga'a



Yaqwa kuatshoont.

Figure 20: Cora Robinson, chopping seaweed, about 1980

The following selection is virtually a monologue by Cora Robinson,[81] who had decided to tell about a particularly pleasant time when her children were small. Note that it includes several "character anecdotes". The final sentence of one episode in this account is also the topic of the whole story, and we have used it as a title here.

We Had a Lot of Fun Times Back Then![82]

It takes my breath away, the way *No'oh*[83] was, that's what I'm going to share with you. Well, the way she was, so talented, when it came to food preparation.

We were living here [Hartley Bay]. It was a very hot summer. She called me, she had already finished squeezing the salt out of the herring eggs,[84] the tiny ones; she wanted to change the water, so I did. We were rinsing the salted herring eggs, squeezing the water out of the herring eggs. We finished that and she said "now hang this outside, to dry, it won't take long, and it will be dry. Look how we don't have any

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81 Cora Robinson was the daughter of Alfred's father's oldest sister (*Daasm Annie*).

82 Tammy transcribed and translated this material, which is from a tape in *Sm'algyax* made ca. 1982 by Cora Robinson, Flora Eaton and Louisa Anderson.

83 Lucille Clifton, Tammy's maternal great-grandmother, is still referred to as *No'oh* by most people in Hartley Bay. In her energy and generosity she is the epitome of behaviour for women, and particularly for a *Sigidm'na'nak* (noble woman) and the wife of a chief. People remember with great respect the way that she would "feed the people" whenever she could, including when groups returned from the canneries or from gathering or processing food. This is the way a Chief woman should behave.

84 Herring spawn is a favourite food, and is collected, prepared and stored in a variety of ways, including salted.

herring eggs to eat with our dried halibut". She had dried halibut.[85]

I was trying to hang them out nice, and she said "just throw them up there". That's what she said to me, "they'll dry". We did, well it wasn't a full day when I wanted to take them down, you know they started to crisp on top, I took a table out, just outside of this house, and laid the sheet out. I went and took the herring eggs down and I felt underneath to feel if it was dry. This is how I did it, they started to spread it out on the table. The sun hadn't even gone down, and the herring eggs were done. Well, we had them dried and put away.

The next morning, [when I was walking by] I heard banging on the window. She waved me in, so I went in. I thought she wasn't feeling well, so I went in the back way, I went into the kitchen. She said, "you bring your mom, bring your mom, we're going to eat supper together". I said I would, "and bring the children". That was when they were small. "Myrna and Ellen, bring all of them."[86] Sarah wasn't here, her and Bob were away. We did, we took the children and we went over. I set the table, she showed me how she wanted the table set. When I finished setting the table, I went to get mother. I went to walk with mother, to help her -- she wasn't doing very well. I sat her down. She [*No'oh*] reached under the sink for the cracker container, you know the square container.[87] She took that out, and inside were the halibut *wooks*, she put

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85 Halibut is sliced into very thin filets and dried on racks in the sun. This "white *wooxs*" is eaten with oolichan or seal grease and a bit of salt. *Wooxs* means dried filets of fish, and is more frequently used for dried salmon filets.

86 Myrna and Ellen are aunt and niece, though close in age; Cora's daughter Sarah is Myrna's mother, while Ellen is Cora's daughter.

87 Since Hartley Bay is a full day's travel by fishing boat from Prince Rupert, the trip was not made more often than required. Supplies for families were generally purchased in very large quantities; soda crackers came in useful

them on a plate. We were so happy that we were going to eat halibut, and seal grease. Now then, she took out the dried herring eggs, and put it in a bowl. We just about finished this, all what we had hung out, in that one meal we had. Not long later, Cecelia came in and she sat down too. Was it ever good, when you eat it with halibut!

Louisa: The salt was washed out, hey.

Cora: We added table salt, that's why it was o.k. Was it ever good! When we were done eating, we had a cup of tea.

Flora[88]: That's what people call 'herring on hair' (*legi*).[89]

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large square metal containers.

88 Flora Eaton is Cora's older sister.

89 Herring spawn that has been deposited on a kind of sea grass that looks like strands of braid; this is collected close to beaches and preserved in various ways.

Figure 21: Lucille Clifton, *No'os*

Cora: She opened the cookies, "now finish them up, finish them up" she said to the kids, and they did. They were eating, we finished eating, and we were sitting there. I started to wash the dishes. Cecelia helped me dry the dishes. Then I swept the floor, and mom stayed there.

Cecelia and I went for a walk that way, then we saw a boat coming in. It was Sarah and Bob, and Pete. He wanted to have a feast and share this great huge spring salmon.[90] We cut it up to prepare for the dinner. They know everything about how to do the salmon. The salmon was white, it was big and wide.[91] He wanted to invite everyone, all the children that were here. You know the school over there, that was the new school then.[92] The sun was beating down on us, it was so hot. This is how

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90 Cora recounts several instances of people generously sharing food in this recollection. Such behaviour is important to Tsimshian people, and you are especially supposed to be generous with fresh foods like spring salmon and berries. There are a lot of sayings that revolve around this idea. One particularly vivid one is *yaakʷtsm gaas*, which literally means "eating between your legs"; this is an insult that applies to people who have food but don't share it. Another expression in the same vein is *dm lel'sn*, "you'll get sores" which refers to people who have given away food and then consume some of it.

91 The commercial fishing boats run by the Hartley Bay fishing families used to spend much of their time in the area of the village, and the fishermen could spend "weekends" (non-fishing days) in the community. While there used to be "openings" (legal commercial fishing days" in "area 6" during much of the spring and summer in the immediate vicinity of Hartley Bay for trolling, gillnetting or seine boats, there are now only a couple of days of commercial fishing opportunity in this area during a year. This means that few of the boats are in the community for much of the fishing season. The area is now heavily used for sportsfishing by charter and private boats from Kitimat.

92 Hartley Bay has a modern school with four classrooms, a library and excellent staff and resources; that school was built in 1978. The "new school" Cora is referring to was built about 25 years before that. Ernie Hill Jr., a community member and school principal and his wife, Lynne, a teacher and school librarian, remember when they first came to the village to work in the school and they lived in a tiny place at the back of the old school.

the tables were set up, three of them. The children were all ready, we had two pots of boiled fish.[93] We had just started to pray when Eddie came by. Melvin was small then. Pete hollered to him, inviting him. He [Pete] went to get Eddie. He and Melvin came. We made some biscuits to eat with our boiled fish. Eddie and Melvin did join us, and the dinner was so good. It was nice. When we were done eating the boiled fish, we had tea.

We did everything to entertain ourselves that summer. One day, Pete set a net over there. It was just full of sockeye, the net was just loaded -- we filled three tubs with the sockeye! Simon Reece cut up the fish. "Prepare this anyway you want to -- boiled, what ever you think", so Pete was going on. "That's good, that's good what you're doing". Simon was really happy, he told Alice[94] to call people to help. Well, Pete helped me to carry my tubs up, that's why I heard all this. "You and Alice will fix this, and call Ruth and Sarah to help them and Betty Lou -- I mean Cecelia".

We did, we called them and they came before supper. We cut the sockeye with a knife. I brought the gas stove, and *No'oh* gave me the gas stove, filled with gas -- a good person with a big heart!

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93 *Txatdzamsks* is a whole fish cut up and boiled, a dish that is specially enjoyed; a fresh salmon is cut into chunks and boiled with oolichan grease -- recipes vary beyond this basic, with some people insisting on adding nothing but salt and pepper while others put in vegetables and potatoes. When Lynne Hill first moved to Hartley Bay she couldn't say this word, and her pronunciation as "kajumps" was so memorable that the school teams eventually became known as the "Kajumpers".

94 This is apparently "old man" Simon Reece, Alfred's step-father, whose second wife Alice was Alfred's mother; she was generally called "*Ji'is Hoon*".

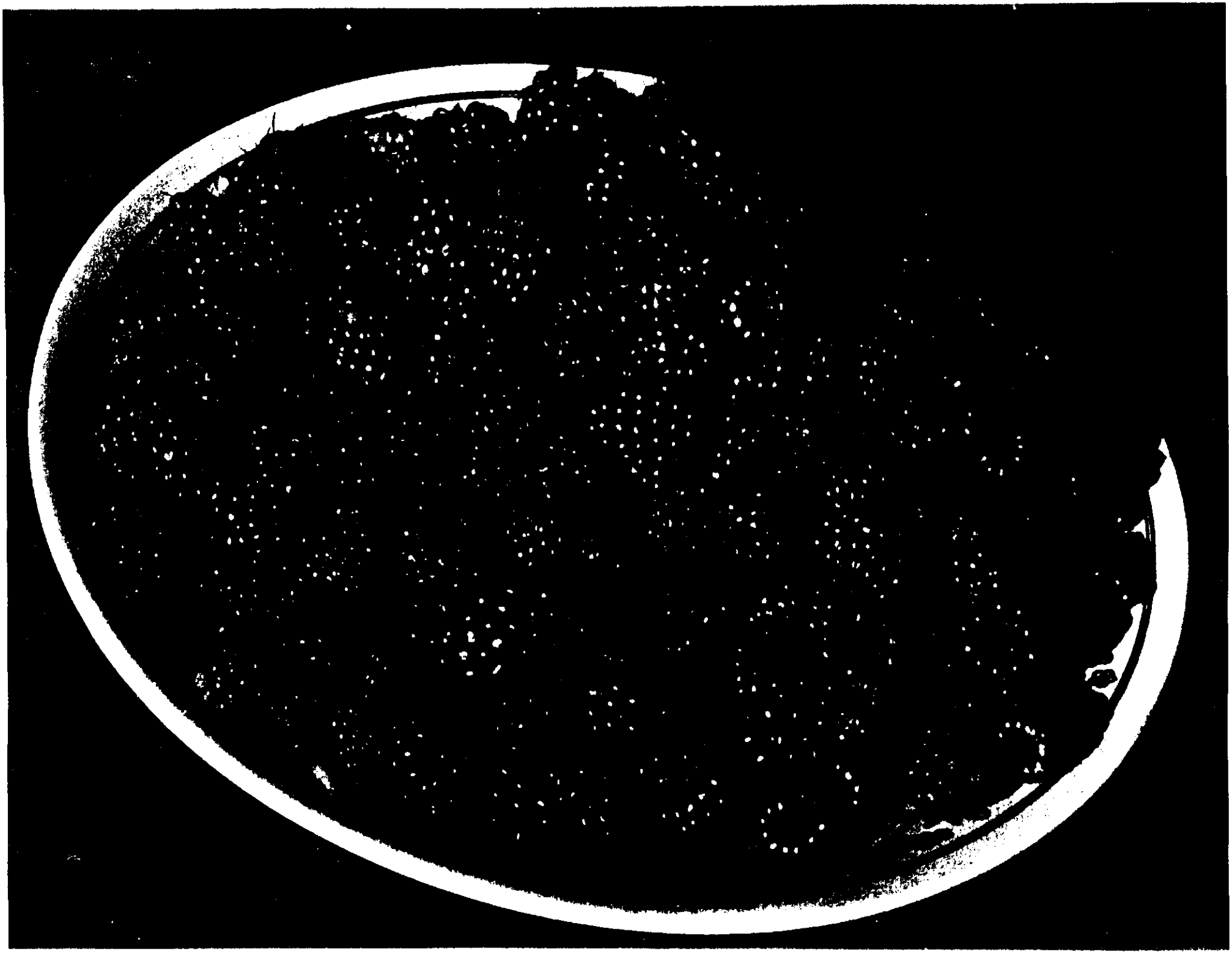

Figure 22: Salmon berries ready to squeeze!

Flora: Such a good heart![95]

Cora: We brought this to the back of Simon's house, that's where we put the stove to boil the fish. It wasn't long before it started to boil, and we had the table set in Simon's house. The guests started to arrive, and they brought their own dishes. We sat at the table, and he [Simon] went to the camp,[96] to buy some goodies.

We had lots to eat -- biscuits, crackers, cookies, jam -- we put all this out, and we didn't notice when Sarah had the time to go out berry picking. They must have seen all the berries, that's why they went to pick the berries. Sarah came with all these berries, my bread making bowl[97] was just filled, all washed! We didn't tell Simon before he left. Before he got back we wanted to squeeze those berries, have them prepared.[98]

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95 'Generous' is literally expressed as 'good heart' (*amgod*) in *Sm'algyax.*

96 There used to be a Cassiar company camp at Frog Bay near Hartley Bay, run by Nathan Shaw from Kitkatla. It included a store and fish-buying station; the packing boats would pick up the fish from the camps and run it into the canneries. As the fishing industry centralized the camps were all closed, and packers picked up the fish direct from the boats. Hartley Bay later had a band-owned store in the village during the 1970s and 1980s. Now there is a store run by a family from their home.

97 The large bowls used to mix the dough are also used to knead bread in and to let it rise; many of the women still bake bread frequently, and half a dozen loaves is a small batch.

98 The favourite way to serve fresh berries is squeezed with a bit of added water and oolichan grease and sugar to taste. The berries are squeezed by hand to release the juice.

Figure 23: Clarence & John Blumhagen making *luudamsk* (Squeezed Berries)

So Alice was working at this, she put water in and when she finished squeezing them my bread bowl was full. We put the lid on and put it where it was cold.[99]

Flora: Sounds good!

Louisa: If we could eat some now![100]

Cora: The guests started to arrive and we ate. When we finished eating the boiled fish, we took the soup bowls, so that we could serve the berries in the bowls. Simon just lost his breath, he was so surprised when he saw the berries! He said "where did you get those! I was feeling so bad that they didn't have oranges in the camp; there were some, but there weren't enough, not for squeezing.[101] This is good what you have, this is good what you have, I guess the berries are ripe, hey!" That's what Simon said while he was eating berries. The people finished eating, and they were able to take some berries home.[102]

Louisa: They never stopped feasting hey, they shared meals, when you were left behind.

Cora: No, it didn't stop, Cecelia and *No'oh* were great for that.

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99 Hartley Bay was one of the first communities on the coast to have electrical power, having installed a generator system over sixty years ago. Many of the ways of keeping foods and preserving them have shifted over the years to incorporate the use of refrigerators and freezers.

100 Several common expressions in *Sm'algyax* are used to express the pleasure of specially enjoyed foods. *Sa'ap met* means that you suddenly get an appetite when you see someone eat or think about it; an exclamation *'eh'* is often used to interject approval of a dish that is mentioned.

101 Oranges are also sometimes served by squeezing the peeled fruit to release the juice and mixing in grease and sugar to create the favourite treat, *luudamsk*.

102 The food that you take home from a feast is called *xsoo*, which comes from the word for 'canoe'.

Flora: They were playing ball in the middle of it all!

Cora: That's what Pete did, that's what he did. One day he had us dancing: me, Jessie, Jane, Jimmy, Doojie, Dick and Cecelia, and Sarah if she was here. We were dancing over that way; Mother and her friends were sitting on the church stairs, watching us dance. That's when I felt myself getting tired. It got worse that summer, that's when I was low on blood. I felt even worse. One time when Frank arrived, Cecelia came, and she said "I'm feeling restless, you should see how thick the herring eggs are, the ones from the Charlottes, I have halibut skins[103] that we could cook, there will be plenty of food for everyone here, only the bad (greedy) keep food to themselves", that's what she said. It's better for the people to eat this, rather than be greedy." "Good", I said. Doojie and Pete were really happy, and Jimmy. So they took out the tables, they lit a fire on the beach to scorch the skins. The skins looked unappetizing, but the people were already seated at the table. She had eulachon grease, seal grease and herring eggs to go with the skins. What a feast! People ate! That's when Steve[104] and Tina came in, just for the weekend. What were they doing here? How many days did they stay?

Louisa: It must have been a weekend.[105]

Cora: The boats were just tied up watching our performance, watching what

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103 When halibut are fileted to make *wooxs*, the skins with just a small amount of flesh are also dried; these are scorched by fire just before serving.

104 Steve was Cora's brother.

105 In the fishing industry the "weekend" refers to the days when there is no commercial opening. For many years the openings started at 6:00 p.m. on Sunday nights and lasted from 1-6 days. Now 1-day openings are the most frequent pattern, and they sometimes begin at other times of day, and on any day of the week.

Pete was directing us to do, watching us play games, and we'd laugh, having fun, playing the game "go-go-go-stop". We'd holler out laughing. Besides the go-stop game we'd play ball.[106] A guy was in the bay, he was watching us play.

Louisa: Now why did Pete have a party, you know dancing there.

Cora: It was Pete's birthday, the Fourth of July is his birthday, and my birthday is on the fifth. So we went shopping at the camp, so we could have a party. We both bought food at the camp. Edith offered her house to Pete. You know Pete felt bad at that time, he wanted to play the piano so he would forget that's when his mother died

Louisa: I forget what year that was.

Cora: That was Pete's party. He celebrated at *Dau£* & *Bayayah*'s house that time, he had a great idea, he decided that the guests should come dressed up and we did. The Crosby[107] had come, and they had a rummage sale, a clothing sale. Jane went, she went to buy clothes. I didn't bother, I was berry picking. I was invited to the party. I had my gift to Pete all ready.

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106 The favourite ball game in Hartley Bay is still Old Tom. The rules for this are pretty flexible -- the person who is batting hits the ball and if one of the outfielders catches the ball the other team gets up to bat. If no one catches the ball, the person batting runs to the home base and someone else bats; when the runner makes it back from the base they have scored a point. If the person batting tips the ball and the catcher catches it, it is a 'tip ball out'. If you throw the ball at a runner and hit them they are out.

107 The United Church Mission Boat, "MV Thomas Crosby"

Figure 24: (The Younger) Peter Bates, "Little Pete"

When it was time, we went. We walked in. His idea, Jane's husband Butch, he went to Sarah, to ask her to dance, you could tell that Sarah was lazy to dance but she did. Pete said that whoever didn't co-operate would be punished. He said this to Jimmy and Doojie. So Jane went to ask Doojie to dance, then she went to Jimmy. This was Pete's idea, so this kept up, and so Sarah came up with an idea to deal with Jane. They got all dressed up -- the pants that he wore were short and the shoes were shiny; they listened to Pete. Her and Jessie would go into the kitchen and laugh about Pete's plans. Everyone was dressed up.

We did lots of fun things, when we were alone here! Jessie and I were walking, [saying] they were eating crabs, Fred and Pete, poor people. "I wonder where they came from, they must be starving. Look they found crab, that's all they have to eat", this is what Jessie said. "Oh my", I said, "they must have been here for a while -- we didn't notice the boat come in." Pete must have heard what Jessie had said. They took sticks to hit us and we started to run. We went running to Emma's, that's when Jessie hit her leg. That's why her leg is so bad; she just barely made it in to Emma's. They closed the door and locked it. They stood outside Emma's door for a long time trying to get us to open it. If you promise not to do anything to us, then we will let you in. "Did you hear that, dear", Emma said, "I'll pour a cup of tea for you guys if you promise not to do anything." So Emma opened the door, the guys came in, and we had tea, and that's when we saw Jessie's leg. We had a lot of fun times back then!

Figure 25: Tammy's maternal Grandmother, Violet Robinson Cutting Salmon for Smoking

Johnny brought three dog salmon for us, he did the same for *Ji'ism Gyilhowli* [Mariah].[108] I cut this, just the way you cut for dried fish and I hung them. I was trying to hurry so I could help Aunty, she wasn't able to hang them herself. I went to help her and she showed me where the eggs were. She said "you bring them in for me, I've already cleaned them, and the heads too. Take them and put them in the oven." I did, I took the pail that had the eggs and heads in, I took it into her place, and when she made it in, she put the eggs in a bowl, and the heads. She salted them, it was eulachon grease that she put underneath the *laan* (fish eggs). I was waiting. She had called us to eat the heads and the eggs.[109] We ate this with potatoes, there was some food left over and she cleaned the leftovers and she asked to have the dog dish. Someone brought it in and she fed the rest to the puppy, let him eat it, whichever dog comes, let them eat it. I took it out, the puppies came to eat and there was a bucket of rain water at the corner of the house. She told me to give some to the dogs. Take that out to the puppies too. They devoured that too. When it was done she was glad that the dogs had finished it.

Then she told me about the day that she couldn't make it up the road, the road that goes to the smokehouse. It was in the morning and the dog that helped her she called Blackie. It was the big one. The dog pushed its nose up to try to help her like a cane. She put her hand on its head and threw herself on the road. "The puppy tried to help me, you could see that the puppy felt for me." It was Johnny's dog, it was big; you

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108 Johnny is John Clifton, who is now the Blackfish chief at Hartley Bay; Mariah was *Hade'ix*'s (Johnny's father) sister.

109 Both the heads and eggs of salmon are relished, and can be prepared several different ways; boiled or baked are most common.

see if you care for animals they take care of you too, if you feed them too. Now I see it with Digger,[110] when I go out, he comes and stays right with me.

It was right over there where Cecelia had her feasts, by that bridge there. We just threw our scraps over, we had boiled fish and herring eggs. The tables were set up [there] and we threw our scraps over.[111] Not that we had much left over, Cecelia was great for throwing a feast. That's all I have to say.

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110 Digger is one of Margaret's "grandchildren". In 1981 Margaret took her collie "Sallie" with her when she was going to Hartley Bay to spend the entire year; unfortunately Sallie was an unspayed female. Luckily Sallie's eight puppies born during a feast in December all found homes!

111 The tide enters the river in Hartley Bay twice a day, so fish scraps could be put into the water below the bridge and would end up "back in the water" as they should. While Hartley Bay now has garbage pick-up and an incinerator, the remains of fish are still returned to the water by many people; this respectful behaviour allows the fish to be reincarnated.

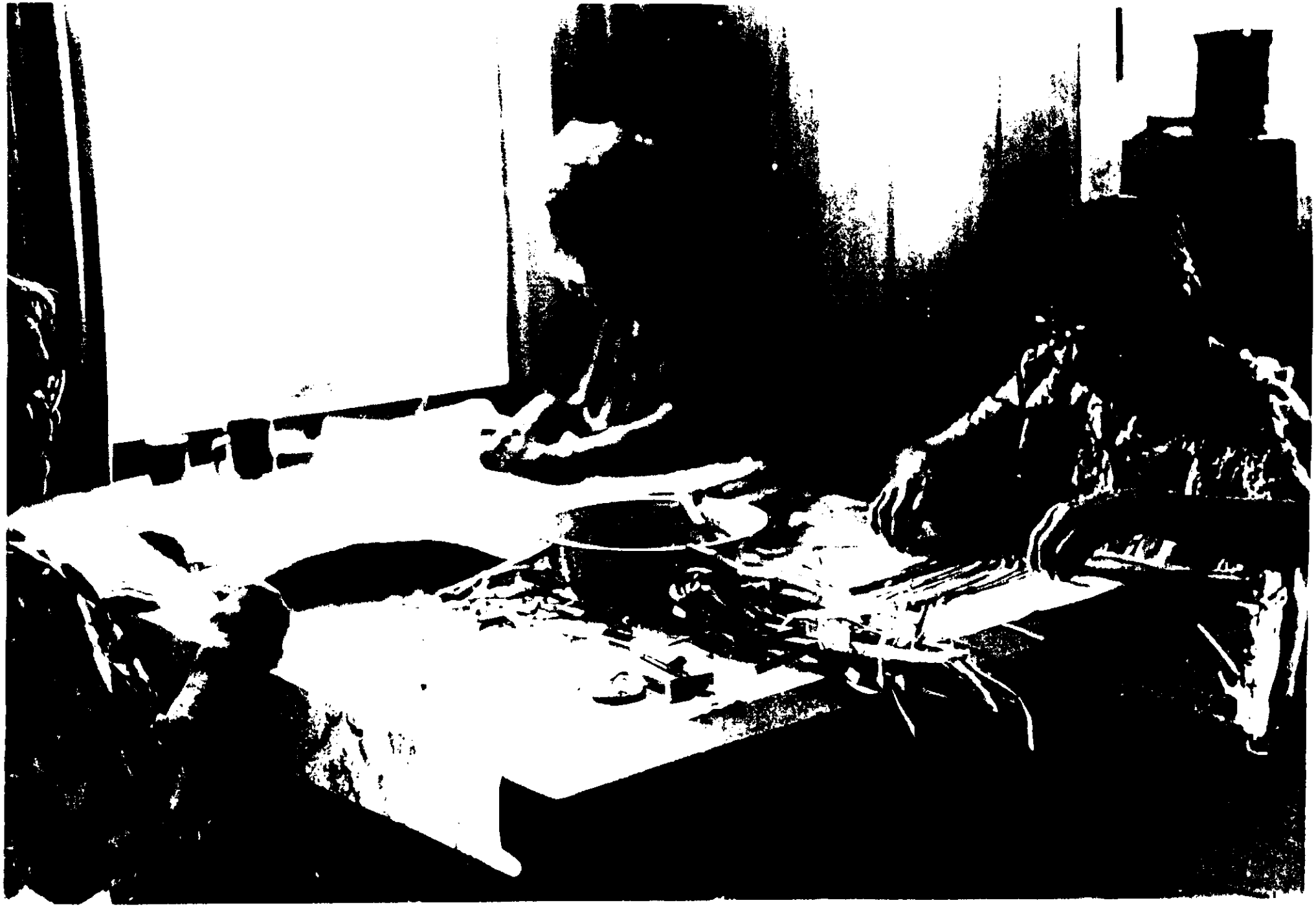

Figure 26: Flora Eaton, Louisa Anderson and Cora Robinson Making Baskets Together in 1982

Betsy's Memories[112]

Gran and Cora, I remember almost every Sunday they would come to the house, Gran and Cora and Louisa. They would sing hymns. Grandmother would have a batch of Indian pancakes,[113] sitting on the sideboard. The three of them would sing at the top of their lungs until everyone of us got out of bed, and we fried up our pancakes -- and Sunday for us, as teenagers was a day that we all slept in! No, they wouldn't let us sleep in.

There are a lot of things that I remember, all of the memories that I have are associated with my grandmother, and Cora, because the three of them always seemed to be together all the time. Whether it be walking down the street, or participating in [things].

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112 From a taped interview between Tammy Blumhagen and Betsy Reece; Tammy and Betsy spent their summers together in Hartley Bay and were schoolmates after Betsy moved to the village to live with her grandmother. Betsy's grandmother, Flora Eaton (which is pronounced Lola by people who speak *Sm'algyax)*, and her Auntie, Cora Robinson, were Louisa's most frequent companions after Louisa and Alfred retired to stay in Hartley Bay year round.

113 The recipe for Lola's "Indian pancakes" (*£edax£*) is in the appendix with recipes for several other of the dishes mentioned.

Figure 27: Flora Eaton weaving a *skan* (cedar bark mat)

One thing in particular that really stands out for me 'culture wise' is the Indian songs that they used to sing. I remember doing a research project for the band, and the ladies were all sitting together and they were all singing Indian songs, and one song sticks out in particular, because it's such a beautiful little melody. And Louisa was the one that sang it, she use to sing that to her children, and after she sang that song, Louisa, Gran and Cora cried. I guess it's because she had other children besides Clarence. It must have been difficult for her to do that, but then they would stop crying and start laughing, because they'd always [laugh].

You'd ask them one question and the three of them would answer the question. One would begin it and the other one knew how to put the middle in and the other knew how to put the end into it, so all three of them had to contribute to the conversation. And then they would start talking about this and that, and it was almost like you were forgotten about, and you would have to sort of bring them to the topic at hand. But the love -- the bond that the three of them had! And I remember the pain that Gran went through when both Cora and Louisa passed away, it was almost like she had no friends left, because of the relationship that the three of them had.

Tammy: I know that your granny really helped my grandma when my grandpa died, she came up to Terrace to be with her.

Figure 28: Sarah Reece, Louisa Anderson, Flora Eaton & Cora Robinson Singing for the Blackfish Dancers at a feast in Hartley Bay in 1981

Betsy: It was a difficult period in their lives because they had to admit that they were getting old. But the thing that sticks out the most are the Indian songs, the Blackfish songs that were sung and danced at our feasts or any other ceremony in the hall, and I wondered why we participated in this because I had heard that they were Blackfish songs,[114] but I guess it's because grandmother took us under her wing, we had the right to dance and sing them. I remember one song in particular that they were teaching us, and this was a lesson for all of us, and it's the "Yoohoo" song, we asked them how do we dance to that? And they said, well it's sort of a circle song, everybody stands in a circle, with a little bit of an opening so the audience can see, and it was a fun song. We were to dance anyway, we wanted to try to make our dance as funny as possible, and I remember being really *dzoox* (embarrassed) about it, because I had just moved to Hartley Bay, and as a teenager everything is peer pressure, and I didn't want anyone to see me dancing funny, but I was really proud of who I was, and I remember Grandmother, Cora and Louisa coming up to me and talking to me, and saying you know it's not for you that you're doing this, it is for the elders, to make them laugh. And that was the other thing that they talked about, was respect toward the elderly people, and I don't think that they saw themselves as elders. I mean, as old as they are, they were almost childlike, the three of them, because they were always doing something, or always going somewhere, or they would always get together at grandmother's house. I guess her house was the pit stop in the community -- I'm not too sure, but the majority of the time I remember them being at Gran's and crocheting. Your grandmother was an excellent person for crocheting, she did beautiful work, her and Cora.

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114 Betsy is *Laxskiik* (Eagle Clan)

Figure 29: Louisa Anderson and Flora Eaton preparing *'wooms*, Devil's Club medicine

Tammy Blumhagen and Margaret Anderson

Those are the memories that I have, and it was really important that I memorize those songs, cause I wanted my children to learn, and with the help of three of them that made me realize who I was and where I came from, because when I first moved to Hartley Bay I didn't know what it was like to be an Indian, because I had lived in the city all my life up until that age, and just spent summers with Grandmother. But just seeing the three of them work together, whether it be cleaning devil's club, and preparing that, or washing the poison roots,[115] and the three of them were always so happy together.

I guess when you do lose your best friends a little piece of you goes with them too. I see Gran, she's not as happy and smiley as she used to be, because she does think of them, so that must be difficult.

When we were kids you and I spent the majority of our time together, I remember summers when we used to sleep at your Granny's, and Gran -- my Granny -- would be out with your Granny and Cora, and we'd go up there and we'd talk about all these creepy things until we'd be totally scared, and we used to think that her house was haunted. I remember that, being so petrified but trying to be so brave at the same time.

Other childhood incidents, continuously getting lectures from the grannies, I guess I use the same things with my girls now, I learned many lessons from the three of them, and it always seemed to be the three of them giving me advice, you know besides other people, but the three of them stand out, we used to call them the three stooges, or give them names, because they all seemed to get together, and no matter what we did, they always seemed to know what we were doing, and no matter where

115 Devil's club (*'wooms*) and poison root are both used as medicines.

Figure 30: Louisa Anderson, Picking *Myuubm Gyet*, 'Indian rice'

we were they always seemed to know where we were, and that was the scary part. I guess that comes with age, just knowing what kids are up to. I remember the three of them getting together to prepare berries, helping each other out, whether it be preparing fish or you know what ever kind of traditional food that we have, but those are my memories.

The first time I remember meeting Louisa was when I lived in Sunnyside with my Grandmother in the summertime. Gran and I used to walk on the railroad tracks from Sunnyside to NP.[116] I remember her being a quiet person; she had a lot to say when the three of them were together, especially when it came to giving people advice, the three of them complemented each other. But I never really had a conversation with just her, because they were never apart, they were always together. But those are my memories of her, when she was by herself, I don't remember what her early days were like, but her later years.

I remember being at your house, at your grandma's house and being left in the room, and her being a quiet, busy women, she was always on her feet and seldom sat down. She loved her husband, and catered to him, in the later years, I don't know what the relationship was earlier on. We weren't born, but, those were the things that I remember.

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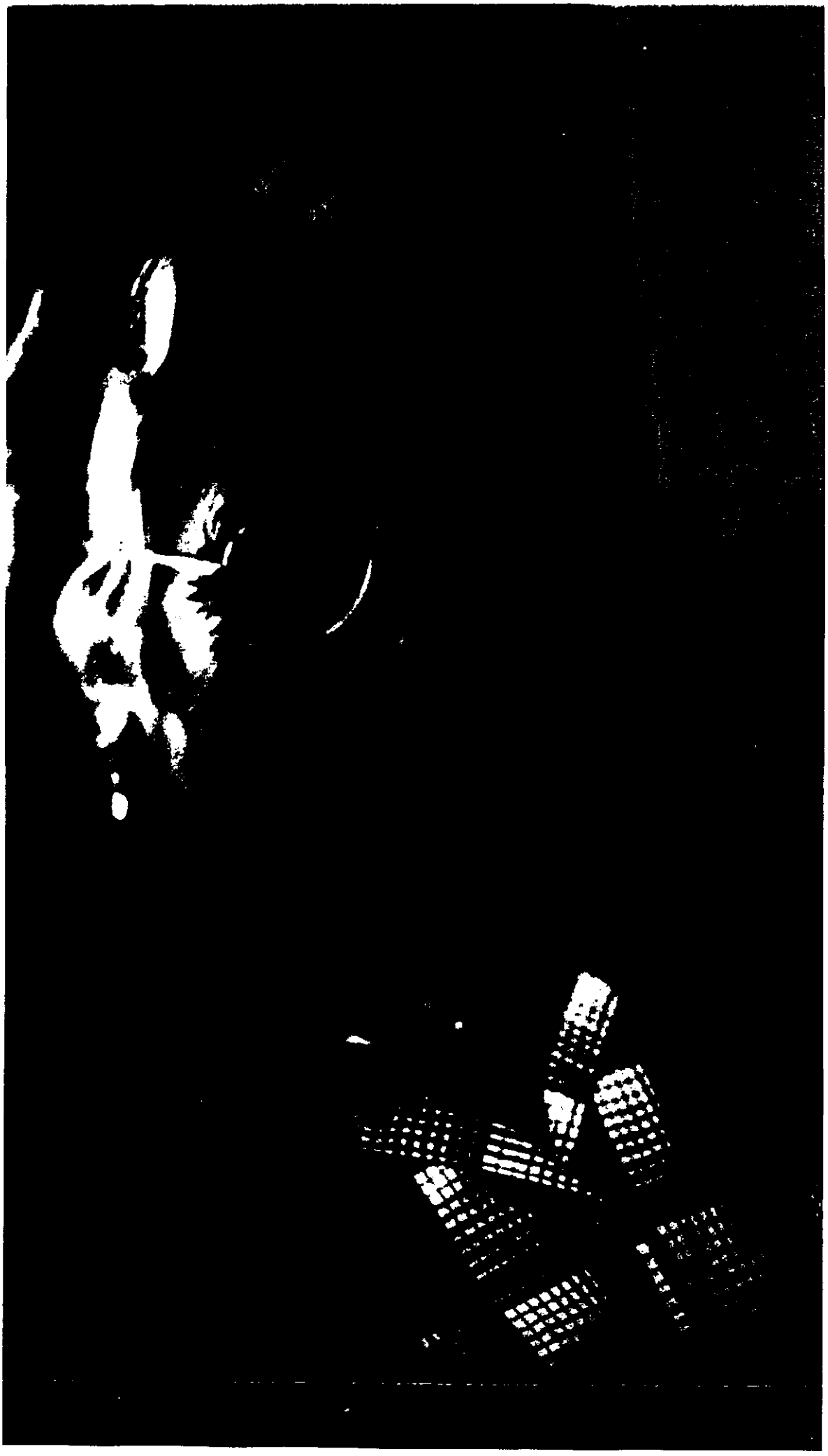
116 Sunnyside and North Pacific (NP) were canneries along the Skeena estuary near Port Edward.

Figure 31: Louisa Anderson -- ready for Halloween



She Was Fun and Liked to Laugh

Lynne Hill[117]

I only came to know Louisa Anderson shortly after I married my husband in 1963. However until I moved to Hartley Bay in 1968, we were not really well acquainted. Tammy was the only child of Daphne and Clarence, and both my husband's Grandma (Violet Robinson) and Louisa doted on her. Ernie was very close to Tammy's mother, and although she was actually an aunt, there was only a year's difference in age and they grew up as brother and sister. It was through these relationships the bond was very strong.

At any rate, Louisa and her husband Alfred lived only three houses away, and we spent lots of time together. I recall two incidents that were both typical of her at this stage in her life. She was fun and liked to laugh, and was good at making others laugh as well, and sometimes the humour was more intense when she was trying to be serious.

We had an old dog named Blackie, who was pampered by all. Whenever we had to go away we always tried to make sure that there was someone to look after him, and often it was Louisa and Alfred. They would put his bed in their porch, and feed him and talk to him, and we always suspected that he got better care with them than with us. On this particular time, Blackie had decided not to eat, and this distressed Louisa greatly. She decided that she would open a can of last year's sockeye, and entice him with that. However she worried that the fish may have spoiled, and that she would give him food poisoning. Louisa worried mostly unnecessarily about a myriad

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117 Lynne is non-native, and is married in to the community. Her husband Ernie was Tammy's mom's nephew. The stories contributed by Lynne Hill were given to us in written form.

of things. So this time being no exception, she took off her wedding band and stuck it into the fish. I should explain, that the people believed that if gold turned black then the food was not safe to eat. She was a busy women, and was always dashing off in a million directions at once, and usually had her whole house cleaned before 10 each morning. I think I recall Daphne had nicknamed her the "White Tornado" after a commercial for some cleaning product. It wasn't until some time later that she remembered her ring. She prayed as she dashed back to the dog's dish that Blackie had not consumed her ring. There at the bottom of a dish that had been licked clean, lay the wedding ring, sparkling, and brilliant, and Louisa hugged the old dog, and laughed at herself.

Figure 32: Louisa and Alfred Anderson Cut the Cake at their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary Celebration

Louisa and Alfred celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary here in the village, and it was a big event in our community. She decided to serve a turkey dinner to all of the guests. In Hartley Bay everything is done by the people themselves, and this was no exception. All of the women were to gather at her house to help stuff the birds in preparation for the feast. When I arrived, she had all 20 turkeys out of their plastic wraps and was bustling around worrying. In the middle of the dining room table was a pile of the little plastic thermometers that she had extracted from the breast of each bird. When she saw me noticing the pile she said in exasperation, "I don't know what the "white people" wanted to put those things in for, somebody could choke on them". I debated whether to explain, but decided that it would be best to wait until there was a calm in the storm. Later, after the successful evening was over, we talked about the turkeys, which were cooked to perfection, without the modern plastic thermometer device, and we laughed.

Louisa was not a good traveller, though she spent much time on the water, travelling mostly by boat. I am sure that her fears were justified, because all of us who have lived here have horror stories to tell of rough trips back and forth.

Many of the homes have propane cooking stoves, and the only way to transport the tanks is by private boat. One rough trip Louisa was very agitated and the boat was rolling. It was dark. Mostly people stay in the galley, huddled around the table, in the dark, because the lights inside make it difficult for the skipper to see. All of a sudden people noticed that Louisa was not in the galley, and one of the men went outside to see where she was. There she was out on deck, jumping over the tanks as they rolled. She was agile, and quick, even at the age of 70!

Figure 33: Violet Robinson, Louisa Anderson, Cora Robinson, Flora Eaton & Alfred Anderson at the Nursing Station in Hartley Bay with the Nurse

Ellen Mason[118]

All of the visits were nothing but fun. I remember the time you guys ran away from the tidal wave. Alfred was so upset that you interrupted his hockey game.

Tammy: Right, he was so upset that we insisted he come with us to higher ground, I kept telling him that I didn't want him to wash away with the house, and Laurie brought him his shoes, and that was when he gave in, but all the way to Cora's house, he grumbled and mumbled under his breath, saying that we were silly, the tidal wave wasn't going to happen, and we'd probably get washed away at Cora's house too... mumble, mumble, dumb old lady.

Ellen: I told him that we had the hockey game on at our house too. But Louisa and Lola would come to the house to visit Mom, this one time the three of them were dying for *'as* (soap berries); they wanted this so bad. But Darlene (Leland) was the one that would make it for them all the time. I didn't know how to do this, and I couldn't remember the recipe, so I called for Darlene, and she was no where to be found. So I gave it a try. When it came time to put the sugar in, I put four cups of sugar into the bowl of *'as.* I guess Mom thought that I was baking something cause she saw me reading a recipe book when she asked me to make the *'as.* So she didn't think much of the amount of sugar that I was taking. So when I brought the *'as* to them they were all grinning from ear to ear, and Mom said, I could skate on top of the *'as* with the amount of sugar that was used. The *'as* was so shiny! They laughed about that.

We called them the Edge of Night gang [after a soap opera]. Your grandma would come in and say did the Edge of Night start yet? Mom would bring out some goodies and they would enjoy.

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118 Ellen Mason is Cora Robinson's daughter.

I remember they would dress up together and sing, especially one song in Japanese.[119] They would never have disagreements, it was always fun times together.[120]

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119 The Japanese song was learned at the canneries, where the workforce included Japanese, Chinese and many First Nations peoples. The three ladies would dress up in "kimonos" with make up and hairstyles that looked "Japanese"; they would enter carrying parasols and sing their song. This was one of a number of performances in which people stylized different cultures, and seems to be similar to some of the *Naxnox* performances that were done by Tsimshian people.

120 When Margaret first came to Hartley Bay in 1978 she worked primarily with these three women, Cora Lola and Louisa. They recorded songs, and Margaret even got to know all the characters on Edge of Night! When Margaret and her children left Hartley Bay at the end of the summer these three ladies came down to the seaplane float and sang before they got on the plane.

Figure 34: Flora Eaton, Cora Robinson and Louisa Anderson Dressed up for the Camera

Tuvvy Istace[121]

The thing I remember the most of your grandmother was her sense of humour. As shown by the picture of her with her good friends, Cora and Flora. At the time Medical Services was doing a video to encourage nurses to work in Native Communities such as Hartley Bay. Part of it was to show the nurse (me) doing a home visit, to some elders. The three had agreed to it. When we walked into Cora's house, with camera rolling, there they were sitting with the outfits on. Needless to say everyone was laughing so much that the camera person had to redo many takes!

121 Tuvvy was the nurse at the Hartley Bay Nursing Station for several years and became close friends with many of the people in the community.

Angie Clifton[122]

I remember one time when my Mother, Gladys, came to Hartley Bay to visit. When your Grandmother heard that Gladys had finally arrived she was so excited. Because she and Gladys were good friends when they were younger. She came running over to see her (to see Gladys). And when she was coming up the stairs huffing and puffing, she said to Gladys "oh, and you have to see me so old". They laughed together and hugged.

122 Angie is a Haida woman, and is married to Albert (Juggy) Clifton, Johnney and Helen (Tootsie) Clifton's oldest son.

She Made Me Feel So Welcome

Louisa loved getting to know people, welcomed company, and visited with her friends in their homes as often as she could. She often crocheted doilies and gave them to friends, and she was generous in buying gifts for the people she took into her circle. Some of her gifts were given in patterns of reciprocity that were set by Tsimshian traditions, while others were spontaneous gestures from a generous heart.

Before she died, Louisa had collected dishes and linens to pass to the Blackfish women in accordance with Tsimshian customs; she was not able to make the distribution before her death, and it was one of the duties that Tammy and Margaret performed together after her death. Even at that difficult time Louisa had left a moment of laughter for us. The house in Hartley Bay was quite small, and it was packed with big steamer trunks filled with goods for the distribution to the Blackfish women as well as goods received by Louisa, Alfred, Clarence or Margaret at feasts or as presents but not used, and goods bought just in case there might be a need to make a contribution to a feast or give a gift at a party. Louisa carefully kept track of which goods were for which purposes, while the rest of us relied on little notes pinned on. When we unpacked these many trunks and assembled the goods to distribute for the Blackfish women, we somehow included the 12-place settings of china that Louisa had bought Margaret to use to set her table at the hall for feasts and parties, and we almost gave away her new dishes! Luckily, we realized what we had done and rescued the dishes, and laughed about how disgusted Louisa would have been if Margaret had given away those new dishes!

The following contributions are from several people who particularly remember Louisa's warm welcomes and generosity.

Ann Kilbey[123]

When I think of Louisa I think of a sparrow - all bright eyed, tiny and quick movements! I remember getting on the Qitonsta one christmas sort of hanging onto the side to get over onto the deck (I was probably about 32-35 at the time). Then along came Louisa & Alfred, and she just hopped right up and over before anyone could give her a hand!

I'll always be grateful to her because she made me feel so welcome in Hartley Bay. Needless to say, when I visited there I always felt a little overwhelmed - Lynne lived there so she knew everybody and fit right in[124] - and I always felt like a stranger - that I was always sort of watched and judged. The two places where I could relax, though, and feel like I was accepted because of me, not because I was married to Abbey, were Dah's and Louisa's. They were both so friendly and went out of their way to make me feel welcome.

The year I gave my feast was around '74 or '75 I think, but I'm not sure, Margaret was working there on the names & recording them -- and I think Jean Mulder was there too.[125] That was the year the power kept going out and Abbey spent most of his time trying to get the generator going again. They had to hold up a big lantern over

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123 Ann was not Tsimshian, and was married-in to the community, her husband was Daphne and Clarence's nephew. Louisa adopted her at a feast and gave her the name that had been Louisa's infant daughter's, *Sudaa£*.

124 Ann and Lynne were non-native, and they were schoolmates in Prince Rupert and later at Simon Fraser University; they both became teachers, and they married brothers, but Lynne and Ernie lived in Hartley Bay while Ann never had this experience.

125 This would date this to 1979 or later as Jean Mulder, a linguist who later worked for the school district for three years, first came to Hartley Bay that year.

the our heads as we were named!

I think I must have driven *No'oh*,[126] Louisa and Grandma Robinson crazy that Christmas, because I wanted my feast to be different, I bought a lot of pinwheel crystal (on sale at Sears!) and handed that out to the woman with names. I also bought those quilts that wrapped around you and zipped up rather than sleeping bags. I can remember *No'oh*, Louisa & Grandma over at Lynne's checking all this out ahead of time - it was probably lucky for me I didn't understand what they were saying! (I also insisted on serving butter tarts and ice cream rather than preserved fruit & grease) - I had my mom make 24 dozen tarts that year!!

Louisa was one of the women who named me[127] -- but I can't remember who the other one was. It was that night that she gave me the necklace for having looked after you the year your Mom died and you were so sick.[128] ...That necklace meant a lot to me, because I felt she really wanted me to have it. That's why I've enclosed it for you. I've given the rest of my Indian jewellery to the girls, but I have hung on to the necklace because it brought back so many good memories.

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126 Ann means her husband's mother.

127 The name that Ann was given was *Sudaa£*, which was the name of Louisa's daughter. Laurie Blumhagen now carries that name. When Tammy left Hartley Bay after grade 10 to attend high school in Prince Rupert Tammy lived with Ann and Abbey.

128 The school in Hartley Bay only goes to grade 10; after this the students must live in town, and most board with relatives. Tammy stayed with Ann and Abbey, and it was while she was living there that her mother died.

Ruby Kingshott[129]

My earliest memory of Louisa Anderson is when my parents brought me to North Pacific cannery to visit Tammy, who was visiting her Grandparents. I would spend the day with them. And Louisa would prepare lunch for us and also served us tea. Being so young and not allowed to drink tea or coffee, I thought this was great on her part!

Also as a young child my family would travel to Hartley Bay for Christmas vacation. Louisa always gave me a Christmas gift and always signed it from Grandma Anderson. One particular gift she gave me was a child sized porcelain tea set -- I'll cherish it forever.

She was a clean and orderly housekeeper. I greatly admired her crocheted doilies that she had everywhere. Ones that she had made herself.

Quite often Louisa would let Tammy & I stay with her and Alfred. She would let us stay up until 11:00 p.m. In the morning she would be happily singing to herself making breakfast. I had never seen Louisa angry, she was always smiling and happy.

During Christmas plays, or feasts, Louisa and Cora would always be up to scheme to get the audience rolling with laughter.

And I was fortunate enough to attend their 50th anniversary.

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129 Ruby is Tammy's first cousin; the two women are the same age and saw each other at holidays and vacations in Hartley Bay when they were children.

Debbie Sullivan[130]

I remember when I had Elizabeth, and I was returning to Hartley Bay for the first time with her, your grandmother Louisa was the first one to meet me at the plane, and wanted to be the first to carry Elizabeth. But what really surprised me was that Louisa had crocheted a baby blanket for Elizabeth, so I wrapped my baby in the blanket right away. I could tell that that had made Louisa really happy.

130 Debbie was a nurse who worked at the station in Hartley Bay for several years.

Daisy Clayton

I can't remember the first time that I met her, but I know that they lived next door to us, in North Pacific. I'd have to think back, but she did, she looked exactly the same from the day that they moved there, till the last time that I ever saw her. I think the last time was, she may have gotten sick, and they didn't come to North Pacific or something, and I remember missing her. Because now I think about it and I see some of her doilies, or pot holders, everyone would buy them and never use them, every house that you went to had these potholders hanging on their wall, all made by her. And every time I see them, I always think about her.

One of things that really sticks out in my mind is we used to play in the bush, up at the swing. We were always, always up there and I remember seeing her wandering into the bush one day, I remember her wandering there. We couldn't figure out why she was wandering there, because you hadn't arrived yet, and so we started talking to her, asking her, and was getting the sap from the tree. She was scraping it off the tree, she had a wound, and that's what she was using it for, and we were all excited because this gucky stuff that nobody liked getting on their hands, and she was collecting it. I remember her scraping it. She'd go, she'd walk around and scrape a little bit more, and we were right there behind her, asking her all kinds of questions, and that's probably the first time I was ever exposed to that, cause we were never, ever taught about using different things for (medicine). It was a wound, something had happened, and she'd use that.

She was always smiling and bright. Then there was another time that I remember, because we had to live in such small quarters, and your Grandfather had a toothache, really, really late, and of course they didn't have a vehicle. I mean there

was hardly anybody that had vehicles, and they came by; they were waiting for someone to take them to the hospital, because she had a teabag in his mouth, and she kept -- I remember her, if he would do something, she would remind him, "it's going to hurt again", while they were patiently waiting for someone to bring them in. I know that he didn't want to go, but she knew that he had to do it.

Charlie Robinson

They had a group that they called the Babine Girls: Lola, Cora, Louisa, that generation. They used to dance, Indian dance, and it looked really nice. They had their routine, it was like a club, they had their sets of dishes. Whenever there was a feast, they had great big cupboards in the old hall, and that's where they kept the dishes. They were really organized those ladies, every time they washed the dishes they would count everything, to make sure all was there.

Darlene Leland

When Uncle Lewis celebrated his eightieth birthday, Louisa and Cora dressed up like Japanese women and sang happy birthday to him in Japanese.[131]

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131 The 'Japanese Song' was one that they did together frequently. They had apparently learned an actual Japanese song from women they worked with at the canneries, and they would dress up in long dresses wrapped to resemble kimonos, do their hair up and put on make-up and enter carrying parasols. When the Aboriginal Art Symposium in Port Edward was held in 1992 Margaret got Tammy to join with Flora's daughter Darlene and Cora's daughter Sarah to do this performance. They were a hit, but everyone agreed that the performance was too brief! The way in which inter-cultural images were re-presented by these women (*'Ksm Dzaapan (Japanese Women), 'Ksm Babiin (Babine Women)*, etc.) is interesting; they did not come off as derogatory stereotypes, nor as 'appropriation' (Todd 1990). Margaret has written about this, and argued that the fact that they were not in relations of power with the groups they re-present was a key factor in saving the performances from feeling like minstrel shows.

Figure 35: Clarence Anderson greets his Grandson John Blumhagen at his boat

Gwa'als

When Louisa's first son was born he was recognized as a reincarnation of a man named *Hagwilsk̲aask* (Richard Clifton). This is generally recognized by dreams, as it was in this case, though often there are birthmarks on the baby that are reminders of scars that the *baa'lax* had during the earlier life. Two of the old people in the community insisted that Clarence be baptised with his *baa'lax*'s name (*Hagwilsk̲aask-*),[132] and during his childhood he was called *Gwa'als*; many of his old friends still occasionally call him by this childhood name. When Tammy's first son was born, he was also called *Gwa'als* out of affection and recognition that since Clarence had recently taken Tammy to be his clan sister, John was not only his grandson, but also would be his 'clan nephew' and could eventually take his place. The following brief memory from Ken Campbell about arriving as a teacher in Hartley Bay, gives a feeling for Clarence's (sometimes) quiet manner.

Ken Campbell

Do you just want general memories, or, cause I remember travelling with Louisa on the boat, and when it got rough she sat on the floor. So I guess she was not a good traveller, and of course Violet would sit in the wheelhouse until they got to the channel.

Tammy: Everyone seems to have a story about when they first met my grandma.

Ken: Well, I remember when I first met your dad.

Tammy: Oh, well tell me that.

Ken: Oh well that was because Lynne and Ernie weren't there and I had just arrived, and I was charging down the boardwalk. I was sort of used to this pace, and

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132 The *baa'lx* is the person who has come back as a reincarnation.

went charging down the boardwalk. And your dad had the key for me, because I was staying at Lynne and Ernie's house. And so I'm charging down the boardwalk. I guess I must have got directions that I had to find this Clarence Anderson, to get the key, so I'm barrelling down, and I come across this guy, who is looking at a stranger, and I'm just about past him, and he said "are you looking for the key", just very quietly, and I stopped dead in my tracks!

Figure 36: Daphne and Clarence Anderson at their wedding in 1959

Clarence has been a commercial fisherman since he first went out with his father as a boy. He married Daphne Robinson in 1959, and their only child, Tammy, was born in 1960. They lived in Hartley Bay in the home of Daphne's parents; Daphne taught *Sm'algyax* in the school when the language programme began in the 1970s. Clarence and Daphne were very close to the family of Daphne's nephew, Ernie Hill, Jr. (Daphne and Ernie were close in age, despite the fact that she was his aunt), and they babysat for the Hill's children while their parents both taught in the Hartley Bay School. Eventually Clarence gave a feast at which he gave names to both their children, Cameron and Jodi, while Louisa adopted Lynne and gave her a Blackfish name. [133] Daphne had severe rheumatoid arthritis, and it was difficult for her to do some tasks; Clarence claims that he often did the dishes, washed floors and kneaded bread -- until he bought a dishwasher and bread kneading machine!

Daphne's death in 1977 was a deep loss for many people, but most especially for Clarence and Tammy.

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133 Because Lynne was not Tsimshian by birth, she was not in any of the crest groups.

Figure 37: Tammy Anderson scraping *'ksiu* in 1978

Tammy Blumhagen and Margaret Anderson

In 1977 Daphne had become interested in developing written materials to use in her language teaching. She had seen work produced on the Gitksan language by Jay Powell and Vicki Jensen, and wrote to Jay to ask for his help to turn her own materials into a book for Hartley Bay. He and Vicki were already committed to several years of work in other places, but he put her in touch with Margaret Seguin, a friend who had expressed an interest in working with a language in BC. Daphne wrote to Margaret and they had agreed to work together during the summer of 1978; because of Daphne's illness and death during the fall of 1977 they never met.

Margaret and Clarence married in 1984, and Margaret came to know Louisa and Alfred as second parents. Margaret was lucky to live in the same house with them for several years, learning much about Tsimshian culture in that way. Louisa was especially lively in thinking up things to do, and she was a thoughtful guide to cultural activities; she frequently arranged outings and activities to introduce Margaret to things like Indian rice, collecting bark, making *'ksiu*, etc. Clarence generally ended up doing the hard physical labour entailed in these excursions, and he sometimes grumbled about it; Louisa would just quietly suggest to Margaret that it might be fun to go pick Indian rice.[134]

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134 It seems to be a regular pattern to go through the wife to communicate with her husband. Clarence sometimes chuckles about how his first mother-in-law, Violet Robinson, once greeted his rather unkempt effort to grow a beard while out on a fishing trip; she looked at him when he came in the house and said "Daphne, go take a shave".

Figure 38: Ralph Seguin, Ken Wilson and Michel Seguin show their success picking Indian Rice

Margaret's two sons, Ralph (Rip) and Michel joined her in Hartley Bay a number of times, and loved being able to spend time swimming, fishing, travelling on the boat and even occasionally picking a few berries. Clarence really enjoyed them, and was immensely patient with them, particularly on the boat, where they climbed over everything with great enthusiasm despite their lack of experience on the water. As grown men now they haven't been to Hartley Bay in five or six years, and they have never met Tammy's two younger children; but they enjoy hearing about the community from us when we visit them in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and talk about making another visit someday.

The following text is a transcription of a tape made by Tammy, Margaret and Clarence. This tape definitely does not qualify as great conversation: the material here was familiar to both Clarence and Margaret, and some of it was already known by Tammy; Margaret was trying to lead Clarence because she had some stories in mind that she wanted him to tell on the tape; he sometimes played games by not saying much![135] Some material has been excised, but the information on the different boats and jobs that Louisa and Alfred held over their lives is of interest for this report, so we

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135 Margaret taught Anthropology at the University of Western Ontario for almost 20 years before joining the new University of Northern British Columbia as an administrator; she sometimes told her students that having an anthropologist in the community is rather like having an extra village idiot -- this tape surely demonstrates that! In fact it can be useful to have someone around who will risk embarrassment! People from the community often indicate that they are *dzook̲*, 'embarrassed' to try things they are not already good at -- whether speaking *Sm'algya̲x*, cutting fish, dancing or weaving baskets. One of the delightful things about Louisa was that she had courage to try things; she and Tammy and Margaret learned to make baskets together, and if we had been sensitive we would have definitely stopped after our first efforts! Louisa said that she was a 'tomboy' when she was young, and that was why she hadn't learned to make baskets like her friends Cora Robinson and Flora Eaton, who shared their knowledge with us.

hope that readers will bear with us.

Tammy, Clarence and Margaret

Clarence: You should have seen her [Louisa] when wrestling was on, she was fighting.

Margaret: Well I used to get a kick when we'd watch westerns, she'd be yelling for the cowboys, tell them to watch out for them [the Indians], she was fun to watch anything with because she would get carried away that way,

Clarence: My dad used to get mad at her when she'd start in, sometimes he'd tell my mother to go and join them.

Margaret: Do you think that they spoke English when they were kids? When you were a little boy did they speak English?

Clarence: No, Maybe that's how come I can speak our own language.

Margaret: Well how did they learn English then?

Clarence: Well, Mother must have went to school a little bit, she went to school, my Dad really didn't.

Margaret: No, but I mean when you were a little boy they already spoke English, right.

Clarence: Yeah.

Margaret: So they must have learned a little bit in school.

Clarence: Yeah, my Dad didn't go to school that much, they were off all the time.

Margaret: What do you mean off?

Clarence: Trapping, the grandparents use to take him along, take him down, what do you call it, *Lax 'tsis 'wudaa* [Surf Inlet] they call it.

...Margaret: Is that way out? Is that where that cabin is?

Clarence: Yeah, where we get abalone

Margaret: Oh, and that, whose trapline was that?

Clarence: I think that was, I don't know really, must be, well later on it was Steve and Art and them, Wyler.

Margaret: oh, well who...

Clarence: Grandfather, my dad's grandfather I guess

Margaret: Where did your dad get a trapline then?

Dad: My dad get his trapline?

Margaret: Yeah

Dad: Through my great-grandfather; he gave him that trapline when he married my mother I guess.

Margaret: Oh, that was Peter Bates' trapline then before; some day you'll take a trap in there with me![136] Did your mother ever go trapping, when you went trapping with them?

Dad: No

Margaret: Who went trapping?

Dad: My Dad, my uncle Reggie, Pete, my uncle Pete, sometimes when they go out I don't go out, when I'm not there. I used to go out with Louie and Simon, before I went trapping, before I know how to trap.

Margaret: When did they go out trapping? Was it after Christmas?

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136 This trapline is on Pitt Island on Grenville Channel. Alfred made Clarence a partner on his trapline, so that Clarence succeeded on it when Alfred died. Tammy is now Clarence's partner on the trapline registration. The price of furs and changes in the cycle of fishing have made the winter trapping period economically unattractive in recent years, but Clarence maintains the trapline registration in anticipation that these factors may change.

Dad: Before Christmas, November, this month [November] I guess when they go for marten, then after Christmas they go for mink and otter.

Margaret: So, what, they'd go out in November, and then come back for Christmas?

Dad: Yeah, and they'd go out after Christmas.

Margaret: And then your Dad use to work up in town too, right?

Dad: Well later on, yeah.

Margaret: Oh, well, not when they were trapping that much?

Dad: No, in the spring I forgot what year, '45 I guess, when, we fished for North Pacific, and he worked there.

Margaret: you must have been just a little boy in 1945, you were just 11 years old.

Dad: No, I was 14 years old, sweetheart.

Margaret: Oh well, I didn't say I was good at math... so in 1945 when you worked for North Pacific that's when he used to start coming here (Prince Rupert) all the time? and he'd work, even right after Christmas he'd come up or when?

Dad: No, well in April I think he'd come up, then he'd start in May.

Margaret: What, the fishing starts in May?

Dad: No no, that's when he starts working in the cannery.

Margaret: Oh, but I thought he got boats ready for fishing?

Dad: But fishing doesn't start till June.[137]

Margaret: For the netting fish, but you used to troll, and that started earlier?

Dad: That's when I got my boat, in 1963.

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137 Alfred worked in preparing the company gillnet rental fleet for the summers.

Margaret: And when did trolling start in the year?

Dad: After February

Margaret: So you could troll a lot earlier that you used to be able to use the net.

Dad: Yeah.

Margaret: So, ok, your mom said that she was on a seine boat for some time, when was that? When your dad ran the boat?

Dad: Yeah, that was about 1946-47 I guess.

Margaret: What boat did he run?

Dad: London III.

Margaret: That was the first one?

Dad: No, the first boat that we used was I think it was 45-46 was White Wave.

Margaret: White Wave, and that was a seine boat?

Dad: Um hum (yes)

Margaret: And who fished with you?

Dad: My Dad, myself, I was a kid, I didn't get a share out of that, and Simon Reece, and Edward, Sydney and Perry, the whole family was on the boat.

Margaret: Your mother cooked?

Dad: No, no.

Margaret: Oh, she didn't come along

Dad: No, like she said on the other tape, she'd come on with us when we'd head down south.

Margaret: Oh, so she would come up here, and work in the cannery? ...How far down did you used to go?

Dad: Right to Nanaimo

Margaret: But you'd go to Vancouver sometimes too?

Dad: Oh yeah, that's where we'd leave the boat.

Margaret: Oh, in the winter, but did she, when did your dad get the, what was his first boat, his own boat?

Dad: The Audrey M.

Margaret: Audrey M, when did he get that?

Dad: He got it when, about 1946-47 I guess because they leased it out for a couple of years; we didn't make money out of it, we went in the hole, and that's when he quit seining, and then he went gillnetting.

...Margaret: And then what did you do though?

Dad: I went seining.

Margaret: Seining with who?

Dad: With Simon, in Klemtu.

Margaret: What boat was that?

Dad: He started off with Charlotte M. and Hada H, and we used the Invercan IV

...Margaret: Hada H? Oh OK. and then the other one, and then the Invercan IV. And who cooked on that boat?

Dad: The Invercan IV?

Margaret: Yeah.

Dad: Pete

Margaret: Oh, he was the cook.

Dad: yeah

Margaret: O.K. was that when you used to go halibut fishing too?

Dad: No, No

Margaret: Who was the crew when you used to go halibut fishing?

Dad: For our own, Pete was our, Pete, Reggie and myself

Margaret: On what boat?

Dad: My Dad's boat, Audrey M.

Margaret: On the Audrey M.; and is that when you discovered the recipe for octopus?

Dad: No, we used Reggie's boat.

Margaret: You will have to tell that story for Tammy on the tape sometime.

Dad: I bet you she won't eat it.

Margaret: Did you ever tell her?

Dad: No, what else did you want to know about mother.[138]

Margaret: Back to your mother. So, she worked in the cannery, what job did she do? When you were married to Daphne did she still work in the cannery?

Dad: No, I don't think so, oh yeah, she use to work on nets I think, hanging nets in the spring, then I think that she worked in the packing room, when I was married to Daphne, it was 1963 when I got the boat, I got the boat in '63.

Margaret: And she still worked in the packing room; what's a packing room?

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138 Clarence was teasing us here, because he knew that Margaret wanted him to tell a specific story. He did tell that story that night, but Tammy didn't realize her tape had run out! The story is "Little Pete's Special Octopus Recipe", and this is how Clarence tells it: One summer we were out fishing halibut and Little Pete was the cook. We were tied up and a boat tied up next to us, a white guy. Little Pete had fried octopus, a big platter heaped up. We told that man to help himself, but he said 'No thank you'; you know how white people are, even when they want something they'll say "No thank you" real fast. So finally he started to eat, and then he just wouldn't quit. Even when Pete told him that he used that octopus for halibut bait for three days he still didn't quit till it was all gone. We would have eaten that octopus for a couple of days.

Dad: That's where they pack cans in the boxes?

Margaret: Oh, in the boxes, gee, that must be tiresome work doing that all day.

Dad: I guess it wasn't too bad, she was able to pack four of them at a time.

Margaret: Right, your mother's little hands would be good for that. So, between 1946 when you were starting to seine, and your dad went gillnetting, when he went gillnetting, did she fish with him?

Dad: I don't think so, not when they first started, no, she didn't go, till he bought the Daphne Louise when mother went fishing with him.

Margaret: So first he had the Audrey M, how long did he have that?

Dad: I don't know how many years he had the Audrey M, and then he bought the Daphne Louise when he changed boats.

Margaret: That was long before you got the Tammy Louise though?

Dad: That was three years after, or two years after he got the Daphne Louise, and I got my own boat, in '63.

Margaret: Well, at least you named it after Tammy -- she's still jealous![139]

Dad: For what?

Lady Margaret: Because you didn't name your new radio after her. So when your mother worked on the boat with your dad, when they did go gillnetting together did she just cook or what did she do?

Dad: She must have just cooked for my dad.

Margaret: Did she touch the net?

Dad: No

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139 When Clarence changed the name of his boat's radiophone he named it after Margaret instead of Tammy, Tammy was jealous and teased Margaret about it.

Margaret: You don't think so? Well, she knew how to fish though, you told me once you fished with her when you were a little boy.

Dad: Oh yeah, that was in Rivers Inlet.

Margaret: When was that?

Dad: I don't know, I was about 8 years old I guess when my great-grandfather [Peter Bates] died, and they took him home, just the men folks went to Hartley Bay, on the Kwatsu, just my dad went home with them, so we went out fishing, we had to row, mother had to row, and I helped row, we set, I helped her pick up the net.

Margaret: Were you fishing for the company or for your own or what?

Dad: Yeah, B.C. Packers, in Wadhams I think, the cannery.

Margaret: How did you do?

Dad: Oh we got fish I guess, we didn't get too much, but we got fish.

Margaret: So it must have been right in the middle of the season why you stayed, and she tried to go out.

Dad: Well they were gone for, I don't know how many days; they went too, when they came back.

Margaret: Was he with you in Rivers Inlet? Or was he in Hartley Bay?

Dad: No, they were down Rivers Inlet.

Margaret: Oh, he was with you down there

Dad: And my grandmother [maternal great-grandmother, Rhoda Bates]

Margaret: Was that before your brother died?

Dad: I think so, yeah.

Margaret: So did he stay with you or did he go back up?

Dad: They stayed home

Margaret: Who did he stay with?

Dad: My grandmother.[140]

Margaret: Rhoda Bates was still alive then... So she lived longer then your great-grandfather

Dad: Oh yeah,

Margaret: How long did she live

Dad: I don't know how many years, I started fishing when I was 12 I guess, and then after that we took them up to N.P.

Margaret: Rhoda Bates

Dad: Yeah they were still alive when I went fishing.

Margaret: So she stayed at N.P. while you went fishing?

Dad: Yeah.

Margaret: And, is that when Walter Wright visited you?

Dad: Yeah, that's when they visited, no, I was fourteen then.

Margaret: Was Rhoda Bates still with you?

Dad: yeah.

Margaret: Oh, she must have been pretty old then.

Dad: Oh yeah.

Margaret: She wasn't as old as your great-grandfather though?[141]

Dad: I'm not sure how old she was, must have been pretty close.

Margaret: But that was when Walter Wright came to get you?

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140 Rhoda Bates was actually Clarence's great grandmother, but since he never knew his grandmother he often calls her is grandmother.

141 Clarence's maternal great-grandfather, Peter Bates, lived to be 104 years old.

Dad: Yeah, he had a woman for me.

Margaret: Well, you were fourteen, you knew how to work, and that was... but it was Pete who was going to get his name first, right?

Dad: yeah

Margaret: And then he didn't, and then you buried him.

Dad: yeah.

Margaret: When you lived at the cannery, I saw a picture of one of the houses, it wasn't like I thought it would be, tell me what the house was like where you use to stay.

Dad: What do you mean?

Margaret: Well, I don't know, it had a telephone, somehow I didn't think that you'd have a telephone.

Dad: At the cannery?

Margaret: Yeah.

Dad: No, they were small houses, enough for one or two bedrooms, they were small.

Margaret: And what did they have in them?

Dad: Just a stove, and woodstove.

Margaret: So did you bring everything else then your own.

Dad: Yeah.

Margaret: But who all moved up, and it was N.P. you went to? Who went to Sunnyside?

Dad: Oh, lots of people from Hartley Bay.

Margaret: And some people still went to Rivers Inlet?

Dad: Yeah, well they fish from there, they didn't live down there, so they closed

the cannery, and just fished down Rivers Inlet.

Margaret: So who decided where people would go?

Tammy: That was a dumb question, Margaret![142]

Dad: Well, they would decide themselves, if they wanted to go to Rivers Inlet, then they would go.

Margaret: But some people always went to the same places

Dad: Well, they would fish down there, when they were finished down Rivers Inlet they used to come and fish for humps[143] around Hartley Bay.

Margaret: But, it was mostly because the men fished for one cannery why they would go there, and the women would work for the one cannery.

Dad: See, a long time ago, they used to go down Rivers Inlet, after Lowe Inlet went down I guess, then Claxton, they moved to Claxton, and that's where they were, some people go down Rivers Inlet, some people would go up to Claxton, Mother and them used to go up to Claxton, because my Dad was fishing with Jack Pahl a long time ago.

Margaret: Oh that's when she said that guy used to come around and wake them up early, at Claxton. Did you go to Claxton then?

Dad: When they'd go to town they would dump me off at Claxton.

Margaret: Gee, life is tough huh. So wait, you were a little boy when you went to Claxton, so that would have been before your Dad ran the seine boat.

Dad: Way before yeah, he was fishing with Jack Pahl.

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142 See earlier note about this tape!

143 pink salmon

Margaret: O.k. and then when your Dad ran the seine boat, did you still go to Claxton?

Dad: No, North Pacific.

Margaret: North Pacific, that was who he fished for.

Dad: A.B.C. was the name of the company

Margaret: Oh, and so he fished for them, ran the seine boat, that was when you started going there.

Dad: yeah.

Margaret: And then when he got his own gillnet boat and started fishing it himself, did he still fish for N.P? For A.B.C.?

Dad: A.B.C. yeah

Margaret: And you fished for A.B.C. first?

Dad: Yeah, that's when I got my boat.

Margaret: And was it A.B.C. your mom worked for in the cannery? And who else from Hartley Bay worked for them?

Dad: At North Pacific?

Margaret: Yeah.

Dad: There was Ivan, Ivan moved there when, my dad used to hire people, like the other guys for B.C. Packers, to get fishermen for the company, my dad used to do that in N.P. He got Ivan, he got me a boat to fish there, I don't know what year I went gillnetting, for one year anyway, for N.P. We were too bored.

Margaret: You were too bored?

Dad: There were no phones.[144]

Margaret: That was before they had the phones?

Dad: I beat my Dad fishing too.

Margaret: But you were bored.

Margaret: How old were you?

Dad: I don't know; so I went back to seining.

Margaret: And that was, you seined for Johnny (Clifton) then or?

Dad: No I went fishing with Simon (Reece), and then, it was about eight years that I fished with Simon, eight or ten years, then Johnny hired me, and I went with Johnny, for a couple of years, then I fished with Billy Leask for two years, that's how come, when I got my boat the last year fishing with Billy Leask. Then I gillnetted in 1963.

Margaret: That's when you went out again, but they had radios then so you weren't so lonely.

Dad: Oh yeah, yeah they had radios. And sounders. That's all we had, no radar or C.B. or VHF.

Margaret: Uh hum, but you could still keep in touch with people anyway.

Dad: Oh yeah, we had 2318, Rupert Band

Margaret: That would have been almost when you were hurt that time wasn't it?

Dad: Well I don't know how many years after that I had, Tammy would have been about four years old I guess.

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144 When radiotelephones became available the tedium of spending many days alone on a gillnet boat was alleviated considerably. To maintain some privacy, the Tsimshian fishermen generally converse over the radios in *Sm'algyax*, and each of the other groups uses their own language; some conversations are in English.

Margaret: That would have been in 1964 or '65 wasn't it

Dad: Yeah, a year before she went to school, she was about 4 or 5 years old I guess, when she was on the boat.

Margaret: That's when you were trolling, so Daphne used to go out trolling with you. Was she good? Did she like it?

Dad: Well she cooked.

Margaret: And what did Tammy do?[145]

Dad: Oh, she was all over, I used to tie her too; I would put a rope around her, when she was on the deck.

Margaret: You put a rope around her?

Dad: Yeah, so she won't fall over, just enough to tighten before she gets over the side of the boat.

Margaret: She was probably crazy as a kid! Did she have a swing?

Dad: I made a swing! I even made a boat, and one summer when we went down to Klemtu, she dropped the line; she was on the side, she dropped the line, and she was hollering! I think that you could hear her at Butedale. She started crying, I had to go back to pick it up.

Margaret: You went back for the little boat that you made? Was it made out of a cork or what?

Dad: No, a wooden one.

Margaret: ...And when was it, I remember you said that she'd be swinging

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145 At this point I was trying to get Clarence to tell how Tammy had been the one to show her mother how to turn on the radio to call for help when his raincoat got caught in the fishing gear and he was hurt on the boat; it was an old radio that had to have several switches turned on, and it was lucky that Tammy had learned how to do it. Clarence spent 25 days in the hospital after that accident.

away, and your mom would be yelling.

Dad: Oh, she was on with my dad, and Mother was sitting with her face kind of like that [hidden by her hands]. The Daphne Louise, and it was rough. That's where mother would sit, in between them and brace herself, and Tammy was swinging around, my dad was holding the wheel. She told grandma, "Hang on, grandma!"

Margaret: Well, she [Louisa] never did like it! Was she scared of water when she was little?

Dad: I don't know, I don't really know.... Well when we seined, she came down with us, to the straits, she was pretty scared. We were rolling like hell, when we were going to cross the sound, we had to turn back, Johnny made it across, he had the Sosona II, and we had to turn back and go into Table Island they call it, that's why. I thought that boat wouldn't turn back; I was down in the engine room, I was the engineer that time, [fixing it] if it stopped or they were draining the water out of the filters, but I had just put my feet on the side of the engine, when the boat went like that [heeled over].

Margaret: You thought the you were going to go right over?

Dad: Uncle Herbert was crying, he thought we were in an accident, he was ready to cut the skiff loose to go and turn back.

Margaret: He must have been pretty scared then. Did she always like going out for -- like, we used to always go out for bark and Indian rice.

Dad: Oh yeah, she used to like going out, we used to go out, before my dad got his boat we used to go out with Louie. Louie had a boat for halibut fishing, the Violet C. They'd go out to the Anderson Islands, *Lax Badoo£*, that's where we lived, Louie and them fished just outside. I think that's when Billy was on with them, and they got a

halibut and they had to tow it to the beach.

Margaret: Why?

Dad: It was so big I guess. They had to pull it, her and Alice and Billy,

Margaret: Was it when you were halibut fishing with Pete that you got that great big halibut?

Dad: Oh yeah, yeah, that's who I was on with. I think that was the biggest halibut, it must have been that wide [gesture].

Margaret: About 10 feet? 8 feet? what?

Dad: Yeah, must be, just as wide as the boat.

Margaret: How much would it have weighed? As wide as the boat?

Dad: That ah, wide, and about that long, pretty long.

Margaret: But you don't know how much it weighed do you! Tell me about the halibut, why you didn't weigh it.

Dad: How could you weigh it? I told Pete that, maybe that big halibut will pull you off, but I think that they tied it, when you pulled the buoy line, it was right down there, you know where the last hook, the end of the halibut gear, that's where it happened,

Margaret: Yeah

Dad: There was nothing [else on the gear], just one big halibut, it came on the side... Pete was going to shoot it, through the cheek, it kind of didn't move, and I told Pete we'll club it, and use the soaker line. No, he said "I'll shoot it". He missed it, and shot the ganjie right in half, and the halibut went! Well you should have seen Pete, he just flopped, and Dick and I started laughing. Dick could see a little bit. We just sat, and laughed, you should have seen how white Pete was. We couldn't, we wouldn't

have made it, we wouldn't have pulled it aboard. If Ernie was close by, even that I think we would have had trouble pulling it aboard his boat.

Margaret: It's still down there waiting for you!

Dad: I've seen a 600 pound halibut but, I think that one is bigger.

Margaret: So we will stop now for awhile.

Reflecting on the Project

About half way through the project Tammy noted several recurrent themes in the conversations she was having about her grandmother. These themes have helped us to organize this report to create a picture of Louisa as people remember her.[146] The notes that Tammy made on these themes will introduce her own contribution.

- the most recent and memorable event with Alfred and Louisa was their 50th Anniversary.

- Participants would talk about Louisa's sense of humour. And her ability to make people laugh.

- Louisa was also known for her hobby, she loved to crochet.

- When people talk about Louisa, they remember her husband Alfred. We end up talking about Alfred and how he was a good story teller, and how they both had a good sense of humour, but Louisa was more the type to perform in front of a large crowd, whether she knew them or not -- the more the merrier -- whereas Alfred would prefer sharing his stories in a small group. and usually a group of people that he knew well.

- Louisa was a very generous person, she would contribute to any of the functions that were going on. and contributed to the organization in the villages.

- Louisa was a member of the Hartley Bay choir for many years, and was a member of the U.C.W. (United Church women)

- People remember her as being a very supportive wife, she stood by Alfred wether he was fishing, trapping, or working in the boathouse at North Pacific Cannery.

- I remember how serious my Grandma was about Indian names, and how they should be passed on to people, and what names belonged where. And cooking at feasts, she was a leader in the Blackfish clan and the Raven clan in

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146 The conversations recorded and printed here are a small set of the research that Tammy did for this project; some people were happy to talk with her but were shy to be recorded. We are making copies of this report to give to all of the people she talked with, and we hope that more people will add to the memories that she has in coming years.

the cooking department, and with the passing of the gifts.

• Another one of Louisa's favourite pastimes was playing cards with friends, in their earlier years they spent evenings visiting with friends passing the time playing cards, then in the later years she enjoyed playing bingo.

• Louisa was a social person, she enjoyed company, and always made people feel welcome, and would prepare a nice snack for them.

• Louisa was the type of person that would do her laundry on Monday, iron on Tuesday, bake on Wednesday, maybe not in that order but she was so organized; she drove me nuts.[147]

• Everything had to be just so with Louisa, and she didn't like to keep people waiting, if she had an appointment at 9:00 a.m. she'd be ready at 7:00 a.m.

During the project Tammy tried to write down some of her own memories of Louisa, which echo many of the themes apparent in the contributions by others, from the point of view of much-loved only granddaughter.

147 She drove us both nuts! Louisa had great energy, and by the time Tammy (and later Margaret) came to know her, household organization had come to be a major outlet for this energy; she frequently involved everyone in the house in her projects, such as rearranging stacks of boxes filled with preserved berries, empty canning jars, pots and pans, and other goods piled throughout the basement. We both loved living with Alfred and Louisa, but we have admitted to each other that there were days we wanted to scream when we would no soon be finished with breakfast dishes than Louisa wanted to start thinking about what was going to be for dinner! In Louisa's house, by the way, there was a pretty strongly gendered division of labour, at least for 'housework'. This was not because Alfred or Clarence objected to doing these tasks -- it was probably because Louisa wanted to do things her way.

Breakfast in Bed: Tammy's memories

The treasured memories that I have of my grandparents are the weekends that I was able to sleep over. I remember in the morning Grandma would serve us a breakfast picnic. We would put out a table cloth on the bed, and Grandma would serve breakfast to Grandpa and me. This idea came about when I made the suggestion that we should carry the kitchen table upstairs to the bedroom so we could have breakfast up there, but Grandpa never went for that part of the plan.

The rest of the day was spent playing card games, or telling stories. Grandpa would tell me the story of *Ts'ak*, and I would tell him the story of the Three Bears. We would also exchange rhymes and I would sing to him: Row, Row, Row Your Boat, etc. He taught me finger rhymes in *Sm'algyax* like these:

Haa£yaan 'gaa 'gaa
haa£yaan 'gaa 'gaa 'gaa

Lii xaas yaan naa gwis gwis
adzaax maayn n gwis-gwis
lax aniista gwis-gwis
Gwissss Gwisss Gwisssssss

No£m baan £guu max maaix
no£m baan £guu max maaix

He would also teach me the names of my fingers: ***moos, hatzeex, ska'nax, hastelks, £gusgai.....***

I can see the three of us Mom, Dad and I walking to my Grandma Anderson's house to have dinner with them. I don't remember the occasion, but as always, I was very excited, and skipping along ahead of my parents I couldn't wait to get there. It seemed to take forever, but finally we are at the stairs that my grandparents shared

with Ivan and Belle Eaton. Once past the stairs we stepped off to a walkway that lead us to Grandma's house. It was like a hiking trail, along the way were huckleberry bushes, *dza'was*, (laughing berries). It was all natural surroundings, topped off with the *gwisgwaask* (stellar jays) sitting in the trees. Once there, dinner was served. Grandma always served ham when we came to dinner. I remember wanting to play cards right away, but we had to eat first!

My grandparents had a picture of me when I was about three years old, and I was running away from home. I had a fight with my Grandma Robinson, so I was moving to live with my little grandparents. I don't remember the incident, but apparently I packed up my blanket and a bottle and was moving on! They teased me about that picture sometimes.

Another thing that sticks out in my mind is travelling to/from Hartley Bay, with my grandparents on the "Tammy Louise". My Dad had made a swing for me on the boat and that was fun, and I remember my Grandma and her state of panic the minute a bigger boat came into sight -- she would bounce off the walls, and finally Dad would yell at her to go to sit downstairs and not to look, but I didn't help the situation any, because I'd give her a play-by-play, telling her how big the waves are, and "you should see them Grandma". Finally they would hit the boat, and I'd yell "hang on Grandma", but she never did, if anything fell out of the cupboards she'd be picking things up and putting them back.

It was a big event for me being able to visit my Grandparents at the North Pacific Cannery. This would be in the summer months, because they would leave Hartley Bay sometime after Christmas, (March I guess,) so by the time summer had rolled around, there was quite a span between the time that I last saw them, so you could

imagine the excitement that was built up, and the long boat ride that I had to endure. Eight hours of trying to make the time go faster, and checking to see if we were in the NP water yet, and singing to myself, reading. As I got older my Dad would let me drive the boat (some of the way).

Grandma would set up her house where my parents slept in their bedroom, and I would sleep with Grandma in the spare bedroom, and my Grandfather would have to sleep on the couch. I remember walking to the store and buying treats, and finding all of my NP friends. Grandma would take me out and walk about the cannery, I remember walking over to Grandpa's job site and calling him in to lunch.

And on rainy days I'd stay in the house, and watch all the kids' programs and swing. My Grandpa had built a swing for me, in the doorway of the spare bedroom. He put up the swing, and I remember a ladder that went up to the attic, which I was never to go up, but I wanted to, it drove me nuts wanting to know what was up there, but I never could.

Grandma, Mom and I would go out berry picking way above the train tracks. I hated berry picking, but I had to go with them because my Dad and Grandfather were out working on the nets, or fishing. So I would go picking berries with them, for hours. My Mom loved to do this. She bought this cedarbark basket made by Angeline Wilson from Kitimaat/Haisla, a baby basket used for berries. I was eager to try that out for the first time, but the novelty wore off within the hour.

Sometimes we would take a walk on the train tracks to Sunnyside, and that was scary, 'cause I was always worried about the train coming, especially when we crossed the bridge.

Figure 39: Karl Blumhagen, Tammy's Youngest Son

The Spirit of *Nis Haiwaalxs*

Tammy's life has changed a lot since her childhood in Hartley Bay, but the memories that she has of those days are part of her and her children's legacy. Among the memories that we share is the day that Tammy told her grandmother that she was expecting her third child; Louisa was in hospital at the time, and she died not long afterwards. Karl was born about six months after Louisa died.

Doing this project has made Tammy remember things that she had not thought of in years, and she has enjoyed showing her children pictures of her family and talking about them. We hope that they will have more of Louisa's spirit with them through this work. We will finish our re-collections with the mourning song that was first sung for an earlier *Nis Haiwaalxs*, many generations ago.

After many years the Spirit of Neas Hiwas passed from his body.

In the funeral rites that followed a new chant was sung. A funeral chant that has come down through the ages, and is still sung when a Chief of The Grizzly Bear Totem dies:

Leig yu hou - dis caan caana yu haw law aw hee hee
The trees fall all ways when the grizzly comes on.

ee-ya haw law ya haw law ah hee hee.
Will guik koi dex me dee-k yu haw law aw hee hee.
Here comes the Grizzly Bear out of the lake.

ee-ya haw law ya haw law ah hee hee.
Gis see ya guehth me dee-k yu haw law aw hee hee Tum-L-Hama.
The Grizzly Bear comes down through the town of Tum-L-Hama.

Will wahl-da yu haw law as hee hee.
Ee-ya haw law ya haw law ah hee hee.

MEN OF MEDEEK, Will Robinson, as told by Walter Wright, (written during 1935-36). pp.21ff

Discussion

The incredibly dense web of shared knowledge from ordinary conversations, the insider savvy needed to interpret nicknames and anecdotes, and a commitment to the system of social relations encoded in the *adaox* are among the elements that are more or less widely shared by those people who comprise "Hartley Bays," or "The Tsimshian."

A community is as much such a set of shared conversations as it is a place on a map. Newcomers to Hartley Bay are generally given access to the public varieties of these; use of *Sm'algya̲x* generally excludes outsiders from the private varieties. Translations and exigeses are frequently offered for the speeches at feasts, but less frequently for casual conversations. *Sm'algya̲x* is sometimes used deliberately to keep people from understanding, as when fishers use it on their radios to discuss success and plans.

An anonymous reviewer for the Royal Commission commented on the dearth of information in our work on negative events and sensitive topics. This is an accurate observation, and an important one.

Over the eighty years of her life Louisa Anderson suffered the loss of three babies and a young child; she experienced bitter disappointments, grief, hardships, and sorrows; she worked hard right from childhood, putting in long shifts at exhausting and sometimes dangerous jobs in canneries and on boats; she endured the indignities of racism and was excluded from many of the opportunities that life might have afforded her had she started her life in another time, place, or race. Through this all she sometimes rebelled and occasionally despaired.

It is also true that over her life Louisa acquired much knowledge about sensitive

topics, and she was as well aware of the lapses and failings of those around her as of her own. Sometimes she would talk seriously with those close to her, sharing her most private feelings. The culture in which she was raised did not prepare her to declare these publicly however.

Neither the 'confessional' nor 'exposé' genres seem to be indigenous to Tsimshian public discourse[148] (though they are probably as widely practised privately among the Tsimshian as anywhere else). The unwillingness to indulge in these genres in public (or 'for the record' by way of a tape recording in private) is linked to the pervasive influence of the feast complex, and to the practices in that system to deal with shame. When someone is publicly shamed s/he might "wash" by giving a feast and distributing property to the guests, but once this is done the gifts "shut the mouths" of the witnesses, and close the topic for good (at least in public).

Being able to shape and control public representations is integral to the collective celebration of shared community. In general, it is not appropriate to bring into the public arena of the feast any lapses of behaviour that have already been 'washed off' or that occurred privately. Given that feasts are events in which entire lineages are involved, to do so would be a challenge to an entire group of people. People may know the foibles of their clan siblings perfectly well, and this information

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148 Some of the fundamentalist Christian denominations that provide a context in which public displays of emotional confession are encouraged are represented in Prince Rupert, ministering largely to marginalized natives living in town. In such contexts the participants may make general or even somewhat specific professions of sin and subsequent salvation through forgiveness. The church in Hartley Bay does not include altar calls or similar encouragement of such professions. People do talk about "calling someone down", which might be seen as a kind of exposé genre, but people who do this are usually thought to be out of control, and sometimes the lapse is attributed to alcohol.

may even influence their deliberations about succession within the group, but clan members would unite vigorously against the insult if such issues were raised in a public context. So it is not to be expected that people who respect Tsimshian values would agree to tape record material that would reflect poorly on themselves or others in their community.[149] While among close family and friends the knowledge of pain and sorrow may be shared privately, public memories are controled and filtered, at least in Hartley Bay. It is useful to observe that such communal memory-shaping underlies the reflexive self-construction of a small community such as Hartley Bay, as the community presents its face to those who view it.

We began this project focused largely on descriptive goals -- we wanted to put together a picture of a family from conversations with members of the family and people who knew them in different ways, and to make this accessible to people who don't understand Tsimshian culture. We knew our subject intimately, and we tried to leave ourselves open to contradictions and complexity and to seeing how people speak from and to situated perspectives such as shared gender, age, and cultural knowledge. In making the tape-recordings that are the primary research material for our study, Tammy repeatedly experienced the following scenario: the participants would spend thirty or forty minutes casually talking about a topic, mentioning dozens of interesting points. Then they would tell Tammy they were ready, and would provide a brief, "sanitized" and usually rather stiff and formal exchange on the topics selected. This is exactly the same experience that many people working in this area have had;

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149 One painful topic on which people are willing to speak is the indignity of language repression in the schools when they were children; the openness on this topic is likely due to the fact that this was imposed by non-Tsimshian people and that there is a lot of support for re-vitalization of the language.

the use of tape-recorders is very much like the most formal feast context, and preparations are careful and the event is firmly stage-managed. That does not mean that the material is not reliable, but it is certainly not spontaneous.

The use of audio or video tape-recorders sometimes seems to afford the potential for a direct and "unfiltered" record of language or cultural behaviour. People who use these tools regularly are well aware that this is not the case, and the process of collecting materials for this study has demonstrated clearly that it is not simply the "outsider" which engenders increased formality. At least in Hartley Bay, the face that is presented to the rest of the world is carefully crafted, and a permanent record such as a recording is definitely categorized as available for outsiders.

The court in the recent Delgam Uukw case suggested that anthropologists and other researchers who work within communities were not reliable because they become "advocates" for the people they researched. Researchers who worked with written materials left by non-native missionaries and traders were accorded more credibility by that court. In privileging the written over the oral and the external over the internal perspective, the court was employing everyday ideas from élite culture. One of the responsibilities of people who do research in this context is to de-mystify the process, making obvious the constructedness of any form of scholarship and the interestedness of participants. They also should make it clear that reliance on written materials left by people who had little understanding of what they were seeing is not more "objective" than reliance on the oral materials of experts from within the culture being discussed; both have limits and need to be interpreted, and both are pre-shaped by assumptions and intentions. The court's naive assumption of a "cinéma verité" process in research is abetted by academics who obscure their active role in the

writing of their articles and books, allowing readers to see them as direct records of events.

While we have made use of tape-recorders, transcriptions, and "the literature," the making of this article has been like the process of "making memories." The people we worked with were thoughtful and careful in what they allowed to be recorded, and we have further selected, shaped, and established emphases in the raw material that we had available; that is how memories are made.

Appendices

Recipes

£e'ta£s Lola (Lola's Indian Pancakes)
2 cups of flour
1 teaspoon of baking powder
1 teaspoon of sugar
1/2 teaspoon of salt
water to desired consistency

Method: The secret to this recipe is to add
water till the mixture is pasty wet,
and add the baking powder last.
Then fry in a deep pan in oil.

Darlene's irresistible *'aas* (soap berries)
For a good sized bowl:
3 tablespoons of berries - mashed
Add 3/4 of a cup of water
sugar to taste

Method: Whip, whip, whip and more whipping.
Then add sugar to taste.
Mashed bananas are optional.

£iyoon
4 cups of flour
1/2 teaspoon of salt
1 teaspoon of baking powder
1 cup of lard/or 4 tablespoons of eulachon grease
water

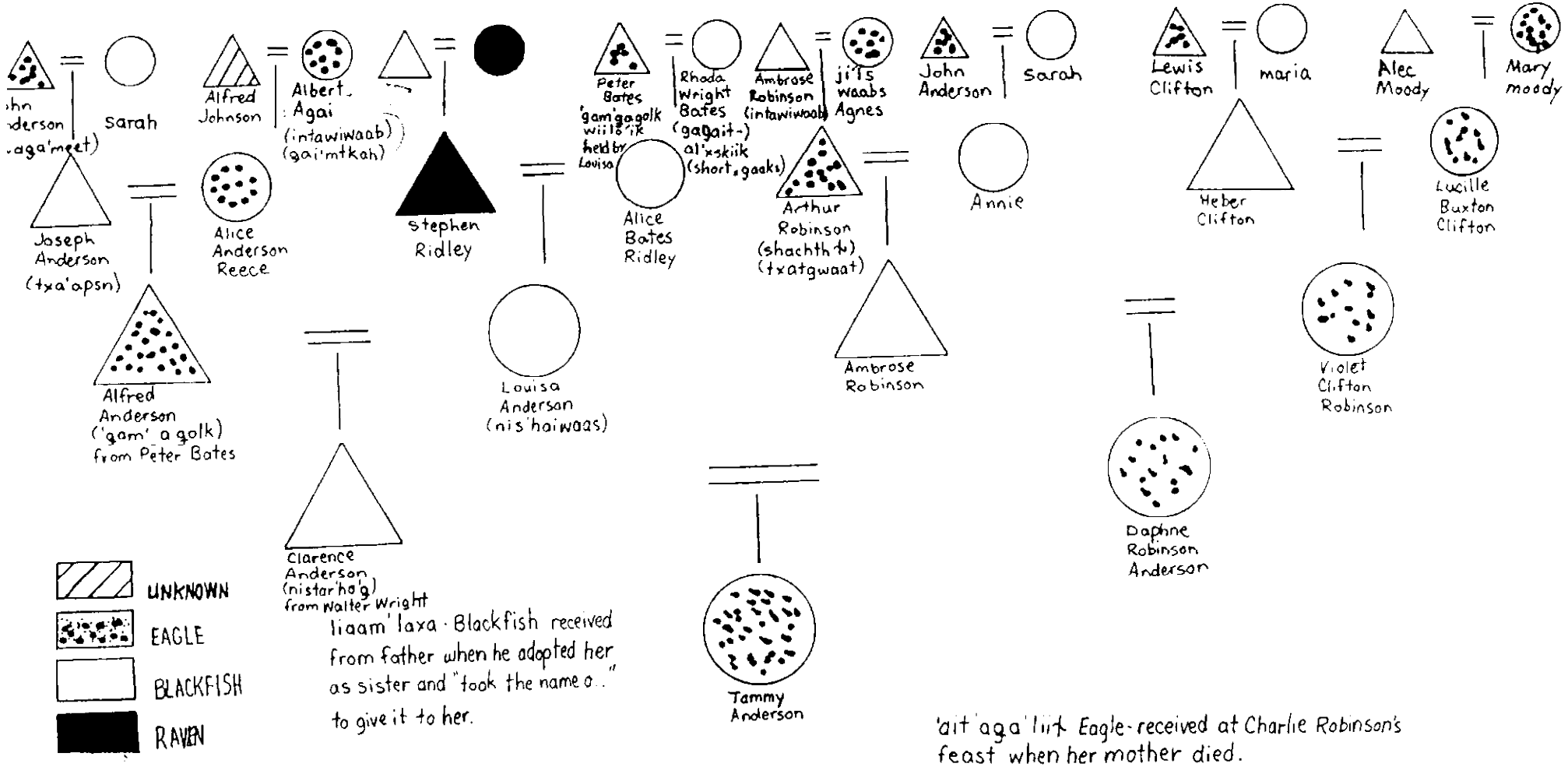
Method: Combine all ingredients and mix well; knead well.
Press into a greased pan.
Bake at 350 degrees.

Luudamks
Fresh berries (salmonberries, blueberries, or whatever)
sugar
eulachon grease

Method: Squeeze the berries with your hands till there is a lot of juice; add some water if needed; mix in sugar and grease to taste.

Tammy Anderson · family tree

direct lines only: see pages referred to by each grandparent for complete details



liaam'laxa · Blackfish received from father when he adopted her as sister and "took the name o.." to give it to her.

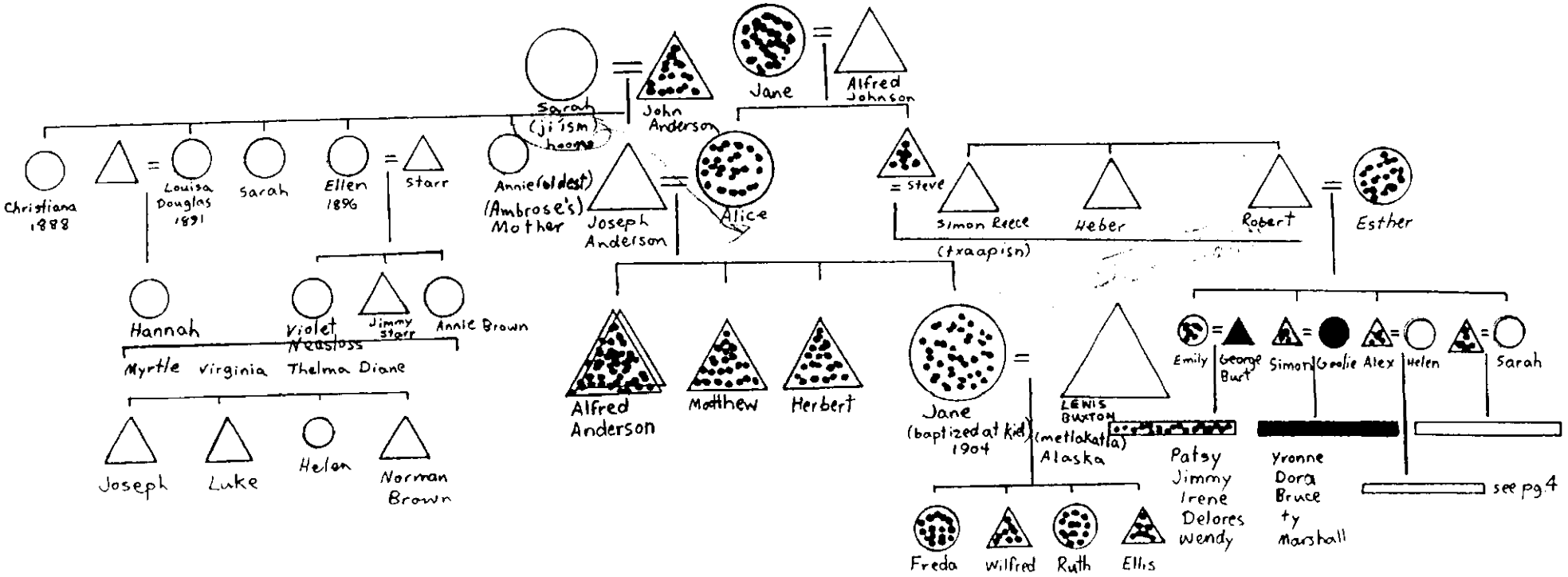
'ait'aga'liit Eagle - received at Charlie Robinson's feast when her mother died.

Family Tree

The family tree included here was prepared in by Margaret Anderson in 1982 as part of a project. Louisa provided most of the information included. The tree shows Tammy's direct line back to her great-great-grandparents on the first page, and then expands the tree for each of her grandparents. In each of these the circles represent women, the triangles represent men; uncoloured = *Gispudwada* (blackfish); black = *Ganhada* (raven); polka dots = *Laxskiik* (eagle); diagonal lines = clan not known. There are a number of gaps in the information here.

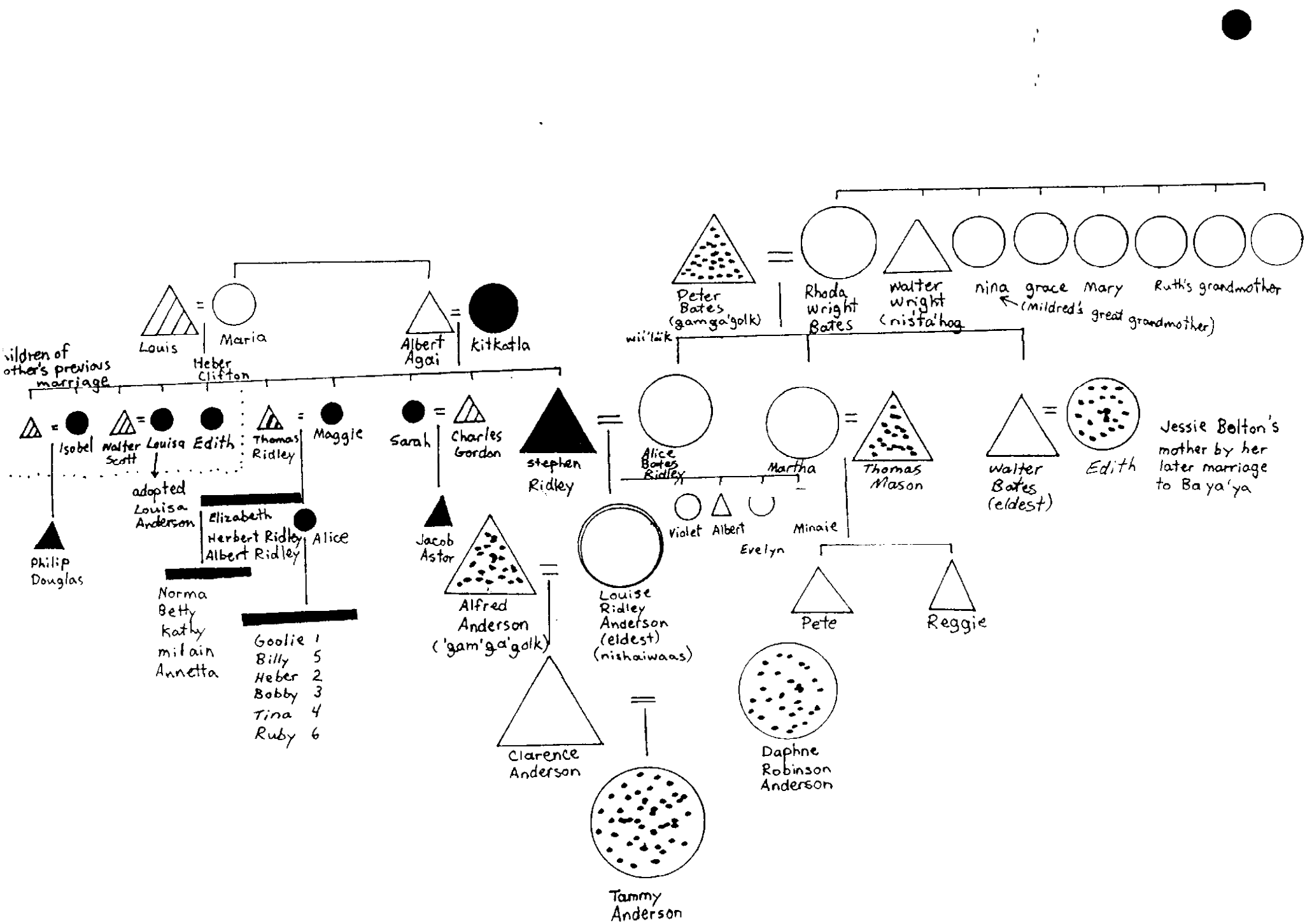
Tammy Anderson - Family Tree
Direct lines only; see details for each grandparent on pages following.

2. Alfred Anderson



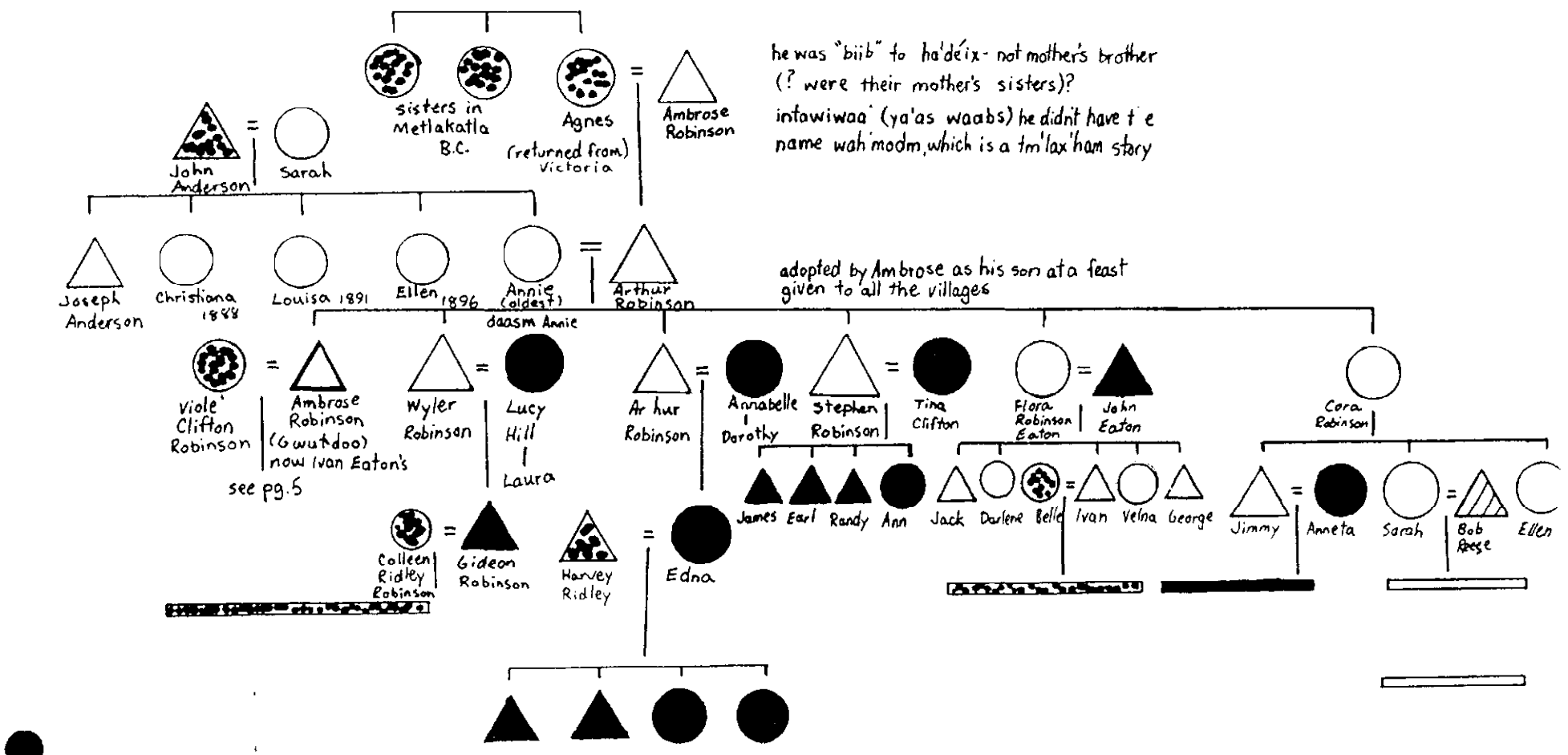
Alfred Anderson

3. Louisa Anderson



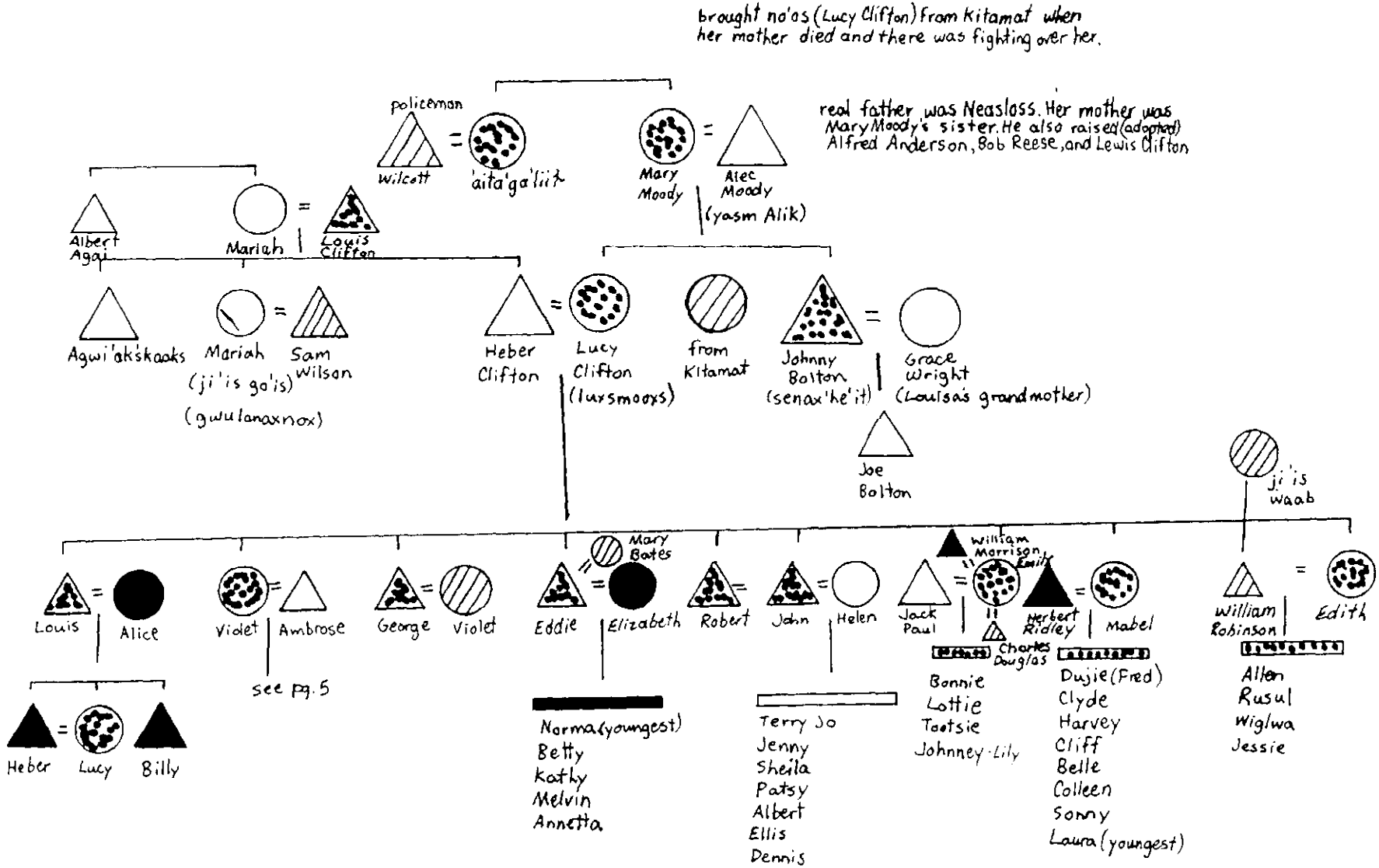
Louisa Anderson

t. Ambrose Robinson



Ambrose Robinson

6. Violet Robinson - sisters & brothers included



Violet Robinson

Afterword: Comments on Theory and Method

Theoretical Framework[150]

The research for this project was guided by contemporary theoretical insights from two approaches: "anti-Orientalism" -- the movement to decolonize modernist discourses on culture, specifically contesting essentialist characterizations of culture as series of monolithic discrete entities (Said 1978, 1989; Coombe 1991); and feminist research, particularly the deconstruction of the in-divid-ual as undivided self into intersections of situated perspectives acknowledging gender, class, race, age and other "parts" of people as compelling (Haraway 19). These approaches seek to name and subvert dominant paradigms and categories which direct attention away from pervasive privileging of some groups (McIntosh 1989), and accommodate the fetishizing and appropriation of aboriginal culture:

> *What is most revealing is that in the appropriation and naming of Native as healer, as storyteller, as humorist, the appropriators name themselves. We become the object against which the threat of difference is disavowed. Our difference is covered over by becoming a symbol, a fetish.*
>
> *By fetishing us, we become mere objects of consumption, which initiates a production of desire: we become style, fashion, commodity; a source of script material, of choreographic inspiration, of literary realism. Having taken our land, attention is then turned to the imagination, the interior realm of our territories and powers.* (Todd 1990:30)

Anti-orientalism and other -isms and anti-isms are symptomatic of an increase in the self-conscious examination of the practice of the discipline of anthropology, which has gone hand-in-hand with increases in the participation of women and of non-

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150 This section is quite academic, and is directed at readers who may be interested in this work from that perspective. While this is not a highly technical discussion, some of the more generally relevant material here has been worked into the preceding chapters for the convenience of other readers.

 Europeans.

Positioning the project in these two theoretical discourses was planned to lead us to emphasize the "situatedness" of the lives that we were studying. We emphasized this in the proposal for the project, in response to the Project Mandate, which uses terms such as "matrilineal", "rural", "aboriginal" and "family" as though these were timelessly stable ideas and entities, and as though people might be found whose lives are archetypes of the concepts.

> **Project mandate**: A 3-Generation (grandmother/mother/daughter) study of a rural aboriginal family. This study to be conducted in a west coast, matrilineal nation.

Writing literally to this mandate would have entailed submerging the complexities of lived experience that have shifted the lives written about here from (usually) rural to (sometimes) urban; from matrilineal to matrilineal for feasts/with a patrilineal surname and "going-both-ways" with adopted clans; and from "seamlessly" aboriginal to married-out/married-in/adopted-in; and from a three or four generation extended family resident in a single house to one or two generation families gathering only for special occasions. But it is clear from the complexity we have tried to represent in our report that there is no such stability.

The lived lives of the authors and subjects of this research are complex / contradictory / conflicted. We have not glossed over or factored out the complexity, but rather highlighted it as a revealing insight about particular people, a specific community, and the nature of culture.

Methodological Framework

The methodology followed derives from the theoretical approach discussed

above. That approach suggests that "information" is not unitary/stable/true any more than people are stable in-divid-uals. Information is understood to be situated by the relationships between the recorder/giver/subject/topic/context; and each of these is understood to be internally complex and shifting. From this it follows that it is crucial to collect actual words with information on each of the situating variables. This is the project that Tammy pursued, as outlined in the project proposal:

> Tammy will be the primary researcher, working through previously collected tapes and photographs, continuing the discourse with people in the community, and writing about it. Margaret will work with her in planning the research, organizing the materials and editing them. Research will be subject to the ethical protocols appropriate for working with a small community in which confidentiality is not feasible. In many ways this is the same ethical standard that governs the conversations we will collect -- private conversations include much that is omitted when outsiders are present. Community approval for the research will be requested prior to initiation of the project.

Conclusions

We began the project focused largely on descriptive goals -- we wanted to put together a picture of a family from conversations with members of the family and people who knew them in different ways. We knew our subject intimately, and we had left ourselves open to contradictions and complexity. The making of this report has been like the process of 'making memories'. We have selected, shaped and established emphases in the raw material that we had available; that <u>is</u> how memories are made.

We have both learned much from this project, and we hope that the report conveys some of what we learned from Louisa. The process has been somewhat like the experiences that Margaret had when she came to Hartley Bay to do 'fieldwork'. These trips always started with a research plan, and while the work that went into

executing the research plan was generally productive, the most revealing and insightful observations generally came from the day-to-day experience of living close to people who speak the language and lead the lives that you are seeking to understand. We will end this report with one small story reflecting this.

Knowledge by Accident

Margaret Seguin Anderson

I had read all of the published materials about the Tsimshian people before I went to Hartley Bay, and had ideas about a lot of things based on those written materials. One of the most intriguing things to read is the discussion of the story of *Asdiwal* written by the well-known French structuralist anthropologist, Claude Lévi-Strauss. Lévi-Strauss had become interested in what myths reveal about cultures, and he had been trying to understand the 'logic' of mythic structures for a long time. He was fascinated by the story of *Asdiwal*, which was available to him in several versions published by Franz Boas.

Lévi-Strauss saw in the story of *Asdiwal* an attempt to represent some of the contradictions and tensions inherent in Tsimshian culture; specifically he noted that there is a problem for any matrilineal people in reconciling the patterns of descent and inheritance with the pattern of residence (someone always ends up missing their family, or making their in-laws mad!). The story of *Asdiwal* is about a man who married a number of times and established his home sometimes with his in-laws, sometimes with his own family, sometimes in a new place. Each time something happened to show that the choice was not perfect - each time it revealed a mistake. This is, I believe, a really interesting analysis of the way that myths work, and some of the significance of the story of *Asdiwal*.

But I learned something from Louisa about *Asdiwal* that I think that Lévi-Strauss would have found interesting. One day she was working in the kitchen and I heard her say *taxs 'haas, 'taxs luugul 'haas. £a asdiwaal*. This means, roughly, 'darn it, darn it, there's something wrong!' I had learned enough *Sm'algyax* by then to understand this, and I was familiar with the interpretation tha Lévi-Strauss had presented for this myth. The name of the hero of the story means 'mistake', and the conclusion that Lévi-Strauss arrived at through painstaking analysis is quite likely a very good one. I could have learned this by checking the meaning of *asdiwaal* in the Practical Dictionary of Coast Tsimshian that John Dunn published, but it would not have been the same as hearing Louisa say it!

So Louisa taught me that a great deal about Tsimshian culture is there to be learned in the language, the conversations, and the communities; and that you can often learn the most when you are not expecting it! We hope that this project will show that to our readers as well.

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Glossary of Terms in *Sm'algyax*

'as	soap berries
adaox; var. *adaawk*	history; generally relating to a single clan or sub-clan
'aalaxk	brave
Asdiwal	name; lit. 'mistake'
baa'lax	a person who has been reincarnated
Bayayah	(nickname); William Robinson
'Dah	*(nickname); short for Auntie; Lucy Robinson*
Dap Blit	(nickname) Alfred Anderson; *dap* is often translated as 'them', and used to refer to the family or house of an individual
Dau£	(personal name) Grandma Dau£
dza'was	laughing berries; salal
dzoox	embarrassed
Gala'haitk	(place name)
Ganhada	raven
Gispudwada	Blackfish Clan
Gwa'als	nickname (Clarence Anderson); short for *Hagwilskaask*
gwisgwaask	stellar jays
Hade'ix	father (honorific); from Haida language
Hagwilskaask	personal name; Richard Clifton; Clarence Anderson's *baa'lax*
hastelks	third finger
hatzeex	index finger

[redacted]iij	one of several short forms for *ntsi'its*, grandmother
Ji'ism Gyilhowli	(name) literally, grandmother up in the bush; Mariah Clifton
Kiel	(place name) seaweed camp
Kluu'nagat	(place name)
'ksiu	edible scraped cambrium of hemlock and several other trees; it is a treat when cooked with grease and sugar.
Ksogm Hayetsk	name
kswaatk	'father's side'; clan of one's father
laan	fish roe
Lax Badoo£	(place name) Anderson Islands
Laxgibuu	Wolf Clan
Lax'kal'tsap	(place name) 'Old Town'; Old Hartley Bay
Laxskiik	Eagle Clan
Lax 'tsis Wada	Surf Inlet
legi	'herring on hair'; herring roe on a grassy seaweed
£e'taxs	pancakes
£gusgai	baby finger
£ioon	bannock
luudamsk	squeezed (berries)
medeek	grizzley bear; (spelled mediik in current orthography)
moolk	irritated by something
moos	thumb
myuubm gyet	'Indian rice'; roots of the chocolate lily; *'myuub* is also used for ordinary rice; *gyet* means 'people'

Nis-d-hok	Blackfish Chief name; Clarence Anderson; spelled Nistahok in contemporary orthography
Nis Haiwaalxs	Blackfish Chief name; Louisa Anderson
Noogie	nickname; Raymond Anderson
No'os variant, *no'oh*	mother
Nuganaks	one of the *adaok* of part of the Blackfish Clan
'paksa huu	woolen 'longjohns' (generally hand knit)
ptsaan	totem pole
pteex	clan
sa'ap met	become hungry
skan	woven cedarbark mat
ska'nax	second finger
Sm'oigyet	Chief
Sudaa£	woman's name
Sxatiin	personal name
Sm'algyax	language of the Coast Tsimshian people
'taxs 'haas,	'darn it!'; lit. dirty dog
Txaamsm	'trickster' figure
txal 'ya'ansk	exaggerate
Ts'ak	'trickster'
waab	house
wooks	dried salmon filets
'wooms	'Devil's Club'; a medicinal shrub

Xa£giu (place name) current site of village of Hartley Bay

yaokw one of a series of feasts