PREPARED FOR THE HAISLA NATION FOR SUBMISSION TO
ENBRIDGE NORTHERN GATEWAY PROJECT JOINT REVIEW PANEL

Stewards of the Land…

Haisla Ownership and Use of their Traditional Territory, and their Concerns regarding the Northern Gateway Project and Proposed Tanker Traffic in the Douglas Channel and Kitimat Arm

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Haisla Ownership and Use of their Traditional Territory, and their Concerns regarding the Northern Gateway Project and Proposed Tanker Traffic in the Douglas Channel and Kitimat Arm

by J. V. (Jay) Powell

Executive Summary: This report is prepared for the Haisla Nation for submission to the Enbridge Northern Gateway JRP (Joint Review Panel) by anthropologist Dr. Jay Powell, based on more than ten years experience investigating the lifeways, perspective and ethnohistory of the Haisla. It presents the Haisla people's basis for their concerns regarding the Northern Gateway Project (NGP) pipeline, terminal and tanker traffic in the Douglas Channel and Kitimat Arm. The report includes a brief, relevant introduction to the Haisla people and their culture (pp. 4-9), and then discusses five basic issues:

1) Haisla Aboriginal territory, a claim based on documentary and folk-historical accounts, archaeological evidence, CMT (culturally modified tree) documentation, Haisla traditional place names, a corpus of mythic origin narratives, and well-documented patterns of traditional and continuing use (pp. 11-20).
2) The Haisla land ownership system, which is based on individual control and responsibility for each of the 61 *wa'wais* (wah-WEH-s) areas (watersheds) of Haisla territory, including details of the ceremonial inheritance of those areas from generation to generation along each owner's matriline. The Haisla *nuyem* (NOO-yum), the rule of community behaviour and perspective, prescribes a stewardship responsibility to conserve, protect and share the resources of their lands and waters (pp. 21-30).
3) Haisla culture and the use of subsistence resources from their traditional territory, including a list of subsistence foods, medicines and materials harvested (pp. 30-34) and excerpts from community "traditional use" interviews.
4) Haisla watersheds considered to be at risk and their cultural resources (pp. 35-199).
5) Areas of Haisla concern along the tanker entry route, including Haisla IR #14 (Gander Island), Caamano Sound, Campania Sound and adjacent areas (p. 199).
6) A corpus of Haisla cultural narratives (Haisla stories) and traditional food preparation and preservation information appendices which further illustrate the Haisla ethnic perspective and reliance upon their traditional land and its resources (pp. 211-272).

The Haisla traditional perspective on ownership, along with the rights and stewardship obligations that it imposes, prompted the Haisla people to participate in the preparation of this report. Haisla continuing use of the whole of their territory and the degree to which the land, waters, living things and resources are basic to Haisla lifeways, re-enforces their aversion to catastrophic risk to their traditional territory. The author has attempted to fulfill Haisla elder John Robinson's instructions, given during an interview regarding information for this report:

"Jay, you tell them about the Haisla people's worry, their right to worry, and their obligation to worry about Northern Gateway and tankers in our waters."

Contents:

1. Introduction to the Haisla people

Relevance of this information to the Joint Review Panel and other readers

So that readers can appreciate the appropriateness of Haisla input to the Joint Review Panel (JRP), I will start by discussing the Haisla people, their history and the cultural institutions that rely on the resources of Haisla traditional territory. Haisla culture is not a set of portable lifeways that could be practiced wherever a nomadic community stopped to put up their cedar plank houses or tents. Haisla habits, beliefs, myths and oral traditions, annual cycle, economics, diet and subsistence patterns all focus on the 90 x 170 km area that is their traditional territory. It was settled by their ancestors at the "Time of Beginnings." For dozens of generations, it was inhabited, hunted, fished and harvested by the descendants of those first migrant settlers. And now that land where their grandfathers are buried is their "grounds" from which the Haisla take their sustenance and their identity. To a large extent, being Haisla has to do with Haisla traditional territory.

Haisla people, young and old, say, "Our elders went everywhere," and they have stories to prove it. Back areas of the whole territory are full of culturally modified trees (CMT's) which are centuries-old living fingerprints proving generations of Haisla occupation and use of the area. However, things have changed. Nowadays, Haisla hunters, trappers, fishers and gatherers mainly work the shoreline areas, recognizing that the interior watersheds and highlands are the cradle area where the game and fur-bearer populations regenerate and fish eggs hatch. So, the Haisla feel that they are still carefully using all their land–using the broad saltwater passages and shorelands to harvest what they need and keeping the higher, headwater areas as the cradle where stocks rebuild in peace. To the Haisla, this territory, which is their heritage, is still unspoiled and pristine, and they are cautious about any possible danger to the land, waters or the living things in it. That danger is perceived as anything that might adversely affect or ruin their territory, including the impacts and effects of spills, construction and even exposure to the influx of more people in undeveloped watershed areas.

Possibly the most useful pages for readers wishing to understand the Haisla perspective that motivates their misgivings about the NGP are pp. 25-28. Haisla protectiveness of their lands seems more an issue of obligation than a right of inherited possession. Thoughtful Haisla elders speak of their *wa'wais* watersheds as "stewardship areas," ownership of which entails responsibility for the area and the living things in it. Visitors to their territory, who understand this Haisla obligation to be good stewards of the landscape, will be more comfortable and sensitive when interacting with their Haisla hosts. Likewise will representatives of companies hoping to undertake projects in Haisla territory feel more welcome if they understand the Haisla sense of obligation to conserve their lands. I will discuss this Haisla stewardship obligation with regard to their traditional territory throughout the report. It is basic to an understanding of the Haisla sense of responsibility for protecting their traditional lands and, ultimately, for their cautious concerns regarding the NGP and tankers in Kitimat Arm.

Finally, this report should be read as an objective statement which recognizes an author's responsibility to portray the feelings expressed by community members and attempts to explain the basis for those sentiments and convictions. There is much to be learned in the details and

explanations contained herein, issues that could make negotiators better informed and possibly more successful.

Sources of information on the Haisla included in this report

This report draws on published and archival sources of information on the Haisla including journals of the early maritime explorers and the Hudson Bay Company, and on church, survey, Indian Affairs and other records (please see bibliography in the appendices). For ethnographic background, the publications and field research notes of Ronald Olson, Ivan Lopatin, Charles Hamori-Torok, and John Pritchard have been useful. Archaeological reports relating to various site reconnaissance projects provide information supporting Haisla folk-history and community memory.

But, the primary source of information on Haisla traditional and continuing use of their territory is the compiled records of the Haisla Traditional Use Study (TUS) directed by the author between 2000 and 2002. Drawing on a set of cultural resource interviews conducted at Kitamaat village (1995-96), the TUS elicited and compiled precise information regarding the history of ownership of the Haisla *wa'wai* areas (clan stewardship areas, which are individually owned watersheds). This information is reflected in each of the *wa'wais* descriptions below that make up the body of the report. It should be noted that the ownership of each *wa'wais* is passed on to an inheritor/new owner at the death of the owner in each generation. Thus, at any particular time, the ownership of a few *wa'wais* areas will be in transition. Often the inheritor is not immediately decided by the family for various reasons. At the time of writing this report, there are a few *wa'wais* areas for which ownership is still under discussion and will be announced when the family makes a decision. Such watersheds are indicated as such and show the dynamic social issues involved in Haisla ownership.

Each of the 58 *wa'wais* areas reviewed and discussed below also lists subsistence and material resources harvested in those areas by the Haisla during their customary annual cycle and gives excerpts from TUS interviews conducted in 1995 and 2002. (Please see Appendix #4 for a brief description of the Haisla TUS process and a list of interviewees). The collated data from those TUS interviews is reflected throughout this report, but particularly in the resource use information contained in the discussion of each *wa'wais*. That resource use information makes it clear that the Haisla rely heavily on their lands and waters for subsistence and maintenance of their lifeways.

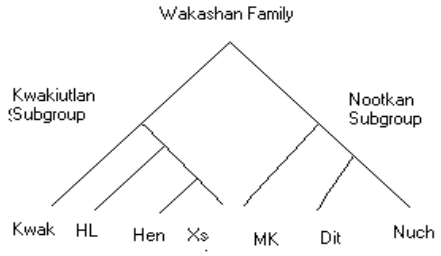
1.1 Who are the Haisla?

The Haisla people number approximately 1600, about half of whom reside in Kitamaat Village, located on the east side of Kitimat Arm across from the proposed NGP terminal. Today's Haisla represent the descendants of two bands: the *Gitamaat* [GEE-tah-maht], meaning "people of the snow", and the *Gitlop* [GEET-lope], meaning "people of the rocks." The Gitlop were also called Henaksiala and, because they moved from Misk'usa to Kemano around 1900, they and their descendants are now often called "Kemano people." The composite settlement groups of both the Gitamaat and the Gitlop are discussed below relating to the Wakashan family. The Gitamaat and Henaksiala spoke similar dialects of the same language and commonly intermarried; and in order

to allow both groups access to schools, medical attention and mainstream Canadian technology, they decided to amalgamate in 1948-9 as the Haisla Nation.

The Haisla are linguistically classified as part of the Wakashan Language Family, related closely to the Kwak'wala-speaking (Kwakwaka'wakw) peoples of Vancouver Island and to the Heiltsuk of the BellaBella area, and more distantly to the Nuu-chah-nulth and Ditiidaht of southwest Vancouver Island and the Makah of Washington state. These Wakashan peoples, including the Haisla, represent the descendants of an original tribal group referred to as the Proto-Wakashans, which commenced to split and differentiate approximately 2500 years ago. Based on linguistic evidence, we can chart that history as follows:

Chart of the Wakashan Language Family, showing the putative derivation of the Haisla and Henaksiala and their linguistic relatives



Kwak – Kwakwaka'wakw
HL – Heiltsuk [Bellabella]
Hen – Henaksiala [Gitlop]
Xs – Xa'isla [Haisla or Gitamaat]
Nuch – Nuu-chah-nulth
Dit – Ditidaht [Nitinat]
MK – Makah

According to Haisla oral tradition, by the time of European contact (possibly Vancouver's party in 1793), the earlier settlement groups of the *Gitamaat* had consolidated into a single tribal community [Thompson and Kinkade, 1990:39; Hamori-Torok, 1990:306-311]:

- the *Xa'isla* (HAH-ees-lah) of the lower Kitimat River,
- (the *Uxdewala* (OOK-duh-wah-lah) whose settlements were located near the confluence of the Wedeene and Kitimat rivers, and
- the *Geldala* (Gyuhl-DAH-lah) of Kildala Arm.

According to Haisla folk-history, the pre-contact *Xa'isla* occupied a number of different "permanent, main" villages for longer or shorter periods of time:

- *Tlilaq'ac'iyuqwas* (Lhee-lah-k!ah-tsee-yoo-kwuhs) near the Kitamaat River bridge; thence to
- *Wo'axdu* (WOH-uhk-doo) or Bees which is near the site of the proposed NGP terminal; thence to
- *Miya'nexaas* (Mee-yah-'nuh-HAAS) just above the mouth of the Kitimat River, east (see Tirrul-Jones); thence to
- *Zagwis* (Dzuh-GWEES) at the head of Minette Bay; thence to

- *Paxw* (Pah-kw), where the Alcan smelter is today; thence to
- *Walhsto* (WAH-lh-stoo) Haisla IR #3, two km south of Kitamaat Village; and, thence to
- *C'imoc'a* (Tsee-MOH-tsuh), Kitamaat village.

Besides these "permanent" winter villages, families would disperse to seasonal family campsites and homesites on the family *wa'wais* settlements. Some of these settlements had one or more houses, used when fish were running or when harvestable resources were in season. Several dotted the landscape along the pipeline corridor [Robinson, G.; Pritchard, nd: 3-20].

1.2 Traditional and Contemporary Haisla Culture

The Haisla people represent an Aboriginal community of the northern Northwest Coast cultural area. The ethnographic region called the *Northwest Coast* runs from northern California to the Alaskan panhandle and comprises a 1400 mile continuum of tribal groups whose traditional culture includes many of the same features. Tribal groups of the northern part of this Northwest Coast, while distinct from each other in many ways, share cultural features that include:

- dramatic carved wood sculptures such as totem poles and welcoming figures, cedar dugout canoes, split plank "bighouses" with elaborately carved houseposts and adze-shaped, sculpted beams. Haisla carving traditions continue to be maintained.
- the pageantry and ritual exchange of the potlatch ceremonial and other feasts. The Haisla have a "settlement feast" traditionally held a year after the death of a clan member, which functions as a memorial, name giving and official inheritance of watershed ownership, still rigorously maintained.
- band level society with many features of tribal groups: chieftains who had real power, mythic explanations as the basis of their nobility and, often, matrilineal canons of personal identity and succession, all still maintained with the addition of elected band council administration.
- traditional economic patterns that emphasized use of the regional rainforest, which provided a predictable and rich food supply as well as the material resources that made their functional and artistically-remarkable Northwest Coast material culture possible, and are largely still maintained ty the Haisla.
- a clan system (matrilineal among the Haisla and their neighbours) with phratries (more than 2 clans); crest groups, uncle-to-nephew inheritance patterns and clan rights to particular territories. The Haisla have five clans: Beaver, Raven, Eagle, Killer Whale and Fish. The Haisla clan system, clan land ownership and inheritance based on the Haisla *nuyem* (traditional rule of behaviour based on a body of oral narratives) are still maintained and will be discussed in detail later and referred to throughout the report.

In summary, these traditional lifeways are still largely intact, although contemporary village life has resulted in the replacement of some cultural features with mainstream Canadian homes, jobs, and governance by an elected band council [Hamori-Torok; Lopatin; Olson].

However, many aspects of Haisla life have been resistant to change. Such issues as diet, values, community interaction, the role of hereditary chiefs, and some aspects of medical and religious practice remain distinctly Haisla. And, relevant to the topic at hand, these aspects of traditional

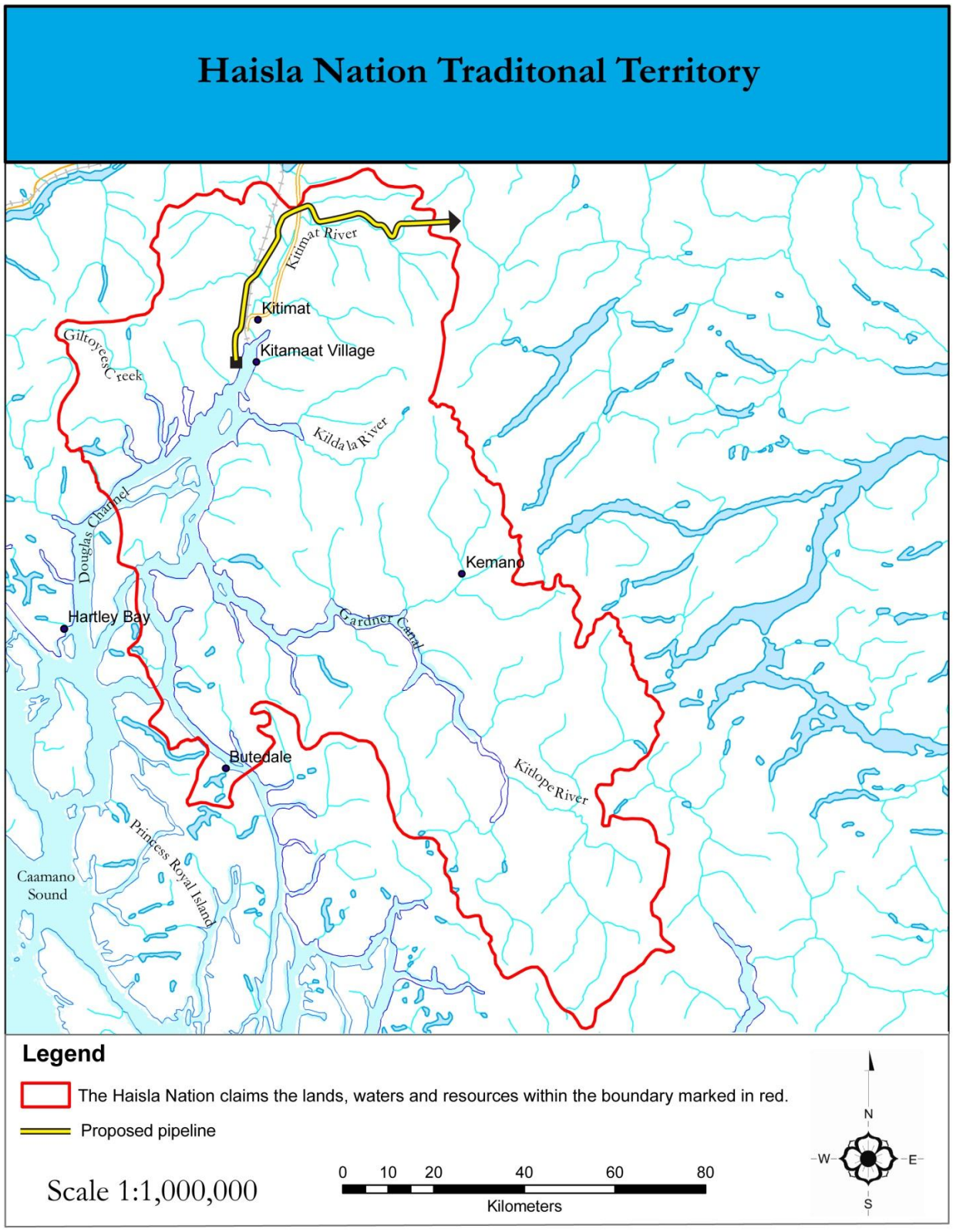
Haisla lifeways rely almost entirely on a continuing, productive natural environment in their traditional territory. This issue is the crux of Haisla introspection and, ultimately, misgivings about what they perceive as developments within their traditional territory that could result in loss of that distinctive cultural life which defines them as Haisla.

1.3 Haisla Traditional Territory

Haisla traditional territory covers a vast area, from the ridge overlooking the Kitimat River Valley for 170 kilometers to the south, including the watersheds of the Kitimat, Wedeene, Hirsch, Bish, Jesse, Giltoyees, Foch, Walth, Dala, Kildala, Paril, Europa, Kiltuish, Kemano, Kowesas, Kitlope, Teswa, Kapella, Goat, Klekane and other rivers and creeks, all the way to the Butedale area. Haisla lands include the mainland shores on both sides of the upper Douglas Channel and Kitimat Arm, including all the saltwater channels, bays, arms, inlets and coves that feed those waterways. Haisla territory also includes Coste, Maitland, all but the southern tip of Hawkesbury, northern and eastern Gribbell Island, the northeast coast of Princess Royal Island from Kingcome Point to Butedale, and a number of smaller islands. In all, their traditional territory includes approximately 5,000 square miles and more than 4 million acres of land. [Barbetti and Powell, 2005:3-57 and 71-2; Powell, 2009 and nd].

Furthermore, it is apparent from the map of Haisla traditional territory above that the proposed NGP pipeline and tanker route pass through both the mainland and maritime centre of Haisla territory.

1.4 Map of Haisla Nation Traditional Territory



2. The Extent of Haisla Traditional Territory

This first section of the report describes Haisla traditional territory and provides evidence supporting the Haisla claim of traditional ownership to areas along the final 58 km of the proposed Northern Gateway pipeline, around the proposed terminal, and the shoreline along the proposed tanker route. The relevance of Haisla traditional ownership of these territories is that the Haisla know, respect and cherish this area and feel a stewardship obligation for the maintenance of the lands and the well-being of the living things within them. This is the basis for their presumption that they have Aboriginal rights to the area without overlap. This evidence includes:

(1) the Haisla origin account and other narratives relating to their ancestral occupation and use of the land,
(2) family history and oral tradition, which provides the basis for Haisla assertions of traditional territorial boundaries extending back, with few exceptions, to 1846, the date accepted as the basis for aboriginal territorial land claims,
(3) genealogical and ethnographic writings and interview statements clarifying cultural institutions of group, clan and individual ownership,
(4) early documentary evidence and official records,
(5) pre-historic archaeological finds.

Another important aspect of the evidence supporting Haisla aboriginal title to their lands is the very fact of the *nuyem*, their traditional law. The *nuyem* is based on the corpus of Haisla mythic and legendary oral tradition (#2, above). In fact, the Haisla *nuyem* is so basic to the Haisla perspective on their ownership and stewardship responsibility to protect and conserve their land, that it will be discussed at length in the section which follows (pp. 21-27).

The facts and data which follow indicate Haisla Aboriginal title with clarity. Nonetheless, there have been overlapping claims by neighbouring groups to some peripheral areas of Haisla traditional territory. Still unresolved, various overlapping claims still exist and should be considered on their own merit.

2.1 Evidence of Haisla Aboriginal Title to their Traditional Territory

It is the accepted basis for First Nations land claims in B.C. that the prior occupation of British Columbia by Aboriginal peoples is what gives rise to Aboriginal title in law. Relevant to the Haisla claim to their traditional territory, the basis for Aboriginal title is the land it exclusively occupied at 1846, the time of British Crown sovereignty over what became British Columbia. What areas were occupied by the Haisla in 1846? A great body of documentary, archaeological, genealogical, linguistic, and mythologic evidence supports Haisla oral folk-history that they owned (according to traditional canons of ownership), occupied and used their traditional territory in 1846 and furthermore had been there for a long time.

Dating the ancestral migration of the Haisla to the lower Kitimat River and the onset of Haisla occupation of their traditional territory

Using the principles and techniques of historical linguistics, we can date the Haisla migration to their traditional territory about 1200 years ago (bp, "before present"). The basis for Haisla folk history relating to the origins of the Haisla First Nation and the occupation of their traditional territory is the story of *Wamis* (WAH-mees, later called *Hantlikwilas*, hun-thee-KWEE-lahs), who came north from Rivers Inlet with a group of followers to found the people that became the Haisla First Nation. We reproduce the story below, as told by Jonah Howard, Russell Ross, Sr., Gordon Robinson, Chris Walker and Samson Ross.

> Long ago, not long after the time of beginnings, there was a village on Owikeno Lake above Rivers Inlet. The story starts when a man of this village, *Wamis*, killed his wife by accident. So, in order to escape a vendetta by the relatives of his wife, he decided to move to the foot of the river. There he lived for quite a time at another village. He married again. Life started to be normal again. But then he heard that his first wife's family was still trying to kill him in revenge and that they were planning to attack him and his family in the night. So he told the people that he was going seal hunting with his large canoe and several helpers. He set out and turned his canoe northward. That's the beginning of Haisla history, according to our *nuyem*, the Haisla traditional law which not only tells us how to act but also includes the stories of our tribal history.
>
> ***Wamis*, was an *Awik'ala* speaker of the Eagle clan. He had his own family and several other young *Awik'inuxw* families crowded into the immense ocean-going freight canoe.** They paddled north past, Klemtu, and past *Cidexs* (TSEE-diks, the place where many generations later Butedale would spring up and which would become the southern boundary of the Haisla people).
>
> They kept paddling, day after day. They came past Bishop Bay and past Monkey Beach and past Blind Pass. Up the channel they came and found Kildala Arm, settling for a while at Mud Bay, the little cove that we call *T'laq'wedazis* (tlah-kwuh-DAH-dzees). They spent the winter there, in that place with plenty of fish and game and shellfish from the beaches. Then, in the spring at oolichan time, *Wamis* got into the canoe and came around the corner past Clio Bay, where he could see the area at the mouth of the Kitimat River. He continued. The day was calm and at sunrise he saw a terrifying sight. The broad flats at the mouth of the river looked like the head of a great monster with an immense mouth that opened and closed like it was ready to swallow anything that came along, canoes and all. *Wamis* turned his canoe around and headed back to Mud Bay. But he was both curious and brave. So, the next morning he came back with all the men in his group, loaded with their weapons. The monster's mouth across the bottom of the Kitimat River valley was still opening and closing. They paddled stealthily in the shelter of the shore and headed north past *Wohlstu* (WOH-th-sdoo) and *C'imoc'a* (tsee-MOH-tsuh), the future site of Kitamaat Village) and past *Zakwalisla* (dzah-kwah-LEES-luh, now the site of MK Bay). Finally, they got close enough to see the monster clearly and realized that what looked like a monster chewing was simply that at low tide the beaches were thick with seagulls, feasting on oolichans and they often rose in a cloud, circled briefly and re-alighted; the cloud of birds looking from

a distance like a white monster mouth opening and closing. Relieved, they entered the river mouth. The river was so full of oolichans that they caught enough in a small seine to literally fill the canoe. And then they headed back towards camp.

Well, when they got back to Mud Bay, they had a "campfire," a community meeting to discuss the appropriate next thing to do. *Wamis* felt that the perfect site for their settlement would be somewhere on the banks of that river which we now call the Kitimat River. So, they decided to move. Breaking camp was not difficult, for they had few belongings. They came into the river and proceeded about a mile up. Visibility was good because there was no timber in the valley in those days, only moss. They decided on a spot that they called *Q'axdlalisla* (KAHK-dlah-LEES-luh), which means 'level valley,' but later it came to be called *Miya'nexaas* (mee-yah-nuh-HAHS), 'drying fish place.' They split cedar planks and built shacks. Later on, they would start to raise the huge post and beam bighouses which are our traditional house type. Life was easy in this place with plentiful fish runs, game and roots and berries to harvest.

Note that the first sentence of the second paragraph of the story (in boldface) gives us an important hint as to the dating of the events of the story. This statement makes it clear that Wamis and his followers were *Awik'inuxw* (uh-WEE-kee-nook), Rivers Inlet people, who spoke *Awik'ala* (ah-WEE-kyah-lah), the Rivers Inlet form of the Kwak'wala language. Glotto-chronology is an approach to dating prehistoric events that involve the separation of ethnic groups based on how much their languages have each changed, diverged from each other and become different. On the basis of the difference between the *Awik'ala* Heiltsuk and the Haisla language, which is quite similar lexically and grammatically to the difference between German and English, which separated about 800 current era (CE) (1200 years ago), we can give an estimate that the Haisla and *Awik'inuxw* peoples parted approximately 12 centuries ago. Thus, in the absence of other data, based on recognized glotto-chronological methods, we can presume that the Haisla separated from the Awik'inuxw about 1200 years ago. It also follows that they and their Haisla descendants have inhabited what became Haisla traditional territory for approximately 60 generations, arriving approximately 800 CE, 1200 BP.

2.2 The Evidence of Haisla Mythic Tradition Explaining the Origins of Haisla Lands

One of the proofs of centuries-long occupation of their territory by the Haisla is that they have developed and continue to tell a set of mythic, legendary and folkloric narratives in which their ancestors participated in the origin of their territory as it exists today.

Myth-making is a slow process. An ethnic group requires many, many generations for the process of composition and acceptance of mythic answers to the transcendent question of origins. A cogent example is the millennium-long argument in Western culture regarding the Biblical Garden of Eden creation account versus the evolutionary story of creation. Such disagreement as to the "real story" is common in Northwest Coast Aboriginal communities. It takes a long time for a cultural group to reach consensus on how things came to be during the time of beginnings.

Clearly the Haisla have been in their territory long enough to develop answers to the question of origins with regard to the places, things and institutions of their lands.

One of the objectives and outcomes of the Haisla TUS program has been to turn oral tradition into a literature. Via the Haisla transcribers and the recorded word, a collection of more than 100 Haisla myths, legends and tales have been recorded. That body of narrative provides folk-historic and folk-scientific explanations that underly the traditional Haisla worldview. Ethnic groups celebrate their distinct community origins by passing on these stories from generation to generation. Ethnic groups do NOT, in fact, maintain accounts of the origins of other groups and their lands. Thus, the existence of such an extensive Haisla oral literature describing their band origins confers believability on their claim that their traditional territory has been theirs for centuries of myth-making and more centuries of myth-memory.

Haisla elders have maintained the tradition of trans-generational family storytelling that has resulted in a community that knows their tribal folk-historic answers to issues such as the origin of the land and its settlement by the Haisla ancestors, the origin of the species of fish and animals, many rivers, the Haisla clans and chiefly names, technology such as the "invention" of the halibut hook, proper behaviour and treatment of other living things.

So that readers can appreciate how the Haisla nuyem stories support and underly the Haisla perspective on their lands, we have included many of those stories with this report, (please see Appendix 3). These chronicles of Haisla history are like a northern Aboriginal testament that relates to particular locations in the Nation's traditional lands. We have attempted to mention where narratives explain landscape features or the history of locations by pointing out the settings of the stories.

As surely as an archaeological artifact indicates prehistoric presence of people in a location, so do the Haisla mythic accounts provide proof of the Haisla's occupation with a sense of entitled ownership of their traditional territory.

2.3 Genealogical Evidence of the Inheritance of the 61 Haisla *Wa'wais* Areas

Haisla genealogical research has been an important part of the Haisla Traditional Use Study. Official records, baptismal lists and cemetery notes corroborated and expanded by the memories of elders allowed TUS researchers to trace clan names and family trees back to those living in 1846 and, often, to even earlier generations. Careful documentation of Haisla family histories resulted in genealogical files that allow the ancestry of every Haisla to be computed back, at least, to 1846 and related to a particular watershed of Haisla traditional territory.

Furthermore, each community member has a Haisla clan name, which is passed down from generation to generation through the individuals' matriline. These Haisla clan names have also been collected, studied and documented as part of the Haisla archival research effort. Appropriate to the issue of Haisla ownership, occupation and use of their traditional territory in 1846, many of the Haisla clan names are related to functional land ownership and inheritance as features of pre-1846 Haisla cultural life. The Haisla clan names often include the pre-rogative to own a Haisla watershed, a privilege that passes from generation to generation with the clan

name. Being able to document ownership and inheritance of watersheds within Haisla territory indicates that by the year 1846, the Haisla had been living and owning the territory they claim since long before the mid-1800s.

Thus, the genealogical history also stands as a piece of historical evidence proving the aboriginal and continuing ownership of one of the constituent pieces of Haisla traditional territory. Together, they form a sequential argument for Haisla aboriginal ownership of the entirety of Haisla traditional territory. The genealogical history of the transmission of clan names and ownership within families from generation to generation has been documented, and the "tree diagram" of the inheritance of each *wa'wais* is provided in Barbetti and Powell, 2005, pp. 7-61.

The cultural feature of land ownership for the Haisla is discussed below. Comprehending this pivotal perspective is vital to understanding Haisla misgivings about pipelines across their land and tankers in the waters of their traditional territory.

2.4 The Evidence of Haisla Language Placenames

With regard to Haisla ownership, occupation and use of their traditional territory, the existence of a veritable gazeteer of Haisla placenames for locations throughout their territory is strong evidence of aboriginal Haisla ownership. The three accepted linguistic axioms that follow are a set of generalizations that historians and historical linguists use to decide who were, in fact, the original owners of an area. These generalizations are:

(1) The people who own or use an area will have more names for places than those who do not.
(2) The names of locations will most likely be in the language of those who own and use the territory.
(3) Therefore, the group with the higher density of names has a more plausible case for ownership.

The Haisla have recorded more than 600 Haisla placenames for locations within their territory (Powell, 2009, map). Such sets of placenames, accepted, known and used by an entire community, do not develop quickly within a cultural group. The above axioms and this corpus of Haisla placenames, support the Haisla claim to centuries of ownership, occupation and use of their claimed traditional territory. Those placenames are a body of evidence for Haisla ownership and use of the territory. As Louise Barbetti claimed (p.c.) "Our placenames make it clear that in every case of land claims overlap, our lands are demonstrably Haisla."

2.5 Captain Vancouver's Visit, 1793

The beginning of *recorded* Haisla history occurred as early as June, 1793, when Capt. George Vancouver sailed the HMS Discovery and the armed tender Chatham to the entrance to Klekane Inlet. Vancouver later moved at least one of his ships as far north as Goat Harbour. His records indicate that he, himself, only touched the southern tip of Haisla territory, but Haisla country was examined by two longboats under the command of Joseph Whidbey. These boats visited Gardner Inlet to its head at the mouth of the Kitlope River and the entirety of what is now the Douglas Channel. Archibald Menzies accompanied Whidbey and described contacting a group of native people while the explorers were camped on the mainland across from Dorothy Island on the Devastation Channel (Galois, Lamb).

> While we were thus encamping, eight of the Natives visited us in two Canoes, they were the first we had seen since we left the vessels, and what made their visit more acceptable to us was that they brought us two fine fresh salmon, each of which would not weigh less than 70 lb for which they received some pieces of iron and went away well satisfied and we were left to enjoy our repose in quietness all night [Menzies Journal 1791-4 (ms 32641 Br. Museum)].

Haisla oral tradition maintains a memory of what appears to be this visit. Here's how Louise Barbetti recounted the visit in the rich detail with which Haisla tradition recalls that incident of first contact.

> I heard my mom; I heard my grandmother. The Haisla people were out fishing and one canoe saw this strange canoe come in. It was outside *Geldala* (Kildala Arm), and they were so shocked and astonished at this huge canoe. They stayed in their canoes and just looked, gazed at these ghostly people who not only were ghostly pale, but some of them had coloured hair and that was fascinating. And they were dirty. And all of a sudden the people that were on the masts, they disappeared out of sight like they had gone down through the surface, down into the boards of the floor of this big floating island. They called them *q'wemksiwa* (kwung-see-WAH). *Q'wemksiwa* means 'to go down between the cracks', that's what *q'wemksiwa* means in *Xa'islak'ala* (HAH-ees-luh-kyah-luh), the Haisla language. And we still call the Whiteman that. They didn't know what it was, what those people were. They thought it was some kind of supernatural being happening. And they decided to give them an offering, a gift. They picked out two of the biggest spring salmon, because this happened in the late springtime and the spring salmon (which run in June) were running. And they picked out two of the biggest ones and here the biggest spring salmon are huge. So they picked out the two big ones and gave it to the *q'wemksiwa*. And the *q'wemksiwa* were just astonished to see the humongous fish that they'd never seen before.

The account in Menzies' journal and Haisla folk history differ in a few details: the size of the boat, whether the sailors were camped or sailing, and the location of the incident. But they agree in other aspects and seem clearly to be describing the same incident. Thus, the Haisla narrative seems to be supported by the recorded account and vice versa. The Haisla story connotes that (a)

it was the ancestors of the Haisla who were the "natives" in the story, and no other Aboriginal group has a folkloric tradition of such an encounter; (b) that the Haisla seem already at the time of the story (more than two centuries ago) to be pursuing traditional subsistence activities (fishing for spring salmon in late spring) within Haisla traditional territory; and (c) that they were already interacting with visitors consistent with their *nuyem*, which prescribes, among other things, that strangers be shown hospitably with gifts. Haisla folk-narrative appears to be a source of detail that enriches our vision of historical events and, in many cases, corroborates our expectations about the time depth of Haisla culture and society.

2.6 Fur Trade Records, 1834-

Beginning in 1834, the maritime and settled outpost fur trade resulted in contact between the Haisla people and non-native visitors. Although there were almost certainly earlier contacts, the first documentary account that we have of Haisla participation in the fur trade comes from the commercial log of the Hudson Bay Company outpost at Ft. Simpson. Furthermore, as early as 1834, the logs of the Hudson Bay factors started to mention regular visits by the Kitamaats (also kitemats, kitamats), also called Chyshila (*i.e.* Haisla), and the Kitloa (*i.e.* Kitlope) (also skittlelopes) who reside at the "mouth of the river called Kitlop at the head of Gardner's Canal."

1834:

> Ilghimmy, **Kitemats** and Isstate People, who come from the inner parts of the Sound, have brought very little trade.
>
> The Bilwhoola, The Ilghimmy, **Kitamats** and Isstate People, are often visited by the Milbank Indians; who trade from them. There are many other tribes who inhabit the adjacent country, out of reach of opposition, who have not yet been at the Establishment, but who probably will do so this Summer.
>
> Indians numerous, Bilbilla or Milbank and **Kitamats**…I am not sure which, they are terrible dilatory in bartering. (Feb, 15)
>
> In the evening a party of **Kitamats** or as they are called here **Chyshilla** (*i.e.* Haisla) arrived… they speak the Chymmesyan language and tonight have been singing the songs of that tribe in their camp at the beach… (Dec, 22)
>
> …The dialect of the **Kitamats** does neither resemble the Chimmesyan nor that of the Haeltzook – in pronunciation it approaches more to the former, but in the form of the words to the latter, indeed it is similar in many words. (Dec. 29)

1835:

> Informed by Neecelawes that there is a river of considerable size at **Kitloah** (Kitlope) which in its windings approaches near to Billichoola and by a portage of no great length the two tribes 17pprox.1717te with each other. There is the same again between the Kitamaat and Cuspian (Skeena) streams. (Mar. 7)

1840:

> (from Ft. Simpson)…last night 2 Canoes, one of the Sebassas and the other **skittelopes** (Kitlopes) arrived here. The former, who have some furs had been to trade them several times throughout the day but were so very extravagant in their demands and with that so insolent, that more than once one of them were turned out with a flea in their ear….from the **Chymchians** 3 beaver and 6 land otters the most of the latter bartered from the **skittelopes**, they themselves never as yet came near us with a single hide. (June 24).

Also noteworthy is the journal of the Hudson Bay steamer S.S. Beaver, whose entry for the 26th of August, 1839, actually locates the Kitamaat and Kitlope in their village sites, "She has explored Gardeners Canal at the head of which the Kitlop (*sic*) Indians reside, another branch falls into it from the N.E. side where the Kitimaat tribe live. This branch not being named, Capt. McNeill calls Douglas Canal in honour of C.T. Douglas." The log also records that the vessel called at both Kitamaat and Kitlope, obtaining 40 large beaver, 10 small beaver, 13 beaver pup, 4 large land otter, 1 small land otter, 2 cotsacks land otter, 19 martens [Hudson's Bay Company, pp. 269-70, 398-307, and W.H. McNeill]. Note that this reference indicates that in 1839, seven years before 1846, the Kitamaat and Kitlope communities were already recognized as occupying the areas at the top of Kitimat Arm and the mouth of the Kitlope River.

2.7 Early Survey Records, 1870-

The logbooks and notes of the surveyors, who marked the boundaries of the original *Gitamaat* and *Henaksiala* reserves throughout Haisla traditional territory, mention "earlier village sites" and "long-abandoned village sites." Surveys of Haisla territory started as early as the 1870s, and various survey reports mention earlier villages, mostly in ruins, often with an opinion as to the time depth since occupancy. The existence of these abandoned villages and homesteads in the late 19th Century surveyors' notes argues by implication that these villages and homesites were occupied by Haisla families in 1846. The following citations are two of many examples of such references found in the reserve surveyors' notes relating to the locations of Haisla reserves.

1) Beise (*i.e*. Bees or Bish Creek). Described by the surveyor as, "A small fishing stream on the North West side of Douglas Channel now used as a fishing camp formerly was an old Indian village and has about 10 to 20 acres of good garden land is situated about six to eight miles from Kitamaat townsite" [BCARS ms GR 1440 61694/12, p. 10].

2) "About eight miles up the Kitimat River is an old village which has not been used for the last half century, at least. The remains of one of the two rotten totems and several uprights and one or two fallen cross-poles of Indian houses still stand almost hidden in the underbrush and wild crab-apple trees, which are very numerous there. The deserted village, which the Indians knew as Klak-ak-siouks, was said to have been the home of about 300 people nearly a century ago. The Kitimats, who were much harried by the Haidas then, found it unsafe to live on the coast at Bees (Bish) or Kittasha (Emsley Cove) and made their residence up-river at this village and another, known as Canim-mac (Xinamac'i, HAH-ee-nuh-mah-tsee) on the opposite bank" [Department of Lands, p7-8].

2.8 Evidence of Archaeological Remains within Haisla Traditional Territory

There has been little archaeological reconnaissance in the sites of Haisla traditional territory. However, in the few areas where there have been shovel soundings, evidence of longtime occupation was documented in middens of some depth, consisting of living deposit: shells, bones, fire-broken rock, lithic fragments and other evidence of decades of prehistoric community life. These middens throughout Haisla traditional territory are evidence of centuries-long aboriginal presence. But, since the Haisla and their neighbours had an extremely homogeneous culture as a result of intermarriage and trade, there is no inarguable way to prove that archaeological remains were produced by the ancestors of the Haisla unless there is folkloric evidence to explain the presence of middens and the occasional artifact discovery in the area. Thus, it is crucial to the interpretation of archaeological evidence within Haisla territory that Haisla folk-history corroborates the location of those middens.

The same is true of petroglyphs and rock art. The shoreline of Haisla territory is liberally decorated with rock paintings of considerable antiquity. All known rock art in Haisla territory has been documented and given archaeological site numbers. Some of the rock art in Haisla territory occurs in locations which are associated with particular folk-historic events, such as the drawings on the *Henthlixw* rock, just north of the mouth of Bish Creek, which Haisla tradition maintains is the site where an early Haida raid was foiled and the raiders humiliated. Informed Haislas presume that the rock art relates to the folk-historic incidents that occurred there, again recognizing how Haisla folk-narratives provide valuable background information which gives a basis for archaeological site analysis.

Folk-history and historical linguistic reconstruction are significant in that both regularly help develop a more comprehensible archaeological picture, as noted in the example that follows. Archaeologists are regularly left simply with the rubric "prehistoric" as a dating mechanism for their finds, and the "prehistoric" label is often distressingly imprecise. For instance, in 1997, Millenia Research archeologists discovered three stone implements in the intertidal zone of Bees Cove. An archaeological site number, F1Te-9, was assigned to that area described as a "village in ruins' on the 1927 surveyors' map referred to above. Archaeologists Jim Stafford and Morley Eldridge (1998, pp. 3-5) describe those lithic artefacts as appearing, "to be woodworking tools," and they quote colleague Grant Keddie as saying they, "appear to be associated with the early part of the late prehistoric time, ca. 2,000 years BP." In fact, what we know from these finds is that there was a human presence at Bees, which appears to have predated the arrival of Europeans and the availability of trade metals in great amounts. But, when we add the Haisla folk history and linguistic evidence to the interpretation of those stone tools, we get a much more precise picture. In 1935 Haisla elder Isaac Woods told Olson about Haisla folk records of the Bees site [Olson fieldnotes,1940:189]:

> Then they moved to a creek *u'yak!eswawL* ("south creek"), a mile south of Kitimat, where they lived for a long time. They later had a village at the mouth of Bish Bay, near the mouth of Bish Creek. Here they dwelt for many years.

This earlier statement corroborates folk-historic statements given by numerous Haisla elders during the 2001-2 TUS interviews, as reflected in the village movements discussed above (see second set of bullets, page 7, above). Add to that the linguistic reconstruction which allows us, in

the absence of other data, to suggest the arrival of *Wamis* and the Haisla ancestors about 1200 BP, long after the archaeological guess of 2,000 BP, which is simply a guess deriving from the rubric "prehistory."

Thus, middens at *Wo'axdu* (Bees), *C'idexs* (Butedale Falls), *Misk'usa* (mouth of the Kilope River) and *Wolhstu* (I.R. #3, south of Kitamaat village) provide archaeological corroboration of Haisla claims to occupation and use of their traditional territory. Haisla folk-history and archaeological findings support one another. Of course, the culturally modified trees of our territory are considered another type of archaeological remains.

2.9 Evidence of Culturally Modified Trees (CMTs) within Haisla Traditional Territory

Culturally modified trees preserve a record of Aboriginal ancestral presence on the land and utilization of forest resources (*e.g.*, canoe making, totem pole carving, splitting house planks from living trees, cedar bark gathering, etc.). The Heritage Conservation Act requires that CMTs be identified before a timber cut and that pre-1846 CMTs be protected (with specific procedures for exceptions). Archaeological surveys and reconnaissance studies of pre-1846 CMTs have now been conducted for numerous areas of Haisla territory. The existence of these culturally modified trees in various watershed of Haisla traditional territory provides evidence of occupation in those areas prior to the mid 1800s.

With few exceptions, Haisla cedar groves have at least a few affected trees that date to harvesting previous to 1846. Many of these trees can be dated to the 16th and 17th Centuries. This means that the *Gitamaat* and *Gitlop* ancestors of today's Haislas have already been using the sophisticated technology of the northern Northwest Coast cultural complex and the resources of their territory for at least 450 years. The CMTs of Haisla territory truly are the fingerprints of the Haisla ancestors.

2.10 Summary of Evidence Supporting the Haisla Claim to Ownership of their Lands

Haisla claims regarding mid-19th Century Haisla ownership, use and occupancy of their traditional territory are based on a large body of documentary and archaeological records. This recorded history and Haisla oral tradition mutually support each other. Additional powerful arguments derive from ethnographic issues such as the existence of Haisla origin myths and placenames throughout their lands. All of this evidence supports the Haisla claim that their ancestors, the Kitamaat or Chysilla (*i.e.* Haisla) and the Kitlope, owned, occupied and used Haisla traditional territory in 1846.

The Haisla are clear that their identity is based on their lands and their past, but that their obligation is to their land and their future. And that future depends on maintaining the vitality of their land. It relies on a continuing, productive natural environment in their traditional territory. This issue is the crux of Haisla introspection and, ultimately, misgivings about the pipeline, terminal and tanker traffic within their traditional territory which could result in catastrophic loss of that distinctive environment-based cultural life that defines them as Haisla.

3. The Haisla Traditional *Nuyem*-Based Land Ownership System and The Obligation to be Stewards of the Land

Introduction

I have alluded previously to the Haisla sense of responsibility to exercise stewardship of their territory. They are aware that each of their watersheds has been passed down in pristine condition through generations of clan ancestors who occupied and used the land and carefully husbanded its resources, protecting it from misuse, destruction and pollution. Readers of this report should be very clear about the nature of Haisla traditional ownership and the obligations that land owners and community members feel towards their territory. This issue is, in fact, the heart of this report. A clear sense of the Haisla perspective on their clan land ownership and stewardship obligation to protect their lands provides the basis for appreciation of their worry and concern with regard to the proposed Northern Gateway Project. Note that Haisla perspectives on the stewardship responsibility of land ownership are culturally "other" and distinct from the economic and ecological motivations of mainstream Canadian society.

In order to clarify the Haisla cultural feature of the responsibility of land ownership, I will discuss at length the following issues, some of which have been mentioned briefly before:

- the Haisla *wa'wais* system and traditional land ownership
- matrilineal inheritance of property
- inheritance ritual (settlement feast) according to the Haisla oral law (the *nuyem*)
- the Haisla sense of obligation to preserve and protect their traditional territory

From the traditional Haisla perspective, land ownership is considered to be actual possession of a portion of Haisla territory, *i.e.* the proprietary title to one of the 61 constituent watersheds of Haisla traditional territory. Note that although the Haisla concept of ownership is very "other" from mainstream Canadian concepts of ownership, it is indeed ownership. The profound Haisla sense of stewardship responsibility to protect their lands derives from the obligation of this ownership.

The Haisla traditional wa'wais system

In 2005, the Kitimaat Village Council (KVC) compiled a "Haisla Unity Feast Book" that detailed community history was compiled during the intensive traditional use study (TUS). The section on the Haisla institution of land ownership started with this clear description of the concept of *wa'wais* and the Haisla people's perspective on their relationship to their land.

> Our oral tradition maintains that in pre-contact times, just as now, the Kitamaat and Henaksiala peoples considered that Haisla traditional territory was divided up into clan possession areas. Each of our clans had sections of the territory and village sites that were theirs. Clan membership has always been important to us, as basic to a person's identity as one's First Nation status and Haisla tribal membership is today. Each Haisla can expect to inherit a traditional name (what we now call "Indian names." The decision as to who should inherit a *wa'wais* is made by the family of the deceased in consultation with the clan chiefs and elders.

> Haisla elders are folk-historians, experts in Haisla names" or "feast names"). Each Haisla name is associated with a particular clan and can be given only to a member of that clan. Some of these clan names carry prerogatives, such as ownership of a *wa'wais*. Each clan's territory is divided into *wa'wais* areas. A *wa'wais* is a watershed, and each *wa'wais* is associated with a Haisla clan name, and when that name is inherited by a clan member, he gets the *wa'wais* as one of the "prerogatives" of the name. Each *wa'wais* is owned by the person who holds the particular clan name which entails possession of the *wa'wais*. Thus, each *wa'wais* belongs corporately to a clan and is also individually owned by the member of that clan who is the *wa'wais* owner's name-holder. There are 5 Haisla clans and 61 Haisla *wa'wais* areas (Barbetti and Powell, p.79).

Ownership of a *wa'wais* passes from generation to generation within the particular clan, being ceremonially transferred after an owner's death to the clan member who has been given the name of the deceased. Thus, clan possession and proprietorship of particular areas of Haisla traditional territory was continuous over time. Each clan council of elders (called the "campfire") decided who would inherit clan names that included ownership of a *wa'wais*. So, individuals owned *wa'wais* areas just as they owned their names, but they couldn't dispose of their *wa'wais* in a way that would alienate these clan possessions from the clan. *Wa'wais* areas were believed to have been given to the particular clans at the Time of Beginnings. This system was rigorously maintained. A special type of *wa'wais* called a *bagwaiyas* (bah-gweh-YAHS) refers to an entire watershed or part of one which, although owned by the *wa'wais* holder, was such a vital resource harvesting site that it was set apart and could be used by any Haisla without specific permission.

The owner of a *wa'wais* in traditional times was recognized as absolute owner, with the right to determine how the territory was used, who used it and, to a great extent, who would appropriately inherit his clan name, which included ownership of the *wa'wais*. Owners of *wa'wais* areas had real power. That is, they could tell others what to do and had the community sanctioned right to exact punishment for trespassing, poaching, and waste or abuse of resources in their *wa'wais*. In fact, though, Haisla canons of generosity appear to have dictated that anyone who asked the owner for permission to harvest in his *wa'wais* would probably be given that permission, even members of other bands and tribal groups. The "two warnings" rule of the Haisla *nu'yem* seems to have applied, and those who offended an owner's hospitality were excluded or punished only after a third incident. A revealing example is the following letter sent by Heber Maitland, Haisla Chief Councilor to William Clifton, Chief Councilor of the Hartley Bay Band Council on Oct. 2, 1979. Mr. Maitland was acting for *wa'wais* owner Cecil Paul, *Wa<u>x</u>aid*, and characterized the letter as, "first warning":

> Dear Mr. Clifton:
> I am writing to inform you of KVC's concern about the abuse of our Kemano oolichan run by some members of your band. We are reliably informed that certain individuals from Hartley Bay have been selling Kemano River oolichans at Prince Rupert and elsewhere. Furthermore, some unsold fish have been dumped and wasted…We do not want to jeopardize this vital resource through the irresponsible actions of a few. Therefore, we wish to inform you that those who abuse the oolichan fishery will not be permitted on our river…

So, the *wa'wais* ownership/stewardship system is still maintained according to Haisla *nu'yem* law and the directives of clan chiefs and elders.

3.1 Haisla Matrilineal Inheritance of Property from Generation to Generation

If one is to understand Haisla *wa'wais* ownership and the inheritance of *wa'wais* areas, it is important to be clear about traditional Haisla matrilineal thinking and practice. Each Haisla is given a clan or feast name and such names, with few exceptions, are passed on through the female line from a man to his sister's son–uncle to nephew, rather than the mainstream Canadian patrilineal inheritance pattern of father to son. Remember that the logic of the traditional Haisla matrilineal system is based on the fact that children have their mother's identity rather than their father's. Remember, too, that a man and his sister have the same mother, so that a man's sister passes on to her children the same bloodline as the man has. But, the man doesn't pass on his identity to his own children. They get their bloodline from their mother. Therefore, the man's sister's son (*i.e.* his nephew) is the one that a man would leave his name and identity to. A traditional Haisla man would never have left his name to his own son because that son has his *wife's* bloodline. After all, she is his mother. That's what matrilineality means. A person has his *mother's bloodline and identity.* Therefore, according to the Haisla traditional matrilineal logic, a man's inheritance, including his name and the rights to ownership of a *wa'wais* associated with that name, should be passed on to his nephew (his sister's son) rather than to his own son.

The decision as to who should inherit a *wa'wais* is made by the family of the deceased in consultation with the clan chiefs and elders. Haisla elders are folk-historians, experts in the traditional legal and ceremonial system. Among the old people are many who are able to recount the ceremonial and ownership history of each of the Haisla *wa'wais*es, tracing the genealogy of ownership back several generations. Community conversational patterns involve reminiscing, an activity which keeps clan and *wa'wais* history alive in the minds of knowledgeable elders. Many old people have an encyclopedic knowledge of Haisla traditional territory, *wa'wais* ownership over time, the inheritance of names and the details of appropriate ceremony that "put events on record" by the ritual of public announcement at settlement feasts. These elders are also wise enough to understand the occasional differences of opinion that relate to who should be chosen as the appropriate owner of each *wa'wais*. Although in the minds of some younger Haislas there is confusion about matrilineal reckoning and inheritance, the community is united in their belief that they still own Haisla traditional territory and that the individual watersheds (*wa'wais*es) of that territory are being bequeathed from one generation to the next in a manner consistent with tradition.

3.2 Haisla Transfer of Ownership According to Ceremonies Consistent with the *Nuyem* Law

When someone dies, the family traditionally passes on the deceased's Haisla name, with its associated prerogatives such as ownership of a *wa'wais*, at a ceremony called a "settlement feast." Settlement feasts are supposed to happen a year after a person dies, but now it sometimes takes three to five years to get ready and accumulate the funds and dry goods to be distributed at a feast. Ideally, however, the settlement feast should happen at the end of the one-year mourning period. And, then, if the deceased person had an important name, the clan meets with the family to consider the appropriate recipient of that name.

The Haisla *nuyem* law prescribes the procedure for a settlement feast at which the name and *wa'wais* will be publicly transferred in front of witnesses. The person chosen to be the heir of the deceased's name is the host, along with the members of his clan. These days, the settlement feast happens in one evening. The entire community is invited, as well as chiefs and dignitaries from other bands. Seating arrangements are specific with regard to clan chiefs and noble women. Speeches are given and dinner is served.

After the meal, the *Cenud* ("name giving") begins. The name of the deceased person is installed on the host-heir. This is done by a clan member making a speech and introducing the heir to the name by his new clan name. If it is a "big name" a chief presides, or a *muzilh* (chietainess) in the case of a woman's name. The installer starts out by discussing the name and tells the rights and responsibilities that go with that name. Sometimes a name includes the rights to particular regalia, songs, dances, or stories. If the name includes the rights to a particular *wa'wais*, that is explicitly mentioned, too. On occasion, the *wa'wais* ownership change is not mentioned, causing *nuyem* literalists in the audience to question whether the new holder of the name "really" owns the *wa'wais*. Such misgivings can go on for decades, clouding the actual ownership of the *wa'wais* just as with legal land title questions in mainstream Canadian law. Usually, though, the *wa'wais* transfer happens in accordance the *nuyem* and is non-problematic.

Then, in the next phase of the settlement feast, the *Yaxya* ("the gift giving"), gifts are given to many who have helped and, importantly, to all those in attendance, because they are being paid to witness the transfer of the name and the *wa'wais*. The Northwest Coast cultural feature of the "potlatch" fulfills various social functions, but the role of feast attendees as witnesses is considered a responsibility that requires the host to reimburse with gifts. Chiefs, witnessing a settlement feast might be given several hundred dollars and other gifts. Dancers and drummers might be given an expensive Pendleton Native design blanket and $20-$50. High status women could expect a hamper full of food, a 25 kg bag of flour or sugar, a blanket and some dishes. An ordinary guest from one of the non-host clans could be given $5, some fruit or an Aboriginal art print that was specially made to give to all guests as a souvenir. Of course, everyone gets fed and people from a distant village might receive "gas money." It's not like the old days, when ordinary villagers weren't invited to feasts that would go on for 4 days, with different gifts given each day like a canoe or a slave. But, the giving of gifts serves a number of functions in Northwest Coast villages like Kitamaat.

The final part of the settlement feast is the *Bek'walayu* ("the appropriate speeches"). These feasts are the way that the transfer of name-related property is put on record in oral societies like the Haisla used to be and, in ceremonial practice, still are. The speakers' role is affirming that he/she has observed the ceremonies and that they were done consistent with the *nuyem*.

The *nuyem* is the oral rule book for Haisla personal and community activities. The ownership and transfer of *wa'wais* areas is so focal an issue in Haisla lifeways that the prescriptions of the *nuyem* for this process are precise. This is especially true with regard to ownership of the watersheds of Haisla traditional territory. So Haisla people wisely pay attention at these settlement feast ceremonies as their memories are the only "property deeds" that exist. Elders are often asked to confirm or explain namings and *wa'wais* transfers that they witnessed decades before or even that their grandparents witnessed and told them about. The *nuyem*, of course, not only specifies procedures for important rituals having to do with land ownership, but prescribes appropriate maintenance and protection behaviour for *wa'wais* owners in carrying out their stewardship responsibility for the watershed areas.

3.3 The Haisla Sense of Obligation to Preserve and Protect their Traditional Territory

For readers interested in the perspective and reasoning that underlie Haisla concern regarding the Northern Gateway Project and tanker movement in Kitimat Arm, the following two pages may comprise the most useful section of this report. Sensitive readers who understand the logic of the *nuyem*-imposed stewardship responsibility will realize that no Haisla could in good conscience consider supporting a project that involved the risk of catastrophic environmental risk to their lands. In fact, though, the Haisla have shown that they can distinguish between acceptable and unacceptable levels of risk by, after consideration, entering negotiations and commitments with liquid natural gas and other enterprises. Thus, risk seems to represent for the Haisla a continuum with irretrievable damage (such as the Haisla experienced with the functional loss of the Kitimat River oolichan run as a result of pollution) at one extreme and negligible environmental damage on the other. The Haisla clearly feel that the risk of a crude oil pipeline, terminal or tanker spill falls toward the unconscionable end of that evaluatrive metric.

Hopefully, sensitive readers will also accept that the Haisla sense of stewardship responsibility toward their land is neither trivial nor primitive. Haisla traditional ownership involves an evolved cultural institution that has worked for centuries to specify the person responsible in each generation for protecting each watershed of Haisla traditional territory. This protection has promoted, for the most part, the continuing fecundity of the land and the vital availability of traditional foods for the Haisla.

The Haisla cultural perspective on ownership and the associated stewardship responsibility for their lands comprise the central issue in the Haisla community's perception of risk to their land and, therefore, deep stewardship concern regarding the Northern Gateway Project, which they recognize as having inherent risk of devastating environmental accident. I will briefly characterize the logic of Haisla stewardship responsibility to their lands by discussing three supporting issues based on that perspective.

1. The *nuyem* stewardship responsibility of *wa'wais* owners and each Haisla.

2. The spiritual nature of Haisla territory in the traditional Haisla perspective.
3. The effect of this traditional stewardship perspective on Haisla choice of development projects to support.

3.4 The *Nuyem* Stewardship Responsibility of *Wa'wais* Owners and Each Haisla

The Haisla *nuyem* is clear about the responsibility of all Haisla people to their traditional lands. The codified *nuyem* law, taught orally through telling and retelling of the *nuyem* stories, makes clear the relationship of the Haisla to their traditional territory and the world at large. In fact, some Haislas feel strongly that the *nuyem* is only stories and that there is no canon of values and appropriate behaviours deriving from the *nuyem* stories that members share as cultural knowledge. However, such moral codes are seldom felt to be "formulated" by oral culture group insiders. The fact of consistent Haisla elder statements such as, "Our nuyem says…." and "The nuyem tells us…" can be assumed to be evidence that those elders are referring to an informal (not written down) cultural code. Through a monumental cultural effort of several committed elders in 2003, that code of generalizations based on the implications of the *nuyem* stories has been formulated and written down so as to protect it from being forgotten. But, a society's rules of law and order, especially when they have a spiritual connotation, are often considered to be either too informal or too secret to discuss. Thoughtful Haislas support the value of including discussion of the *nuyem* in attempts such as this to explain the basis for Haisla perspectives or actions.

Here are the statements from the "Our Lands and the Natural World" section of the *nuyem*, as composed in close consultation with the Haisla hereditary chiefs and other elders.

> Know our land and our natural world. It is our obligation to be stewards of the land and the living things on it. Never take or kill more than you need. Something has to be left for the future… Our *nuyem* tells us that Haisla traditional territory is both our possession and our responsibility. Our *nuyem* dictates that it is each Haisla's binding obligation to exercise stewardship over our entire territory and the particular *wa'wais* areas owned by our clan and our family. The *nuyem* says that it is an especially binding requirement to protect and conserve the resources of *bagwaiyas* areas within our territory… A "handsome" (good and wise) *wa'wais* owner is generous with permission to use his territory. But, the *wa'wais* owner, as steward of his watershed, is responsible for making certain that the living things and other resources of his area are not destroyed, depleted or used without appreciation. That's our law.

At one point in the codification of the *nuyem*, Louise Barbetti said succinctly, "We Haisla know who we are. And who we are is the people who own our land and have the *nuyem*, which tells us how to live off the land and care for it."

3.5 The Spiritual Nature of Haisla Territory from the Traditional Haisla Perspective

The traditional Haisla perspective also considers that there is a spiritual nature to their land which places a stewardship obligation upon each Haisla individual and their leaders. Again,

according to the *nuyem*, Haisla traditional territory is observed and controlled by the Creator who, depending upon an individual's *hiliga (*HAY-lee-GYAH, soul), can be of help to people if inclined to do so. But, the Creator, if indignant, can undermine, derail, oppose and jinx the efforts of those who are unworthy or incur the Creator's resentment or displeasure. Traditional Haisla believe in an unformulated way that the spirit world and the souls of animals and other living things in Haisla territory are ingratiated by (a) respect and gratitude, by (b) people who are clean and moral, and by (c) those who protect the environment and other living things, who are grateful, who take no more than they need, and who share nature's bounty with others, avoiding waste. If a Haisla kills a living thing by accident or kills something that submits itself for human subsistence, he or she says, "*Nolexw, nolexw, nolexw*" (NO-luhw," essentially, 'What the Creator has done [for us]!'). The *nuyem* is clear about those spiritual truths and responsibilities of individual Haisla and their leaders.

Traditional Haisla people suggest that the crucial issue with regard to the consequences of disregarding the *nuyem*'s precepts mentioned above is this: an aspect of the spiritual realm (according to some, the Creator) if offended, can cause the animals and fish to withhold themselves and cause even the lucky and talented hunter, fisher or trapper to get skunked. Furthermore, the Creator, if offended by a single individual, family, clan or non-Haisla business group, could exact retribution against the entire Haisla tribe. So, to say that Haisla lands are presumed by traditional Haisla to have a spirit presence is to put inhabitants and visitors to those lands on notice that traditional Haisla believe that the behaviour and activities of those non-Haisla are also being monitored by a spiritual power who can be either appreciative and cooperative or vengeful.

3.6 The Effect of the Traditional Stewardship Perspective on Community Choice of Development Projects to Support

Knowing the *nuyem*-based Haisla perspective on their stewardship obligation to their land, it should be understandable to non-Haisla visitors and potential development partners why the Haisla people may feel that it is in their own best interests to make certain that they know and trust those who conduct the businesses that they permit or support on their land. It may be clear why the Haisla will wish to monitor the intentions and activities of outsiders in their traditional territories. The *nuyem* says that one of the stewardship obligations of Haisla leaders is to educate and restrain visitors in their lands. Finally, it may allow readers to be more sensitive to Haisla perspectives if they realize that the Haisla believe that there are spiritual issues involved in negotiations and business operations in their traditional territory.

The Haisla *nuyem* obligates the Haislas individually and as a community to be stewards of their territory and to help others appreciate and maintain this aspect of their traditional environment**.** Haisla adults have witnessed the effects of oil spills, pipeline ruptures and the pollution of large and small industry on pristine natural environments. They know that human error, machinery malfunction and infrastructure breakdown can, and do, occur . And, their *nuyem* will not permit them to take that chance. Risk with regard to the good of their traditional territory is unthinkably contrary to the perspective of the community. If destroyed, nothing could replace their lands, which are so closely tied to their ethnic group identity. So, traditional Haisla are being true to their *nuyem*, their values and their obligation to the spirit world when they are simply unable to

support an undertaking which, from their perspective includes a catastrophic risk to their traditional territory.

4. Haisla Traditional and Contemporary Culture

In terms of both traditional production and consumption, Haisla aboriginal cultural patterns have much in common with those of their Tsimshian and Wakashan neighbour groups. In ethnographic times, the tools and technology of production were also an "areal feature." That is, they were an aspect of traditional culture shared by neighbouring tribal groups within the NW Coast culture area. Of course, the Haisla had and have distinctive features of culture and use idiosyncratic style and content in decoration. But material culture is susceptible to rapid change. Not surprisingly, tools and technology have changed dramatically in the last two centuries. Guns have now replaced arrows, spears and harpoons. Manufactured hooks, lures and nets have replaced handmade fishing gear. Plastic and metal tubs and bags have replaced bent-wood boxes and basketry. And manufactured boats, Chevy pickups, sawn lumber, metal knives and chain saws have replaced the handmade artifacts of traditional Haisla life. However, the resources that the Haisla take from their heritage territory have changed very little.

Contemporary Haislas utilize a vastly different technology to harvest the same fish, beachlife, animals, birds, and plantlife as their ancestors. It should be noted that new technologies and the assimilative pressures of the residential schools also suppressed cultural continuance by removing the Haisla young people from their community. John Pritchard's UBC thesis (1977) argued that it was economic pressure that had caused the "disintegration" of Haisla culture. However, though much has changed, the Haisla essentially turn to their traditional territory to provide the same subsistence resources today as in the past, especially subsistence foods.

To what extent do Haisla people continue to use the traditional foods and other resources of their heritage territory? Elder John Amos, Sr. in his TUS interview is quoted as follows:

> When I was young, I ate traditional foods three times a day, seven days a week. I still eat them regularly. If I had the energy to go get them, I would still eat them three times a day, seven days a week.

This is not an isolated statement. TUS Interviewees consistently aver and confirm that the resources of Haisla traditional territory, wherever they may be found, are a cherished natural asset that they are privileged to have, entitled to use and responsible to conserve:

> You are what you eat. We're Haislas because we eat Haisla food. And we will always be Haisla. That's the reason we have to take care of our Haisla food sources. [Morris Amos]

> Those are our animals out there: Haisla bears, Haisla moose, Haisla martens and marmots and….mice. My grandfather took care of them so I would have them. [Don Stewart]

> When I start to harvest anything, *k'ibat* (kee-BAHT, elderberries) or *cixwa* (TSEE-hwah, wild crabapples), anything, I say a prayer of thanks to the tree and the Creator, and I think how good they will be, and think what old people I'll give some to. [Frances Amos]
>
> I used to go out with my granny and pick *dliksam* (dleek-SAHM, butter-cup roots) and I still go out. But she used to steam them and mix in (oolichan) grease and some berries. Now, I go out every weekend and get whatever's there; there's always something out there: fish, crabs, a seal, a deer come down, dig clams, pick *cixwa*. I'm an oldtime Indian, eating Indian food. But, now I'm a modern Indian, still eating Indian food. We haven't changed. [Crosby Smith]

We have a clear picture of the Haisla diet during ethnographic times. Archaeological reconstruction of traditional Haisla diet based on the contents of middens and folk-memory about Haisla diet in the "old days" makes it clear that hunting and gathering of foods in season, along with effective preservation techniques provided sufficient and balanced nutrition before the introduction of rice, potatoes, canned foods, dairy products and vitamin pills. In fact, Haisla tastes still run to traditional foods, and most Haisla are still hunters, fishers and gatherers or rely on relatives and neighbours to provide families with a major part of most meals. Freezers fill up during the fish runs; smoke-houses smoke and canning pressure cookers steam. Traditional foods are customary Haisla staples, looked forward to in season. Unfortunately, a growing number of their customary foods are becoming seldom treats or available only by trading with other villages. The Haisla miss their oolichan run, rendered inedible and then almost destroyed by the Eurocan pulp mill's admitted pollution. Such losses have made them cautious and resistant to take chances with their subsistence resources.

Haisla ethnic recipes:

So that readers can appreciate the degree to which Haisla diet and meal preparation continue to be based on the foodstuffs provided by their lands, I have included a minimal and purely illustrative selection of Haisla recipes and traditional food preparation instructions by Louise Barbetti, Bea Wilson and the late Frances Amos. It is included to show the breadth of continuing Haisla tastes for the products of their traditional lands (see Appendix #2). This appended inclusion is extremely relevant to the theme of this report. It emphasizes the point that contemporary Haisla families still rely on their lands for subsistence. Traditional foods are not just a special ethnic ritual for the Haisla. It is considered to be a fact of who the Haisla are.

Edible, medicinal and material resources taken from Haisla lands:

In order to present a clear picture of contemporary Haisla diet, the list included below details the living edible, medicinal and material culture resources hunted, trapped, fished, and gathered by the Haisla within their territory. Interestingly enough, there is also ample evidence of the Haisla diet during pre- and early-contact times. Archaeological reconstruction of traditional Haisla diet based on the contents of middens and folk-memory about Haisla diet in the "old days" makes it clear that hunting, fishing and gathering of foods in season, along with effective preservation

techniques, provided sufficient and balanced nutrition before the introduction of rice, potatoes, canned foods, dairy products and vitamin pills.

The degree to which contemporary Haisla people rely on and use the natural environment is relevant to this report. Whether statistically probable or not, from the perspective of the Haisla community, the planned NGP carries the risk of an accident that could destroy the natural environment that produces the foods that they crave and that their traditional diet requires. A list of foods, medicines and materials regularly harvested by the Haisla within their heritage lands was collated from the TUS interviews conducted in Kitamaat village during 1995 and 2001.

Non-native readers will likely be astounded at the enormous dependence of the people on such an extensive variety of foods and materials from the lands and waters of their territory. Readers should also note that the foods and materials are gathered in season, requiring cultural knowledge about when that season is and where families have to be when. Subsistence hunting, fishing and gathering in northern BC isn't just going berry picking to see what one can find. Subsistence requires traditional ecological knowledge, strategic planning and some centuries old technology. (Powell, 2001, 2004; Barbetti & Powell; Pritchard, nd; Davis & Wilson)

4.1 List of Subsistence Foods, Medicines and Materials Harvested (See Appendix #1 for the Haisla names for these resources)

Fish:

Halibut	All year (esp. late winter)
Red cod	All year (esp. late winter)
Black cod	All year (esp. late winter)
Gray cod	All year
Lingcod	All year
Rock cod	All year
Flounder	All year
Bullhead	All year (esp. February)
Trout	All year
Herring	March
Oolichan	March-April
Steelhead	March-April
Sockeye	June-July
Spring Salmon	April-June
Pink Salmon	July-August
Chum Salmon	July August
Coho Salmon	October
Skate	All year

Shellfish & other marine life: (taken when available due to tides and absence of "red tide")
Clams
Cockles
Mussels (small)
Mussels (large) (Horsemussels)

Abalone
Shrimps/prawns
Octopus
Sea cucumbers
Black sea prunes
Chinese slippers
Chiton
Sea urchin (large)
Sea urchin (small)
Sea eggs (large)
Sea eggs (small)
Sea anemone
Seaweed and
Herring eggs

Sea Mammals:
Seals
Sea lions
Sea otter
Porpoise
Orca (killer whale, blackfish) (not hunted)
Whales (not hunted)

Land Mammals:
Black bear
Moose
Deer
Mountain goat
Beaver
Porcupine
Marmot
Marten
Fisher
Land otter
Mink
Weasel
Muskrat
Wolf
Wolverine
Grizzly (not commonly hunted)

Birds:
Mallard
Goldeneye
Black duck
Merganser

Canada goose
Goslings
Lesser Canada goose
Snow goose
Goose eggs
Seagull eggs
Eagle feathers/down

Plants (fruit & sprouts): [in general order of appearance from mid/late June until late autumn]
Salmonberries
Thimbleberries
Strawberries
Red Huckleberries
Blackberries
Trailing blackberries
Gooseberries
Salalberries
Saskatoons
Wild raspberries
Black huckleberries
Red elderberries
Grey currants
Blueberries
Crabapples
Sour crabapples
Wild cherries
High bush cranberries
Low bush cranberries
Rose hips

Plants (edible):

Buttercup roots	spring
Silverweed roots	late April, early May
Clover roots	late spring
Wood fern	fall, rhizome and fiddleheads cooked and eaten
Wild rhubarb (W. dock)	May, June, stalks served with grease and berries
Cow parsnips	May, June, stalks eaten raw
Wild carrot	early spring (Feb 1st on), roots boiled and eaten with grease
Lupine	spring and summer, roots eaten raw and steamed
Fireweed	spring and early summer, soft tissues scraped and eaten
Rice root	spring and fall, roots only
Nodding onion	late spring to fall, bulbs cooked and tops eaten fresh with meat
Kinnickinnick	late fall, berries eaten.
Swamp gentian	summer, nectar sipped by children
Boa, giant	collected in March covered with herring roe
bladderwrack kelp	collected in March covered with herring roe

Plants (medicinal):

Devil's club	various times (roots, bark, leaves, berries & stems)
Indian hellebore	spring to fall
Yarrow	summer & fall (used in steam bath)
Licorice fern	as needed (chewed raw for coughs, sore throats, chest pain)
Balsam fir	summer (pitch used as hemorrhoid salve) (also wood used)
Pond lily	spring to fall (root taken with alder bark for tuberculosis)
Swamp laurel	summer and fall (leaves used in tea for stomach problems)
Labrador tea	best in summer (leaves used in medicinal tea)
Common juniper	summer (twigs & berries beaten for poultice/stomach med.)
Trembling aspen	spring to fall (bark used medicinally as laxative *et al*.)
Cone liverwort moss	summer (pulverized & mixed with mtn. goat fat for sunburn)
Porphyra seaweed	all year (used as a poultice for broken bone; eaten for strength)

Plants (materials):

Black cottonwood	all year, wood burned, sap medicinal and used in hygiene
Western red cedar	all year, carving and various uses incl. medicinal
Cedar bark	late May, early June
Yellow cedar	
Sitka spruce	all year
Spruce gum	mostly in summer (chewed, medicine, breath freshener,
Spruce roots	mostly in summer
Hemlock	all year (various parts used for numerous purposes)
Douglas fir	anytime; bark & pitch in summer as medicine
Common juniper	
Red alder	all year (firewood and carving)
Jack pine	all year (burned twigs used as tattoo pigment, medicine)
Yew	all year (various uses incl. Medicinal)
Rocky Mtn. maple	all year (carving)
Paper birch	all year (carving)
Bitter cherry	mostly summer (bark used in basketry, wood in carving)
Willow	spring to fall (walking sticks, barbecue racks)
Dogwood	spring to fall (stringing fish for smoking)
Skunk cabbage	spring to fall (leaves & roots for traditional cooking & medicine)
Kneeling angelica	summer (stems make whistles; leaves in bath mask human smell)
Nettles	late summer
Fireweed	late summer (earlier, pulp used to make traditional string)
Cattails	fall
Common sweet grass	May or June (weaving)
Slough sedge grass	summer & fall (weaving)
Tule or bull rush	summer & fall (making fish traps)
Shelf fungus	all year
Black & yellow lichens	summer (burned & ashes used as pigment for traditional paint)
"Old man's beard" lichens	summer (bedding material while camping)
Red lichen	summer (pigment for ritual face paint)

Spaghnum or peat moss summer, fall

[Note that the list of resources above does not include non-living resources such as ochre to make paint for ritual use]

That extensive list of food, medicine and material resources, all deriving from living things found in Haisla traditional territory, indicates the degree to which the Haisla people rely on the continuing bounty of their lands and waterways. Of course, just as with generational change in mainstream culture, many Haisla young people are less knowledgeale about and less connected to the old ways of their parent and grandparents. Many Haisla youths move from the village to town or to the city for higher education, work or the wild side. Many find they are drawn to traditional life more while at a distance than they were at home, where they took it for granted. Not all Haislas are traditional, have a taste for traditional foods or participate in the *nuyem*-based perspectives that include the obligation to harvest gratefully, avoid waste, and protect their land. But there is hardly any Haisla who doesn't get nostalgic about fried *dzaxwen* (oolichans), *cixwa* with a tablespoon of *t'lina* (oolichan grease) or *al'las* (sea cucumbers) made the way *mama'u* (gramma) does them.

5. Haisla *Wa'wais* Areas at Risk

Introduction

Up to this point, this report has detailed Haisla territory, the Haisla concept of land ownership, the *wa'wais* system, and the *nuyem*-based perspective on the people's stewardship obligation to protect and preserve their territory and the living things in it. The list of animals, fish, birds, beachlife, trees and plant life shown above, all of which the Haisla continue to hunt, fish and harvest, gives the reader a sense of how important their traditional territory is to them in maintaining their traditional diet. The Haisla still visit their customary hunting grounds and family *wa'wais* areas where their families have for generations camped and set their nets and filled their drying racks with winter food. Certainly these days it is more common to go get fish and bring them back to the smokehouses and freezers in Kitamaat village; but Haisla life without the fish runs, hunted meat and natural foods would be unthinkable.

Having established the importance to the Haisla of their lands and the living things and foods that they harvest there, this report next details the specific *wa'wais* areas of Haisla traditional territory that the Haisla Fisheries and the Environment Department feel might be put at risk by the Northern Gateway pipeline and terminal and tanker traffic in Douglas Channel. This is an overview but rich in detail; each *wa'wais* entry details the location, the clan and individual Haisla name associated with that *wa'wais*, the history of ownership and the cultural value to the Haisla (archaeological, folkloric (*i.e.* mytho-legendary) or folk-historical, as well as the resources harvested there. Each *wa'wais* statement includes a chart of key resources harvested there, showing the time of year at which that resource is normally available. In all, 58 of the total 61 Haisla watersheds are deemed to be threatened in case of a catastrophic oil spill, other types of pollution or disruptive development. This is an overview, but complete data on the current occupation and use of each of these at risk *wa'wais* areas has been collected and collated and is available upon request.

The *wa'wais* areas are listed by Haisla name and ordered so that one can "meet the pipeline as it enters Haisla territory" and follow it through the Kitimat River valley to the terminal site, and then consider *wa'wais* areas perceived by the Haisla to be at risk of a spill throughout the territory and along the tanker entry route. *Wa'wais* areas are presented as follows:

- Kitimat River Valley
- Kitimat Arm and Douglas Channel, west shoreline
- Kitimat Arm east shoreline including Kildala Arm, Sue Channel, Desolation Channel, Verney Passage, Ursula Channel and Fraser Reach
- Gardner Canal and Kitlope
- Tanker entry route (incl. Caamano Sound, Campania Sound and adjacent areas)

These areas represent an accessible swath down the very heart of Haisla traditional territory. They have been listed in an order that allows Haisla territory to be discussed.

5.1 Wa'wais Areas at risk along the proposed pipeline route through the Kitimat River Valley

1. *Na'labila.* Top of the Kitimat River Valley where the river turns south
Blackfish Clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Wiigwenakwela* (Robin Grant)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area surrounds the point at which the Kitimat River *(Q'axdlalisla*) turns southward. The *wa'wais* extends 6 km above and 8 km below the eastward bend in the river. It ranges in width from 4 km wide in the north to 7 km wide at the south. The campsite located just east of the red highway bridge is a traditional seasonal fishing, hunting and foraging camp that is remembered importantly as a place where the Haisla met members of Skeena River communities at this recognized territorial boundary. The river comes from the east, and according to Haisla folk-geography of their area, along its northern shore ran a "grease trail," a trade route that the Haisla and their neighbours used to carry trade goods into and out of Haisla land. Named for *t'lina*, Haisla oolachen grease which was a prized trade item, the trail led from Haisla territory to the Gitksan and Wet'suweten areas.

Wa'wais ownership and trapline registration: The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Blackfish clan name *Wiigwenakwela* (Robin Grant, who has the name previously owned by Tim Starr (1895-1957) from Joseph Starr (b1861) from Sugrnatha (sic, from church records). The trapline (#603T103) within the Na'labila area is registered to Robin Grant, as well.

Cultural values: The *wa'wais* is highly valued as the "north point" of Haisla areal jurisdiction. It has not been investigated archaeologically. The entire *wa'wais* has scattered CMTs (culturally modified trees). Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, mink, marten, otter, fox, weasel, coho salmon, steelhead, large cedar, cedar bark, hemlock cambium, salmonberries, huckleberries, gooseberries, fern roots, clover roots, wildrice, hellebore, devils club.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Springs				XXX	XXX	XXX						
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of the top of the Kitimat River valley (*Na'labila*). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Na'labila*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Louise Barbetti: *Na'labila* was the north end of our territory, but it was visited a lot. We, whole families would come up in May to pull cedar bark. The men would hunt or fish for steelhead and help gather bark.

Duncan, Billy: The other place I would hunt deer or moose would be up by *Na'labila* Creek, Humphrey's Creek, on the west side of Kitimat River.

Robinson, Johnny: The entire north end of the Kitamaat River from *Laxakas*, Hirsch Creek, was divided into three areas: Northern (*Nalabila*), Middle (*Q'axdilis*), Southern (*Xwisabic*). We used to go up to the north end of the valley to gather cedar bark. It was such an important resource for the old people and so full of cedar that it was a *bagwaiyas*. It's full of CMTs (culturally modified trees) that are really old, some of the oldest in our territory.

Robinson, Gordon: The last weir was *Na'labila*. The people who manned *Na'labila* were called "Up Stream Dwellers." According to the *nuyem* history of the people, there were 3 weirs along *Nalabis*, but they were all one people, who just separated into different camp groups for the summer months to man these weirs. When the people shut down and dismantled the two upstream weirs, came back down to live in the main village, they all became know as *Xa'isla*, our word for Haisla. These weirs were kept in the river until every person in the tribe had their whole year supply of dried salmon. Then the weirs were taken out of the river and stored for future use. They understood that if they caught every salmon in the river, there would be none in the future years. So they practised conservation, otherwise they would starve during the following years. There's a place, a meadow, just above where the red bridge is now on the east

side of the highway where the peoples used to get together, have campfires and find out the news.

Ross, Samson: When I was young, I used to pole up the river as far as *Na'labila* and it would take me four days. In the early '50s, I went up in a canoe with a kicker [small otboard motor] and it only took four hours. A few times, I went all the way up past Chist Creek and trapped, but that's not our country.

Shaw, Charlie: I've hunted very little up the Kitimat River. We used to go hunting moose. More often than not we wouldn't get any. There were no logging roads at that time, no roads of any kind. Johnny Robinson and I have hunted up there. I don't know if he told you one day, this time of the year, the All Native Tournament was in March at that time. We didn't make the home game, so we stayed home. One day a knock came at the door and it was Johnny. I said, "What's going on?" He said, "Old Talbert Grant and I are going up the valley and we're going to stay three days. Do you want to come?" I said all right. I got my boots ready and got my pot. I tied it to my backpack. And away we went up the valley. It was before the highway went in or there were roads up the valley. Yeah, we took a canoe from the village to Old Town; and, then we walked from there. The snow was hard, but midday like today the sun was up. We'd stop by a big tree and stood underneath it. When the sun started to go down, the snow would get hard again and away we'd go again; we walked up beyond where the bridge is now, way at the top. It took us 2 days along the river beds. We were up in *Na'labila* there and we were waiting for daylight. We had coffee. I had my back against a tree and I noticed something moving. I took a little stick and hit Talbert. He was dozing off. I turned around and looked close. Here it was a moose. So he took a little stone and hit Johnny on the head. Johnny looked up. Johnny took the gun and shot that moose. At some point, all of us made the trip up river. Warmer weather, more people came up.

Walker, Chris: My *wa'wais* and trapline was Wedeene, and I went up and down the river a lot, summer and winter. In *Na'labila* there was usually moose and deer. People came up for bark and berries.

2. *Niqwa* and *Wadin*. Big and Little Wedeene watersheds

Blackfish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Wiisexs* (now Harvey Grant, Jr.)

***Wa'wais* area:** The proposed pipeline passes through both of these watersheds. This traditional Haisla stewardship area is one of the largest Haisla ownership units, including two large watersheds. *Niqwa* is the rich northern part of *wa'wais* (the Big Wedeene) and *Wadin* (the Little Wedeene) is the southern watershed. The *wa'wais* is approx. 17 km long (N to S) and between 28 km wide (in the N) to 17 km wide (in the S). The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Blackfish clan name *Wiisexs* (Chris Walker [1888-1968] to Harold Amos [1918-1973] to Harvey Grant, Sr. to Harvey Grant, Jr. in 2010. The trapline areas, 0611T005 – *Niqwa* (and 0611T004 – *Wadin*) was first registered by Charles Moore (1926) and returned to Haisla ownership in 1940s, registered to the late Chris Walker. The Haisla name transmission and ownership will be transferred according to family intentions.

Cultural Values: The eastern section of this *wa'wais* is held as a *bagwaiyas*, an area so rich in resources that all Haislas are able to harvest there without special permission of the owner. There are several named places in the area from *Q'alap'asdewala* mountain in the upper W. side to *K'ixw*, the junction of the two rivers with the Kitimat River. The traditional Haisla story of the Old Woman and the Wolf happened at *K'ixw*, the mouth of the Little *Wadin*. There are CMTs (culturally modified trees) throughout the lower reaches of the area. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, mink, beaver, fox, wolf, marmot, goats, coho salmon, spring salmon, steelhead, large cedar, cedar bark, cedar withes, cedar root, hemlock cambium, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, fern roots, clover roots, wild rice, hellebore, alder bark, devil's club, nettles.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear, rabbits				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon				XXX	XXX	XXX						
Steelhead			XXX	XXX								
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Niqwa* and *Wadin*, Big and Little Wedeene). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Niqwa* and *Wadin*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Shaw, Sammy: I harvested *c'axam* (fireweed) and moose at Little Wedeene. I also knows of rabbit in little Wedeene.

Wilson, Bert: Wedeene River is Chris Walker's trapline. I know of beaver being trapped here. Other foods I know of in this area are salmonberries, moose, and coho. I know there is *oxwsuli* (Indian hellebore), *de'nas* (cedar bark), and *duxwa* (stinging nettle) at *Wadin*.

Barbetti, Louise: The Wedeene watershed, both Big and Little, are at the top of Haisla traditional territory along the border with the Kitselas people. There is a trail that goes up and down, an easy way to get back to the upper Kitimat River. Besides fishing, it was an excellent hunting and trapping area for all animals, including mountain goat.

Duncan, Billy: We go out to the Big Wedeene. You can drive your vehicle out there, where there is open meadows; that's where the moose are. You can sit there and wait and call for them and hopefully they'll come out. We've taken a lot of moose out of that area. I started hunting when I was 20, and for me it's like a yearly ritual and I like that.

Robinson, Gordon: There was a salmon weir at *Nikwa*, around the place we called *K'ixw*, manned by the Haisla or "Downstream Dwellers". There were 3 weirs, but they were all one people, just separated for the summer months to manage these weirs. When the people manned the two upstream weirs, they came back down to live in the main village. They all spoke the same language and were a single people that is called *Xa'isla*. These were the ancestors of the Haisla. Those three weirs were kept in the river until every person in the tribe had their whole year supply of dried salmon. Then the weirs were taken out of the river and stored for future use. They understood that if they caught every salmon in the river, there would be none in the future years. So, they practised conservation; otherwise they would starve the following years.

Shaw, Charles: When I was 10-12, I fished the Wedeene River for spring salmon and coho.

Stewart, Harold: Me and his father, Norman Stewart, hunted for moose and grouse at *Niqwa*. Also at *Niqwa*, we picked salmon berries, huckleberries, wild raspberries, and blueberries.

Walker, Chris: I poled a canoe up to *Niqwa* one time. Just along the river, my trapline runs from *Niqwa* up to Claque Mountain on that side, all along the top of the mountains there. My dad bought that trapline from Mr. Moore, and Mr. Moore had cabins and he trapped that horseback riding. He had little trails at the foot of the mountains. When my dad (Chris, Sr., *Wiisexs*) passed away in 1968, he transferred it to me and my brother Dan. I walked there from *K'ixw*. I didn't have an idea before they started logging it. I walked across the rail track, I walked over and I had to blaze my way up as I was going up. Oh, it must have taken me 3 hours. It was around the early '50's before white men introduced us to an outboard motor. The first time I run that trap line, I used the leg-hold traps. Then they were phased out and we got conibear traps. It was Louie Larose that asked me about it, "Can we go out?" I said "I'm not familiar with the line. I got the map and I have an idea." So, Louie Larose took me out, in 1980, I believe. Well, he taught me how to trap. We took about 20 beaver and we must have taken at least 21 marten pelts out of there in 1981. That was a big year. We also got half a dozen otter. That wolverine, I know where there is wolverine but they're hard to get; Louie tried everything but wolverines are just too smart. There is a bridge, he said, "That might be a good place to set a trap." So I took my conibear trap and set it under a bridge. I took canned salmon and rubbed it on a log; the animals looked for it, run around and they run into my trap. The pelt we got for the large beaver we call it blanket, 200 dollars. Louie had the address of Ontario Trappers and that's where he would ship our pelt. He looked after everything; like I said, I'm not educated; I couldn't write to big people, educated people so Louie did all the paper work and when we got a statement he was so excited and said, "You got to see this." So one night I went over to Louie's house he gave me a share of

the money. There was a write-up about the number on the trapline and whose trapline it was, my name appeared on there. It said we had gotten "the highest paid marten, the best pelt for 200 dollars." We got the highest paid marten in that year, $208.00. Then the price started falling.
I felt a sense of ownership of my trapline! It was mine and we had done good trapping it. But, then, the next time I went there, I was shocked. "Where has all the timbers gone?" They had logged it without even asking me.

3. *Uxdewala*. Upper Kitimat River

Blackfish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Omacxalxinuxw* (Roy Woods)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes both sides of the Kitimat River for 9 km. It measures 12 km at its longest N to S extent and from 8.5-12 km wide. The *wa'wais* includes the junction of both the Big and Little Wedeene Rivers with the Kitimat and also the lower reaches of *Olamid* Creek, rich in Haisla folklore. The old village site of *Uxdewala*, the most northerly Haisla community, gives the *wa'wais* its name. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Blackfish Clan name Omacxalxinuxw [Dick Williams, (b1876) to Stewart Woods to Roy Woods]. The trapline (#603T085) is also registered to Roy Woods.

This, by the way, was the location of the events in the Haisla nuyem story of the old woman who helped the wolf and was lived.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* includes the location of the Haisla folkloric site Olamid, where small stone "toys" shaped like fanciful animals were found. The *Uxdewala* village is remembered as one of the constituent communities of the early Gitamaat people. CMTs are reported in the area. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* include: deer, moose, bear, beaver, marten, mink, wolf, fox, grouse, coho salmon, steelhead, large cedar, cedar bark, cedar withes, cedar roots, hemlock cambium, spruce root, blueberries, raspberries, red huckleberries, strawberries, clover roots, buttercup roots, wild rice, hellebore, devil's club, fireweed, cattails, nettles.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Steelhead			XXX	XXX	XXX							
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of the middle Kitimat River (*Uxdewala*). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Uxdewala*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Woods, Stewart: I went up there (to Humphry's Creek) when I was young with my grandfather, Robert Stewart (b1886). There were no (outboard) motors until Alcan came. Took us a day and a half to pole up. One time we got hired to take the surveyors up. They said, "Don't bother to bring no food;" they will have a cook and everything. Well, there was no food when we got up there. We just had to live off the land. It was easy for us. We always just lived off the land.

Oh, yeah. Dick (Williams) used to fish up there. There is a good coho run in the mouth of the creek where it is shallow. He'd gaff cohos there in the shallows. Fill up the canoe. They were mostly red by the time they got there. He'd put out the net, too, but it was easy to use the gaff. A few humpies got up that far. Cohos and humps in the fall. There were sockeye, too, in July and August. Also, a few springs earlier in the year. The only real run was coho, but some of everything. Oh, and there was a steady run of steelhead in the spring. That's our country! Everything you need to get along and other places to go for the fall harvest that sees us through the winter.

We trapped along the (Kitimat) River, mostly on the right side going up. We'd fish first and use them for bait. There was lots of beaver in Humphry's. We mostly got marten. A few mink. When they logged in there they found traps all over in there, hanging in the trees. We'd just hang the traps in the trees when we were finished, usually in January or early February. Dick Williams was a strong man right up to when he was really old. He used to roll up his pants and race and play. We'd camp at the mouth of the creek, go up there in September and stay until the cold weather. It got cold in early December. Then we'd trap again later before the warm days started and the animals start to shed.

There is salmonberries and other berries. There is roots we dig. Lots of bears up there, and geese, mallards. At camp my mother Fanny Stewart used to tell the stories about the old days on our *wa'wais*. Big spruce up there then. My! And cedars big enough for canoes."

Olamid. Humphry's Creek was sometimes called "Toy Creek" by the old people because they would find pieces of rock in the creek and along shore that had been "carved" into interesting shapes. Our name for the place where those stone pieces were found is *Olamid*. We're not sure where it is anymore, at least that's what I hear. Several people say they know where it is, though. There is another *Olamid* along the Kowesas River above Chief Matthew's Bay, but the shaped pieces there are made of wood rather than stone.

4. *Giyu'yuwa*. Middle Kitimat River
Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Oma* (Tom Wilson)

Wa'wais area: This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the mouths of both the Big and Little Wedeene Rivers. It measures 16 km at its longest N to S extent and from 3.5-5 km wide. The *wa'wais* includes the site of the "Middle River village" called *Giyu'yuwa*, from which the *wa'wais* takes its name. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Fish Clan name *Oma* [to Thomas Amos (b1868) to Heber Amos (b1902) to Tom Wilson, who gave a settlement for Heber in the late 1970s]. The trapline (#611T003) has always been rich in furs and was signed over to Marshall Wilson by Heber two years before he died, and when Marshall had Art Cross' name put on him (which included the *Kitasa*, Emsley Cove *wa'wais*), he signed over this *Giyu'yuwa* trapline to his wife Vera, who currently holds the paper.

Cultural Values: The Giyu'yuwa village is remembered as the middle one of the constituent communities of the early Gitamaat people, who were the ancestors of the Haisla. CMTs (culturally modified trees) are reported in the area. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, fox, wolf, geese, grouse, beaver, coho salmon, steelhead, spring salmon, large cedar, cedar bark, cedar withes, hemlock cambium, spruce root, pitch, blueberries, raspberries, red huckleberries, gooseberries, clover roots, fern roots, wild rice, hellebore, devil's club, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Steelhead			XXX	XXX	XXX							
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Medicines					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Qawisas* (mouth of the Little and Big Wedeene Rivers). The traditional use **s**tatements below represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked

questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Qawisas*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Robinson, Gordon: (in a talk on the people of the Kitimat River Valley) In the old days the *Xa'isla* people had houses and smokehouses all along the river. People used to live there all year long. One place was *Ge-you-you-w*. There were three villages along the river itself at the point where the Big Wedeene enters the Kitimat River was a summer fishing camp called *Ge-yoo-yewa* or "Middle-of-the-valley" dwellers. Further up river is *Ooxtoowa-la*, the "up-river-dwellers." The fishtrap at Sand Hill is remembered to have been so successful that no fish would be able to ascend the river, so the upriver people became clear that traps had to be used and dismantled when enough fish had been harvested for each particular settlement.

Walker, Chris: This area, a place on the "top of the middle" of the Kitimat River, was a traditional village site. It was in the area of *K'ixw*, the site at the mouth of the Little Wedeene, in the *wa'wais* that became the trapline of the Amos'. The old people talked about it when Chris was young, especially since his father hunted and trapped in that area. Old man Amos used to take Chris along on his trapline that went from *K'ixw* (*Giyu'yuwa*) to where the hotel is in the Centre.

5. *Laxakas*. Hirsch Creek watershed

Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *K'iselagelis* (Fred Williams)

***Wa'wais* area:** This *wa'wais* was, in this generation, worked by the Williams family (Charlie, Moses, Guy and Fred). The area runs from the Kitimat River, through the canyon, 20 km into the high country to the east. The creek mouth was surrounded by traditional campsites and seasonal foraging sites: *Lalaxuxtli*, *Yexc'uwas*, *Xugwid* and *C'aniyutht'ala*. The trapline associated with this *wa'wais*, #603T080, is registered to Fred William and "the Williams Family."

Cultural values: Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered by the Haisla in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, beaver, mountain goats, ducks, geese, grouse, coho salmon, large cedar, cedar bark, hemlock cambium, salmonberries, blueberries, red huckleberries, raspberries, gooseberries, salalberries, fern roots, clover roots, wild rice, hellebore, devil's club, alder bark, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Grouse	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Roots				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Berries, roots				XXX	XXX							
Sprouts								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *La<u>x</u>akas* (Hirsch Creek). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *La<u>x</u>akas*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Williams, Fred: (1995) My trapline includes *La<u>x</u>akas* Creek and part of the Kitimat town site area. We would hike there along the Kitimat River. It would take us about 4 hours of hiking and 8 hours if we were carrying heavy packs. We trapped marten and beaver. (2001) Well, I went fishing I tried everything. In the hungry 30's I tried trapping but we had to go a long ways to our trapline (#603T080). There was no road; we had to blaze a trail. If we had a heavy pack it would take us 24 hours to get to our trapline. If we had a lighter pack it would take us about 10 hours. So, I had a tough life when I was young. I went on my trapline with my brother Charlie; he showed me how to run the trapline. He went with my father first and he was running that trapline after my father passed on and then he passed it to me, but it was more or less a family trapline. It's been logged out and we lost a lot of traps there when it was first logged out because we couldn't pack the traps out of there; it's so far and they're so heavy. It is quite a ways out. We had to leave them on our lines; we'd hang them up on the trees where they won't rust. Other than that we'd leave them on the ground. The last time I ran the trapline was years ago, because it was getting too tough to go back in there, carrying everything and walking the whole line.

When we go up our trapline, we start at the head of Minette Bay. My father and my brother blazed the trail there to follow. You didn't go up the river to the mouth of Hirsch Creek and follow it up; you'd go up from the head of *Zagwis* (the Haisla reserve #5 at the top of Minette Bay). Sometimes, maybe a couple of times over the years, I'd go up river and then enter Hirsch Creek at the confluence with the Kitimat; I don't know how many miles, but Hirsch Creek is such a shallow area. It's difficult to maneuver the canoe sometimes. We trudged from Minette Bay to our trap area. Like I said, if we had a heavy pack it would take us over a day and then we'd camp halfways at nightfall. We were at home in the woods. Our land, our woods, our animals! From Kitamaat village, we'd take our canoe up to the head of the bay and we'd put it up just above the high tide mark and leave it there. Everybody knew it was ours. Nobody would

touch it. There was no creek to follow that would take us up to *Laxakas*, so you just lit out overland essentially heading north east and following the blazes of our trail. There's a place in particular that I hit in Hirsch Creek; it was above the canyon. We would take about 60 or 70 traps and put them on both sides of Hirsch Creek. We had to wade across the creek, so we'd tied a small line to trees on both sides that we could hold onto while crossing. There wasn't much fur there other than beaver and no martens to speak of. I could never figure it out, why the marten weren't there in *Laxakas*. Sometimes I cussed that creek because there seemed to be so much nothing. There was no trout in the creek for bait. We'd go miles down towards Kitimat River to look for salmon for bait because we couldn't pack very much, 40 lbs would be a big pack to go up. We'd take a gaff along and we'd leave it at the creek where we could hook cohos for bait. We didn't take that gaff back to camp. That's still up there, too. It was just a hook tied to a pole maybe 10 or 12 feet long, and we'd just jerk the cohos out when they were spawning and this was in late October. That's because trapping season didn't open until late because the animals didn't have good winter fur until about the end of October, early November. I don't know how it is now but it didn't open until November. You only get in a couple of weeks before the snows start. So it wasn't an easy life. In about the 1890s when my father first started trapping there he had a dog. It was probably a medium-size dog, a little black dog. It would pack Dad's blanket for him, and he called him Dandy. My dad never mentioned who taught him to run the trapline. We split lumber to put up a shack in our main camp. We used to split boards off cottonwood with wedges that we made out of hand-log shacklings. There were lots of cottonwood trees up there. A good size one was maybe 2 feet across at the base; they make a nice size board. We would use poles for the frame and we used nails. And the roof we'd fix it so it would withstand the snow; we'd bring in a sapling and prop them up. No windows, but it had an opening and, yes, we had a door, a homemade door that we couldn't lock, didn't need to lock. It was on the east side of the canyon, way above there. It was on the flats, say, about 10 by 12. No mattresses; we'd use blankets for mattresses. No stove in there, just a fireplace in the floor built out of rocks and it had a smoke opening up at the centre of the roof. But, we built a fire outside when it was nice, for cooking. And, if we weren't near the cabin at nightfall, we'd pack a canvas along for a lean-to. We never packed much food up there. We all smoked salmon and when we got a beaver, we'd cook the meat. Occasionally we'd have a can of corned beef. And rice. Potatoes are way too heavy. Rice. Occasionally, someone would pack a can of salmon. On a good season, we'd take out about 20 martens, if we'd stay there long enough, we'd get 5, 6 or 8 beaver pelts but prices weren't so good in those days. And the odd weasel, but I only remember ever getting one otter.

6. *Simgas* and *Zagwis*. Lower Kitimat River, site of Kitimat town and Minette Bay
Raven clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gaa lagem* (Chris Wilson) [see next page]

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the lower courses, estuary and mouth of the Kitimat River and Minette Bay. The *wa'wais* is 13 km long (E to W) and 8 km wide. It includes numerous sites on the lower river including *Maxmaq'a, Lhilaq'at'siyuqwas* (the Kitimat River bridge, old IR #9), *Xinamac'i, Aq'wen* (sand hill), *Daduqwilac'i* (lookout), *Gelcistis* (long bend), *T'lakwa* (copper-coloured), *Denden'yac'is* (grove of red cedar) and *Cicixsemala* (river runs over shallow boulders). The *wa'wais* now includes IR #1 (*Miya'naxaas*, "Old Town") and #5 *(Zagwis)*, #11 (*Zakwalisla*). The settlement called "Old Town" was *Simgas*, an oolichan camp. This *wa'wais* was Raven clan territory, passing from Mark Morrison to Frank

Wilson to Walter Wilson (Tlapaxsaalagelis) to John Wilson (*Laxlemzalh*, Raven childhood name) who later had the Eagle name *Sanaxaid* put on him. The trapline (#611T003) has passed from Mark McKay Morrison to Frank Wilson (b1871) to Walter Wilson (b1891) to John R.Wilson (b1928) to Chris Wilson (Blackfish name *Gaalagem*) who now has the "paper" meaning he is the registered trapline holder.

Cultural Values: This area was vital to Haisla subsistence and the location of several early Haisla settlement sites. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, black bear, marten, mink, fox, wolf, seals, geese, ducks, grouse, spring salmon, pinks, dog salmon, oolichans, crab, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers, anemones, octopus, large cedar, cedar bark, cedar withes, spruce, spruce root, spruce gum, hemlock cambium, salmonberries, salalberries, blueberries, raspberries, red huckleberries, gooseberries, crabapples, clover roots, buttercup roots, wildrice, hellebore, devil's club, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Grouse	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon								XXX	XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon						XXX	XXX	XXX				
Oolichans				XXX	XXX							
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Roots								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Simgas* and *Zagwis* (the top of Minette Bay and Kitimat townsite). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Simgas* and *Zagwis*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

***Simgas*:**

Robinson, Gordon: The most important fishing operation for the Haisla people was oolichans. And traditionally the big oolichan run at *Simgas*, which we also called *Miya'nexaas* or Old Town, was the place where it happened for most families. There were also oolichan runs at *Geldala*, Kemano, and small unpredictable ones at the Kitlope and the Kowesas. *Simgas* was a village of two dozen houses with grease-making boilers in front of each one. *Simgas* was located at the mouth of *Simgas* Creek and it sat empty most of the year and then burst at the seams during the oolichan run, which happened in late April or early May. Each family would have a special oolichan net called a *taqalh*, shaped like a cone, that they would put out in the river tied between two posts that were driven down into the river bed. When oolichan fishing, we tip the canoes right over to the water line so we can empty the *taqalh* into the boat. We use the canoe and paddles to help get the oolichans aboard by putting the pointy end of the *taqalh*, heavy with fish, into the canoe and taking loose the thong that holds that bottom of the net closed, which lets us empty the net into the canoe. The canoes were thirty feet long and about two and a half feet wide. The more oolichans you get in the canoe the steadier it becomes. It often used to snow while they were oolichan fishing in April. You can tell the difference between the male and female oolichans, though coloration, texture of skin; males are quite rough, and females are quite smooth. The first part of the run is almost exclusively female fish, the first two or three days; later on the males come in. The female is valuable for its oil content. That was the whole object of the operation because oolichan oil (or "grease," *t'lati*) was the basis of a large part of our Haisla traditional commerce of the day. The first run of oolichan was just as important as the other salmon runs. The male oolichan was mainly for drying and salting. The female was valuable for its oil content and the male was valuable for drying.

Grease and dried oolichans were important not only for family use, but for trade. We speak of the old "grease trails" that connected our territory to the Bella Coola, Gitksan and Wet'suweten, and to the Skeena River peoples because they were the trade routes of those times, and Haisla grease was valued all over the coast because of the special final heat treatment (a last procedure of putting a hot stone into the grease at the end of the process). These days, oolichans are still netted with the *taqahl*, but a big punt with outboards is used. The grease-making process is about the same, but the *t'lati* is transported around the area by pickup trucks. And many families have to buy their grease rather than make it, since pollution has caused the Kitimat River oolichans to be inedible and their grease to be unpalatable. The lower river's course has changed and *Simgas* has been eroded, eaten away by the river and all of the houses are gone. Recent runs have been at Kemano and last year we bought a lot of grease from the Nass River.

Robertson, Josephine: I don't even know how old I was the last time I went up there, to *Simgas*. I must have been about 9 or 10 years old the last time I went. I must have been about 12

years old when I started putting oolichans on sticks for the smokehouse, but when I fished oolichans I was about 6. We used to stay in a house; it was just like a one big room.

Smith, Crosby: I done oolichans with my mom and dad up here, and his dad, Mark Smith. I was at a very young age; that's how it has been passed down from generation to generation, how to prepare your oolichans. I have done it every year of my life.

Stewart, Don: Yeah, that's where she (Eunice) used to live. Oh, I don't know how big they were. Some of those houses at *Simgas* were a little smaller than my house. Maybe 24 by 30 feet. Well I don't know about the rest of them but I know we had it that house, and when the fish were running that house was full of people sleeping everywhere and excited and tired. Fred Woods, that's who I was staying with at his place. Most places had potatoes growing around the houses, side and back; no turnips or carrots. They didn't grow anything like that. It was just potatoes. What gets me is 15-20 in the storehouse at the end of digging spuds. Sacks! how did we finish that in one winter? Every last family had 20 sacks. The families would come to Old Town and plant the spuds and then come back and harvest them later, but nobody was worried about the gardens when the oolichans were running. That will come later. The interesting thing is people used to go out and get buttercup roots, clover roots, fern roots regularly during the late spring and summer. And the minute potatoes were ready to harvest and eat, they stopped going out to dig those traditional roots. Boy, the potato was so easy! Put a few in the ground and come back and fill up 20 sacks. Thinking about the houses at *Simgas*, I can just go down the line and tell you whose house was where. Ernest Grant's and Thomas Amos, James Duncan's…one right after the other all the way down the creek front. Some families would come back to Old Town when the coho and dogs were running.

Walker, Chris: Yeah, I went up to *Simgas* to get oolichans. Old man Chris Walker's house was right on the point, that's where the United Church got their model, from Chris Walker's house with the steep roof. This was my grandfather's place rather than father's. My grandfather, Mark Smith, I don't remember when he built that. We had a boiler that was on the side of our house, which, when facing the house would be on the left about 40 feet away. It's closer to the water than our house and we had an oolichan bin right next to it, then the smokehouse in the back and an outhouse. Early morning we'd have to do a lot of running. I was 14 years old when my uncle called me and told me that I got promoted from packing oolichans. I was moved up to *t'aqaxt'lailis*, the one who holds the net and helps balance the canoe, moving to keep the canoe from tipping over. But, I remember that, when I first put my hand in that water, I wished I had stayed ashore to pack; cold, ice-cold river early in the morning. "Put your arm down in the water; put your whole hand down in it!" A couple of lifts and then I got used to the water. And speaking of water, our water came from the river (Kitimat River). That's the beginning of my life I guess. The last time I remember doing oolichans was when Eurocan moved in and polluted the river. It happened in the first year the plant was there, and suddenly the oolichans tasted like Eurocan chemicals and the grease turned your stomach just to smell it. My uncle Ed and I went up there and saw the damage that happened when they "developed" Kitimat town. They came in here with a promise. "We're not going to pollute!"

Man, oh man! People, Haislas and everybody, today think oolichans was so romantic; but everyone that's done it says, "Man, that's hard work, and it's uncomfortable." I don't care what anyone says. I went through it.

No, I never did fish up *Simgas* Creek, but I used to go with my brother when they were fishing *golisdi*, trout fishing with a hook and line. Then, when I was just a little boy, I used to watch my brother with a little pole and a float; whenever it would get pulled under, they pull it up. Up at *Simgas* there, where the creek comes into the river. Sometimes dinner was potatoes and the trout that the kids got. There was a lot of trouts up there. The young and really old used to be out getting the *q'wan* (lupine roots) and *t'eqwsus* (clover roots) and *dliksam* (buttercup roots) that we would mix with the last of the dried berries from the previous year and the first new grease of this year. There are always a lot of bears along the lower Kitimat River in the spring; they come down to eat grass. It was a big event when someone would bring in a moose or a deer, and every family would get enough for a meal to feed them while the grease making was going on. Of course, we mostly ate *dzaxwen* (oolichans).

Williams, Fred: As a boy, I partly grew up in the banks of the Kitimat River. My parents had a little farm up in the valley there. We were the only family that lived in that area and we only spent the winter down in the village, *Simgas* or over in Kitamaat, which they still called the Mission. But, we lived all alone at our place up *Simgas* Creek, above the oolichan village. I don't know how many miles, a couple of miles up the slough where the creek meets the river. But, we usually left our canoe in *Simgas* and walked up to our place. Our house was a couple of hundred yards from the creek bank, a cottage-like, small two-room place where we all stayed. It had a bedroom and a sitting room with a table. There was no insulation and we didn't live there during the winter. In spring, we'd just go up there to our family area, kind of a farm, and we'd be alone except for when everyone came to do *t'lati* at *Miya'nexaas* in late April, usually.

My dad grew strawberries. It was July, I guess, when we would pick them. My mother would pick out the good ones and separate them from the small ones. She kept the small ones for us and my dad would go down and sell these strawberries for a dollar a bucket. You know people thought that was too much. A dollar a bucket, big bucket, compared to what they cost today. He also grew potatoes and he once figured that he'd have about 2600 pounds on a good year. More than a ton. He'd sell it to the people down here for a couple of dollars for a hundred pound sack. We also had chickens. When you add trapping at *Laxakas*, putting up our own fish, going down to the clam beds around here and on the way to Butedale and working at the cannery, we didn't starve. But, we weren't getting rich. I was an old man before I slept past first light. You just got along and enjoyed life and your family and your friends.

G**rant, Harvey: (1995**) *Simgas* was about oolichans, in late April or early May. We would go down there and live while the run and grease making was happening. The parents, while they were just buried in oolichans, would keep kids occupied by just sending us to the soccer field there in *Simgas* where we used to play soccer. **(2001**) I'm going to tell you about grease making at *Simgas*, so you will know how hard the work was, how much preparation it took and the reason why we appreciate the *t'lati* so much. Our place at *Simgas* was the end house, and the *simgac'i* (the grease boiler) was right next to it. Ernie Grant's house, it was, and the one below us was the Amos's. I guess early or later in April was when oolichans was. Often it still snowed

on us while we were doing *t'lati*. When we come home from trapping, in the middle of February, and all that partying would be over and the fur money spent, then we'd go look for poles for driving in the river to hang our *taqalh* (conical homemade woven oolichan net). You'd pick the poles out and cut it to length and then you'd shave the bark off it and put a point on it so it would be easy to drive into the bottom of the river where you want your net to be. Then you're ready to go. Bring on the *dzaxwen*! The length of the poles varies, eh. You get a pole about 10 feet long and when you're going to drive it down, you stick it in the water and you're going to measure where you have to cut it. Then you cut it off so it will stick up above the level of the river about two feet. Anyways, if you're going to set your *taqalh* in shallow water you need a 6-foot pole. You drive it in about 2 feet and it can hold your net. There would have to be 2 or 3 poles left over, because during the season if your spot isn't fishing that well, then you'd move the net. That's the reason you'd want to have a few extra poles, just in case. The *taqalh* only needs 2 posts, 4-foot wide mouth, which is how far apart the poles are. There's a lot to know about setting the net, like where the net would lay even and flat. If you have it lopsided then the oolichans hit one side and you've got a chance of ripping it down when it's full and has a lot of weight in it. We had a *dig̲wayu*, which is a mallet hammer made out of crabapple wood. It's about the hardest wood you can get naturally around here, maybe except for yew wood. It never splits. That's what you use and you also make a smaller one, so you have two. You have one maybe 10 pounds or one anywhere from 8-12 pounds and then you get one from 14 lbs up to be the finisher, what you put the last few taps in with. Those posts, you're lucky to get 2 years out of one. You have to keep posts in a dry spot and a cold place so it doesn't split when you use it. From the appearance of the oolichans until we were ready to go back home with our *t'lati* and sticks of smoked *dzaxwen*, it would take close to a month. And, the preparations, that takes about a week out of that month. If the oolichans come fast and furious, you fill up your bin in a couple of days, then you let it sit and you make sure you don't let it rot or get rancid. You have to have draining for the blood. And right after we were finished at *Miya'ne̲x̲aas*, we'd start preparing the garden close to the river there at *Simgas*, cleaning it, softening it so it's ready for planting potatoes.

***Zagwis*:**

Barbetti, Louise: Woman would dig for *dliksam* (buttercup roots) and *t'eqwsus* (clover roots) around *Zagwis*.

Ringham, Grace: We go get *tl'emq* (yew wood) at MK hill, which was used for medicine.

Ross, Russell: My father Sam used to harvest *cixwa* (wild crabapples) at *Zagwis*.

Shaw, Sammy: I used to go pick *pu'yas* (Labrador tea) above Minette Bay.

Stewart, Richard: From Minette Bay, we harvested *denas* (cedar bark)

Williams, Fred: At the flats of *Zagwis*, I hunted geese, ducks and seal.

Wilson, Ida: I used to live in *Zagwis* when my uncle, Mike Shaw, had a farm there. He also had a potato garden there. Charlie Shaw and I were small when we stayed with Uncle Mike. The last

person to try a potato garden there was Henry Amos. There used to be a lot of spring salmon there. I also know of seal hunting in Minette Bay.

Wilson, Patricia: We harvested *loq'was* (hemlock) between Kitamaat Village and *Zagwis*. My grandfather, Sam Robinson Sr., hunted for ducks and geese a *Zagwis*. I harvested *cixwa* (wild crabapples) in September at *Zagwis*.

Wilson, Vera: Kate Grant used to go to Minette Bay for *cixwa*.

Woods, Ivan: we used to hunt seals and fish for spring salmon in Minette Bay.

Woods, Stewart: At Minette Bay, my father Fred Woods once had a logging camp. We fished for spring salmon. We used to hunt seal right at Minette Bay.

Walker, Chris: I did a lot of geese, mallards and seal hunting up at *Zagwis*.

5.2 Wa'wais Areas at risk on the West side of Kitimat Arm

7. *Yaksda*. Moore and Anderson Creek watersheds

Beaver clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Legaix* (Rod Bolton, Jr.)

Wa'wais area: This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the west side of the lower courses of the Kitimat River and the Alcan site (the land portion of which is *Paxw* and the channel portion is *Xenawa*). The southern extreme of the *wa'wais* is *Kwengad* (Frog Falls). The heart of the area is *Yaksda*, the drainage through which run Anderson and Moore Creeks (*Yaksd*a). This area, 9 km (W to E) by 11 km (N to S), is known to every Haisla for its resources and the traditional activities carried on here (*e.g.* a monumental rock at the Alcan site is where young men were taken and taught adult values and behaviours). Mythic and folkloric tales take place in this area. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Beaver clan name *Legaix* [John Bolton (b1865) to Cecilia Ryan Bolton (John's widow, as regent) to George Roderick Bolton (b1910) to Roderick Kenneth Bolton]. The trapline (#611T007) was originally registered by William Henry and transferred to George R. Bolton in 1952, and later to Roderick K. Bolton.

Cultural Values: This area has special value to Haislas because it is considered one of the richest sections of Haisla traditional territory as well as the site of *Paxw*, an early Kitamaat village. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, mink, fox, wolf, geese, ducks, grouse, seals, coho salmon, spring salmon, pinks, chum salmon, herring, herring roe, octopus, prawns, blueberries, raspberries, red huckleberries, gooseberries, crabapples, rose hips, salmonberries, fern roots, clover roots, buttercup roots, wild rice, hellebore, alder bark, devil's club, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips, wild rhubarb, large cedar, cedar bark, cedar withes, hemlock cambium, spruce root and spruce gum. (Note that crabs, clams, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers, anemone and other beachlife were traditionally harvested here, but are not currently taken because of Eurocan pollution).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Spring salmon				XXX	XXX	XXX						
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear, black				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Geese									XXX	XXX		
Ducks									XXX	XXX		
Cedar bark				XXX	XXX	XXX						
Crabapples									XXX			
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Berries						XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Yaksda* (Moore and Anderson Creek *wa'wais* areas) representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Yaksda*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Louise Barbetti: On the lower *Yaksda* area, that was a really important *bagwaiyas* for our people. Everybody used to go over there and get their coho for smoking. Now, of course, the Alcan plant is built across the entrance to Moore Creek and there is a waterfall that the coho can't get up, nor can the humpies, which also used to enter the lower creek. So, we now go elsewhere for those. And berries, too. We have always gone there for *golali* (salmonberries), *gwadem* (red huckleberries), *siya'wanalh* (blue huckleberries), *q'isina* (grey currants), *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries), *t'als* (high bush cranberries), *t'lemstaits* (low bush cranberries), *k'ibat* (red elderberries), *lalqaxa* **(**thimbleberries), and *tsixwa* (wild crabapples). And *q'wan* (lupine roots). Oh, yeah. We also dig *dlixsam* (buttercup roots), *t'ibam* (fern roots) and *teqwsus* (clover roots). One can still get *lowax* (hemlock noodles). We pull *de'nas* (cedar bark) in the spring.

The Haisla have a basis for not trusting the expressed intentions of developers. Eurocan promised to be a pollution free project and within a year they made our Kitimat River oolichan run inedible. Also, relating to *Yaksda*, there was a big rock there that we Haisla traditionally used to take the young men over to and they'd sit there and talk to the young boys, telling them how to be a man according to our Haisla values. When Alcan came in they just broke that rock up, blasted it and moved it out of there. That was part of our Haisla history. It had a traditional value

for us. There were geese rearing ponds there and the men used to go over and get the young ones before they'd started to fly. Ducks, too. Now we get geese and ducks down the channel.

Maitland, Heber: Dad and I used to go trapping at Anderson Creek by the Sandhill, The coho used to spawn at Anderson Creek. Dad would gaff coho right out of the creek, picking the best ones out, clean them, wash them, put them in the pack sack, and I packed it home. We would come home and my mother would send me for water from *Xwenis* (the spring in the middle in the village). By the time I finished packing water, my supper would be ready. My mother would cook the same fish that I packed home from Y*aksda*.

Stewart, Don: Along Moore Creek and the area in between Moore and Anderson Creeks, there was a pond called *Qelxat'sinuxw*. We used to pick salmonberries all over that area. Plenty of grouse there, too. It was in the corner of the flats between the creeks. May also be where they soaked red and yellow cedarbark. There is about a 40' island in the middle of it that is loaded with berries. Each person has their own place around the pond for soaking bark. There are lots of geese and ducks in there. There is a cave back in there that was full of old masks and ceremonial gear, probably a shaman's hiding place for his gear. So the story goes, it was found by a Haisla hunter long ago and when he tried to go back, he couldn't find it again. There are paths going up to high goat areas. Plenty of bears, especially in the spring.

Stewart, Richard: There used to be creeks at *Yaksda* where we would catch coho and humps. We trap beaver and hunt for bear in there. There are grizzlies there, too. Also, we could see eels in those creeks.

Walker, Chris: *Yaksda*, that's a coho creek. Charlie Gaditla (Wilson) used to get all his cohos from there. It was his fishin' hole. It's at the tidal waters, just a little above tidal water. He took me up there. He said, "We're going to go get some coho." So we went up there and he had a short little net. And, I'm rowing the boat and he was in the stern. He said, "Slow down now. Slow down now." Sneaking up to the cohos, he set that net up where there was roots trom the trees. And that's where the cohos were hiding. He tied his little net up back along there. Then he hit the water with his pole. Smashed it smart on the water and scared the cohos into his net. We must've got 20. But it was 45 minutes of hard rowing to get there.

8. *Bisamut'is* and *Wo'axdu*. Bish Creek or Bees
Beaver clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gelaxad* (Albert Nelson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the entire watershed of Bees Creek (*Wo'axdu*, which is also the name of the bay). The watershed is 20 km long (NW to SE) and 8 km wide from the foothills of Mt. Carthew to saltwater. The bay has a 74.5 hectare reserve (IR#6), which was a village site inhabited, according to Haisla folk-history, after the Kitamaats moved from *Lhilaq'ac'iyuqwes*, but they later moved from this site because it offered no protection from S and SE winds in the winter. Houseposts were still visible until the 1940s. At *Hent'lixw* rock (on the water north of Bees), which has red rock-art paintings, there is a legendary site relating to an early Haida raid foiled by wary Haislas. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Beaver clan name *Gelaxad* [Laura Stewart Robinson

held the name as regent and passed it on to Albert "Jackie" Nelson, who is also the registered holder of the trapline [#611T006, James Clarkson (or Tlaxsten, b1870) to William Nelson (b1896) to Jackie Nelson].

Cultural Values: This is considered a heritage *wa'wais* of the Haisla people due to the Haisla IR #6 located there. Myths and legends are set here as well as the old village site. Ease of access has made it a staple foraging, hunting, trapping and coho fishing area. The Haisla people consider it a prime heritage resource area. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, mink, fox, otters, weasels, squirrels, wolf, geese, ducks, grouse, seals, coho salmon, spring salmon, pinks, chum salmon, crab, cockles (previously), prawns, large cedar, cedar bark, cedar withes, blueberries, raspberries, red huckleberries, gooseberries, crabapples, rose hips, salmonberries, clover roots, buttercup roots (previously), wild rice, hellebore, alder bark, devil's club, cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon					XXX	XXX						
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Sockeye						XXX	XXX					
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Ducks					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Geese					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Cedar Bark					XXX	XXX						
Medicines					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Wo'axdu*, (Bish Creek), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Wo'axdu*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Barbetti, Louise: All five species of salmon were fished for here in Bees (coho, springs, dogs, pinks, sockeye) and steelhead. From Bees my family and I would look for big cedar trees for canoes, they would also use the big cedar trees to make *simgac'i* (oolichan boiling bins) and smaller cedar trees were used for building houses. You'd strip cedar bark here, too. Another bark that you could get there was alder.

Grant, Effie: My parents, Edgar and Ada Amos, used to salmon fish and crab fish at Bees Creek. This creek is the spawning ground for humps (pink salmon). We get lots of deer there and bears, and there are also grizzly bears in this area.

Grant, Felix: We fished over there in Bees Creek; we'd put our net in over there.

Grant, Oscar: I harvested crabs in Bees Creek.

Grant, Verna: At Bees I picked blueberries, salmonberries, and huckleberries. My family fished for spring salmon there.

Hall, Ken: Across the way at Bees Creek I harvested spring salmon, coho, wild rice, clover roots, buttercup roots, and hemlock.

Hall, Shirley: Between Bees and Emsley Cove I remember picking buttercup roots.

Maitland, Ivy: *Wo'axdu*, that's where we used to go and fish when Heber and I first got married in '57; we used to go there with Chris and Sue and fish dogs, humps and I think we went there for about two or three years in the row. We'd fish there and bring the fish back here to prepare it right in the village here. Because it's just a river there's hardly any place there to land, it's just a river. There's no landing places there. You have to walk the river when you're bringing the canoe up, dragging it up, because some parts are quite shallow. They have pools there where the fish gather and that's where we'd go in during the summer.

Nyce, Randy: The place I fished as a kid with my dad (Bill Nyce) and uncle Louie was Bees Creek; we used to fish for coho. We used to pack the net up the river. The dog salmon and humps used to run in Bees Creek but we used to wait until the first or second week in September and we would go fish there for coho. By then all the dog salmon and humps would be dead and washed down the river. We used to fish at the Number One hole, I think there was a Number Two way above it but we used to fish at the first hole because it was good enough. I also caught crabs at Bees.

Robertson, Susan: I know of salmon and seal being caught in Bees Creek. I picked *g̲olali* (salmonberries), *g̲wadem* (huckleberries), *p'ip'ex̲sem* (blueberries), and *cixwa* (wild crabapple) in Bees.

Robinson, Dora: We harvested all types of salmon here as well as crabs.

Robinson, Gordon: Bees means "abandoned village site." There were many types of roots that were available and one of them was *dliksam* (buttercup root). It was a type of buttercup root

about the size of pencil. You use a shovel to dig them out. Each shovelful gave you 6-10 of these roots. It was the women that would go out and dig *dliksam.* In the early spring before the plant had started to sprout and again in the fall after the plant had withered. Apparently the nourishment is concentrated in the roots during the winter months, but it is spent by the plant during the summer months. Again it tastes like sweet potatoes. It dries quite well. It was steamed and when the heat touches the roots, it seems like the root comes alive. It would be moving like a whole bunch of worms when it is cooking. Once it is cooked and cooled, all the action stops. It is chopped into short pieces and mixed with berries; finger food!

In this area there is also *q'wan* (lupine roots). That's another fine food, too. But we don't preserve it. It didn't need preserving. We just dig it out of the earth, wash it thoroughly and eat it raw. It tastes like celery. Lupine forms the main diet of the geese in this area; they would dig it up using their beaks and pull it out of the ground. That is how the Haisla knew these roots are edible, even the cultivated lupine, the ones that the people grow in their yards. You dig it up, wash it off and eat it raw.

Robinson, Lorraine: My dad (Tom) fished in Bees Creek. Dad took my brother Mike and me to Bees Creek in late September to fish. We had to push the canoe up or it would get lost down the river. He didn't get too much halibut but, when he did, it had to be eaten right away. We also dried halibut.

Ross, Samson: At Bees, I fished for coho, dogs and pink salmon. There was everything there. In the bay, there, in front of the reserve, the cohos would bunch up and rest before starting up the creek. But there were also dogs and pinks in the creek. In February, you can troll for springs right in front of the beach. Bees was a good place for hunting. Moose, deer and early bears there. Used to be a grizzly around occasionally.

Shaw, Charles: At Bees Creek I fished for coho and dog salmon.

Shaw, Sammy: I fished for Coho at the mouth of Bees Creek. I hunted for moose and seal in Kildala. I picked g*istem* (raspberries) and blueberries there too.

Smith, Crosby: I've fished at Bees for years and years. Coho out in front and up the creek, there where there is pool and the creek turns left. Put the net up there. Also pinks in there. Springs in front. Dog salmon up the river. Lots of them. Steelhead aren't to my taste, but they are in there. Halibut off the point. Crabs out front, but polluted now, so all the beach stuff we get elsewhere. Lot of seals there. They go up the creek and lay under the bushes. I hunt there. Get moose and deer and early bear. We put out traps. Martens are high now. Our traps are hanging in there. The other stuff is there, too, mink and otter and some weasels. You can get fox in there. Ducks, all kinds, and geese in there; they pull out the *dliksam* and eat it. The ladies go for our medicine and basket materials to Bees.

Smith, Glen: At Bees, I done a lot of fishing in there, too. Cohos, mostly cohos. Because most of the time in the fall time it's cohos, eh, and when everybody goes back after salmon season is over, it's mostly cohos that they go after.

Smith, Grace: At Bees Creek, we fished for coho and gathered *dliksam* (buttercup roots).

Stewart, Belva: I remember gathering *dliksam* (buttercup roots) at Bees.

Stewart, Harold: Me and my grandfather, Joe Bolton, used to crab fish at Bees creek. This also was where you can get coho, in the first pool.

Stewart, Richard: At Bees creek, we caught coho, humps, dogs, and crab. It used to be loaded with crab, but you can't eat it now because of the pollution in the water.

Williams Sr., Fred: At Bees, I'd catch humps, and mostly coho. There was wild rice and *cixwa* (wild crabapple) there too.

Wilson, Beatrice: We fished for humps at Bees.

Wilson, Bert: Across the way at Bees, I fished for dog salmon, coho, crabs, and *al'las* (sea cucumber). I've also dug there for cockles. I've hunted Bees for deer and bear. There is alder there, too.

Wilson, Charlie: I fished at Bees Creek for coho, pinks, dogs, halibut, and crab.

Wilson, Ida: I harvested humps and coho at Bees.

Wilson, Marshall: I harvested coho and crab at Bees.

Wilson, Patricia: My grandfather, Sam Robinson, harvested spring salmon at Bees. Beaver was trapped at Bish Creek.

Wilson, Vera: I picked *dlixsam* (buttercup roots) at Bees.

Woods, Ivan: I harvested coho, dog salmon, and humps at Bees.

Woods, Stewart: I used to harvest coho, humps and crab at Bees Creek. I was trapping with my brother and my father's grandfather in Bees Creek here. That's Ivan's trapline and it's at the bottom of *Geltuis*, that is a family trapline. That was James Claxton's (Clarkson's) trapline. He was related to my father and my dad asked him if we could trap it and he said ok. He may have been the first one to register that trapline. I was still young yet, maybe 15, 16 years old. It was during the war. That's when I got 100 dollars for marten, good marten; it was a lot of money for us. We went about 3 miles on Bees creek, I guess, started at Bees Creek and climbed the mountain.

Walker, Chris: Yeah, and I fished in Bees Creek a lot. Back in the '70's Crosby and I went down there, counted 11 moose in one area. Parked our boat beside a rock, hiked over and got in the water; both of us had breast waders and the moose was eating weeds. They figured we were animals, too, in the water; so when they go down for feed we go behind a snag. Climbed behind a snag and watched this moose eating. There were five left when we got there. I told Crosby take

the smallest one. So he shot the small one. Yeah, below Bees that creek is called *Wo'axdu. Wo'axdu* is a coho creek, humps, dogs. I went up there a couple of times. The first time I set a net there with Jughead back in '49, I believe, before I got married. In '50 Jughead and I went out there on a gillnetter. When the tide comes up the fish move up and that's how we got our fish that time, Jughead and I, 200 dogs we got and a lot of dog scratches from their teeth when we were taking them out of the net. And I moose hunted there, too, we go down there to look around.

9. Kitasa and *Wagis*. Emsley Cove south to Jesse Falls

Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gepsginais* (Marshall Wilson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the shoreline from IR#7 (*Kitasa*) at Emsley Cove southward, including Markland Point and the bay below it (*Wagis*) almost to the falls at the entrance to Jesse Lake. This small *wa'wais*, 13 km long (N to S) by 7 km wide, includes almost all of the Emsley Creek watershed and the creek that flows through Wagis to the S. The reserve at *Kitasa* is not on the site of the old village, the actual location of the old settlement being to the east of the actual reserve according to the late Gordon Robinson. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Eagle clan name *Gepsginais* [William Cross (b1837) to Aaron Cross (b1895) to Arthur Cross to Marshall Wilson, now deceased, who was also the registered holder of the trapline (#611T09) The family will announce an heir soon.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* area is commonly thought of by the Haisla as a place with a lot of history. For example, just N of *Wagis* is a rock formation called *Q'abac Wiget*, the privates of Wiget the "Changer" who went around our territory changing creatures and physical features of the world into the forms they now have. The degree to which Haislas spoke of resource harvesting in this area suggest its traditional importance in Haisla subsistence economy. The reserve at Emsley Cove (IR #7, 4.1 acres) is not actually on the site of a previous settlement, located by Haisla folk-history and an archaeological midden on the eastern side of the top of the cove. A burial of a notably large person was found there in the 1930s by Haisla loggers Resources harvested here, including those known to have been exploited previous to widespread pollution in the upper Douglas Channel: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, fox, goats, squirrels, grouse, ducks, geese, seals, coho salmon, dog salmon, humpies, halibut, red cod, grey cod, cockles and other beachlife, octopus, crabs, prawns, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, buttercup roots, alder bark, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips large cedar, cedar bark, spruce pitch, spruce roots, hemlock bark,.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Red/grey cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Moose, deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear (black)				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Fox, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seal	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples									XXX			
Medicine					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark					XXX	XXX						

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Kitasa* (Emsley Cove), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Kitasa*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Older Haislas know *Kitasa* intimately. Sampson Ross (b1912, d2002) spoke of this *wa'wais* as follows:

> I fished at *Kitasa* year after year. In September, we would go up the creek with our nets and get coho. We'd pole up to the pool there and get a canoe full of coho. There were also pinks and dogs up there. Springs off the mouth of the creek. You could jig for halibut out in front. Me and the girls got mussels, cockles, cucumbers, big and little sea eggs in the flats at the mouth of the creek, and salmonberries and huckleberries. Oh, and *dliksam* (buttercup roots). The ducks like those. I got mallards, lots of mallards and sometimes goldeneyes. My father got octopus there. It was just full of crabs. I hunted there for moose and early bear, come down to eat the grass on the shore. There are goats up there. My father (Abel Ross, b1895) trapped up there with Aaron Cross. When I was about 12, I went up with them, loaded down with traps and bait. It was an easy walk up to the junction, where we took the right fork creek, blazing a trail, setting traps. Then it got steep. Way up, we camped under a big hemlock. It was nice and they could see the goats up there, so they decided to go up and hunt goats. They boned and dried the meat so we could carry it down. We emptied the traps on the way down. There were good marten up there. We got a fisher and there was nothing left of it but the head. Yeah, wolves, There are seals by the rock out there.

Amos, John Sr: We fished at *Kitasa* for coho and got springs out in front. We got crabs there.

Amos, Morris: We get crabs there. We used to get mussels here but now go elsewhere because of the pollution. We fish for coho there.

Barbetti, Louise: *Kitasa* was fished for halibut, red cod, and grey cod. We would get crabs there and mussels and sea cucumbers. There are *dliksam* (buttercup roots) there and berries. We also pulled cedar bark there and harvested medicines: hellebore, devil's club, alder bark.

Grant, Amelia: We stopped there and got crabs, and I picked salmonberries and *dliksam.*

Grant Effie: Phillip got coho here often. He got crabs, too.

Grant, Felix: In Emsley Cove we fished around there for halibut, crab and salmon, or whatever you can catch. In the old days they would get herring roe here, putting out hemlock boughs for it to collect on. I got a moose there.

Grant, Harvey, Sr.: Good place to stop there and troll for cohos. Crabs.

Grant, Verna: We fished there for coho and I harvested *dliksam* and huckleberries. We got crab there.

Gray, Bea: Alec hunted there and got ducks and seals if they were there when he was coming home from Sue Channel or Butedale.

Green, Ray, Sr.: I fished coho and got crab at *Kitasa*.

Hall, Ken: At the mouth of *Kitasa* I harvested crabs.

Maitland, Heber: I got a moose at *Kitasa*. I got coho and crabs there.

Nelson, Albert: I got a moose there a couple of times. Crosby and I always check there for bear. There are ducks there and geese. Seals are often out around the rock there and they go up the creek and lay under the bushes. You could get *dliksam* and berries there. When the coho are there, there are lots of them. Otherwise, we jig for halibut while the crab trap is down. There's prawns out in front.

Nyce, Randy: I used to go moose hunting at *Kitasa.*

Robertson, James: I have gotten crabs and big springs in Emsley Cove. I also shoot seals in *Wagis*, the bay just above Jesse Falls.

Robinson, Tom: *Wagis*, the bay above Jesse Falls, which is part of this *wa'wais*, is fished there right in the bay; net fishing for coho and dog salmon and jigging for halibut at *Wagis*.

Shaw, Charlie: My dad got a big canoe log up the creek at *Kitasa*.

Shaw, Sammy: I hunt for seal and black bear at *Kitasa* and I picked blueberries and huckleberries there also.

Smith, Crosby: I hunt there, moose, bear, deer. I've put out a few traps along the shore there (marten mostly, but foxes, too). I got crabs there and I used to get mussels there. There are old cockle shells that come up with the crab trap. Cohos and pinks go up the creek. People have got springs and dogs and steelhead there. I get red and grey cod outside along with halibut. Lots of seals there.

Smith, Charles: We fished for coho in front and put out the crab trap. The girls went swimming and then picked berries. I have shot a moose there.

Smith, Grace: At Emsley Cove there are mussels and crab. We went and pulled cedar bark up there.

Stewart, Belva: Cedar, which was used for cedar baskets, cedar mats, and carving. You could find it right outside the village and at *Kitasa*.

Stewart, Harold: We harvested crab, halibut, mussels, and *al'las* (sea cucumber) at *Kitasa*.

Stewart, Richard: We fished for halibut at *Kitasa*. Also at *Kitasa* my father, Henry Stewart, found a skeleton of a big man there. The skeleton was wrapped in cedar bark, and was in the sitting position.

Wilson, Charlie: I fished for crab at *Kitasa*.

Wilson, Fred: I trapped in there with Art Cross (marten and a few minks). The coho come up the creek. I got moose and bear. They used to go up and get goats. Crabs there. Mussels and *al'las* (sea cucumbers) on the flats. Tom Robinson got prawns at the entrance.

Wilson, John R.: Good place to stop while coming up the inlet if you need to. Coho and crabs and anything you can catch in there.

Wilson, Marshall: My name is *Gepsginais*, so I have the rights to the *Kitasa wa'wais*. I have a trapline at *Kitasa*. I received it from my uncle, Art Cross. It has been in the family for about three generations. I hunt there and got three moose one time. Now it is being logged out. It is hard to get up the creek now. I got marten and mink on my trapline. There are a lot of wolves and grizzlies in that area. Art Cross told them that they still have about 200 traps left in *Kitasa*. There are lots of crabs there. You can't eat the mussels anymore, but there're still a lot of them.

Woods, Ivan: I would hunt at *Kitasa* coming up the channel and I've got moose there. I've got crabs in the cove. You see grizzlies there, but we don't hunt them.

Woods, Stewart: Outside Emsley Cove, I fished for halibut and crab. At *Kitasa* there are geese, seal and mallard ducks.

10. *Xasutla* and *Aik'udiga*. Jesse Lake and upper Jesse Creek
Beaver clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *C'esi* (Sam Robinson)

***Wa'wais* area**: This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the entire watershed of Jesse Lake from the falls (*C'ixuyaas*) up the lake and its feeder creek to the high beaver ponds and the creek's mountainous origin around Mt. Carthew (*Q'alapastdewala*). Jesse Lake was named for Chief *C'esi*, the Haisla Beaver leader, traditionally highest chief of the Kitamaats and, now, of the amalgamated Haisla. As the head chieftain's area, the Jesse Lake *wa'wais* (18 km long, N to S) serves as a *bagwaiyas* for all Haislas. The upper part, *Aik'udiga* (11 km by 11 km), was given to Old Man Alec Gray (b1852) for a service to *C'es*i, and the two areas were reunited by a ceremony over Gray's casket. Because of the falls at the entrance to *Xasutla*, there is no fishrun into the lake, but the resources of the whole watershed are harvested continuously, with implied permission of the *C'esi*. The deep spot in the upper lake is home of the folkloric monster *Azigis*. The area around and below the falls is also an important resource area, from the foot of the *Cencencista* (Mt on the left below the entrance to the lake) to *K'elquyala* (the point at the north end of the bay). The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Beaver chief's name *C'esi* [to Jessea (8th *C'esi*, b1842) to Richard Morrison (9th C'esi, b1894) to Tom Robinson (b1924) in 1953. The name and *wa'wais* have passed on to Tom's younger brother, Sam Robinson. Tom was also the registered holder of the trapline [#611T008], which should pass on to the new *C'esi*, but Sam is currently the holder of *Wiwaa wa'wais* and, since no Haisla can own two *wa'wais* areas, he will have to pass those on to an heir before becoming registered holder of Kitasa, which goes with his Beaver clan name. The *Aik'udiga* trapline [#0611T013] was originally part of this *wa'wais*, but was split off and given to to Alec Gray (b1852) in repayment for a service. The two sections of the *wa'wais* were later united, but by then provincial trapline registration had begun and there was both a Jesse Lake (0611T008) and an *Aik'udiga* trapline (0611T013). The *Aik'udiga* trapline is currently registered to Edward Gray, now deceased, and the family is considering an appropriate new registrant.

Cultural Values: Probably as much as any area in Haisla traditional territory, Jesse Lake is considered a heritage resource preserve of the Haisla people. Myths and legends are set here, and the spiritual, social and folkloric value of the area imply that it should be protected. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, mink, otter, wolf, beaver, goats, geese, ducks, seals (below entrance falls), trout, crabs, low-bush cranberries, high-bush cranberries, crabapples, blueberries, hellebore, devil's club, large cedar, cedar bark and basketry materials

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Trout	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Weasel	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn. goat				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples									XXX			
Cedar bark					XXX	XXX						
Cedar logs				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Medicine					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Basketry materials								XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of Jesse Lake, (*<u>X</u>asutla*), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *<u>X</u>asutla*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Hall, Kenny: At Jesse Lake I harvested trout.

Hall, Shirley: At Jesse Lake, I picked *k'ibat* (red elderberries) and *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries). The blueberries grow late at Jesse Lake.

Robinson, Dora: My husband (Tom Robinson) has the trapline at Jesse Lake. And he would trap marten, mink and beaver on it. Around the lake, we would harvest clams, cockles, and trout. I also pick *t'als* (high bush cranberries) there.

Robinson, Lorraine: My dad Tom fished at Jesse Lake. We would camp up there and picked berries, cranberries, blueberries, red huckleberries *cixwa* (crabapples) and *belhbulai* (rose hips). The boys caught lake trout.

Robinson, Tom: There was a cabin in the valley at *<u>X</u>asutl*a. My dad (Samuel) would go with Richard Morrison, the *C'esi* (the chief that Jesse Lake was named after) every year after the beavers at the upper end of the lake. He didn't seem to trap anything else other than beavers. Right at the head, there is a slough there that comes this way. This is where they mostly trap. There is a swamp in there. They used to go out there especially to pick *t'lemstaits* (low bush cranberries and *t'als* (high bush cranberries). There were deer and moose at the lake and bear. I trapped up on the lake, and later, I let others trap on my grounds. And, we got good marten, mink, otters and more than one wolf.

Ross, Samson: In the river at the head of Jesse Lake, I fished for trout. I fished for coho and dog salmon below the falls. And outside, I also caught halibut and red cod.

Shaw, Charles: At one time, I picked about 25-30 gallons of cranberries from the head of Jesse Lake, where the slough and swamp are. Good for *t'als* (high bush cranberries). You have to look for shady places to pick *cixwa* (crabapples).

Stewart, Harold: Me and my grandfather, Joe Bolton, went to Jesse Lake to fish for trout and to hunt moose, geese and ducks. In between Jesse Lake and Echo Bay there was a good spot for crab fishing. Lots of crabs there. But there is nothing there anymore because all the sports and commercial fishermen cleaned it out. We also got seals below Jesse Falls all the way down to Echo Falls. Up there on the mountain just to the south of Jesse Falls there is a trail that goes up to where there are lots of goats. You can see that cliff from the village.

Wilson, Beatrice: I know of trout in *Xasutla*. My husband John went trapping up above Jesse Lake and got beaver, marten, mink and weasel.

Wilson, Bert: At the mouth of Jesse Lake, I harvested crabs. Lots of crabs.

Wilson, Patricia: My grandfather, Sam Robinson, hunted for mountain goat at *Xasutla*.

Woods, Stewart: Jesse Lake is a good place for trout. The whole shoreline is full of berries and that lake has absolutely pure water. It would be a shame if any development started to pump pollution into that watershed.

11. *Li'lewaqde'mis.* Echo Bay

Beaver clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Wiibalh* (Harold Maitland)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the watershed of the creek that flows into the small bay north of the entrance to Miskatla Inlet (*Kiyasa*) and Giltoyees Inlet (*Giltuis*). Although it runs 8 km along the shore, this small area is seldom more than 2 km in width. Two creeks enter Echo Bay; both are good trapping streams. This *wa'wais* was also a canoe workshop area. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Beaver Clan name *Wiibalh* [Henry Nice (b1864) to Silas Maitland (b1894) to Harold Maitland (no settlement for Silas Maitland was held; the name was just placed on Harold Maitland at the Minnie Smith settlement, 1997. The trapline (#611T098) passed from Henry Nice to Silas Maitland to Chester Maitland to Harold Maitland.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* was handlogged and known for its canoe-quality cedar and other timber. The two creeks are good trapping areas and have always been important hunting grounds and resource harvesting sites. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'wais include: black and red cod, deer, bear, marten, otter, mink, fox, squirrels, goats, grouse, ducks, geese, seals, spring salmon, clams, mussels, cockles, beachlife, crabs, prawns, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, large cedar, cedar bark, spruce, spruce pitch, spruce roots, hemlock, hemlock bark..

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Black cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Red cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn. goats			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Ducks, geese				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Grouse		XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Beachlife			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Large cedar			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Cedar bark				XXX	XXX							
Hemlock			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Li'lewaqde'mis* (Echo Bay), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type, "Have you ever harvested resources at Echo Bay (*Li'lewaqde'mis*)?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Robinson, Gordon discussing the boundaries and areas of Haisla traditional territory: The next bay (south of *Xasultla*, Jesse Lake) is *Lee-lah-wahk-dah-mees*. It was given that name because of a good stand of hemlock there. The inner bark of hemlock (the cambrium layer) is used a staple of Haisla food, scraped off and eaten like noodles. Also the cedar trees were of good quality for canoes and good cedar trees were obtained here.

Maitland, Harold: *Li'lewaqdamis* is Echo Bay, I think that's what they call it. All I know it by is just the Indian name. It belonged to Silas, then to my dad and then to me. I started trapping there in 1980-81. I trapped right from the beach of the bay. The first year, I used leg hold traps and then they were outlawed, so I switched to conibear traps, $160 a dozen. Now I still have about a dozen of them out there hanging in the trees. There's a little creek that runs through and comes out near the bay and runs back all the way up into the highland above Jesse Lake. I used to put 3-4 dozen traps. There was no blazed trail. I just followed along the bank of that little creek. Mostly marten, but I think only about three times I got a fisher. One each year, but they're not that abundant anywhere in our territory. Late October, early November we start and we go until the weather gets too bad for the size of boat that I have. It's not worth risking your life for a few furs. I think my best year would have been about 60-70 pieces of marten, averaging about $45 to as much as $100, depending on the colouring. Otters are hard to skin…they hold onto their skin. Same way with beaver, which are very hard to skin, too. I take them down to the

village to skin because people like beaver meat, especially the tail. There are mink, too, and squirrels and fox.

Now that I am trapping with my son, we get marten. I never heard of any shacks out there, because my grandfather and my dad and his uncles used to just pitch a tent or sleep on their boat. I knew that old Tom Nyce gets his cedar there for making canoes. I saw a few of the stumps that he left there. Big, big cedar. He'd go way up and he'd make skids for it and use something like a come-along to pull the log, to slide it along. He'd form it up in the bush and then, when it was roughed out, he'd pull it down to the water and finish it there. The whole project used to take him six weeks. There are a lot of CMTs and people get cedar bark there, and spruce roots, hemlock inner bark.

Robinson, John: I fished in front of Echo Bay for coho and dog salmon.

Robinson, Tom: I've stopped in *Li'lewaqde'mis* many times. I shot deer and bear along the beach and seals out in front of the bay. There are clams and cockles in the bay and mussels around the edges and toward Jesse Falls. The bay is sheltered and there are ducks and geese there, also grouse. The family picks blueberries, salmonberries and red huckleberries there.

Shaw, Charles: I went up hunting goats in the mountains both north and west of Echo Bay.

Stewart, Harold: At Echo Bay we harvest crab and go duck hunting. In between Jesse Lake and Echo Bay there was a good place for crab, but it has been cleaned out.

Wilson, John R: I stop at Echo Bay to get spruce pitch that I put on cuts and rash.

12. *Kiyasa*. Miskatla Inlet

Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gepslos* (Tom Nyce)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes and surrounds the saltwater bay alongside Giltoyees Inlet. The *wa'wais* measures approximately 10 km long (N to S) by 4 km in width. The area has no large streams emptying into it and serves as a resource area reached and harvested by canoe. An earlier settlement at the upper end is evident from traditional Haisla style bighouse houseposts and beams that were visible until the 1940s; and the area contains several campsites, used by the Haisla for seasonal visits. [Note the confusion in naming: the inlet that we Haisla call *Misgalhi* is called Foch Lagoon on maps, and by mistake the lagoon that the Haisla call *Kiyasa* came to be named Miskatla Inlet.] The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Fish clan name *Gepslos* [Henry Nice (b1864) to Tom Nyce (b1900) to Tom Nyce]. Tom Nyce is also the registered holder of the trapline (# 611T009).

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* area was probably originally a single *wa'wais* with *Li'lewaqda'mis* and was split for some reason now forgotten. In any case, as one elder recalls, "It was a well-utilized grounds for catching any type of salmon and drying them right there." The existence of old bighouse posts and beams and CMTs at the site at the north end of the inlet makes it clear that the area was used consistently enough to serve as a winter settlement at one

point. The list of resources taken from this *wa'wais* shows it to have the subsistence and material resources important to traditional Haisla life. In this *wa'wais,* they include: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, fox, fisher, squirrels, goats, seals, grouse, geese, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, coho salmon, dog salmon, humpies, sockeye, spring salmon, halibut, red cod, octopus, prawns, clams, mussels, sea cucumber and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, red and blue huckleberries, salmonberries, crabapples, salalberries, grey currants, buttercup roots, lupine, hellebore, devil's club, alder bark, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips, large cedar, cedar bark, spruce pitch, spruce roots, hemlock cambium.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Quail	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Octopus	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Kiyasa* (Miskatla Inlet), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at Miskatla Inlet (*Kiyasa*)?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla

still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: At the mouth of *Kiyasa,* I get *c'ika* (clams), *zawali* (cockles), *k'was* (mussels), *al'las* (sea cucumbers), *emdem* (sea urchins), *geq'anast* (black see eggs) and *q'aq'anas* (black sea prunes, black chitons). It's not as much fun as Monkey Beach, but closer and if you get the tide right there's lots of everything there. Did I mention *bu<u>x</u>beq'a* (anemonies)? There's a lot now except for crabs anymore.

Samson Ross: At 12 years old, I used to paddle for Don Grant while he fished down the channel. They fished in *Kiyasa* and he gave me a couple of fish for the work. At various times I and my family have camped at *Kiyasa* up at the top of the inlet there, and my family pick *cixwa* (crabapples), *q'isina* (grey currants), *<u>g</u>olali* (salmonberries) and *siyaq'wanalh* (black huckleberries while I fish for *zawan* and *<u>g</u>waxnis* (coho and dog salmon). If we go at low tide, there is *c'ika* (clams), k'was (mussels), *al'las* (sea cucumbers), *emdem* (sea eggs) and all. You can always get a few ducks, especially *nasnax* (mallards). It's a good place to camp, even when the wind is blowing outside.

Shaw, Marge: I pick *cixwa* at *Kiyasa,* and I pick *q'isina* (grey currants), *<u>g</u>olali* (salmonberries) and red and blue huckleberries. There are always lots of roots there. I can't resist picking *dliksam* (buttercup roots), *q'wan* (lupine), *xuk'wem* (riceroot), and *t'eqwsus* (clover roots). In spring there's sprouts like *q'walhem* (salmonberry sprouts), *gallh<u>g</u>an* (red raspberry sprouts) and sisa<u>x</u>elsela (blackberry sprouts) and, of course, the kids love *pit'sas* (cow parsnips). We get medicine in season, too: *awiq'as* (devil's club), *t'laq'watalas* (alder bark), and weaving materials like *k'eta'yas* (cattails). *Dzughead* (Charles) fished and put out the crab pot.

Shaw, Charles: There are coho and dog salmon at *Kiyasa*. There are also pinks and halibut and cod out front. A lot of people stop here for crabs, too.

Stewart, Harold: Another place we harvest crabs is at *Kiyasa*. It's not real good anymore because word got out about it. But, it's a favorite place for a lot of us. And it's sheltered when there's a blow or a north wind.

Stewart, Belva: Right outside of *Kiyasa* we caught halibut, red cod and grey cod. I have picked *cixwa* (crabapples), *q'isina* (stink currants) and *<u>g</u>olali* (salmonberries) and if one is there at a minus tide, there is *al'las* (cucumbers) on the beach at the entrance to the bay.

Wilson, Bert: At the mouth of *Kiyasa,* I harvested *al'las* (sea cucumbers) for a dinner to send the basketball team to the All Native. Baskets of them.

Wilson, Charlie: At *Kiyasa*, we fished for halibut and got *al'las* (sea cucumbers) and crab.

13. *Geltuis*. East side of Giltoyees Inlet
Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *<u>G</u>epsg<u>u</u>'lazii* (Harold Stewart)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the eastern half of Giltoyees Inlet and the eastern half of the Giltoyees Creek watershed. It is a long expanse extending 17 km NW from the top of the inlet and widening from 4 km wide in the S to 10 km wide in the north. The East shore of the inlet has a variety of fish runs and bottom fish grounds around the island and the entrance. There were several houses at the top of *Geltuis* within memory, and locating IR#13 (4.2 acres) there indicates the Reserve Commissioners' recognition that this is traditional Haisla territory. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Eagle clan name *Gepsgu'lazii* [Herbert Macmillan (b1871) to Mary Macmillan (wife) as regent, and then to Norman Stewart (b1912) to Harold Stewart. The trapline (#611T012) was originally taken out by Herbert Macmillan and now is registered to Harold Stewart.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* area, with half of the *Geltuis* watershed has a richness of subsistence and material resources as apparent from the list below. Numerous Haisla families, with the owner's permission, used the *wa'wais* as a fishing/hunting/foraging grounds and seasonal camping area. It was a canoe-making centre due to the large stands of old growth cedar. Many CMTs have been noted. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* and the West *Geltuis wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, fox, fisher, squirrels, goats, seals, grouse, geese, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, coho salmon, dog salmon, humpies, sockeye, spring salmon, halibut, red cod, octopus, prawns, crabs, clams, mussels, sea cucumber and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, red and blue huckleberries, salmonberries, crabapples, salalberries, grey currants, buttercup roots, lupine, hellelbore, devil's club, alder bark, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips large cedar, cedar bark, spruce pitch, spruce roots, hemlock cambium.

Note that traditional use statements for both the East and West Giltoyees Haisla traditional stewardship areas (*i.e.* E & W *Geltuis wa'wais* areas) and the annual harvesting cycle chart for both areas are presented together after the discussion of West Giltoyees below.

14. *Geltuis*. West side of Giltoyees Inlet and Creek

Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Waksgemi'layu* (Charles Shaw [dec. 2011; heir pending])

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the western half of Giltoyees Inlet and the west side of the Giltoyees Creek watershed. It is a long *wa'wais* area, extending 16 km NW from the top of the inlet and widening from 3 km wide in the S to 9 km wide in the middle. The west shore of the inlet is a much used fishing area. There were two houses on this *wa'wais* within memory. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is now the holder of the Eagle clan name *Waksgemi'layu*, the first Haisla name recorded outside Haisla territory when, in 1874, Charles Amos paddled to Victoria and was converted at an evangelistic meeting, being recorded as *Wahuks-gumalayo*. The *wa'wais* is thought to have been owned by Moses McMillan (b1845) to Herbert McMillan (b1871), who then split the *wa'wais* and traded the west section to Isaac Woods (b1871), a Tlingit from Alaska who had married Ruth Clarkson, thence to Fred Woods, who gave it in payment of a debt to Mike Shaw (ownership passing from Fish clan to Eagle clan), who passed it to his son Charlie Shaw (*Waksgemi'layu*), now deceased. The family has chosen an heir to be announced. The trapline (#611T011) was first registered to Isaac Woods [1927], to Fred Woods [1930s], to Charlie Shaw [1952] to Heber Grant to Steven Grant.

Cultural Value: In traditional times, a grease trail followed the Giltoyees River up into the headwater heights, over into the Gitnadoix River area and out to the Skeena. It was a route used by the Haisla and their neighbours to carry inter-tribal trade goods. Taking its name from the much prized Haisla oolachen grease (*t'lina*), the trail was still discernible half a decade ago when hikers decided to make the crossing ollowing trail blazed trees and did so successfully. This *wa'wais* area, the western half of the *Geltuis* watershed was rich in resources. Elders remember the *wa'wais* was used as a fishing/hunting/foraging grounds and seasonal camping area. The one-footed monster, *Munc'axsis* (MOON-tsahk-sees), traditionally visited the top of the *wa'wais*. It was a canoe-making centre due to the large stands of old growth cedar. Many CMTs have been noted. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* and the W. *Geltuis wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, fox, fisher, squirrels, goats, seals, grouse, geese, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, coho salmon, dog salmon, humpies, sockeye, spring salmon, halibut, red cod, octopus, prawns, crabs, clams, mussels, sea cucumber and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, red and blue huckleberries, salmonberries, crabapples, salalberries, grey currants, buttercup roots, lupine, hellelbore, devil's club, alder bark, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips large cedar, cedar bark, spruce pitch, spruce roots, hemlock cambium.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn. goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Quail	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Octopus	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of Giltoyees Inlet, representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews for both the East and West *Geltuis wa'wais* areas. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at Giltoyees (E. or W. *Geltuis wa'wais*)?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: In *Geltuis*, this lagoon, there is slides right in there and we got into a storm in there. Samson Robinson and Ambrose Robinson and me, so we went all the way up to the river. We ran up on the beach and beached the boat. We had a gas boat then. We could look across there to where the slides are and there was three mountain goats in there; and Samson said, "We'll go after them tomorrow." Well, in the morning they weren't far from the water and he went up and shot them all." *Geltuis* is a good place for *t'saq* (mountain goats).

Amos, John: In *Geltuis*, I fished for *zawan* (coho salmon), also gathered *dliksam* (buttercup roots) and n*uq'walh* (salalberries).

Amos, Morris: I am able to get 40-50 crabs per hour when I go crabbing in *Geltuis*.

Duncan, Billy: In *Geltuis*, we went right to the top of the inlet and up the river about as far as we could at high tide, good bear hunting.

Gray, Beatrice: In *Geltuis*, people fish for *haisan* (sockeye) and *qabas* (spring salmon), and *gwaxnis* (dog salmon). I used to go picking *q'isina* (grey currants).

Gray, Edward: I harvested *al'las* (sea cucumber) at *Geltuis* and hunted up the flats there for *hengax* (geese), *t'lamagan* (ducks), *qa'mila* (deer) and *sagum* (seal).

Grant, Amelia: We harvested mixed salmon (all kinds) at *Geltuis*. The Haisla still do.

Grant, Effie: My husband, Philip Grant, used to fish for coho, dog salmon, and humps from *Geltuis*. And from the mouth of *Geltuis*, there, we jigged to get *al'las* (sea cucumbers) and halibut.

Grant, Felix: *Geltuis*, yeah, we used to go geese hunting up there.

Grant, Kay: We used to go to *Geltuis* for other kinds of salmon. Springs, coho, dogs and sockeye. My dad (Timothy Starr) always hunted for bear in here.

Grant, Harvey. From when we finished working in the canneries at Rivers Inlet until the real fall, was another season. It was like late summer or early fall, the time that you prepare for winter. People would go out for coho and dog salmon and most of the time people would paddle out to *Geltuis*. We used to pole up the side of the inlet, 8 hours poling. We went fishing there with Uncle Sydney (Grant). He was the hunter for the family. Everywhere he went, he took me along because he didn't have any boys at that time. He had all girls and he used to take me on these trips and we went in October: Charlie Shaw, Uncle Sydney and myself. My goodness, we spent overnight up there and we camped up there, and it was so beautiful. In the middle of the night it started to snow and it snowed until we got snowed under. So the next morning we got up and fished, made a couple of sets and got what we needed – 150 coho. We loaded my uncle Sydney's boat, the Sea Biscuit, up. There was a rapids we had to run through and we stopped. My uncle went, "Okay, we'll paddle through it and see what happens." We didn't make it. We swamped and finally got to a little beach where, even though we were soaked, we unloaded the fish and emptied the canoe, wrung out our clothes, working fast enough to keep from freezing, then reloaded all the fish and paddled down. We made it. That's the price you paid for survival when I was young. We still pay it to get our winter food fish.

Hayward, Debbie: We fished *Geltuis* for spring salmon.

Hall, Ken: *Geltuis* is my main fishing spot, where I harvest *zawan* (coho) and *gwaxnis* (chum salmon). At the mouth of *Geltuis*, I harvested halibut, *t'laxwan* (red cod), and I also hunted mountain goats in the area.

Maitland, Harold: The only place we do anything other than pick blueberries is to go down to *Geltuis* and pick that *xuk'wem* (wild rice), which we picked a lot of. We used to clean it off and cook it right on the spot and bring some home in a pot, eh, just enough for a couple of meals because we had no fridges, eh. And then we'd dry it, too. Dry it in the sun just like the rice that we eat today. We still go to get the Indian rice roots, though, too. I used to go with my adoptive parents, Tim and Margaret Starr, and we'd go up to the flats at the top of the inlet. All the houses are gone now, but there used to be seven or eight. There was all kinds of berries, and we'd go in and get crabapples. In the wintertime, Crosby Smith and I go in there and get ducks, goldeneyes, black ducks, lots in there. They'd fly over to the flats and we'd sneak over there and get LOTS. We get bears in the spring when they just come out in *Gelcui*s and *Mesgalhi*. Also, seals we get at those rocks at the mouth of *Geltuis*. I still go there a lot.

Nyce, Randy: I go to *Geltuis* for *mu'muguzu* (halibut), although lately I haven't had good luck there at all. Dennis Green and I used to set a skate between Emelia Island and the mainland, and we'd do fairly well there, but lately that hasn't been good, either. I also caught crabs at *Geltuis*, but that, too, has stopped being a sure thing. I need some new spots.

Robinson, Gordon: We depend on salmon to such an extent that we use all five varieties. One of the places that we could get all five types was *Geltuis*. We also got halibut there. There was a big long smokehouse there, and we'd dry our halibut right there. Now we bring it home to smoke. There are lots of types of roots that the Haisla harvest and like: *dliksam* (buttercup roots), which taste like sweet potatoes and you cook them and mix them with berries. *Geltuis* was also full of *k'wan* (lupine roots), which taste like celery. Those you eat raw. Digging roots was

women's work, but now everybody digs roots. Oh, there's also *t'ibam* (fiddlehead fern roots) and *teqwsus* (clover roots). *Gelcuis* had all four kinds of huckleberries: red, black, blue, and mountain huckleberries. Women and children used to pick the berries while the men were up hunting goats. Now the men do everything. Berries were squeezed into a mash and then dried in bins into large 2'x3' cakes of berries and dried juice which was wrapped in skunk cabbage leaves and stored until winter…then soaked in water. Instant winter berries. Now we just freeze and jar berries.

Shaw, Charles: Uncle Sydney Grant and I would go to *Geltuis* for coho and dog salmon, and we fished for halibut at the mouth of the inlet. Now I do it with MY grandchildren. My wife and I picked *cixwa* there. There are a lot of trees of sour crabapples in *Geltuis*, but only one tree of sweet ones. The *Geltuis* trapline was mine for years. It's a long one. You can live off it. Good marten, otter and mink; a few fox over the years; a fisher or two every year; and squirrels. I used to get a dime for them. Now I just eat them. My nephew, Steven, traps *Geltuis* most years now.

Stewart, Belva: We camp right at the mouth of *Geltuis*. Here we fish for coho, spring salmon and humps. We also got crab and *al'las* at the mouth of *Kiyasa* (See #12 above). My husband trapped on *Geltuis* and got beaver, marten, mink and flying squirrel.

Stewart, Don: The first time I remember being at *Geltuis*, I was camping there. My uncle was hand-logging there. Summertime we'd camp up around the mouth of the river and in the winter we'd move down to the entrance to the inlet. During the fall we would pick *cixwa* (crabapples) at various places along the inlet. We lived off that inlet.

Stewart, Richard: At *Geltuis*, we fish for coho, dogs, humps and crab. Now the crabs is cleaned out by commercial fishermen.

Williams, Fred: At *Geltuis*, I harvested chums and coho. We'd go up the river, set the net and come back the next day for the fish. We also got *al'las* (sea cucumber), ducks, *k'wan* (lupin) and *tekwsus* (clover roots). There was also *cixwa* (crabapples), *q'isina* (grey currants). I used to hunt geese.

Williams, Charlene: In *Geltuis*, we crab fished and that's where there are lots of grizzlies in there. When you're picking berries, you've gotta be careful.

Wilson, Bert: I hunt goat, bear, moose, geese, ducks (mallards, sawbill, goldeneyes, black) and deer at *Geltuis*. I pick berries: blueberries, huckleberries, *cixwa* (crabapples), and *q'isina* (grey currants).

Woods, Stewart: At *Geltuis*, I harvest dog salmon and coho. The coho are good for drying. At the mouth of *Geltuis*, I harvest *al'las* (sea cucumber), halibut, red snappers and lingcod. We go out hunting a lot. We'd go to *Geltuis* for *t'ixwa* (bear) a lot. June picked salmonberries, *q'isina* (grey currants) and *t'als* (high bush cranberries).

15. *Mesgalhi.* Foch Lagoon, River and Lake
Beaver clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gadik'a'u* (John B. Amos)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the whole of Foch Inlet, Foch Lake and the river that connects them. The trapline, which runs up the west side of the inlet and up to the lake also continues for a few km up the creek that feeds the inlet from the N. The *wa'wais* is shaped like a rounded rectangle, approximtely 16 km wide (E to W) and 8 km high (N to S). Haisla IR #14 (4.7 acres) is located at the top of the inlet. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of Beaver clan name *Gadik'a'u* [currently John Burton Amos]. The trapline (#611T014) was first registered by Edgar Amos (b1901) in 1928. It was passed on to John Burton Amos, his son, in 1973.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* has been harvested continuously for a great variety of Haisla subsistence resources. Rights to harvest crabapples (*cixwa*) in this area were given to Lucy Bolton, who married Heber Clifton (of Hartley Bay) early in about 1906, but those rights were taken back formally at a feast five years later according to Gordon Robinson. On the east shore is the cave of the *Kwaluxw* (KWAH-loo-k), the human-like primates that were wiped out by the Haisla according to oral tradition. The story of Wiget and the Tide Woman (pp230-33) is set here in Foch Lagoon. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* include: deer, moose, bear, grizzlies (which weren't generally hunted), marten, otter, mink, fox, fisher, squirrels, goats, seals, grouse, geese, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, scoters, coho salmon, dog salmon, humpies, sockeye, spring salmon, halibut, red cod, octopus, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumber and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, red and blue huckleberries, salmonberries, crabapples, salalberries, grey currants, buttercup roots, lupine, hellelbore, devil's club, alder bark, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips, large cedar, cedar bark, spruce pitch, spruce roots, hemlock cambium 'noodles'.

Note: traditional use statements for both the Foch Lagoon and Upper Foch Haisla traditional stewardship areas (*i.e.* the *Mesgalhi* and upper *Mesgalhi wa'wais* areas) and the annual harvesting cycle chart for both areas are presented together after the discussion of West Giltoyees below.

16. *Mesgalhi*. Upper Foch Creek
Originally Beaver clan *wa'wais*, now held by Fish clan; Owner's name: *Gadik'a'u*

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is the large area above Foch Lagoon *(Mesgalhi*) drained by Foch Creek. This upper *Mesgalhi wa'wais*, the watershed of Foch Creek, measures 22 km long (N to S) and between 15 km and 4 km wide (E to W). It was originally a larger *wa'wais* area including the *Ankwelalis* area, which belonged to Robert Stewart (b1856), who passed it to his son, Charles Stewart (b1878), who divided it and passed the smaller Drumlummon Bay portion to Fred Woods (b1900), then to Ivan Woods (b1935). The larger, more remote upper *Mesgalhi* portion above Foch Lagoon was passed by Charles to Henry Stewart (b1910) and then to Richard Stewart (b1935). Trapline #611T015 was originally registered in 1929 to Charles Stewart and Richard Stewart now "has the paper" (*i.e*. is the registered trapline holder).

Cultural Values: The Upper *Mesgalhi* watershed remains one of the most unspoiled of Haisla traditional stewardship areas. Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla in the Upper *Mesgalhi wa'wais* include: deer, black bear, marten, fisher, mink, fox, wolf, wolverine, goats, goslings, ducks, salmonberries, thimbleberries, red and blue huckleberries, blackcaps, medicinal plants, large cedar, cedar bark, hemlock and hemlock cambium 'noodles', and basketry materials.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of Foch Lagoon, River, Lake (*Mesgalhi*) and the Upper Foch Creek area, representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources in the *Mesgalhi* area?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Ringham, Grace: *Mesgalhi* was my father Edgar Amos' trapline. He caught marten, mink, squirrels, otter, ermine and beaver in that trapline. He also had a cabin there. We used to spend winters there gathering mussels, cockles, clams, crabs, halibut, red cod, *al'las* (sea cucumbers), spring salmon, humps, coho and dog salmon. I remember picking *t'als* (cranberries),

huckleberries, blueberries, *q'isina* (grey currants), and *k'ibat* (red elderberries) here. Other foods that we gathered are *dliksam* (buttercup roots), *gwalhem* (salmonberry sprouts). There was a lot of *gistem* (cow parsnips), *c'axem* (Fireweed), and *luq'wes* (hemlock inner bark "noodles"). We also collected medicines: *awiq'as* (devil's club), *t'laq'watalas* (red alder bark). There was also a lot of *duxwa* (stinging nettles) there. My family hunted for bear, seal, lots of different ducks, geese, deer and goats at *Mesgalhi*. There were grizzlies, too. That's how I grew up. The Haisla still eat all those things. They are still important.

Amos, John: I inherited the *Mesgalhi* trapline (BC #611T014) from my father Edgar Amos. I trapped marten, mink, wolverine, squirrels, and weasels. Me and my family harvested chum salmon, cockles, mussels, red snappers, sea urchins and sea cucumber, mountain goat, geese, seals bear and ducks here, as well.

Amos, Morris: In *Mesgalhi*, I dig for *zawali* (cockles), but go for *k'inaxw* (crab) if we can't get cockles. We also picked *golali* (salmonberries) and *nek'welh* (salalberries).

Barbetti, Louise: *Mesgalhi* is another place that we go to catch all types of salmon, and it's also a place where we go to get cockles.

Gray, Edward: I went crab fishing in *Mesgalhi* and I harvested *al'las* (sea cucumbers) there, too.

Grant, Effie: Foch Lagoon was where we lived during the winter when I was growing up. My father (Edgar Amos) trapped for marten, mink and otter here. We used to dig for cockles, pick mussels and fish for halibut and red cods. The family hunted for deer, bear and seal. There were grizzly bears there.

Grant, Felix: Foch Lagoon, we fished for salmon, halibut and crab. We used to hunt for geese and ducks up there, too.

Grant, Harvey: Ah, there are *q'isina* (grey currants) just inside Foch, and up at the top there's all types of berries, including *q'isina* and *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries).

Grant, Kay: In *Mesgalhi*, we would make trips for *q'isina* (grey currants) because that was my mum's favorite fruit. I had to pick it, but it was easy to pick at *Mesgalhi*, the whole shore would be grey with the berries. We didn't harvest anything else there, but we'd go in a big gasboat with lots of people and there would be a big tent in the back, but people slept everywhere. There were bears everywhere, but my dad had the policy that if went out for *q'isina*, that's all we went for.

Hall, Ken: At *Mesgalhi*, I got all types of salmon, halibut, cod, deer and bear. An all-around place, like many places in our territory. It's just as important now as it ever was.

Maitland, Harold: When I was 9 years old, I shot my first deer in Eagle Bay. We were coming home from picking *q'isina* (grey currants) in *Mesgalhi*. We'd go to *Mesgalhi* in the early spring when the bears were coming out.

Paul, Dan: In *Mesgalhi*, we would walk up to the lake. It's high. We'd get mountain goats up there.

Ross, Russell: *Mesgalhi* is a berry picking place for *q'isina* (grey currants), but I also go there to dig cockles. Lots of cockles.

Shaw, Charles: Haisla people would go to *Mesgalhi* for dog salmon. Oh, and the *q'isina* (grey currants).

Smith, Glen: Yeah, at *Mesgalhi* we clam dug there, and cockles. And, we also came for *gistem* (cow parsnips) and, later, for the currants.

Stewart, Richard: We trapped in *Mesgalhi*: marten, beaver and mink. We also fished Foch Lagoon for coho, dogs and humps.

Williams, Fred: I harvested chums and coho at *Mesgalhi*. I picked blueberries there in the early fall and later, *t'als* (high bush cranberries), *q'isina* (grey currants) and *t'eqsus* (clover roots).

Woods, Ivan: I harvested dog salmon and humps at *Mesgalhi*. The trapline at *Mesgalhi* got good marten, mink and otter, same as mine.

Len Bolton: At *Nakwnukw*, a rock at the top of Foch Lagoon that looks like a woman's vulva, I fished there for dog salmon in the early part of the season and when the coho start running, you also get it there, too. We used a net and you got to go up that river to find the fish. We used a canoe and we'd pole up, but occasionally you get it right at the entrance to the river.

17. *Ankwelalis*. Drumlummon Bay

Blackfish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *K'igo* (Ivan Woods)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area, *Ankwelalis*, is a small but valuable *wa'wais*, on the right side as one enters Foch Lagoon. Approximately 4 km (N to S) by 5 km (E to W), it is bisected by a creek flowing south into the channel. It was originally a larger *wa'wais* area, including the Upper *Meisgalhi* area, which was split into a separate *wa'wais* by Robert Stewart (b1856). The traditional owner of the *Ankwelalis* stewardship area is the holder of the Blackfish name *K'igo*, was put on Ivan Woods and is now passing to Ivan Woods, Jr. The *wa'wais* passed from Robert Stewart (b1856) to Charles Stewart (b1878) to Ivan Woods (b1935), who is also registered owner of the trapline #611T010 (Charles Stewart to Fred Woods (b1900) to Ivan Woods at whose death it passed to Ivan and Lorne Woods.

Cultural Values: The Drumlummon area was and remains a Haisla camping and harvesting area. There was even a mine at the turn of the century in Drumlummon Bay. Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla in the Drumlummon Bay *wa'wais* include: deer, black bear, moose, marten, mink, otter, seals, geese, ducks, coho salmon, pinks, dog salmon, crabs, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, salmonberries, thimbleberries, red huckleberries, crabapples, basketry materials, large cedar, cedar bark, hemlock, spruce.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chums, pinks								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of Drumlummon Bay (Ankwelalis), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Ankwelalis* (Drumlummon Bay)?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Grant: Harvey: I remember other kids would go over to Drumlummon; there was a certain kind of berries there that we used to pick. *T'als* (high bush cranberries).We put those berries into kegs with sugar and (oolichan) grease. That's what they would be chewing on all winter long. There was another one that was also there in Drumlummon, *T'lemsdaic*' (low bush or bog cranberries).

Grant, Kay: We used to get our *t'als* (high bush cranberries) from Drumlummon. There's lots out there. We'd harvest them in September.

Maitland, Harold: Drumlummon, they call it. There's clams and cockles in there. We go there instead of going all the way to Monkey Beach.

Nyce, Randy: We fish in Drumlummon for red cod, but we never used a longline there. We jigged for them. On the outside of Drumlummon, I caught a halibut jigging. The tide is too swift there to set a skate. It just coils your hooks up on the rope. There's red snapper there, too.

Shaw, Sammy: I harvest clams, cockles and crabs at Drumlummon Bay.

Smith, Grace: Foods gathered at Drumlummon Bay were dog salmon, cockles and wild currants. It is a Haisla camping place.

Stewart, Harold: At Drumlummon Bay, we fished for red cod and dug cockles.

Stewart, Richard: We trapped at *Geltuis* and Drumlummon; got marten, beaver and mink. We fished for coho, dogs and humps. In the inlet, we harvested *q'isina* (grey currants), *t'als* (high bush cranberries), *laqwas* (hemlock bark) and *gistem* (cow parsnips); and got medicines: *oxsuli* (Indian hellebore), *awiq'as* (devil's club) and alder.

Wilson, Beatrice: There was a gold mine in Drumlummon in the 1800s. Then it started up again in 1922 and closed in 1929. The miners made a tunnel there. I picked *q'isina* (grey currants) there.

Wilson, Charlie: I dug cockles at Drumlummon.

Wilson, Ida: I know of clams in Drumlummon Bay.

Woods, Stewart and June: At Drumlummon, we picked salmonberries, grey currants and high-bush cranberries (June). And I dug for cockles (Stewart).

18. *Kwa'ylaxsnuxw*. Bluejay Falls to Drumlummon Bay

Raven clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Hemzid*

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is located along the Douglas Channel from Bluejay Falls to Drumlummon Bay and inland areas including the feeder streams that enter the saltwater at Bluejay Falls and Stair Creek to the east. The *wa'wais* is a triangle 11km long on the Douglas Shoreline and 12 km high along the western boundary. Now part of an immense trapline area, this is a *wa'wais* that is remembered to belong to the Raven clan and the holder of the name *Hemzid*. This name was held by William Grant (b1874), son of Arthur Grant (b1828) and Eliza (b1818). In 1926, when traplines were being registered, Heber Clifton (*Xedaiyax*) of Hartley Bay applied for this area as part of an immense trapline running 45 km along the Douglas Channel from Drumlummon Bay to Hartley Bay "including all streams and rivers," claiming that he had trapped the area for 20 years. Even though William Grant (*Hemzid*) wrote to the Provincial Police claiming (a) that this area was recognized as Haisla territory, (b) that he had trapped that line for years, (c) that it was his by hereditary right, and (d) that he had never seen Heber Clifton on it, the provincial policy was not to intervene in competing claims between native trappers. Thus, this *wa'wais* became alienated from the Haisla as a trapline. However, it is known to fall within Haisla traditional territory.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* is considered to be Haisla traditional territory and, as such, the area's resources and utilization of those resources is renowned among the Haisla. Handlogging was done here until the 1940s and other resources harvested in this *wa'wais* include: deer, bear, marten, otter, mink, wolves, pinks, coho salmon, spring salmon, crabs, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers and beachlife, salmonberries, red huckleberries, thimbleberries, cedar, hemlock,

spruce, cedar bark, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including hellebore and devil's club).

5.3 Wawais Areas along the East shores of Kitimat Arm, including Kildala Arm, Sue Channel, Verney Passage and Ursula Channel

19. *C'imoc'a* and *Wohlstu*. Kitamaat Village area

Beaver clan *wa'wais*, now *bagwaiyas*; Upriver area owner's name: *Q'enxayaam* (Richard Walker)

Wa'wais area: This traditional Haisla stewardship area is now the site of the Haisla home community and government. It has always been an important resource site to the Kitamaat people. When Kitamaat Mission settled at the *C'imoca* (tsee-MOH-tsuh, "Snags") site and the school was set up here, families were drawn to it for various reasons, with the main movement beginning in the 1890s. By the 1920s, many families had already built permanent *Q'wemksiwaxaid* ("Whiteman-style" houses) at *C'imoca*. The area includes a section of coast 6 km long from *Zakwelisla* (MK Bay) southward, including the old *Wohlstu* village site. The *wa'wais* follows the course of the Wolh River and Wolhstu Creek 80pprox. 16 km inland, draining the Robinson Lake area and highlands behind Kitamaat Village. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the Beaver clan. When Kitamaat village became populated, the *wa'wais* became a *bagwaiyas*, open to all Haislas without special permission, and the area up the Wolh is attributed to the owner of the name *Q'enxayaam* [to Richard Walker at a settlement feast for Albert Walker in the mid-1990s]. Trapline # 603T058 is registered to Richard Walker.

Cultural Values: This *bagwaiyas* area is the focus of Haisla life and culture, essentially comprising a single extensive resource site. There are cemeteries and burial areas, CMTs and other cultural sites here. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* include: deer, moose, bear, grizzly (not generally hunted), marten, mink, fox, wolf, otter, lynx, cougar, squirrel, weasel, geese, ducks, grouse, seals, coho salmon, spring salmon, pinks, chum salmon, sockeye salmon, bullheads, halibut, red cod, steelhead, herring, prawns, (the following beachlife were used previously: herring roe, crab, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers, anemone, octopus), blueberries, raspberries, red huckleberries, gooseberries, cranberries, grey currants, crabapples, rose hips, salmonberries, fern roots, clover roots, buttercup roots, sprouts, fiddleheads, wild rice, hellebore, alder bark, devil's club, Labrador tea, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips, wild rhubarb, ryegrass, firewood, large cedar, cedar bark, cedar withes, hemlock cambium, spruce root, spruce gum.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais* – key resoures*:*

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Spring salmon					XXX	XXX						
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Sockeyes						XXX	XXX					

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Humpies							XXX	XXX				
Steelhead			XXX	XXX								
Black cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Beachlife	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear, black				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Ducks					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Weasel	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples									XXX			
roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX				
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Basket grass					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark					XXX	XXX						

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of Kitamaat village (*C'imoc'a*), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Note that interviewees were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *C'imoc'a*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Hall, Shirley: I go around the point for blueberries, huckleberries, wild raspberries, thimbleberries, salmonberries, *k'ibat* (red elderberries), *cixwa* (wild crabapples), *t'els* (high bush cranberries), and *tlum-collie* (orange berries). I go up the tower line for *t'lemstaits* (low-bush cranberries), *pu'yas* (tea), and *q'isina* (grey "stink" currants). I remember gathering cedar bark (*denas*), *mudul'as* (balsam) from the bay area in the village and we still eat all those things. There are black cod and crabs at the "octopus beds" around the point, but we don't harvest them any more because of the pollution. There used to be a lot of mussels right along the beach in our village and we were able to crab fish right off the old dock; but, not anymore. Nowadays we can no longer get our foods from the surrounding waters because of the pollution from the industries. We have to go for a boat trip down the channel now. We can still get all our Indian foods, but we have to go elsewhere to get them.

Amos, John Sr.: In *C'imoc'a* (I have) gathered *luq'was* (hemlock), *denas* (cedar bark), *mudul'as* (balsam), *gistem* (cow parsnips), *'uiq'as* (devil's club), *q'a'miq'as* (cottonwood), *q'walhem* (salmonberry sprouts), and *golali* (salmonberries), *tl'aq'walas* (alder bark), and *k'ibat* (elder berries).

Amos, Morris: Around "the point" outside the village, we would harvest *k'was* (mussels) and *a'ent* (herring eggs). And up the "tower line" *t'els* (high bush cranberries) and blueberries to make jam preserve. I trapped martens and skunks behind my mother Frances' house. All over *C'imoc'a* our family used to pick *g̲istem* (salmonberries), thimbleberry bush shoots, *g̲walhem* (salmonberry shoots), *c'axam* (fireweed shoots), and *cixwa* (crabapples).

Barbetti, Louise: Kitamaat village is where we pick huckleberries, salmonberries, *k'ibat* (red elderberries) and blueberries. And along the shores from Kitamaat north and south is where people hunt for deer, ducks, bear, goose, and seal.

Gray, Edward: I have gone mountain goat hunting behind the village. I hunted for ducks around the field area.

Grant, Amelia: Right outside the village, Dixon fished for dog salmon (about 70) and gets the odd spring salmon and the odd mixed salmon. I have harvested a lot of mixed blueberries, huckleberries, and thimbleberries up "the tower line", I used to go up twice a day, now there's only a little up there. I have harvested *awiq'as* (devil's club) anywhere around the village.

Grant, Effie: All around *C'imoc'a* we used to catch a lot of spring salmon, coho, steelhead, dogs, sockeye, and crabs. But, now we can't eat any that's caught here because of the pollution that is in the water. We also picked *dliksam* (buttercup roots) from the end of Kitamaat village, where the Haisla Support Centre is now. The Haisla people used to fish for herring right outside the village. We also have gone up the tower lines to pick blueberries and huckleberries. I have harvested, got *q'amiq'as* (cottonwood), *awiq'as* (devil's club) and t'laqwet'alas (alder bark) from around Kitamaat village.

Grant, Felix: There are wild potatoes off the beach right here in *C'imoc'a*. Of course all along *C'imoc'a* here everyone fished, and we also used to jig black cod right off the point. I used to berry pick here, and my wife Dolores Grant and just about everybody berry picked right around here before this was modernized here, and go up "the tower line" road there for salmonberries.

Grant, Kay: *K'ibat* (elder berries). Margaret Starr made *k'ibat* jelly. Another way she did it, she'd collect the *k'ibat* when they're still kind of green, preserve it and that's what you mix with *cixwa* (crabapples) and grease and blueberries. "Choo-dooch" we call it; it just means fruit mixture. There are still lots of *k'ibat* around the village.

Grant, Harvey: People always fished right outside the village and that was seasonal. The only time people used to set their nets is when they knew for sure there was fish around here because people valued their nets in those days. Around the village you'd get plenty of crabs before the pollution. And halibut right off the point there.

Grant, Oscar: I remember going around "the point" to collect cedar bark for basket making.

Grant, Verna: At *C'imoc'a,* I picked black caps, blueberries, huckleberries, salmonberries, *cixwa* (crabapples), and *k'ibat* (red elderberries). The seafood my family has harvested right outside our village are spring salmon, dog salmon, humps, sockeye, coho, crabs, herring, herring

eggs. I also eat *g̲istem* (cow parsnips) and *q'walhem* (salmonberry bush shoots) from around the village.

Hayward, Debbie: Outside the village we used to catch crab and also set a net for dog salmon, sockeye salmon and spring salmon. We used to also harvest *k'was* (mussels), and sea urchins right outside the village and my father used to hunt for seal right outside the village, too. I know of shrimp being caught right outside the village also. From around Kitamaat village we pick raspberries, *cixwa* (crabapples), *t'els* (high bush cranberries), *oxwsuli* (Indian hellebore) *awiq'as* (devil's club), *t'laq'et'alas* (alder bark), *loq'was* (hemlock noodles), *g̲istem* (cow parsnips), *k'walhem* (salmonberry sprouts), *duxwa* (nettles), and *tuxwsiwali* (wild rhubarb).

Hall, Ken: The fish caught outside our community were spring salmon, steelhead, coho, dog salmon, and pinks. Medicine gathered around here is *oxwsuli* (hellebore), *awiq'as* (devil's club) *t'laq'et'alas* (alder bark) and *dena*s (cedar bark).

Maitland, Ivy: I used to go out with my grandmother digging *dliksam* (buttercup roots). That's a real treat. It's a real sweet root you can put sugar on it with *t'lati* (oolichan grease); they vary in sizes and they can be quite long; and what you do is you trim and cut it into pieces before you cook it in water or steam it. There are different places, different areas where you can get it. We used to dig *dliksam* where the Support Centre is now. The tower line area, there were a lot of *p'ip'exsem* (blueberries) and *g̲wadem* (red huckleberries). I remember picking there with my mom. It's all built up with village houses now. We have to go elsewhere in our territory to get it.

Nyce, Randy: We used to set our nets right outside the village to catch dog salmon, humps and coho. You can still catch them but I haven't used a net for about 8 or 9 years now around the village. And, of course we used to crab fish in the village until the water got polluted, the same with *k'was* (mussels), and you noticed they started thinning out as the years went on until they disappeared. I think it was from all the pollution. Picking berries from up "the tower line" (behind the village) was another chore. My grandmother and my mother would take us along to pick blueberries. We would go up there about 7 and pick until mid-afternoon, until 1 o'clock in the afternoon. I think the least she canned in one year was about 16 cases of blueberries.

Ringham, Grace: Right around our village my family harvested many foods, but not any longer. We used to get seafood: dog salmon, humps, coho, steelhead and crabs. We can't eat them now with the pollution. We still eat the ones we get from down the channel, though. Oh, yes! At "the tower line" my son Jason shot a moose. One was shot in the middle of the village last year. My late brother Howard Amos used to hunt for ducks right on the edge of the village. Everyone did. Now we don't use shotguns around the village. We got our Indian medicine around the village, too. *Tl'aq'et'alas* (alder bark), which I use for medicine, you can find along the village road. My grandmother Matilda Duncan used spruce pitch a lot for cuts and scrapes and she also used spruce roots for making baskets. There were spruce trees right behind our house. We still get those things, but not in the village. They're still plentiful elsewhere in the territory.

Shaw, Sammy: I have hunted deer, moose, and black bear on the mountain above the village (*C'imoc'a*), and deer and black bear around the village. I picked blueberries, black currants, huckleberries and salmonberries at the logged out area on the mountain by the village, too. And I

went trapping for marten, mink, weasel, otter and fox between the village and *Wolh* (south). I've also gathered *dliksam* (buttercup roots), and *puy'as* (Labrador tea) there, too.

Stewart, Harold: Right outside Kitamaat Village we use to catch spring salmon, dog salmon, coho, steelhead, humpies, and sockeye if you were lucky. Sockeye salmon is usually caught in the lakes. There are no lakes around our village which the sockeye can go up. Also, right outside Kitamaat village you could fish for crab, halibut, black cod, and *k'was* (mussels). You can't get food outside our village anymore because of the effluent from Alcan and Eurocan. And we used to get *awiq'as* (devil's club) all around the village. My grandfather, Joe Bolton, used to bathe in devil's club once a week and told me to do it. Now we use *awiq'as* for diabetes.

Stewart, Richard: At the end of Kitamaat village we used to catch porcupine.

Williams, Fred: Things change. Things change. At one time our people owned patches of *duxwa* (stinging nettles) here and there around the village. They used to make oolichan nets out of *duxwa*. People used to really guard their *duxwa* plots. Now we just pull it up and burn it.

Wilson, Beatrice: My sons all hunted in *C'imoc'a* area and the tower lines. They hunted for black bear, moose, deer, and porcupine. They said there's wolves, too. I know of cougar.

Wilson, Ida: My father, Aaron Cross, used to row outside the village for spring salmon, dog salmon, humps and sockeye. He never set a net there. He trolled, rowing back and forth.

20. *Gwaxsdlis* and *T'laq'wedazis.* Clio Bay and Mud Bay

Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Dla'wa* (Frank Wilson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area was one of the favorite, best known and most harvested *wa'wais* areas in Haisla territory until pollution made the beachlife inedible within 2 years of the opening of Eurocan. The *wa'wais* includes Clio Bay and Mud Bay, including approximately 10 km of shoreline in an arc that takes in the site of IR #8 and the lower watersheds of several creeks. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* (which was originally two areas) is the holder of the Fish clan name *Dla'wa* [Matthew Wilson (b1881), son of Frederick Wilson (b1848) to Charles Wilson (b1914) to Frank Wilson]. Frank Wilson is also the registered owner of trapline #603T057.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* provides almost every resource that traditional Haisla subsistence utilized. There are various Haisla stories that take place in this area, as well as old settlement sites, many CMTs, and the chiefly burials of Gobeil Island (*Elsdem*), which is one of the few sacred sites of Haisla territory. Resources which are currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* include: deer, moose, bear (black), bear (grizzly), marten, mink, fox, wolf, otter, fox, lynx, cougar, squirrel, weasel, geese, ducks, grouse, seals, coho salmon, spring salmon, pinks, chum salmon, sockeye salmon, bullheads, halibut, red cod, steelhead, herring, prawns, (the following beachlife were used previously: herring roe, crab, mussels, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers, anemone, octopus), blueberries, raspberries, red/blue huckleberries, grey currants, blackcaps, cranberries, crabapples, rose hips, salmonberries, fern roots, clover roots,

buttercup roots, sprouts, fiddleheads, wild rice, hellebore, alder bark, devil's club, Labrador tea, fireweed, cattails, cow parsnips, wild rhubarb, ryegrass, firewood, large cedar, cedar bark, cedar withes, hemlock cambium, spruce root, spruce gum.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Spring salmon					XXX	XXX						
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Red snapper	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Gray cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Halibut	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear. Black				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cottonwood					XXX	XXX						
Medicines					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Gwasdlis* and *T'laq'wedazis,* representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Gwaxsdlis* or *T'laq'wedazis*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

***Gwaxsdlis* – Clio Bay:**

Grant, Effie: We used to be able to set a net at Clio Bay and we used to catch spring salmon. After the town of Kitimat came, we couldn't fish here anymore because they used this area for a log dump. We used to get berries there, too, while fishing, but now that the pollution is strong in *Gwasxdlis*, we fish other places and get our berries there.

Barbetti, Louise: *Gwaxsdlis* is another main spot for fishing spring salmon. There are berries all summer long and, especially the inner bark of cottonwood trees is scraped off and we eat it for dessert; and these trees are found close to the village at *Gwaxsdlis*.

Amos, John Sr: In *Gwaxsdlis* (Clio Bay) I fished for spring salmon (*qabas*).

Grant, Amelia: We trolled for spring salmon in Clio Bay.

Grant, Harvey: All the way down to Clio Bay people used to get cod. Clio Bay was another place for halibut. At Clio Point people used to get red snapper.

Hayward, Debbie: From Clio Bay we fished for dog salmon and spring salmon.

Robinson, Dora: We got all types of salmon here as well as seals.

Robinson, Gordon: In June, the spring salmon go to certain bays and in the Kitamaat area it is *Gwaxsdlis*.

Ross, Samson: At the mouth of Clio Bay I caught red cod, grey cod, and spring salmon.

Shaw, Charles: I fished for spring salmon at *Gwaxsdlis* and I fished for crabs here, too.

Shaw, Sammy: I picked *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries), *gistem* (cow parsnips) and *awiq'as* (devil's club) at *Gwaxsdlis* (Clio Bay).

Shaw, Sarah: My family used to harvest spring salmon from Clio Bay.

Stewart, Richard: At Clio Bay we caught spring salmon.

Williams, Fred: In early May and June, I would fish for spring salmon at *Gwaxsdlis*.

Wilson, Bert: At *Gwaxsdlis*, I fished for spring salmon, dog salmon, and crabs. I've hunted there for bear and know of alder in the area.

Wilson, Ida: I know of spring salmon in *Gwaxsdlis*.

Wilson, Patricia: My grandfather, Sam Robinson Sr., harvested crab at Clio Bay and so did we.

Woods, Ivan: I harvested spring salmon, halibut, and grey cod at *Gwaxsdlis*. I also harvested moose at *Gwaxsdlis*.

Woods, Stewart : (1995 interview) Going across Clio Bay, I fished for spring salmon and crab. I also hunted for bear, moose and seals at Clio Bay. There's nothing but crabs in the inlet, but we ate a lot of them. Don't any more because of the pollution. They taste like Eurocan. So we get crabs down the channel. **(2001)** Yeah, I went to Clio Bay, the Haisla name is *Gwaxsdlis*. We camped there, too. My dad handlogged and used an A-frame float rig with a donkey engine to pull out the logs. There inside at the head corner on the left side there's a big beach there and we stayed on a float there in the 40's, late 40's. We'd log not that much, maybe 15-20 sections, I guess, and that would take the better part of the year.

***T'laq'wadazis*-Mud Bay:**

Ross, Samson: I fished for spring salmon at Mud Bay. I also trapped there with Charlie Wilson once. Wasn't a rich trapline down low, except there were a few minks, but it was better up the creek. We got some good martens, and a lynx. The reserve was overgrown, and we camped

inland from it, but there were campsites on both sides of the bay and the creek ran into the top of the bay. Later on, I camped there logging.

Magnus Duncan: My dad was logging here and they had a boat. But a northwind came up and he and George Wilson decided to walk to *C'imoc'a*. When they got to the south end of the village, the wind had changed and the boat pulled in same time they did. There was a trapper/*wa'wais* owner's house on the left side coming in just past the creek. Dirt floor, don't know who it belonged to first, probably old man Fred Wilson (b.1848). There was a logging road put in in the 1920s when (John) Atkins came and horse-logged there, and it may have run to *C'imoc'a*. There's still a trail that runs from Mud Bay past *Wolhstu* to the village. Families camped there during handlogging. Picked berries and dug roots when not working in Butedale in the cannery. Big coho run here, good place to fish.

Wilson, Bert: At Mud Bay, I harvested herring. I also know there is alder bark in this area. There is a gravesite for the *C'esi* on *Elstem* (Gobeil Island), which is a small island right outside of Mud Bay. There is also halibut there.

Woods, Ivan: I used to camp (logging) at Mud Bay. The family lived in a tent.

Woods, Stewart: (1995) At *T'laq'wedazis* (Mud Bay), another one of my father Fred Wood's logging camps, we caught spring salmon and crab. We hunted for bear, ducks and moose at Mud Bay. **(2001)** Yeah, we logged in Mud Bay, too. *T'laq'wedazis*. That was when we first got married in '48,'49. For one and a half years, I guess, where their trapline is.

21. *T'lekai*. Coste Island

Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *C'ip'ela* (Charles L. Wilson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This small island figures surprisingly large within the Haisla traditional subsistence patterns. 6 km long from N to S, and close to Kitamaat village, it has remained a focal hunting and foraging grounds. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Fish clan name *C'ip'ela* (Samuel Wilson [b1849] to Samuel Wilson [b1875?] to Charles Leslie Wilson [b1914], who married Annie Hall of BellaBella and moved there. Of course, this *wa'wais* remains Haisla territory and the family will have to decide to whom the *wa'wais* will pass and arrange for the appropriate settlement. According to KVC records, the trapline that comprises the island *T'lekai* (#603T064) is registered to Russell Wilson, who carries the Blackfish clan name *C'a'a*, but is not related to Charles L.Wilson.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* is so commonly used that for years no Haisla bothered to register the trapline. There are good campsites on the NW end, many deer and other resources, a halibut grounds off the south end and Coste Rocks, *T'alht'alha*, a seal-hunting spot below the island. Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla include: deer, black bear, fox, seals, ducks, geese, pinks, coho salmon, halibut, red snapper, red cod, grey cod, lingcod, prawns, crabs, cockles, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, salmonberries, elderberries, salal, blueberries, blackcaps, medicinal plants and basketry materials, large cedar, cedar bark, hemlock and hemlock cambium, yew wood.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *T'lekai* (Coste Island), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *T'lekai*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory

Adams, Ralph: Coste Island, oh yea, *T'lekai!* That's where we used to go up for canoe, to get *qwa'nalas* (big canoe logs), old growth canoe logs; goods ones there. We would rough it out there and bring it home. I did that with old Talbert Grant. You know that on the northwest corner of the island is a campsite that used to be used a lot, especially when a north wind came up and made it hard to get home. There are also herds of deer on the island, although once in a while a wolf swims over and cuts down the numbers. But, they build up again, safe there. Everybody hunts *sagum* (seals) on Coste rocks on the south side.

Amos, John Sr.: On the south end of *T'lekai* John harvested *t'laxwan* (red snapper), and his father (Edgar Amos) hunted for *qa'mila* (deer) and ducks here, as well.

Amos, Morris: The logged out places on *T'lekai* was one of my favorite spots for picking salmonberries. We would make 2-3 trips out there, especially in 1961 and 1962, for berries to preserve by canning or jam.

Duncan, Billy: We crab fish in Eagle Bay and Coste Island. We go for cockles right up to Coste, too.

Gray, Beatrice: *T'lekai*, that's where we used to pick blackcaps.

Gray, Ed: On Coste Island, my uncle Joe took me down there and we actually fished off the end. He used to tell me how to set halibut gear right on the rocks and exactly how far to go out.

Grant, Amelia: We harvested *zawali* (cockles) at zero tide in the south end of *T'lekai*. We hunted for deer on *T'lekai*, too.

Grant, Effie: From Coste Island we hunted for deer and we picked blueberries.

Grant, Felix: We go out to Coste Isle for salmon and halibut.

Hayward, Debbie: We hunted deer on Cost Island, too.

Hall, Ken: I hunted seal, deer, bear, and the odd times ducks at Coste Isle.

Hall, Shirley: There's a small island around the northwest end of Coste Island where my father, Jonathan Morrison, had a logging camp.

Maitland, Harold: Yeah, Coste Rocks is the place for seals, also there's lot of seals at the mouth of *Geltuis* at those rocks. Also at Bees, inside *Geldala*, and at Dorothy Island.

Nyce, Randy: We used to hunt at Coste Island for deer until a wolf got out there; the wolf wiped them out. I see a few there now, so I guess they've rebuilt.

Robertson, Susan: I know that seals, salmon and crabs were harvested at *T'lekai*. I picked blueberries, huckleberries, and salmonberries from there, too. Close to home.

Robinson, Dora: At Coste Isle my family harvested deer and picked *gwelgwelt* (black caps).

Shaw, Charles: When I was a young boy I went with Aunt Lucy to Coste Isle to pick blueberries and salmonberries. After that, I started to hunt there for deer once in a while. My old dog scared up a bear once. Then when we had a family, we'd come over and over again and pick blueberries, blackcaps and salmonberries while the boys hunted. We almost never went home without a seal. Now my sons hunt there.

Shaw, Marge: I picked blackcaps on Coste Isle.

Shaw, Sammy: I go to Coste Isle for deer, seal, and blueberries.

Smith, Grace: At Coste Island, my family picked blueberries and hunted deer, bear and seal.

Smith, Hannah: At *T'lekai*, my sister Flora Stewart picked blackcaps. I make canned fruit out of them. People also hunt deer on this island.

Stewart, Belva: At Coste Island, I picked blueberries and salmonberries.

Stewart, Harold: All around Coste Island, you can fish for red cod and grey cod. The west side of Coste Island you can collect *al'las* (sea cucumber).

Stewart, Richard: At Coste Island, we hunted for deer and seal. There used to be lots of berries at Coste Island. We used to pick blueberries, huckleberries, and *nek'welh* (salalberries). We also got *t'lemq* (yew wood) from this island.

Williams, Fred: Around Coste Island, I hunted deer and seal.

Wilson, Beatrice: Deer and seal were harvested in *T'lekai.* Also medicines *awiq'as* (devil's club), *t'laqwatalas* (red alder bark), and hellebore.

Wilson, Bert: At Coste Island, I fished for red snappers, black cod, lingcod, and halibut. East of Coste Island I hunted for moose above Eagle Bay.

Wilson, Marshall: Sometimes we hunt for deer on Coste Island.

Wilson, Patricia: My grandfather, Sam Robinson Sr., set a net for coho around *T'lekai*. He harvested crab here. Also he hunted for deer, ducks and geese.

Woods, Ivan: I harvested deer at *T'lekai*. The cougars cleaned it out there. I also harvested blueberries and blackcaps from here.

Woods, Stewart: (1995) My dad, Fred Woods, used to crab fish at Coste Island. At one time, there were a lot of deer at Coste Island. There were also ducks and seals there. We used to get blackcaps there by the pail full. We also picked blueberries, huckleberries and *k'ibat* (red elderberries) there. **(2001)** *T'lekai*, Coste Island, my dad logged there, too; but we had our camp in Mud Bay. We used to travel back and forth across. Later, some loggers used the campsite on the northwest side.

Walker, Chris: At *T'lekai* we shot deer there and we picked berries there one year, blueberries, when I got married to the wife. It was *siyaq'wanalh* and what do they call it? Black huckleberries! And *gwelgwelt* (blackcaps). Yeah, that's hard picking those, their thorns go out like this, you can't pull your hand out they grab you right away. You have to have a stick picking it all the time, *gwelgwelt*. So this was around the '60s or '70s.

22. *Hailuq̲emis - T'ala.* Dala River area of Kildala
Fish clan *wa'wai*s; Owner's name: *Wedepx̲an* (Floyd Grant)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes Atkins Bay on the north shore of Kildala Arm and the watershed of the extensive Dala River. It is one of the longest *wa'wais* areas in Haisla traditional territorial (33 km long, E to W, by 8-12 km wide, N to S). The Dala River originates in the high ridges that make up the eastern boundary of Haisla territory. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Fish clan name *Wedepx̲a*n [Robert Stewart (b1887) to Frederick Grant (b1872) to Don Grant (b1905) to Philip Grant. In 1995, Floyd Grant

held a settlement feast for his father, Philip, and had the name *Wedepxan* put on him, which carries rights to this *wa'wais*. Floyd Grant is also the registered owner of the trapline (#603TO47), which was first registered by Frederick Grant in 1928, then Don Grant [1953] to Philip Grant [1977] to Floyd and Colin Grant.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* is a rich trapline and resource area. The fish runs in the *T'ala*, the hunting (including access to goats in the highlands on the north side of Kildala Arm), the rich long trapline that had three houses on it in the 1930s and the harvesting areas make it an important *wa'wais*. Handlogging was done here until the 1930s. CMTs have been noted low in the watershed. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* include: deer, moose, bear, grizzlies (not hunted), marten, otter, mink, wolves, ducks, pinks, coho salmon, spring salmon, halibut, red snapper, red cod, grey cod, lingcod, crabs, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers and beachlife, blueberries, elderberries, salmonberries, roots (including lupine) basketry materials and medicinal plants (including hellebore and devil's club), cedar, hemlock, spruce, cedar bark.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cods	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crab, mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock and spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Hailugemis* (Dala River), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Hailugemis*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: The Dala River is another place I've trapped. It's a river that's kind of impossible to get up. I went up with William and Jimmy Henry, who were the registered holders of the Kildala River trapline, the neighbor trapline to the Dala River. Charlie Wilson and I trapped for mostly martens and mink along the riverbanks. We got plenty of both.

Barbetti, Louise: *T'ala* River was where we caught *zawan* (coho salmon). There is a spot around the T'ala River that was used by hereditary chief Jesse's family for ceremonial purposes.

Bolton, Len: I was working for Fred Woods on his logging operation after I got thru with Gus Nelson, and I ran the machine hard and I'd run his machine for Fred Woods, who's from this village, but he died. I was running his machine for him for two seasons, and that's where we used to get our fish, *T'ala* River. We were working and the families of the workers camped at the mouth of the *T'ala*, and we lived off that river: fish, deer, bear, cockles, mussels, cucumbers, *golali* (salmonberries), *k'ibat* (red elderberries), *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries).

Duncan, Addie & Magnus: Dad used to go with Jimmy Henry trapping beaver and marten. That was Jimmy's trapping partner in *Hailugamis* (Dala).

Gray, Edward: *T'ala* is where I used to fish for coho salmon and hunt for deer on the flats there.

Grant, Effie: My husband, Phillip, had a trapline (#603T047) at Dala River. His trapline was handed down to Phillip from his father, Don Grant; and he trapped for marten, mink, and beaver there. We also fished for coho from the Dala River. We often went there in the summer although he just trapped in the winter, when the animals had good fur. When we were there in the summer, we were busy at low tides, fish run times and there was always something in the pot. Ducks, deer, clams, cockles, fish. It's been logged now. The berries are better, but everything else is worse.

Grant, Harvey Sr.: **(1995)** If there's not much *qabas* (spring salmon) around *Tosekiya* (Eagle Bay), then we'd go to *T'ala* River. It's real hard fishing for spring salmon. I think the last time I remember going there was my uncle Harry Amos, Alan Hall and myself who tried it. We weren't too successful in Dala River. The fish was there alright, but we didn't know how to go about getting it. Those are the only two spots that I remember where we used to get spring salmon. When the spring salmon came, lots of people would go and fish there, either at the mouth of *T'ala* or we'd go up the river, there's a pond up there where the spring salmon spawn.
(2001) Yeah, we'd be getting fish too in Kildala. We'd set a net out there, in Kildala or *T'ala*. *T'ala* was a hectic river, but it had ponds there. It had 2 ponds there where we used to fish. We'd set the net there, but we didn't go big time. We'd go pick it up next day and there would be enough fish on there for the women to dry in their smokehouse there. Also, seals. Anywhere in

Kildala (Arm). Around *T'ala* my uncle and I used to have a favourite snag there. He would just sit on that snag until the seal would come close enough and then he would use a shotgun on it. I would be there with a little rowboat. As soon as I heard the gun shot, away I go just row around and retrieve the seal. Then we would come home. There are still seals there.

Hall, Ken: At *T'ala* I harvested spring salmon. Big *qabas* (springs).

Ross, Samson: At *T'ala* River there are a lot of spring salmon and cohos go up the river too.

Hall, Ken: At *T'ala* I harvested spring salmon.

Smith, Glen: And we fished in this area in *Geldala. T'ala. T'ala* and *Geldala*, that's how you pronounce it. For deer, bear, fishing spring salmon, now oolichans (since the river is polluted and we can't eat the *zaxwen* (oolichans), berries, *cixw*a (crabapples) and all that.

Stewart, Don: We used to go trapping for martens with the late Don Grant in *T'ala*. We trapped and I didn't make it up to the houses that they had when Don Grant, Kelly Stewart and Joe Gray trapped the *T'ala* River. There were three houses. They set traps as they go up until they made it to the first house that they had up there. The next morning they started up again. They go the same route setting traps until they get to the second house that they had up there. Then the next day they'd do the same thing until they got to the last house that they had up there; and, it took them three days to get up there. They'd stay there, camp in the last house for three or four days. After four days they would go check their traps. Start snapping them, closing them, hanging them up. There's a lot of fish in the river, but you don't fish in the top part when you fish *T'ala*. There is a smart trick to getting fish there. You always start fishing in the mouth of the river and work your way up. If you start from halfway up, everything will be disappearing because once you touch part of the upper river, all the fish below you will turn around and go down. They call it *waqaa*, how the fish turn around and go back down. Then they'll start all over again. You have to start from the bottom and work your way up. That way, if the fish turn around and swim down, they have to swim past you…and you got them. And that's why they do that. Sometimes you don't make it up here and you're full when there is coho in here. The reason you want *T'ala* River fish is that they have worn off all their fat to get up that far. All the fat is off the fish by the time they get there. And, it's best to dry when they aren't so fat and oily. They're really extra dry. OK, the trapline. Martens, yeah. Mink along the shoreline, but not very much minks. Mostly martens. I never heard of them catching beaver there. No land otters or fishers, not high enough. If they saw a deer on the way up, they would shoot it. Mind you, in those camps, that's why I want to go up there, because we left food in each camp. Just in case we get stuck in each one of these camps there's food in there. There was canned food. Probably some coffee, sugar still up there. Canned meat and everything still up there. I'm quite sure there is still food in those houses, shacks.

Woods, **Ivan:** There is mostly spring salmon in the Dala River.

Woods, Stewart: **(1995)** We harvested coho and spring salmon from the *T'ala* River. They say the fish from Dala is the best fish for drying. We would harvest boxes and boxes of dried fish out there. At Dala, I hunted for moose, deer, bear, geese, ducks, seals and bear. **(2001)** Up the *T'ala*

River we fished lots there. My brother had the canoes. We put a rope on the canoe, me and my brother jumped out and pulled the canoe up. We would just run up with the canoe, we just put the rope on our shoulder and started running up. There's lots of fish there, spring salmon, coho. You could see the fish. They'd get excited when you put the net down. They go all over.

Walker, Chris: Ivan (Woods) used to fish a lot in *T'ala*. Oh, a strong river! Now I made 2 trips with them back in '49, we poled all the way up. Of course, I still had muscles back then; now that my muscles dropped, all I can do is think back then. They'd go to *T'ala* and fish for spring salmon, but I don't think anybody has gone up there recently because they logged. But, you can't go up that river with a motor, and you can only pole a canoe…not a boat. We went up to a place called *Kwa'ylaxsnuw*. We went through boulders and everything to get up there. We get up there and there's fish there, come down and we come to a place, I don't know what they called it, nice flow. They made me a beach man, the one who would hold the canoe line while they had the net out. My boots were half under the sand from being dragged trying to hold the canoes when I hollered stop. 45-pound spring salmon, 50-pound spring salmon. They must have got 30 of them in 2 sets within 5 minutes. Oh, nice big beautiful salmon. I watched my brother and Ivan pole the rapids after the fishing, I just started sweating watching them poling up. 2 men on the canoe poling it just an inch at a time. You make one wrong move and you're toast. You're swept away. And old Jeff Legaik was on with us that time. *Gwanasu,* Jeff Legaik said,"Go ahead, pole it up. We'll make it." And they were Haisla. They DID make it.

23. *Dalaks*. Dahlaks Creek
Raven clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gepsgewasu* (David Wilson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area comprises the Dahlaks tributary to the Dala River at the eastern end of the Kildala Arm. The Creek is sometimes called *Axadi*. This watershed is 18 km long (E to W), and the *wa'wais* includes further upland areas, making the *wa'wais* 27 km long in all. It also includes beach areas to the south of the mouth of the Dala, including IR# 4 (5.1 acres). The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Raven clan name *Gepsgewasu* [Johnson Grant (b1884) to Robert Wallace to David Wilson. David Wilson is also the current registered owner of this trapline area (#603T046). In the original registration, it was referred to as "Grant's Creek."

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* has good concentrations of food and material resources. It was an earlier handlogging area. The shoreline is an important camping area surrounded by CMTs. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, wolves, goats, ducks, geese, coho salmon, spring salmon, crabs, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers and beachlife, blueberries, huckleberries, salmonberries, roots (including lupine), basketry materials and medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark and devil's club), cedar, hemlock, cedar bark.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Dalaks (*the Dahlaks River), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Dalaks*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Grant, Felix: My dad (Arthur Grant, Sr.) used to go all over the place, I think, in *Dalaks* there at Kildala, they used to go trap up at the old man's trapline. They trapped for mink and martens. No beaver up there. That's what they did for a decent income. They also got bear and deer and sometimes a moose up there. There's high areas where there are goats, too.

Grant, Harvey, Sr.: We had a house by the reserve (#10) up there, near where the Alcan camp is now. When people lived in Kildala they lived in cabins. The Grant family, Johnson Grant, Talbot, Ernie Amos, Sidney. They had a comfortable house, a big log cabin. It was a shack, open, one room, you sleep, eat, everything in one room. Our house was next to the Henry place. As I remember the Henry house, it had a bare floor. We used to be up there all winter. Trapping. I was really young, but Johnson Grant and Arthur used to trap. *Dalaks* was the closest trapline. They used to walk across the ice to get to the traplines. We were locked in there all winter. Some went up *Cinis*, some went up the Geldala, and some went up *T'ala*. There was also the Dalaks, and that was the easiest. You could get to the *Dalaks* by going overland or up the *T'ala*. That's a spring salmon river. There were also crabs and clams and mussels out in front and in the flats.

We spent a lot of time there, but also spent time at Eagle Bay when I was little. Sometimes we'd be there in the spring for salmonberries and then it would be time to leave for

Grant, Amelia: We harvested crab-apples at Kildala and each family owned their own plot of trees. You can get *cixwa* (crabapples) anywhere there.

Hayward, Debbie: My dad, Jerry Morrison, used to camp at Kildala to work on fish and they caught springs and coho there. My family used to go to Kildala to hunt for deer, bear, moose, ducks and seals; they also did some oolichan fishing there in the Kildala in oolichan season before that run died off. We used to pick salmonberry sprouts and berries.

Robertson, James: I know that there is salmon, bear, and moose in the *Dalaks* area and ducks and seals in Kildala Arm in front of the houses there by the reserve. I picked blueberries, huckleberries, salmonberries, *q'isina* (grey currants) up there, too. My father (Gordon Robertson) hand-logged around the beach in front of the *Dalaks*. There are some big cedars back there.

Woods, Ivan: I harvested black bear, seal, moose, ducks and geese around the Dalaks I trapped up there and got marten and mink. We went goat hunting up the Dalaks. .

Woods, Annie: I harvested *dliksam* and medicine while we was camping on the *Dalaks*, me and Ivan.

24. *Geldala*. Kildala River
Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Nisnawaa*

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area has always been one of the best known and most trustworthy resource areas in Haisla traditional territory. The Kildala River watershed is approximately 28 km long (E to W), and the trapline includes a 2-4 km wide stretch across the entire southern shore of Kildala Arm. The river mouth and the flats comprising the estuary include camp areas, house sites and cherished crabapple foraging grounds. The *wa'wais* now includes two reserves: #10 [Kildala, 1.4 acres] and the recently added #99 [*Dza'wiyaas*, 5 acres]. The owner of this *wa'wais* is now recognized to be the holder of the Fish clan name *Nisnawaa*. The traplines of this *wa'wais* (#603T045) were originally registered to "William and James Henry" (the river area) and to John Bolton (the SE shore of Kildala Arm around the river mouth), and then the unified trapline passed to William Henry, to James Henry, to Magnus Henry, and to Glenn Henry.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* became particularly focal in Haisla subsistence economics when Eurocan pollution in the Kitimat River resulted in tainting of the oolichans there, and the fishery moved temporarily to the mouth of the Kildala River. In the 1920s there were three Haisla houses near the mouth of the river. There are such important *cixwa* (crabapple) harvesting grounds around the mouth, that people visit the Kildala seasonally. House sites, at least one old burial and many CMTs, unfortunately now mostly cut down, make the lower *Geldala* a notable Haisla heritage area as well as a resource site. Resources traditionally and currently hunted,

trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include (a partial list): deer, moose, black bear, grizzlies (not generally hunted), marten, otter, mink, beaver, fisher, lynx, fox, wolves, mountain goats, ducks, geese, coho salmon, spring salmon, dog salmon, sockeye, humpies, halibut, red cod, crabs, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers and beachlife, blueberries, elderberries, red and blue huckleberries, salmonberries, grey currants, cranberries, blackcaps, crabapples, roots (including lupine, fern, buttercup, lily), cow parsnips, basketry materials (including cattails, spruce root), fireweed, cedar, hemlock, spruce, cedar bark, spruce pitch, hemlock cambium, nettles, and medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crab, mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock and spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Geldala* (the Kildala River), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Geldala*?"

Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Amos, Morris: My father, Harry Amos, fished for oolichans here in the river, and they would harvest *cixwa* (sour crabapples) here in the early fall, too.

Barbetti, Louise: Kildala River was a place we caught oolichans after we moved from the lower Kitimat River (*Q'axdlalisela*). And the Haisla hunt deer and bear, ducks and geese. A very favoured *cixwa* orchard is near the mouth of the river on the west side of the delta.

Duncan, Billy: I fished in Kildala, too. We usually fish not all the way into the river. We get spring salmon in there, when its time for halibut and crabs you get it in there too.

Gray, Beatrice: People used to fish here too. I used to pick *g̲wel g̲welt* (blackcaps) right outside of Kildala.

Gray, Edward: (1995) I went to harvest oolichans in April and, winter spring (salmon), and steelheads in Kildala River. **(2001)** I hunted up the flats here, at Kildala. We hunted for geese, ducks, deer, seal.

Grant, Amelia: We hunted moose and bear in Kildala. There were grizzly bears at Kildala and still are. That's where Loren got attacked by a grizzly,

Grant, Effie: After we couldn't fish for oolichans in the Kitimat River anymore, we then moved to Kildala River to fish for them. We used to hunt for moose in the Kildala area; we used to get a moose every year until they started logging in this area. At Kildala River we used to hunt for bear, deer and seal, and we used to pick blueberries, blackcaps, *cixwa* (wild crabapples) and *dliksam* (buttercup roots) at Kildala.

Grant, Kay: Kitimat River was the main place we went for oolichans and when we started losing our oolichans here my husband used to go to Kildala with his family, I went out there once. We get our oolichans from anybody bringing it in now. *Cixwa* (wild crabapples) we used to harvest down the channel, the Kildala way. My mom (Margaret Starr) was great for that. She preserved it in (oolichan) grease**,** she'd make jam and she'd preserve it for mixing with other things, all the things we don't do anymore. For *cixwa*, our people went to Kildala and they had their own good spots there.

Grant, Oscar: After we couldn't fish or eat fish from the Kitimat River, my family began harvesting oolichans at Kildala. I remember we hunted for seal, deer, bear, and moose there. We also picked blueberries, huckleberries, and *cixwa* (wild crabapples) around the area. I also remember my mother, Ella Grant, collecting alder bark, *t'laqwet'ala* there.

Grant, Verna: The foods my family harvested from Kildala were salmon, oolichans, bear, moose, and deer. We got our *cixwa* elsewhere.

Green, Ray: I hunt our traditional hunting grounds Kitlope, Kemano, *Q'apuwax*, Gardner and especially, Kildala. Oh, also down to Butedale. I'd hunt up the flats in Kitamaat. In different seasons, fall we'd be hunting at Kildala for ducks, geese, and wintertime we'd be hunting for moose, deer, mountain goats.

Hall, Ken: I harvested spring salmon, coho, pinks, chums, and oolichans at Kildala River.

Hayward, Debbie: Dad used to say, when he was still alive, they used to fish down at Kildala. We don't fish anymore. We get fish from wherever the food fishermen are fishing nowadays.

Maitland, Heber: Mountain goat we used to get at Kildala. We used to barbecue that or dry it.

Nyce, Randy: Kildala was my favorite hunting spot, but I haven't gone hunting out there since 1990. We used to do quite well moose hunting there, also geese and ducks. As a young man about 15 yrs old we used to hunt there for black bear, usually at the mouth of Kildala. We used to go to Kildala to pick *cixwa* (wild crabapple).

Ross, Russell, Sr.: My father Sam harvested *cixwa* (wild crabapples) from the flats of Kildala.

Shaw, Charles: At Kildala we caught oolichans, coho and dog salmon. We also caught halibut in Kildala Arm. In Kildala, I hunted for moose, deer, and bear, too.

Smith, Grace: After people couldn't eat polluted fish from the lower Kitimat River, my family had to get their oolichans from Kildala. We also fished for spring salmon and coho there. Other foods gathered were *cixwa* (wild crabapples), *q'isina* (grey currants), and bear.

Stewart, Belva: Glen Henry's trapline is at Kildala River. It belonged to Mac Henry (Glen's Father). Before that it belonged to James Henry and William Henry. Here they caught beaver, mink, marten and squirrels.

Stewart, Don: Oh yes, wild crabapples. *Cixwa.* Okay at Kildala, we'll start at Kildala, which is a very important part of everything. The wild crabapple trees, *cixwa*. Well, parts of Kildala belong to a family. The Henry family, the Shaw family and the Grant family had their own patches to pick from. We've talked about the mouth of the Kildala on the delta actually, which is a *cixwa* area. It's a tidal area and there's a bank on both sides and right at the mouth of the river is the crabapple picking grounds. On the east side, the right side when you are coming down, is the Henry family. And we got William Henry who may have been an Eagle, the great-grandfather and James Henry the grandfather, and Mack Henry the father and Glen Henry the son. On the right side of the river when you come down the *C'inis* is the Grant area.

Stewart, Richard: We fished the Kildala River. We caught oolichans there.

Woods, Ivan: I harvested dog salmon, spring salmon, coho, humps and oolichans at Kildala.

Woods, Stewart: (1995) I used to hunt at the Kildala River for moose, geese, ducks seals and deer. **(2001)** We fished in Kildala. Up the river we'd get our oolichans there. We got a cabin out

there. My boys built it, Roy and Eric, and Albert Walker. Last time we fished oolichans was in '91, that's when I last used my *taqalh* (traditional oolichan net). Then all the *dzaxwen* (oolichans) all disappeared. At the entrance to the river, we pick *cixwa* (wild crabapples). We'd pick with that women who owns it, my grandfather, Dick William's wife, *Laxwagelis*, Eliza.

Williams, Fred: We fished for oolichan at *Geldala*, seals, bear and deer and picked *cixwa*.

Wilson, Fred: We got seals in Kildala around the mouth of the river and inside up ahead.

Wilson, Marshall: The Kitimat River was one place they used to harvest oolichans and it had to be abandoned, and then the run even died out. Then we moved to Kildala, and now that river has lost its run.

25. *Cinis Geldala*. Falls Creek in Kildala Arm

Raven clan *wa'wais*, traditionally associated with name *Wakas*; Current owner's name: *Gaksilwals* (Godfrey Grant)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the long watershed of Falls Creek, which plunges into the southeast corner of the Kildala Arm 2 km west of the mouth of the Kildala River. The *wa'wais* is 23 km long (N to S). One enters the *wa'wais* by a trail around a low mountain from the mouth of the Kildala River. Traditionally it is a long trapline with a canoe stored at the bottom for poling up, a halfway house, and a main cabin near the top of the line. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* was the holder of the Raven clan name *Wakas* [Davis Grant (b1870) to Ernest Grant, to Allan Williams at a settlement held in the late '70s]. Currently the stewardship responsibility for this *wa'wais* has become associated with the registered holder of the trapline that includes the *Cinis* watershed. Trapline (#603T088) was first registered to Davis Grant, then Ernest Grant (b1896) to Godfrey Grant, the current holder of record.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* is difficult to access and, thus, is rich because it is not overly harvested. Because of a falls at the mouth of the creek, the *wa'wais* could not easily be accessed from Kildala Arm directly into the creek. The *wa'wais* was rich in large cedar and was a canoe workshop area. There were two houses on the long trapline. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this wa'*wais* include: deer, moose, black bear, grizzlies (not generally hunted), marten, otter, mink, beaver, wolves, squirrels, weasels, goats, seals, coho salmon, chum salmon, spring salmon, hemlock, blueberries, elderberries, salmonberries, roots (including lupine and fern), cedar, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon							XXX	XXX				
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Cinis Geldala* (Falls Creek), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Cinis Geldala*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory

Barbetti, Louise: *Cinis* is where we fished for spring salmon. And there is a clam bed here that we harvest from.

Gray, Edward: I went hunting in *Cinis* for moose and seals.

Grant, Harvey: So Ernest Grant would have inherited that trapline in the early 40's. It was just between the family, and who would get the trapline next was decided within the family. Maybe they had a dinner together and they chose among themselves. They chose Ernie and he trapped it during the good years. I went with him more than once. They would cross over from Geldala to *Cinis* on a trail that led up to the lower *Cinis* River. See, there's a waterfall near the bottom of the *Cinis,* so you couldn't pole straight up the river. They had to cross over from Geldala and climb a trail up to the Cinis a ways from the mouth. They had built a canoe up there and that's how they poled up the Cinis. That canoe was about 14 feet, rough, but pretty well made. Three people could handle it with no problem. It was a real easy river to pole. They had two shacks along the line. The first shack, they'd get to it before dark, about 2-4. They'd get wood and they'd camp in the first shack. The next morning they'd continue to the last shack. They'd set traps on the way until they get to the main shack. 175-200 traps. Those #2 traps will never hold a beaver. They would get minks; whatever was in the trap was skinned and sold. They used to bring home the squirrels and weasels. That's what we'd work on and that was our money as young kids. We'd save money for May Sports Day. On the trapline, those houses were about 4 or 5 hours up. The top one was main camp, a nice little shack. My dad said what they'd do was build a lean-to, it was open and as the years went by they brought pieces of lumber they would slice from the cedar trees, which they used for siding or the roof. Anyway, they'd set the traps on the way up and spend 2 or 3 days at the main camp and then go down, emptying the traps. This was a livelihood,

trapping for money and hunting, fishing, digging clams and picking fruit and berries in season at *Cinis Geldala*.

26. *Tosekiya.* Eagle Bay
Raven clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gulidxa* (Brian Grant)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is a protected bay with IR#12 (Toseka, 2.5 acres), including campsites and old house sites on the east side. There are two watersheds that empty into Eagle Bay, one from the east and the other from the south. The *wa'wais* measures 14 km wide (E to W) and 7 km long (N to S). The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Raven clan name *Gulidxa* [Peter Grant to Ernest Grant to Brian Grant]. Brian Grant also is the registered holder of the trapline (#603T056), first registered to Peter Grant [1927], then Ernest Grant [1931], then Dixon and Eli Grant [1953] and, currently, Brian Grant.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* has so many traditional resources of subsistence value to the Haisla that it is apparent why it has been a prized seasonal camp area and family campsite. At this time, pollution is thought by some community members to have impacted the previously utilized clams, cockles, mussels and other beachlife of Eagle Bay, but among the other resources harvested by the Haisla in this *wa'wais* are the following: deer, moose, black bear, marten, otter, mink, beaver, fisher, lynx, fox, wolves, ducks, geese, coho salmon, spring salmon, dog salmon, sockeye, humpies, halibut, red cod, crabs, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers and beachlife, blueberries, elderberries, red and blue huckleberries, salmonberries, grey currants, cranberries, blackcaps, crabapples, roots (including lupine, fern, buttercup, lily), cow parsnips, cedar, hemlock, spruce, cedar bark, spruce pitch, hemlock cambium, basketry materials (including cattails, spruce root), fireweed, nettles, and medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams,	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
cockles												
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Tosekiya* (Eagle Bay), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Tosekiya*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Amos, Morris: Harry Amos, my father would to go to *Tosekiya* to fish for crabs, dog salmon, humpy (pink) salmon, and hunt for deer.

Barbetti, Louise: *Tosekiya* was where we caught *'mu'muguzu* (halibut) and picked *k'was* (mussels). And we also fished for *wa'ni* (herring) and harvested herring eggs, *a'ent*, in this area.

Duncan, Billy: We crab fished in Eagle Bay and Coste Island.

Grant, Amelia: We used to camp out until my children had to start school. We camped in Eagle Bay for trapping. From the point of Eagle Bay to Hopkins Point, that was where they set traps for mink. But, they also used to take a trail south from the bottom of the bay that led up to a little lake up on the mountain. Up there is where they trapped marten. One winter it was blowing north wind and they put a net out near the point of Eagle Bay, on the right side as you're facing out the Bay. And that net would be right out in front of the cabin; and, that's how they trapped the goldeneyes and got jack spring salmon. Haisla ingenuity!

Gray, Edward: I went crab fishing in *Tosekiya*.

Hall, Ken: In *Tosekiya*, I harvested spring salmon, coho, dog salmon and pinks.

Maitland, Harold: When I was 9 years old I shot my first deer. It was in Eagle Bay. We were coming back from Foch Lagoon from picking *q'isina* (grey currants). We pulled in there for crab fishing, eh, and there was a couple of deer standing on the beach; and, Tim Starr told me to shoot one. So, I went up on the bow of the boat with a 30/30 and shot the biggest one and then he made me drink the blood of it. He told me if I didn't drink it, I was never going to get another one or anything after that; the animal spirit would know that I didn't respect animals who gave themselves up to me. And, I believed him. So, I drank it. I go there to Eagle Bay quite a bit during the summer and get some pinks and chums at that little creek in there where that falls is. I

used to go in there with old Solomon Green, and he was a great uncle to fish. We'd put a net in the mouth of the river and chase pinks and chums into it.

Robertson, Susan: I know of seal, *mia* (salmon), halibut, and cod being taken from *Tosekiya*. I picked blueberries, huckleberries, and salmonberries from there, too.

Shaw, Charles: I fished for crabs at *Tosekiya*.

Shaw, Sammy: I crab fished in Eagle Bay. I hunted for moose, deer and I picked blueberries and *cixwa* there, too.

Woods Stewart: Eagle Bay was another one of my father, Fred Woods' logging camps. We harvested humps, *al'las* (sea cucumber), halibut and crab.

Walker, Chris: *Tosekiya*, Eagle Bay, that's another fishing hole, I fished for *k'api* (humpies) there and I fished for spring salmon there. Charlie Shaw and I went there in '49, the summer of '49, we got over 400 *k'api* there and that makes the smoke house happy when you get a lot of fish.

27. *Na'labisc Wiwaa* or *Wiwaalhu'la*. Hugh Creek or Northern Wiwaa

Blackfish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *T'emnunax* (Herman Maitland, deceased 2008, heir pending)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is one of the three *Wiwaa wa'wais* areas that string along the shoreline between Eagle Bay and the entrance to Gardner Canal. The most northerly of these *Wiwaa* watersheds is *Na'labisc Wiwaa*. *Na'labis* is the same Haisla root as *Na'labila*, the northpoint of Haisla territory on the Kitimat River. This watershed measures 6 km (E to W) by 3 km (N to S) at its widest. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Blackfish clan name *T'emnunax* held by Herman Maitland, who married into Kitwanga 30 years ago. Of course, the *wa'wais* remains Haisla territory, since our land is not affected by the movements of its owner. Maitland is also the registered holder of trapline #603T055: Robert Shaw (b1870) to Clarence Shaw to Herman Maitland (d2008), his heir is to be announced.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* was a family seasonal campsite with drying racks and a smokehouse at the campsite on the south side of the mouth of Hugh Creek until the 1950s. Handlogging was commonly practiced by the Haisla in this area until the 1950s. The resources known to be utilized and of interest in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, wolves, squirrels, weasels, goats, seals, coho salmon, spring salmon, halibut, red cod, black cod, lingcod, herrings, crab, blueberries, elderberries, salmonberries, roots (including lupine and fern), cedar, hemlock, spruce, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Coho salmon								XXX	XXX	XXX		
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Roots				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of Hugh Creek (*Na'labisc Wiwaa*), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Na'labisc Wiwaa*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

A TUS statement compiled on the basis of conversation with neighbouring *wa'wais* and trapline holders and informed elders rather than recorded interviews, in 2006: The trapline runs along the shoreline, the entire length of the *wa'wais* and inland up Hugh Creek. Trappers used a campsite along the upper reaches of Hugh Creek (walking up one day, setting traps and returning to empty and hang the traps, usually on the third day). They never logged at north *Wiwaa*, and there were good martens there. Not a lot of them, but good quality. The Haisla trapper's wisdom says, "Better one good marten than ten poor ones." There still are good ones there because, aside from handlogging, the area is first growth. Trappers also got otters, mink, and the occasional fox and wolf. There are no beaver in the *wa'wais*. Middle and Southern *Wiwaa* have been cut, but not the north part. When Clarence Shaw got of age, he and Walter, his brother, trapped there until they disappeared while handlogging in *Zuzadi* (1965), the *wa'wais* was given to Herman Maitland, Clarence's adoptive brother.

This *wa'wais* was a family seasonal settlement with drying racks and a smokehouse at the campsite on the south side of the mouth of Hugh Creek until the 1950s. The area is largely fallow these days because of the absentee trapline holder, but occasionally visited for hunting deer, moose and black bear. There are goats in the heights and seals around the river mouth when the coho are running. Besides coho there are spring salmon and some halibut, red cod, black cod and lingcod, although the bottom fishing is much better at Sue Channel, across on the north shore of Hawkesbury Island. Haisla stop to put down the crab net in front of all of the *Wiwaa*s. Because the area has not previously been systematically logged, there is good hemlock and spruce. The people know that there are largely unexploited blueberries, elderberries, salmonberries and roots, including lupine and fern but, as Crosby Smith says, "We're leaving those for the bears for now, and we'll get the bears later.

Shaw, Sarah: Herman Maitland, my brother, had a trapline in *Wiwaa*. Trapping was in the cold months, so the men went to trap and we stayed in the village. They got martens and minks.

Williams, Fred: I harvested coho at *Na'labisc Wiwaa*.

Robinson, Gordon: Our place was Weewanee, just to the south; and I know that the cohos are sometimes good going up Deer Creek, or Hugh Creek as they call it now.

28. *O'yuwisc Wiwaa*. Weewanee or Middle Wiwaa

Beaver clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Q'agwais* (Sam Robinson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is one of the three *Wiwaa wa'wais* areas which string along the shoreline between Eagle Bay and the entrance to Gardner Canal. This watershed measures 16 km (E to W) by 11 km (N to S). It contains *Kukwsta* (KYOO-ks-duh, Weewanee hotsprings) just north of the mouth of the creek, which is the joint outflow of Weewanee and Sleeman Creeks, joining 2 km before entering the saltwater. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Beaver clan name *Q'agwais* [Samuel Robinson (b1894) to Sam Robinson]. Sam Robinson is also the registered holder of the trapline (#603T054), first registered to Sam Robinson in 1928. Because Sam currently holds the chiefly name *C'esi*, which carries the prerogative of owning the *Xasutla wa'wais*; however since no Haisla can own two wa'wais areas, Sam may be passing this *wa'wais* on to an heir.

Cultural Values: In the 1920s, this *wa'wais* was a family seasonal campsite that had three houses, drying racks and smokehouses on the north side of the mouth of the creek, along the trail to the hotsprings. The *wa'wais* was handlogged profitably until the 1940s. It was not only full of subsistence resources, but it was close to the bottom fishing of Sue Channel. Resources known to be utilized by the Haisla and of interest include: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, beaver, squirrels, weasels, seals, dog salmon, coho salmon, pink salmon, halibut, red cod, black cod, herrings, crab, mussels, blueberries, elderberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, roots (including lupine and fern), cedar, hemlock, spruce, canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark and devil's club) and mineral hot springs.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Pink salmon						XXX	XXX					
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crab	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Hot springs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Oyuwisc Wiwaa* (Wiwannee), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at Weewanee?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Robinson, Johnny: I must have been 8 yrs old when I first went trapping with my dad and mom. That was his trap-line (Sam Robinson, Sr). At that time I just stayed in the camp. My dad and them had their own traps. I had 2 or 3 traps I trapped squirrels and weasels and I used fish for bait. There's a big coho creek there. There were shack houses there. They had three houses there: George Robinson's house, and our house, and then another belonged to Jonathan Morrison. We lived there all summer when we weren't at the cannery, at Butedale. The hotsprings was our family spa. There was always lots of food and, besides meals, we ate sprouts, salmonberries, blueberries, huckleberries, salal berries and whatever was red, orange or blue on the bushes all summer.

Barbetti, Louise: *Wi'waa* was my father Sam Robinson's trapline. He trapped for mink, marten, and otter. There is a hot springs at *Wiwaa*. Mud from the bottom of this hot spring was used as

medicine. It could be used like a hot water bottle. Different types of medicine were picked around this hot spring.

Grant, Amelia: Harvested crab at *Wi'waa*

Grant, Harvey: There is a lot of fish in *Wiwaa*, especially coho and dog salmon. All the rivers in *Wiwaa* are mostly dog salmon. There're different reasons why people used to pick mostly coho, because you could singe it ("choo-nooch"). Dog salmon are so hard. We used to "*tach-dee-sa*" (soak it in water). My mother used to take rocks and sink dried dog salmon into the river. Nobody bothered it; nobody went and stole it. After three days, she goes and picks it up.

Gray, Edward: I went crab fishing at *Wiwaa*.

Green, Ray: At *Wiwaa*, I harvest coho, dogs, humps, and lots of crabs and mussels.

Hall, Ken: I harvested salmon and seal there.

Maitland, Harold: In *Wiwaa*? Oh, I did a lot of deer hunting in there.

Robertson, Susan: I know that there are salmon in *Wiwaa*.

Robinson, Tom: Dad had a trapline in *Wiwaa*. It belongs to Sammy now. *Wiwaa* means several creeks that are similar. South *Wiwaa*, Mid *Wiwaa*, and *Nalabisc Wiwaa*. So, Dad had the middle one. It virtually had no importance of any kind, but it was his and we'd camp there. We had to go to *Sawi* or Monkey Beach from there to get sea food. In it was loaded with several kinds of cod.

Ross, Samson: I went to *Wiwaa* for coho, dogs and pinks. I also caught red cod and halibut here.

Shaw, Charle:- I fished for crab here at *Wiwaa*.

Shaw, Sammy: I harvested crabs, deer, blueberries and salmonberries at *Wiwaa*.

Smith, Grace: My father, Sam Robinson, owned a trapline in *Wiwaa*. Here, he trapped marten, mink and beaver. While my family camped at *Wiwaa*, we gathered plenty of food including various salmon, coho, dog salmon, and pinks. We also fished here for grey cod, crabs, and mussels. In this area, my family hunted for moose and deer. We also gathered blueberries, huckleberries.

Stewart, Don: Weewanie hotsprings, it helped you with any sickness. I remember Doris Nelson (Robinson), Sammy Robinson's sister. We camped out at *Wiw'aa* and Doris had some sickness when she was still a young girl. And she stayed out at the camp and bathed in that hot springs. Pure hot springs until town people came down and diverted a coldwater stream into the hotspring pool. And that ruined the HOT springs then. It helped Doris because she bathed for quite a while. She was a healthy woman after she went through that. There are several hotsprings in our territory: Bishop Bay, *Qayuxw*, Weewanie, *U'yagemis*, and Klekane. They were all natural. Watching the effects of the hotspring water over the years, our elders feel that diverting cold

water streams into it killed everything in there that cured you. I can't tell you if the old people drank the water. All I knew was it was for bathing. Soak in there.

Steward, Harold: I used to crab fish at *Wiwaa*. It used to be a hot spot, but there is no more crab there now. We also hunted for seal, deer, and moose.

Williams, Fred: I harvested coho here.

Wilson, Bert: At *Wiwaa*, I harvested crabs, halibut, black cod, red snapper, *al'las* (sea cucumber) and hunted deer.

Wilson, Charlie & Marion: Charlie fished at *Wiwaa* for crab.

29. *Xaisabisc Wiwaa*. Pike Creek or Southern Wiwaa

Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Dlaxwdlaxwaligisc Hai'mas* (Don Stewart)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the most southerly of the three *Wiwaa wa'wais* areas that string along the shoreline between Eagle Bay and Temex, above the entrance to Gardner Canal. This watershed extends 16 km (E to W) down the mainland shore and approximately the same distance inland. The traditional owner of this Fish clan *wa'wais* is the holder of the Fish clan name *Dlaxwdlaxwaligisc Hai'mas* (Robert Stewart [b1882?] to Don Stewart, who is also the registered holder of the trapline (#603T053), first registered to Robert Stewart in 1930 to Don Stewart in 1955.

Even though this watershed is known, discussed and defended as a wa'wais, partidularly before and during logging on the site in the 1990s, there were no particular references to resource harvesting in *Xaisabisc Wiwaa* during the TUS interviews.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais* has archaeological evidence of previous habitation and use: an abandoned settlement site at the mouth of the creek (north side), many CMT's and an abandoned roughed out canoe on the north side of Pike Creek. It was handlogged by the Haisla through the 1940s. Resources said by the trapline and wa'wais holder, Don Stewart, to be utilized in this *wa'wais* and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, moose, black bear, marten, otter, mink, beaver, squirrels, weasels, seals, coho salmon, pink salmon, crab, mussels, geese, goldeneye and other ducks, berries (various, including blueberries, elderberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, salalberries), roots (including lupine and fern), cedar, hemlock, spruce, canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce root, cattails and grasses) and medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten,	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
otter												
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

In a TUS "ground trothing" visit to the wa'wais, he traditional owner, Don Stewart, discussed resources that he was aware of and that the previous owner had spoken to him about. He trapped there years ago, but has not regularly visited the area.

The following is information derives from a discussion with Charles Shaw in 2004, noted in the author's fieldnotes:

> People in Kitamaat village used to mention that there was an unexplained creature in the water around *Xaisabisc Wiwaa* and *Temex* which, according to some was the size of a stegosaurus and, according to other accounts, it looked like a giant rat with a body more than 10 feet long. It was called *k'ilai* (meaning "rat"). There were stories that it had attacked canoes. It would come up from under the saltwater and around 1950 a scuba diver went down and found a large cave and killed the monster there. Gordon Robinson had heard about it from James Clarkson (*T'laxsten*) and the Williams brothers. I don't know whether that kept people from going in *Xaisabisc Wiwaa* to hunt and gather, but I never heard of people going there. There were CMTs there and the loggers left a few trees around a roughed out abandoned canoe up the creek on the left side, so the wa'wais was used. But, it is surrounded by the richness of Sawi and Kiciwi, so these days it's a Haisla resource site in reserve.

30. *Temex*. Heysham Creek and the shoreline north of Crab River
Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Haimasaqa* (Gary Morrison)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is usually utilized in passing, going or coming from the Gardner Canal. Nonetheless, the Heysham Creek watershed has plentiful supplies of many Haisla subsistence resources. The name of the creek derives from the Haisla term *haisan*, meaning "sockeye." Besides trapping along the shore and taking advantage of a deer or bear browsing along the flat shoreline, Haisla people harvested the plentiful berries and

root-crops here. The watershed measures 10 km (N to S) from Anderson Pt. (*Huk'walinuxw)* to Crab River (*Kasa*); and the *wa'wais* is 14 km deep at its widest (E to W) point. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Fish clan name *Haimasaqa* (Paul Tate [b.1820] to Jacob Duncan, his sister's son [b1841?] to James Henry, his sister's son [b1894] to Henry Amos [b1914] to Gary Morrison]. Thus, Gary Morrison should be the registered holder of trapline #603T112, which comprises this *wa'wais*, but it has not yet been registered.

Cultural Values: This *wa'wais*, besides being a fishing area later used for trapping and handlogging, has been and remains a harvesting area for the Haisla. There is CMT evidence of longtime use of Temex. Resources used and valued by the Haisla are the following: deer, moose, black bear, marten, otter, mink, beaver, squirrels, weasels, seals, coho salmon, pink salmon, crab, mussels, berries (various, including blueberries, elderberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, salalberries), roots (including Lupine and fern), cedar, hemlock, spruce, canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce root, cattails and grasses) and medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Octopus	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Temex* (Heysham Creek)), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Temex*?"

Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: *Temex*, yeah, I spent two years staying at Crab River running a gas and supply float store there and fishing. I had lots of time to explore and fish around the corner in Collins and Macalister Bay and in *Temex*. I walked up several times going up to *Hukwalinuxw* and back in a day, and I trapped along there with Henry Amos' agreement. I gave him a really good marten each year for his share. I ate off *Temex*. I ended up having to row back up to pick up a deer after getting back from walking to *Temex*. There are good huckleberries there. You don't need to take a lunch.

Ross, Samson: In the early1930s, I trapped along the shoreline here with Jimmy Henry. It was a nice early February and we got several nice minks, some martens and an otter. A whiteman had registered this area first, name of Leander Matson, who worked at Butedale. He didn't trap it much, and later on Henry Amos said the *wa'wais* belonged to his name and Matson's registration was cancelled in favor of Henry. I often got deer at *Temex*. The creek is called Heysham, and the area at the creekmouth there is *Hukwalinuxw*; but that whole shoreline there north of Crab River is called *Temex*. I don't know what causes the deer and bear to parade around there at *Temex*, but we laugh at how often there's animals along shore there.

Shaw, Charles: It's funny that the name of the creek at *Temex* is Heysham, which comes from our word *haisun* for sockeyes, when we know that the run at *Temex* is cohos. And there's pinks there, too. I have my own coho grounds at *Geltuis*, but have fished at *Hukwalinuxw* when my partners wanted to try that. There's pinks there just inside the mouth. They're a good run. That is a long creek. I never went up all the way. We got them just a ways up.

Smith, Crosby: I regularly cross over to the mainland side coming home and pass *Temex*, look for a deer or a bear. Lots of us do. It's an easy place to get in to and there are lots of deer along there. I have gone there for coho and humpies. It's not a big run, but regular. I have trapped there, setting traps up the beach and done good marten.

Wilson, John R: Me and my boys keep a gun handy going down to Kemano or coming back when we pass *Temex*. Funny that there are so many deer and bears in that place.

31. *Awigela*. West side of Maitland Island

Beaver clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *To'yuwalic Aiksdukwi'yu*

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is the entire half of Maitland Island that faces NW. The boundary between *Awigela* (the western half of the island) and the *Sawi wa'wais*, which faces Hawkesbury and Loretta Islands, runs literally down the middle of Maitland Island. This *wa'wais* and Coste Island are the smallest Haisla *wa'wais*es. *Awigela* is 17 km long, but often less than 1 km in width. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Beaver clan name *To'yuwalic Aiksdukwi'yu* [Walter Nice to Verna Grant]. The trapline associated with this *wa'wais* (#603T072) is registered to Ray Green, Jr.

Cultural values: Despite its remoteness, this *wa'wais* has been used regularly over time by the Haisla people. A number of Haisla report hunting there, walking the entire length of Maitland Island. Many Haisla fish along the western side of the island and it was handlogged until the 1940s. Resources of this *wa'wais* known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, seals, spring salmon, coho salmon, halibut, red cod, black cod, prawns, handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including lupine and fern), basketry materials and medicinal plants (including alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar, spruce	xAZ	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Awigela* (West side Maitland Island) represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Awigela*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory

Ralph Adams: I walked the whole length of Maitland Island once, hunting deer. I'd eat *gwadem* (red huckleberries) and *laqaxa* (thimbleberries) as I walked. There used to be lots of deer there, but a wolf swam over and wiped them out. Then they built up again. It was my spot. I spent the winter in Ed Gray's house over at *Gamistum*. There's still deer there. I see them when I go past.

Grant, Garry: Crosby Smith and I trapped that area in my early 20's. We trapped along the shoreline for otters, minks and martens in the early winter with about 30 traps. A good area, especially along the west side.

Maitland, Harold: I shore hunted for deer on Maitland Island.

Paul, Dan: I set prawn traps along the channel along Maitland Island. We used to fish in there when the springs were running.

Robinson, Tom: I used to troll on the outside of Maitland Island, *Awigela*. Good salmon runs there but cliffs on shore. I put prawn traps all along in the channel there.

Ross, Samson: I always used to fish at *Awigela*, rowing all the way around the island. Sometimes four times around in a day, then I'd camp in the cove at Rufus' camp on the middle of the east side. Sometimes, we'd troll in a canoe with three paddlers. There's lots of fish there, *t'laxwen* (red snapper), *zawan* (coho) and *qabas* (spring salmon).

Shaw, Sammy: I hunt for those *t'ixwa* (black bear) on Maitland Island and I also go there to pick *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries) and *cixwa* (wild crabapples). I know there's *t'lemq* (yew wood) there and I stop there to get it.

Stewart, Don: We used to camp on Maitland Island while fishing *Sawi* or around Maitland Island. We'd stay at Rufus Gray's camp. There was a shack there. Everyone stayed there, or at Loretta Island or across at *Sawiksewa*. Campsites had drying racks for the fish. Now we go home at night and put the fish in the freezer.

32. *Sawi*, including *Gamisdem, Hai'lugemis, Gomolokda'mi* and *Sawiksewa.*
Sue Channel, East Maitland, North Hawkesbury and Loretta Island

Raven clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gepsgemala*

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is one of the most diverse and productive in all of Haisla traditional territory. The name Sue Channel is an anglicisation of the Haisla name *Sawi*. It is one of the best bottom-fishing grounds in the area, as well as having dependable fish runs. And *Sawi* has many tidal flats for shellfish and beachlife as well as excellent hunting and trapping. Sue Channel is 17 km long, E to W, and the island shorelines are just as important resource areas as the channel itself. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Raven clan name *Gepsgemala*, and the *wa'wais* ownership has become associated with the transition of trapline registration (#603T071) [to Alec Gray (b1852) to Ed Gray (b1888) to Rufus Gray (b1902) to Joe Gray to Carl Grant (d1991) to Heber Grant]. The trapline was first registered to Edward Gray in 1930 and transferred to Rufus Gray in 1938; Joseph Gray "got the paper" (registered the trapline officially) in 1948, to Carl Grant (d1991) and now should be registered to Heber Grant, who is the currently holder of W. Geltuis.

Cultural Values: This saltwater channel has always been a *bagwaiyas* area for the use of any Haisla, and that bagwaiyas privilege extends to the campsites, duck and goose hunting, and clams, cockle and mussel digging of Loretta Island, where the Haisla overnighted in case of bad weather in the run from Sawi to the village. However, the other campsites and homesites which surround Sue Channel are also harvest areas, but these were part of the wa'wais and recognized

to be used with the wa'wais holder's implied permission. Resources known to be utilized by the Haisla include: deer, black bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, seals, spring salmon, coho salmon, halibut, red snapper, red cod, black cod, lingcod, rock cod, grey cod, prawns, clams, cockles, big and small mussels, sea cucumbers and other beach life, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, fern, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce roots, cherry and yellow cedar bark and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb, wild onions.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coh, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Sawi* (Sue Channel) represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Sawi*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Robinson, Tom: Dad had a trapline in *Wiwaa* and we'd camp there. We had to go to *Sawi* from there to get seafood. In *Sawi* it was loaded with several kinds of cods. It's a magical place. It's still got halibut and cods of all sorts.

Grant, Harvey, Sr.: I think the main spot our people used to fish was *Sawi* for *'mu'muguza* (halibut), *hadani* (black cod), *nulhem* (lingcod), *t'laxwan* (red cod), *tsilikela* (rock cod), *lulu* (flounder), *dlaxdala* (grey cod); you name it, there was plenty there. Still is. People used to paddle down there when I was a kid. In the spring they used to call it "*gayu yala*" when it was blowing north wind in the morning. People used to sail out to Sue Channel for halibut and they would jig and camp out overnight and the next afternoon the southwest wind would start; and, then they'd sail back home with the wind at their back. Haisla know-how. Generations in our territory taught us how to live with the natural environment. Now they refer to it as TEK or something. They'd salt the cod that they'd get at *Sawi*; there was no such thing as waste. You weren't allowed to waste anything that you get and if you were caught by the hereditary chiefs wasting food, you would be punished. You would not be allowed to do that again. You'd be barred from the good, close *wa'wais* areas. The owners wouldn't let you harvest there for a year. S*awi* is our place for halibut and bottom fish. A *bagwaiyas*.

Adams, Ralph: We fished for '*mu'muguzu* (halibut), too, right at the mouth of *Sawi*.

Gray, Edward: I harvested *k'inaxw* (crabs) and, of course, *'mu'muguzu* (halibut), grey cod, cockles and spring salmon at *Sawi*.

Grant, Amelia: We harvested halibut and cods in *Sawi*. We also used to camp there, too. Anywhere you get halibut you can also get all types of cods, one of our basic foods year round.

Grant, Felix: We halibut fish in *Sawi.*

Grant, Kay: Another place my dad (Timothy Starr) used to do a lot of fishing and hunting is *Sawi* and I do now, too.

Maitland, Harold: We got red snapper inside *Sawi*.

Nyce, Randy: I caught *al'las* (sea cucumbers) in *Sawi,* right off the little point at *Hailugemis,* there is a small rock island there and between there and the beach it is only about 40 ft deep at low water.

Robertson, Susan: My family harvested deer, seal, salmon, halibut and cod from *Sawi.*

Robinson, Dora: My husband Tom fishes for *'mu'muguzu* (halibut) and cod here at S*awi*.

Robinson, Gordon: Down the channel starting at *Sawi* is the first area where you can get cockles. Near the west end of *Sawi* are the first cockle beds. In February, after the 15th of February the weather tended to moderate. And during that period the north wind would blow in the morning and calm down around noon. And late afternoon the west-wind would start blowing. It only happens the last 2 weeks of February. As soon as it happens about 5 or 6 canoes-loads of young men would get into their canoes early in the morning and stick a sail in it. A canoe with a sail can go fast, at least 10 knots. They would get down to *Sawi* and they'd load the canoe full of mussels, cockles and jig for grey cod and halibut. They would spend the whole day in there. In the late afternoon the wind would come around to the southwest and they would put the sail up

again and come back home at the same speed. Of course, it was a community effort too. All the people would be waiting for them when they got back. They would pull the canoes, and they would share all the catch. That would be the first fresh food of the season. They were welcomed back by everyone and everyone got a taste.

Shaw, Charles: At *Sawi* I caught red cod, grey cod and *'mu'muguzu* (halibut) in the narrows at *Sawi*. That's where I used to get *hagwen*, big mussels.

Smith, Grace: My father, Sam Robinson, would row from *Wiwaa* across to *Sawi*… for halibut, red cod, spring salmon, and seals.

Stewart, Harold: In *Sawi* we caught black cod, halibut, and red cod.

Stewart, Richard: We fished for halibut, black cod, rock cod, lingcod and springs at *Sawi*.

Wilson, Bert: I harvested halibut in *Sawi*.

Wilson, Ida: I know of salmon in *Sawi.*

Wilson, Charlie: From *Sawi* I fished for halibut and sea urchin.

Wilson, Fred: My uncle and I used to just troll there in *Sawi*, there's lots of halibut there.

Wilson, Marshall: I harvested clams at Sue Channel.

Wilson, Vera: I harvested sea cucumber at Sue Channel.

Woods, Ivan: I harvested mostly cockles at Sue Channel.

Woods, Stewart: We'd set a net in *Sawi* around where we logged and get a spring salmon. And no, I never hunted there, but lots of people did while they were camping or stranded there by a north wind. The reason we went there was for jigging 'til the canoe was full.

***Sawiksewa*- Sue Channel**

Adams, Ralph: We had some seals but there is halibut right out there and some cods. Another place where we go for our halibut is right out here in *Sawiksewa*.

Gray, Edward- My family owns the trapline right in the whole Sue Channel. We trapped it every winter until the bottom went out of the fur market, and now we are letting stocks rebuild while we wait for fur prices to revive. It doesn't make sense to kill the animals for nothing. We had a camp at a bay called *Gomolokda'mis*, and everyone camped there for fishing in *Sawi*.

Maitland, Harold: We usually get black ducks up on the *Sawi* head there, especially through Loretta Pass there, there's a lot of black ducks and goldeneyes in there. We get them as we are passing through now or for a break after we set a longline in *Sawi*.

Robinson, Johnny: Mallards, the odd goose, mostly mallards and sawbill, but we'd go down the Channel and shoot these black ducks. Around Loretta Island, they have big flocks there. But almost everybody has gotten a deer or a bear there at one time. It used to be that Loretta Island, with its south facing little bay there was the place canoes would stop if they got caught in a north wind while coming back from Butedale, Monkey Beach or down there. Sometimes you'd have to stay a week and there was plenty there to eat.

33. *Kiciwi, Bibaxela* and *Tobexw*. Kitseeway, E. Hawkesbury and Dorothy Island

Fish clan *bagwaiyas* used by all Haisla

***Bagwaiyas* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is actually a *bagwaiyas*, a location so rich in resources that all Haislas are free to harvest there without special permission. A *bagwaiyas* means that it is an area where the people are able to gather everything they need. The three areas of this *bagwaiyas* are (1) *Kiciwi* (Kitseeway or Blind Pass); (2) the whole E side of Hawkesbury Island, a set of cliffs with accessible places such as *Bibaxela*, the bay straight across from the Middle of Dorothy Island; and (3) *Tobexw* (Dorothy Island). This area seems to have been a *bagwaiyas* for so long that Haisla oral tradition recalls only that the area belonged to the Fish clan, as did the neighbouring *wa'wais*es of *Mekasa* (Daniel Bay), *Neqetu* (Fishtrap Bay) and *Zuzadi* (the shore areas south of Fishtrap Bay). In fact, even though this area is a numbered trapline (#603T114), no Haisla has registered it, since it belongs to any Haisla who wishes to forage, hunt, fish or trap or take canoe logs from there. In 1926, Indian Agent W. Ditchburn applied to have a reserve established in Daniel Bay, "an area of Kitamat (sic) tribal ownership."

Cultural Values: This important area provides almost every resource that traditional Haisla subsistence depends upon. The stone fishtrap that allowed Haisla ancestral fishermen to collect fish at every ebbtide shows the traditional ingenuity of the Haislas and illustrates how the Haisla were able to capitalize on the natural formation of *Kiciwi*. There were campsites on both sides of Blind Pass and at least 3 houses in 1900, with numerous fish drying racks and smokehouses. There were also clam beds on the flats in the area. Ducks were plentiful and were hunted here traditionally. The availability of large cedar made it a common place to rough out and finish canoes. In 2002, loggers working above *Kiciwi* discovered an abandoned roughed out cedar canoe, thought by elders to have been started by "Samson" Morrison, a son of Chief Jessea [b1842], the 5th *C'esi.* The area has many registered CMTs. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this bagwaiyas include: deer, black bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, scoters, geese, spring salmon, coho salmon, sockeye, pink salmon, flounder, halibut, red snapper, red cod, black cod, lingcod, rock cod, grey cod, yellow sole, crabs, prawns, clams, cockles, big and small mussels, sea cucumbers, sea urchins, black chiton, barnacles, sea eggs, little black and big red sea prunes and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, fern, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, yewwood, basketry materials (spruce roots, cherry and yellow cedar bark and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb, wild onions.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *bagwaiyas* area

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Flounders	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Kiciwi* (Kitsaway or Blind Pass) represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Kiciwi*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory

Adams, Ralph: We fished in *Kiciwi* all the time, there is a fish trap there you have lots of fun when you set that fish trap. We fixed it with more rocks, but you have to take it down after you're finished trapping there; you have to let the fish pass it. I was with Ed Wesley and we went out, and then we said we're going to fix up the fish trap. In 2 days we fished, we made it, not quite up to your crotch. The fish get caught behind the wall when the tide goes out and they end up caught, either laying on the mud or in pools. We catch them by hand. We didn't use gaffs; we

just fished by hand. I think we got four springs and tons of big flounders. They're like chicken halibut. Canoe loaded with fish.

Amos, John Sr.: John's father, Edgar, used to stay at the camp here at *Kiciwi* and hunt for bear. They also harvested *qabas* (spring salmon), *k'inaxw* (crabs), *t'ibam* (fiddle fern roots), *lowax* (hemlock inner bark 'noodles'), *awiq'as* (devil's club). In between Eagle Bay and *Kiciwi* John shot his very first deer, *qa'mila*, at the age of 13.

Bolton, Len: At *Kiciwi* we were camping there, I don't know how old I was. I was still young yet. Dad was logging there with a guy by the name of John Hall and he said they were going to get fish up at the mouth of the lake there. Yeah, when the coho gets old we call it *waas*. We walked up there and hooked as many as we wanted, and then we went back and made mulligan out of it. We walked along the left side of the river going up.

Duncan, Billy: We've made sets for halibut at *Kiciwi*.

Gray, Edward: I harvested halibut, deer, spring salmon, and crabs in *Kiciwi*.

Grant, Amelia: I harvested spring salmon mostly from *Kiciwi*.

Grant, Effie: I know of a logging camp inside of Blind Pass. We fished for spring salmon at Blind Pass.

Grant, Felix: Around Blind Pass, mostly on this side (south end) this side is all shallow; we do crab fishing and everything through there (north end).

Grant, Kay: My dad used to go fishing and hunting in Blind Pass.

Grant, Oscar: I harvested salmon in *Kiciwi*.

Grant, Verna: At *Kiciwi* we caught cohos and spring salmon.

Green, Ray: *Kiciwi*, we hunted there for seals and there's a good place that geese stop.

Hall, Ken: I harvested spring salmon, coho, dog salmon, pinks, crabs, and seal at *Kiciwi*.

Maitland, Harold: *Kiciwi*, yeah! I fished for spring salmon and crab fished in there.

Nyce, Randy: We used to set our skate at the north end of *Kiciwi* (Blind Pass) and at the southeast end; these two areas are still pretty productive now. We still get a few there when we go out. I used to jig for *al'las* (sea cucumber) right outside Blind Pass. There is a small beach there and it's U shaped; it's about 40 ft across at the mouth of it; it's just a small beach. When we looked down into the water it was just loaded with *al'las* and we jigged about 100 there in ½ hour.

Robertson, Susan: I know there are salmon, halibut and cod in *Kiciwi*. I picked blueberries, huckleberries and salmonberries there also.

Robinson, Dora: We harvested all types of salmon here as well as seals.

Robinson, Johnny: Blind Pass, we used to paddle down here to get cockles and clams.

Robinson, Gordon: In June, the spring salmon go to certain bays. One is Blind Pass. One other method of catching fish for food was in Blind Pass (*Kiciwi*). On the south end of Blind Pass there's a main island; it's a big island. But off the big island there is a small island, which becomes an island at high tide. But at low tide the area between them dries up. When the tide is up, flounders by the hundreds go into the pass, they feed there. So the Haisla built a rock wall across the south end of the bay. The rock dam was about 3-4 feet high, about a 10 foot section in the middle was lower that the rest of the wall. When the tide was up all the flounder would go over the wall and into the pass. The Haisla would man this wall with long sticks; they would keep the flounder from going over the wall. When the tide went back out all the flounder would be behind the wall and we would just go and pick them up. When I was a small boy my grandfather took several of us kids there and he made us flail the water, beat it with paddles when the tide was going down. We had to jump into the water; the water was up to our chests and we slapped the water, scaring them from getting back out until the tide was so low that the flounders couldn't get out. By the time the tide was out, we had about 4 washtubs full of flounder. When we take them home, the women take the flounders. They take the head off, take the guts out. Then they cut part way from one edge to about ¾ of the way across. From the other end they make another cut, so that there are little tiny cuts. Then they stretch the flounders and put them on sticks and hang them up and partly smoke them. That's good food. And that's another Haisla traditional way of catching food. On the opposite side of the anchorage there were smoke houses because of the very good spring salmon fishing in Kitseeway Anchorage as it is also called. On the south side of *Kiciwi* there were other smoke shacks built, particularly for the smoking the flounders. They would smoke them in the smoke houses they built on the south end of Kitseeway. *Kiciwi* was valued for that purpose. But also in the summer there are good spring salmon and sockeye fishing. The fishing would stop in there on the way up to Gardner Canal. The whole area was held in common by the Haisla. It was a *bagwaiyas*.

Ross, Samson: At *Kiciwi*, I fished for spring salmon, flounders and crabs. At the mouth of *Kiciwi* I caught red cod and halibut. North of *Kiciwi* was Thomas Stewart's camp and here we caught flounders, spring salmon (in May), crabs, red cod, and halibut.

Shaw, Charles: I go for spring salmon and crabs at *Kiciwi*.

Shaw, Sammy: I fish for crab and king crab in *Kiciwi*. I hunt for mule deer and pick blueberries, salmonberries there and pick *cixwa* (crabapples) at a small river across from *Kiciwi*.

Smith, Glen: But I remember being with Mom and Dad, spring salmon fishing all the time. That one year, just before I married your mom, must've been 1958 or '59, I guess, we were camping in north *Kiciwi* that time and Crosby and Gary were spring salmon fishing for Butedale that time and they were using Tim Starr's gas boat that time. There was so many fish there that time Dad

almost went crazy (because of) big spring salmon, eh, we couldn't get them on the net and they wouldn't bite. *Helxinuxw*, blackfish were in the area and they scare the fish. The fish get scared and bunch up so they get pushed up against the beach and they were on the shallow side, this deep (showed about 3-4 ft high)and they were just rolling along the shore line. I always remember that. We do most of our fishing around here in *Kiciwi* and *Kasa* (Crab River), *Temex* (Heysham Creek), *Awisdis* (across from Blind Pass), and *Kitasa* (Danube Bay). All in this area. I remember that we just go there for spring salmon. Eh. And then once spring salmon is over we all move down to Butedale and salmon fishing and cannery work starts, eh. Commercial fishing. Mostly in north and south *Kiciwi* we do a lot of salmon fishing, spring salmon mostly. Also across at Awisdis, where we got deer and bear. That whole area.

Stewart, Harold: We fished and still do fish for sockeye and crab at Blind Pass.

Stewart, Richard: At Blind Pass, we fished for spring salmon. It is very shallow there, now it has to be cleaned out because there are a lot of logs and branches sticking out. We also hunted at Blind Pass for bear and deer.

Williams, Fred: We harvested spring salmon and *cixwa* (wild crabapples) at *Kiciwi*.

Wilson, Bert: I harvested spring salmon, halibut, lingcod, deer, bear, and *cixwa* (wild crabapples) at *Kiciwi*.

Wilson, Charlie: We fished for spring salmon and crab at *Kiciwi*.

Wilson, Fred: In *Kiciwi* we got halibut and we got lots of flounders. We camped there all winter one time because my uncle was logging there. Tom Nyce used to make canoes in *Kiciwi*.

Wilson, Marshall: Our fishing area for spring salmon was *Kiciwi*.

Walker, Chris: When I was young I used to fish at *Kiciwi*, I fished with my grandfather there, spring salmon fishing down at the south end, on both ends of that. But we did a lot of fishing in the north end with Uncle Ed. There weren't any houses left in *Kiciwi* when I was young. The old people talked about when there were lots of houses along the beach. But, there was only one frame I saw on south *Kiciwi* on the right side before you go in the pass. It must be for a house because the old people just used shakes for their houses.

34. *Mekasa*. Daniel Bay

Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Giyusti'yas* (Joe Starr)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is an area within the Fish clan preserve that covers the southeast section of Hawkesbury Island and includes *Kiciwi* (Kitseeway or Blind Pass) and *Neqetu-Zuzadi* (Fishtrap Bay and the shoreline to the south). In 1926, Indian Agent W. Ditchburn applied to have a reserve established in Daniel Bay, "an area of Kitamat (sic) tribal ownership." The bay is called Daniel Bay after Daniel Ross (1844-1904), not "Danube Bay," as on some maps. This *wa'wais* has been owned, inhabited and used by the Ross family. This 5 km

(N to S) *wa'wais* includes both the *Mekasa* Creek (Evelyn Creek) and *Cinis* (Waterfall Creek) watersheds. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the fish clan name *Giyusti'yas* [Daniel Ross (b1844) to Matthew Ross (b1868, the Matthew of Chief Matthew's Bay, *i.e. Qawisas*), Abel Ross (b1895) to Samson Ross (b1912) to Joe Starr, who gave a settlement feast for Samson and took the name about 2003]. The trapline that includes this *wa'wais* area, #603T070, was first registered to Abel Ross [1928] to Samson Ross in 1938 and now should be registered to Joe Starr and the change is in process.

Cultural Value: There was also a stone weir fishtrap at the mouth of Evelyn Creek. The Ross family hunted and, later, trapped here. Samson Ross's grandfather had a deadfall trap for bears on the hill behind the family house, which was located to the east of the creek mouth. The family bighouse was used as a winter home until the 1920s, when, according to Samson, the family moved to a house in Kitamaat village so that the girls could attend school. The family handlogged in this *wa'wais* and the surrounding areas. The area has recently been commercially clearcut by helicopter, affecting many of the resources traditionally harvested here. Resources known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla in this *wa'wais* include: deer, bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, seals, mallards, scoters, goldeneyes, black ducks, geese, coho salmon, pink salmon, sockeye, chum salmon, prawns, crabs, clams, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, roots (including lupine, fern, buttercup, clover, riceroot), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs, cedar bark, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, beaver	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Ducks, geese				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Sockeyes						XXX	XXX					
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries,					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
roots												
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Mekasa* (Daniel/Danube Bay), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Mekasa*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: I fished in *Mekasa* but I never went off the boat. There was quite a bit of houses there and in *Neqetu* (Fishtrap Bay) and they were all full. I fished during the wintertime for halibut right in the middle of the bay there. Back then, this whole area, *Kiciwi*, *Neqetu*, *Mekasa* was loaded with fish, clams, deer, big cedar, everything we needed, and there were stone fishtraps at all three sites (although the one at Fishtrap was taken down when they outlawed traps in the 1890s). So, the people came here.

Amos, John Sr: In *Mekasa*, John harvested spring salmon, dog salmon, crabs and mussels. John's father, Edgar, went bear hunting here. And both his parents, Edgar and Ada, would pick blueberries, salmonberries, as well as buttercup roots, devil's club, balsam and clover roots in this area.

Gray, Edward: I went crab fishing in *Mekasa*.

Grant, Amelia: We used to get mixed salmon from Daniel Bay.

Grant, Garry: We had one sockeye steam at Daniel Bay and we fished near the mouth.

Ross, Samson: From *Mekasa* to *Neqetu* is my trapline (#603T070) and on her I caught beaver, marten, otter and mink. I also caught steelhead in early May and then humps and sockeye in our creek. At *C'inis*, which is part of my trapline, my gang and I would camp under a huge spruce tree. Here I trapped beaver and fished for dog salmon and pinks. My grandchildren use my *wa'wais* now, which will pass with my name to Joe Starr.

Shaw, Sammy: I fished for sockeye at Daniel Bay.

Smith, Grace: My son Rodney gets sockeye from Daniel Bay. They also pick berries and *q'isina* (grey currants).

Stewart, Harold: We caught sockeye salmon and halibut at Daniel Bay.

Stewart, Richard: At Daniel Bay, we caught sockeye. Sometimes the river gets dammed up and the fish can't get through. We used to pick salmonberries at Daniel Bay. Those berry bushes are still there, but now we go to Bees and closer places.

Williams, Fred: In early March, Fred would fish for steelhead in the river at *Mekasa*. I also harvested spring salmon, cockles and crabs there.

Wilson, Bert: At *Mekasa*, I harvested sockeye and dog salmon. There is alder in this area.

Wilson, Marshall: Our fishing area for sockeye is Daniel Bay.

Bolton, Len: We logged in Daniel Bay in 1932. We lived in a tent. Samson had his house further that way, closer to the river; he had a cabin close to the corner. I was there with my dad. Percy Wilson worked with us that time; and my uncle Rod Bolton worked with us handlogging. We logged all along the shore there and the lower side, both sides for cedar, balsam, hemlock, spruce (only the big ones; we don't get the small ones).

Duncan, Addie: His (William Starr's) trapline was Daniel Bay and they stayed in Fishtrap just for the season.

Duncan, Billy: For salmon, I go to Daniel Bay. For different species at different times of the year, I go there, too. You can still fish Daniel Bay for chum kind of early. You go later on in the spring or early part of summer for sockeye, probably around late-mid August, later in the fall for coho. In late summertime you can get pretty much all species there except coho, sometimes out front and sometimes in the creek.

Hall, Ken: At *Mekasa* I harvested sockeye.

Maitland, Harold: Well, we used to go up Gardner for sockeye, either there or go to Daniel Bay.

Shaw, Charles: At *Mekasa* I fish for sockeye.

Wilson, Beatrice: I know of coho, sockeye, and pinks at *Mekasa*.

Woods, Stewart: I go to *Mekasa* for sockeye and humps.

35. *Neqetu* and *Zuzad*. Fishtrap Bay and the shoreline of Verney Passage south to Mt. Jenkinson

Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Umakalh* (Bert Robinson)

***Wa'wais* area:** According to Haisla tradition, this stewardship area takes its name from trees that had been bent over in the Fishtrap Bay area long ago. It was the site of a tidal fishtrap operated by the Canadian Fish Company during the 1880 and '90s, the fish caught there being taken to a saltery and cannery at Crab River. The fishtrap was dismantled when fishtraps became illegal

around the turn of the century. The "chicken wire and piling" tidal weir was built in Fishtrap Bay because the spring salmon and coho rested in the bay in great numbers. There were at least eight houses strung across the north side of the bay during the 1920s and early '30s, belonging to James Duncan, David Duncan, Mark Smith (two), Abel Ross, Aaron Cross, Tom Nyce, David Shaw and a bachelor house called the "bull pen." The bay was protected from weather in winter. In 1926, Indian Agent W. Ditchburn applied to have a reserve established in Daniel Bay, "an area of Kitamat tribal ownership." The *wa'wais* includes the shoreline areas to the south of Fishtrap Bay, covering an area of 20 km (N to S) and comprises much of SE Hawkesbury Island. At the south of this *wa'wais* is *Zuzad* or *Zuzadi*, a bay with good shellfish. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Fish clan name *Umakalh* (Matthias Robinson (b1906), who died and a settlement feast has not yet been put up for him. The trapline #603T074 was first registered by Chris Robinson (c1930) and passed to Robert and then to Bert, who is the registered holder now.

Cultural values: There are abundant fish in *Neqetu* and in the Verney Passage. The tidal flats at *Neqetu* are rich in shellfish and other beachlife. There are also plentiful plant foodstuffs. The area, especially southward to *Zuzadi*, had excellent cedar for canoe logs and the area was handlogged until the early 1930s. Resources in this *wa'wais* that are known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, mallards, golden-eyes, black ducks and geese, coho salmon, spring salmon, halibut, cod (various), prawns, clams, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants roots (including lupine, fern, buttercup, clover, riceroot), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs, cedar bark, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar, spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Neqetu* (Fishtrap Bay) and the Verney Passage shoreline southward to *Zuzad* (Mt. Jenkinson), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Neqetu* and *Zuzad*?" Thus, answers tend to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: *Neqetu* is a beautiful place. I camped there once when there were quite a few houses there, all belonging to Haisla people. And they were all full! I went there in wintertime for halibut. Mike Shaw had a house there on the corner, and on the flats there was Dick Williams' house. There were a bunch of houses there, but I don't remember the rest. Everyone used them; not just one person. Everybody used it. I used to get bears in Fishtrap Bay up above there, maybe about an hour walk. We got lots of fish, clams and mussels, fur, deer and bear, big cedar for canoes and berries, at *Neqetu*. But, I especially remember that that's where I got my first bear. Like I said, *Neqetu* had a line of Haisla houses there and it was all Haisla people. Now there's overlap claims from other bands. We still use Fishtrap (Bay) today, and if other people claim it, how come they aren't out there with us fishing and gathering at low tide?

Amos, Morris: There is a campsite here; this is where they would stay when they would go to harvest *k'was* (mussels) and to hunt for *sagum* (seals).

Bolton, Len: We used to troll for fish in *Neqetu* occasionally for cohos and got a few *al'las* (sea cucumbers) and *t'lixat'si* (anemones, red sea prunes). Tom Nyce's wife Edna used to cook for us and pick berries there in the flats and above the camp.

Duncan, Addie: We used to fish in Fishtrap Bay, *Neqetu*. Billy's trapline was in Daniel Bay and they stayed in Fishtrap just for the season. After Christmas we used to go down to Fishtrap. And we'd just go there for seafood, halibut.

Duncan, Billy: We've made sets for halibut at Fishtrap and out in front in Verney Pass for halibut, cod, snappers; we get some rock cod and we get all the species of salmon, steelhead on the odd occasion, we catch trout and then flounders. Now that's good eating, too, just like halibut.

Gray, Edward: I went crab fishing in *Neqetu*. We used to have stopovers in *Neqetu* and spend the night, see people and load up on whatever was schooled up there.

Hall, Ken: At *Neqetu*, I harvested spring salmon, coho, dog salmon, and pinks.

Hall, Shirley: We went to *Neqetu* for *k'was* (mussels), '*mu'mugwuzu* (halibut), *k'inaxw* (crabs), *nasnax*, *t'lamagan* (mallards, ducks), and *sagum* (seal).

Maitland, Heber: Some of the people like old David Shaw used to live in Fishtrap Bay, *Neqetu*; they spent a good part of the summer living in these places. They would dry fish and all the things we will need for the winter. And the old people used to put away so much for the winter, and almost all of it was dried. We now have freezers and can and jar things. They used to put up about 200-250 cohos, all of which they had to put in the smokehouse and wind-dry on big racks. They never used to put up any sockeye that I remember. It was just the people that lived in Kemano that used to get up the Kitlope to get their sockeyes. Coho was one of the most important fish that our people used to go and get; it was like a delicacy. And a lot of people regularly caught coho and put it up at *Neqetu*. But everybody had their place. Just so different now because everybody gets their fish and freezes it…and there are so many more Haisla now than there were back then.

Nyce, Randy: We fished for halibut and cod at Fishtrap Bay. It is still a fairly good spot to fish for halibut. I also caught crabs at Fishtrap Bay.

Robinson, Dora: My family used to camp at *Neqetu* from January to February. It's sheltered from the north wind, but it was still cold. We fished for cod, halibut, crabs and various salmon, dug for clams and cockles. We also harvested *al'las* (sea cucumber), *k'was* (mussels) and picked *q'isina* (grey currants) here at *Neqetu*.

Robinson, Gordon: Down in Fishtrap Bay (*Neqetu*) there used to be four big community houses. That area was used for catching halibut, catching and drying halibut. There were smokehouses and drying racks there. Whole families would be there digging clams and cockles and drying it for home use or for trade purposes. The community houses were where the people lived and each had a separate smokehouse. People would have to go to *Neqetu* to put the shellfish up for the winter.

Ross, Russell: *Neqetu* is where people used to go and camp and you can learn a lot about how we subsist by watching all the things we catch and preserve there.

Ross, Samson: At *Neqetu*, which is still part of my trapline, I harvested clams, cockles, big mussels, halibut, sea urchins, and all kinds of cod. The name *Neqetu* refers to "owners who are strong people from up the river" because there is a tradition that the ancestors used to come down the river and camp at *Neqetu* and show how strong they were by bending the tops of trees over (climbing up and putting twined ropes around the tops of trees, and strong men on the ground would pull the tops of trees down, like a tug of war). That's our Haisla *nuyem* story about the name *Neqetu*. It takes a long time for stories like that to become part of our folk history, eh. That means we Haisla have been using *Neqetu* for generations and generations.

Shaw, Charles: (1995) At *Neqetu*. I fished for halibut, red cod, grey cod, clams, cockles and crabs; we also picked mussels right at the point. (2001) *Neqetu*! The name comes from when

they challenged the trees (bending over of the trees). Every fall my family used to go there if we didn't go to Green Inlet. We'd go here for the sole purpose of building canoes, and *Neqetu* had lots of good big cedar, just right for canoes. My grandfather was a canoe maker. There was no monetary settlement there. If you hired someone to make one for you, you would pay them with something, maybe a name, or fur. The last time we went to *Neqetu* was about 1938. We had a shake house there. We'd go fishing for cod, spring salmon, halibut, crab, dig for clams, cockles. I remember there were four Haisla houses here: James Duncan, David Duncan, Mark Smith and the one that was called the bull-pen, where all the single men used to live. Sometimes during the fall these houses would be full so they could build canoes, row boats, and they'd all just help out in the carving and moving the logs and roughing out canoes. They'd take time to fish or hunt and the women would pick what was available and keep them fed. We lived off the land at *Neqetu*.

Shaw, Sammy: I crab fished in Fishtrap Bay and also hunted for black bear there.

Smith, Glen: And clam digging in *Neqetu*, *Biya', Ziqwans*, what do we call Monkey Beach? *Q'waq'weqsiyas*. I don't know what it is in our language. Those are the areas we clam dig all of our lives and across Butedale, those are the ones that all of us Haisla remember. I hunted at Verney Pass in front of *Neqetu*, and down to Monkey Beach. All that area.

Smith, Grace: At Fishtrap Bay, you can get clams, mussels and halibut.

Stewart, Richard: At Fishtrap Bay, we caught springs, coho, halibut, and picked mussels.

Williams, Fred: At *Neqetu*, I harvested halibut, cod, mussels, clams and cockles.

Wilson, Bert: At *Neqetu*, I harvested halibut, cockles, and clams.

Wilson, Fred: I go to Fishtrap Bay to dig clams and cockles.

Wilson, Marshall: The best place for mussels is Fishtrap Bay.

Woods, Stewart: From *Neqetu* to *Zuzad*, I harvest '*mu'mugwuzu* (halibut), *k'was* (mussels), *zawali* (cockles), *t'laxwan* (red cod), *hadani* (black cod) and *dlaxdala* (grey cod).

Zuzad* and *Zuzadi

Shaw, Charlie: (1995) My family used to have a house at *Neqetu* and he would set traps down the coast to *Zuzadi*. *Zuzadi* is the end of Haisla territory down that way. Under Mt. Jenkinson, there are the three bays. Lots of Haisla have camped at *Zuzadi*, because that's where the Woods' logging A-frame, barges, a skid-shack, gas barrels, retainer logs and boats were kept over the storage period when they weren't working. There were camping spots at both *Zuzad* bay and *Zuzadi*, the beach around the inlet. At *Zuzad*, I trapped along the shoreline for mink and otter. We didn't get very much. We'd get about sixty. I think that year Tommy and dad got about 60 mink and oh about roughly 15 otter in 1947, my first year out of school. At *Zuzadi* we dug cockles and clams. Everybody knows that there are halibut down Verney Channel, down there when we can't get them other places.

Gray, Edward: I harvested cockles, halibut and red snappers at *Zuzadi*. It's my grounds.

Paul, Dan: *Zuzadi*, I've been through there. I dug *zawali* (cockles) in *Zuzadi*. It's called that because it's cockles heaven.

Smith, Glen: *Zuzad* and *Zuzadi*. *Zuzadi*! That's where we clam dig. I always remember that one time when Mom, Dad, Kenny and I went clam digging. That's where we started off clam digging. It was such a good place that we just got in the habit of camping where there are cockles.

Stewart, Don: I remember when Clarence Shaw and those guys went out handlogging at *Zuzad* and never came back? They just disappeared. It was about 1946/47, I can't tell you exactly. I often would fish down to *Zuzad* for cod, snappers and halibut.

Stewart, Harold: We caught halibut at *Zuzadi*.

William, Fred: I harvested clams and cockles at *Zuzadi*.

Woods, Stewart: At *Zuzadi*, I harvest cockles, and I dug a lot of cockles there because that beach at *Zuzadi* is where we used to keep the logging A-frame and logging barges.

36. *Awisdis*. Staniforth to Mary Point on the south shore of Verney Passage
Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gaya* (Kenneth Grant)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area stretches from east to west across a shoulder of the mainland on the other side of Verney Passage from Daniel Bay. It has a scimitar-shaped shoreline and is a deep *wa'wais*, even though the primary resource utilization happens at sites on or near the shore. The *wa'wais* is 11 km across (E to W) by 4 km deep (N to S). There are a number of camping areas. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Eagle clan name *Gaya* [George Robinson to Robby Grant, the name being given without a settlement feast]. Since Robin Grant owns the *Na'labila wa'wais* at the top of the Kitimat River, the Grant family has decided that Kenneth should hold this "family *wa'wais*" and, possibly, the trapline that covers this area (#603T089), a change agreed to by the family and in process.

Cultural values: This *wa'wais* has a mountainous backdrop, but several good beaches and camping spots along the shoreline. It is a good fishing area when the winds are right. Besides trapping, it is a hunting area. Older Haisla people mention that there is beachlife such as anemones and sea cucumbers to collect in the area. Various older Haislas handlogged in the area and camped along *Awisdis* for months at a time, living off the land to some extent. Hunters regularly stop by, as well. Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, seals, ducks (various), geese, spring salmon, prawns, crabs, clams, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, roots (including lupine, fern, buttercup, clover, riceroot), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce),

canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including alder bark and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Ducks, geese				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar, spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Awisdis* (Verney Passade, east of Mary Point). These quotes are a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Awisdis*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Bolton, Len: In 1928, I was camped on the west side of *Awisdis* and we were logging on the lower side of the beach, all along the beach.

Gray, Ed: I hunted up the flats here, *Geltuis*, *Geldala*, Collins Bay and *Awisdis*. We hunt for geese, ducks, deer, seal.

Green, Ray: *Awisdis*. We hunt for deer there and also black ducks and goldeneyes and all that stuff.

Robertson, James: We'd leave Kemano to come down here for fresh food that was available to us. Over here in *Awisdis* was *emdem* (sea urchins) that we harvest in the latter part of February. That's where we used to get ducks, scoter and goldeneyes. This was after the north wind

Smith, Glen: See reference to Awisdis in his info re. *Kiciwi* (Kitsaway, Blind Passage) above.

37. *T'lekemalis*. Northeast Gribbell Island below Amy Point

Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Dla'wa* (Frank Wilson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area on the northeast shore of Gribbell Island is one of three *wa'wais*es on this eastern shore of Gribbell Island across from *Biya'*, Monkey Beach and Bishop Bay. The *wa'wais* is 10 km long (N to S, stretched along the coast) and quite narrow. The eastern shoreline of Gribbell Island was clearly recognized as part of Haisla traditional territory in 1926, when Indian Agent W. Ditchburn applied to have a reserve established in *Gawa*, outlining the *T'lekemalis* area as "an area of Kitamat tribal ownership." This area at the top of Boxer Reach was rich in bottom fish, in shellfish laden tidal flats and in fur bearing animals. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Fish clan name *Dla'wa* [Matthew Wilson (b1881) to Percy Wilson (Christened in 1908) to Frank Wilson]. The name is being held until an heir comes of age. Frank Wilson is still the registered trapline holder in this *wa'wais* area (#603T069). *Dla'wa* is the Fish clan name associated both with *T'lekemalis* and with *Gwaxsdlis/T'laq'wedazis* (Clio Bay). The family will have to decide who these *wa'wais* areas are to be settled upon. The trapline is registered to Frank Wilson and is in the process of possible re-registration to Jeff Wilson, Frank's son.

Cultural values: This *wa'wais* area is remembered as one of the rich subsistence areas of Haisla traditional territory. It was visited regularly because it was directly across from the Haisla *bagwaiyas* areas of *Q'waq'weksiyas* (Monkey Beach) and *Biya'*. Handlogging was done by Haislas down the entire eastern shore of Gribbell Island until the early 1930s. Resources exploited and of interest to the Haisla in this include: deer, bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, seals, ducks, geese, spring salmon, halibut, lingcod, grey cod, red cod, rock cod, red snapper, prawns, clams, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants roots (including lupine, fern, buttercup, clover, riceroot), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Quail	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Chum salmon								XXX	XXX			
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *T'lekemalis* (the Amy Point area at the north end of Gribbell Island), representing a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *T'lekemalis*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory**.**

Maitland, Harold: I used to dig clams across from Monkey Beach.

Smith, Charles: We used to go get clams and cockles during the winter at *T'lekemalis*.

Adams, Ralph: Across from *Wiilaxdels*, right in that bay, we used to get our cohos there. You couldn't see the river even if you're passing where the river mouth is. When you get to the tree lines there are so many pools going up there and that's where the cohos go up. I used to pack maybe a 15-pound net until we got enough. We didn't pack the fish down the creek by hand. We'd string the fish on a line. Tie it to the back of the canoe, and pull it and them down. That way the canoe wouldn't be full of fish and gear and us so it would swamp in the riffles. I did that with my father-in-law, David Duncan.

Amos, Morris: This is where I get really good sea cucumbers, *al'las*.

Grant, Amelia: (1995) We harvested lots of halibut, '*mu'muwuzu*, and *k'was* (mussels) at Ursula Channel and we camped in the area, too. Anywhere you get halibut you can also get all types of cod. (2001) This whole area is called *Ogwiwalis* and we'd go down there for clams and cockles.

Grant, Harvey: There were shacks out in Ursula Channel; there were shacks all along the beach here, up to Fisherman's Cove on the south and *Neqetu* at the north end. People had shacks there to harvest halibut, or clams or mussels or whatever you could get; and you always got lots. And these houses were open to anybody that wants to use them; they were built by certain families so the house was known to belong to a particular person or family, but if it wasn't occupied, anyone could use it. That area along Ursula Channel looked like another village when I was a kid.

38. *Wawaqelisla* and *Gawa.* Eastern Gribbell Island across from Bishop Bay

Raven clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Hemzid* (Willard Grant)

Wa'wais area: This traditional Haisla stewardship area on the East side of Gribbell Island is the middle of three wa'waises strung along the east shore of Gribbell Island, with *T'lekemalis* to the north and Luq'wayac'i to the south. The many streams and creeks running across the beaches of the area give it the name which means "many waters." The beaches are rich in shellfish and trapping is good. Haisla people handlogged here. This eastern shoreline of Gribbell Island was clearly recognized as part of Haisla traditional territory in 1926, when Indian Agent W. Ditchburn applied to have a reserve established in 'Ga-wa,' outlining this area on the map and calling it "an area of Kitamat tribal ownership." The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Raven name *Hemzid* [William Grant (b1874) to Willard Grant]. Willard Grant is still the registered holder of the trapline in this *wa'wais* (#603T068).

Cultural values: This *wa'wais* across from the rich Haisla resource areas of *Biya'* and *Q'waq'weksiyas* (Monkey Beach) areas, including Bishop Bay, that have been much harvested by the Haisla people. They have extensive tidal flats for beachlife and shellfish. Boxer Reach is an important fishing area (especially for bottom fish) and the forests of this area provided large cedar for house beams and canoe logs as well as handlogged timber. Resources known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, seals, geese, mallards, goldeneyes, black ducks, spring salmon, halibut, lingcod, grey cod, red cod, rock cod, red snapper, prawns, clams, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, salalberries, roots (including buttercup, clover and riceroot), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Other trees												

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Wawagelisla* (East shoreline of Gribbell Island). They represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Wawagelisla*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Ross, Samson: *Wawagelisla* means "many streams" which is an appropriate name for this wa'wais, characterized by a shoreline with numerous creeks running across it, located on the east side of Gribbell Island across from Monkey Beach. I went there for cockles. I also dug cockles at Monkey Beach along with clams and fished for crabs. I also handlogged there and we took some big cedar and hemlocks out of there. There was also a few firs in there, about the furthest north firs grow in our territory. Some good canoe logs came out of there. We ate ducks while logging. There was plenty of ducks, mallards, goldeneyes and black ducks. Ralph (Adams) got tired of ducks and went up and shot a bear for a change. Whenever I was going home I'd take a couple of geese for my mother. While logging, I ran some traps in there, just before Christmas. I had a lot of traps up at the house in Daniel Bay and rowed up and got them and spread them all over. There were some big beavers up above where we could log with the A-frame. Also pretty good marten. I got some mink and otters, too. With my share of the logging money and some furs I sold to Goldbloom, the fur buyer from Rupert, the family had a good Christmas. Most people dug clams and cockles at Monkey Beach. But, others would come across and dig at *Wawagelisla*. Said it was better across of Gribbell. But, even people who dug clams at *Q'waq'weksiyas* (Monkey Beach) would come over to get a deer or a bear on the Gribbell side. No sasquatches over there. Ha (laughs).

Bolton, Len: I trapped with my father, Joe, at *Luq'wayat'si*, but my family would stay at *Wa* and camp for the three days I'd take to run the traps. They'd dig clams and lay in mussels. When I was little, we would go there in the summer and pick gallons of *golali* (salmonberries) and *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries), *siyaq'wanalh* (huckleberries), *nek'welh* (salalberries) and roots, them *dliksam* and *t'eqwsus* (buttercup and clover).

Robinson, John: That whole strait there from Amy Point all the way to Goat Harbour is good fishing. Not so much for salmon, although some would just troll down through there on the way to Butedale or in May for springs, but the place was known for halibut and cod--lingcod, red cod, grey cod, rock, snappers, all of them. But, you could get fish all over that strait, Ursula Channel it is.

Smith, Crosby: I fished Ursula Channel and got a deer once in a while there. Mostly I dug clams across at Monkey Beach. But whenever I'd bring Johnny and Annie Paul down to Butedale, coming by *Wawagelisla* there, she'd say, "We're not in a hurry. Stop there so we can go in and get some medicine." So Johnny would take *Muk'waxdi* in and they'd come back with Indian tea and hellebore and alder and devil's club, *awiq'as*. I don't know if there's any more medicine there or if it's better, but that's where *Muk'waxdi* said, "Stop."

39. *Luq'wayac'i.* Southeast Gribbell Island across from Goat Harbour

Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Sanaxaid* (John R. Wilson, deceased 2009; heir pending.)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is on the southeast corner of Gribbell Island. It is a small *wa'wais* but easy to access up as far as the lake area. The area is the heritable preserve of the highest status Haisla Eagle clan chief. It belonged for decades to Chief John Bolton. This *wa'wais* was clearly recognized as part of Haisla traditional territory in 1926, when Indian Agent W. Ditchburn applied to have a reserve established which he called 'Luqaiy,' outlining this area on the map and calling it "an area of Kitamat tribal ownership." The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Eagle clan chiefly name *Sanaxaid* [John Bolton (b1865) to Joe Bolton (b1887) to John R. Wilson, recently deceased. His heir will inherit his prestigious chiefly name, ownership of the *Luq'wayac'i wa'wais*, and become holder of this trap line #603T067.

Cultural values: The *Luq'wayac'i wa'wais* includes beaver ponds and resource areas that are easy to access. Resources known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, seals, ducks, geese, pink salmon, huckleberries and salalberries, handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Beaver, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Luq'wayac'i* (southeast Gribbell Island). They represent a subset of the information provided in the 1994 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Luq'wayac'i*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Bolton, Len: Yeah, my father, Joe Bolton, whose *wa'wais* it was, took me along when he went trapping, to show me how to trap, I guess. That's what good fathers do, I guess. *Luq'wayac'i* is steep shoreline except for the creek mouth, and not very inviting for camping. It's a easy climb up to the ponds, lakes at the top, and that was where I trapped. There was a small canoe up there that we kept off the ground, laid on a branch of a spruce tree. I built a lean-to that I used to overnight at up on the top. Sometimes I'd just set the traps and come right down and row over to *Wawagelisla* or, if the north wind wasn't blowing, camp at the Bishop Bay hotsprings. The trapline had good martens, a few mink, I think one otter over the years, and beavers. I got a deer on the way up and I saw deer regularly. There are a lot of bear on the island. The *wa'wais* sits on the edge of such a rich area for fish and everything the Haisla hunt, trap, fish and gather, and has almost no place to camp along shore. So Haisla don't come to this *wa'wais* to gather or to hunt. But, out in front, there are good fish grounds and a few pinks in the bottom of the creek, probably puzzled that nobody is trying to catch them (paraphrase of unrecorded p.c.).

John R. Wilson: My family put up a settlement for Joe Bolton and had the *Sanaxaid* name put on me, so I got the *Luq'wayac'i wa'wais*. I went up trapping a few times with one or more of my sons and we got some beaver and marten.

40. *Ziqwans, Wiilaxdels, Biya', Q'waq'weksiyas, Awamusdis, Gelcuis* and *Slacu*.
Ursula Channel from Mary Pt. to Fisherman's Cove

Raven clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Nagamo'o* (Gary Wilson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area on the upper east shore of Ursula Channel (actually, Boxer Reach) is a single *wa'wais* that now includes two registered traplines and a *bagwaiyas* area. The *wa'wais* is enormously rich in fish, shellfish and beachlife, fur bearing animals, timber, and folklore. It runs 25 km from Moody Point in the north to Fisherman's Cove in the south. It includes (1) *Ziqwans* in the north, a traditional Haisla homesite mythically said to have been made by *Wiget* in an attempt to make a shortcut to *Awisdis*. Continuing southward, it includes (2) *Biya'*, a settlement site and fishing camp that contained two houses (Jack Starr and Mark Smith) up until the 1930s. It is archaeologically interesting due to a shell midden consisting of clam, mussel, and barnacle shells, suggesting the possibility of

centuries-long use of the location. Then (3) *Wiilaxdels*, another fishing camp with campsites and two houses (John Hall and Pat Wilson) early in the 1900s. Then (4) *Awamusdis* and *Q'waq'weksiyas* (Monkey Beach) where *Bek'wus* (the sasquatch) lived, a *bagwaiyas* area where Haislas and members of other tribal groups (with implied Haisla permission) collect clams and other beach life at low tide. There were Haisla family campsites here and Frank Wilson's trapping cabin, as well as the remains of a traditional Haisla bighouse until the 1920s. Then (5) *Gelcuis* (Bishop Bay) with *Kukwsta* (the hotsprings) that had the remains of two Haisla bighouses within the memory of living Haislas. Then, further south (6) *Slacu* (Goat Harbour) and (7) *Dlexakwen* (Fisherman's Cove), both with Haisla campsites. This is a Raven clan *wa'wais*, but much of the area is so important in terms of Haisla subsistence technology that the area is treated as a *bagwaiyas*. This *wa'wais*, too, was clearly recognized as part of Haisla traditional territory in 1926, when Indian Agent W. Ditchburn applied to have reserves established at "Good Harbour" *(i.e.* Goat Harbour, *Slacu*) and "Fishermen Cove," outlining these areas on the map and calling them "an area of Kitamat tribal ownership."

The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Raven clan name *Nagamo'o* (some feel that the name pertains to an earlier Crow clan): The name passed down from Frank Wilson (b1871) to Pat Wilson to Gary Wilson. There are two traplines in the area: (#603T062 and #603T063). Before the registration of traplines, which started in 1925-6, all trapping rights were included in the ownership of the *wa'wais*. Frank Wilson passed ownership of T062 to his son George Wilson and it is now in the name of the deceased Fred Wilson, Sr. and will be transferred soon to his heir. Frank took T063 from his step-son Jacob Grant, and it was registered to Pat Wilson and sons. But, the trapline is recognized to have belonged to Jacob Grant, who died in 2004. Jacob's son Vernon is planning to have a settlement feast for his father and to have Jacob's name put on him; and in anticipation of that event, trapline T063 has been registered in Vernon's name.

Cultural values: Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include: deer, black bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, scoters, geese, spring salmon, coho salmon, sockeye, pink salmon, flounder, halibut, red snapper, red cod, black cod, lingcod, rock cod, grey cod, yellow sole, prawns, clams, cockles, big and small mussels, sea cucumbers, sea urchins, black chiton, barnacles, sea eggs, little black and big red sea prunes and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, fern, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs, and cedar bark, yewwood, basketry materials (spruce roots, cherry and yellow cedar bark and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb, wild onions.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Octopus	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Ziqwans, Biya', Wiilaxdels, Q'waq'weksiyas, Awamusdis, Gelcuis* and *Slacu*, the east side of Ursula Channel). They represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Biya'* to *Slacu*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Biya'

Bolton, Len: Yeah, in *Biya'* people used to fish right outside *Biya'* and there used to be houses there too, belonging to Willy Grant and Mark Smith. Anyone could stay there as long as the owner or his family weren't using the place. There was fish drying racks and a big smokehouse there.

Hall, Ken: At *Biya'*, me and my family harvested clams, cockles and mussels.

Smith, Glen: I hunted at Verney Pass, *Neqetu* area and *Biya'* area and Monkey Beach, all that area, and *Awisdis*, where we used to hunt for deer, *qa'mila*.

Robinson, Gordon: At Ziqwans and *Biya'* we would get clams and cockles. Maggie Cordella had a shack there; it was such a good place with fish, clams, cockles, and beaches in every direction. I used to row down there from *Wiwaa* when I was a kid.

Robertson, Susan: My family caught seal, halibut, salmon, seaweed, cockles and clams in *Biya'*.

Wilson, Ida: I know that there are clams and cockles at *Biya'*.

Ross, Samson: We harvested halibut and spring salmon at *Biya'*.

Smith, Crosby: My Granny and Grandfather had a cabin in *Biya'*. That's in between Monkey Beach and *Ziqwans*. It was my grandfather and granny, Johnny Paul and Muk'wexdi's camp. *Ziqwans*, *Biya'* just below it and *Wiilaxdels* and *Q'waq'weksiyas* down there. There were two houses there. The bottom one is Mark Smith, because that's the lowest to the beach, eh. You can't build another house below it so Willie Grant had to be behind *baba'u* (grampa's). There's a reef right in front of it. I don't know, maybe 50, 100 feet at the longest, eh. There's a beach in front of the cabins and there used to be shellfish in that beach, lots of *k'was* (mussels). Sometimes, people stay there for the winter because there was so much fresh food to eat. You weren't just eating dried food. We'd go down in March, before oolichans. We used to go down there to *Biya'* and we'd get halibut and all kinds of cod, red, grey, black, ling, rock, right in front there. We ate it and we dried it right there in *Biya'*; there's a smokehouse right there at *Biya'*, but we sun-dried halibut.

Smith, Glen: And clam digging in *Neqetu*, *Biya'*, *Ziqwans*. What do we call Monkey Beach? Oh, yeah, *Q'waq'weksiyas* and *Awamusdis*. Those are the areas we clam dig all of our lives and across from Butedale (*T'liqana*). Well, my mom and them were never home, eh, always out fishing or hunting, out gathering food, I guess, all around the area. *Biya'*, Kemano. Every year, they used to take us out of school about two weeks before the end of school and we were always two weeks behind when school started again. That's how it was. Food was first. The cycle of nature was the law. We'd stay in *Biya'* for a month after salmon, catching all the fish and hunting. We'd get deer, halibut, clams, cockles, mussels and berries: blueberries, huckleberries, and *q'isina* (grey currants). And clam digging in *Biya'*, *Ziqwans*, Monkey Beach, *Q'waq'weksiyas*.

Williams Sr., Fred: I harvested halibut at *Biya'*.

Stewart, Harold: We caught halibut at *Biya'*.

Stewart, Richard: From *Biya'* to Monkey Beach, dug for clams and cockles.

Grant, Amelia: At *Biya'* we used to live in, I don't know whose cabin it is, but we used to live in there. Our men were working on logging across from the camp for Gus Nelson.

Robertson, Susan: My family harvested deer, seal, halibut, salmon, seaweed, cockles and clams in *Biya'*. I also know of a camp there. I picked blueberries, salmon berries, huckleberries, and *q'isina* (grey currants) there.

Ross, Samson: Mark Smith owned a cabin in *Biya'*. This was Mark's, Willy Grant's and Albert Starr's fishing camp. We harvested halibut and spring salmon here. People would come here in February for canoe logs.

Smith, Charles: I camped in *Biya'* with Mark and Matilda Smith. They had a shack there. Mark used to walk up about 2 miles from *Biya'* to cut canoe logs and he built good canoes, roughed them out right there.

Stewart, Harold: We went hunting for deer at *Biya'*.

Walker, Chris: Mark Smith used to have this house at *Biya'* and a smokehouse out back. They fished halibut there and around the corner there was a clam bed. My grandmother used to have boxes full of halibut *t'alos* (dried pieces) that they would wind dry either outside or inside, leaving the skin on so you could singe it over a fire. But I remember before oolichan season they fished halibut there and when the times came before oolichan season whenever they'd shoot a seal or get a halibut with an oolichan in the stomach that's how they tell oolichan season is upon us.

Woods, June: My father, Robert Smith, had a trapline at *Biya'*. He trapped for mink, marten, weasel, and otter. I camped there with her aunt Minnie Wilson, Minnie's husband Charlie Wilson, and my other aunt Jessie Walker.

Ziqwans

Adams, Ralph: I used to go hand trolling at *Ziqwans*, you can fish all year around there; they have ALL the fish, even winter springs.

Barbetti, Louise: *Ziqwans* was another camp for drying and preserving fish and other foods, and you could get all of them right there.

Paul, Dan: *Ziqwans*! That's a good place for spring salmon. Bill Duncan and I were anchored in there and he jigged up a big 80 pounder in the shallow water, maybe 6 or 7 fathoms.

Ross, Samson: I went to *Ziqwans* for spring salmon, cockles, and clams.

Shaw, Sarah: My family used to camp at *Ziqwans*, where we harvested cod, clams, cockles, crab, mussels, deer, and seal.

Smith, Glen: And clam digging in *Neqetu*, *Biya' Ziqwans*, what do we call Monkey Beach, *Q'waq'weksiyas*. Those are the areas we clam dig all of our lives and across Butedale, those are the only ones that I remember.

Williams, Fred: I harvested spring salmon at *Ziqwans*. At the mouth of *Ziqwans* I harvested halibut.

Wiilaxdels

Adams, Ralph: I stayed in *Wiilaxdels* a lot; in fact, I don't know how many times. The reason so many Haisla people went and stayed there is that everything we needed and enjoyed was there in great quantity, easy to catch, shoot and pick.

Grant, Harvey: *Wiilaxdels*, yeah, there were houses there. My Granny Angelina Wilson and her gang were the last, I guess, to have a house in there. But when I was a kid there were a lot of houses there. The cabin Granny had didn't have any flooring in it, no easy rocking chair. They were all wooden chairs. We made them. And we caught the halibut on homemade hooks, oldtime Indian hooks, carved of wood with hooks on each end. We got mostly halibut and cod; plenty of halibut and cod. And in those days we made everything. We didn't buy much at all. And you didn't have to buy halibut and cod along the shores of Ursula Channel. That's where the people used to camp.

Hall, Ken: We harvest clams and cockles at *Wiilaxdels*.

Paul, Dan: We get cockles in *Wiilaxdels*.

Robinson, Dora: *Wiilaxdels* was another area the family camped. We fished for various salmon, halibut, lingcod, rock cod, red cod, black cod and dug for clams and cockles while we were here.

Smith, Charles: This is Pat Wilson's trapline, and I went up the creek angled off to the right from the salt chuck. I went about 7 miles up with 2 dozen traps and set them and got 30 martens. This country was made for poor trappers.

Smith, Hannah: Me and my husband, Reg Smith, camped at *Wiilaxdels* during the winter months. We camped with Reg's grandparents, Angeline and Pat Wilson, who owned that *wa'wais* along the east side of Ursula Channel. We harvested mostly clams, halibut, red cod and grey cod. Angeline used to dry the fish. Across from *Wiilaxdels* on NE Gribbell Island, we picked mussels.

Williams, Fred: Yeah, at *Wiilaxdels*, I harvested clams, cockles, crabs and *al'las* (sea cucumber).

Walker, Chris: *Wiilaxdels* on the south side is Willard Grant's camp and lots of Haisla camped there, especially during the late winter, March, just before oolachins.

Woods, June and Stewart: My grandmother used to collect octopus. But she used to get it further down the channel towards Monkey Beach. Right on Monkey Beach itself we used to have a camp there, on this side at *Wiilaxdels*. Yeah, we had a house there and I used to go out with her on the canoe. I used to row for her and we used to go along the beach looking for octopus for her bait. I used to just get scared of it. We used to just go out on front of our camp and fish there.
In March we'd go down and my grandfather, Pat Wilson, used to do some trapping there, too. In February and March and that was his trapline around there at *Wiilaxdels* and Bishop Bay. Pat Wilson, he trapped along the shore in *Wiilaxdels* for mink and marten.

Q'waq'weksiyas

Amos, John: In Monkey Beach I harvested *t'sika* (clams), *zawali* (cockles) and *al'las* (sea cucumbers).

Amos, Morris: I would go to *Q'waq'weksiyas* to harvest *c'ikwa* (clams), *zawali* (cockles), *k'inaxw* (crabs) and *k'was* (mussels) at Monkey Beach.

Barbetti, Louise: Monkey Beach is a Haisla *bagwaiyas*, one of the main areas where Haisla People go to harvest *c'ika* (clams), *zawali* (cockles) and *k'was* (mussels).

Bolton, Len: I fished for halibut at Monkey Beach; and, of course, like all the other Haisla people, I went there to dig clams, cockles and collect mussels.

Duncan, Addie and Magnus: We get *zawali* (cockles), *c'ika* (clams), and *q'aq'anas* (black chiton) in Monkey Beach. There's a big reef in there.

Gray, Edward: (1995) I used to set a halibut skate in *Q'waq'weksiyas* for halibut. We used to have stopovers at Monkey Beach with tents. (2001) We went out clam digging just on October 16th; we went down to Monkey Beach.

Grant, Amelia: We harvested *c'ika* (clams) and *zawali* (cockles) in Monkey Beach.

Grant, Effie: We used to dig for clams and cockles at Monkey Beach, and also fished for crabs in the area, too. Across from Monkey Beach you can dig for cockles, too, at *Wawagelisla*.

Grant, Gary: We dug clams in Monkey Beach, but we never camped there. We just dig up our clams in the tide; usually everybody got enough in one tide. Some people stayed to dry them, but we just took them home.

Grant, Felix: We clam dug there.

Grant, Kay: We went out every fall for clams and cockles, and I know the famous place for that is Monkey Beach. Now it's world famous because of Eden [Robinson]'s book.

Grant, Verna: At Monkey Beach we harvested clams and cockles.

Hayward, Debbie: We went to Monkey Beach to dig for clams and cockles.

Hall, Ken: We harvest clams and cockles at Monkey Beach.

Maitland, Ivy: We'd go out for digging cockles and clams. Sometimes we'd go to Bells Bay for cockles. But mostly to Monkey Beach.

Nyce, Randy: I have gone to dig for clams and cockles at Monkey Beach.

Robinson, Dora: At Monkey beach my family harvested clams and cockles.

Robinson, Gordon: In what is now called Monkey Beach, there were smokehouses (traditional Haisla family homes with an open fire for cooking and a smokehole in the roof that didn't

entirely keep the house from being smoky. There were three big smokehouses there. People would go there and stay there for weeks, digging and drying clams and cockles. And there are lots of crabs there, too. A dried cockle made into stew was fine food! While they were drying their shellfish the men would be jigging for halibut. There are three creeks at *Kamuya* (Verney Pass). The men would fish the whole channel for halibut. They would use the traditional handmade wooden Indian two-hook set up. In two weeks they would end up with a canoe load of food: dried halibut, dried clams, dried cockles; and, then they would go back home. That was their whole summer supply of food, they would usually do this around March, just before oolichans. *Ogwiwalis* we call the whole area, from *Ziqwans* to Bishop Bay; it was considered a special source of our food, a *bagwaiyas*, in our time. Both the Haislas and the Kemano bands used the area.

Robinson, Lorraine: Dad (Tom) harvested clams and cockles from Monkey Beach. They used to have tubs and tubs of clams and cockles which we dried and smoked some, but canned most of it. We eat it mixed with seaweed.

Robinson, Tommy: I clam dig mostly in *Q'waq'weksiyas*. I do that in the northern part of Monkey Beach, it's our favourite spot.

Ross, Russell: *Q'waq'weksiyas* is the only place I harvested clams.

Shaw, Marge: There is clams and cockles at Monkey Beach and everybody, all the Haislas, used to go there. It's one of our *bagwaiyas* areas.

Shaw, Sammy: I went to Monkey Beach for clams, cockles, crabs and deer.

Smith, Charles: We used to go get clams and cockles at Monkey Beach during the wintertime.

Smith, Glen: And we go clam digging in *Neqetu*, *Biya'*, *Ziqwans*, what do we call Monkey Beach, *Q'waq'weksiyas*. Those are the areas we clam dig all of our lives and across Butedale at *t'likana*, those are the places. I hunted at Verney Passage, *Neqetu*, and *Biya'*, those areas, and Monkey Beach, the *Neqetu* area and *Biya'* area and Monkey Beach all that area, and *Awisdis*, where we used to hunt for deer, *qa'mila*.

Smith, Grace: Monkey Beach is a familiar area for clams and cockles. Other foods harvested here are crabs, *al'las* (sea cucumber), and *emdem* (sea urchin). Sea prunes and sea cucumber were wiped out here but now they are coming back. Someone must be commercial digging at Monkey Beach because the last time we were there, there was a hole as big as a house.

Smith, Hannah: I remember getting *dliksam* (buttercup roots) at Monkey Beach and at the mouth of the Kitimat River. They were dug up at muddy places. You had to wash them over and over. You put sticks at the bottom of a pot and steamed the *dliksam*. Next you would cut them into bite size pieces, mash it up, and add it to *cixwa* (wild crabapples) in oolichan grease.

Stewart, Belva: For clams and cockles, my family went to Monkey Beach. Mussels were plentiful all over, but we also got them at *Q'waq'weksiyas*.

Stewart, Harold: We'd go to Monkey Beach to dig for clams and cockles. We also hunted for black bear and seal. The kermode bear has been sighted in this area but, like grizzlies, we don't kill them.

Stewart, Richard: From *Biya'* to Monkey Beach and across from Monkey Beach at *Wa* and *Wawagelisla*, we dug for clams and cockles.

Williams, Fred: At Monkey Beach, I harvested clams, cockles, crabs and *al'las* (sea cucumber).

Wilson, Bert: At Monkey Beach, I harvested cockles, clams and crabs.

Wilson, Charlie: I went clam and cockle digging at Monkey Beach.

Wilson, Ida: I know of clams, cockles and crabs in *Q'waq'weksiyas*.

Wilson, Marshall: I harvested clams at Monkey Beach. Vera saw grizzly tracks there.

Wilson, Patricia: My grandfather, Sam Robinson, harvested clams and cockles from Monkey Beach.

Woods, Annie: I harvested cockles and clams at Monkey Beach.

Woods, Stewart: At Monkey Beach, I harvest cockles, clams, Chinese slippers, crab, halibut, and cod. At Monkey Beach you can find ducks, deer, and seal, too.

Walker, Chris: Monkey Beach, a lot of monkies (sasquatches). No, I never camped or stayed in anybody's house there, just passing through and digging plenty of clams. Everybody digs clams there at *Q'waq'weksiyas*?

Williams, Charlene: We used to go all the time to get cockles, clams. There's a few mussels there in Monkey Beach, too. But, everybody used to go there for clams and cockles and mountain goats. Addie was telling me that the *Bekwis* (sasquatches) were there in Monkey Beach and they saw footprints, big huge footprints. Yeah, in Monkey Beach, that's where they sight that Sasquatch, that's where Mac's wife saw the footprints. I must have been 10, and I remember we used to go there early, early in the morning on a boat; Mom had a boat of her own. Dad bought her a boat and we used to go there; and it's scary, like it seems someone's watching you. And, that's what Addie said, too. It seems like somebody's watching you.

Slacu

Amos, Morris: The Smith Family had a camp here. There is also good spring salmon there.

Barbetti, Louise: There is a clam bed here, too. We also picked *golali* (salmonberries).

Duncan, Addie and Magnus: We used to get salmonberries in Goat Harbour in the springtime when we're going down to Butedale. It's got a flats right up at the head that's loaded with *q'isina*, grey "stink" currants. That's where everybody stops on the way to Butedale and they pick. We'd pick them by the buckets and there's still enough for everybody. We would mix it with sugar and (oolichan) grease.

Gray, Edward: I harvested clams, spring salmon and halibut in *Slacu*.

Grant, Felix: I remember going out with my grandparents (Angelina and Patrick Wilson) who knew that area like their hand and had spent their lives there. They had a camp out in Goat Harbour and we would go there from the village and from Butedale on Sunday.

Hayward, Debbie: At Goat Harbour we fished for spring salmon.

Maitland, Harold: In *Slacu* the only thing I used to do around there was clam digging.

Ross, Samson: At Goat Harbour I got red cods, cockles, and sorrel.

Shaw, Charles: I used to pick *q'isina* (grey currants) at *Slacu*.

Stewart, Harold: You can dig for clams across from Goat Harbour. You can catch crab at Goat Harbour. My father, Norman Stewart, and James Green used to go to Goat Harbour in November or December every year mountain goat hunting. They would stay one or two weeks, camping in the tents and would bone and dry the goats so they could carry them out.

Williams, Fred: At *Slacu*, I fished for spring salmon, red cod and halibut at the mouth.

Wilson, Bert: At *Slacu*, I harvested halibut and crabs.

Wilson, Johnny: A couple of years after my uncle Joe passed away I registered his trapline because it was open at the time and I had Joe's Eagle name, *Sanaxaid*, which carried the right to ownership of that *wa'wais*, which is called *Luq'wayac'i*.

41. *T'liqana, Cidexs* and *C'elitan*. Klekane Inlet, Butedale and Fraser Reach

Now a *bagwaiyas*.

Treated as a *bagwaiyas* area: This traditional Haisla stewardship area is the southern end of Haisla territory. It includes both sides of *C'elitan* (the length of Fraser Reach) and *Cidexs* (the Butedale area including the lake) and *T'liqana* (Klekane Inlet and river). Previous Haisla settlement sites are known: (1) the ancient *C'itis* village (which later gave *Cidexs* its name) at the bottom of the "Falls" just above the cannery site at Butedale (archaeological midden evidence) and (2) just above *Qewi*, the village site of *Go'yuwa*, where as late as 1920 there were traditional bighouse-style Haisla smokehouses belonging originally to Solomon Robertson and Robert Robinson, and (3) at the top of Klekane Inlet, where remains of a Haisla bighouse were visible until the 1930s. There are Haisla traditional stories about the *Bekwis* (the primate called

Sasquatch) at *Lixasanas* (Scow Bay), about the "Haida alarm" cedar-bark rope stretched across from *Qewi* to *Xelasu* (south of Butedale), and a Haida raid on the old *C'itis* village. There are graves at *T'lekexdai* (Work Island) and an old lookout site there. There are CMTs (culturally modified trees) inside Klekane and up *C'elitan* on the east side, as well as Haisla reports of finding an old roughed out canoe sticking out of a mudslide at *Siq'axdlis* (the campsite in the middle of *C'elitan* on the east side). When the cannery was set up early in the 1900s, native people of various groups came to work there. The Haisla accommodated these visitors and the Butedale-Klekane area became a *bagwaiyas* where all were welcome to harvest. Patrick Diffley built a house at *Kukwsta* (the Klekane hotsprings). John Bolton discovered gold across from Scow Bay, selling the claim for outsiders to develop; and the Haislas shared this area with outsiders.

The *wa'wais* is now divided into three traplines:

1) #603T091 (*C'elitan*, both sides of Fraser and Boxer Reach as far as Kingcome Point and Fisherman's Cove). This wa'wais area on both sides of Boxer Reach, narrow and precipitous, was an Eagle clan wa'wais and was used by *Sanaxaid*, John Bolton, who was the first to attempt to register the trapline in 1928. His registration application was annulled due to a technicality (he was mentioned in a simultaneous trapline application for the *T'ala* [Dala] River line). As a result, the line was registered by a non-Haisla [Francis Leask, and later (1936-63) by Chester and (1962-99) Clyde Leask]. But, the Haisla, continued to trap this area. Magnus Duncan reported, "One time going down *C'elitan*, we stopped and talked to Pat Wilson (John Bolton's grandson), who was running traps along shore there south of *Dlexakwen*." The trapline 'paper' continued to be held by non-Haislas with the clear assumption that it was traditional Haisla territory. However, in 2003, Gitksan Arthur Sterritt registered the line (Sterritt, Arthur William and Sterritt, Arthur John) despite repeated Haisla inclusion of the area in their land claims statement.

2) #603T061 (Klekane Inlet and feeder creeks), and part of #603T060. Klekane Inlet was owned by *Gepspu'wazid* of the Haisla Fish clan. That name and *wa'wais* were passed on to the owner's heir (presumably his nephew), who owned, inhabited and used it. In the early 1890s, the name *Gepspu'wazid*, which carries with it the right of ownership of Klekane was transferred to Robert Stewart, b1866, c1891, d1960). At his death, his nephew Don Grant put up a settlement feast and had the name put on to Philip Grant. And, when Philip Grant died, Floyd Grant held a settlement feast and the name Gepspu'wazid was put on Robert "Bobby" Stewart. All of this inheritance of the name and ownership of Klekane were done according to the prescription of the *nuyem*. Despite the clear recognition that Klekane Inlet is Haisla territory, Patrick Diffley registered the trapline in 1930 and later E. Hornbrook (1954), Walter Nickerson (1966), and S. Kingston (1969). In 1974, Haisla traditional owner Robert Stewart registered the trapline. We are not clear why, without consulting the Haisla, George Mach was allowed to re-register it in his name in 1983. Haisla tradition presumes that it rightfully belongs to Robert Stewart who holds the Fish clan name *Gepspu'wazid*.

3) #603T060, the Butedale area, lake and south as far as *Xelasu*, the point south of the cannery site. Because everyone trapped, hunted, fished and harvested in the area, these lines have never been registered by Haisla people. It seemed unnecessary. The area was and is a Haisla *bagwaiyas*. Anyone can use the resources with the implied permission of the Haisla. The original *wa'wais* is a Fish clan area, associated with the Haisla traditional name *Gaditla*. The Butedale area was the site of a pre-Contact Haisla village, as evidenced by a shell midden at the village site below the falls (south side). This village is often mentioned in Haisla oral narratives. Then, Butedale came to be a cannery site and a seasonal home and resource harvesting area for the workers. The cannery workers came from various native groups and they gathered the resources of the surrounding areas with the implied permission of the Haisla because in those days tribal boundaries were known and respected. Canons of traditional generosity caused the Haisla to stop treating the Butedale area as a wa'wais, the resources of which could be used only with the owner's permission; and they started treating it as a *bagwaiyas* and generously extended use privileges to members of other bands working at the cannery. No Haisla registered it as a trapline, since it was used by all of the cannery worker families. But, there was never any doubt that Butedale was Haisla territory. Nonetheless, a Kitasoo, Philip Brown, expressed the intent to registered a trapline that included the cannery site in 1928, for which, according to Samson Ross, "….he was so avoided by everyone or openly called names that he never trapped there if he actually applied to register the line." Non-native people did not understand traditional native ownership canons, and the trapline was registered by one non-native person after another: Alfred Hall, Frank Taylor (twice), Walter Hornbrook, Paul Demers, J. McDonald (last in 1965).

Cultural values: Resources known to have been harvested here and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, black bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, scoters, geese, spring salmon, coho salmon, sockeye, pink salmon, flounder, halibut, red snapper, red cod, black cod, lingcod, rock cod, grey cod, yellow sole, prawns, clams, cockles, big and small mussels, sea cucumbers, sea urchins, black chiton, barnacles, sea eggs, little black and big red sea prunes and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, fern, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, yewwood, basketry materials (spruce roots, cherry and yellow cedar bark and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb, wild onions; and the mineral hot springs.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of these watersheds:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hot springs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *T'liqana-Cidexs*, Butedale and Klekane Inlet). They represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *T'liqana-Cidexs*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Gray, Edward: I harvested deer, seals and cockles, salmonberries, blueberries and huckleberries in *T'liqana*.

Grant, Harvey: In *T'liqana*, there used to be quite a bit of coho there, too. I did a lot of jigging there. There was a lot of ground fish there: red snappers, halibut, black cod, you name it. People used to come back with loads when they go down there just for a trip. There was also lingcod, *al'las* (sea cucumbers). Besides cohos in this area, there was dog salmon and pinks.

Hall, Ken: At *T'liqana*, which is across from Butedale, I harvested mussels, cockles, clams, salmon, crabs, halibut, ducks, bear, and deer.

Paul, Dan: Going past there, we'd get crabs in *T'liqana* and get cockles, too, and we'd get red snapper, halibut in those places, too.

Robinson, Rose: We picked here in *T'liqana*, as well, on this side, eh. *Q'isina* and high bush cranberries. We used to *c'ac'awa* (spear) crabs. (Laughs) I used to do that with Amelia Hall, Ivy Maitland's mother. *C'ac'awa* is to spear. There is a light here, a blinker. We used to pick blueberries here and *laqaxa* (thimbleberries). It was right there about on the point, right where the blinker is. We had to use a rowboat and we'd get blueberries, *siyaq'wanakw* (black huckleberries) and *k'ak'ukwa* (black caps). Jigging for red snapper, *c'ilikela* (rock cod), *t'laxwa* (red snapper). Gee, I'm giving away all my secrets here. All my secret spots.

Ross, Samson: At *T'liqana*, I remember fishing for all kinds of salmon, crab, and at the mouth there was halibut and red cod. Also across from Butedale, at *Qewi*, there were two big smokehouses that belonged to Robert Robinson (Ambrose Robinson's father), and Gordon Robertson. And here people dug for clams, cockles and fished for dog salmon and pinks.

Williams, Charlene: So this is where we used to go across, all along here to go clam digging at *Qewi* and blueberry and salmonberry picking. Starting at *Qewi* all the way to *K'uksta* (Klekane hotsprings).

Qewi

Barbetti, Louise: At *Qewi* across from Butedale, there was clam bed; you could also fish for red cod in this area.

Grant, Effie: From *Qewi*, we dug for clams and cockles, and we fished for halibut, cod and sea cucumber.

Grant, Verna: Across from Butedale at *Qewi*, my family dug for clams and cockles.

Hall, Shirley: *Qewi* was another good spot for deer hunting. Other foods harvested there were clams, cockles, sea cucumber and sea urchin.

Maitland, Harold: *Qewi* is a good spot to dig clams.

Paul, Dan: We used to go across Butedale to *Qewi* to get clams and cockles.

Robinson, Dora: I picked *q'isina* (grey currants) at *Qewi*.

Robinson, Rose: Oh, yes! *Qewi* was where granny and I used to go picking blueberries. Annie Paul told me the little island that's connected to the mainland was a blackfish before. It has a big hole somewhere; that's why it's called *Qewi*. *Qewi* means blowhole of the killer whale. We got clams there, too, in *Qewi*.

Smith, Hannah: Across from Butedale at *Qewi*, there are cockles, clams, sea cucumber, *k'was* (mussels) and *emdem* (sea urchin).

Stewart, Belva: For clams and cockles, my family went to Monkey Beach and *Qewi*. Mussels are plentiful all over.

Stewart, Richard: At *Qewi*, we dug for clams and cockles, and fished for red cod.

Wilson, Beatrice: I know that clams are harvested in *Qewi*.

Wilson, Bert: At *Qewi*, I dug for clams and cockles.

5.4 Wa'wais Areas at Risk in the Gardner Canal

42. *Kasa*. Crab River and Lake

Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *K'iselagelis* (Fred Williams)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the area on the north side of the entrance to Gardner Canal: the Crab River watershed including Crab Lake. This *wa'wais* is 17 km long (E to W) by 7-9 km wide (N to S). On the north side of the river mouth is IR#18 (7.3 acres) near the site of the old salmon saltery (1880s), which left two sets of graves in the shoreline area, one with Japanese writing. The Henaksiala people asked the McKenna-McBride Commission to set up a reserve on both sides of Crab River because *Henaksiala* families were living there. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of Fish clan name *K'iselagelis* [Isaac Wood (b1891) to Charlie Williams to Fred Williams]. The registered holder of the trapline (#0603T052) is Allan Williams.

Cultural values: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla include: deer, bear, moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, seals, ducks, geese, spring salmon, sockeyes, coho salmon, humpies, halibut, lingcod, grey cod, red cod, red snapper, flounders, lemon sole, prawns, clams, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, elderberries, huckleberries, roots (including buttercup, riceroot), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Spring			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
salmon												
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs, prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock, spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Kasa* – Crab River and Lake). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Kasa*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: We used to fish crabs right off the dock there at *Kasa*. They had floats there and we used to fish with just big hoops. I remember we used to get halibut with those big hoops, they were trying to get the bait from the hoops. I ran a supply float store moored there one summer: gas, supplies, staples. Let me fish and hunt all over that area.

Gray, Ed: At Crab River, we'd stop there and throw our crab pots over for cooking, and sometimes maybe 8 boats tied up together have a big meal together. You know and after a big meal we'd all sit around and tell stories. Somebody would go out and get a couple of humpies, dog salmon or whatever and they'd make fish stew out of it. Somebody would bring potatoes, somebody would bring oolichan grease and those old pilot biscuits. Everybody used to bring something to put in the pot. Those were the days I remember, because it gave me time to play around with other kids on the boats.

William, Fred: Me and my family used to camp at Crab River in March. There, we harvested dog salmon, crabs, ducks and *q'wan* (lupine).

Wilson, Ida: People used to get crabs at *Kasa*, Crab River.

Wilson, Vera and Marshall: Harvested sea cucumber from Crab River.

Wilson, Charlie and Marion: At Crab River, I caught crab, halibut, and octopus.

Wilson, Patricia: My grandfather, Sam Robinson Sr., harvested crabs from Crab River.

Stewart, Richard: I used to troll for spring salmon at *Kasa*. A net was left in this river, the coho were cut off, and the humps were left on the net. Some people just go and set their nets and just leave it.

Smith, Grace: At Crab River Grace Mackay, my grandmother, camped there, and they caught dogs and coho.

Stewart, Harold: Me and my father, Norman Stewart, used to get a lot of crab from Crab River but now people are lucky to get a good feed of crab out of a day's fishing. We also hunted for deer and ducks here.

Wilson, Bert: At Crab River, I fished for black cod, halibut, and of course crabs.

Woods, June and Stewart: When I was young, I camped at Crab River. We dried fish here and harvested humps, crabs, sea cucumber, and halibut.

Hall, Ken: I harvested spring salmon, coho, dog salmon, pinks and seal at Crab River. I also know that you can find *danas* (cedar back) around this area.

Grant, Verna: My father, Walter Nyce, had a logging camp at Crab River. There we harvested sockeye, coho, spring salmon, halibut, crabs, flounder, mussels, geese, ducks, seals, bear, blueberries, *q'isina* (grey currants), *t'els* (high bush cranberries), *t'eqwsus* (clover root), and *dliksam* (buttercup roots). At the mouth of Crab River, we gathered medicines such as spruce pitch, alder, Indian hellebore and *awiq'as* (devil's club). Another medicine our people used *k'ibat* leaves (elderberry).

Green, Ray: At *Kasa*, I harvested a lot of spring salmon, sockeye, halibut, crabs, and cockles.

Grant Sr., Harvey: At Crab River, there is a lot of dog salmon. The last I remember, my uncle Johnston Grant, Kate Grant, and their family were camping there drying dog salmon having a whale of a time. There is not much river at *Kasa*; it doesn't go very far. Whether they spawn there, I don't know but there was a lot of salmon there schooled up. That's where they camped. One of the main meeting places between Kemano and Haisla people was Crab River before the amalgamation. The Kemano would live on one side, and the Haisla would live on the other side. Inter-marriages came about between the two bands because of those camps. Ha.

Grant, Oscar: I harvested Crabs at *Kasa*.

Gray, Edward: I went crab fishing in *Kasa*.

Shaw, Marge: There are ducks and crabs at *Kasa* to harvest.

Shaw, Sarah: My parents used to harvest spring salmon at *Kasa*. We also camped here and harvested halibut, deer and seal.

Nyce, Randy: I caught crab at Crab River; of course we used to get crab here in Kitamaat Village until the water got polluted.

Robinson, Lorraine: My father, Tom Robinson, had a net set at Crab River for fish. My family used to eat fish everyday of the week, sometimes 2 times a day. We didn't have a choice at the time. We always ate it with oolichan grease. We never got tired of fish. Now I eat fish about 3 or 4 times a week once a day.

Ross, Sampson: At *Kasa*, I fished for dogs, pinks, and plenty of crabs and mussels.

Wilson, Fred: Crab River, oh, we used to fish there. We used to seine right off that point of Crab River.

Gray, Edward: I went berry picking and duck hunting in *Kasa*. And have stopped over there at *Kasa*, too.

Grant, Kay: We used to stop and spend the nights at Crab River; that was one of the stopover places. I guess there must have been berries there too.

Robertson, Susan: I know that seals, salmon, crabs, cod and halibut were taken from *Kasa* (Crab River).

Ross, Russell: In *Kasa*, a little reserve is where people used to camp in the springtime. They never went hungry there.

Ross, Samson: At *Kasa* there were mussels, dog salmon, pink salmon, and plenty of crabs.

Shaw, Sammy: I went to *Kasa* for deer, blueberries, and *cixwa* (sour crabapple). There is a trapline (#603T052) at *Kasa* and it belongs to Allen Williams.

Shaw, Sarah: We used to camp at *Kasa* and from here we harvested halibut, deer, and seal.

Woods, Stewart: Crab River, *Kasa*, my father's parents, Isaac Woods and what was his wife's name, had a camp there; they were drying fish there. It was just one cabin and one smoke house that was on the river bank, on the left hand going up, and it just rotted I guess. We stayed there after fishing in River's Inlet. So, we stayed there when Dad was fall fishing in Gardner that was open for commercial fishing. That was the early days; I was still young, too. The trapline I think it belonged to my grandfather, Isaac Woods. I think it belonged to Charlie Williams; Charlie Williams was the one who put up a feast for Isaac. And now I think Fred has it.

Williams, Charlene: My Dad had a trapline in Crab River. Yes and it was supposed to go to me but it's not supposed to go to me in the Indian way, it goes to Uncle Fred and Allan made me

sign a paper and it's supposed to go to uncle Fred because that's the way they do it. I think it's unfair of him. It should have went to Uncle Fred. Allen has it and he never used it; but dad used to use it. I remember he used to go out for marten. I never went with him when he used to go. I don't know if Allan used to go with him. This was during the winter, eh; but I think it should go to Uncle Fred because he's the one that got Dad's big name, and that's who gets the big name like when somebody dies they're supposed to get the trapline, too.

43. *Haxwalaid.* Gardner Canal, Collins Bay

Beaver clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Lexlexagelis* (David Amos)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the east half of Collins Bay and the shoreline as far as Barker Point. This 13 km-long *wa'wais* includes in the upper reaches the headwaters of Crab River. Rix Island, called *T'lekexdai*, is a separate trapline, but it is used by Haisla hunters who hunt its deer population. It is not part of the Collins Bay *wa'wais*. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Beaver clan name *Lexlexagilis* [from his mother, Susan's side, Thomas R. Amos (b1885) to George Amos (b1921) to Kelly Morrison]. David Amos or Sam Shaw holds the paper on this trapline and the family may consider joint registration in the names Sam Shaw and Kelly Morrison for the trapline in this area (#0603T051).

Cultural values: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla include: deer, bear, moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, goats, seals, ducks, geese, spring salmon, sockeyes, humpies, skates, prawns, clams, mussels, cockles, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, elderberries, huckleberries, roots (including buttercup, riceroot), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, spruce pitch, basketry materials and medicinal plants (including alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Ducks, geese				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Sockeyes						XXX	XXX					
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Roots				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Haxwalaid* (Collins Bay). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Haxwalaid*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: *Haxwalaid*, that's Collins Bay, oh, we used to fish there later for sockeye and spring salmon.

Amos, John Sr.: John would fish for spring salmon here.

Barbetti, Louise: *Haxwalaid* was where everyone went to catch their spring salmon. But, now it is ruined because this area is now used as a log dump. A special medicine was harvested from this area, for people who couldn't eat anything. Now I've even forgotten the name of it.

Duncan, Billy: For salmon I go to Daniel Bay, Collins Bay, Paril River for different species at different times of the year.

Gray, Ed: I hunted up the flats here, *Giltuyis*, Kildala, Collins Bay, *Awisdis*, and the Butedale area. We hunted for geese, ducks, deer, seal.

Grant, Amelia: We used to get spring salmon from Collins Bay.

Grant, Felix: We'd go into Collins Bay and fish around Collins Bay for salmon.

Grant, Harvey: Collins Bay that's where the spring salmon usually play. One problem we have with Collins Bay is through logging. Spring salmon have left there and one of our big arguments with the logging industries is that we used to get a lot of spring salmon there. They play around there. What they call it was the "resting area." There's no place where they could spawn there; they'd rest there before they journey all the way up to Kemano or Kitlope or wherever they're going. But that was on of the main fishing grounds for our people, Collins Bay. That used to support this whole village there at times when there was a lot of fish that used to play around there; but people were told never to fish it out, always leave a lot for spawning. People used to jig around there and set skates around there and get whatever they could. And still leave lots.

Grant, Verna: My dad, Walter Nyce, also had a logging camp at *Haxwalaid*. While camping there we trolled for salmon and gathered *dliksam* (buttercup roots) and *t'eqwsus* (clover roots).

Hayward, Debbie: We hunted for deer in Collins Bay.

Hall, Ken: At *Haxwalaid*, I harvested sockeye, seal, and spring salmon.

Maitland, Harold: Well we used to go up Gardner for sockeye, either there or go to Daniel Bay and up Gardner we used to go to Collins Bay.

Ross, Samson: *Haxwalaid* was Isaac Woods' trapline (#603T052). I fished there for spring salmon and sockeye.

Shaw, Charles: I fished for spring salmon in *Haxwalaid*.

Shaw, Sammy: I harvested seal and deer at Collins Bay and I picked blueberries and *cixwa* (wild crabapples) there too. And I trapped on my trapline (#603T051) that starts from Collins Bay to McAllistar Bay, and I got marten, mink, fox and otter on it.

Stewart, Richard: Collins Bay was where we trolled for spring salmon, and jigged for halibut and red cod.

Wilson, Bert: At Collins Bay, I crab fished. I have also gone deer hunting in this area. There are spruce trees in this area for spruce pitch.

Wilson, Charlie: At Collins Bay, I fished for spring salmon and hunted deer.

Wilson, Marshall: I harvested sockeye at Collins Bay.

Walker, Chris: Around *Haxwalaid* we'd do overnighters there for spring salmon, sockeye; and then I'd make a trip into *Oxwilh* for coho.

44. *T'lemx̲aya* and *Qayuxw.* Gardner Canal – McAlister and Hotsprings Bay

Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Qwinuxw* (George Hall)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the shoreline and watersheds from Barker Point to Europa Point, including *Qayux̲w* (the Hotsprings Bay area) and *T'lemx̲aya* (McAlister Bay). It covers a long stretch of shoreline (13 km, E to W) and includes the watersheds of 4 creeks. Until the 1940s, there were two houses on the *wa'wais* belonging to the Duncan family. The mineral hotsprings at *Qayuxw* (Hotsprings Bay) was one of the six *kukwsta* (hotsprings) of Haisla traditional territory: those here at *Qayuxw*, at middle *Wiwaa*, at *Gelcuis* (Bishop Bay), at the top of *T'liqana* (Klekane Inlet), *Owyag̲emis* (Brim River), and a seep down the rocks below *Nuwaqela* (Cornwall Point). Trails and traplines provided access to the interior highlands where beaver ponds and goat hunting were customary subsistence pursuits.

The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Eagle clan name *Qwinuxw* [Jacob Duncan (b1868) to James Duncan (b1896) to George Hall, but the trapline is still in the hands of Magnus Duncan.(#603T050).

Cultural values: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla include: deer, black bear, moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, fox wolves, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, spring and coho salmon, sockeye, pink salmon, halibut, red snapper, red cod, black cod, lingcod, rock cod, prawns, clams, cockles, big and small mussels, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, yewwood, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Sockeye						XXX	XXX					
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon							XXX	XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock and spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hot springs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *T'lemxaya* and *Qayuxw* (McAlister and Hotsprings Bay). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *T'lemxaya*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

T'lemxaya

Magnus Duncan: Jacob and Matilda Duncan used to hike up the trail to the mountains, get goats and bone and dry them so that they could carry the meat and fat of five goats down, between the two of them. There is a good run of dog salmon in the two *Qayuxw* Creeks and Jacob used to get their salmon and take them to *Oxwilh* to dry. When Lee and Jenberg logged the middle of *T'lemxaya* in the 1940s there were 15 tents of Haisla families camped east of the creek from after oolichan time until June, when they quit logging to fish for spring salmon, went to Butedale to work and then took the kids to Kitamaat Village to school.

Adams, Ralph: We used to fish at *Oxwilh* and then we would come up this way to McAllister Bay. My father got killed there logging.

Gray, Edward: I harvested crabs, spring salmon, sockeye, halibut and deer at *T'lemxaya* (McAllister Bay). Now that it costs me about $ 63.00 in boat gas for every trip he makes. I have to just go to the good places.

Green, Ray: My grandfather, Johnny Paul, fished at *T'lemxaya* (McAllister Bay) for spring salmon and sockeye.

Grant, Harvey: That was another spot for spring salmon. My dad used to call it the resting area, where the spring salmon would play. There was no spawning ground there that I know of. McAllister Bay was one of the main settlements of Kemano people. We used to live here. I remember when we went falling there for Lee and Jenberg. I don't know how old I was. My brother, Reg Smith, had a tent there. We all had tents there. He spotted something there; it was a skull of a human being. All the people there took the skull further up and reburied it. McAllister Bay was one of the main areas in the old days that our people camped.

Hall, Ken: At *T'lemxaya*, I harvest sockeye, spring salmon, and seal.

Nyce, Randy: We set our skate at McAllister Bay. There is a sandy beach there so we would have to watch the way we set there.

Paul, Dan: *T'lemxaya*; it's good spring (salmon) fishing in there. We halibut fish here, too.

Robertson, James: When dad was a young man he used to go with grandfather and then paddled down to a place they called *T'lemxaya* and go ashore and wait until midnight. Wait until it was really dark. They had a can, a big tin can, and nailed that on a stick. They have a pole just

at the bow of the canoe, have it up there like that. The spring salmon see that, they come right up underneath the canoe and then you spear them. They were pit lamping them. They would take turns spearing. It was a game, and those guys were good with the spear.

Robinson, Gordon: At *T'lemxaya*, there used to be white sand. On a dark night, 3 men in a canoe would paddle their canoes over the white sand when the tide was coming in. When there would be 3 or 4 feet of water over the sand the man on the bow had a spear, he did the spearing. The man in the centre had a torch made out of split cedar and daubed with pitch. It was set on fire but kept hidden. The man on the stern paddled the canoe and steered the canoe. Every so often the man in the centre would expose that torch. The spring salmon in the area became blinded by the light; they would become immobile. The man in the stern would move the canoe close to the spring salmon. The man in the bow would spear one of them. They made sort of a sporting event out of it. The man in the bow could keep spearing as long as he kept hitting. If he missed, he had to go to the stern. They became expert spearmen because they developed their abilities with the spear during the winter months at home.

Ross, Sampson: I remember there were two big smokehouses at *T'lemxaya*. When I was young I remember people would go there in May by canoe. We would spear fish with a hook (no net). There were also halibut and lots of crab in this area.

Shaw, Charles: I fished for spring salmon at McAllister Bay.

Shaw, Sammy: I trapped along Collins Bay to McAllister Bay. I got mink, marten, fox and otter.

Smith, Crosby: In Hotsprings Bay *kuksta*, as far as I know, I don't think there was a camp there, that's as far as I know. I don't remember, but below there just around the point from it that's where James Duncan used to camp right here. Yeah, right there you see that little creek there. That's where the cabin was right there. Remember I told you there had to be water there, fresh water running all the time, because it's all salt water here? It used to be James Duncan's camping spot. *T'lemxaya* is the name of it. He dried fish, especially in the early part of spring, like around May; that's when the first big run of spring salmon happens mainly. I guess that would be the first batch that runs through there. Then other species go through later on in the season, eh, like humpback, dog salmon and coho. He had a cabin there but it's gone now. This is the stream and it's on the left side of it as you're looking up towards the stream, that's all I know. It's that it's on the left side of it, and he had a smokehouse there too.

Williams, Fred: At *T'lemxaya* I harvested spring salmon, halibut and ducks.

Wilson, Marshall and Vera: I harvested sockeye and spring salmon at McAllister Bay.

Wilson, Beatrice: I remember when I was small, the other family that camped in canvas tents with them in *T'lemxaya* was David Duncan and his family. Now they've started helicopter logging *T'lemxaya* and Crab River, except for a small area.

Wilson, Bert: I have fished for spring salmon, halibut, red snapper, and black cod at McAllister Bay.

Walker, Chris: Shot bear in *T'lemxaya*, springtime. We were coming out from oolichan fishing. My uncle went and shot a brown bear there. We don't really hunt them; but, oh, what a beautiful coat on that thing. When we got up in the morning, I said, "Whatever you do don't cut the head off this brown one. I'm going to take it and I'm going to skin this whole thing out." Half an hour later I saw a splash. Oh, no! Here he cut the head off that brown bear. My heart just dropped, a beautiful coat on that thing, the black bear's brother. We ate the meat because that's our teaching if you don't eat it, don't shoot it. That's the *nuyem*. If you don't eat clams, leave it alone. Don't ever take what you can't handle. That makes sense, doesn't it?

Qayuxw

Smith, Glen: How old I was I don't know, probably 4 or 5 years old maybe. But I always remember traveling. I used to be in with, because everyone used to ask for me, I guess, I used to be with my Aunt Lizzie all the time, with Jimmy Henry. I used to be on with them all the time. And this Hotsprings over here (pointing at map) that's where he used to bring her all the time. *Kuksta*, going up to Kemano. I used to remember her, used to bring her there all the time because she wasn't able to walk, eh; she had two little stools she walked on.

Stewart, Don: Well, we camped there and they were logging, I guess, or trapping. Yeah, there was a small hot springs right over here. We camped right on the river, right close to the river. Well, I don't remember exactly; but it's around here some place. What side of the river, I don't know. I was still young. I think at the time we had tent camps at *Qayuxw* and a shack at *P'axw*.

Walker, Chris: *Qayuxw*, the hotsprings. I remember my brother had a dog; we called him Bobby. I remember as a child we stopped there and my mother went ashore after everybody took a dip; brother Dan and I were one of the first ones; brother Andy took us in there. After we came out then mother went. She rode ashore and while mother was in the tub the dog started barking, he chased a deer down. Brother Andy pulled the anchor, went shot the deer, pulled him aboard, and that was our meals. Easy hunting when you have a smart dog like that. That's one of my memories of *Kuksta* there. So he got a deer there while bathing. *Nakwelagila* they call it. Before you go hunting you take a bath and get your spirit in the right place. *Nakwelagila*.

45. *Oxwilh*. Gardner Canal – Paril River and Ochwe Bay
Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Wiyaqi* (Kelly Duncan)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the entire watershed of the Paril River, located on the south shore, just inside the entrance to the Gardner Canal. The *wa'wais* is 19 km long, with numerous areas of beaver ponds. There is an old trail that allows one to walk from *Kukwsta* (the hotspring) at *Gelcuis* (Bishop Bay) into the Paril watershed. The Duncan family had two houses on the west side of the river near its mouth. A burial is remembered on the east side of the river mouth overlooking the water. The trapline ran up into the highlands that included some excellent stands of big cedar and many canoes came out of the *Oxwilh* timber. The Duncan family can trace its occupation of this *wa'wais* from the days of "*Kwmnath-ea-noo-wish*" [b1820s] and Cecilia, through Jacob [b1850s] and Moses Duncan to David and James

Duncan [b1900] to Magnus and his generation. The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Eagle clan name *Wiyaqi* [David Duncan to Kelly Duncan]. Kelly Duncan is currently the registered trapline holder (#603T105).

Cultural values: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla include: deer, black bear, moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, fox, wolves, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, spring salmon, coho salmon, sockeye, pink salmon, halibut, red snapper, red cod, black cod, lingcod, rock cod, prawns, clams, cockles, big and small mussels, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, yewwood, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Sockeye						XXX	XXX					
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon							XXX	XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock and spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of Paril River and Ochwe Bay (*Oxwilh*). They represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Oxwilh*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: In front of *Oxwilh* we used to fish around here. At *Oxwilh*, I trapped there with David Duncan. We trapped martens and we trapped minks. When we trapped we had a camp on the right hand corner in *Oxwilh*; we had a cabin in there.

Amos, John Sr.: In *Oxwilh*, John would fish for coho salmon and crabs. And he would look for fiddle ferns roots and alder here, as well.

Duncan, Billy: Dad's trapping was before my time. He'd go up with his grandfather, James, and his dad, David, all the time he'd trap. He used to tell me stories about when he used to go trapping. He would mainly get beaver; and he said they used to go up Paril River as far up as they could go. He said that the river was almost like steps, like a ladder type thing. But it was all natural made and it had beaver dams up there, so they'd go all the way up to the lake. I'm not sure which traps they used, but back then they were using spring traps. That's the way they caught them back then because they didn't have the new type conibear traps. It was more leg hold. He used to tell me there was this one place on the lake where they built their canoes. All their equipment, lights, traps, and all their stuff they left up there. There was one part on the ledge; it was a little bit of an overhang. The reason why they stayed there was so the bears couldn't get at them. They'd stay out there for a few days, all the equipment they had as far as I know is still there, and they just hung it up and left it. There's traps hanging all over our territory. The water was right here. He told me the canoe was left up there and the traps and a light. The cooking equipment is still there. My dad was still a teenager then. They'd stay there during the day. They'd go out and check their traps, and they camped there and waited a day or two because it took so long to get there. Sometimes they'd make several trips and were out there for weeks. Remember that you trap in November, December until the animals start to shed in February. Then it's over for the year. You take your furs to Goldbloom the fur buyer, or he used to come just before Christmas, too. People needed money and would take lower prices.

I remember my grandfather telling me a story when they were heading out there to *Oxwilh* to go trapping. On their way out, about halfway there, between Dorothy Island and Staniforth Point, in the middle there, all of a sudden there was two killerwhales following them. They started making a noise; it was almost like they were crying. He said that one of those killerwhales was looking right at my grandfather, looking right into his eyes. My grandfather said, "We better go back home, he's telling us one of his clan just passed away." So they turned around came back in and the killerwhale followed them all the way back to Kitamaat. That's when one of our elders passed away; he was part of the Killerwhale clan. I got goose bumps when I first heard that; that's amazing.

Gray, Edward: I went *k'inaxw* (crab) fishing in *Oxwilh*.

Grant, Amelia: We harvested *zawali* (cockles) in *Oxwilh*.

Grant, Effie: We fished for coho and humps at Paril River.

Grant, Verna: Paril River was another place my dad, Walter Nyce, had a logging camp. There we harvested sockeye, coho, *k'was* (mussels), *al'las* (sea cucumber), blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, *k'ibat* (red elderberries) and *cixwa* (crabapples).

Hayward, Debbie: We fish Paril River for spring salmon.

Hall, Ken: My Grandfather's, Jacob Duncan, trapline (#603T105) is at *Oxwilh*. He had a cabin and trapped martens and minks. We also harvested coho, pinks, seal, geese, bear, the odd deer, ducks, halibut, and red cod. And we smoked the fish there, too.

Maitland, Heber: People stayed in different places. I was going to do this one time. I started with Charlie (Shaw), putting the stations on where the people had their houses; like in the mouth of Gardner, old man Jacob Duncan, Ivy's grandfather, owned a trapline (#603T105) below the mouth of Gardner inside that little island (Rix Island). He had a big house there, a big log cabin. It was on Rix Island out in front of the Paril River. He lived in one part of it and smoked fish in the other; of course that is how most of these people did it. They would separate it with canvas and the smoke wouldn't go into their living quarters.

Nyce, Randy: I caught crabs at Paril River.

Paul, Dan: In *Oxwilh* we fished for cohos in there, and crabs in there, too.

Robinson, Dora: Nowadays a lot of people fish for coho here.

Ross, Russell Sr.: I used to go to *Oxwilh* to coho and crab fish in the fall (you need a small boat to go up the creek) and there's a waterfall there. The riverbank has black soil with clamshells (lots and lots) sticking out of it. You can't eat shellfish three month out of the year when it's creamy and milky it's poisoned, but come June it's ready.

Shaw, Charles: At *Oxwilh* I fished for Coho.

Shaw, Sammy: I harvested coho, crabs, and halibut at Peril River. I picked cixwa (crabapples) there, too.

Smith, Glen: *Oxwilh* I done a lot of coho fishing up there with Dad and my father-in-law Simon Hall. We just stayed overnight. Somebody used to have a cabin there. I'm not to sure if it's one of the Duncans', David Duncan and them, I think, David Duncan and James Duncan I think that was their area. I think so. Yeah.

Smith, Grace: At Paril River you can get coho.

Stewart, Harold: We caught sockeye, halibut, red cod, and *al'las* (sea cucumber) at Paril River.

Stewart, Richard: Paril River was fished for coho.

Wilson, Beatrice: I know of coho, pinks, and sockeye harvested at *Oxwilh*.

Wilson, Charlie: I fished for coho and hunted for deer at Paril River.

Wilson, Marshall: There is a fishing area for coho in Paril River.

Woods, Stewart: I harvest coho and crab at Paril River. Just outside of it I've got halibut.

Walker, Chris: Around *Haxwalaid* we'd do overnighters there spring salmon, sockeye; then I'd make a trip into *Oxwilh* for coho.

Williams, Fred: Most of the time I hunted deer in that island *T'lekexdai*. I think they call it Rix Island, right outside of Collins Bay, yeah, *T'lekexdai*. That's what it's called. I hunted deer, and goat, that's the main 2 things but there was a deer there all the time. We would take a boat over there and we'd walk the whole island while someone would look after the boat anchored out in the anchorage, I'd come back with a couple of deer, maybe 3. My father had a number of guns and they were passed on in the family, and I bought a couple of guns. I bought a couple 30/30s, a couple of shotguns. That was all I needed. And we'd camp in *Oxwilh*.

46. *Wasasa.* Gardner Canal – Triumph Bay (*Wasasa*)
Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Paq'ala* (Albert Grant)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the entire watershed of *Wasasa* (Triumph Bay) located on the south side of the lower Gardner Canal. The *wa'wais* includes the long *Wasasa* saltwater inlet, Triumph Lake and the many streams that make up this riverine system. The *wa'wais* extends 22 km toward the southeast. There was a house on the east side of the lower reaches of the lake. The bay had bottom fish as well as flats that produced shellfish at low tides. The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Eagle clan name *Paq'ala* [John Hall to Albert Joseph Duncan to Albert Grant who put up a feast and took the name, but the trapline has not been re-registered and is still in the name David Duncan, who is deceased]. Albert Grant in the process of registering this *Wasasa* trapline (#603T086).

Cultural value: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla include: deer, black bear, moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, fox, wolves, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, spring and coho salmon, sockeye, pink salmon, halibut, red snapper, black cod, grey cod, prawns, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers, sea urchins and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, elderberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Ducks, geese				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Sockeye						XXX	XXX					
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Pink salmon							XXX	XXX	XXX			
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock and spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Wasasa* (Triumph Bay). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Wasasa*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: I got a ticket once for fishing in *Wasasa*. It was posted, and I fished in there anyhow and got some nice springs. There is bottom fish out front there, halibut and snappers there, too. When there used to be a bunch of us fishing in the area, we'd pull in to *Wasasa* and bunch the boats up and cook supper. Somebody would shoot ducks or geese in there. Or a deer or moose would wander down…a bear. The flats out front has clams, cockles, mussels and there's crabs. I've seen the salmonberries along shore while fishing for springs there. The cohos school up in front and the pinks and sockeyes come inside. They used to rough out canoes

around the mouth. Canoe sized old growth in there. I know they used to have good luck trapping in *Wasasa* for the usual marten, mink and otter, and there were beaver up at the top.

Duncan, Billy: Triumph Bay we usually fished for halibut in there and the odd time I'd get snapper or cod. We've taken a few out of there, the ones we pulled out of there were in the range from 40 to 80 pounds.

Hall, Ken: I harvested crab at the mouth of *Wasasa*.

Paul, Dan: I've been in Wasasa there I get deer in there, I used to get crabs right at the head but I don't know if there'd be any more in there. That used to belong to the Duncan's. It belonged to Magnus Duncan and them. There's fish in there, I fished in there for springs. Joe Nelson used to fish for springs in there, too.

Shaw, Charles: I fished for spring salmon in *Wasasa*.

Stewart, Richard: At Triumph Bay about 3 years ago, we went there and it was loaded with commercial crab traps.

Wilson, Marshall: I harvested spring salmon at Triumph Bay.

47. *Q'epuwax* and *Kemano Geltuis* Gardner Canal – west shore of Kiltuish Inlet

Raven clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Wengulhamid* (James Green)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is the watershed of a long creek without a name on the map, but it is called *Q'epuwax* in Haisla, and it also includes the western side of Kiltuish Inlet. It is a hunting, trapping, foraging area that runs up *Q'epuwax* creek from sea level to goat country in 16 km, although the trapline now runs 8 km further than the headwaters of the creek. The traditional owner of this area is the Raven clan member with the name *Wengulhamid* [Andrew Green (b1859) to James Green (b1912) to James G. Green]. James Green is also the registered holder of the trapline in this watershed (#603T049).

Cultural value: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla include: deer, bear, moose, marten, mink, otter, goats, handlogged timber (hemlock, cedar, spruce, yellow cedar).

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Hemlock and spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Q'epuwax* (unnamed creek west of Kiltuish Inlet). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Q'epuwax*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Green, Ray: *Q'epuwax*, that's my dad's trapline, and it was handed down to him by Andrew Green and was probably handed down by his father because the *wa'wais* is handed down from generation to generation. One story of my dad's when he was trapping in *Q'epuwax* with Solomon, his brother, they'd go mountain goat hunting up in the mountains toward *Geltuis*; and without knowing it Charlie Wilson and his crew was climbing the same mountain. So they met up on the mountain and they got their mountain goat. When I look at that mountain, that's quite a climb (laugh). When my dad was trapping, he would tell me about his trapline and he'd go right to the head of his trapline, talking about place after place, almost like he was setting each trap in his mind. He'd walk for days on his trapline here. He had little lean-tos along there. He had two lean-tos and he had his main building down by the waterfront there. And he also had two canoes on the line which he and Solomon had built. One of the canoes got washed up over this little falls here and got smashed up. The other one is still up there someplace. He also still has his traps, axes, his tools in what we call *lhala'alh*, his cave. And that's where he stored his stuff. The last person who trapped with my dad was Chester Maitland.

48. *Kemano Geltuis.* East side of Kiltuish Inlet
Fish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Wawinu'yuwa* (Sam Wilson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the east side of the watershed of *Geltuis* (Kiltuish Inlet, River and Europa Lake). Remember that there are three similarly named *wa'wais* areas in Haisla traditional territory: *Geltuis* (Kiltuish, next to Jesse Lake), Kiltuish Inlet in the Gardner (called *Kemano Geltuis*) and Bishop Bay (which is also referred to as *Geltuis*). This Gardner Canal complex of lakes, inlets, rivers and creeks covers a large area (27 km N to S by 12 km E to W) and has many rich resource grounds. There was a trapper's cabin on the west shore of the middle of the inlet. At that point, a trail leads off to the west into the high goat country, separating this *wa'wais* from *Q'epuwax*. It is illustrative of the extent to which the Haisla people use their territory that in the 1930s, Charlie Wilson and Eli Grant started westward upland on that trail to hunt goats and happened to meet Old Man James Green coming up the other side from *Q'epuwax*. Two km above the lake on the west side of the Kiltuish River the trapline trail meets the traditional overland trail to Aaltanhash Inlet used by Charlie Wilson in the 1950s. This *wa'wais* has a rich history of use.

The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Fish clan name *Wawinu'yuwa* [Samuel Wilson (b1875) to Charles Wilson (b1905) to Sam Wilson], and ownership is a family issue,

regarding the stewardship responsibilities to be commonly shared by the siblings: Sam, Bill, James, Russell and Charles. The "Wilson brothers" are now the registered holders of this trapline (#603T043).

Cultural values: The folk history of Kemano traditional territory maintains a tradition of close contacts between the everyday world and the spirit world, as the people perceive it. The Haisla *nuyem* includes numerous accounts, both mythic and folkloric, that relate to this *wa'wais*. One is included in the interview excerpts below (see Glen Smith's account). Resources known to be utilized and of interest to Haisla include: deer, black bear, moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, fox, wolves, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, dog salmon, trout, crabs, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers, and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, elderberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea, and devil's club) cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Ducks, geese				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Trout	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock and spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Kemano Geltuis* (Kiltuish Inlet in Gardner Canal). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the

1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Kemano Geltuis*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Adams, Ralph: I used to fish in *Kemano Geltuis*. It was a closed area from half a mile inside the mouth up. I was food fishing, poaching, made two sets, but didn't get caught. The Haisla know how to fish and still leave enough fish to get up and spawn. There was a house on the west side, two miles up from the mouth that was used for drying fish in the late '30s.

Hall, Ken: At the mouth of *Kemano Geltuis,* I harvested crabs, deer, geese, and seals.

Maitland, Harold: Yeah, we went all the way into *Kemano Geltuis*, eh, deer hunting in there. I just went as far as the head of the flats, that's as far as I ever gone with John Wilson, deer hunting and goose hunting in there.

Paul, Dan: When I was about 16 or 17, I went logging with Uncle Charlie and Uncle Ed. With Uncle Ed, we'd log anywhere, like *Kemano Geltuis*. We felled some trees where the creek and the river at the top of *Geltuis*. I've gone right up the bay to hunt for geese, ducks, and golden eyes. We can get deer in there and there's mountain goat in there. But, we never did go after mountain goat. Too steep up there! Johnny and Jimmy Green tried to go after mountain goats there but they couldn't get up there.

Ross, Samson: Charlie Wilson's trapline (#603T043) is at *Geltuis*. My father Abel had a camp there, too, and we fished for dog salmon, hunted for geese and ducks, and at the mouth we picked blueberries and *q'isina* (grey currants).

Shaw, Sarah: My parents used to fish for coho and dog salmon at *Kemano Geltuis*. From *Geltuis* we harvested mussels, crab, geese, ducks, deer, mountain goat, and bear, and we picked *cixwa* (wild crabapples), *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries), *q'isina* (grey currants), *xuk'wem* (wild rice or chocolate lily), *tuxwsiwali* (wild rhubarb), *q'wan* (lupine) and *dliksam* (buttercup root).

Smith, Glen: I want to tell you a story that lets you know how we Haisla think about our land and the kind of things we remember about it. One time, we were coming back, Moppy and I. There was Moppy, Marilyn, Mom and I, from Kemano on our way back to Kitamaat and we stopped in *Kemano Geltuis*. We were coming back and stopped there and had lunch about halfway up the inlet, and your Mom and I stopped and had coffee and your Uncle Moppy and Marilyn kept going up to where Uncle Charlie used to have a cabin up there at one time. It was a fishing cabin, hunting cabin, trapping cabin, whatever you want to call it. And while your Mom and I were having coffee, we heard a shot, gun shot. "Oh, I wonder what Moppy shot," I said to your Mom. And I guess that's what Moppy thought about me at the same time. So, when he came back, we tied up against each other and he said, "What did you shoot?" I asked him, "Oh! I thought you shot something!" And, he said, "You could hear that shot, eh?" Nobody shot and we were way back in *Geltuis*, really alone up there. Well, I think that was the same time Mabel died and, when we got home, I told Mom about it and there's a *dutilh*, a message There's a message in that story that doesn't make sense in English. It's an Indian thing. I don't know how to say it

in English. Anyways, after I told Mom about it, she said that our late relative, Charlie, every time he'd go into shore somewhere, him and Aunt Minnie, the first thing he'd do is shoot into the air to chase the animals, if there's any animals around there, eh, so it would be ok once they go ashore. And that's what he always done every time, let out a shot; and that's what Mom told us that it must have been your *Bibi* Charlie shooting.

Stewart, Harold: We harvested *al'las* (sea cucumber) from *Geltuis*.

Stewart, Richard: We hunted in *Geltuis* for mountain goat usually in October. We also hunt for moose, bear, deer and seal at *Geltuis*. The seals have a cave in this area where they all stay. Sometimes, the blackfish try to go into there. At *Geltuis*, we harvested *q'isina* (grey currants), *t'als* (high bush cranberries), *oxwsuli* (Indian hellebore), *awiq'as* (devil's club), alder, wild rice, *loq'was* (hemlock), and *g̲istem* (cow parsnips).

Wilson, Beatrice: (1995) I know of crab and coho in *Geltuis*. I also know of *cixwa* (wild crabapple) from *Geltuis*. (2001) My family get crabs in *Geltuis* in Kemano.

Wilson, Charlie: From *Kemano Geltuis*, I hunt for deer, geese and ducks.

Wilson, Fred: I started trapping with my step-father in *Giltuis* in Gardner when I must have been about 15 or 16. We used to travel from Kemano to *Giltuis* on a gas boat. We used to go way up the river; he had three lines there. He had two along the river on each side and he had one further up the mountain. It used to take us about two hours to walk that. There was mostly marten up the river and once in a while we'd get mink along the river, too. We used to put about 30 or 40 traps on each line.

Wilson, John: Charlie Wilson walked overland from *Aaltanash* to *Geltuis*. They trapped all the way up to *Kemano Geltuis*.

Woods, Stewart & June: At *Geltuis* (in the Gardner), we picked *g̲olali* (salmonberries), *q'isina* (grey currants), and *t'als* (high bush cranberries). At *Geltuis*, there is bear, mountain goat, and seal.

Walker, Chris: We used to bear hunt in the *Geltuis*. Uncle Ed and I used to bear hunt there in *Geltuis*, too. Once in awhile we'd get the odd bear across the way there.

49. *U'yag̲emis* and *Anak'edi.* Gardner Canal - Brim River

Blackfish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Gwenax̲nud* (Crosby Smith, recently deceased)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the watersheds of two rivers, the Brim (which is the *U'yag̲emis*) and the Owyacumish (which the Haisla call the *Anak'edi*). It's interesting that the surveyors and mapmakers reversed the Haisla names of the rivers. The *wa'wais* has *kukwsta*, a hotspring on the left as one enters the bay. Until the 1940s, Johnny and Annie (*Muk'waxdi*) Paul had a house on the left side of *U'yag̲emis* pool, about 100 yards from the beach. This was a Raven clan *wa'wais,* traditionally owned by the holder of the name *Hemzid*

[Johnny Paul to Walter Williams]. The *wa'wais* was given to Crosby Smith in the 1950s, who already had the Blackfish name *Gwenaxnud* from Tom Paul]. Crosby was the registered holder of the trapline (#603T059). It is now a Blackfish *wa'wais*, and the Smith family will be announcing the heir to the name, wa'wais and trapline soon.

Cultural values: The folk history of Kemano traditional territory maintains a tradition of close contacts between the everyday world and the spirit world, as the people perceive it. The Haisla *nuyem* includes numerous accounts, both mythic and folkloric, that relate to this *wa'wais*. One is included in the interview excerpts below (See Crosby Smith's account). Resources known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, black bear, marten, a few otter and mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, wolves, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, dog salmon, coho salmon, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers, and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club) cow parsnips.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho salmon									XXX	XXX		
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Large cedar	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock and spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hot springs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding the Haisla use of the resources of *U'yaqemis* and *Anak'edi* (Brim River). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever

harvested resources at *U'yagemis* and *Anak'edi*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Crosby Smith: Johnny and Annie Paul had a cabin at the foot of *U'yagemis* and I stayed with them. There's a little flats as you get into the main river and it's on the west side from the salt chuck, maybe 1000 yards at the most; and the hotsprings is just on the left as you enter the river. The first time I went up the trapline of the Brim, I dragged a rowboat up there to use on the ponds. It was mossy up there. At least, it used to be; but it must be all over-grown now. That's years ago when I first got married to Pearl on October 31, 1954. I was trapping beaver on the *Anak'edi* there, part of my trapline (#603T004**).** We set traps right up to the headwaters of it and we walked on both sides. That trapline came down from my grandfather Johnny Paul, down from generation to generation, I might have been 14, 15 at the time it came to me and since it's now my *wa'wais*, that means it's in our family; so, anybody can use it on my part or anybody with Kemano blood. When my grandfather passed on he told granny that I'm going to be the owner of Owyacumish. Our Haisla inheritances pass down to nephews, and I'd be 100% his closet nephew, because when I was a little boy he showed me where to trap there in Brim River. He trained me and I have been trapping there all my life around there. I trapped on *Anak'edi* and it was a rich trapline, martens and beaver especially, not very many minks. In them days there were a lot of weasels, too.

We Kemano people feel that we are somehow in touch with each other through the spirit world. Many of us tell stories about being contacted unexplainably when someone dies or by being "ghosted." Here is a story that took place at my *wa'wais*, *U'yagemis*, that is very, very hard for me to tell. It happened to my grandfather. He went up beaver trapping and hunting with my late relative Walter Williams, which was Guy and Aunt Minnie's son. So, it was in May; I know that because *Anak'edi* and *U'yagemis* are always iced up then and it's hard to get in. Well, grampa and Walter, who was about 12, despite the ice and cold, went right up to the headwaters of Brim. It's straight up and freezing cold at night. They were right up in the headwaters and they had walked, so when they got up there and he'd set his traps, him and Walter, just the two of them, hurried to get their tent up and firewood together for an all-night fire. Well, Walter was asleep in a minute and my grandfather was half asleep. Then Walter woke up and said to grampa, "What happened to Aunt Agnes?" And, just then he they heard the big church bell in Kemano, miles away, rang right up on the cliffs of the mountain, they heard the bung bung, bung bung, bung bung just like a regular church bell, so he knew that something had happened down (in) the village. And he realized that young Walter was already told by the spirit something's going to happen to the family. That sort of thing happens. And, I knew it's true because grampa told that, having heard the bells, the next morning he got up and sprung all his traps and hung them all in a branch that he carved special in a spruce tree up there. Well, he told me where that was and maybe 25 years later I went up and there were all those traps hanging just how he said he put them the morning after the spirit told Walter that Aunt Agnes had died.

Smith, Glen: And I remember beaver hunting in *Anak'edi*, trapping, and we went shooting for beaver that time Dad, Crosby, Moppy and I, and Dixon Grant, we were handlogging that time and after oolichan time, we were logging to sell to Lee and Jenberg, who had a camp at Powk. Ray Green started calling me *Tsiyogi* ("Little Beaver") that trip because we got one small beaver

and that was it. Once you get into *Anak'edi*, it spreads out, the river spreads out and there's a lot of beaver dams all over the place, the biggest beaver house, eh. They're still up there today. Well, Crosby wanted to show me this great big alder tree shaped like a sling-shot and you can lay in it, eh. And everybody that went by it carved their name on there. Amazing that that tree, way up in the wild, had dozens of old carvings on it. The Haisla go everywhere in their territory.

Adams, Ralph: I used to look after a camp in Brim River when I was 18 years old. They used to have a store there and I used to look after the store, too. I'd go out fishing at night when there was nothing in the camp; just outside the camp, though. I didn't go far from camp. When there was nobody there I would go out and fish.

Hall, Ken: *U'yagemis* is Crosby Smith's trapline (#603T004). There's also a hot springs there.

Maitland, Harold: Well, we used to go up Gardner for sockeye, either there or Daniel Bay and up the Gardner we used to go to Collins Bay and Brim River. We fished at the mouth of Brim River, all around this little bay here, eh. We fished for cohos there.

Paul, Dan: *U'yagemis*, there's a valley like and a white man said a guy went up on the mountain where nobody's been up, I went up there with Allan Hall and old John Hall and Allan asked him about that. He said "I used to escort women up there to pick berries".

Robinson, Johnny: When I was young, Ed Smith hired me because I had a big boat, to go trapping Crosby's trapline on their family trapline in Brim River. *U'yagemis*. But we stayed in Kemano and we trapped there. We went all the way up to the top of the line. It's quite a ways up and trapping beavers, martens and otter and a few minks, mostly beavers and marten. We camped up in the mountains, eh, on top of the snow. It's just a swamp, big swamp and there's big dams there, it's a beaver dam really, it's about 20 feet high and there's a big spruce growing on it. They call them *nuyemzis*. *Nuyem* is the Haisla history in stories. And the *–zis*, that's the beavers. And, it's still there today. It's quite a ways. It took us around 5 hours to walk up there with all our packs. Crosby Smith and his dad, Ed Smith. I don't know how old I was but I still could walk up there. I was younger than 40; must have been in 1960. Around there and they hired me because I owned a boat; we had to buy gas, gas was cheap those days, anyways. So, he gave me gas money and we split it; it wasn't much. It was about the end of the fur market. We got enough to make a good season, but then the market collapsed.

Shaw, Marge: There are cockles at Brim River.

Shaw, Sammy: I hunted for mountain goat just north of *U'yagemis*

Stewart, Don: It had a really strong smell when we used to swim around *U'yagemis*. *U'yagemis* had a real big pool. We used to swim in there. We used to jump in there and swim around that place. There used to be a fishing camp there, a float. It was tied up there for the fishermen to use.

Williams, Fred: At *U'yagemis* I hunted for ducks. All along Gardner I've hunted for mountain goat as far as Kowesas.

Wilson, Beatrice: I know of black bear, grizzly bear, wolves, marten and mink in *U'yagemis*. There is a hot springs in *U'yagemis*, but you have to wait until the tide comes up to get in because it's too hot. Dog salmon and coho are harvested in this area, too.

50. *Nuwaqela* and *Misk'uk'w*. Gardner. Canal - Cornwall Point and Barrie Reach
Raven *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Wiilemolhx* (Rick Nyce)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is mountainous and difficult to traverse, yet it has been intensively hunted and, later, trapped. This *wa'wais* is not only rich in subsistence resources, but in Haisla folklore, as well. It was here that the legendary *Henaksiala* folk hero, Billy Hall, encountered the *Bek'wis* (sasquatch), one of the best known of Haisla traditional narratives (see p. 252). There were also mythic occurrences here, as well. It was here that a group of *Henaksiala* women, captured by Haida raiders and being taken back to a life of slavery in the Charlottes, were able to make a reef full of abalone appear at *Nuwaqela*; when the Haidas eagerly jumped out of the canoe to gather the shells, the women made the reef sink, drowning their captors. On the east side of the area is *Lhoxw*, the mountain where the anchor of the *Henaksiala* canoes, drifting during the great flood, caught and held, see the story of the Great Flood (see p. 223).

The traditional owner of this stewardship area is the holder of the Raven name *Wiilemolhx*. The clan inheritance and ownership history of this *wa'wais* is unusual. In terms of traplines, before the province started registering traplines in 1926, this *wa'wais* was divided into two traplines and part of a third, all used at the same time. These were: (#1) a line running up the middle of the *wa'wais* on *Misk'uk'w* Creek, trapped by Matthew Wilson in 1926; (#2) #603T041, a line running up the creek that empties into Pocklington Point, registered to Jonah Nelson in 1943; and (#3) the eastern half of trapline #603T044, covering the coast below *Nuwaqela* (see Brim River for the western half of that trapline). Traplines #1 and #2 above were amalgamated officially.

The folk-history of ownership of the *wa'wais* records that Billy Hall trapped in this area and many trace *wa'wais* ownership through Billy Hall's Beaver name *Gepsxalupast*: Billy Hall (b1860s) to Sam Hall (b1898) to Joe Duncan (b1922) to Max Shaw. However, others argue that the *wa'wais* passed to Raven clan ownership (possibly in payment for carving a memorial pole for one of Billy Hall's female kinsmen). This view is holds that ownership passed to Matthew Wilson [b1881] to Jonah Nelson [b1902] to James Nelson [b1944] and finally to Broderick "Rick" Nyce who has the Raven name *Wiilemolhx*, from James Nelson at a settlement feast in Oct, 2003); and who now holds the paper on trapline #603T041, which covers this *wa'wais*.

Cultural values: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla in this *wa'wais* include: deer, moose, bear, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, goats, seals, ducks (various), geese, clams cockles, mussels, crabs, blueberries, huckleberries, salmonberries, salal berries, handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock), canoe logs, cedar bark, medicinal plants (devil's club, Labrador tea) and mineral spring water.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hot springs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Nuwaqela* and *Misk'uk'* (Cornwall Point and Barrie Reach). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Nuwaqela* and *Misk'uk'w*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Smith, Crosby: At *Nuwaqela*, the Haisla captors were drowned by the Kemano woman here. It is also a fishing site.

Paul, Dan: In *Misk'uk'w* we trapped up there, that must have been in '59. I trapped with Johnny Wilson and Bill Nelson. And I trapped with Johnny Robinson for marten later.

Johnny Robinson: This is the place that Billy Hall got chased by the *bekwis*, the Sasquatch (after which he had powers to see the future). I trapped here with Dan Paul and by myself on the west side trapline. There were two here.

James Robertson: *Misk'uk'w* is the place where the red cod was created according to the *Henaksiala nuyem* story. Billy Hall went out into his trapline across from Kemano. Went through his traps. Nothing. Went up the river and saw a bear (actually a *bekwis*) shot it and was chased

by a group of them and took refuge on a great rock that they couldn't climb. He escaped and after that became a medium. Billy Hall later put up a feast. In the feasthouse at Kemano, he walked on hot rocks and danced and produced salmonberries on a dead salmonberry branch. Then he told the people when they would die.

51. *Waxuxw*. Gardner Canal - Wahoo River at entrance to Kemano River
Blackfish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Ca'a* (Pat Robertson)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area extends up the watershed of the Wahoo River (*Waxuxw*), almost directly north of Kemano Village. At its mouth, the Wahoo flows into the Kemano River just above *Yamacisa* (Kemano Village). It is a long river, and the *wa'wais* stretches 28 km north from Kemano Village. The *wa'wais* had both a cabin and a shake trapper's shack at the bottom. The lower reaches have a great number of CMTs (culturally modified trees) and immense spruce, large cedar and luxurious plantlife which have clearly been used by the people of Kemano over time.

The *Waxuxw wa'wais* was traditionally a Blackfish clan area. James Robertson, a Killerwhale clan member, came to be the registered trapline holder of this trapline area (#603T042) at the death of John Livingston, who registered the trapline shortly after registration started (1925-6). It has now been passed on to Pat Robertson.

Cultural values: Resources of this *wa'wais* known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, black bear, grizzly bear (not hunted), marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, wolves, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, spring salmon, dog salmon, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, grey currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mink, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Spring salmon			XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX						
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Waxuxw* (Wahoo River). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Waxuxw*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

This narrative by longtime *Waxuxw* trapline holder, **James Robertson**, is based on a taped three day interview in March, 2000. The conversation covered Mr. Robertson's traditional upbringing and life throughout Haisla traditional territory, included dozens of mythic and folkloric narratives, memories of deceased elders and attempted to give a sense of his vast experience living in and off the land. The interview transcript included more than 100 pages with a dozen hand-drawn maps. The following is an overview of information and comments relevant to the *Waxuxw wa'wais* and trapline.

> My name is James Robertson, or *Waxmalgemlh*, a Killer Whale name. I am *Henaksiala* (Kitlope or Kemano), was born in *Misk'usa* in 1930 at the mouth of the Kitlope River, but I was raised at Kemano. I went to the residential school, returning back home when I was 14. But, I had been raised Haisla by my grandparents. My gramma, when I was five, washed me in *awiq'as* (Devil's club), and rubbed me with the grease from a bear out of hibernation that my uncle Henry came home with; and my grandfather Solomon, *Wakas*, broke ice and made me *hiligaxste*, sit in the water until I was so numb he had to pull me out, so I would be able to stand the coldest weather up in the Kitlope. It's funny that my grampa took me to *hiligaxste* in the *Waxuxw*, which in the end was my trapline.
>
> My dad, Gordon Robertson, took me up on his trapline, the *C'it is* (Tsaitis) River, and while we were up there, he said, "Someday I want this trapline to belong to you and I'll show you how to run it." That river is steep and strong. It was scary the first time going up poling in that canoe. If you missed a beat or made a mistake, you could die. That first night we were there we had no camping equipment, no tent; and what we did, we cut the lower branches from the spruce trees and made a lean-to out of it. There were wolves in the shadows from the firelight and my father taught me to talk with them in my dreams and their footprints were in the snow around us when I woke up. There were good animals there: good martens and up high fishers and beavers in the lakes. I learned how to trap there on the *C'it is*, and also with my grampa Solomon on his line at *Qanadalais*, a day and a half pole up on the upper Kitlope River. And my grampa said, "I want you to know how to trap so you can have my trapline here at *Qanadalais*." So, I knew how to trap. That was my dad and grampa's doing. And

I was tough enough to trap in the winter, cause that's when you have to do it; and that was my gramma, who gave me a tough *Henaksiala hiliga* (Kitlope soul) and made my grampa bring me up the old way to be able to get up to *Qanadalais*, cause then we poled our canoes and there were no motors. But, neither of those turned out to be my trapline. My line was the *Wa<u>x</u>uxw* just above Kemano (#603T042). Here's how that happened.

The *Wa<u>x</u>uxw* trapline belonged to John Livingston when they first started registering them. John was an old man who had lived through the flu. When he died in 1945, it was a big funeral and I came back for it in my father's gasboat with a lot of others on a Sunday from Butedale. The Indian agent was even there and we talked. I asked who would get the paper on the *Wa<u>x</u>uxw* trapline since John had no sons or sisters. He had a daughter, but it doesn't work like that. That agent said, "James, if you give me five dollars, it can be yours." That's what the registration fee was. "I'll see it gets registered in your name." So, I took out the money and gave it to him and a month later I got the registration paper in the mail. Everybody knew the *Wa<u>x</u>uxw* because there are pinks in the pool below the logjam, real deep. I would use a 20 foot pole and couldn't touch bottom. And there were springs in there, too, and dogs in front. It was flat and there were *cixwa* (crabapples) and ducks and geese back there and people could walk up from Kemano. It's only two miles from Kemano village to the mouth of the *Wa<u>x</u>uxw*, or you could row or paddle around from Kemano because the *Wa<u>x</u>uxw* empties into the lower Kemano. I had a little klinker-built boat that I had made and would row from the back of the village to the mouth of the *Wa<u>x</u>uxw* and about half a mile up to that transverse log jam. That's what "*wa<u>x</u>uxw*" means, 'water coming over a big log jam.' There were lots of places to harvest around Kemano, but you could walk easily to *Wa<u>x</u>uxw* except at high tide. They would come for roots: *dliksam* (buttercup roots), *t'ibam* (fern roots), *t'eqwsus* (clover roots), *xuk'wem* (wild rice, chocolate lily) and some *k'wan* (lupine). I came there when I was little with my granny. There was also Indian tea, *pu'yas*, and she would get medicine there, too, and carry it all home in a basket with a tumpline across her forehead. She would harvest all the medicine things the people use, bark and *awiq'as* (devil's club) and *oxwsuli* (hellebore). You gotta be careful with that. There were elderberries. That's *k'ibat*. And *golali* (salmonberries), *q'isina* (stink currants) and *p'ip'axsem* (blueberries). Best big *nek'welh* (salalberries) around Kemano. So, it was an outing to walk up there from the village and groups would go up, talking.

First time I went up the trapline I was 15. I would walk and could cross halfway up on a perfect bridge tree. Good *kenkem* (martens), *kwina*x (mink*), gelem* (weasel) and *kulun* (beaver). There was lots of *t'ixwa* (black bear), but I had #2 traps, so I didn't get bears. I always used 28 traps. It was my magic number. When I would order a dozen new traps, I'd leave most at home so, with the ones I left hanging on the line, I only had 28. I didn't always trap beavers. You don't need to get them in winter, and I'd go up for beaver in May. Mostly, I would sit on the lower limb of a tree and wait until they came out. My father told me how

to shoot beavers. You have to shoot them in the nose. That's instant beaver death and it doesn't ruin the hide. If you shoot them anywhere else, they crawl away and die. I never shot a grizzly there, because they were seldom a nuisance and seemed to be used to me. I never went up that I didn't see a grizzly, *sax*, back up the line. Us trappers always leave some food along our line. There was a shake cabin on the east side of the river, which is just full of big spruce trees, and I would leave a can of beans or something back there…only canned stuff or tea in a tight jar or the grizzlies would tear the place up. I would walk up and back in a day. My best year I had about 30 martens and Goldbloom would come a week before Christmas and buy them, I guess because people wanted money then and took less for their fur. I've passed the line on to Pat Robertson. I went up there with Charlie Shaw about 8 years ago. It hadn't changed much.

52. *Yamacisa* and *Kemaninuxw*. Gardner Canal - Kemano reserve, village and river
Blackfish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Waxaid* (Cecil and Dan Paul)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area includes the long watershed of the Kemano River, which extends 110 km north from the village site of *Yamacisa* (Kemano Village, IR #17, 10.3 acres). It is rich in resources and now has the most dependable oolichan run in Haisla territory. This immense *wa'wais* includes the 50-plus mile length of the Kemano River, draining south from the same highlands that produce the *Geldala* (Kildala), *Dalaks*, *T'ala* and, ultimately, *Laxakas* (Hirsch Creek) and the mighty *Q'axdlalisla* (Kitimat River). The Kemano River is fed by several creeks that the Haisla call *Sik'ak'en*, *Waxwes*, *Gagolid*, and *Waxuxw*. Starting in 1956, the Kemano power project caused construction on the lower river and along the east bank. It also brought numbers of outsiders into the area.

Kemano village was a large community with many houses, a fire hall and a church until the influenza epidemic of 1918 caused a tragic population drop, and the village site is now abandoned except at oolichan time, when there are camps of Haislas and a few non-Haisla guests, who visit with Haisla permission.

The traditional owner of this *wa'wais* is the holder of the Blackfish clan name *Waxaid* [Charles Paul to Cecil Paul]. Not only does Cecil Paul rightfully own the *wa'wais*, but he and his brother Dan Paul share the Kemano trapline (#603T054 and 039). The history of the trapline is interesting. The Paul family did not even think it necessary to officially register the Kemano River as theirs when the province started registering traplines in the mid-1920s. Everyone knew that they owned the *wa'wais*. Thus, as early as 1925, an Irish-Canadian living and working in Butedale, John McFadden, applied to register the lower reaches of the river in his name. (His brother, Michael McFadden, was given the first registration on *Waxuxw* River.) In order to forestall registration by a non-Haisla, Tom Wilson, the son of Joseph Wilson applied to register the river in 1926. By the early 1940s, registration had passed to the Paul family, and the *wa'wais* has since been trapped by Abel, Cecil and Dan Paul, officially registered "Cecil and Dan Paul and Family."

Cultural values: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, black bear, grizzly bear (not hunted), moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, fox, wolves, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, oolichans, spring salmon, dog salmon, pinks, sockeye, steelhead, trout, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers, and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, raspberries, elderberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Pink salmon						XXX	XXX					
Oolichans				XXX	XXX							
Steelhead			XXX	XXX								
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Kemaninuxw* and *Yamacisa* (Kemano River). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Kemaninuxw* and *Yamacisa*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past

tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Amos, John: We harvested oolichans to make grease here in Kemano.

Gray, Beatrice: Some people used to go to Kemano to fish and for mountain goat hunting, oolichans and porcupines, too. Dad, Robert Stewart, and my grandfather, Joseph Paul, used to trap there and they got martens, minks. Beatrice used to harvest fiddlehead ferns and *t'ibam* (fern roots).

Grant, Kay: We just get our oolichans from Kemano now from whoever brings them in from Kemano. It would be in Kemano my dad (Timothy Starr) used to go goat hunting. They knew when the goats came down.

Grant, Oscar: (1995) My family also harvested oolichans at Kemano; the last time I harvested oolichans there was about 5 years ago.

Hayward, Debbie: From Kemano we fished oolichans during oolichan season, and in later months we fished for spring salmon and coho. We hunted in Kemano area for deer, moose, ducks and seal.

Nyce, Randy: From the Kemano area we get seals and ducks. On our annual trek from Kitamaat to Kemano, I usually go behind everybody because of my work schedule. I take along my 16 ft boat by myself and by the time I get to Kemano I usually have about 30 goldeneye ducks. The women used to hate me by the time I get to Kemano because then they would have to pluck the ducks. One time, Hal and I went up to Kemano, right up to the head again for geese, ducks, and moose and we happened to find a lot of *cixwa* (wild crabapples). They were huge! We filled a couple of buckets up within 20 minutes.

Robinson, Dora: Since there hasn't been oolichans at Old Town or Kildala, my family now get their oolichans from whoever brings it in from Kemano.

Robinson, Rose: In dad's old house I don't remember her (Louisa Paul, *Mesachi*) dying. I might've been 5. I got Louisa's name. I spend a lot of time with her. I remember getting roots with her, we used to go out and I don't remember getting *t'ibam* (fern roots), but I remember eating it in her house. I remember getting *dliksam* (Buttercup roots) with her, *t'eqwus* (clover roots), *q'wan* (lupine roots), back at the back of the village. The village is like this; we go to the back because there is a shortcut to the river here. We had to row up the river and go to the flats where the geese were eating the roots that we were going after. The graves are right here and you had to go up this way, up river. The flats were right here. It's almost island like. I don't think it's an island. This is where we have our oolichan camp now. This is mom's oolichan camp. It's a small place and Charlie Shaw's camp is there, too. We got a little house here. Jughead (Charles Shaw) has got a little house here. And Johnny Wilson got a little house here for oolichans. We can't go to Johnny's unless it's low tide. We can walk there and ours is right here; it's close to the water. There is a little waterfall and that's why we're there. We need water for oolichans. This is where Cecil, Dan and George Hall have their camps; there are 3 camps here, each with a

boiler for oolichans. They oolichan fished in the river itself. We're talking about *Mesachi* and how Louisa Paul got that name. It's a play name and the word is actually the Chinook word for "useless, bad" that used to be used up here when traders talked Chinook. Anyhow, Louisa got the name because it's a place in Bella Coola area where the boats travel. Apparently it's a real nasty place; it gets the 3 winds together like this so it's like a eggbeater all the time. It's called *Mesachi* by the Bella Coola people. Where the winds come together and it's gets violent and nasty for boats. That's the reason they call Louisa Paul that. "The *Mesachi* crew" is the Smith family. Us Smiths are Kemano people.

Shaw, Marge: We gathered wild rice and wild rhubarb at the flats, and cottonwood, alder, devil's club at Kemano River. We picked apples and plums off our trees there, too; *qwemksiwaa* fruit that we planted. We harvested potatoes, carrots, cabbage, and turnips from our gardens there too. That was the only source we had for those things, growing them. There was wolves and cougars there, also. We had a house here in Kitamaat village, too, and Kemano was the second place that I harvested oolichans.

Shaw, Sammy: The first place I harvested oolichans was in Kemano River. It is my main river for oolichan harvesting.

Smith, Grace: I now get my oolichans from Kemano from Johnny Wilson, who is Charles' friend. My son Rodney Smith also gets sockeye from Kemano.

Smith, Louisa: This fish we get from Kemano; it all goes through Kemano all the fish, and we'll take the fish from Kemano to jar (process in jars or cans) because it still has a bit of oil in it. As the salmon goes up the river, it looses oil, so by the time it reaches *Q'os* (Kitlope Lake) they are pretty red; the fish are used up from the long swim upriver. Most of the oil was out. It's the oil that makes the fish rancid, so in order to fully dry the fish, they would get it when it is really red after it has spawned. It will keep all winter without it getting rancid. So, the oil plays a big part in where you're going to get the salmon. As the salmon goes along the river, people will take it for half smoked and *t'alos* (dried fish). If you really want to keep it for a long time, you can wait. They wait until they have spawned before you take the salmon out of the river. Sockeye, coho, dog salmon, and I'm not sure whether it is the spring salmon and the steelhead. I know it is 5 species that go up there. At Kemano, we get oolichans from there. Traditionally the oolichans used to go up the Kitamaat River.

Stewart, Harold: We caught sockeye at the Kemano River.

Stewart, Richard: We fished the Kemano area for spring salmon and oolichans.

Wilson, Beatrice: Johnny would hunt seal on the Kemano River and the rocks between Kemano and Kowesas. John has a punt and he fishes in Kemano River, too, for cohos, dogs (chums), steelhead trout, pinks, sockeye. All five species have only been there in the past 10 years, I think it has something to do with the Frazer water going into the river.

Wilson, Bert: The third place I harvested oolichans was Kemano. My crew camped out in a tent there. I went out in 1994 and my share of oolichan grease was 5 gallons. As for hunting in

Kemano, I have gone hunting here for goat, ducks, and geese. I have also picked salmonberries, huckleberries, and raspberries, and *cixwa* (wild crabapples) around this area.

53. *Qawisas.* Gardner Canal - Kowesas River watershed and Chief Matthew's Bay

Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *C'ekwikas* (Ken Hall)

***Wa'wais* area:** This traditional Haisla stewardship area is located above Kemano on the west side of the Gardner Canal. It was named after Matthew Ross (1868-1899). It is 44 km long (N to S) and follows the Kowesas River which flows NE into the top of Chief Matthew's Bay. This beautiful inlet has always been cherished by the Haisla. Rich in halibut and various salmon, it has an occasional small oolichan run in the creek that enters from the north at the top of the inlet. The *Qawisas* River, a favorite Haisla hunting and fishing spot, flows northward into the upper end of the bay. On the south side at the entrance, there are paths up into the highlands that were used by goat hunters and for the women to go up to collect goat wool for spinning and weaving.

The traditional owner of this stewardship area was the holder of the Eagle clan name *C'ekwikas* [John Hall (b1891) to Ken Hall]. The names of Billy Hall were passed down in the Hall family providing for ownership of the *Qawisas* (*C'ekwikas*, John Hall to Ken Hall) and the Kitlope (*Hai'mac Gax*, Simon Hall to Simon Hall) and also *Gepsxalupast*, the name traditionally associated earlier with *Misk'uk'w* (Sam Hall to Joe Duncan to Max Shaw). The trapline, (#603T040) is registered to Nina Shaw, who holds it as regent.

Cultural values: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, black bear, grizzly bear (not hunted), moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, fox, wolves, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, oolichan, dog salmon, pinks, sockeye, halibut, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers, and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, raspberries, elderberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Sockeyes						XXX	XXX					

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Pink salmon							XXX	XXX	XXX			
Oolichans				XXX	XXX							
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Qawisas* (Chief Matthew's Bay). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources in the Kowesas?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Ken: *Qawisas* is my trapline #603T036. I trapped for beaver, marten, and mink here. I also harvest sockeye, and crabs from here.

Hall, Shirley: At *Qawisas* we harvest humps, dog salmon, spring salmon, ducks, geese, seals, bear, and deer. We also picked blueberries, huckleberries, salmonberries, *q'isina* (grey currants) *k'ibat* (red elderberries), mint leaves, and devil's club. At *Qawisas* you also see grizzly bear, eagles, and ravens. There's a hot springs at *Qayuxw* and I picked blueberries and *cixwa* (crabapples) there too.

Maitland, Harold: In Chief Matthew's Bay there was good fishing up around there, because this belonged to old John Hall, eh, and he taught me quite a bit of fishing too.

Paul, Dan: The women would go up to *Qawisas* and they have baskets on their back and they go under the brushes for picking wool from the mountain goat, what the mountain goat shed in the springtime. Then they'd spin it with an oldtime whorl, this thing my mother had was from a killer whale bone; that's the round thing, the weight, the whirl and weave it into toques, vests and sweaters that would shed water. We had designs on it in different colours; I don't if there was any meaning to the design but they had designs. I don't know what they used for the colours.

Robertson, Susan: My family harvested *mia* (salmon), *q'am'ila* (deer), and *wezix* (moose) in *Qawisas*. And I picked *p'ip'exsem* (blueberries), *siyaq'wanalh* (huckleberries), *k'ibat* (elderberries), *q'isina* (grey currants), and *cixwa* (crabapples) from there too.

Roberson, James: Here there was a lot of crabapple trees. John Hall was the last to make use of that. You couldn't go in there to pick the crabapples, John had to take his fill, fill his barrels. Then he would go pass the word that anyone who wanted to fill the barrels of crabapples from here (could). It was only on his word that people were allowed to come in. Ken Hall owns that now; his given name from his uncle is *C'ekwikas* and that goes with the name. John Hall had his house on there, in the wooded area where there was a giant Sitka spruce there. I was getting 2 or 3 seals on a trip there, it was great seal country right below the flats. And I got bears.

Ross, Samson*: Misk'uk'w was* John Hall's trapline #603T036; he gave it to Ambrose Robinson. *Qawisas* was also John Hall's Trapline #603T036 (Ken Hall and family) and I fished for coho here.

Shaw, Sammy: I fished Chief Matthew's Bay for oolichans. This place was the third place that I harvested oolichans from. In the past 5 years there hasn't been any oolichans there. I hunted for ducks, geese, deer and moose at the head and at the flats there also.

Shaw, Sarah: My family had a trapline (#603T040) close to *Qawisas*. It is supposed to belong to Herman Maitland's son Warren, but it now belongs to Ken Hall. On this trapline we used to get beaver, mink, and martens.

Smith, Crosby: *Qawisas* you know who owns that? Ken Hall, that's *Wak'as, C'ekwikas*. *Wak'as* is the totem pole with the big nose. Kenny's trapline and the Hall family owns the valley of Kitlope. I picked crabapples right up the headwaters of Kitlope, both sides right across Granny's camp, oolichan camp right across there. There's lots of it there in the Kitlope. Anywhere along the flats here somewhere, oh there's a watchmen's cabin there, you know where it is the new one? Any place along there, any place there there'd be wild crabapples, even up around *Misk'usa* and those places all kinds of it there. And of course you eat *dliksam* and *t'uq'sus*, they're white and skinny about that long, pure white. *Dliksam* is brown and it's got sort of little veins on the outside of it; ok, that's *dliksam* that's good to eat. And you got *t'ibam*; actually *t'ibam* grows any place; there's lots around here, too, up on the mountainsides. Then then *q'wan*, wild carrots same place as where you get *t'ekwsus* and that *dliksam*. I kind of think you know those purple flowers in the flats they look really nice like a cup, they're purple. That's the leaf of the q'wan, you see it early spring all over the flats, any flats, you'll see it any place. You can get these at *Miya'nexaas* on the flats there, Qawisas you could pick it in Qawisas the flats there and behind Kemano the same thing; we used to pick it there, we used to pick lots there. I guess that's mainly where Granny and I used to pick it all the time.

Stewart, Belva: At Kowesas, my family hunted for bear, mountain goat, and deer. We also caught various salmon and trapped beaver, marten, mink, and squirrels here. There were also grizzly bears in this area.

Wilson, Beatrice: I know of oolichans and coho in Kowesas. *Papalums* (green moss) was used for sanitary napkins, which was harvested everywhere such as Kowesas, *Yamachesa, C'imoc'a*, and Butedale.

Wilson, Charlie: I fished for sockeye at Kowesas.

54. *Wakasu* and *C'it is*. Gardner Canal - *Wakasu* Creek and Tsaitis River
Wakasu-Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Wakas* or *Wakasu* (Solomon Robertson)
C'itis-Blackfish clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Nismulax* (Gordon Robertson)

***Wa'wais* area**: This traditional Haisla stewardship area is discontinuous, comprised of watershed areas on both sides of the head of the Gardner Canal and the *C'itis* watershed, which rises above the village site of *Misk'usa* (IR #16, 45.3 acres). *Wakasu* and *Kwa'ylaxsnuxw* ("blue jay"), the mostly mountainous area on both sides of the head of Gardner Canal, are currently distinguished as a different trapline (#603T038) from the *C'itis* area (now trapline #603T037). Although these two areas were probably different *wa'wais*es in our clan pre-history, they came to be functionally amalgamated, possibly as a result of the decline in population during the contact pandemics. These two areas are now treated as a single *wa'wais*. *C'itis* is a rich area with challenging waters rising 35 km to the NE from its own mouth above the *Misk'usa* village site on the lower Kitlope River. *Wakasu* (west side of Gardner) and *Kwa'ylaxsnuxw* ("Bluejay falls on the east side) are mountainous with precipitous heights falling to the water's edge. The mouth of *Wakasu* Creek was the site of an earlier cannery that washed out in the spring floods and was ultimately abandoned.

The traditional owner of *C'itis* was the Blackfish clan member with the name *Nismulax*, Gordon Robertson (b1916), to Garry, Barry and Derek Wilson, who now are the registered holders of the trapline (#603T037). See the genealogy below. The *Wakasu-Kwa'ylaxsnuw* trapline was originally an Eagle *wa'wais* belonging to the holder of the name *Wakas* or *Wakasu*, belonging to Solomon Robertson [b1860s?], but in a forced auction of traplines held in the 1990s, John Robinson bought the rights to that trapline (#603T038).

Cultural values: Resources known to be utilized and of interest to the Haisla include: deer, black bear, grizzly bear (not hunted), moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, fox, wolves, goats, seals, mallards and other ducks, geese, coho salmon, dog salmon, pinks, sockeye, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, raspberries, elderberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry and net-making materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses, fireweed, nettles), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Dog salmon								XXX	XXX			
Pink salmon							XXX	XXX	XXX			
Sockeyes							XXX	XXX				
Clams, cockles	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Wanuxw* and *C'itis* (Cannery Bay and Tsaitis River at the mouth of the Kitlope River). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources at *Wanuxw* and *C'itis*?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Shaw, Charles: There was a cannery here at *Wakasu* earlier. It was called the Big River Cannery, and later the Price Brothers Cannery. We're talking the 1890s. It was gone long before the First World War. There were 7 stockholders in the Big River Cannery Corp. They changed the name to Price Brothers. The workers were mostly *Misk'usa* people. There was only one line in the first cannery. See, the first cannery building got washed out into the bay. So they built another one. The first one was made of lumber and they told the Kemano people that they could have the wood from those buildings which were just floating out in the water if they wanted it. Lumber was expensive then and hard for us to come by. We didn't have any money. So a lot of the houses at Kemano were made from it. The water that they used in the cannery was from the river that came down at the site, and it had a kind of falls with a big pond up above. What would happen is the ice would jam up at the top and block back a lot of water that would come whooshing down and just wash everything in the way out into the bay. They had only one line, did 1200 –1400 cases per month and a half. Then they only canned sockeye. The cannery was wood frame with a power house made of brick. They were going to make it bigger and put in two more lines, but in the fall a tugboat with machinery, windows, lumber, etc. was actually on its way up to bring the materials for the big new cannery, and it tipped over around Klemtu at

Harkis Narrows. When that happened, it all went on hold. It was ALL gone when I was young. The cannery and the buildings at that little creek at the south end of the little flats there where the creek named after *Walasu* comes out**.** Only the pilings were there when I was a boy. It was a small cannery. Johnny Wilson found a soldering iron, the old kind you heated in the fire, out on the flats where the first building was. They soldered the cans closed in those days. We used to fish springs and coho in the bay there. They'd pause on their way up to the Kitlope. There was also big *q'isina* patch on the south side of the creek entrance. You could walk up from there to go goat hunting inland and to the south.

Paul, Dan: *Wakasu* the only thing that we went there for is geese. Once those guys start chasing geese, they will fly here. That's how Crosby and I know this place, you know. But, you know how we hunt. You make one guy chase them, and we'll stay here or if we're out there you get someone to chase here to get them out and moving. You know whichever way those things fly away. You have to use strategy to get geese. They're smart.

Robertson, James: My father Gordon worked at the cannery, and it was built up so that you had to carry the fish up in boxes. He carried fish all day for 5 cents an hour when he was a boy there. They got the boards they used to build the house in Kemano from the cannery when it washed out.

Ross, Samson: We called it the *Wanuxw* cannery, since that was the name of that area **(**upper Gardner Canal).

55. *Gitlop – Xesduwaxwsdu*. Gardner Canal, the Kitlope watershed
Eagle clan *wa'wais*; Owner's name: *Hai'mac Gax* (Simon Hall)

***Wa'wais* area:** The Kitlope is threatened by spill pollution in tidal areas within 6 kms of the mouth of the river, but may be subject to pollution effects having to do with lower flow volumes and the effects of fish, bird and animal movements above the top of the highest tidal movement in the river. This immense *wa'wais*, once a series of clan jurisdictions, has come to be treated as a family *wa'wais*, ownership being a family issue. The Kitlope, now a World Heritage Area but originally an exclusively Haisla heritage territory, contains more than 325,000 hectares, is half the size of Prince Edward Island, yet it is now a single heritable *wa'wais* and a single trapline (#603T036). The *nuyem* tells the history of the Kitlope in various narratives. It falls in every category of cultural heritage: spiritual, mythic, legendary, clan origins, ritual and ceremonial, as well as being an important and continuing resource area for Haisla traditional subsistence needs. There are more than 30 mythic and legendary Haisla nuyem accounts and literally hundreds of folkloric stories about life in this area at the focus of *Henaksiala* history.

As the Haisla go up the Kitlope River, there are well over a hundred places with Haisla names and folk-histories that are traditional resource harvesting areas and the settings for traditional accounts. Among these locations of folk-historic significance, in order as one progresses up the Kitlope River, are:

a) ***Misk'usa*** village – old Kitlope village location, site of the *gepsgolax* pole, location of various stories including the *Gwetabod* account, which teaches Haisla to treat all living things with respect.
b) Mouth of the ***C'itis*** River, site of an ancient village and of the "Girl Who Saved the Eagle and Lived" story.
c) ***Wiyaguwa miyaas*** (the name of an autumn month), on the west side of the river across from Misk'usa, site of the ancient Raven clan village Ucwaliduxw.
d) The large mountain, ***Tazagwis*** on the left with the great *Hemzid* mountain visible behind it on the left.
e) The peninsula called ***Obasewa,*** because it is shaped like the front end of a whale on the west side and behind that is the bay called *Zaxwilac'i*, the bay that the oolichans rest in before entering the river and where whales, sometimes seen in these waters, are thought to enter an underwater cavern that may lead to the whale's land of the dead or back to the Douglas Channel.
f) ***Milamilhnuxw*** mountain, above (e), where the *Henaksiala* had well used trails that led up to the goat hunting grounds in the heights. And visible behind that was the high *Gwaninuxw* mountain.
g) The Haisla Kitlope watchman's cabin on the right side of the river.
h) ***T'lekexdais***, a long island on the left side of the river, on the northern tip of which, according to *Henaksiala* narrative, was the location of the mythic bighouse of *Q'wabailis*, who discovered one cannot mistreat frogs.
i) ***Wiqelals***, Haisla IR #15 covering the small island south of *T'lekexdais* and a bit of the mainland to the east side which is called *Hainexac'i* ("where the summer lasts the longest"). The island part of the reserve is the traditional Kitlope oolichan camp location with *C'ewenxac'i*, "the place where winter lasts the longest" on the extreme southwest tip of the island.
j) ***T'lepsiste*** rock, 20' long rock along the western river bank opposite *C'ewenxac'i*, where women cleansed themselves by crawling out of the canoe, across the rock and then into the canoe again.
k) ***Wakwslh*** creek emerging from the east shore with a small (4') falls where the sockeyes rest before leaping up to enter the creek.
l) ***Xwelxweltelalis***, on the flat east shore above a large log jam on the western side; the village is named "looks like burning" because the villagers had large sockeye drying racks there which, during the run, looked like they were on fire. Location of the story of the origin of the *Henaksiala* Beaver clan and also of the story of *Azixspa*, a grizzly who killed the wife of a chief.
m) ***Dixdixninuxw*** ("Owl hill") is visible back behind the east shoreline just below the entrance to Kitlope Lake, which is called *Q'os* (see items W- jj below).
n) ***Xesduwaxwsdu***, the middle part of the river, so named because it is shaped like a Haisla canoe, is the middle part ot the Kitlope River above the entrance to the lake.
o) ***Daniku***, now called the Gamsby River, enters from the east about 8 km up Kitlope from the entrance to the lake; along its lower reaches are the sites of the cabins of the Hall family (on the east side below the confluence) and the cabin built by Sam Hall and Gordon Robertson in 1935, 2 km up the *Daniku* on the left. A grease trail continued up the *Daniku* and into Gitksan and Wet'suweten territory.

p) ***Yesp'igaxw***, the poison tree that could be asked to kill wrong-doers, was located on the east bank of the Kitlope, 5/8 of a km above the confluence of the *Daniku*.
q) ***Cixuyala*** or ***Eyesu'yala***, a stream that enters with the appearance of a female urine stream on the west side, a km above the Poison Tree.
r) ***Kelqweyala***, a creek that enters the Kitlope a km above *Cixuyala* on the same side, with the appearance of a male urine stream.
s) ***Qanadalais*** River, which drains a major uplands area on the north side of the Kitlope and which was earlier the traditional trapline of Solomon Robertson but became part of the greater Kitlope *wa'wais*.
t) ***Qapela'ax***, on maps the Kapela River, enters from the south side 3 kms above the *Qanadalais*; four km up this river is a campsite called ***Taksta***, meaning "the first place someone coming into Haisla territory puts their foot down," with reference to this as the Haisla end of a grease trail (oldtime trading route) that led to Bella Coola territory.
u) ***Sek'ak'en*** is located about 5 km above the mouth of the *Kapela*, meaning "five on a log," and it is the site of the Haisla *nuyem* story about *Wiget* teaching that one should never name fun of others.
v) ***Tlasudi***, the area on the right just as one is approaching the entrance to Kitlope Lake from the main river; it means "shore on the outside" of the actual lake.
w) ***Qos***, Kitlope Lake entrance at which point it is traditional to splash lake water onto one's face.
x) ***Uxwdewala***, a village site on the left just as you enter the lake that is the location of the nuyem account of the origin of the Raven clan.
y) ***Kenkengac'i***, just along the shore above *Uxwdewala*, is the hill and cliff referred to in the Raven clan creation account mentioned above.
z) ***Tugwilamut*** ("hole in the rock"), on the right side as you enter the lake, above the shoreline, is a cleft in the hills the mythic site where a *Henaksiala* Killer Whale clan village came down slicing through the ground as it descended.
aa) ***Gukwaxais***, the site of the Killer Whale clan village that came down, remembered in the Haisla *nuyem* story.
bb) ***T'lekexdais***, the island directly in front as you enter the lake.
cc) ***T'ismista***, the "man who turned to stone," a rock shaped like a sitting man located high above the middle south shore of the lake; according to *Henaksiala* legend the man was *Henkwa*, who lived at the north side of the lake; he climbed up the mountain and was transformed.
dd) ***Qalhamut***, on the south lake shore below *T'ismista*, is a site of marks on the stone bank that, according to the *nuyem* story, are the footprints of *Henkwa* as he got out of his canoe and started climbing.
ee) ***Agyo'yewa***, the old Eagle clan village site on the middle of the south side of the lake.
ff) ***Gagilhbil'la***, the high cliffs on the middle of the north side of the lake are a goat hunting area that was used in traditional times to train *Henaksiala* youths to be physically able and to know the tactics of rock climbing.
gg) ***Ga'yais***, the Killer Whale clan abandoned village site on the north shore of the lake just downlake from the *Gagilhbi'la* cliffs.
hh) ***Wo'yewa***, the Tezwa River on maps, enters the lake with the drainage from an immense area south and southwest of the lake, known for a big sockeye population.

ii) ***Tlasudis***, the Kalitan River on maps, joins the *Wo'yewa* about two km before it enters the lake; up this river , up this river is the traditional site where, according to the Haisla nuyem, *Baksbakwalanusiwa'* created the various types of fish.
jj) ***Qanadatla***, the high peak just southwest of the top of the lake is the place where the Henaksiala canoe carrying the band's ancestors came ashore after the Great Flood (see p. 223).

The entire Kitlope *wa'wais* area is considered to be an Eagle *wa'wais* and to pertain to the holder of the name *Hai'mac Gax*, currently on Simon Hall (since Kenny Hall's name, *C'ekwikas*, is on the *Qawisas* and Sam Hall's name, *Gepsxalupast* is associated with *Misk'uk'w-Nuwaqela*. The Hall family considers Kitlope a family *wa'wais*, and that the whole Kitlope originally was associated with the title held by James Hall. The family agrees that it commonly holds rights to the Kitlope, which they informally divide functionally into three sections: North (including *Daniku*) to Simon Hall; Southeast (including the upper Kitlope River) to Dan Paul; and West area including *Qos* (the Lake) to David Shaw. The Hall family genealogy referred to above (see *Qawisas*) shows the hereditary history of this *wa'wais*. Traditionally, other Haislas and non-Haisla people have visited and even harvested in the Kitlope with specific or implied permission of the acknowledged Haisla owners.

Cultural values: Resources traditionally and currently hunted, trapped, fished and gathered in this *wa'wais* include (partial list): deer, black bear, grizzly bear (not hunted), moose, marten, otter, mink, squirrels, weasels, beaver, fox, wolves, goats, seals, mallards, black ducks, goldeneyes, geese, oolichans, dog salmon, pinks, sockeye, coho salmon, steelhead, trout, halibut and other bottom fish, clams, cockles, mussels, sea cucumbers and other beachlife, blueberries, salmonberries, huckleberries, raspberries, elderberries, currants, crabapples, roots (including riceroot, lupine, clover, buttercup), handlogged timber (cedar, hemlock, spruce), canoe logs and cedar bark, basketry materials (spruce roots, cattails and grasses, nettles, fireweed), medicinal plants (including hellebore, alder bark, Labrador tea and devil's club), cow parsnips, wild rhubarb.

Annual cycle of Haisla subsistence use of this *wa'wais*:

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Deer, moose	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Bear				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Marten, mink	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Beaver, otter	XXX	XXX									XXX	XXX
Mtn goats	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Seals	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Geese, ducks				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX		
Coho, salmon									XXX	XXX		
Dog salmon							XXX	XXX				
Pink salmon								XXX	XXX			

Resources	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
Halibut, cod	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Oolichan				XXX	XXX							
Trout	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Clans, mussels	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Crabs, prawns	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Berries, roots					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Crabapples								XXX	XXX			
Medicines				XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar bark and basketry					XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX			
Cedar spruce	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX
Hemlock	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX	XXX

Interview statements regarding Haisla use of the resources of *Gitlop-Xesduxwsdu* (the Kitlope and Kitlope River). These statements represent a subset of the information provided in the 1995 and 2001 Haisla TUS interviews. Respondents were asked questions of the type "Have you ever harvested resources in the Kitlope?" Thus, answers tended to be in the past tense, even though the Haisla still hunt, fish, trap and gather traditional subsistence foods and materials throughout their heritage territory.

Gitlop (kitlope)-

Shaw, Charles: I'm going to tell you a story that shows how well we know our territory. This happened while I was trapping in the Kitlope, about 1990. I was staying at *Misk'usa* and something happened while we were there. We heard on the radio this person calling mayday. So, we turned our radio up, charged the battery up. Finally, we heard the man. He said, "Mayday! We're flying and are out of fuel." So, Johnny Wilson asked him, "Where are you?" He said, "I don't know." Johnny said, "Describe where you're at." He said, "I'm at a place where there's a river close by I can hear it and there's a bright sandy beach here." Johnny told him, "Okay, I know where you are." Just about that time a guy cut in from Kemano, Dave Jordan, he said, "John, I've got some airplane gas, so meet me half way down." So we took off with the herring punt and went down to get a 45-gallon container of airplane gas, and then took off to Kitlope Lake. He was right here in this creek here called *Ago'yawa*. That's the name of the beach at the mouth of the stream on the west side. It was a little after midnight by the time we got there. Them guys were cold, but they had left the plane there and gone up into the bush and started a fire. The Haisla know every part of this big territory like it was…. well, like it was *theirs*. And it is.

And, now I'm going to tell you about how we Haisla get to know our territory so well. We just go exploring, where there are no trails and no reason to go there except to know our land. That's the reason the old people say that "The Haislas go everywhere." Anyways, we were up there trapping then, accompanying Johnny Wilson, *Sanaxaid*. We had trapped around the Kowesas

and then come down to *Qos*, the lake, and were followed the *Wo'yewa*, Tezwa on the map, eh, that big river that flows into the top of the lake from the south, quite a ways and we were on a herring punt. There was the mountain there that you would go up to. *Qanadatlha*, the mountain that the Haisla ancestors landed their canoe on after the Great Flood (see p. 223). It's a big mountain. So, after we set our traps, we went for a walk there one day. We had nothing to do. There was no trail. We just had an idea of where we were going to go. We walked there up to the mountain, and we walked around it, eh, above the timberline sort of. Close to the top of it. And then we had binoculars and we could see smoke coming from way off in the west, Poison Cove or Green Inlet, maybe. Somebody told Johnny that it existed so we decided to go take a look at it and it took a better part of the day, so we stayed there. Early the next morning we took off back down there. We were in this area above Kitlope Lake, the Tezwa River area, for two weeks and we were trapping the whole time. That's the kind of thing Haisla people do, just wanting to get to know every place in our territory, sharing our land with the bears and eagles.

And, our people have a saying, "You have to know the territory or you can get into trouble." That doesn't only mean to know where things are, but when to be there. When the fish are there or the berries, but also when NOT to be there. At that time of year on Kitlope Lake, we knew that we were OK in the lake as long as it was overcast. But, we had to get out of there because it was clearing up and we were scared that this (the lake) was going to freeze up. If the lake freezes, you could be up there for the winter. We got out of there just in time, it turned out.

People may think that the Haisla claim a big traditional territory and just sit in Kitamaat village, but we know and use our land. Here's what five of us did a few years ago. Five of us with a combined age of more than 200 years; we took off for seven weeks and just lived in our land. We, Johnny Wilson, Gary Wilson, Bobby Stewart, Kenny Hall and myself, were there from Halloween and came back December 18th. We trapped in the Kowesas, then went into the Lake and up the *Wo'yewa*, then back to the Kitlope River and followed it all the way up to *Daniko* and trapped around here. When it got too cold for that we trapped along the shoreline. We then went out of the river and started trapping up the shore line of Gardner Bay and the last place we trapped was in Kemano; there were no other people there. We just set our traps out in there all over for anything. Mink, marten and otter. We go along the south side of the lake in there late fall just before Christmas. Let's say we had 15 dozen traps and if the weather was cold we'd leave it for five days; if it was mild we would check every three days. We made two shipments to Western Fur; the first shipment 160 marten and the second one was 180, and then we had 15 beaver and 18 otter.

Yeah there was a trailer at *Miskusa* and that's where we stayed. That big Kitlope trapline (603T036), it was divided up among the Hall family. Along the lake and the river that was done by Sam Hall and he would invite his brother John. The last person I know of is Allan Hall (his nephew). It was then passed on to William Duncan, his nephew, who passed it ultimately on to Sam's grandson, David. *Daniko* was owned by Simon Hall (who passed it on to his son, Simon Hall, Jr.). Top part of Gamsby. Above *Daniko*. Johnny Paul (who passed it on to Dan Paul, his grandson). And down around *Misk'usa* where Wolf Creek (*C'itis*) came in that was owned by Gordon Robertson. A tough place, hard to get up, the rocks are slippery. I went up there once with my friend James Robinson and Gordon. We started to hear wolves howling. He said don't worry. I put my head in the fire [sic]. He said, "They're quite a ways." We started to hear them

howling again. He said, “Get up and grab your gun.” I said, “How did you know where they were?” He was smart. He said, “The last time they howled there was no echo. That means they were close. But when you hear the echo they are way up river.”

Adams, Ralph: I went trapping with Simon Hall up the Kitlope all the way to *Daniko*. He also had a house at the mouth of Kitlope River.

Amos, Morris: My father, Harry, and Simon Hall, Sr. went mountain goat hunting in the Kitlope River area.

Grant, Garry: Mostly we just fish when the sockeye are running in the Kitlope.

Hall, Ken: I trapped the Kitlope River with my dad, Simon Hall, Sr. We trapped for beaver, marten, and mink. It used to take us about 4-5 hours to pole up the river.

Maitland, Harold: We used to go up Gardner for sockeye, either there or go to Daniel Bay and up Gardner we used to go to Collins Bay, Brim River, and then all the way to Kitlope and made it up the river, too.

Maitland, Ivy: When I was a very little girl in Kemano, Kitlope, I remember when we used to pick *t’ibam* (fern roots), and I remember eating it. It’s just like buttercup root; it has to be baked. It has to be baked underground, that’s where they used to bake it. They put it in the ground and cover it up with big leaves, a layer of skunk cabbage leaves, and build a fire on top of it. That’s how they cook *t’ibam*.

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Nyce, Randy: If we didn’t get anything (coho or sockeye) in *Paiwaxw*, we’d go up to Kitlope River and we’d look for spots for sockeye; we always got some fish in the River. We usually go here for sockeye but I have gone out twice for coho. I’ve gone out there with Crosby Smith; he’s the one that showed me where it was. But I can’t remember the name of the place up the river. I went up the river several times; when I was a kid, I went with Hal Williams (step father). We went right past the lake and one time we poled. It’s a lot narrower than the main river, and it’s a lot swifter, too. At the back of the lake there is another river, the Tezwa River (*Wo’yewa*).

Robertson, James: Sam Hall and Josephine had taken me from my parents in Butedale. I was 9 years old and we were going to spend a good part of November and a part of December in Kitlope. We were above the lake in *Wo’yewa*, and I noticed from the outset because I was recovering from water in the lungs. We stopped in Bishop Bay and Sam Hall filled up 4 gallons of water from the Hotsprings, every time I got thirsty, I was to drink from that. That lasted me until we were on our way back to Butedale again. On the Kitlope River going up towards the lake we would stop and Sam would hook in a coho: then we would have lunch on the shore. My great aunt Josephine would make *Legux k’ut’ilakw* (salmon stew) for us. She was careful that we did not leave the bones amongst the rocks but they threw it into the fire. What we didn’t eat of the salmon it would be thrown into the fire. When our meal was finished, she made us clean the fireplace up and throw the ashes into the river. I grew up in Kitlope seeing how religiously my people had taken taking care of the surroundings at *Misk’usa* or anyplace along the river. They looked on the Kitlope as spirit country, bringing the young people up by teaching them to watch

after the Kitlope according to our *nuyem*. We were told not leave the area in a mess. Not to cut, trim and just leave the young trees and branches. If you take down a tree you were to treat that with respect. Whether they were polling the canoe, hooking in salmon, whatever, the canoe was treated with respect, as it was the work of the *nolexw* or, maybe, nature spirit.

Ross, Samson: At Kitlope River I fished for coho, and we also picked crabapple and *cixwa* (wild crabapple), here too. There are grizzly bears in this area. You have to be careful of them, but we seldom shoot them. Only with a reason.

Shaw, Charles: Lately, we've been going to Kitlope to get coho.

Shaw, Marjorie: I was just saying to my boys, they don't like to be called boys "We're not boys; we're men!" Anyway, I was just telling them around this time from Kitlope where we used to fish oolichans all the time, I'd be lugging the fertilizer oolichans down from the camp into the boat; then get into Kemano I'd be lugging them up again towards the garden; that was our fertilizer.

My dad did show me how to use one of the older guns, gee, a 3-0-3, I guess. You know, he used to leave my mom and me alone a lot in Kitlope. He'd go out hunting and he'd leave his gun. One time I think we were drying fish. That time there was a bear on the beach. I think it was a black bear. So, I took the gun and my mother kept trying to tell me, "Don't go out!" I went out and I took that gun and you know I shot at the bear and there was blood around, but I didn't bother to go and see as long as it took off, eh. But when my father came back there was a little blood on the beach but they couldn't find the bear. I must have just wounded it. I might have been 13 or 14 at that time.

Shaw, Sammy: I harvest oolichans at Kitlope River, and it's the second place that I harvested oolichans from.

Smith, Glen: This is the story about *Muk'waxdi* pulling the oolichan on the string behind the canoe and leading a great run of oolichans to our oolichan fishing grounds in the Kitlope River. We paddled all the ways from Chief Matthew's Bay to Kitlope that time. Dad and them towed us to Chief Matthew's Bay and *Mama'u* (gramma *Muk'waxdi*) said, "We'll paddle the rest of the way." So, we paddled all the way from there to where the oolichan camp is in Kitlope, and I remember that we stopped along the shoreline here and there and scraped the herring eggs off the rocks; and that's what we ate. I was about 10, 11 years old, I guess. Dennis Green, me and Ray, *Mama'u*. We started right from *Paiwaxw*, across Chief Matthew's Bay and that's where we started paddling up to Kitlope. Well, *Mama'u* knew that the oolichans were there already; she had a feeling I guess. I think the spirit told her when it happened, just let her know. And all that time we were in Kemano, all the family were there waiting to start oolichan fishing. And, nobody would listen to *Mama'u*. She wanted to go to Kitlope! And, finally one day when we go up to her place, she made us pack everything down to Patchy, we were going to paddle all the way down to Kitlope, and that's why Dad and them towed us to Kowesas. I though that they were going to take us all the way up, but Mom said "Tow us to here and then we'll paddle the rest of the way," When we got there, sure enough there was signs that the oolichans were there already. *Mama'u* was talking in our language. "It's been sitting there," she said in our language

and we went up to the oolichan camp; you have to wait for high tide before you can get up there and got off as soon as we packed everything to the cabin, set camp. And then *Mama'u* told us to go down to that sandbar below the cabins, oolichan cabin. She said, "They'll be some oolichans." I guess the oolichans go up river and come back down, and *Mama'u* said, "There's something in the river that the oolichans don't like." And she told us to go pick up any oolichans trapped in little puddles on the sandbar. She gave us a pail. "Just pick enough for a meal," she said. So we did, and one of the things that they believe in is you mulligan the first catch of oolichans that you get, and after you mulligan, you're not allowed to move around or anything until you digest the food. What they believed is that after you mulligan, you're supposed to lie down and rest until it settles in your gut. And, if you don't do that and you start playing around or working or whatever, it will move around in your stomach and the river will come up, eh, and that's what they believed in. And the river will wash all the oolichans down again. And that's what they believed in. So, we were told to relax after we mulliganed, and that's what we did. The next day we done that same thing, but she fried it this time. But, there still weren't oolichans. Here's how *Mukwaxdi* fixed that and got us oolichans. She told us to keep one oolichan. So, next day, after we ate, we went down to the river and tied that little oolichan on the end of a string. And, then we towed it up river and that's what you call (Haisla), "Invite the oolichans up the river." And, they went up the day after we *yo'alisa-ed*, pulling a fresh oolichan along behind the canoe like showing the other canoes where they should swim, too. We towed that oolichan right up the river. And about, I don't know if it was the day after that or two days after that when Dad and them went up, yeah, dad and them got to the oolichan camp on the lower Kitlope. There were oolichans that year thanks to *Muk'waxdi*. But, I think that's the last time we fished oolichans in Kitlope, 1953.

Wilson, Charlie: I fished for sockeye in Kitlope Lake and for coho in the Kitlope River.

***Xesduwaxwsdu* - (Upper Kitlope River)**

Robertson, James: At the Kitlope River above Kitlope Lake where the hills along the r iver make it feel like you are in the front of a canoe, that's what the river valley looks like when you are heading south.

***Qos* - Kitlope Lake**

Green, Ray: I hunt our traditional hunting ground Kitlope, Kemano, *Q'apuw'axw*, Gardner, Kildala, then down Butedale. I'd hunt up the flats in Kitamaat. In different seasons, fall we'd be hunting for ducks, geese, and wintertime we'd be hunting for moose, deer, mountain goats.

Maitland, Harold: I fished in there in Kitlope Lake.

Paul, Dan: (1995) *Dliksam* (buttercup roots). Yeah, we picked that behind Kemano or wherever we're at in springtime. Up in Kitlope! I went with my granny picking that *dliksam* when we were oolichan fishing. We picked *q'isina* (grey currants) in Kitlope, last summer (2000) when they brought that totem pole up we went up there and my wife picked some, and she's stingy with it, She hid it in special cases. There are things that people never get much now. Some of those are things I used to eat all the time and now we just wait for someone to bring it in. Sometimes it's

that the old places don't have them much anymore. Sometimes it's that it's a long ways away and it takes too much gas to get there just for that. Sometimes it's that my grandkids don't bring it to me. Anyways, when I was younger we used to get our foods all the time, because that's all we could afford and find. There was no Overwaitees. Stuff like *luax* (hemlock inner bark, cut into "noodles" and eaten raw. We'd get the inside bark hemlock; kind of like scraping that kind of bark off the inside of the bark, a layer with the sap. Eat it raw. *Luax*. You get the same thing from balsam, too.

Shaw, Marge: My family harvested deer, trout, geese, ducks, and the odd moose at Kitlope Lake. We picked *q'isina* (grey currants), salmonberries, *k'ibat*. Two types of blueberries (the light and black kinds), *cixwa* (wild crabapples), huckleberries, *t'als* (low bush cranberries) and salalberries. We also gathered *oxwsuli* (Indian hellebore), devil's club and alder there, too. *Glagowch* is a swan and there is some up here, too, anywhere there are pools of water you can find *mi-mi-moo-yoos* (clusters of 3 blueberries on one stem).

Shaw, Sammy: I go to the head of Kitlope Lake for sockeye and I gather yew wood there, too.

5.5 Summary of Wa'wais Areas Considered to be at Risk from the Haisla Perspective

In all, 58 of the 61 Haisla wa'wais areas are seen to be at potential risk in case of a catastrophic crude oil spill. The stewardship responsibility of the traditional Haisla *wa'wais*-based ownership system is truly the basis for Haisla concerns regarding the risks inherent in the NGP and tanker traffic in their waters. The term "primitive" is occasionally used in dismissing Aboriginal concepts of ownership as unformulated and unenforceable. However, readers who have internalized a sense of the Haisla *wa'wais* ownership system will hopefully have come to appreciate the brilliant and appropriate cultural development that it is.

(1) Haisla ownership is based on watersheds. Watersheds are discreetly distinguishable. The Haisla never had fences, but a watershed is a tract of land surrounded by mountains, which are *de facto* fences. Each watershed is a confined and defined area.
(2) Not only is a watershed a particular, discreet area, but it is an independent production unit. Largely, the animals that live there, the plants that grow there and the fish that return there are part of the wealth of the particular watershed, produced by that *wa'wais*.
(3) The watershed is easily watched and protected, which relates to the stewardship aspect of the Haisla *wa'wais* concept. And,
(4) Consistent with the Haisla perspective that there is a causative spiritual relationship between individuals doing the right thing (protecting, avoiding waste and being grateful) and having good outcomes, the Haisla *wa'wais* system seems well integrated with *nuyem* values and behaviours.

Thus, the Haisla traditional concept of *wa'wais* ownership can be appreciated as a remarkably efficient and appropriate cultural institution for the Haisla. A culture is such a dynamic system! It should be no surprise that over the course of generations, the Haisla have developed totally functional ownership institutions that integrate with the entire fabric of their traditional economics, values and needs.

And, the *nuyem* values and behaviours based on the Haisla *wa'wais* system as it applies to the owners and users of the 58 watersheds discussed above, generate the Haisla concerns about the NGP and tanker traffic in Haisla waters.

5.6 Additional Areas of Concern

Haisla IR #14, at Gander Island, owned by the Kitamaat (i.e. Haisla), Kitasoo and Gitga'at Bands

The Haisla have two Reserve #14s. One is IR No. 14 (Miskatla), a 4.7 acre reserve at the top of Miskatla Lagoon which is allotted to the Haisla Nation only. The other is Gander Island IR No. 14, a shared reserve (alloted in common to the Haisla Nation, the Kitasoo Nation and the Gitga'at Nation) on Gander Island, in Willis Passage, off the west coast of Princess Royal Island on the outer coast.

This is a seaweed and halibut camp called in Haisla *Lheq'alas* (th-uh-KAH-ah-lahs). The Haisla also traded oolichan grease for seaweed with the Hartley Bay people and collected and dried it at Old Town (*Simgas*) on the lower Kitimat River and collected it at *K'wax̲dlaw* (Indian Affairs, BC records, Minutes of Decision, Bella Coola Agency, May 17th, 1916).

This is not the only area importantly exploited by the Haisla and neighbouring Aboriginal groups to harvest seaweed along the proposed tanker entry routes for marine traffic servicing the Northern Gateway project. These sites will be mentioned by various bands in their submissions to the JRP Panel. The utility of this site is clearly based on a marine resource that is gathered, processed and used heavily by the Haisla and their neighbours. Note that although several species of marine algae are commonly referred to as "edible seaweed," in fact, the preferred and most commonly harvested is red laver (*porphyra abbottae*) which makes up a significant part of the traditional diet of bands inhabiting the northern BC coast and the Alaskan panhandle. In the past, seaweed was also used as a famine food in times of shortage.

6. Concluding Statement

This report has given the JRP and readers an opportunity to become familiar with the Haisla perspective on their lands and, to a large extent, on how their dependence on their lands is a basis for their identity as Haisla individuals and as Haisla community members. Readers are now much better prepared to appreciate the way the Haisla were characterized in the Introduction to this report (pp. 4-5). In a tactic that I haven't attempted before, I am going to repeat the introductory paragraph, and hope that it will now strike readers as more than a prosy introductory claim. I wrote:

> I will start by discussing the Haisla people, their history and the cultural institutions that rely on the resources of Haisla traditional territory. Haisla culture is not a set of portable lifeways that could be practiced wherever a nomadic community stopped to put up their cedar plank houses or tents. Haisla habits, beliefs, myths and oral traditions, annual cycle, economics, diet and subsistence

> patterns all focus on the 90 x 170 km area that is their traditional territory. It was settled by their ancestors at the "Time of Beginnings." For dozens of generations, it was inhabited, hunted, fished and harvested by the descendants of those first migrant settlers. And now that land where their grandfathers are buried is their "grounds" from which the Haisla take their sustenance and their identity. To a large extent, being Haisla has to do with Haisla traditional territory.

Few, if any, Haislas take their lands for granted, and they know that the waters that touch their shores are crucial to their lifeways, their diet and their health. My ten years of Haisla fieldwork journals and ethnographic notebooks are filled with stories and observations by community members who are attempting to convey the extent to which they respect and depend on the 61 watersheds that comprise the *wa'wais* and *bagwaiyas* areas of their territory.

The Haisla perspective of bone-deep responsibility to protect their lands derives from their *nuyem* stories, which we have included herein. And the norms for living that they derive from having been told those stories over and over by their grandparents, aunts and uncles, underlie the entire Haisla nation's strong belief in the need to protect the environment. Nonetheless Haisla witnesses will speak for themselves about how they may feel compelled to exercise that stewardship responsibility. Informed by the understandings contained in this report, I hope the JRP will be listening closely.

Time changes most things. Beliefs, lifeways, technology, home economics, diets and, yes, even opinions are subject to change. I have attempted to be even-handed in portraying the Haisla traditional perspective and the basis for their behaviour and opinions. This report has not been written to convince, but to inform. The Haisla people will certainly be more receptive to informed, sensitive and honest negotiations with corporations and individual representatives who are good listeners.

Jay Powell
Vancouver and Puerto Vallarta
November, 2011

Appendices

Appendix #1

Haisla Names of Resources Harvested by the Haisla in the *wa'waises* and waters of their traditional territory.

The Haisla words are written in a writing system that uses the following consonants and vowels

vowels: **i = the ee sound in pepsi** **u = the oo sound in tube**
e = the uh sound in nuts **o = the o sound in hope**
a = the ah sound that is the first part of the word "eye
ai = the sound in wait; ay = the sound in sky

consonants: **' = the stop sound in Oh-oh! (glottal stop)**
x = the h sound in heaps **z = the dz sound in "pads"**
lh = a whispered l-sound made by setting you mouth as if you were going to say "leap", but then simply blowing.
q, x, g are pronounced at the back of the mouth (as opposed to k, x, and g)

Haisla resources:

Fish, sea mammals and beachlife:
Spring salmon – *qabas*
Sockeye – *haisan*
Dog or chum salmon - *gwaxnis*
Humpback salmon – *k'yapi*
Coho salmon – *zawan*
Steelhead - *t'laxwalamas*
Trout – *golisti*
Oolichan – *zaxwan*
Halibut - *'mu'muguzu*
Flounder – *lulu*
Red cod – *t'laxwan*
Black cod – *hadani*
Lingcod – *nulhem*
Rock cod – *tsilikela*
Grey cod -dlaxdala
Bullhead – *k'edlis*
Herring – *wa'ni*
Porpoise - *t'lalha*
Blackfish - *helx'inixw* (Killer whale)
Seal – *sagum*
Sealion - *t'lixan*
Whale – *gwe'yem*
Sea otter – *hengista*
Octopus - *t'emgilh*
Herring eggs - *a'ent*
Oolichan grease –*t'lati*
Crab – *k'inaxw*
Cockles – *zawali*
Clams – *ts'ika*
Mussels (big) - *hagwen*
Sea urchins - *emdem*
Black chiton – *q'aq'anas*
Sea cucumber – *el'les*
Mussels - *kw'aas*
Abalone – *pelx'a*
Butter clams - *k'yuxani*
Seaweed - *lhaq'asx*
Sea egg - *ts'ek'its' or emdem*
Anemonies - *buxbeq'a*
Black sea prunes – *geq'anast*

Red sea prunes – *t'lixats'i*

Birds:
Sandhill crane -*ademgyeli*
Mallard - *nasnax*
Duck – *t'lamagan*
Goose - *hengax*
Grouse - *mexela*
Great blue heron - *qaqans*
Bluejay -*kwa'ilaxs*
Eagle - *iksduqwiya*
Hawk – *ts'ats'ik'a*

Birds (Continued)

Raven – *gaax*
Crow - *k'yanqas*
Seagull – *sigyela*
Seagull eggs – *qelxam*
Snow goose – *xixixi*

Animals:
Deer – *qa'mila*
Mountain goat - *ts'aaq*
Mountain sheep (Dahl) - *deway*
Moose – *wezix*
Black bear – *t'ixwa*
Grizzly bear – *sax*
Mink – *kwinax*
Marten – *kyenkyem*
Weasel – *gelem*
Rabbit – *daxdus*
Beaver – qulun
Chipmunk – *za'minas*
Wolf – *hets'ik*
Wolverine – *teq'exdlanusela*
Porcupine – *nu'lagemi*
Marmot – *kikexd*
Mountain lion – *mayas, mayasels*
Muskrat – *'wats'es qulun*

Berries, fruit, plants and trees:
Wild celery – *gaysdem*
Wild rhubarb – *tuxwsiwali*
Cow parsnips – *pits'as*
Fireweed – *ts'axam*
Salmonberry sprouts - *q'walhem*
Red raspberry sprouts – *gallhgan*
Blackberry sprouts – *sisaxelsela*
Blackerry sprouts – *k'yelk'yelt*
Nettles – *duxwa*
Wild rice – *xyugwem*
Skunk cabbage - *k'ik'yuk'w*
Cattail - *k'yeta'yas*
Cedar bark – *de'nas*
Hemlock bark noodles - *lowax*
Roots (es. spruce roots) - *t'lup'exw*
Rose hips – *belhbulai*
Salalberries – *nek'welh*
Blackcaps - *gwelgwelt*
Red elderberries – *k'ibat*
Saskatoon berries – *t'ilhem*
Salmonberries - *golali*
Thimbleberries - *laqaxa*
Black huckleberries – *siyaq'wanalh*
Grey (stink) currants - *q'isina*
Blueberry – *p'ip'axsem*
High bush cranberry – *t'als*
Bog cranberry – *t'lemstaits*
Wild strawberries - *guxgels*
Crabapples - *tsixwa*
Sour crabapples - *qanxwaits*
Red bunchberries - *t'emtc'*
Soapberries - *'as*
Buttercup roots - *dliksam*
Fern roots - *t'ibam*
Clover roots – *t'eqwsus*
Riceroot (chocolate lily) - *xuk'wem*
Devils club - *awiq'as*
Yew tree – *t'lemq*
Red cedar tree - *q'wa'nalas*
Hemlock tree - *loq'was*
Spruce tree – *sesek'as*
Yellow cedar tree – *kya'nalas*
Maple tree - *t'enix'alas*
Red alder tree – *t'laq'watalas*
Cottonwood tree – *q'a'miq'as*
Lupine roots –*q'wan*
Indian hellebore - *oxwsuli*
Labrador tea – *pu'yas*
Red huckleberries – *gwadem*

Apprendix #2 - Haisla Traditional Food Preparation and Preservation

As told by Louise Barbetti, Frances Amos and Bea Wilson

Although incomplete, the following list shows the remarkable range of how the Haisla use the foods available in their traditional territory.

Fish Processing

Smoked Fish – spring, sockeye, coho, chum, pink salmon –

All fish should be dressed while still fresh to ensure quality and safety.

-head and tail cut off and cleaned,
-cavity scraped and washed,
-ribs sliced partially off,
-final rinse, then hang on *gul'yu* ("pieces of wood in smokehouse where fish hang") flesh side down,
-medium sized fire with seasoned alder,
-smoke until skin is dry for easier handling in Step 2.

Slicing into salmon sticks [*talos*] – half-smoked or fully cured

-using *talhda'ma* ("slicing stand") proceed into making strips, which must be hung in smokehouse immediately
-move fish occasionally to prevent the flesh sticking to gul'yu,
-slices should be softened and boned as flesh dries,
-smoke for 1 ½ days for half smoked or keep smoking for fully-cured.

Half-smoked may be canned or frozen.

Fully cured is stored in cool, dry place. Ways to fix fully cured:

-singed in open fire and eaten.
-soaked in fresh water for 3 or 4 days – *t'ailaxw*
-boil in salted water without soaking –*c'aqastaxw*

Fish cuts: whole fish is used (flesh, backbone, tails, head):

Back bones – *p'ulaxw*

-barbecue on racks over hot fire,
-when done, string together with cedar bark ties (*denas*),
-hang in smokehouse for further curing,
To use: *p'ulaxw* is simmered slowly 4 or 5 hours, then served (broth is served along with the meal).

Tails – *c'iqwaxdli*

-tails are sliced open on opposite sides in order to hang so that heat and smoke cures the whole tail
-tails not totally cured will sour and spoil,
-smoke until half dried for immediate eating, or freeze,

Ground fish may be smoked as well: red cod, black cod, grey cod, lingcod, rock cod, flounder and bullhead.

Prepare by half smoking, not fully smoked

Fish bones can be dried and ground up and added to stews for strong bones, esp. for pregnant women.

Canned fresh fish - All salmon is fresh canned (or jarred) including halibut.

-fresh fish is cleaned and gutted,
-cut fish into chunks to fit either cans or jars,
-add salt, close containers,
-process in pressure cooker for 90 minutes at 10 lbs pressure or in a plain boiler for 3½ hrs (pints) or 5 hrs (quarts)

Canned smoked fish - Any fish that are smoked can be canned, smoked.

-cut into serving-sized portions,
-add salt, add 2-3 tablespoons fresh water,
-process in pressure cooker for 60 minutes at 10 lbs pressure or in a plain boiler for 30-40 min. dep. on jar size.

Salted fresh fish - Whole salmon can be salted: sockeye, coho, spring salmon. Bellies are best salted.

-clean and wash strips,
-salt in layers, making sure that each layer is well covered with salt,
-check each day for a week; add more salt as needed,
-at the end of one week, add water if necessary, being careful to replace any salt that has been washed away.
-place in cool, dry place.

To serve: '*mo<u>x</u>wp'ast'alisa*

-soak in fresh water to take salt out, changing water 2 or 3 times depending on taste,
-simmer slowly or steam, then serve.

Frozen fresh fish. All types of fish are now sometimes preserved by freezing.

-cut into chunks.
-add enough water to prevent freezer burn.

Halibut

Dried (sun & wind dried and smoked- caught and processed at any time of year):

Halibut should be cut at the tail to bleed as soon as it is caught to insure that colour remains; otherwise it will become a rust colour and turn rancid and will not keep.

Slice the fish whole. Skin is cut off first and then gradually slice off until the backbone is reached.

Smoked:

-same procedure as salmon, but halibut does not require as much heat as salmon; otherwise it will cook and will not keep.

Flounder and bullhead (caught and processed at any time of year).

Fish stew – *lizaxw*
Fried fish – *cun<u>g</u>axw*
Baked fish – *k'a'abuxw*

Trout (caught and served at any time of year)

Smoked
Stewed
Fried
Barbecued (*t'lubuxw*)

Herring

Fresh fried – scale and fry whole
Salted – scale and salt as salmon strips
Smoke – scale and hang on sticks. Each herring must face the same way or they will stick together and smoke and heat will not cure it, leading to spoilage. Herring require intense heat.

-to store, string on *denas* (cedar bark string) and store in a cool place or freeze.
-to serve, simmer slowly for 20 minutes and serve, or singe on an open flame and serve.

Oolichan

T'lati – oolichan grease,

-catch fresh oolichans en masse.
-unload into a bin.
-allow to "cure" for 10 to 14 days, depending upon the outside temperature.
-move about 45 gallons at a time to a cooker and, adding some water and stirring with a paddle, heat and allow oil to separate from the fish.
-add cool water until the grease floats and scoop it off with a bailer-shaped scoop into a bucket.
-place fire-heated rocks into the buckets of grease, treating it to a final rendering boil.
-scoop off any sediment that floats to the top. Store the grease.

Be<u>x</u>boq (light grease) Grease from the second boiler, called *be<u>x</u>boq*, which was especially light, was whipped with a cedarbark whipper, water being added during the whipping process, and then fruit (berries or crabapples) were added, both for flavour and to preserve the fruit.

Smoked oolichans – hang on sticks in smokehoue and smoke, then freeze or jar or eat the smoked fish.

Fresh fried oolichans – fry and eat.

Fresh barbecued oolichans are a treat

Shellfish Processing – shellfish was always used to flavour other foods as well as in broth used to nurse new mothers.

Cockles and clams – shucked fresh

Canned

Frozen

Smoke dried – slide onto skewer sticks to make a fair-sized square and smoke in medium heat, freeze or store in dry, cool place (make sure sun does not reach it).

Fresh:

Fried or stir-fried

Chowders

Fritters

Mussels:

Mainly used fresh,

Cooked in open fire – *saim'a*,

Fritters – *'ya'naxw*

Abalone - Shuck, clean off rim ruffle with salt, rinse then use as desired

Fresh

Fresh frozen

Canned

Fried – after shucking, wrap in a clean cloth and pound to soften before frying (shell gets cleaned and used).

Other beachlife - processing and preparing

Octopus:

Fresh – skin octopus, pound to tenderize, cut into pieces, simmer until tender or fry.

Patties – mince and make into patties, season with spices, add chopped onions, celery, etc. Fry.

Sea Cucumber:

Fresh – clean, then soak in cold fresh water overnight to prevent it from splitting during cooking.

-simmer until tender. Slice into rounds or split. Bread in flour or corn flakes, spice, panfry in butter.

Black Sea Prunes:

Fresh – Bring salted water to a boil. Boil prunes for 3-4 mins (stir constantly). Drain. Drop into cold water.

Canned

Frozen

Chinese Slippers: also used to flavour seaweed before drying, along with sea prunes

Fresh – same as sea prunes.

Canned

Frozen

Sea Eggs (urchins): large and small:

Fresh – break shell carefully in half, lift meat out, bread and fry in butter, serve on bread or biscuits.

Raw – also served raw as appetizer.

Seaweed

Dried - Harvest first or second growth. Wash then flavour with abalone, sea prunes or Chinese slippers. -spread on rocks to dry (avoid getting sand on seaweed), make sure that you spread thickly (to avoid holes in sheets). Turn sheets often to ensure even drying. Seaweed turns sour and rots very easily.
Fish stews – mix in with stew.
Fried - fry in oil as an appetizer
Pudding – mix with fish eggs and serve as a pudding.

Kelp

Collected to help in harvesting herring eggs, eaten in pieces covered thickly with *a'ent* (herring eggs).

Herring eggs – harvest in early spring.

Dried – collect and dry, eat with oolichan oil.
Salted – salt in layers, store in a dry, cool place, eat with oolichan oil.
Frozen

Animal Resources

Seal, sea lion, porpoise

To prepare: singe whole, scrape and butcher, cutting into chunks.
Smoked – cut into lengths and smoke
Barbecued – can be eaten plain or, afterwards, smoked. Then can be canned or frozen.
To serve – simmer gently 3 or 4 hrs in spices. Flipper of seal, sea lion or porpoise is delicacy.
Seal fat – simmer and serve with smoked fish instead of oolichan grease.
Seal fat rendering – slice seal fat into thick chunks, place in large pot, boil & then lower heat. Oil will rise. Skim fat into container. Store in a cool place. Uses:

Deep frying
Condiment for fish stews
Mixed with fresh herring eggs.

Seal skin – tanned and made into waterproof moccasins.

Black bear (grizzly is not hunted; sometimes killed, but not actively sought)

Fresh – pan fried with onions
Boiled – cut into serving pieces, marinate in oil spices overnight in icebox. Add water, bring to a boil, turn down and simmer for 3 to 4 hours. Serve with vegetables and roots
Barbecued – cut meat into 2 or 3 inch slices, making sure that you score the meat but do not cut right through (ending up with slices 2 or 3 feet long). Salt and season, then roast on barbecue rack over hot fire until cooked through. When cool hang in smokehoue and smoke for 3 days. Bag and store in freezer.
Bear fat – In autumn is the best time to render the fat. It will be 3-5 inches thick. Follow recipe for seal. The fat will solidify just like lard and can be substituted for lard in pies, cookies and cakes.
Bear skin – tanned and used for ceremonial regalia.
Bear claws – prized for necklaces. It is believed that the bear passes on positive energy to the person wearing it.

Put claws in a pot and boil until flesh is softened. When cool scrape off any sinew. Rinse in salt water.

Moose, deer, mountain goat.

Pan fried – marinate or not, fry in oil.
Barbecued – marinate or not, cook over grate on fire.
Boiled – cut into serving size, marinate in oil, simmer until tender.
Frozen – cut into pieces or roasts and freeze in family-size bags and freeze.
Canned – cut meat into small pieces, fry with oil and spices, add onions and celery until half cooked. Put into jars or cans. Pressure cook in 10 lb. pressure for 90 minutes.

Salted – cut deer into fairly large chunks including bones. Salt evenly in barrels making sure each layer is well covered. In 2 days check to see whether water is enough. Add more fresh water if needed. Store in cool place. When ready to use, soak enough meat for a meal in fresh water to your taste. Cook as in any recipe.

Tages – mountain goat fat mixed with oolichan grease and berries.

Antlers – moose and deer is used to make buttons, knife handles. Mt. goat horn is used to make *kac'anax*, spoons. Keep a pot boiling. Immerse horns in boiling water to soften. As you work, dip horn into boiling water as it cools and hardens.

Wool - mountain goat wool is prized to make almost waterproof toques, vets and gloves. Wool must be plucked while the goat is still warm. Clean wool of debris. Soak in salt water, dry and wash in soap. Rinse well. Dry and card and spin into wool strands.

Hides – scrape and dry hides. Used for bags and previously garments and capes and other uses.

Beaver

Roasted – prepare as a roast.

Barbecued – roast over fire, marinade for taste if desired.

Tail – singe and peel or scrape off outer layer of skin. Cut into small pieces. Boil until tender. Serve with meat

Pelt – scraped, stretched and either sold or used in regalia.

Porcupine

Singe and scrape quills, butcher into chunks and wash flesh.

Bake or roast.

Simmer in condiments.

Marten, fisher, otter, mink, weasel, marmot, muskrat, wolverine

Harvested for its pelt as needed for regalia or sold

Migratory Birds

Mallards, goldeneyes, black ducks, merganser, Canada goose, snow goose and others

Pluck, singe and clean

Stew – clean and wash birds, cut into serving pieces. Season and simmer until tender. Add clover or buttercup roots, thicken broth and serve.

Roast – simmer whole birds until tender. Add enough rice for family and cook until rice is tender. Remove bird from pot, slice and serve with meat and broth in bowls.

Eggs (goose and seagull eggs) – always gather in early spring. Only one or two eggs are taken from each nest. These eggs may be used in place of chicken eggs.

Feathers – down is used for bedding excepting the eagle feathers which are only used in ceremonial purposes as it is considered a sacred symbol (one is given a feather in recognition of having contributed to making a change in our culture or lives).

Plants, Fruits, Sprouts

Salmonberries and thimbleberries

Sprou**ts** – in spring the shoots of salmon and thimbleberry plants are peeled and eaten raw.

Salmonberries – wash and mix with a bit of sugar and oolichan grease. Serve as dessert or treat.

Preserves – jar berries in sterilized jars in syrup to taste.

Thimbleberries – mix with other berries and serve.

Jelly – make and preserve jelly.

Dried simmered fruit – Simmer whole fruit slowly until liquid is almost gone. Dry in scoops. To use: soak in fresh water and add to fruit cocktail.

Wild Strawberries

Used as an ingredient in fruit cocktail. Used in season. Now made into jam.

Red huckleberries, black huckleberries, blackberries, trailing blackberries, gooseberries, saskatoons, wild raspberries, blueberries, currants and salalberries

'laguxw – Haisla traditional staple food. Wash berries. Put them in a large pot. Simmer slowly, stirring with a mixing motion often to prevent burning. Add sugar to taste. Cook until thick. Cool. When cold, spread on *k'ak'uqw* (skunk cabbage leaves) using index finger for thickness. It will be reduced to an inch when fully dried.

To use: soak in juice or water. Add to any of the traditional desserts.

Fresh – the berries were picked and eaten raw.

Jelly – a primary use of berries is now in jam and jelly.

Crabapples, cherries, high and low –bush cranberries

Berries in grease – berries preserved in oolichan grease squeezed from the oolichan carcasses (*Bubuxwdi*) and used in above recipes. Recipe: Beat the grease slowly adding water until light but firm. Add berries that have been blanched and cooled overnight. All utensils must be sterilized to prevent spoilage. Store in containers in cold room. Used as an ingredient in cocktail (*'maguxw*) served at ceremonial feasts.

Rose hips

Harvest in fall when ripe.

Fresh – eat as they are picked

Dried – clean and seed, dry in sun. Store in sealed containers or dry whole and use in teas.

Silverweed, clover and buttercup roots

Dig or pick roots, measure into bundles using index finger and thumb of both hands to calculate bundles.

Wash and steam until tender. Mash and cut into bite size. Mix with any of the fruits preserved in oolichan grease.

Roast in open fire and dip in *t'lati* (grease) for a snack.

Wood fern

Wash roots (rhizome) then cut off any damaged area. Steam for 3 or 4 hours in traditional pits or use pressure cooker at 15 lbs. pressure for 90 minutes. When cool enough to handle, remove husk. Serve like potatoes with a meal of meat or fish. To store: wash and dry. Store until ready to use and then follow recipe above.

Wild rhubarb

Harvest only tender stalks and leaves. Wash and cook. Cut stalks into bite size and mix with fruit and *t'lati* (oolichan grease). Serve as dessert.

Cow parsnips

Eaten as a raw vegetable. Peel and eat as snack.

Wild carrots, Lupins

May be eaten raw or used in stews as a vegetable.

Fireweed

Eaten in spring. Scrape inside and eat or use to flavour soapberries.

Wild onion and wild rice (riceroot)

Fresh: Wash in sea water. Cook in salted water until tender (10 to 20 minutes), serve with fish or meat.

Dried: Wash and spread to dry in sun. Store in well ventilated baskets. To use: soak in water until firm. Cook and use as above.

The above is only a partial listing of the uses to which contemporary Haislas put the resources they harvest from their territory. These subsistence resources continue to be staple menu items, and the preparation regimen and recipes are well enough known that they can be dictated by many Haislas from memory.

Appendix #3 – Haisla Cultural Narratives Relating to Places within their Traditional Territory

Xantlikwilas and the settlement of Haisla traditional territory

Based on the Haisla origin account as told by Jonah Howard, Russell Ross, Gordon Robinson, Chris Walker, Samson Ross and others

Long ago, at the Time of Beginnings, there was a village on Owikeno Lake above Rivers Inlet. The story starts when a man of this village, *Wamis,* killed his wife by accident. So, in order to escape a vendetta by the relatives of his wife, he decided to move to the foot of the river. There he lived for quite a time at another village. He married again. Life started to be normal again. But, then he heard that his first wife's family was still trying to kill him in revenge and that they were planning to attack him and his family in the night. So he told the people that he was going seal hunting with his large canoe and several helpers. He set out and turned his canoe northward. According to our *nuyem,* which not only tells us how to act but also includes the stories of our tribal history, that's the beginning of Haisla history.

Wamis, was of the Eagle clan. He had his own family and several other young families crowded into the immense ocean-going freight canoe. They paddled north past Heiltsuk, past Klemtu, and past *Cidexs* (TSEE-diks, the place where many generations later Butedale would spring up and which would become the southern boundary of the Haisla people).

They camped and kept paddling, day after day. They came past Bishop Bay and and past Monkey Beach and past Blind Pass. Up the channel they came and found Kildala Arm, settling for a while at Mud Bay, the little cove that we call *T'laq'wedazis*. They spent the winter there, in that place with plenty of fish and game and shellfish from the beaches. Then, in the spring at oolachen time, *Wamis* got into the canoe and came around the corner past Clio Bay, where he could see the area at the mouth of the Kitimat River. The day was calm and at sunrise he saw a terrifying sight. The broad flats at the mouth of the river looked like the head of a great monster with an immense mouth that opened and closed like it was ready to swallow anything that came along, canoes and all. *Wamis* turned his canoe around and headed back to Mud Bay. But, he was both curious and brave. So the next morning he came back with all the men in his group, loaded with their weapons. The monster's mouth across the bottom of the Kitimat River valley was still opening and closing. They paddled stealthily in the shelter of the shore and headed north past *Wohlstu* and *C'imoc'a* (the future site of Kitamaat village) and past *Zakwalisla* (MK Bay). Finally, they got close enough to see the monster clearly and realized that what looked like a monster chewing was simply that at low tide the beaches were thick with seagulls, feasting on oolichans and they often rose in a cloud, circled briefly and alighted, looking like a white monster mouth opening and closing. Relieved, they entered the river mouth. The river was so full of oolichans they caught enough in a small seine to literally fill the canoe, thinking that a conical net would probably work better in the future. And then they headed back towards camp.

Well, when they got back to Mud Bay, they had a "campfire" and talked things over. *Wamis* felt that the perfect site for their settlement would be somewhere on the banks of the lower Kitimat River. So, they decided to move. Breaking camp was not difficult, for they had few belongings. They came into the river and proceeded about a mile up. Visibility was good because there was no timber in the valley in those days, only moss. They decided on a spot that they called *Q'ax̲dlalisla*, which means 'level valley,' but later it came to be called *Miya'nex̲aas*. They split cedar planks and built shacks. Later on, they would start to raise the huge post and beam bighouses which are our traditional house type. Life was easy in this place with plentiful fish runs, game and roots and berries to harvest.

One day, after years, they saw a piece of cedar bark floating down the river. A man went to the water's edge and got it. It had been peeled by hand. Clearly there were people above them on the river. *Wamis* decided to go upriver and see who was up there. A group of them poled upriver to the place where it turns east (*Na'labila*, the upper boundary of our Haisla traditional territory). There they met some Kitsilas, who are Tsimshians from the Skeena. They were friendly but the two groups couldn't understand each other, yet these neighbours made it clear that they were camping in the upper reaches of Chist Creek, which was the southern extreme of their territory. The two groups ate together. Then *Wamis* invited them to consider moving down and joining the community that had settled at the mouth of the river. Those Kitsilas moved down with their families, forsaking their Tsimshian heritage to join the *Awik'ala*-speakers. The settlement at the mouth of the river was growing. It was a trend that continued. The settlement at the top of the inlet was a success. So, *Wamis* decided to give a celebration feast and invite people from near and far. At that feast, he took a new name, calling himself *X̲antlikwilas* (Hahn-tlee-KWEE-lahs), which means "The Bowman".

The news spread about the community called *Gitamaat* ('people of the snow'). The *Gitamaat* earned their reputation as an energetic people with clever, fair leaders living in a place with plentiful food and other resources. Groups of immigrants arrived from the Bella Coola, the Nisg̲a, the Metlakatla, Klemtu, and Port Simpson, even the Haida and Tlingit from Alaska. According to our oral tradition, families and larger groups moved from each of those places and, with the permission of the *X̲antlikwilas* and the other *Gitamaat* leaders, they settled within our territory. Settlements grew and split up and grew some more. There came to be stable winter villages around the top of the channel (the original *X̲a'isla*), along the upper river (the *Oxdewala*) and in the Kildala (the *Geldala*). Groups even moved into the Gardner and became the various *Henaksiala* settlements. The *X̲a'isla* moved their main village several times over the years for various reasons: *Miya'nex̲aas* to *Wau'axdu*, *Kitasa*, *Lhilaq'aciyuqwes*, *Zagwis*, *Paxw*, *Wolhstu*, and *C'imoc'a*. Our Haisla *nuyem* includes our oral history, recording that at the high point there were about two thousand people at the time that the great "contact epidemics" started along the coast, causing our population to fall.

X̲antlikwilas was the founding father and earliest head chief. The Eagle clan was the most numerous and were spoken of as "owning the river." But, from the earliest times there are references to the other clans: Killer Whale, Beaver, Raven, Salmon and Eagle (and some of the oldest *Henaksiala* recall hearing of a Crow clan). Some areas became clan territories, and each of the watersheds of those areas came to called "*wa'wais*", a stewardship area that was associated with a particular clan name and was considered to be "owned" by the individual who had that

name in each generation. Ceremonies to pass on names through the mother's line were developed and the settlement feast started to be practiced as a potlatch (a ceremony where namings and marriages and other changes in status were put on record and the guests were given gifts that "paid" them for witnessing). Our art developed a particularly Haisla style. Our grease, treated to a final refining step, came to be sought by neighbouring tribal groups and grease trails were opened from our territory to the east and south. The weir at *Kiciwi* (Blind Passage) never ran short of flounders; the beaches at *Awamusdis* (Monkey Beach) never ran out of shellfish; the bottom fish of *Sawi* (Sue Channel) never stopped biting… Our traditional territory was a pantry that seldom ran short. Our cultural heritage and our homeland had taken the form they are remembered before the arrival of the *Q'wemksiwaa*, when everything started to change.

That's our story. It explains our origins and why our land is ours. That's how we Haisla came to be here…and we're still here. We'll always be here.

Note that Jeffrey Legaix's story of the settlement of *Gitamaat* territory tells that *C'esi*, the Beaver chief, was the one who settled our land. This is a very interesting story that explains the origin of many of the symbols that *C'esi* has the right to display.

Why the Beaver and Raven Clans and the Blackfish and Salmon Clans Act Together in Feasts

As told by Jonah Howard, 1935

When *Xantlikwilas* and his followers first arrived at the mouth of the Kitimat River, there were few of them. But, it wasn't very long before people from other tribes started to come and join them. The first group was a party of Tsimshian that *Xantlikwilas* encountered when noticed a willow stick floating down the river. It was peeled, and when he examined it closely he noticed that it had not been peeled by a beaver but by a person. So, he poled up the river as far as *Na'labila*. There he found a band of Tsimshians. Their chief was *Semdik* of the Raven Clan. They decided to join *Xantlikwilaxs* and his followers.

There were huckleberries on the mountainside above the people's camp. While the berries were ripe and being picked, the chief would go up each afternoon and blacken the sides of the baskets with ash so that they would not be easily seen by raiding canoes. Even back then there raiding parties looking for slaves and booty. The word was spreading that the settlement on the river was a rich place full of fish, game and growing things. People from outside started to come in hope of joining the group. *Xantlikwilas* would send his nephew down to the water to meet the new arrivals and look them over. Those who looked handsome and loyal, *Xantlikwilas* would paint their faces with the Eagle crest. Those he did not like, he made slaves. These slaves kept multiplying until he was rich.

For many years things went well. But trouble was to come. Trouble arose between the Eagles and the Ravens. But the Eagles won easily in a single pre-emptive raid on the Raven settlement.

And things became well again and stayed calm for a long time. *Xantlikwilas* became an old, old man and a rich chief with many names. The village was very large.

But, trouble came again between the Ravens and Eagles. This time *Xantlikwilas* was killed. None of the Eagles could take his place in battle and the Eagles lost. Actually, the Ravens had enlisted the help of the Beavers in this war and that was sufficient to allow the Ravens to win. Some Eagles were tied on houseposts upside down. The wife of one of the Eagle chiefs asked the Raven chief to let them go, saying the Ravens could take over all the rights of the Eagles. He let them go, but the Eagles were allowed to keep the river, the names of chiefs.

That was how the Ravens and Eagles became such rivals. Here's how the Ravens and Beaver Clan came to be partners and work together in ceremonies. Years later, a Raven chief became very angry at his nephew. His nephew should have been his heir according to Haisla traditional inheritance which passes through the female line rather than from father to son. And because that Raven chief was so angry, he gave his son, who was a Beaver, the Raven rights on the River. That's how the Beaver chief, *C'esi*, became the chief with rights to the lower Kitimat River. Such a thing should never have happened. Even in those early days, fathers left their names to their nephews. These days some Haislas don't understand our ways and use *Q'wemksiwa* thinking by which fathers leave their names, traplines and possessions to their son. According to our *nuyem*, a man's inheritance should go to his oldest sister's son. So, that's how the Beavers and Ravens started working together as a unit. Some Haislas believe that there was also a Crow clan among the Kitamaat and *Henaksiala* peoples and that the Crow clan were also linked with the Ravens and Beavers. If there was a Crow clan, it's now gone.

Well, we don't know for sure why and when the Fish clan and the Blackfish or Killer Whale clan started working together. Some elders were told that after the epidemics and the 1918 flu there were so few people left that, in order to survive, the Fish and Blackfish clans started working as a unit. The Eagles are the only clan that works by itself. Here's how the clans are linked among the Haislas.

I'eksdukwiyinuxw	*Gigec'ogw*	*Miminixw*
Eagle Clan	Beaver	Killerwhale or Blackfish
	Raven	Fish or Salmon
	(Crow, if it existed)	

The Origin of the Eagle Clan

As told by Jonah Howard

This is the story of how the Eagle clan originated. It happened over on the Queen Charlotte Islands, where the Eagle clan started. Here's how it happened. There was a young man who left his own village and went to a strange, far off place. There he did a service for a chief who

encouraged him to marry his daughter and settle down in that place. The chief's daughter was naturally wise, talented and industrious. The man moved into the chief's house and became the chief's son-in-law.

The chief's house was a "bighouse", the kind we Haislas used to make with big thick carved cedar posts holding up roof beams and split cedar plank walls and roof. But, that chief's house also had a tower on top and, if you climbed up, you could see out over the water from up there. And inside the house, on the walls hung strange costumes, most of them with the beaks and talons and feathers of eagles, but there were also costumes of sea otters and ermines and owls and black ducks. But, mostly there were Eagle regalia and masks. The young man was astonished by these costumes, they were so real looking.

The second morning after he moved in, the chief said to the young man, "Come, it's time for you to start learning how to provide for the family. Come." And the chief took down one of the eagle costumes and gave it to the young man. The chief led him up onto the roof and told him to put on the eagle regalia and take off. "Just fly. Come back when you are comfortable flying. But, when you are flying always turn to the right when returning home. Never turn to the left." The young man put on the eagle costume, but he was really nervous because he didn't know whether it would work. And, finally, he was standing high up on the edge of the tower wearing the eagle outfit. He dived off with his wing-feathered arms out…and to his surprise he soared. Out over the beach and shallows he flew. He flew high among foggy clouds. He flew down low over the water. And, when he was comfortable flying, he turned to the right and started for home.

The next morning the chief said, "Get your suit and fly out and get us something to eat. Just remember this. When you are fishing as the eagles do, never try to pick up the first thing that you see. Even if it looks like a salmon, never dive down to catch that first thing in your talons." He flew off and was surprised how easily he caught a large salmon and brought it back.

That happened the next morning, too, and the next and the next. He became the provider for his wife and her whole family. Sometimes he had to fly long and far to find and catch dinner, especially since he couldn't grab the first fish he saw. And, so, one day he realized that he had become tired of doing the same job every day. So, the next morning he decided that he was going to catch the first thing that he saw. That's what he did. The chief, his father-in-law, had come up on the roof to watch him fishing. The chief was horrified to see the young man swoop down almost immediately and pick something up. Even before the young man grabbed that first thing he saw, the chief realized what he was doing and started shouting to the other villagers. "Help! Help! He has taken that unknown object. He's grabbed it. Oh, my goodness! Help!"

There was turmoil throughout the village…people were running in every direction. And almost immediately men and women started to pour out of the houses pulling on their eagle regalia and taking off in the direction of the young man, who was in serious trouble. By the time the first of the eagle-people arrived, he was just going under. He was unable to let loose of the object that he had grabbed and it was so heavy that, even though he flapped his wing-arms, he was being inexorably pulled down below the waves. The first helper arrived just in time to grab the young man with his claws. But, the object just kept going down. Others arrived and, one after the other, grabbed the one below, until the whole village…men, women and children were out there. From

a distance, it looked like a chain of eagles, all flapping their wings. Still they could not lift the unknown object, which threatened to pull them all under. It was a deadlock between the unknown object and the eagles. It went on for hours.

The only person in the village that wasn't out there struggling was an old woman. In fact, she had been the first one who had made an eagle costume and the first who had discovered that, while wearing that regalia, one could fly. Everyone in the village was descended from her. But, now she was old and frail. For some time she had claimed that she was too feeble to even fly and hadn't put on her eagle regalia. Finally, she decided. She said, "I may as well try to help them. If this had only happened when I was young, I would have welcomed the chance to use my power. So, she went in and found her eagle costume and put it on. She took off and flew out to the scene of the struggle. She took hold and flapped her wings. And, slowly but surely, almost imperceptibly at first, the unknown object started to lift a bit at a time.

At last they lifted it out of the water and landed it on the shore at the edge of the village. There was a big celebration then. This object was a giant *Cemgwis*, an unknown monster of the deep. In fact, that monster turned into an immense stone and to this day can be seen on the shore of that old village site in the Charlottes.

The Eagle clan descended from those people of that village. Even among the Haisla, many members of the Eagle clan trace their origin back to that old woman and that village, where people put on Eagle regalia and, occasionally, used the other costumes that they were entitled to keep in their houses, which are the other crests that Eagle clan members are entitled to use: sea otters and ermines and owls and black ducks. That's how the Eagle clan started.

The Origin of the Raven Clan - The Woman who became a Raven

As told by James Robertson, August 4, 2004

This story took place in *Q'os* (Kitlope Lake), on the left side just as you enter the lake. There's the old village site of *Uxwdewala*. There used to be a young girl there who kept going from house to house, telling her neighbours the things that her family members said and did, and even things like what her parents ate for breakfast or dinner. She shared it all with everyone.

Later, after she became a woman, she went across the lake to *Gukwaxais*. That was the Killer Whale clan village that had come down long before from the heavens, slicing off a section of the mountain as it descended, making *Tugwilamud*, 'the hole in the mountain'. At *Gukwaxais*, she met a young man that was to become her husband. The family agreed to the union. They settled in *Uxwdewala*.

One night, a voice spoke to the woman, "Go up to *Kenkengac'i*, the mountain which is just behind the village." So, she did go up and when she got high up there, she stood on the edge of the cliff, looking out over the lake. The voice said, "Leap off, now. Jump off and soar." She

didn't do it. She went back down. But, she didn't mention this to her husband. And she kept thinking about the voice that she had heard telling her to jump off the *Kenkengac'i*. The spirits wanted her to do it.

Another night, she heard the voice again and slipped out at night, climbing up the mountain. And again she heard the voice say, "Leap off and soar." But, again, she went back down and said nothing about it.

Her husband could tell that something was troubling the woman. And the next time she heard the voice and slipped away at night, he followed her up the *Kenkengac'i*. This time she would've jumped, but her husband grabbed her and led her back down to the village.

The very next night, the voice came again. She got up and went outside. The voice, as before, told her to go up *Kenkengac'i*. She hurried. She could hear her husband hurrying behind her; who had awoken and guessed where she was. She climbed quickly. She now knew the path well. And when she came to the edge of the cliff, she stared down at the tops of the trees and the moon reflecting off the lake. And, as her husband rushed to catch her, she leaped off and fell screaming.

As she fell, spread-eagled, she saw black feathers appear on the edges of her arms, blood red and black feathers. And she soared as the voice had said she would. She soared out and then back up. And she glided back to the cliff where her husband still stood, landing on the branch of a tree near him. She said, "I did what the spirits told me to do." She had become a raven, so she could fly around and tell the news and happenings and gossip from village to village. And she was the ancestor of the Raven clan. That's how the Raven clan started.

The Origin of the *Henaksiala* Beaver Clan

As told by Gordon Robertson and James Robertson

A long time ago, during the Time of Beginnings, down in the Kitlope the *Henaksiala* people were living well. They went here and there hunting and fishing and gathering things when they were in season. In those days it seemed that there were paths everywhere. There was a path along the Gardner Canal and along each of the important rivers. A path ran along the lake. The reason that the people had made all of these paths is because the people walked everywhere. They walked to the oolichan grounds and made grease and dried the fish right at the oolichan camp. Then they carried it home on their back with tumplines. Trip after trip carrying heavy burdens were necessary to put up food in the main villages. Husbands, wives, kids, old people, even dogs…all carried burdens up and down the paths of the Kitlope. Life back then was hard.

One day, a group of *Henaksiala* was filing along the path beside the Kitlope River near *Dixdixninuxw*, carrying their loads single file along the path. Now, in those days there was a

grove of immense old-growth cedars along the river in that area. The last person in the line was a sub-chief, who was lost in thought as he toiled along the trail. He heard a voice say, "Do you enjoy working so hard?" The man stopped and looked around. There was nobody behind or alongside him, but he heard the voice again. "Do you enjoy such hard work?" The voice seemed to be coming from a huge cedar. The man was now standing alone since all the others had continued along the path. He felt a little foolish to speak to a tree, but he decided to answer the question. So he said, "Uh, well, of *course* this is hard work, but we need to do it in order to put up food for the winter." The voice of the tree responded in a wise but friendly tone, "If you give me one of your young men, I will teach him something that will help you. Bring him to me and instruct him to do as I say." And then the tree was silent and the man hurried along to catch up to the other walkers. That night, he called a clever, industrious young man to his fire and asked whether he would be willing to take on the task of learning what the cedar had to teach him. The young man was intrigued and quickly agreed to move with his young wife to a campsite near the grove of great cedars. And that's how it happened. That's how we learned how to make our canoes.

The young man and his wife set up camp in the riverside campsite near *Dixdixninuxw*. The next day at dawn the young man went and stood in front of the cedar and introduced himself. He was taught how to make adzes and knives and splitting wedges. He was taught to rough out a canoe shape and then finish it, adding the prow piece and the stern piece. He was taught how to spread the canoe and put in the thwarts. He was taught appropriate decoration. The cedar tree told him all one needed to know in order to make our canoes. That's how it happened that we learned how to make our canoes.

Well, the young man started making a canoe right away. He wasn't skilled at first, and the job went slowly since he had only shell, bone and stone tools. (His cedar tree teacher hated and feared fire and had not taught him how to use controlled burning to hollow out the canoe.) It seemed the work took so long. He worked from before dawn until complete dark. His wife would ask, "What are you doing all day?" But, the young man wanted to make this first canoe by himself. So, he wouldn't answer. Well, that young man would always be so tired after his hard work on the canoe that he would sleep soundly through the night. And one night his wife sneaked down the trail and saw the canoe, still only partially shaped and hollowed out. Well, the woman wanted to help her husband, and the next night she felt the urge to get up and go work on the canoe. She looked at her body and felt changes happening. And she walked into the river and swam down to the worksite, guiding herself with her flat scaly tail. And when she got out of the river beside the canoe, she was able to work at hollowing out the canoe with her sharp twin incisor teeth. But, when morning came she appeared completely normal. And that's how our Beaver clan got started, when a *Henaksiala* woman became a beaver. She was the ancestor of all of the *Henaksiala* Beaver clan.

The next morning the young man looked at the rough canoe and was surprised that it seemed to have progressed overnight. It was more elegantly curved and hollowed out. The same thing happened the following day. And the next. The canoe quickly started to look finished. The young man never realized that it was his wife who was helping him. And, when the sub-chief came with the great chiefs of the Kitlope to check on what the helpful cedar tree had taught the young man, they were all amazed at the sleek, graceful canoe that would change our way of life so much. The

young man stood proudly beside the finished craft. His wife sat demurely on the side looking surprised at what her husband had accomplished. And that's how we came to have canoes to help us travel and carry heavy loads. And that's the origin of the *Henaksiala* Beaver clan.

How the Beaver Clan Originated among the *Gitamaat*

As told by Andrew Green to Ronald Olson in 1935

A long time ago, back during the Time of Beginnings, there was a man who went hunting. He took his wife along. He was on the north shore of Kildala Arm, camped near the highlands that we call *Xumaxnuxw*, there. He was a goat hunter and used to climb up early in the morning and hunt all day. Goat hunters have to pay attention to what is *aikelasu*. Now we say "taboo" or "forbidden." In those days there were lots of things that were *aikelasu*. Hunters and fishermen had to know the many things that were *aikelasu*, because it would result in being skunked if a taboo was broken. For instance, oolichan fisherman are not supposed to get their wood for boiling fires in advance. If a hunter shoots a sea mammal on the rocks it will storm soon to wash the blood away. That sort of thing. Hunters and fisherman had to know those things that are *aikelasu*. One of the most taboo things for a hunter is to sleep with his wife either just before going hunting or during the hunt. So, this story is about a man who did not break the taboos and what happened.

Well, the goat hunter came down the mountain and back to camp on the first night. He was tired and went to bed early and his wife started to get into bed with him, but he would not let her. She argued with him to no avail. She grew angry and shouted at him to no avail. She pleaded with him to no avail. It was *aikelasu* for a hunter to sleep with his wife. Finally, she wrapped in her sleeping furs and slept by herself.

The next day the hunter had good luck and returned to camp with a goat. His wife was not in camp, nor was any dinner prepared. So, the hunter built up the fire and put some goat meat on to cook. When his wife arrived she had wet hair and would not eat anything at all. The same thing happened the next evening and the next. Each night the wife would show up with wet hair and would not take any food. Her husband couldn't figure it out, but he was always very tired at night and usually fell asleep right after eating dinner by himself. He was a good hunter and the drying rack was always full of goat meat drying. Soon they would have enough dried goat meat put away and he would stop hunting. And, night after night his wife was refusing to eat and giving the appearance of having bathed when he saw her upon arriving back in camp from hunting. What was going on?

What was going on was that the wife was doing the *nakwelagila* rigorously. *Nakwelagila* is what we Haisla do to become strong and tough and lucky by fasting and bathing in really cold water. Hunters and trappers and fishermen and gamblers and women who harvest and weave and anyone who competes will do better if his *nakwelaa* (soul) has become powerful through the *nakwelagila*. Someone who pays attention to his *nakwelagila* can say, "I don't look for good

luck. Luck looks for me." Well, that's what the wife was doing all day…doing the nakwelagila. Well, this is what the wife had been doing. She was disgusted with the husband for following the *aikelasu* so devotedly in order to have good luck. So, she had decided to do the *nakwelagila* diligently…and become more powerful than her husband. Well, once in a great while, the old people say, someone who does the *nakwelagila* with total commitment will be taken over by one of the spirits of the natural world. And that's what happened to the wife.

On the day after the last day of his hunt, the man pretended to go out hunting and then snuck back to the camp. He watched his wife turn her leather apron around so that it hung down in back like a beaver's tail. And he watched her immediately enter the creek and start to work. She had already made a beaver house of green branches and was making a dam. She worked industriously, chewing off branches and building up the dam to back up the water. He watched her work all day.

That night he joined her in her sleeping furs and she became pregnant and gave birth to four young beavers. The husband and wife divided the young beavers into two pairs, each with a male and a female, and they put them around our Haisla traditional territory. Every year the woman gave birth to four beavers which they scattered around our land in mating pairs. That's the reason that our traditional territory is rich in beavers. And, in between litters of beavers, the couple had human children, who are the ancestors of the today's Beaver clan Haisla.

So, that's the story of the origin of the Beaver clan among us. And that's the reason that there are lots of beavers in our territory.

The Origin of the Killer Whale Clan: The Story of *Nexnuusem Gyat*

As told by Sam Robinson, Gordon Robertson and others

A long time ago at the Time of Beginnings there was a settlement up near Alaska, by where Metlakatla would be built much later. There were only a few families in that village, living in oldtime bighouses facing the beach. In one of those houses lived a man called Nexnuusem Gyat with his family and relatives. *Nexnuusem Gyat* and his wife were handsome people, by which we mean that they were industrious and helpful and polite and good parents. This is the story of how the Killer Whale clan started. Like all of our clans, we trace them back to a woman. The Killer Whale clan members everywhere all descended from the wife of *Nexnuusem Gyat*. Here's how it happened.

Nexnuusem Gyat lived quietly in that village. But on a day like other days something happened in that village. The people saw a white seal swimming in front of the village. The men grabbed their bows, but the wife of *Nexnuusem Gyat* ran down and told them, "Try to shoot it in the tail so you won't hole the pelt and ruin it." In the end, *Nexnuusem Gyat* killed the seal and went out to get it. His wife skinned it carefully, scraping the hide. When she held it up for everyone to

admire, she noticed that there were a still a few spots of blood on the fur. So, she waded out to wash it off. But, as soon as the sealskin touched that water, it was as if it came to life again. It started swimming powerfully out and the wife of *Nexnuusem Gyat* had to hold on to it so that it didn't get away. She shouted for help but, before anyone could wade out, she was in deep water. An immense killer whale was attracted by the smell of that blood on the seal skin, saw the woman and swam between her legs and carried her away. It happened so quickly. She was there one minute and with a sudden splash and a glint of light on a tall black dorsal fin she was gone. A few seconds later she was visible again for a moment astride the killer whale as it breached briefly far out in the bay, heading quickly for deep water.

Nexnuusem Gyat took a crew and they paddled all over the bay for hours. Close to shore they found the sealskin, but even though they paddled far out to sea, back and forth, there was no sign of his wife. The next day he paddled even further out searching to the north and to the south of the village. His neighbours gave up hope of finding her and tried to console him. But, he continued to look for his wife day after day. Finally, he went to ask a famous *dudeqsewilh*, a See-er who can find things that are lost, see the past and tell the future. He was told, "Your wife has been taken by the Killer Whale and is now his wife. She is far, far away and Killer Whale will not give her up easily." He decided to go find his wife and take her back. His adviser with second sight looked him in the eye and said, "It will not be easy. It is far. You must travel as I tell you until you come to the sea. Look there and you will find a canoe. Paddle with the setting sun on your right until you find two kelp beds near the shore. Beneath these kelp beds will be the start of the road that will lead you to the house of Killer Whale. And remember that you will only succeed if you remember our *nuyem*, which tells us to help others."

Nexnuusem Gyat made preparations. He decided that he would need two helpers if he were going to find his wife. He considered eagle, who had good eyes, and owl, who could see in the dark, and hummingbird, who could fly standing still, but, in the end he chose *Pepa'la*, the swallow, who could glide effortlessly all day long. His job would be to fly overhead and patrol ahead serving as both guide and watchman. *Pepa'la* agreed to accompany him on his quest. He also considered grizzly bear, who could stand up to the strongest man, and wolf, who was fast, and fox, who was sly. But, at last he chose *Kenkem*, the marten, because he could smell things at a distance and see in the dark. And then *Nexnuusem Gyat* packed his knife and his axe and the three of them set out. They did as the See-er had said. It really was far, but *Kenkem* was able to keep them on the right trail day and night. Finally they came to the seashore and *Pepa'la* scouted from the air and easily found the canoe. They launched the canoe and paddled. *Pepa'la* went on ahead and spotted the kelp beds and then returned, dipping and pointing the direction that they should steer.

Nexnuusem Gyat anchored out between the kelp beds. From here only he could continue. He had to go under the water to find the road to Killer Whale's house. He sent *Pepa'la* home to report to the other villagers. And, *Kenkem* was to stay and take care of the canoe. *Nexnuusem Gyat* entered the water and easily found the road. As he went along the road, two things happened. First he came upon a flock of blind geese rooting with their beaks, trying to pull out *dliksam* roots. They were jostling each other because they couldn't see. When he got near them, they stopped and faced him saying, "Oh, there's *Nexnuusem Gyat*. We can smell him." It was they who gave him his name, which is a Tsimshian name. The second thing that happened was that a

group of slaves came along looking for dry firewood. After some time, they found a tree, felled it (waking up one of their group who had crawled inside and gone to sleep), and started to cut it up. Unfortunately, while chopping the wood into pieces, they broke their axe. Work stopped while they worried about how angry their owner would be over the broken tool. *Nexnuusem Gyat* offered to help them, saying, "I'm trying to find my wife, who was taken by Killer Whale. But, I will try to help you fix your axe." So, he rubbed his own unbroken axe on the two pieces of the broken axe and placed them together and then rubbed them again with his axe. And their axe became whole again, good as new. Because he had helped them, the slaves told him where to find the home of the Killer Whale and said they would go with him.

The Killer Whale's camp was close. There was a woman beside the fire. He couldn't see her well and she had been gone for a long time, so he wasn't really sure that it was, in fact, his wife. So, to allow *Nexnuusem Gyat* to see her clearly, the slaves put a load of wood on the fire. As soon as he saw her clearly, he knew it was his wife that he had been searching for. Then, the slaves helped him by "accidentally" knocking over the kettle, which put out the fire. Taking advantage of the sudden darkness, *Nexnuusem Gyat* rushed in and grabbed his wife, who recognized him and didn't resist. Killer Whale tried to stop them but he was awkward and had no arms to fight with. Well, *Nexnuusem Gyat* took his wife by the hand and the two of them ran down the road to the canoe that would take them home. And that's how *Nexnuusem Gyat* recovered his wife, who had been carried off by Killer Whale. It turned out that his wife was pregnant and gave birth to the first of the Killer Whale clan, and their descendants spread out all over the coast. And that's the story of *Nexnuusem Gyat,* long ago, and how his wife became the ancestor of all the Killer Whale clan.

The Traditional Clan Territories in the Kitlope and Gukwaxais – The Village from the Heavens that Came Down on the Shore of Kitlope Lake

As told by James Robertson, March 2, 2000

This is the story of the village that came down from the heaven on the shores of *Qos*, Kitlope Lake. It happened a long time ago.

Our *nuyem* tells us that a long time ago, each of the clans had their own settlement and area around Kitlope Lake. Here's how that happened, according to one traditional account. Qanadalais is the place that *Wiget* put the first man and woman. And after the Great Flood the population grew and grew. People started to argue about who had the rights to hunt and harvest in particular areas. At one point, there were so many people and so much disagreement that the chiefs got together and tried to find a way to divide up the territory so that each clan had enough area and resources. In the end, they decided to simply cast lots as to where each of the clans should move and settle. Here's how it turned out:

(1) The Raven clan got the entrance to Kitlope Lake on the left as you enter. They built the village of *Oxdewala*, near the mountain called *Kenkengac'i*.

(2) The Eagle clan got the middle lakeshore on the left side of the lake as you enter. They built the village of *Ag̲o'yewa*.
(3) The Beaver clan territory was *Daniko* (the Gamsby River area), and some elders recall that there may have been a Beaver clan area on the lake, too. *Henkwa*, the man who turned to stone and became *T'ismista* sitting on the mountain ridge south of the lake, was a member of the Beaver clan who lived at the top of the lake.
(4) The Killer Whale clan got the area to the right as you enter the lake. They called their village *G̲a'yais*, but also had a settlement at *Tugwilamut*. The Fish clan also shared the Killer Whale clan area.

The Killer Whale clan village of *Tugwilamut* was located on the right side of *Qaus*, Kitlope Lake. This is near the site of *Gukwax̲ais*, which means "old time bighouses," and refers to a village that, according to tradition, came down from the heavens. It sliced a hole in the mountain as it came down, cutting the rock like a piece of cake as it descended. Some of the accounts refer to the village being guided down by people. *Gukwax̲ais* was located on the shore of the lake, facing the Raven clan camp at *Oxwdewala* on the other side of the lake. *Tugwilamut* was one of the places where the young *Henaksiala* were trained to be mountain climbers, so it was right at the edge of the mountains.

The Great Flood according to the *Henaksiala*

As told by Gordon Robertson to James Robertson

[Note that some of the incidents in this story appear in the account of the origin of the *Henaksiala* Beaver clan above]

Before the flood the wolves were telling our people, who were living in *X̲esdewakw* that there was a great flood coming and now was the time to prepare for it. A lot of you will be asleep, be dead before it comes. But many of you will have to live through the danger and terror of it. So that was their warning.

This was long ago and the people didn't yet have canoes. They had to walk everywhere. One time, a lot of people had gone down the grease trail to *Weqelals* and were returning to their homes, packing the oolichan grease on their backs using tumplines. Well, they heard a sound coming from a tree along the trail. It sounded like the tree was bending in the north wind, but it had a voice in there. So, they set their boxes of grease down. And after a while they heard the sound again a second time and they caught a word, "….*Nugwa*…." (meaning '…I…') Then after a while they heard the sound for a third time, still indistinctly. But, then, the fourth time they heard the tree clearly. It said, "I'm speaking to you from this tree, the cedar. Don't be afraid. I see you walking back and forth, carrying all the things you need. In the future you are going to be needing canoes. Give me one of your young men and I will teach you something useful. Choose one of your young men." Well, the people chose one of their young men and then they picked up their boxes of grease and left to continue home.

The cedar tree taught the young man the art of canoe-making. For instance, he learned that the strongest part of the tree (where the rings are closest together) is used to form the bottom of the canoe. The side of the tree facing the east has the widest rings, the side of the tree facing west has the narrow, strong rings. And he was shown how to take the bark and outside layer of wood off. The adze wasn't known yet, so he learned how to use fire to hollow out the canoe. He put a red hot stone in the center of the canoe and it charred so they could scrape that layer off and then charr some more. Oh, yes, he learned a lot of the tools, techniques and tricks of carving a canoe. He learned to shape the outside first, to rough it out, and then to hollow out the inside. And after that he was shown how to turn the log over so he could work on the bottom of the canoe. Still using burning, he learned to shape the bow and stern and the inside.

This young man had a wife. They had just gotten married. She kept telling him while he was working on the canoe that she was hungry. They had already eaten up their winter supply of food while learning how to make the canoe. She would go out and she would come back in the evenings. Then, one evening she didn't show up. And, the next day he was working in the canoe, which was right next to the river. And he heard a slap on the water. He looked out and saw a beaver and he knew right a way that the beaver was his wife. She had been chewing on the wood of the canoe log, and much of the beautiful work shaping the canoe was her work, helping her husband. Her name was *Qulun*. She was the first beaver and the beginning of the Beaver clan. And that was how we came to have canoes.

Soon everyone had two or three canoes. And the wolves had told the people that a flood was coming, that it was near. The people sent the men to the top of the mountains to pull bark off the cedar trees. Young ones, old ones, they took the *denas*, the bark from all of the trees. They got as much *denes* as they could get. The women came down to the end of the lake to make rope by twisting the bark. They call the thick rope of twisted *denas* *<u>x</u>elpelak*. And the men were told to look around the top of the mountains for an anchor. They needed to find a natural anchor stone to tie the cedar bark rope to. All the canoes were brought to the top of the lake and tied together there with that long, long rope. That's where the canoes were anchored at the top of the lake. Everything was prepared when it started to rain. The rain came down in buckets. The people up at the top of the lake had tied the end of the rope to the natural anchor rock in the mountains around *Qanadatla*. People came up the lake to get into those canoes.

It rained for many days. The canoes rose as the level of the water went up. Some canoes broke loose and the people drifted off. Other canoes capsized and the people drowned. The people drifted for a long time in their canoes. Some of the canoes broke loose and, still tied together, they drifted north toward Kemano. Their anchor rope caught on a mountain at *Lhoxw*. This mountain saved them because it rose up so that the canoe's anchor would catch on its rocky top, and then it rose and fell with the tide, holding the canoes steady. When the flood finally started to subside, the end of the long cedarbark rope ended up on a mountain called *Xelbexw*, located in the highlands across from the mouth of the *Daniku* River. It's probably still there.

After the Great Flood, the first thing that the people caught to eat was a dogfish. For that reason, the *Henaksiala* always considered dogfish to be a very special food. There is still a carving of a dogfish on a wooden gravestone in Kemano.

And that's the *Henaksiala* story of the Great flood. The *Gitamaat* have a Great Flood story which has many of the features of this one, except that the anchor of the *Gitamaat* canoes caught on a mountain above Eagle Bay or Clio Bay (depending upon the version used by the storyteller).

Wiget and the Moon

As told by Gordon Robertson, Gordon Robinson, Jeffrey Legaik and others

This is one of the stories about *Wiget*. Every Haisla knows stories about that wily trickster, who traveled around our territory a long time ago. Ah, *Wiget*! We Haisla have *lots* of stories about *Wiget*. You can't hear them without smiling. He was so selfish that he always wanted to get his own way and would fib, steal or harm others to get what he wanted. *Wiget* lived back in what we can call the Time of Beginnings, when the world and all the living things were just taking the form that they have now. People and animals and, even, trees and some rocks could still talk to one another and even got married to each other. *Wiget* had the power to transform into anything and sometimes he did so if it would help him get his way. That's what happened in this story about how *Wiget* did something right for the wrong reason. The story goes like this.

Well, *Wiget* was camping with his sister *Zewasenx* down on the beach at *Zakwalisla*, which is called MK Bay now…but our name for it is *Zakwalisla*. Wiget's sister *Zewasenx* was between husbands, but had her eye on *Hec'ik*, called Wolf. That attractive Wolf would come around her tent, sniffing and howling at night, but back then the nights were totally dark. There was no soft light to encourage romantic get-togethers and inspire passionate thoughts. His sister grumbled that it was too dark at night and her complaining got on *Wiget*'s nerves but, he realized, she had a point. It would be nice to have some light in the night. And that gave him an idea.

Wiget knew that an old man who lived nearby had an intriguing luminous ball called the *'nagwac'i*, which means "light inside." *Wiget* thought, "That might work to light up the night a little. It's not *too* bright. And, yes, a shimmering light at nighttime might just make it easier to have amorous adventures. But, that old man who owns the *'nagwac'i* is even more selfish than I am. He'd never part with it. So, hmmm…." And old *Wiget* started to make a plan to get the *'nagwac'i* for his own. First he changed into *Gaax*, who is Raven, and he flew into a tree in front of the old man's house.He wanted to do a little spying and spent several days just watching what went on around the settlement. He noticed that every morning the old man's daughter came out and got water from the stream next to their big-house. So, the next morning he changed himself into a spruce needle and when the girl came out to get water, he was floating there in the stream. And when she scooped up a drink, he managed to get into the dipper and she swallowed him right down. So, *Wiget* was inside that girl and in the course of time he was born to her as a son.

As *Wiget* grew from infant to toddler to boy, he became his grandfather's favorite. Even though the old man was strict and possessive, he just doted on his grandson. *Wiget* was on his good

behaviour, to be sure. But, he was constantly looking for a chance to get control of the old man's *'nagwac'i*. One day he got his chance. The old man was napping and *Wiget* was playing near the box where the luminous globe was stored. Moving quickly, *Wiget* took the lid off the box and grabbed the glowing ball and started rolling it toward the door. But, that old man was like an owl…he slept with one eye open. *Wiget* was hurrying to make his getaway, rolling the *'nagwac'i* as fast as he could when that old man roared like a grizzly and leaped up. That old man could *move*! And he was gaining on *Wiget*.

Wiget had hardly gotten outside when the old man was upon him. In desperation, *Wiget* threw the *'nagwac'i* up into the sky and, changing into a raven, he flew up into the tree. He expected the ball to come down, but it never did. It is still up there in the night sky, shining softly at night. We call it the moon. And, to the delight of both the lovelorn *Wiget* and his foxy sister, *Zewasenx*, it turned out to a perfect light for amorous adventures.

Wiget and Deer, One of the Husbands of *Zewasenx*

A*s told by* Eden Robinson, Gordon Robinson and others

Back in the Time of Beginnings, the mischievous *Wiget* used to travel around our territory. He was wily! A rascal! *Wiget* was the jealous type who deserved his reputation as a selfish trickster. Nothing was too outrageous for him to do in order to get his own way. Occasionally his notorious deeds turned out to be a help to people, like when he discovered the *q'ek'enaa* (traditional halibut hook) or when he made the spring called *Xwenis* that used to run, clear and cool, through our village. But most of his exploits were simply dishonest and devious trickery. And *Wiget*'s sister was as crafty as he was. She was a schemer who, according to Eden Robinson, was "suspiciously widowed many times." Often married, *Zewasenx* was always on the lookout for a more attractive partner. This story is about one of those partners. Sometimes this story is called "*Wiget*'s Stones".

Wiget and his sister *Zewasenx* traveled around our territory a long time ago, when the world was still being transformed into the way things are now. Back then, the animals were still taking on the characteristics that they now have and people and animals could talk to one another. Well, at this time, *Zewasenx* was married to *Qa'mila*, who we now call Deer. Deer was good looking and handsome, by which we Haisla mean that he was industrious and kind and polite. But Deer was really inept and not very smart. According to the story, *Wiget* and his current brother-in-law were down along the beach getting ready to build a house. They had their sledge hammer and wedges and were splitting boards from a cedar log. *Wiget* was a skilled carpenter and when he swung the sledge hammer it whistled through the air and hit the mark. Deer, on the other hand, hammered like lightning…he never struck the same place twice. With his skinny forearms he could barely lift the heavy stone hammer. So, *Wiget* gave him the job of holding the wedges while he wielded the hammer to drive them in. Whack! Whack! The wedges went in quickly.

And as they worked, *Wiget* started to work up an appetite and he realized that Deer, right in front of him, would make a lot of venison dinners. So, before he drove the next wedge, he said, "Deer, you're holding some of those wedges just a bit out of line and the boards aren't splitting perfectly straight as they should. Why don't you lean over a bit closer so that you can see to set each wedge properly." Well, Deer was so conscientious; he wanted to do his job right. And, since he didn't see very well, he leaned really close to get the next wedge positioned perfectly. And *Wiget* couldn't resist the temptation. Thinking of a great venison feast, he swung his sledge hammer like a pile driver, bringing it down right on Deer's head. Deer dropped like a rock. "Oh, my! Oh, dear! How absolutely awful," *Wiget* said, licking his lips.

Wiget went back to the camp and, wailing loudly, told his sister about the terrible accident that had widowed her yet again. It would be safe to say that *Zewasenx* was not grief-stricken by the news. She handed *Wiget* a shovel and said, "Well, he's not gone until he's buried." Actually, she was already thinking of how cute *C'ac'ik'a*, Hawk was…or maybe even that gorgeous hunk *Kenkem*, Marten.

Wiget returned to the worksite on the beach where poor Deer lay. He dug a shallow grave and lined it with wet moss and seaweed. Then he lay Deer's body in it and covered it with more wet moss and seaweed (just like a cooking pit), and he covered all of that with a light layer of sand. Crow was clamoring and screeching, saying, "All right, *Wiget*! Quit being selfish! Give the rest of us a *little*, at least. Come on, *Wiget*, how about some meat scraps or the innards or *something*." But, *Wiget* paid no attertion to others or the polite thing to do. He built a fire atop Deer's grave, which looked suspiciously like a cooking pit. And then he leaned back against the big cedar log to have a nap until dinner time.

So *Wiget* drifted off to sleep, while visions of venison danced in his head. But, as often happened, things didn't turn out exactly as he had hoped. In fact, the cooking pit he had buried Deer in was below the high-tide line. And, while *Wiget* dozed the tide rose and covered the grave, putting out the fire and carrying an immense stump which it deposited directly on top of Deer's grave. Crow started taunting *Wiget*, saying "Caw caw caw, greedy *Wiget*! If you had given us some, we would've warned you. Now you won't get any either. So, caw caw caw!"

Wiget was so frustrated at his own foolishness and irritated at the taunting of Crow that he could only vent his anger by picking up handfuls of big stones and throwing them at Crow, who was sitting on the stump. The stones caught in the roots of the tree. And that's the reason that beached drift-stumps even today often have *Wiget*'s stones in their roots.

Wiget and the Q'ek'enaa or *Wiget* and the Halibut Hook

As told by Jeffrey Legaik, Chris Walker, Gordon Robinson, John Robinson and others

We Haisla have several stories about *Wiget* and his sister, *Zewasenx*. All of our elders, when they were young, used to sit at night and listen to their grandmothers tell *Wiget* stories. *Wiget* lived

back at the Time of Beginnings, when things in the world were just starting to be like they are now. In those days, the animals were people who were just beginning to take on the characteristics of the animal, bird or fish that they would eventually become. *Wiget* is sometimes called "the Trickster" because he was a selfish character who always tried to get his way by tricking others. He is also sometimes called "the Transformer" because he could both change himself into other things (commonly Raven) or he could change the physical world from the way it used to be to the way it is now (like when he made *Xwenis*, the spring where we used to get our water in Kitamaat village). *Wiget* always tried to get what he wanted the easy way, but things didn't usually work out the way he planned. This story is an example of how *Wiget* tries trickery instead of friendship to get what he wants…with almost fatal consequences.

This story happened in Haisla territory a long time ago. *Wiget* and his sister *Zewasenx*, were camping at *Zewad* in the middle of *Sawi*, which is now called Sue Channel. *Zewasenx* had been married to *T'isemzi*, the great rock of a man, who was dependable and just beautiful, but boring. In the end, she asked him to go out and get her some halibut. This was before our ancestors learned how to get halibut. *T'isemzi* was eager to please, but all he could do was to sink to the bottom of Sue Channel and try to get a halibut for his beloved. So, *T'isemzi* swam out to the middle of *Sawiksewa*, the channel that goes out the north end of Sue Channel between Loretta Island and the north tip of Maitland Island. But halibuts are hard to catch with your hands, and the loyal *T'isemzi* is still down there on the bottom trying patiently to catch a halibut. Only the top of his head is stickling up, and it is the little reef there in the middle of *Sawiksewa*.

Well, *Zewasenx* was not a very patient person, and she soon went whining over to her brother, *Wiget*. She tearfully asked him to get her a halibut. Now, it turns out that *Wiget* had been thinking for some time about what a shame it was that those wonderful halibut were so hard to catch. Actually, *Wiget* had heard that there was only one person who knew how to catch halibut. His name was *Kwaganuu* and he was an orphan who lived a solitary life, rich with an endless supply of halibut. *Kwaganuu* was a suspicious sort of person, because people who sought him out mostly wanted to steal the secret of his success in halibut fishing. And, *Kwaganuu* knew that if others learned how to catch halibut, sooner or later there would be none left. So, *Kwaganuu* lived by himself, way down at the far end of the Sue Channel, at *Gemisdem*. He had a platform moored off shore with a stout shack on it, and he was known to go out there and come back with a stringer full of halibut. Beautiful, big halibut. Tasty, tender halibut. So, *Wiget* decided to pay *Kwaganuu* a visit. He told his sister not to worry. There would be plenty of halibut soon. *Zewasenx* was appeased. As an afterthought, she said, "Oh, and tell me if he's good looking, eh."

Well, *Wiget* decided to get to *Gemisdem* the easy way. He changed into Raven and flew down Sue Channel until he saw the camp of *Kwaganuu* with the float house moored out in front. *Wiget* alit on the roof of the shack and looked down through a crack in the wallboards. Sure enough! There was *Kwaganuu* sitting in the middle of the shack near a hole in the floor. He was holding a line that extended down in to the water. While *Wiget* watched, there was a jerk on the line and *Kwaganuu* started pulling in the line, reeling it in hand over hand. And on the end of the line was a halibut! That halibut was caught on a hook made out of a spruce root shaped like a U, a little bigger than a man's hand. There was a bone barb on the hook with a piece of octopus impaled on it for bait. That halibut was hooked so *well* on that hook. *Wiget* had already learned how *Kwaganuu*'s hook was made, but he decided to try to steal a hook rather than go to the trouble of making one.

So he flew down through the door and alit with a thump on the floor next to *Kwaganuu*, wiping his brow as if he had just arrived after a long, tiring flight. He started speaking excitedly. "Oh, my brother, *Kwaganuu*, I have come to tell you that our mother's brother has died and I've decided to come and get you so that you can be there at the Settlement and have his noble name put on you, as was his wish. Oh, yes. It has been hard to locate you, since you were separated from the rest of the family while an infant. Oh, yes. We should leave immediately.

Well, *Kwaganuu* was really surprised by the sudden appearance of a raven who claimed to be his brother. But, life was so lonely for him that he decided on the spur of the moment to go with the raven. "How far is it to my uncle's settlement?" he asked. *Wiget* replied, "Not far at all as the raven flies. Just crawl up on my back and we'll be there in no time at all." So, *Kwaganuu* climbed onto *Wiget*'s back and they got airborne. Raven flew high above the channel and did a few lazy circles. *Kwaganuu* held on tightly at first. But, gradually he started to feel comfortable and loosened his grip on *Wiget*'s feathers a bit. And that was *Wiget*'s cue to flip over and fly upside down, as ravens often do. And, caught unawares, *Kwaganuu* fell off. *Wiget* watched him fall and splash into the water, disappearing immediately below the surface. And then he started back toward the float house and the halibut hook.

Moments later he was sitting next to the hole in the floor of the float holding the hook and line. "I'd better check this out to be sure that I know how it works." And he dropped the hook down into the water, noting that the piece of octopus bait was still attached. He felt the hook hit the bottom and held the line, waiting for the tug. It came almost immediately…a firm jerk on the line. "This is *soooo* easy," thought *Wiget*, starting to pull in the line. The line piled up on the floor. He could see an immense shape starting to rise to the surface. But, it wasn't a halibut. With a splash, the face of *Kwaganuu* rose up out of the water and his hand grabbed *Wiget*'s black, skinny raven leg. *Wiget* was dragged down through the hole into the water…and under the water. *Kwaganuu* held the raven underwater and clearly intended to drown him. But, at the last moment he apparently relented and released his grip. Half drowned, *Wiget* bobbed to the surface, flailing and coughing

There was no halibut dinner for *Wiget* and *Zewasenx* that night. But, *Wiget* made his own halibut hook and others, seeing it, were soon catching halibut as our ancestors have, since the Time of Beginnings. And that's the story of *Wiget* and the *q'ek'ena*.

Wiget Digs the Inlet at *Ziqwans*

As told by Samson Ross, James Robertson, John Robinson, John Wilson and Gerald Amos

A long time ago, back in the Time of Beginnings, *Wiget* was paddling along by Monkey Beach, heading north. He was going to *Kitseeway* in order to get some nice flounders. *Wiget* was traveling alone this time, having left his sister *Zewasenx* behind. She was in mourning after the death of her thirteenth, or maybe it was her fourteenth husband, Spruce Pitch. They hadn't been together long, *Zewasenx* and Spruce Pitch, and now he was dead. Poor *Zewasenx*. But, actually,

it was *Wiget* who killed her husbands. When John Wilson was telling about this, he said, "I guess *Wiget* was the first serial killer. He did in *Zewasenx*'s husbands one after another." And, in fact, *Wiget* had killed Spruce Pitch because he needed some gooey, sticky pitch to make his halibut hook hold together. He had also used some of that pitch to caulk his old, cracked and leaky canoe. *Wiget* had to stop and bail regularly because he had such a worn-out canoe. But *Wiget* was too lazy to make a new canoe himself. He always tried to trick someone else into doing the work or catching the fish or carrying the load.

Well, *Wiget* paddled past *Wiilaxdels* and *Beya'*, and by that time he was getting a little tired. And he started thinking about how far it was to paddle all the way up and around Moody Point and Mary Point in order to get to Kitseeway. It would be a lot closer if he could just cut across the neck of land rather than paddle all the way around the point. It would be a shortcut. So, he pulled into shore and started to push the earth out of the way using his heel as a plow. He was actually digging a deep rut with his heel. This ditch was heading straight towards Verney Passage on the other side. He was making good progress and had dug his canal halfway through to the other side. It would save him some time paddling all the way around. But it was hard work to push the earth out of the way and burrow along with only his heel. He was really sweating and tired and he wasn't even halfway yet. So, he just threw up his hands and walked back to his canoe. He pushed off and headed back down the channel to his campsite. This was just another case of *Wiget* trying to do things the easy way. And that's the story of *Ziqwans*, the inlet that *Wiget* made with his heel when he tried to make a shortcut. He found out that "the shortest way across is sometimes the longest way around!"

There are a lot of places in our traditional territory where *Wiget* passed by and left some mark on the land. Up on the shore at the east side of the entrance to Minette Bay, there is a place where *Wiget* used to hunt seals. According to the story, *Wiget* put his arrows day after day in a cleft in the rock and today we can still see the thin, round, deep hole that his arrows wore into the rock over time. That's where *Wiget* kept his arrows handy when a seal showed up. It's called *Handlac'is Wiget*, "*Wiget*'s arrow quiver."

Wiget and the Tide Woman

(Refer to Foch Lagoon, p.74, above)

as told by Jeffrey Legaix, Gordon Roinson, and others

Back in the Time of Beginnings, *Wiget* used to travel around our territory and through the territory of our neighbours. *Wiget* had more than ordinary powers and could transform into a Raven. He was a rascal, a shameless rascal. Some people have called him a trickster because he regularly tricked people into doing what he wanted. The Haisla have a whole series of stories about *Wiget*. Sometimes his pranks resulted in good for people, like when he gave light to the night by putting the moon in the sky. But, usually he was simply being selfish, wanting to get his own way or to have somebody else's food. This story is an example of *Wiget*'s selfishness.

Well, this happened a long time ago. *Wiget* and his sister *Zewasenx* were camping down near the beach at the entrance to Foch Inlet. *Wiget* decided that he would take a walk along the beach. He thought that he was alone, so he was really surprised to see what looked like a figure off in the distance, standing at the tideline. He was curious. So he started to hurry along the beach to find out who it was. When he got close, he realized that it was an old woman. Now he was *really* curious. He came up to her and asked, "Who are you and where are you from and what are you doing here?" That old woman only said, "I am the one selected to look after the tide. It is my very important task to make sure that the tideline doesn't fluctuate. I have the job to keep the tide from going out. It takes all of my attention." Then *Wiget* noticed that the old woman was holding a stout rope of twined *denas* (cedar bark) that was curled in a pile at her feet and ran down the beach and into the water. It seemed that the old woman really *did* have control over the tide and took her job seriously.

Well, *Wiget* started to argue with the old woman. "Do you know who I am? I'm *Wiget* and I have power, too. I have as much power as your master, who gave you this task. Give me that rope. I want to see whether what you are telling me is the truth. I'll slack it just a little bit and see what happens."

The old woman was unimpressed. "Oh, no! My master gave me this responsibility for the tide and told me not to trust anybody. In fact he warned me that *Wiget* might come along and try to trick me into giving him control of the tide rope. He said I shouldn't be fooled. I shouldn't listen to anybody…especially not to *Wiget*. My master said to me, 'Old woman, you bear in mind that if you let the rope go it's going to run away 'til you can't bring it back again. And, so, from then on the tide will fluctuate up and down. Twice a day, up-down, up-down. You will lose your job and your respect,' he said, 'if you get fooled by someone who wants to let the tide go out and cause it to start fluctuating. Be careful,' he said to me."

"Just give me the rope for a few seconds. I'll see if I can move the water level down just a bit. Don't get me mad or I'll use my power on you."

"No! You're *Wiget*. Everybody knows that you're selfish and lie and trick people."

Just then, Mink came out of the water with a spiky, sharp sea urchin in its mouth and walked right towards *Wiget*. The old trickster spoke to Mink saying, "If you please, Mink, would you let me have that sea egg? I have an important use for it." Mink did not recognize *Wiget*, but was accommodating and dropped the sea urchin at *Wiget*'s feet before continuing on into the bush. *Wiget* gingerly picked up the sea urchin and held it, looking at the woman. He said, "Old woman, I want to know what's under the tideline and I'm going to see it. So, let that rope go! If you don't, I'm going to rub this sea egg full of spiny, stinging, needles between your legs causing pain like you've never felt and won't ever forget."

The old woman said, "No matter how much pain you threaten me with or cause me, you won't get this rope." So *Wiget*, frustrated and angry, grabbed the woman and rubbed that sea urchin all over between her legs. Yet, despite the awful pain, the woman hung onto the rope. But, then the pain became too much. She fell unconscious on the sand. And she let go of the rope, which started to slither down the beach toward the edge of the water. And, something no one had ever

seen before, the tide started running out slowly and then quicker and quicker. *Wiget* was amazed. Remember that this happened at the mouth to Foch Lagoon, where there is a great, strong rushing tide today. One has to be careful of that tide and only enter the lagoon at slack water. Well, the reason that tide is so strong is that Foch Lagoon is where the tide first happened, when *Wiget* fooled the old Tide Woman.

The sound of the rushing water got the attention of *Wiget*'s sister, *Zewasenx*, who came out onto the beach running. She had a surprised, delighted look on her face and walked down onto the tidal flat area that was now exposed for the first time. There were fish in shallow pools, crabs and sea cucumbers and all types of beach life. It was all just lying there! *Wiget* said, "Start gathering the fish and bring them up. Choose the ones that you like best. And we'll pile them up right over there. Which ones do you want?"

Zewasenx decided to take the black fish and *Wiget* chose the shiny ones. And they both went among the flapping fish and made several trips collecting the best and biggest ones. Then they carried them to their camp. *Wiget* carried the shiny ones two at a time and his sister packed the black ones in her packbasket. Then they built up the fire and started cutting the fish up and making sticks so they could barbecue those beautiful fish. However, *Wiget* had chosen wrong. His shiny fish were all grey cods, which do not barbecue well at all. They simply get burned and nothing drips out of them. *Zewasenx*'s black cods and lingcods barbecued perfectly and smelled and looked delicious. She took her fish off the fire and piled them up. And then, as a result of all that heavy work, she lay down next to the fire and fell asleep.

Wiget was irritated and jealous that after all that work, he had ended up with no fish. And he knew that if he took the fish of *Zewasenx* she would miss them. So, he went down the beach and found a large hunk of yellow cedar that was full of pitch. He knew that yellow cedar snaps and sparks when it burns. So, he bargained with the piece of yellow cedar, saying, "Would you be willing to help me by performing? Do your trick of crackling and sparking, and send your sparks as I direct, eh?" Then he took the piece of yellow cedar and put it on the fire near his sleeping sister. And the pitchy yellow cedar made little explosive pops and with the accuracy of an artillery piece spat sparks directly in between *Zewansenx*'s legs, all over, burning her seriously. She woke up screaming and ran all over the place.

Wiget held her by the shoulders and said, "Oh, my sister, I know how awful that burn is and there's only one thing that will ease the pain and start the healing. It's the shaft of the *nik'nik'as* plant. I saw one of these rare medicinal herbs just today over on the edge of camp beneath the big cottonwood tree. It has a short round shaft that grows up out of the leaves. You need only sit down on that shaft to be comforted. I'll go to make sure it's still there, sticking up out of the leaves. Then I'll call you if it is, in fact, there. And then I'll leave and give you privacy so you can take the *nik'nik'as* treatment."

So, *Wiget* went off and a few minutes later he called out to *Zewasenx* that the *nik'nik'as* shaft was, in fact, sticking up out of the leaves visibly and ready to be used for relief. And *Zewasenx* went over and saw the shaft sticking up out of the leaves and, even though she knew wily *Wiget* very well, she took the *nik'nik'as* treatment.

A note on X-rated Haisla placenames

Traditional Haislas were not uncomfortable using placenames that might be considered improper or indelicate. There are numerous Haisla placenames that refer to body parts and bodily functions. For example, just above the top of Foch Lagoon is the mountain called *naxwnuxw*, because it has a fracture line that causes it to look like a woman's vulva. In the old days, as today, our people's naturally good-natured sense of humour and cultural maturity were evident in their use of placenames that referred to personal areas of the body. The Old People were also not uncomfortable referring to bodily functions. In the Kitlope there is a set of waterfalls where the falling water is distinguished on the basis of whether they resemble a male or a female urinating. Located on the upper Kitlope River two miles above where the *Daniko* enters. On the east side, a stream shoots out over a high place and falls into the river and, because it looks like a man's flow of water, it is called *Cixexdlalis* (or, not so politely, *K'elqwaxala*). Across on the west side nearby, is a stream of water trickling down over a rock face that is called by the "nice" name *Cixuyala* (or *Iyasu'yala*).

Just above Markland Point, Haisla fishermen point out *Qabas Wiget*, a 40 foot long rock, which traditional folklore held to be the penis (*qabas*) of *Wiget*, the tricky Transformer who traveled in our traditional territory back at the Time of Beginnings. According to one version of the story, *Wiget* was captivated by a woman bathing in the shallows along the west side of Coste Island. He was across the Kitimat Arm below Emsley Cove, and his passion was so great that he decided to float his penis across the water to possess her from long distance. Unfortunately, just as he was almost within reach of his true love, the tide turned and started to come in, carrying his manhood with it, until it was laying on the beach. In his disappointment, *Wiget* continued on his way down the coast, and his *qabas* is there yet.

Later on, *Wiget* was walking along the shore above Eagle Bay at the south entrance to Kildala Arm. He had over eaten *tuxwsiwali* (wild rhubarb) and it had given him gas. Agonized, he finally delivered himself of a horrendous *buq'wala* that, according to Samson Ross, "went off like an atomic bomb" and split a huge nearby rock from top to bottom. That rock is still there along the water to this day. We call it *Buqwsiyaxws Wiget*.

James Clarkson (called *Tlaksten* by the old people) told John Robinson that when he was young, the old-timers used to joke that *Wiget* had a powerful thirst and could pee a river. According to one story, *Wiget* was heading up to the Skeena on a hot summer evening. He was really both tired and thirsty, so before he drifted off to sleep he took a refreshing drink of water. He drank and drank. And, when he woke up in the morning, he had the urge to urinate. He stepped into the brush to relieve himself. Oh, yes, *Wiget* peed and peed. He peed so much that his urine is still running out of that hollow and where it surfaces and collects in pools it is known as Lakelse Hotsprings.

N'ulaɢami the Porcupine Organizes the Animal World

As told by James Robertson, September 2, 2004, with details from an incomplete version by Samson Ross, October, 2000

After the great flood, there were no animals, no trees. *N'ulaɢami* the Porcupine walked around and he was lonely. And then, one season, *N'ulaɢami* walked into the Kitlope. He found a cave, and this cave he called *Hiligac'i*, the place where the chiefs and wise people meet to discuss issues and make decisions. Then *N'ulaɢami* told *G*aa*x* the Raven to gather the ancestors of the other animals and bring them to the *Hiligac'i*. Raven did it.

He brought *T'ixwa* the Bear.
He brought *Qa'mila* the Deer.
He brought *Wezix* the Moose.
He brought *Hengax* the Goose.
He brought *Nasnax* the Mallard and *T'lamagan* the Duck.
He brought *Iksduqwia* the Eagle and *C'ac'ik'a* the Hawk.
He brought *K'anqas* the Crow and even *Kwa'ilaxs* the Bluejay and *Qaqans* the Stork.
He brought *K*c*enkem* the Marten and *Gelem* the Weasel and *Kwinax* the Mink.
He brought *C'aq* the Goat.
He brought *He'ik* the Wolf and *Mayasels* the Cougar.
And, he brought all the others, including *W'ac'* the Dog and *Mayaas* the Cat.
They all fit into the cave.

N'ulaɢami started organizing the animal kingdom. At first, each of them said, "We're people." But, *N'ulaɢemi* said, "No, you're the animals," and he told each one of them what kind of animal they would be, each one of them. There were some arguments, but in the end they all accepted that they were animals, not people.

When they started to leave, *N'ulaɢemi* stopped them and said, "I have clothes for you that you and your descendants will wear from now on." There were lots of different outfits.
The first one was *T'ixwa* the Bear, who reached in the box and pulled out a black wool suit that just fit his big body.

The second one was *Qa'mila* the Deer, who chose a brown coat that just fit him. It had a long bushy tail hanging down in back that would get shortened one day when *Q'amila* would heroically provide fire for the world.

The third one was *Wezix* the Moose, who chose one that didn't fit particularly well. It had a piece of fur that hung loose down under his chin, but he was so big that there weren't any others that would fit him, so he kept it.

One by one the animals chose outfits, picking out their rightful coat that would keep them warm during the winter and would help them hide in the kind of territory they would live and forage in. Each one made a vow as they put their coat on. For example, *T'ixwa* the Bear said, "My meat will

be good for People to eat and my fur will keep them warm, too." *Qa'mila* the deer said, "I will be good meat for the People and my skin will make soft leather for them." When it was *Hengax* the Goose's turn, he said, "Since I'm going to eat the grass on the ground, I'll soak up the power of the earth. So, my flesh will nourish and strengthen the People.

Hec'ik the Wolf said, "My meat will be no good for People, but sometimes I'll help him to get food, but in my family I don't want that Dog because his *menax* stinks too much. So, when it came to be his turn, *W'ac'* the Dog stood up and said to Wolf, "This is what I'll do for your insult. I'll lead the People straight to you when they are hunting because I can smell you wherever you are."

Similarly, *Mayasels* the Cougar said, "And, I don't want *Mayaas* the Cat in my family because his *k'elxwbis* stinks too much. Let him live with the People, who will feed him."

Finally, *N'ulagami* the Porcupine, who is called that because he was the first animal in our territory, put on an outfit with pointed quills. He was the leader of the group. He said, "My flesh will be good for People to eat and I'll put knowledge in their hearts of how to prepare me for a meal."

Wasgemilh nuyem axi qi. That's all of the story.

The Story of *Baksbakwalanusiwa*

(Refer to *Tlasudis*, ii, p.192 above, the traditional home of *Baksbakwalanusiwa* in the Kitlope)

as told by James Robertson

Baksbakwalanusiwa is a spirit person. His home is on the *Tlasudis* River above *Q'aus*, Kitlope Lake, which we call *Q'us*. The Whiteman call *Tlasudis* "Kalitan Creek", which means "arrow creek" and isn't a very good name because *Tlasudis* isn't straight at all. To get to the home of *Baksbakwalanusiwa* from the top of the lake, you go up the *Wo'yewa* about a mile and a half, passing a good *t'lemstaic* (lowbush cranberry) grounds on the right. The first fork to the right is *Tlasudis*. Right away you pass a slough loaded with beavers and giant spruces on the left and keep poling up for two miles until you come to *Dlaxakwen*, a waterfall where you have to pull over the canoe. There are lots of coho there now and just above that is the sockeye spawning bed that used to have posts surrounding it, four of them, one each for the Ravens, Killer Whales, Eagles, and a group called the Wolves. The people would catch coho and sockeyes here. They'd catch so many of them that they couldn't carry them down in a canoe. So, they'd make stringer lines out of *danas*, cedar bark. They'd put 80 fish or so on a long cedar bark stringer, sometimes 10 stringers per family. Then they'd let them float down the river by themselves. They'd float almost to the Lake. Then, the people would come down in their canoes and load them up and take them home or to a camp with smokehouses and drying racks. About a mile and a half above that pool on the north side is the home of *Baksbakwalanusiwa*. If you come to *T'at'aqwenala*, the eagle that turned to stone, you've gone up half a mile too far.

Baksbakwalanusiwa isn't an ordinary person. You can see him coming toward you because he leaves a trail of fire or light. How can I describe him? He appears here, there and elsewhere, flitting, behind you, then over there, then behind a tree. He only shows himself to people that he likes, good people. We call them handsome people. Only the good can see *Baksbakwalanusiwa*. He helps those he likes.

Well, a long time ago *Baksbakwalanusiwa* liked an old blind man. He was close to him. The old man's wife treated him badly, and *Baksbakwalanusiwa* didn't like her. The couple had four sons. One day, the blind man's wife said, "There's a *sax*, a grizzly bear across there on the hill. Come, I'll aim for you. I'll point the bow and arrow and you shoot it. I'll take aim." So, the old man took the arrow and said to the tip of it, "You don't miss. It's hard. Don't you miss," he said to the tip of that arrow. Then, he pulled back the bow and he shot. He heard the arrow hit the grizzly bear. But, his wife said, "Old Man! You missed." And she told the youngest son to take his dad into the house. Then she and the other three sons walked over and skinned that bear. They cooked some of it for themselves. The youngest son, though, went over and sucked some of the grizzly bear's blood into his mouth and went in to where the father was laying down. He lay down next to his father and put his lips next this father's. Some of the grizzly bear blood got on the old man's lips and he knew that he had killed the bear and that his wife had lied to him.

And later, when the wife and boys ate the meat of the grizzly, the youngest son again filled his mouth with grizzly meat and went in to his father and lay down next to him and put his mouth next to the old man's and passed him over some of the bear meat into his dad's mouth.

Well, *Baksbakwalanuksiwa* visited the old man and said, "We're going to do something about your wife and this is what I'm going to help you with. I'm going to help you make a salmon. You carve every kind of wood. When you have carved each type of wood into the shape of a fish, then you say a certain word and after that you throw the carved wood into the water. It will turn into a fish as it falls into the river. Your son will tell you what kind of fish it is. Each type of wood will turn into a particular fish as soon as it falls into the river. You keep trying until you have made salmon. You do that until you create one that is red. That'll be *zawan*, the coho.

The first one was carved out of *sesek'as* (spruce). The old man carved something that felt to him like a fish and he threw it into the water and he said the words. It didn't turn into a salmon. It became a giant creature. It was *gwe'yem*, the whale. And when the son told the old man that the *sesek'as* had become a whale, the old man said to the whale, "You swim down the river, always going downstream, until you enter the lake. Then you keep on going, staying on the right-hand side of the lake until you hit the big river at the mouth of the lake. There you will come to *Xesduwaxwstu*, the main Kitlope River. Continue downstream past *C'ewenxac'i*, the winter village, until you see the *C'itis* river entering on the right. Stop there." Well, *gwe'yem* the whale did as directed and stopped in front of the mouth of the *C'itis* River, just a bit above the village of *Misk'usa*. There it still is today. It's the peninsula of land called *Obesyewa*, which is shaped like a whale.

Then the old man took *k'wa'nalas*, yellow cedar. He carved it and threw it into the water and said the words. His son said, "It didn't turn into a salmon. It turned into *helx'inixw* (killer whale)!" The old man called out to that killer whale, "You swim down to the lake and through

the lake. On the west side of the lake near the mouth is where *Gukwax̲ais*, the village of your people, the *halax̲ainixw*, will be. Then swim down the river and enter the sea and live there. The people will not trouble you.

The third one was a piece of *q'amiq'as*, black cottonwood. The old man carved the wood and, when he threw it into the water, his son said, "It's turned into black cod." The old man told it to swim down the river, through the lake and into *X̲esduwaxw*, the Gardner Canal. From there it should go into every area of our traditional territory and even beyond.

Then he took *de'nas*, the red cedar and carved a little fish. When he threw that into the water and said the word, his son said, "Even though the cedar was reddish coloured, it didn't turn into a salmon. It's become *zaxwen*, the oolichan." And the old man smiled and told the fish, "Go down and become many. Then come back in the spring to *Weqelals* on the lower Kitlope River, and come to *Yamacisa*, the mouth of the Kemano River, and to Geldala, the mouth of the Kildala River and especially to *Simgas*, the mouth of the Kitimat River. Come sometimes to the mouth of the *Qawisas* River. And go up north to the Skeena and the Nass Rivers and go south all the way to Knight Inlet in Kwagulh country. Give yourself to the people to make *t'lati*, grease. Our people's *t'lati* will be the best because we made you.

Then the old man took each kind of wood and carved it into fish shapes. He carved *ka'nalas* the yellow cedar and *loq'was* the hemlock. He carved from *ma'was*, the Douglas fir which only grows above *Qawisas* in the south of our territory. He carved from *t'lamq'* the yew wood, and *t'enix̲'alas* the maple, and *cixwa*, the crabapple tree, and other trees. He even carved from the stem of *awiq'as* the devil's club.

Each kind of wood that he carved became a different fish. He made *wa'ni* the herring. He made *qabas* the spring salmon and *haisan* the sockeye and *k'api* the pink humpy and *gwax̲nis* the dog salmon. He made *g̲olisti* the trout and *t'lawxwalamas* the trout that goes out to sea, the steelhead. He made the other codfish: *t'laxwen* the red cod, and *dlax̲dala* the grey cod, and *nulhem* the lingcod, and *kilikela* the rock cod.

Finally, the old man was running out of kinds of wood. He took one last kind of wood, *uc'uai'c'ua*, the wild cherry, and carved it. Then he said the words and threw it into the water. His son said, "It's red. It's *zu'en* the coho." That's what *Baksbakwalanusiwa* had told him about, what he had been trying to make all along. He told *zu'en* the coho to go out into the water and come back in great numbers to the rivers of our territory. He said the *zu'en* should wait at the mouths of the rivers until the rivers flood at the end of summer. That's what he said.

And, when he had made all the fish, *Baksbakwalanusiwa* told the old man what to do. "In the morning you tell your wife that you and your youngest son are going out to find a spot along the river where you can bath." So, the next morning, the old man went out with the little boy to a place where *Baksbakwalanusiwa* had told him that the coho are going to congregate. He told the little boy to run back to the house and tell his mother that there are a lot of coho in the river. Tell her, "You come. I am still in the river bathing." And so his wife came running with her three oldest sons. They ran right past the old man, thinking that he was blind and couldn't see them. But the old man could see them now. He was watching them. When the wife saw the cohos she

started screaming with excitement. The old man did what *Baksbakwalanusiwa* had told him. He shouted something. And when he shouted it, as soon as they heard the words the four of them, the wife and older children turned to stone. My father didn't tell me where they are because they might be still up there yet.

And that's how all the fish of our territory came to be here. This *Henaksiala* story is a variant of the following story, The Story of *Numas*.

The story of *Numas* Teaches Us to Treat Everyone Well

as told by Gordon Robinson, Samson Ross and others

A long time ago, there was an old man called *Numas*. He lived the traditional life of the Haisla in those Days. During the early winter months, his family lived in a bighouse near the mouth of the Kitimat River. And, at other times of year they would camp or occupy shacks in their fishing, hunting or foraging grounds and along the tidal flats, rich in shellfish and other beach life. It was important to be close to resources when they were in season. Sometimes the *Gitamaat* people went all the way to *Aaltanhash* Inlet, even though this is not Haisla territory. We sometimes harvest in areas outside our territory with permission. That's what *Numas* and his family did this time. They were down in *Aaltanhash* and a seasonal settlement there. Old man *Numas* had been a renowned hunter, but he had become blind and was now quite helpless. He had four sons. Three of them were grown men. But, his fourth son was still a small boy and, sadly, was the only one in his family who still loved him devotedly.

Numas' favorite food was mountain goat liver. Well, here's an example of how cruel and uncaring his older sons treated their father who had been so strong and such a great hunter. These sons would hunt mountain goats, and then, when they returned, they would cook fish livers and give this to the old man instead. Bitter fish livers. Poor *Numas*. But, often his younger son would quietly treat the old man later. Well, this story is about what happens when you treat other people badly…especially someone who has a handicap.

One day *Numas*' wife said to him, "It's a pity that you are now blind and useless, old man. There is a grizzly bear right across the creek from us. It's an easy target for any hunter who has not allowed himself to become blind."

"Well," the old man said, "yes, I'm blind, but not quite useless." He took up his old bow, which he had used for years, and affixed the bowstring. Standing up, he said to his wife, "Take me down to the creek across from the bear." And when they arrived on the banks of the stream, he said, "Aim the arrow at the spot where the bear's elbow rubs against his chest. That's the place I have to hit for the arrow to hit that grizzly's heart." And then he raised the tip of the arrow slightly to allow for the distance across the creek. The old man felt his *nakwela* give its old familiar feeling, so he knew his aim was right and he let the arrow fly. He knew immediately that

he had hit the bear. All the years of *nakwelagila* bathing had given him a hunter's power. "I got it!"

"You missed him," lied his wife. "He ran into the bush. Oh, you are useless, helpless, inept…nothing but a burden on us all." But, when the three older sons returned, his wife told them about the grizzly bear which *Numas* had killed. She told them to be careful not to give the old man any of its meat. "I told him that he missed the grizzly, so don't prove me a liar." The sons butchered the grizzly and then barbecued and smoked the meat for use later. But, later that evening the old man's youngest son slipped *Numas* a piece of the meat and told him it was a piece of the grizzly bear that he had killed. *Numas* heard that and tasted the meat. And quietly he cried, and the tears ran down his face.

The next day, *Numas* said to his young son, "Take me to the lake, son." And, as the two of them walked down the path towards the lake, the old man heard a loon call out close at hand and knew that he was close to the water, so he told his son to return home. "I can make it from here, orienting myself by the cry of the loon." Just as he arrived at the edge of the lake, a strange man spoke, saying, "What are you looking for, sir?"

"I'm looking for *you*," said *Numas*. "I need your help. I'm old and blind and I want to be able to see again."

"Oh, I can give you back your sight. Get on my back. Hold on tightly. When you need some air, just tap the back of my head where my crest is and I will let you breathe for a while.

When *Numas* was sitting securely on the stranger's back, he felt movement and his legs got wet. Then he was under water and totally wet. The stranger was swimming under water. *Numas* was holding his breath. And when he was out of breath, he touched the back of the stranger's head and felt a feathery crest sticking out in the back. The stranger immediately surfaced so that the old man could take several deep breaths. And then the stranger went down again and swam around the lake before coming up again for air. This happened four times. Four complete trips around the lake. Four is the "magic number" in Haisla ritual. Then the stranger came back to shore and allowed *Numas* to crawl down. Then the stranger took a wad of soft shredded cedar bark and carefully wiped the blind man's eyes. The stranger then wrung out a lot of blood from the *denas* (cedar bark) and said, "That was what was causing your blindness. Now you will be able to see and you will have to repay those who have mistreated you. On your way home you'll come to a little stream. Stop there and carve some wooden fish and throw them into the water of the stream. Then go home and pretend that you are still blind. And now, when you leave, don't look back until you hear me call."

Numas thanked the stranger and gave him a gift of a string of mother of pearl beads. Just as he entered the forest, *Numas* heard the familiar call of a loon, and looking back he saw a loon swimming on the surface of the lake…a loon with a string of pearls around his neck. (In fact, all loons still wear a band of white feathers around their neck because of this.)

When the old man came to the stream, he did as the stranger had instructed. First he carved some fish out of yellow cedar, but these proved to be no good. When he threw them in the creek, they

simply floated downstream. Then he carved more fish out of spruce, rotten wood, hemlock, cottonwood, yew, devil's club stalk, crabapple…but none of them worked. He was running out of different kinds of wood. He tried red alder. This time the fish started to swim and turned into coho salmon. Ever since this time, coho have turned red when they enter rivers (just as alder turns red when it exposed to air or water).

Well, then *Numas* went home. It was wonderful to be able to see again and walk confidently. But, in accordance with the stranger's instructions, as he approached the house, he started to feel about with his cane and pretend to be blind again. As soon as he got to the door, he said, "There must be fish in the creek back in the woods. I heard them splashing away in there." His three older sons immediately grabbed their nets and fish-spears and left, coming back in a short time with as many fish as they could carry. They cleaned the fish and immediately cooked and ate some. But, of course they didn't give the old man any. *Numas* quietly told his youngest son not to eat any at all. Not a bite.

A few days later, the three older brothers spotted several goats down low on the nearby mountain and started getting ready to go hunting. They told their mother to stand in the open on the bottom of the mountain and give them hand signals of the direction of the goats from where they were. They started up the trail with their dogs, spears, bows and quivers.

It took them some time to climb the steep trail, but when they got to the heights, they looked down so the mother could make signs to tell them where the goats were. Just then, *Numas* jumped up from his bench and shouted up to the cruel sons. He used a voice that carried up the slopes and echoed in the valleys, saying, "You are the victims of alder tree revenge for not obeying the *nuyem* which says treat others well. For as you treat others, so shall you be treated."

And, as soon as his father's voice reached them, the three young men and their three dogs were turned to stone. They're still there. Six stone figures on the mountain at the lake in *Aaltanhash*. Well, *Numas* loaded all his possessions into his canoe and took his young son with him. But he left his wife behind in the shack on the lake. He followed the river to its mouth, where he built a new home. He lived many, many years. And he always reminded his son of our *nuyem*, which says that "as you treat other people and other living things, so shall you be treated."

The Three Sons of Chief *Gitxwen* Mistreat a Frog

As told by Jeffrey Legaik and Chris Walker

Chief *Gitxwen* was rich and powerful. He owned houses and canoes and the rights to rich hunting and harvesting grounds, and he had a big family with many children and slaves who worked hard and were loyal. One day he called the old headman of his slaves and told him that he was entrusting him with his three sons. He told this slave to make preparations and to take his sons out for a picnic. They would need a large canoe with four paddles, and mats to sit on, fishing tackle and a fishstick for barbecuing. They probably also took a little pitchwood and a

small box with live coals from a fire so that they would be able to start a fire without having to go through the time consuming business of using a fire drill to get a fire going. And when it was ready, the old slave and the three young men set out.

The slave-leader had decided where they were going. He gave directions and sat in the back of the canoe and everyone paddled. They made good time and when they arrived at their destination it turned out to be a perfect place for a picnic. They unloaded the canoe and set out together to catch a fish for their picnic feast. It didn't take long. They had good luck and soon had a large trout that would be perfect. The old man prepared the fire and filleted the fish and started things cooking.

When the fish was cooked, the old man set it out on a mat and called the boys to come and get it. But, before they got there, a frog hopped up on the mat and went straight for the barbecued fish. The oldest boy, the oldest son of Chief *Gitxwen*, saw the frog and was disgusted. He reached down and grabbed the frog roughly and threw it far into the bush, cursing it like this: "You ugly thing! You spoil our appetite…make us sick. This is *our* meal. Just stay away from our meal." That's what he said, hateful and unkind.

Despite that, it wasn't long before the frog came back, hopping up onto the mat again and jumping onto the fish. So, the second brother got up and went over and swore and grabbed the frog, holding it out and cursed it. "Oh, you ugly, ugly thing. Just stay away from our fish and from us." And then he kicked the frog high into the air. He watched it land in a clump of devils club. And turning, he returned to his meal looking self-satisfied.

Amazingly, within a few minutes there was movement at the edge of the mat and the boys could hardly believe their eyes. The frog was back and heading straight for that barbecued trout. Well, the youngest son jumped up this time and he grabbed the frog, shouting at it. "You again! What a slow learner. Yuck! I'm going to put you in a place where you won't jump back from." And he threw the frog into the fire.

When the frog fell into the fire there was a series of explosions and blinding flashes that just continued. The old man shouted at the three boys, "Run! Quick! To the canoe and we'll push out and get away from here." All four of them dropped everything and headed toward the canoe, but they were stopped by a voice from behind them. The old man stopped and turned around. There was a man standing by the fire, someone that he had never seen before. He started speaking, addressing himself to the old man. He said, "Before you get into the canoe, listen to what I have to say. Listen carefully and don't forget a word. Between here and home you will pass three points of land. When you pass the first point, the eldest son of Chief *Gitxwen* will drop dead. Keep on paddling. When you pass the second point, the second oldest son of Chief *Gitxwen* will drop dead, too. And when you pass the third point, the third boy, the youngest son of Chief *Gitxwen* will die, too. They'll all be dead by the time you pass the third point of land on the way back to the village of Chief *Gitxwen*. But, don't stop. Keep going! And when you get there, go straight to the house of *Gitxwen* and tell him this story, about how the three boys mistreated the frog. When you get through telling him the story, sing this song for him. Listen carefully and remember it so you can sing it exactly as I will sing it. And when you are through singing the song, then you, too, will die. You will die because you didn't order the sons of Chief *Gitxwen* to

leave the frog alone. It is a serious responsibility of the elders to teach young people to treat the frog with respect. That's why you will die along with those who mistreated the frog.

That's what the man said. And then he sang the song.

And that's the way it happened. The sons of Chief *Gitxwen* died one by one on the way home. And after the old man told the story to *Gitxwen* and sang the song, he, too, dropped dead. There is still a chief *Gitxwen* among the Haisla (the name is on Geddes Wilson). That song is still sung today, and we still tell the story of the three sons of that Chief *Gitxwen*, who mistreated a frog.

The Story of *Celaqwens* (*Tsilakoons*)

As told by Gordon Robinson, Sam Robinson and others

This seems to be another version of the story of the three sons of Chief *Gitxwen*. You shouldn't be concerned by variant forms of the same story. It is very common for different forms of our stories to exist. One often hears people say, "*That's* not the way the story goes. My grandmother told me the *right* version!" In fact, *all* versions of our stories are part of our history. None of them are more correct than the others. A wise person listens carefully to all of our stories and says, "*qotlela nugwa*," which means 'I'm listening,' Every story is part of our *nuyem*. So, listen carefully to the story of *Celaqwens*. Gordon Robinson told the story like this.

A long time ago, in a village in the north of the Queen Charlotte Islands, there lived three young boys. They were always together. One of them was the son of a chief and the other two were his constant companions. One spring day they caught some trout and decided to cook them and eat them right there. The trout were no sooner cooked than a large frog hopped out of the bushes close by and jumped right up to the fish. Not wishing to have their meal touched by the frog, one of the boys grabbed the frog and tossed it back into the bush. The frog, however, soon came hopping back toward the trout, only to be tossed back into the bush. The third time this happened, the boy took the frog and angrily threw it into the fire.

The frog began to bloat up immediately and then it exploded, putting out the fire and scattering ashes all over the trout. The boys were disgusted because of the loss of their lunch and, cursing the frog, they grabbed their gear and paddles and headed for their canoe. All of a sudden they heard a woman wailing and singing a dirge. When they looked back, they saw an old woman wearing a tall, cylindrical hat poking a staff into the ashes left by the fire. The words of her mourning song were these: "Oh, what have you done? Tell me what have you done to my son?"

Those youths were absolutely terror-stricken, rooted to the spot by fear. The woman finally looked at them and in a deep, echoing voice said, "For this grief which you have caused me, you will be punished. On your return home, you will see two points of land. As you pass the first point, one of you die. When you pass the second point, another of you will die. The third one

will die as soon as you have told your people the things that you have done here today. And, then your village and your people will be destroyed by fire. Those are all the words. Go now."

As if released from a spell, the boys began to paddle frantically back to their village. But, as they passed the first point the boy at the front of the canoe collapsed and died. The remained two boys continued to paddle, but when they reached the second point, the boy in the middle of the canoe dropped dead. And, when the last youth reached the village there was immediate turmoil as people crowded around the canoe asking what had happened and why two of the boys were dead. The last of the boys told the shameful story. Haltingly, he related all the tragic chain of events that had occurred, concluding with the awful prediction that the village and all of its occupants would be destroyed by fire.

As he reached the end of his story, he, too, died. And before his body had even fallen to the sand, fire broke out on all sides. A conflagration. Flames leaped up destroying the bighouses with their monumental posts and beams, devouring the totem poles and canoes and causing the very clothes of the villagers to burst into flames. All means of escape were cut off.

The Chief, in his great house, did not know what was happening. But, he acted quickly. He grabbed his adolescent daughter by the arm and thrust her down into a deep but narrow hole that was dug into the floor of his house. Along with the girl, he put in food and water and instructed her to stay down in the pit no matter what she heard. "Don't come out until you are absolutely sure that the fire is out up here." And, he covered the pit with his prized copper shields, leaving only a small opening for air.

The girl heard terrible noises of agonized people dying horrible deaths, of houses collapsing and roaring flames. She crouched in the hole for two days. Finally, there was silence, but after a while she heard a distant voice singing a mournful dirge. Pushing away the coppers, she saw the old woman that the boy had told about. She was still wearing the cylindrical hat, singing the same lament, and poking around in the ashes with a rod. That staff caught the girl's attention. The staff was carved with three figures, one below the other. Near the bottom was the figure of a man with a hat like that of the old woman. And, slowly, as she watched, the old woman wandered away across the village and disappeared from sight.

Later that same day the young girl was rescued by a passing hunting party and taken to their village of Skidegate. Her rescuer was a chief of the Eagle clan named *Gitxwen*, and he adopted her and raised her. *Gitxwen* also adopted the design on the old woman's staff for his personal totem pole. He called his totem pole design *Celaqwens*, which is sometimes written *Chilakoons*.

Years, maybe centuries after the events of that story, peace was established between the Haida and the Haisla (actually, we were still the *Gitamaat* and *Henaksiala,* and had not amalgamated and become the Haisla). One of the peace offerings given by the Haida chief *Gitxwen* to our Eagle chieftain *Sanaxaid* was the right to use the *Celaqwens* design from the staff of the old woman in the story. It is interesting that an earlier version of a Haisla *Celaqwens* pole was destroyed by fire on May 13, 1955. It had been carved around 1875 in honour of *Sanaxaid* (John Bolton), who was the son of George Bolton, holder of the name *Sanaxaid* who had been given the privilege of using the *Celaqwens* pole by Chief *Gitxwen*.

The Old Woman Who Helped the Wolf and Survived

As told by Chris Walker

A long time ago there was a group of Haisla speakers called the *Oxdewala* who lived in several settlements along the upper Kitimat River. One of these villages was located near *K'ixw*, at the junction of (the Big Wedeene River) with the Kitimat River. The village was only a few oldtime bighouses, which we sometimes call "smoke houses" since there was a cooking firepit in the middle and the smoke from the fire simply rose and went out through a smokehole in the roof. In one of these bighouses lived a young man with his wife, his children, his younger brothers and his old mother who was called *Tlalemq'wax̲s* or *Abuxw*, which means "mother".

One winter, the young man and his family had lived through the bitter cold and deep snows of November and December, but in the moon that is now called January, supplies of food were dangerously low. Starvation was immanent. Although families worked hard in the autumn gathering, preserving and storing food, there was seldom enough to get through the winter without hungry times…and starvation was always a possibility. A break in the weather gave the hungry villagers an opportunity to load into their canoes and head for the rich fishing, hunting and shellfish gathering grounds at *Kiciwi* (Kitseeway or Blind Pass). The young man did not have a canoe of his own, so he and his family would have to ride with relatives. It became apparent that in the heavily laden canoes there was no room for the old woman, *Tlalemq'wax̲s*. The man had an argument with one of his younger brothers who said, "We can't leave our old mother behind! We can't leave *Abuxw* to starve alone." But, in fact, it was a fact of life in Haisla country in those days that survival sometimes required that the weakest or oldest be sacrificed so that the others can survive. The man patiently explained the painful reality of the situation to his younger brother. The old woman would have to be left behind.

The canoes were loaded quickly before another north wind froze the river solid again. *Tlalemq'wax̲s* stood on the riverbank and looked at her sons impassively, knowing that she could not survive the months ahead. She would never see her family again. And then the last of the canoes was gone with her sons and family aboard, and *Tlalemq'wax̲s* stood by herself beside the river. She walked slowly toward her house, alone in a great and cold wilderness.

In two days she had finished the last of the food that had been left behind for her. She looked into the fire and thought, "I may starve, but I'm not going to freeze." So, she put on her cedarbark cape and went out to forage for firewood. While she was outside, at some distance from the house, she noticed a movement and realized that a wolf was watching her. Wolves were considered dangerous, especially during the winter when hunger often drove them to attack humans. But, this wolf didn't appear to be stalking the old woman. It appeared sick or hurt and simply stood watching her as she made her way back to the house with her burden of wood.

It was a long night as hunger became a fact of her life. And a wolf, probably the one that she had seen, was howling and whining piteously out in the dark. The next morning, when she looked out, she saw the wolf lying outside watching the house and, now, watching her. Something was clearly wrong with the wolf. "I have nothing to lose," she thought. "Our *nuyem* says never

mistreat animals, so I guess that means we are to treat other living things with compassion. That wolf seems to need help." So, she went out and approached it warily. As she neared the wolf it just watched her trustingly. She noticed that the wolf's mouth was bloody and raw. Its mouth hung open at what appeared to be an uncomfortable angle. Moving slowly the old woman touched the wolf and, examining his mouth, she noticed that a thick piece of the bone, a mountain goat's knee cap, was lodged between the wolf's teeth in such a way that it couldn't be dislodged and kept the wolf from closing its mouth. She went back into the house and returned with her *dlabayu* (sharp pointed digging stick). With some difficulty, *Tlalemq'wax̲s* was able to pry the hunk of bone loose and remove it. The wolf shook its head, as if to check whether the piece of bone was really gone. Then, it stood up and trotted away, looking back at the old woman without pausing as it disappeared into the trees. And, poor *abuxw* was alone again.

That afternoon, though, she heard a scratching at the door and when she peered out, the wolf was standing there and a freshly killed *kenkem* (marten) was laying at its feet. The old woman bent down and the wolf turned and trotted away. That night the old woman went to sleep with a full stomach. The next evening, the wolf scratched again and this time it had a *mexela*, a grouse. The next afternoon the wolf scratched, but when she opened the door there was no food. However, the wolf made it clear that she was to follow it. She got her warm fur cape and followed the wolf a half mile, where it stopped beside a freshly killed moose carcass. The woman returned to the house for her knife and packbasket. That evening, the old woman brought home several loads of moosemeat, her tumpline cutting into her forehead. Looking at the pile of meat, she decided she had better fire up the smokehouse to preserve some of the meat.

The wolf stayed with her all that winter and the next and the next. And time passed so quickly that the old woman suddenly realized that it was four years since her sons had left. Sometimes the wolf missed a day, but he never scratched at the old woman's door without a gift. Occasionally more than one wolf would be at the door.

And, after the oolichan run that spring, the old woman's sons decided that they had an obligation to return to collect their mother's body. So, they went back to their village in *Nalabis* (the northern area of the Kitimat River), expecting that they would have to collect their mother's bones to be burned, since that's what the people did back then. But, when they arrived at their village, instead of a bleak scene, they found their old home well maintained and their mother standing in the door welcoming them with a smile. The old woman was fit and healthy. In fact, she had so much food put away that her house was literally stuffed with dried meat and she had taken over one of the other smaller houses in the settlement, which was also fully stocked with dried provisions. She immediately sent her son to the neighbouring villages to invite everyone to a celebratory feast. At that feast she told the story of her survival. She had survived by following the people's *nuyem*, the great Haisla law which tells us to respect and care for animals and assures us that the things that we do to other living things come back to us. That's the story of the old woman who helped the wolf and survived.

The Boy and the Old Woman Who Saved the Eagle and Survived

As told by James Robertson, September 9, 2004

In the old days, the *Henaksiala* people would leave after oolichan season, and they'd go to *Kiciwi* (Blind Pass), *Wiilaxdels* and *Awamusdis* (Monkey Beach) for spring salmon, flounders, halibut shellfish and other beachlife. Sometimes they would leave an old person who had no one to provide and care for him or that they felt was too feeble to make the journey. The villagers might be gone for three or four months. Often they would leave a young person, a grandchild or great-grandchild, to help the elder. But, frankly, the old person seldom lived to see the villagers return.

Well, there was an old sick woman called *Lhekwani*, who lived with her great grandson at *Ucwaliduxw*. That settlement, *Ucwaliduxw*, was a mile or so above *Misk'usa*, just below the mountain called *Pengwid* and facing the junction of the Kitlope and *C'itis* Rivers. The old woman's husband and children and even her only grandchild had all died. She had only a six year-old great grandson to help her. Her smokehouse and storage boxes were empty. And, then, one morning they woke up and everyone was gone. The villagers had all left to go down the *Xesduwakw* to *Kiciwi* and, maybe, beyond. The old woman had expected that she would be left behind, and now it had happened. There wasn't much chance that she and a six year-old would be able to survive.

The first thing that she did was to send the boy down to the *C'itis* River to get a couple of fish for them. He looked down the *C'itis* a ways and saw an eagle on a stump. He went to investigate, creeping by inches up to the eagle. The eagle's wing was broken, so he went over and got the spring salmon that he had caught and gave it to the eagle. While the eagle, who was quite starved, tore at the fish, he went back to fish, and, at sunset, left another fish for the eagle and still had one to take home. The boy and the old woman talked about the eagle with the broken wing.

The boy continued to feed the eagle for weeks, while the giant bird's wing healed. He and his great-grandma were able to stay alive on fish and some sprouts and roots. Then, one morning the old woman said, "There is an eagle outside screeching. What does it want?" The boy went out and called out for the old woman to come see. She hobbled to the door and saw the eagle sitting on a huge seal. The grandmother cut up the seal and put it in the smokehouse. Next morning, the same thing happened. This time the eagle had brought a bear. Grandma skinned and boned the bear and hung it in the smokehouse, as well. This continued day after day. Their smokehouse got full, so they started to use the neighbour's smokehouse because the eagle was bringing so much: geese, ducks, mallards, sawbills, goats, salmon. In fact, soon every smokehouse in the village and all of the old woman's storage boxes were full with what the eagle brought.

Finally, months later, the people returned from getting their provisions at the *bagwaiyas* areas. A *bagwaiyas* is a place in our territory that is so rich in resources that any *Henaksiala* or *Kitamaat* person can go harvest there without special permission (like *Kiciwi* or Monkey Beach). And when the other villagers returned, they were amazed that the old woman and boy were not only

alive, but that all of the smokehouses were full of food. The old woman said, "Let's have a feast to welcome the people home. The old lady said, "I'm going to take a new name: *Pengwid*. It's the name of the mountain behind *Ucwaliduxw*. And that's what she did.

The Story of *T'ismista*, the Man Who Turned to Stone above Kitlope Lake

As told by John and Bea Wilson, James Robertson, Gordon Robertson and others

This is the story of *T'ismista*, the man who turned to stone. You can still see him, sitting high up at the top of the mountain ridge on the left side as you come up *Qaus*, Kitlope Lake. The man's name was *Henkwa*, and others remember that he had another name that refers to "whistling." According to some people, he was Beaver Clan. He lived up on the flats at the top of the lake. This is a big blueberry patch. One day he called his two dogs to his canoe and started out, paddling down the west side of the lake. He went past the bluff that was the place where the *Henaksiala* taught their young men to "master the mountains" so they could climb up to get goats. He passed *Ago'yewa* on the other side of the lake, the place where the Rediscovery Camp was in 1996. He went a little further and then turned and crossed the lake, beaching his canoe on the east side of the lake just below *Ago'yewa*. When he got out of the canoe, he left a footprint in the rock on the beach. The footprint is about 4 feet long and easily seen. Then he climbed up the mountain and stood resting on the ridge at the top, whistling for his dogs. And here he turned to stone.

You can still see him really easily, outlined against the sky. See in the photograph of him he really is standing up. If you look at him from the shore of the lake, it looks like he is sitting, but he's really standing there. His dogs continued to range far and wide before they, too, turned to stone. *T'ismista* whistles for them. According to many Haisla people, one of those dogs is in Mussel Inlet and the other is up the mountain behind Kemano Village. But, you will even hear oldtimers in Salish country say that one of *T'ismista*'s dogs is at Lillooet and the other is down by Chilliwack. Anyhow, the man still whistles for those dogs. If you are up at the lake and hear it, you've done something wrong, like to have picked up a stone on the shore of the lake.

Some Haislas say that it is dangerous to try to climb up to *T'ismista*. Others remind us that in the old days, when people tried to climb up to *T'ismista*, they found that their moccasins would wear out before they got up there.

The Story of *Azixspa*—The Grizzly Bear Who Killed the *Henaksiala* Chief's Wife

As told by James Robertson

In the old days, the chief of the *Henaksiala* lived at *Xwelxweltelalis*. That's the settlement site on the east side of the Kitlope River, just below the mouth to the lake. *Xwelxweltelalis* means "fire on the ground place." It's called that because they used to hang up the sockeyes to dry on racks there and when you were coming down the river or out of the lake, it looked like the ground was on fire. Well, this happened just above that. People are respectful of the *sax*, the grizzly bear and we seldom have trouble with them.

But, in the old days, a grizzly bear killed the wife of the chief of the *Henaksiala*. He yelled out to the grizzly that, after he buried his wife, he was going to come back and kill that bear with his bare hands. *Azix̲spa* is what they called that grizzly. It wasn't an ordinary grizzly. It had a funny shaped snout and other differences.

Well, the chief did that. He buried his wife according to our tradition and then he came back. He told the people and his family what he was going to do. He said, "I don't know how long I'm going to live, but I'm doing what I have to do." He straightened up his affairs and his house before he left. Then he went back to the place above *Xwelxweltelalis* and waited, watching for the grizzly called *Azix̲spa*. Finally, he started shouting, "Come on out and fight. I'll kill you with my bare hands. I don't need weapons to kill you. That's how mad I am at what you did to my wife. You come on out." Then he waited an hour and started all over again, "Come on out and fight. I'll kill you…" He did the same before he built up his fire and lay down for the night, calling out, "Come on out and fight. I'll kill you…" But the bear didn't come.

The next morning he shouted again. "Come on out and fight. I'll kill you…" But, almost immediately he saw the bushes start to move. He saw the grizzly bear's head emerge from the bushes. He shouted, "I'm over here. This is where you'll find me. I'm going to kill you." They went at it. The bear, when he stood up, was bigger than the chief. And, when the bear roared, it was deafening. But, while the bear's mouth was open, the chief pushed a stone down his throat. And then grabbed another stone and pushed that down the grizzly's throat, too. The bear still came on. Even when the chief pushed a third stone down his throat, the grizzly seemed unaffected. Finally, holding the bear's paw in his left hand, he pushed a fourth stone deep into the bear's throat. The bear couldn't breath and, finally, fell over dead. The people found the dead grizzly and the chief, who had lost consciousness. They revived the man and bandaged deep scratches on his arms and back.

When he could stand, stood up and yelled out to *Azix̲spa*'s family, "We are going to wipe you all out." There were 31 grizzlies in *Azix̲spa*'s family. The chief told the *Henaksiala*s, "Go out and kill them all. They are bad people." So the *Henaksiala* hunted them down and killed them all. That was the end of the *Azix̲spa* in the Kitlope. We still have black bears and grizzlies. But there are no more *Azix̲spa*.

Qulun's Infidelity – How the Beaver Tail Mark Came to be on the Cliff below *Nuwaqela*

As told by James Robertson

Qulun was the wife of the first canoe maker. After the cedar tree explained how to make canoes, *Qulun* helped make the first canoe by taking the form of the first beaver and chewing out the interior and shaping the bow and stern. In the story of *N'ulegami* the Porcupine organizing the animal kingdom, the first beaver was not mentioned in that story. This is because beavers were not created with the other animals. *Qulun* is held by most Haislas to be the ancestor of all beavers and Beaver clan members. The word for "beaver" in Haisla, *qulun*, comes from her name.

Near *Nuwaqela* (Cornwall Point, below Kemano on *Xesduwakw*, the Gardner Canal), there is a natural landscape feature that is pointed out as having been caused by *Qulun*. Just below *Nuwaqela* on the east side of the channel up on a cliff overlooking the water there's the mark of a beaver tail. You can't miss it. It's as big as a house, way up above. According to the story, the canoe maker couldn't feed his wife. So, *Qulun* took off with another man. They capsized just above the mouth to Kemano Geltcuis (*Kiltuish*) and their canoe broke up. She cried and decided to return to her husband at their home in *C'ewenxac'i*, on the east side of the Kitlope River below the entrance to the lake. So she climbed over the mountain at *Nuwaqela*. In doing so, she left the mark of her tail on the cliff. She came out on the shore just east of *Nuwaqela* (by where there's a *kukwsta*, a hotspring trickling down the face of the rock) and she started swimming home.

Not to Make Fun of Other People – The Story of *Sek'ak'en*

As told by James Robertson

There's an old story about *Sek'ak'en*, a place on the upper Kitlope River. *Sek'ak'en* is way up above the entrance to the lake, and above the Daniku River, and above *Qanadalais* and the *Qapelalis* (Kapella River), where the grease trail comes in from BellaCoola and the territory of the *Atlesemlh* (the Gitksan people). *Sek'ak'en* means "five on a log." The story goes like this.

This happened a long time ago, way back before there was even light in the world. *Wiget* was up there on the upper Kitlope River and he met a canoe coming down. There were five men in the canoe and they had it loaded with spring salmon. *Wiget* asked them to give him a salmon. *Wiget* was always hungry and had a reputation for using trickery to satisfy his appetite. So, one of the men said, "*Wiget*, how are you going to repay us?" Well, *Wiget* said, "I'll show you my light. I have it inside my robe here."

The men in the canoe laughed all at once, making fun of *Wiget*, saying things like, "You *always* lie, *Wiget*" and "That's a good one, *Wiget*…do you really think we could be tricked like that?" They laughed at *Wiget*. You should never laugh at anybody, eh. And, so, then, *Wiget* moved his robe and they could see a light shining underneath the thick bearskin he was wearing. And, as soon as the men saw that light they turned into frogs and their canoe became a log again. They say that there's still a log with 5 frogs on it up there. That's what happens when you laugh at somebody else. Our *nuyem* says that when you laugh at or mistreat other animals or other people, it comes back to you double.

Not to Make Fun of Nature – The Children Make Fun of a Log in Kitlope Lake

As told by James Robertson

Once a father and his two sons were traveling in their canoe in Kitlope Lake, by the area with some deadhead trees off a gravel beach on the upper left side of the lake there. There was a log floating there in the water. And the boys looked at it and started to laugh, making fun of it, how it was bobbing in the water and looked like a comical sea monster. The father told the boys to stop making fun of nature. "Nature always gets the last laugh," he said. "Always respect the natural world, however it is formed or however it acts. Birds, animals, trees, sea life of all kinds, frogs (*especially* frogs!!), bugs, worms, slugs, the shape of mountains, clouds and rainbows, the winds—it is just nature being natural. Just don't do it. Don't laugh at nature."

Well, the boys didn't listen to their father and continued to laugh at the bobbing log, which actually seemed to be ashamed and simply went down and stayed down. But, then, all of a sudden the log came up underneath the canoe. It caught the canoe in the middle, raising it out the water and, finally, splitting the canoe. The boys drowned.

There are many stories that make the same point. Don't make fun of nature. Our *nuyem* says that when you laugh at nature or mistreat other living things, it comes back to you double.

Nexza' Predicts the Coming of the *Q'wemksiwa*

As told by James Robertson

Long ago there was a man at *Yamacisa*, our name for Kemano village. His name was *Nexza'*, which means "Soon he will die." *Nexza'* heard a voice that told him to do something. The voice said, "Go and have your people tie you to a tree. You'll become wise." He did it. He told the other villagers to come with him and tie him to a tree. They did it. They went with him way up the river and a little overland toward the country of the *A'atlesemlh*, the Gitksans. There they tied him up. They left him there.

He was there for years. Ice grew up around him. He was covered with ice and surrounded by it. Then a family went up one winter, a couple and their sons. They went all the way up to where the *Nexza'* was tied. They found him in his block of ice. They built a fire near that ice. Then they went over to the river and broke the ice and took out some frozen cohos. They made a meal of fish stew and then put more wood on the fire. They kept a big fire going all night.

The man tied to the tree started to come to life. *Nexza'* started to tell things about the future. He said, "Soon a lot of people will come. He described them as "*Muxdust'lis*" (whiteskins). He meant what we call the *Q'wemksiwa*. There will be lots of kinds of them. There'll be *Lu'mas*, the brown haired ones. They'll be gentle and kind to you. Then, there'll also be the *T'laqwok'wayaqs*, the red haired ones. They'll be short tempered. And there'll be the T'luxwsemqayu, the bald ones. They have no feelings and they're the ones to look out for. *Nexza'* was there for a purpose and that's the reason that he was there for. He took a piece of the fish stew and said, "This is my last meal." And then he died. Maybe later non-Haisla people heard of him and couldn't pronounce his Haisla name pronouncing it Nechako. Who knows, maybe that's how the name Nechako came to be used. Anyway, that's our story of how the Old People knew that the *Q'wemksiwa* would come some day. It took my father two hours to tell this story.

The Girl Who Married a Frog at *Qaquyu'lamid*

As told by James Robertson, September 8, 2004

There was a man called *Q'wabailis* in the Kitlope. His name, which means "sitting on the end of the point" comes from the north end of the large island named *T'lekexdlais* Island, about a mile above *Misk'usa* in the lower Kitlope River. He changed his name to *Geps Halup'ast*. And here's the story of how that happened.

Q'wabailis and his wife had a daughter. The mother and her daughter were out picking *cixwa* at a favorite place. Those **cixwa** trees are located between *T'lekexdlais* and Kemano *Wakelals* (IR #15) on the west side of the river at a place called *Qaquyu'lamid*. There was a lot of frogs where they were picking. But one of the frogs always followed the girl around. That frog seemed to be very persistent. *Q'wabailis*' daughter was respectful of the frog. She even gently moved him out of her way so she wouldn't accidentally step on him. Whatever tree she was picking in, no matter where she went, he would be following.

One day the daughter was missing. People looked everywhere from *Misk'usa* to *Qanadalais* for her. She never turned up. *Q'wabailis* and his wife mourned.

The following year, two handsome little boys appeared at the entrance of *Q'wabailis*' *gukzi* (traditional bighouse). One of the boys said, "Our mother sent us here to ask for a needle and thread. *Q'wabailis* welcomed the boys and his wife prepared the needle and thread and gave it to the boys. The visitors left and *Q'wabailis* went to the door and watched them walk toward the

river and jump in, where they turned into frogs. *Q'wabailis* had really enjoyed the visit of the children, who he now realized were his grandchildren. He remembered their words. They had used the words *Geps Halup'ast*, which means "needle and thread." So *Q'wabailis* changed his name to the Beaver clan name *Geps Halup'ast* (up on the Nass River, the name is *Nis Halup'ast*). He gave a feast at *T'lekexdlais* Island across from the last oolichan camp in the lower Kitlope River, *Luxwaxa*. So, that's the story of the name *Q'wabailis*, and of the name *Geps Halup'ast*, which is now on Max Hall, who received it from his grandfather Sam Hall.

And, that's the story of the girl who married the frog. According to some accounts, *Q'wabailis* was visited by a little boy and a little girl. Also at *Qaquyu'lamid*, there's a frog pond, a slough, with a grassy flats at the upper end of it. The grass there is a really strong, sharp grass that grows 2 inches long. There are various stories about how the frogs use this sharp grass to harm the people. According to one story, the frogs threatened to kill the people if they did not send back the two children. According to another, the frogs killed a group of Haida raiders that camped there on their way to raid the Kitlope people. The frogs killed them by poking their eyes out with the sharp grass.

The *Bekwis* and Other Monsters in Haisla Traditional Territory

There are numerous Haisla stories about encounters with "monsters" in the old days. The *Gitamaat* and *Henaksiala* ancestors in traditional times often told tales about seeing creatures that were either (a) more enormous than any known species of today or were (b) different from any species known to still exist. Some of these monsters are known to have spiritual powers.

The best known monsters of Haisla territory were the *bekwis*. These were large, hairy creatures that were reported occasionally in the *Q'waq'waksiyas* shoreline area just above Bishop Bay, and for that reason it is known as Monkey Beach. These *bekwis* have come to be called Sasquatches or "stick men" elsewhere. The *bekiwis* was also reported living in the *T'liqana* (Klekane Inlet), especially near *Lixasanas* (Scow Bay), where a young *bekwis* was found long ago and raised by the Haisla family. The story tells that this young *bekwis'* mother used to hang around while the Old People dug clams in that area. Of course, the most famous *bekwis* sighting was at *Misk'uk'w*, just below Kemano on the south side of the Gardner Canal, where Billy Hall accidentally shot one of the creatures, thinking it was a bear. When the companions of the creature who had been killed started chasing Billy, he was able to escape by climbing a huge, steep rock. After that incident, Billy Hall had spirit powers and was able to foretell how long people would live. Vickie Eden Robinson wrote a prizewinning book, called *Monkey Beach*, that included mention of our *bekwis.*

There were also the *kwaluxw*, small primates (little non-human ape-like creatures) that lived on the east side of Foch Lagoon where there is a pile of boulders. The *kwaluxw* lived in those boulders. They walked upright on two feet and seemed to communicate by talking, but their language couldn't be understood by Haislas. They wore no clothes and did not seem to have fire. They were shorter than people, very strong and had hooked noses. The *kwaluxw* lived on seals,

shellfish and seasonal fruits. They were peaceful and there was no history of friction between the *kwaluxw* and the Haisla people. These small beings would sometimes scare humans by prowling around campsites and screeching suddenly, but they were quite shy and screeched and ran whenever the Haisla came near to their area. For fear that they would increase in numbers and become a threat to the people, the Haislas decided to exterminate the *kwaluxw*. A raid-leader called *Qumsguns* was appointed, and he led an attack on the *kwaluxw* camp and killed them all. Gordon Robinson wrote the story in the Terrace newspaper once.

Gordon Robertson (according to his son James) reported seeing a killer whale with two dorsal fins at *Dlexakwen* (Fisherman's Cove). *Dlexakwen* means "dragging the canoe up to the higher lake." According to Gordon, that killer whale surfaced in the bay where the blinker is, and when it blew it sounded like a shotgun going off.

There are some traditional heritable names in *C'esi'*s family that refer to a *qaxwasu* (an unexplainable phenomenon). One of these unexplainable things that is remembered is the traditional Beaver name *Azigais*, that is an experience of seeing a sea monster. This monster, which came to be called *Azigais*, caused the sea to churn. Then, the monster lifted the canoe. The woman called *Adaits* spoke to the monster, saying, "We mean no harm." And, then, the monster let them down unharmed. That Beaver clan name *Azigais* was on Pat Robinson, who received it from her mother, Laura Robinson. And when Pat passed on, the name was put on Louise Barbetti.

There was another unexplained creature at *Xaisabisc Wiwaa* and *Temex*, which according to some was the size of a stegosaurus and, according to other accounts, it looked like a giant rat with a body more than 10 feet long. It was called *k'ilai* (meaning "rat"). Charlie Shaw told that there were stories that it had attacked canoes. It would come up from under the saltwater and around 1950 a scuba diver went down and found a large cave and killed the monster there. Gordon Robinson had heard about it from James Clarkson (*T'laxsten*) and the Williams brothers.

Crosby Smith reported seeing the tracks of a one-footed monster at the top of *Geltuis* (Giltuyis Inlet), which left tracks in the mud of the flats near the mouth of the river. The monster is known to Haislas and called the *Munc'axsis*.

Another "monster sighting" was described in the *Na'nak'wa*, April, 1901. Rev. Raley reported that "early in February what we believe to be a sea-serpent or immense strange sea monster was seen from the Mission House, traveling along the opposite shore with a peculiar spiral motion at about the rate of fifteen miles an hour." In its flight it threw the spray high in air and wide in extent until the sea appeared like a boiling caldron. Some said it is an immense whale. The missionary, however, got his field glass; and then and there noted the size of the monster, which appeared to be two hundred feet in length."

The Story of *Yesp'igaxw*, The Poison Tree of the Kitlope

As told by John Robinson and James Robertson

Down in the Kitlope there was a tree that we called the *Yesp'igaxw*, the Poison Tree. It was located about a mile above the *Daniku* on the east side of the Kitlope River, just below the *Cicaxutli*, the stream-mouths that look like a man and a woman urinating. That tree looked ordinary, but if someone had done you wrong, you could go up to the tree and say the name of that person and hit the tree…and that person would die. You had to carry a wooden club, eh. You would say the person's name one, two, three, four times and then hit the tree with the club. The person would be dead before you got home. Heart attack, maybe, or fall overboard or get mauled by a bear or just not wake up in the morning. He'd be gone. Women, too. Man or woman. Women could even the score with unfaithful or brutal men or home-wrecking women.

But, you had to be careful. If you were simply spiteful and wanted to get someone you didn't like out of the way for your own reasons, the tree would know… and it would be *you* that would die. The thing was that you had to be telling the truth. The tree was, therefore, doubly powerful. Not only could it cause someone to die. It could also see into the heart of a person.

The *Yesp'igaxw* is gone now. Some people think that it just got old and blew down. Some people think that it was chopped down and hollowed out to make a shelter. But, most people think that nobody would have *dared* to chop it down. That's the Poison Tree.

Geps Walhak'a and Winc'exs Escape from Haida Captivity

As told by Jeffrey Legaik and Chris Walker

A long time ago the Haidas used to raid among the *Gitamaat* and *Henaksiala* people. Our oral history also records raids long ago by the Skeena River people and, even marauding Tlingits from Alaska. But, for the Haisla, the Queen Charlotte island people were a constant threat. We have to remind you, thought, that this raiding was just an aspect of life back then. As Tom Robinson said, "We did it, too, you know."

So, our ancestors would keep lookouts posted and sometimes the Haida raiders were ambushed or beaten. But many of those raids were successful surprise attacks and whole settlements would be wiped out in those raids--most of the men and old people and tiny children would be killed and the women and, occasionally, strong men would be carried off to a lifetime of slavery in the Queen Charlotte Islands. This is the story of *Geps Walhak'a* and *Winc'exs*, two early *Gitamaat* people who were taken away by the Haida as slaves and were able to escape.

Well, the story happened a long time ago, when the main *Gitamaat* village was at *Wolh*, just south of *C'imoc'a*, where Kitamaat village is today. There was a young couple who lived in a

bighouse with the parents of the wife, *Winc'exs*. In time, *Winc'exs*' father became old and ill. One day, he turned to his son-in-law, and said, "I am dying. I'd like to taste fresh meat one more time before crossing over." So, *Winc'exs* and her husband and small son prepared to go hunting and went across to *Kitasa* (Emsley Cove). They beached their canoe on the sand strip along the west side of the cove and had no sooner jumped out than their dogs started growling and barking furiously. Out of the bush rushed Haida warriors, their spears and arrows at the ready. The dogs were turned loose and while the raiders were distracted fighting off and killing the dogs, their son ran and hid. *Winc'exs*'s husband was almost immediately disabled with an arrow in the shoulder and then killed. His fingers were cut off and the joints distributed among the raiders to be worn as battle souvenirs, and his head was cut off and put in the raider's canoe as a trophy. *Winc'exs* was dragged into the high-prowed Haida war canoe and the jubilant Haidas pushed off and headed home.

It took two days to get to Masset village. During the trip, *Winc'exs* discovered that she wasn't the only Haisla that this raiding party had captured. Lying under mats in the bottom of the canoe was another *Gitamaat* captive, gravely beaten and tightly bound. He was a very strong man named *Geps Walhak'a*, which means "father of *Walhak'a."* When the raiders reached home, the slaves became the property of Chief *Tlana'u*, who was very rich and cruel. *Tlana'u* made his slaves work hard, fed them poorly and punished them often. He was feared by his slaves and even hated by his own people. He forbad *Geps Walhak'a* and *Winc'exs* to speak to one another and had them watched constantly. But, those two Haisla slaves were clever. They were careful not to do suspicious things. They learned to speak Haida quickly and gradually the Masset people came to like them and trust them.

So years passed. And, it happened that one day an old man whom *Geps Walhak'a* had often helped came up to him and said quietly, "You should know that *Tlana'u* is planning to take you to Hydaburg, where you will be traded for a valuable copper. This is your chance! Kill *Tlana'u*. Nobody likes him. Take his canoe and return to the *Gitamaats*, your people. Your village is where the sun rises now every morning." And the old man turned and returned to his house.

And, indeed, a few days later, Chief *Tlana'u* told *Geps Walhak'a* to make preparations for a long ocean voyage. "We will load the canoes tonight and leave early in the morning." *Geps Walhak'a* was put to work packing and loading fresh water for the trip. *Winc'exs* was sent out to collect enough firewood to keep big campfires going all night, since the group was planning to spend the night on a sandbar outside Masset Inlet so they could get an early start.

During the course of preparations, *Winc'exs* and *Geps Walhak'a* passed each other, and he whispered to her, "Whatever you do, *Winc'exs*, try not to part with the hatchet that you are using. I will use it to kill Chief *Tlana'u*. Tonight is the last night for *Tlana'u* and his crew. Tonight is our last night as slaves. Only you and I will be alive and we will be able to return to our people." Unfortunately, one of the other slaves of *Tlana'u* saw them speaking and reported it to the chief, who immediately called *Geps Walhak'a* and beat him. The big *Gitamaat* told *Tlana'u*, "I was only telling *Winc'exs* to call me if there were firewood pieces too large for her to carry." But, really, *Geps Walhak'a* had been planning his escape.

That night, *Tlana'u* told two husky Haidas to sleep alongside *Geps Walhak'a*. But, these warriors were tired and soon were snoring loudly. *Geps Walhak'a* slipped from the blankets and sneaked over to *Winc'exs*, who handed him the hatchet in the dark. As silent as a cloud of fog, the big *Gitamaat* moved across the camp to where the chief and his wife were laying. *Tlana'u*'s wife was a light sleeper and woke first, so *Geps Walhak'a* killed her first. *Tlana'u* never even woke up, and his head was split down the middle while he dreamed. Quietly, methodically, *Geps Walhak'a* killed every one of the Haida crew except for an older slave woman from a village far to the south. He told her, "You and I have suffered much together. Take what you need and make your way back to Masset village." We, *Winc'exs* and I, are going back to our own people."

So, *Winc'exs* and *Geps Walhak'a* pushed out the well-stocked canoe and pointed the prow toward the rising sun and home. Haida fishermen were already out jigging for halibut and they saw the canoe heading east. They hollered to each other, saying "There goes *Geps Walhak'a*, heading home to *Gitamaat*." But, they made no effort to stop them, smiling to realize that they were now rid of unkind *Tlana'u*.

It took three days for *Geps Walhak'a* and *Winc'exs* to reach the country of the *Gitamaats* near the mouth of the Kitamat River. The *Gitamaat* lookout saw their Haida canoe coming up the channel and canoes loaded with defenders raced out to intercept them. Luckily, older people recognized the names *Geps Walhak'a* and *Winc'exs*, and they were welcomed home with smiles. Because of all the hardships that they had endured together, *Geps Walhak'a* and *Winc'exs* married and lived together from then on. *Walhaqa*, the son of *Geps Walhak'a*, was now an adult. Such was life among our ancestors, who had to protect themselves from their enemies and defend their territory as our *nuyem* instructs us to do.

Henaksiala Women Captured by Haida Raiders Use Their Power to Escape

As told by Crosby Smith and James Robertson

Our ancestors had to be watchful in the old days. Our history includes numerous stories of raids. The raiders came unexpectedly and attacked with fierce cunning. Here is an account of a raid by the Kitselas people that was narrated by Chief Walter Wright of Kitselas in the 1930. The story tells about an early raid of the Skeena River people on the *Henasksiala*. He told it this way.

"When the early hours of the morning came and the dwellers of the Kitlope slept soundly, the river warriors landed and took their stations. Then came the signal and the horrors and killings started. Taken by surprise, the people of Kitlope were no match for the invaders. Many coast warriors were killed. Some, seeing the battle lost, escaped to the forest. Women and children were captured and made secure. Slavery would be their lot as long as they lived. Rich booty fell

to the river people that night. Furs, buckskins, sea otter robes. When all was over, the river canoes were far more heavily laden than when they had put ashore.[1]

Those raids were a constant threat to the early *Henaksiala* and *Gitamaat*. But, in fact, our ancestors were not easy targets. Our folk-history reminds us that we had tricks of our own. The Old People posted lookouts and had back doors and hiding places and carefully planned escape routes in case of attack. They slept with their weapons handy. Our elders know lots of stories about raids, especially by the Haida. And in many of these stories the Haisla detected the enemy and were able to either set up a successful ambush or beat the raiders in open combat.

For instance, there is the story about the time that the Haida sneak attack on the oldtime Haisla settlement at Butedale (*Cedixs*) was met by Haisla arrows and spears, killing the Haida leader and resulting in the rest of the attack force retreating in panic and heading for home. Or, there is the story of the Haida attack on the *Gitamaat* village, which was then at Bees. That time, too, the Haida were defeated and made to drift their canoes along in front of the cliff at *Hentlixw*, where they had to shoot all of their arrows into the crack in the face of the rock there. Those are good stories, where the Haisla out-fight or out-smart the enemy.

One of those stories tells how the *Henaksiala* men lost the battle, but the women used their powers to turn defeat and capture into victory. This is a story about a Haida raid on the village at the mouth of the Kitlope River, *Misk'usa*. The Kitlope people always kept a lookout stationed up in the rocks, watching for raiders. In fact, it was those guards up in the rocks that gave the Kitlope people their name, for Kitlope is the Tsimshian name for "People of the Rocks." But this time the warriors arrived stealthily at night and were able to burst unexpected into their victims' houses, killing many and capturing most of the women of the village. The raid was so successful that they loaded up and started for home almost immediately. They had so many captives and so much booty that they took several of the Kitlope canoes and the captives were given paddles and told, "Paddle hard and don't try any tricks." And, so, the canoes, captors and captives started out down the Gardner, headed for the Queen Charlottes.

They passed the *Qawisas*. They passed the mouth of the Kemano River. They paddled steadily and toward nightfall they approached *Nuwaqela*, which is now called Cornwall Point. An old woman in a canoe full of *Henaksiala* women paddlers said quietly, "When I finish my song, bring your paddle down on the edge of the canoe…", and she began to sing. It was a special song. And when she sang the last word, all the women brought their paddles down on the side of that canoe with a bang. The Haida warriors in the other canoes were startled, but not worried. One of them shouted something in Haida. But, then, a remarkable thing happened. The waters became turbulent and up out of the water a reef arose. It was as long as three canoes and was right alongside their canoes. Up it came until it stuck up out of the water about two feet. And what caught everyone's attention was that the rocks were absolutely covered with abalone. They were so thick, those abalones, that they were three, four, five deep. Well the Haidas are just crazy for abalone. And, with delighted shouts the warriors started jumping out of the canoes, grabbing for the abalones. Within seconds, those Haidas were all out on the reef scrambling for the shells.

[1] The edited account of the Kitselas raid on the Kitlope was taken from *Men of M'Deek* by Will Robinson, as told by Walter Wright (copyright 2003 by the people of the *Gitselasu*) p. 81.

Well, the women waited until the last of the Haida warriors had climbed out onto the reef and then, at another signal from the old woman, they all brought their paddles down again on the edge of their canoe. And, as suddenly as it had appeared, that reef sank. The surprised faces of the Haida warriors disappeared beneath the waters that swooshed in…and not one of them reappeared. They all drowned. The *Henaksiala* women turned their canoe around and started back for home.

And that's the story of how the *Henaksiala* women used their power to escape from the Haida raiders.

The Cedar Bark Rope "Raider Alarm" Across the Channel at *Quwi*

As told by Samson Ross with Harvey Grant, and by James Robertson

Samson Ross talked about how the old people used to be raided by the Haidas. He told it like this. "The (Haisla) people were having trouble with the Haidas. They would come raiding. The Haislas had lookouts above *Misk'usa* (village at the mouth of the Kitlope River) and up on *Daduqwilac'i* on the lower Kitimat River. There are plenty of stories about those Haida raids. Our favorite stories are the ones where the raiders were seen coming, sneaking into our territory in their big canoes, so we were ready for them and ambushed them."

Samson continued (paraphrase), "There was also a lookout on the south end of *T'lekexdai* (Work Island, across from Butedale). That's the southern boundary of our territory, where Melissa Woods' family originated from. Well, after the cannery was built at Butedale, the Klekane Inlet (*T'liqana*) and *Quwi* area was used by everybody, the *Gitga'at* (Hartley Bay) and Klemtu and *Hailhzaqw* (BellaBella) people, as well as us. But, all those old people knew that it was our territory. .In those days there were old-time bighouse remains at the top of *T'likana* (Klekane Inlet) and at *Quwi* (the south entrance to Klekane Inlet). When I was young, there were still houseposts from those bighouses up by the hotsprings near Patty Dippley's house at the top of the Inlet. There were also houses at *Quwi* that belonged, I think, to Solomon Robertson and Robert Nelson. Old people called that village site *Go'yewa*. There was also an old village site just north around the corner from where the cannery was built. It was called *C'itis* and later people started calling the area *Cidexs*. Some people think that the change in name had something to do with a Haida raid on the village on that village. The Haisla were ready for them and killed their chief with an arrow through his gut, so the other raiders just left and paddled home."

Samson also told that there are Haisla stories about some of out people meeting a *bekwis* family at *Lixasanas* (Scow Bay) long ago. There are graves of our people on *T'lekexdai* (Work Island), which is where Melissa Woods' family originated from. There are lots of culturally modified trees across from Butedale. Old ones. The names all over there are Haisla names. It's our territory and everyone on the coast knew that.

Samson and Harvey Grant told how the old people took *denas* (cedar bark) and made it into a long thick rope that they strung all the way across the whole channel from *Quwi* to *Xelasu* (the point across from *Quwi* below Butedale). It floated just below the surface of the channel. They put shells, like a rattle, on both ends. They attached shells that would make a noise when a canoe passed over the rope out in the channel. When the Haidas paddled across that *xelpelaxw* (twisted cedar bark rope), it would shake the shells and warn a lookout. Oldtime Haisla "raider-radar."

James Robertson told of hearing the old people say that the cedar-bark warning rope wasn't only for war parties. "Old people used to think that when peaceful visitors came up the channel the *Henaksiala* would greet them and try to talk them into joining them and staying, settling down in the Kitlope. I guess that some did. That's what I heard. Maybe that's the reason there used to be so many *Henaksiala* in the old days. Big villages there before the epidemics. When they heard the alarm go off, they'd invite the visiting chief to come to the Kitlope or Kemano and join the *Henaksiala* people. So, some of us are related to the people that were interested in become Kemano or Kitlope people. The people at *Quwi* would leave loads of shellfish, red and black cod, seals, halibut and salmons along the shore there. They would have days of feasting for the celebration when new people join them. The chief would take on a new name and let the new people witness this naming at the joining feast. I heard them tell how one time the chief of Kitlope was at *Quwi* and wanted to change his name. They made a pile of *lhi'wi* (cedar bark mats) and blankets. And when it got so high that you couldn't reach the top, he took his name from that. *Wigustuwakws Hi'mas*, which means "Couldn't reach the top." He took his name from that. The chief was Killer Whale clan at that time."

How the People Were Taught that the Red Cod is Good to Eat

As told by James Robertson

In Kitlope, in the old days, the people were taught what was good to eat by *Nolexw*.

Nolexw approached a tree and said, "Get a canoe. And get the young men to paddle it. Take off down the channel and I'll tell you when to stop." When they got past Douglas Point, *Nolexw* said, "Stop! I want you to catch a seagull. Take his right wing and rub the bony part over the eyes of your grandson. Then tears will form. Wipe this with the wing tip. Then have the boy look over the side of the canoe deep into the tidal waters." The boy was about 10 years old. They caught a gull and did as they were told, but the boy couldn't see anything.

Nolexw told them to do it a second time. They did, and the little boy said, "I can see a little ways down."

So, *Nolexw* told them to do it a third time. They did, and the little boy said, "I can see a little man sitting on a reef." And *Nolexw* asked, "Can you see his clothes?" The boy stared and blinked, but finally replied, "No, I can't see his clothes."

So, *Nolexw* told them to do it a fourth time. After the man rubbed his grandson's eye with the bony part of the wing and wiped his eye with its tip, they let the seagull go. The boy said, "I can see a little man dressed in purple with a spear. And I can see two more people with purple and orange clothes. Oh, no! The old man poked something with his spear, he speared it and then hurled whatever he had speared upwards. It was a red cod. The ones in the canoe grabbed it and put it in the canoe. They kept this up until the canoe was full. The grandfather said, "Call up that little old man so that I can thank him. The little old man said, "I have other things to do." The little boy said, "I can see the old man's front side is white and his back side is black." That old man was Halibut. Thus, *Nolexw* showed the people that red cod was good to eat.

The young man grew up to be able to see the future of the *Henaksiala*. For instance, he knew when the Haida raiders were going to appear. The Haida raiders would hug the south shore when they were coming up to Kemano. The boy (now grown up) would tell those Kemano defenders who were waiting to ambush the unsuspecting Haidas to wait until he told them to shoot their arrows. The raiders were hoping to mount a surprise attack. As they quietly approached the village they would turn so that their canoe was pointed directly across the channel at the village and the paddlers were in a straight line in the canoe. This was what the Kemano defenders were waiting for. They loosed their arrows all at once and many of those arrows went right through several attackers. Thunk! Thunk!

When James, who told this story, was young, there was a 6 foot bow in one of the houses at Kemano. Joe Paul, 12 years older than James, was able to pull it. It's the type of bow that the Kemano defenders were using in this story, a bow that could drive an arrow through several men, one after the other.

How the North Wind was Tamed and Became Useful to the Haisla

As told by Gordon Robertson, Samson Ross and Gordon Robinson

This is the story of how the North Wind was tamed. Back at the time of beginnings, the various winds were friendly. They got together, coming from all directions and had feasts and good times. They even had games and competitions. One time they had a rock lifting competition, and each of the winds tried to lift a great egg-shaped rock down by the beach. North Wind and Southeast Wind were known as the strongest of the winds. In the end, Southeast Wind won. Oh, North Wind was a bad loser. He stormed off, blowing with rage, sending an icy blast up the valleys as far as the mountain tops and that's the reason that there are glaciers in our territory. North Wind just couldn't control his temper. In those days the North Wind was totally undisciplined.

But, even though North Wind was so temperamental and jealous, he was still likeable. And, to the surprise of all the other winds and animals, North Wind fell in love with the daughter of Southeast Wind and they got married. For a while North Wind was too happy to be grumpy. The other animals enjoyed a season where there were only balmy winds and warm weather. But,

then, North Wind's old stormy nature started to reappear, and soon he was having fits of irritability and anger just like the bad old days. He would blow up at the slightest provocation and unleash a blast that would have the animals cowering in their dens. It was during those days that the animals started wearing furs all the time because they never knew when North Wind was going to send a shivery gust through the territory. In those days the North Wind was out of control.

One day, the daughter of Southeast Wind decided that she had had enough. North Wind had always been very proud of the artwork that he made around the territory. His ice sculptures were a source of real pride for him. Wherever he went, he left beautiful icicles hanging. But, the daughter of Southeast Wind would follow him around and as soon as he produced a nice set of icicles, she would come along and melt them. Finally North Wind blew up and didn't calm down for so long that he caused the Ice Age in our territory. His wife put up with him for a long time. But, finally she decided that she had had enough. She went home to her father, the Southeast Wind. Southeast Wind was so disgusted with his son-in-law North Wind that he totally changed his nature. He got stormy and brooding and cloudy. And he called the other winds and animals and birds and fish and insects to a "campfire," which is what they called a council meeting. Everyone agreed that it was time to teach North Wind some manners.

So, all the living things lined up to attack North Wind and over-run his settlement under the northern lights. They thought it would be easy, since there were so many of them lined up against North Wind. But he got wind of it and produced a defensive explosion of freezing air that blew steadily into the face of the attackers. That frigid wind from the North was so cold and so strong that the attackers broke ranks and retreated. North Wind didn't let up either. He just blew and blew. So the attackers decided to get sneaky. They asked Halibut if he would be willing to take on a dangerous mission. When they explained their plan, he realized how risky it was, but he agreed. Mighty Halibut took to the water and dove deep. He swam along the bottom where the awful chill of the North Wind was hardly noticeable. He swam straight north facing into the northerly wind, and soon he sensed that the north wind was at his back, and realized that he had come past the house of North Wind. So he turned around and swam back until he saw the settlement of North Wind, full of his icicle sculptures. Halibut sneaked up on North Wind. And he crawled up on the roof of the bighouse. For such a big creature, he was very quiet. When he got to the smokehole, he looked down and saw North Wind inside concentrating on keeping his cold wind blowing without letup. So, Halibut crawled over the edge and saw that he could drop down right into the middle of North Wind's house. But, Halibut was so big that, as he dropped through that smokehole, he scraped his back on the sooty roof timbers around the smokehole and got his back all sooty. That's the reason that halibuts have black backs even today.

Well, when Halibut dropped suddenly into the open area of North Wind's bighouse, he caught North Wind by surprise. And the great fish immediately started flapping around, flipping and bouncing around the floor. He was almost as long as a canoe and weighed as much as two big *muzilhs*. North Wind was distracted, to say the least, and while his attention was diverted, he let up on his ice-cold windstream. The attackers were ready and immediately streamed into the compound and North Wind was overpowered. A peace treaty was worked out. North Wind had to promise that he would control his stormy temper and blow predictably so that people and animals would know when it would be cold and when it would be warm. It was the beginning of

seasons and animals started to shed in the spring because they could expect that it wouldn't be so cold in the months ahead. North Wind promised only to blow in the mornings, too, so our Haisla ancestors came to expect that they could paddle or sail down to Sue Channel in the morning and come home using the south wind in the afternoon with a canoe-load of halibuts, with their white fronts and black backs.

So, that's the story of how the North Wind got tamed. It tells why there are icicles on cold north wind mornings, and why the animals all wear fur and shed in the spring, and why the Ice Age happened, and why we have predictable seasons. It explains why halibuts have white fronts and black backs. And, it reminds us that when that north wind blows cold, it is just Old Man North Wind having a temper tantrum.

K'ukwaap - the Tug of War between the early Crab River Settlement and the Fishtrap Bay People

As told by Ken Hall, John R. Wilson and Louise Barbetti

This is the story of how *Kasa* (Crab River) got its name and why we call Fishtrap Bay *Neqetu* in our language. It's the story of the great *K'ukwaap*, which means "tug of war."

In the old days, there used to be settlements of Haisla-speaking people all over our traditional territory. There used to be two villages that were real rivals. At the mouth of Crab River was a village of very tall Haislas of enormous strength. They often won the rocklifting contests called *lhalukwag̲elis*. Each village used to have a great flat or egg-shaped rock that would be used for contests of strength when good-natured rivalries broke out during festivities. According to Samson Ross, the oldtime Kitamaat village *lhalukwag̲elis* rock was accidentally moved and buried when they were putting the road in. Well, Crab River people almost always won those rocklifting contests in the old days.

Well, the biggest rivals of those Crab River giants were the people who lived at what we now call Fishtrap Bay. Of course, all of this happened long before the Whitemen came and built the fishtrap down there. That chicken wire and pilings fishtrap was built in the 1880s and the fish were taken to a salmon saltery that operated at Crab River during the 1890s. Then fishtraps were made illegal, so they took it apart…but people continued to call the place Fishtrap Bay. Anyhow, a long time ago, there were several oldtime Haisla bighouses there in the bay. And the people that lived there were small but powerfully built people. They used to bend trees over for fun, pulling down two trees that were growing close, then they'd tie the tops of them together. In those days, the Fishtrap Bay people were known for winning *daxwaap*, wrestling contests. They were proud of being really strong, too.

So, the Crab River people and the Fishtrap Bay people were rivals. And one time they decided to have a *k'ukwaap*, a tug of war to prove once and for all who really *were* the strongest Haislas of all. Well, they lined up with the Crab River people on one side and the Fishtrap Bay people

facing them on the other side. Tall strong people against short strong people. It wasn't just men; there were lots of women on both teams. And at a signal they all started to pull, using a thick cedar bark rope that must've been re-enforced with whale sinew so it wouldn't just snap. The teams strained and grunted but both sides seemed pretty evenly matched. Neither side could get the advantage.

Well, after watching for a while, an old woman from Fishtrap Bay decided that, as weak and old as she was, she had to join in and do what she could for her people. She hobbled over raising her voice and saying, "*La neqetuwi'ne*!" which means, more or less, "I'm tired of being on top. Even though I'm old and tired, I have to do everything!" So, she grabbed the rope and leaned back. And, as soon as she started pulling, the Fishtrap Bay side started to win, pulling the Crab River people inch by inch.

And, when the Crab River team realized that they were starting to lose, one of the strongest of them shouted, "*Ani k'asai'*, *ani k'asai'*!" The old people used to say, "That means, 'Oh, my goodness!' These days we'd say it means, "Oh, s__t!"

Anyhow, that's the how Crab River and Fishtrap got their Haisla names, long before they ever had English names.

Dudeqsewilh – The Great Haisla Clairvoyants

As told by Chris Walker, Jeffrey Legaix, Louise Barbetti and James Robertson

Back in the 1800s there was a great Haisla *duduqsewilh*, which is a clairvoyant, a person who has the power to foretell things and to see the future or the past. His name was *T'lisela*. People remember that *T'lisela* could see the location of things that had been lost, that he could predict when the oolichan would arrive, could suggest where hunters would have good luck, and could predict how long a person would live. He was very famous and respected.

An incident that illustrates his powers is that he is remembered to have been able to predict a total eclipse of the sun. *T'lisela* predicted that the sun would disappear and would not reappear unless the people did a dance of appeasement to the sun. He emphasized that this meant everyone, including the *C'esi*. When the sun actually *did* disappear, everyone did start a frenzied dance…including the great *C'esi*. And when the sun started to reappear, *T'lisela* laughed that others had been fooled by a natural phenomenon that only he had been able to foresee.

T'lisela predicted social trends and technological developments, too. He predicted that people would be able to travel by flying and by moving under the water. He predicted that dress would change with women wearing pants. He foresaw celestial events that were thought to portend danger such as meteor showers, considered to be a sign that some catastrophic event such as an epidemic was imminent.

There had been other, earlier Haislas who had such gifts of second sight and spirit power. For instance, Billy Hall is remembered to have had second sight after having his encounter with *bekwis*. There was another earlier *Henaksiala dudeqsewilh*, an old man who foresaw the coming of one of the great epidemics, probably smallpox, and protected the people from that illness.

The story goes like this. One evening, the old man and his grandchildren were out on the shore in front of the village. Suddenly, the old *dudeqsewilh* pointed to a driftlog in the water and said, "It's coming. Quick! Get inside. Run for it." The children were puzzled, but did as the old man said. They were used to him being able to see dangers and disasters that weren't apparent to others. So, they all raced into their traditional bighouse. There they waited. The old man told everyone to get away from the entrance area and kept his eye on the door. All of a sudden he shouted, "It's coming in. Get me my bow and my quiver of arrows." When he had them, he carefully took an arrow and prepared to shoot. There was no knock on the door and it didn't swing open, but suddenly the old man drew the arrow back, aimed directly at the door and fired an arrow. That arrow flew across the house and then suddenly stopped, suspended in the air in front of the door. "Got it! I got it," he said. People looked at the arrow hanging in mid-air, at the old man and at each other, shaking their heads. But, only the *dudeqsewilh* moved, getting up and grasping the arrow and giving it a pull as if it were stuck into something. Then he and others went back out to the beach and someone noted that the driftlog was gone and that in the beach sand there was the mark of a canoe having been drawn up. Later, when asked, the old man told that a terrible disease had come to the village, but that he had gravely wounded it and it had left, bypassing the Haisla, who were apparently too strong to be affected by the illness.

Billy Hall Demonstrates his Spirit Power

As told by James Robertson, September 2, 2004

In Kemano, there used to be a kind of a hall where the men would get together, especially in the winter, and discuss issues and tell stories. They called it the *Hiligac'i*. One night, Billy Hall decided to prove his spirit power. He told a couple of the young men, "Go out and get me some long pieces of wood that won't burn. Set it up like the tracks of a railroad along the ground here." They did and Billy raked the coals of the fire and white hot rocks along the ground between the long stakes. The stones were white hot. Billy walked across the smoking embers and hot stones, his feet popping like bacon on a grill. Then he held up a salmonberry twig. They got him one. First he danced with it. He went around once and leaves came out on the twig. After he danced around the second time there was a flower on the twig. The third time there was a little green salmonberry on it. And then, the fourth time he danced around, there were 3 well-formed ripe orange salmonberries on the twig. Then he picked up a bearskin with the fur still on it and he wrapped himself in the fur. Then he danced in a circle. He said, "If you want to know how long you'll live, grab on and hold onto me as I dance by. The 1st person that tried to hold onto Billy only held on for 2 or 3 steps and lost his grip. Billy Hall told him, "You have two months to live." He turned out to be right. The second person held on a little bit longer, and Billy said to her, "You will only live a year. He was right about that, too. The third person held on even

longer, and Billy told him that he would live two years. That's how long he lived. The fourth person was Alice Moody. She jumped up and grabbed onto Billy, and she held on all the way around. Billy told her that she had a long life to live. She lived to be in her 90s.

Where did Billy Hall get that power? Who had given him the power to walk on white-hot stones and fire, to cause rods to bud, to see the future? He got the power from those animals, the *bek'wis*.

Nakwelagila, The Haisla Tradition of Cleansing and Toughening--and Another Story about Billy Hall

As told by Samson Ross, John Wilson, Louise Barbetti, James Robertson and others

There are different kinds of *Nakwlagila*. An animal will know why you are out there and whether you are hunting or trapping or what. There is the story of a young man who went out with Billy Hall. They saw a grizzly coming down. The young man reached for his rifle and Billy Hall put up a finger, saying "Be patient and wait." When the grizzly bear came down the slide there was a pool of water down there. The grizzly went into the pool and turned and pulled up a handful of weed and rubbed himself with it. Then he grabbed some more different weeds, adding to the wad he'd been using, and submerged and rubbed himself with that. Then he pulled up some poison weed and added that to the wad and went under again and rubbed himself with that. Finally he grabbed a leafy branch beside the pool and wound the whole wad in that. And he went under the water and, when he came up, he rubbed himself good again. And then he threw the wad on the side of the pool and got out, shook and went into the bush.

Billy said, "Everything you saw was for you. Go and get that ball of weeds and roots. Then use that ball to *nakwlagila* tonight before we go trapping. He did that and the next day he got a white blanket-sized beaver. Billy Hall said, "This was for you." He got another one later and got a lot of money for that matched pair of white beavers. Also, that young man had luck with goats. He hung up 2 large goat skins and the next morning they were gone and there were wolf tracks. He followed the wolf tracks into a slough. There he saw the goats' heads facing him. The wolf was there, too. He started to aim at the wolf, but his Billy said, "Wait. Let's talk. The wolf is testing you. If you had shot the wolf your traps would all have been snapped. Life in general would be miserable." Then, later, he got a large, white marten. Magnificent. And then he got another one. Always from the last trap of the line. He got a lot of money for those, too. Each event of this tells how the spirit is strengthening him and making him wise. Each time the teacher was Billy Hall, who was wise, passing on his wisdom to a younger person.

The Rock in the Kitlope River that "Washed the Canoes" at Oolichan Time

As told by James Robertson, 4 August, 2004

Oolichans don't like the sight or smell of blood. They disappear if they sense blood. Even right in the middle of a run, they will all disappear. That's why the people were very careful to keep women in their season away from the water at oolichan time.

There was a particular rock in the Kitlope River where the people did a ritual that they felt "washed the canoes". The rock was called *T'lepsiste* or *T'lepeqstlaqasu*. It is located on the right side of the river going up, just above the island that is part of IR #15. That's the island where *C'ewenxac'i* was, the place that used to hold onto winter the longest. Snow would last longest here after it was gone in other places and grandmother used to make *tages* for me, which is fresh grease kneaded into snow with dried berries mixed in. When the *dzaxwan*, the oolichans, were running, the people used to put their oolichan camp there on the island, with tents and boxes and boilers on the bank of the river. In the early 1930s there would be the tents of Sam Hall and John Hall and Jimmy Henry and the Robertson family and Philip McKay and Tom Paul and Tim Starr and others.

When the oolichans came into the Gardner Canal, the old people said, the sea lions would drive them as far as *Kawisas*, Chief Matthew's Bay. Then the seals would take them from there into the Kitlope River. They'd rest at the mouth of the river in the little inlet called Kemano *Zaxwilac'i*, just across from *Misk'usa*. Then, the seagulls would escort them up the river. I heard that the oolichan chief hangs back around *Wakasu* and, if there's debris in the river he causes rain to happen so there's a freshet that washes the debris out of the river. Then they come up past *Tazagwis*, the oolichan viewing area located just above *T'lekexdais*, the island at the foot of the river, below *C'ewenxac'i*.

You had to be careful or the oolichans would just go away. On the first day that the oolichans were there you couldn't take any and no canoes were allowed on the river near the spawning beds. On the second day, each family could scoop out enough *dzaxwen* for a meal, but that's all. Then, when the chief said so, one could set the *taqalh*, the conical oolichan net made of nettle fibers. Because the people honoured the oolichans, they sent the very best in response—12 inches long, juicy and delicious. We are careful. There were things you just never did. For instance, you never, ever threw stones into the water where oolichans were spawning. My grandma told me, "The *dzaxwen* have come a long way. You also never blow on a hot oolichan when you eat it. You can blow the whole run away. One time, we hear, a young man did blow on a hot oolichan to cool it off while eating it. His aunt, who was down at the river screamed! Right then, the oolichans started jumping and then, all of a sudden, the water was completely smooth and not one oolichan was left. The next morning, he was sorry and he was scared. Our story tells that he went out and apologized to a crow and asked for the power to bring the oolichans back. The crow told him, "You did a bad thing." The next day the oolichans were back. The crow had helped him. We are *very* careful not to offend the *dzaxwen*.

And, so, knowing that the dzaxwen dislike the smell of blood, the *Henaksiala* had a ritual that they did when the oolichans were in the river. They would take the women and girls in the canoes up to that big rock called *T'lepsiste'*. The females would get out of the canoe at one end of the rock. The rock was about 20' across and slippery. They would crawl across the rock and get back into the canoe at the other side of the rock. I guess this was a ritual that "washed the canoe." We were careful not to offend the *dzaxwen*.

The Haisla Traditions Relating to Death

As told by James Robertson, Louise Barbetti, Samson Ross, Crosby Smith and John R Wilson

The *nuyem* says that the two most stressful times of our lives are birth and death. We are not sure whether this refers to *(a)* the one being born and dying, or *(b)* to the parents giving birth and the loved ones of the one who is dying, or *(c)* to both. But, death is recognized in the community as a time when great caring is required. Each family treats it differently, but the *nuyem* gives us guidelines for what is appropriate when there is a death. As in all things, we should know the *nuyem* and then follow the advice of the elders, which is, "Use your *Q'alh*! (Use your good sense!).

Our *nuyem* says that a person should never be alone when dying. This means both daytime and nighttime. Some families make sure that someone spends the night with the dying. Many Haisla people feel that it is appropriate to sing and drum and tell stories and reminisce while keeping vigil with someone who is mortally ill or injured, whether they are conscious or not. It is the role of friends, the clan and the whole community to help the family with supportive thoughts, household chores, food, rides and money, if needed. Hopefully, the person will recover; but, if not, our *nuyem* is clear about the rituals and ceremonies that are part of the Haisla way of dying.

Of course, we now have a funeral for those who die. It's now the customary thing to do, and the funeral and interment (which means "burial in the ground") should be done according to the beliefs of the family. But, really, that is not a traditional Haisla ceremony. Our custom was that after a person dies, the body is washed and dressed in ceremonial regalia by members of the father's side clan of the one who has passed. The body would lie in state in the family house for two to four days. Each night the clan of the father of the deceased would sing their funeral songs. Then the body is carried out either through a door or a hole in the east wall of the house. There were two methods of "burial": (1) the body is immediately cremated along with food and some personal effects. The remaining bones are collected and put in a box that is put up in a tree or placed in a cave with a carved memorial pole or a board with a clan emblem placed nearby, or (2) the body is wrapped in furs (for a chiefly person) or a cedar bark mat or bag, and that is put in a box. The box is either put away in a cave or placed on a platform in a tree and may, eventually, be removed and burned.

Our *nuyem* instructs us about the azixsila, our *traditional* Haisla activities relating to a death:

1) After a death, the family is bereaved and friends and neighbours bring in food or cook or clean up for the family. This is called *kewisa*. And after the funeral, the family puts up a feast (*hamsamaa*) for the whole village. This is thought to be a new thing and some families have reverted back to the old way and aren't doing this.
2) Giving away the effects of the person. After making sure that members of the family have the things that they are wanted to have, the rest of the possessions of the deceased are distributed to friends and others, as appropriate.
3) The *t'at'icila*, "stone ceremony". About a year after the death, there is the ceremony for placing the headstone on the grave.
4) The *xwaxwatuwelsa*, "gathering together the bones". This is when the bones used to be collected and put into a box to be placed in a cave or other private place.

Traditional Haisla Games, Played by the Elders When They Were Young

As told by Samson Ross, Crosby Smith and others

The Old People, when they were young and lived in the settlements around our territory played some old-time games. Many of them are like games that we play today. Here are some of those games. All of them except wrestling and rock lifting were played by both boys and girls.

1) ***Hayap'*** - This is the Haisla version of **Hide and Seek**. There were lots of places to hide in the old days. You never played it inside, because houses used to be just one big room or we'd camp in tents. But, outside there were trees and rocks and ditches and upside-down canoes.
2) ***Legis*** - You made a circle of rocks about a meter across with a bigger rock in the middle. Then you would try to throw stones and knock that bigger stone out of the circle. You didn't have to throw in turn. Each person just threw stones until someone succeeded in knocking the center stone out.
3) ***Menzilhe*** - Stand back and throw stones or pieces of wood at a tree. Each time you hit the tree, you take a step back. It's not a contest, but a game to develop throwing accuracy.
4) "**Sky Ball"** – This was Haisla kids' "bush badminton," that used a ball (sometimes twisted up beach grass) and shingles for a racquet. Two or four could play it, and you could even play it alone. You didn't need a net. You can play sky ball by simply hitting the object up into the air and, each time it comes down, hit it back up so that it doesn't touch the ground. You don't even have to rotate turns.
5) **"Old Tom"** – With three or more kids, one is the batter and others are fielders. You need a ball (or a wad of something) and a stick for a bat. Someone can pitch the ball to the hitter or the batter can simply throw the ball up and hit it. The batter stands in a circle drawn on the ground. After the ball is hit, the batter runs to a stump or "base" on the ground and back. The fielders try to get the ball and touch the runner with it before he/she gets back to the hitting circle. Or you can play that the runner is "out" if a fielder throws the ball and hits him/her. You get a point for each time you run to the

stump and back (you can't stop at the stump…you have to run both ways), and you can get several points for a really good, long hit.

6) **Beach Rolling** – You need a wide beach that's best if it has a nice slope down. You can just roll on the beach for fun. Or you can race-roll with others. Or, according to Crosby, you can make it a kind of a game like this. One person will roll down the beach and have to stop short of the water's edge. The next person has to roll and stop *closer* to the water's edge than the previous roller. This continues until someone gets wet. It's best to wear a swimming suit if you play it this way.
7) ***C'ac'emxwdudap*** (Haisla **blindman's bluff**) – You can play this either inside or outside. One person is "it" and puts his head down, covering his eyes, on a table or a stump. Someone comes up and touches him on the bum. He has to guess who did it. If he guesses wrong, the others get to tell him something to do, like "Go pick a salmonberry for each of us," or "Run to the bridge and back," and then that person has to put his head back down and do it again until he guesses right. Sometimes, while the person is doing the task that they gave him to do, the others hide and then the person who is "it" has to find them. If he guesses right, then the person who touches him becomes "it" and you start over.
8) **Stump boats** – Play on the beach stumps, pretending that they are the control rooms of boats. Each kid can command a separate stump, or two can "drive" the same stump, one as captain and one as steersman.
9) **Grab-fishing** – Find a tidal pool on the beach with little stranded fish and try to grab them. It's more fun to let them go after you catch one. Try not to hurt them or, after you catch them, take them down to the water and let them go. They are really fast! (Be really careful not to catch frogs that way. Our *nuyem* says be careful and respectful of frogs, eh.)
10) **Four holes marbles** - You can play this with real marbles or nice round stones. You put four "holes" (round holes about 4 inches deep and five inches across) in a circle with about 12 feet between them. Then you try to toss a marble into the first hole and when you have done so, then (moving over to the first hole) try to throw one into the second hole, etc., until you have a marble in all four holes and then try to throw a marble into the hole in the middle.
11) ***C'inaxwa*** **(string games)** – Using a piece of string about two feet long tied into a loop, you put one hand in one side of the loop and your other hand in the other side and make designs in the string. Good *c'inaxwa* players could do dozens of designs: boxes, star, house and others.
12) ***Lhalukwa galis*** **(rock lifting)** – In the old days it was common for the men to have contests that involved lifting a big rock. The rock that was used weighed about 150 pounds and was either egg-shaped or flat and about two and half feet across. There was a lifting rock in both Kitamaat Village and Kemano.
13) **Ball Tag or *Menxp'ala*** – Two or more kids (or adults!) use a ball or a wad of weeds or cloth and play tag or "dodge ball" with it, throwing the ball and trying to hit someone else with it. You can play it two ways: (a) the person who gets hit becomes "it" and has to pick up the ball and hit someone else with it. If he misses, he has to chase the ball and throw it again. Or, (b) anyone can throw the ball and simply tries to hit someone else. Sometimes this game was called *Menxp'ala*, which means "poop smell", and you pretend that that's the effect of getting hit.

14) ***T'lat'emkwuxsteqelai*** – This is **hopscotch**. It used to be played on a diagram that was drawn with a stick on the ground or that was made out of sticks laid out on the beach.
15) ***Kwet'lemq̲emi*** **(stump pole vault)** – Stand on a stump on the beach and see who can jump the furthest using a canoe pole for a pole vault.
16) ***K'ukwaap*** **(Tug of war)** – This is still done the same as it used to be. You have a good thick rope and equal numbers on both sides, trying to drag one another across a line. Marge Shaw thought that in the old days they would've used a cedar bark rope.
17) ***Xwesxwesai*** **(Teeter-totter)** – Put a plank across a log and go for it! The longer the plank, the higher you go.
18) ***Kwokweni*** **(swings)** – The nice thing about a cabin in the woods or camping is that there are always trees around to hand a swing in.
19) ***Xwaxwi qex̲s dla qelai*** **(skip rope)** – You can make a long skipping rope for two people to swing out of cedar bark, too.
20) ***Saqa*** **(ice skating or sleigh riding on a sled)** – In the old days kids used to ride down snowbanks on a hide with the fur on the inside.
21) ***Daxwap*** **(wrestling)** – Samson Ross told that there were three kinds of wrestling in the old days: (1) backhold wrestling, in which the wrestlers stood back to back and grabbed hold of each other before starting and each tried to jerk, swing or lift the other off balance so he fell, (2) hair pull wrestling, where two men grabbed each other only by the hair and, likewise, each tried to throw the other off his feet, and (3), the kind of free-style wrestling that WWF wrestlers practice these days, and you wrestle until one person gives up.
22) **Tag** – Kids played tag just as they do today…same rules.

Gambling in the Old Days!

As told by Gordon Robertson to James Robertson

Some of our elders say that the old-time *Gitamaat* and *Henaksiala* people played serious traditional games of chance, sometimes just for fun and sometimes for very high stakes. The following story tells about a *Henaksiala* man who almost lost everything until he had an encounter with a spirit being who taught him that, just as in hunting and fishing, the *nakwelagila* cleansing and strengthening ritual brings good luck. In this story, the game that is played is called *lehal*. It's played with two pairs of bone pieces, each of which is about the size of a tube of lipstick, and each pair of bones has one that is plain and one that is marked with a ring around it. The object of the game is to correctly guess in which hand one's opponents are hiding the unmarked bones…and, because there are two sets of bones, you have to guess the location of both unmarked bones at once. Score is kept with counting sticks. You receive one of your opponents' sticks when they make a wrong guess and you have to give your opponents one of *your* sticks when *you* make a wrong guess. Each team starts out with about 7 or 9 sticks and the game is over when either you or your opponent loses by running out of sticks. And players and even the spectators bet, sometimes heavily, on each game and each guess. This story, told in Haisla by Gordon Robertson to Emmon Bach, is about a gambler in the old days.

Among the Henaksiala there used to be a famous *lip'inix̲wax̲i*, a renowned gambler. Early in the morning he would go down on the beach and shout out, "*Hu lai*!" That was his invitation to anybody else who wanted to come down and try to beat him. "*Hu lai*!" And others would come down to gamble or just to watch the game and the betting. Gamblers sometimes won…and sometimes they lost just as heavily. Well, the famous gambler was very lucky and he won a house full of food and valuable things. According to the story, one of his opponents bet and bet until he lost everything…all he had left was his own freedom. And, then he continued to bet and lose. He had bet his freedom and, when he lost, he belonged to the famous gambler. He was a slave. The gambler became proud. But, our *nuyem* tells us to take pride in doing things well, but never to be proud of ourselves.

And, so, the next day he lost. He lost everything he had won. And then he lost his own house and his canoe and winter food and his freedom and the freedom of his wife and children and, even, according to the story, he lost his little finger. He hadn't lost his father's house or his mother. He was surprised at suddenly having lost everything (they hadn't actually cut off his little finger yet but, according to the wager, they would). More than that! He was astonished and weak with fear that he had lost his comforts and his freedom and everything that he loved. And he went into the woods. He cried for sadness as he walked. And then he heard a quiet voice saying, "Come over here." He kept hearing it and went back until the voice was behind him. "Come over here." Four times he went back and forth, and he finally realized that the tiny voice was coming from somewhere near a large devil's club plant on the edge of a stream. So, he went over to the plant and the voice was coming from that plant. The voice asked, "What's wrong?" And the gambler told the whole story. He told how he was usually lucky, but had lost everything, his house and his freedom and his wife and his children.

That devil's club was quiet for a while and then it said, "I'll tell you what to do. Take a chunk of devil's club and scrape off the thorns and eat it. Then drink water from the spring right here." Well, the gambler did that and after he'd eaten the devil's club and drunk the water, he passed right out. When he woke up, the devil's club told him to bathe in the cold water of the stream until he was numb, and then to wipe his eye four times with a devil's club leaf. He did it and suddenly he could see right through his hand. He could see the bones and when he picked up a stone he could see the stone through the flesh of his hand. He told the devil's club, and the plant said, "Now you are ready. Go back and win."

When he got back, he told his mother about the devil's club. And she said, "I have faith in you. I can tell that you have the power. Go gamble. Use your father's house to bet with and, if you need to, you can even wager my freedom. I believe you can win." So, he went back out to the beach and shouted, "*Hu lai*!" and the others came out and laughed at him. They said, "You have nothing to bet with. You have lost everything." But, he told them that he had his father's house and his mother's freedom to gamble with. So, they played. And he could see the unmarked bone right though his opponents' hands. And he "guessed" right time after time. And soon he had won everything back…his freedom and his wife and kids and house and valuables. And, then he continued to win and became a rich, rich man. This was because he had taken the medicine and bathed in cold water to strengthen his *nakwela* (soul); he had had gotten good luck.

And that's the story of the *Henaksiala* gambler, who listened to the devil's club and won long ago.

Appendix 4 – Participants and Interviewees in the Haisla Traditional Use Study (1995 and 2001) with follow-up interviews and data collection continuing to the present.

This report draws heavily on the information produced by the Haisla Traditional Use Project, which started in 1995, lost momentum for a few years and then in September of 2000, reorganized and well staffed, completed its aims and objectives in 2003.

The process and Objectives of the TUS

The Haisla TUS was established as preparation for participation in the BC Treaty process and the associated land claims initiative. Data was collected by interview, many lasting several days. The interviews were rccorded and transcribed, compiling a monograph of personal history and opinions for several dozen Haisla elders. The goal was, so to speak, to catch the dodo bird of Haisla clan, folk science, language, folk history, ethno-botany, cognitive mapping and family memories by the toenail as it flew off to extinction. The collated information from the TUS project has worked, as intended, in the vital land-claims aspect of the treaty negotiation process. But, it also collected whole books of family and ethnic data that would otherwise have gone extinct as knowledgeable elders died and took their memories with them.

The objectives of the project were two-fold: to collect Traditional Use information and to compile it in a way that would allow the information to be returned to the community members as formalized folk history. The project, thus, compiled the Haisla *nuyem*, family trees and other genealogical files for individuals and families, a map of Haisla traditional territory with over 600 Haisla placenames on it, a dictionary, a graded Haisla school culture curriculum, and a history of the Haisla clans (*Haisla-We are our History*).

In one way or another, almost every Haisla community member contributed, but the primary traditional use information was accumulated by systematic interviews, recorded and transcribed, from a large group of adults recognized within the community for their expertise and experience in traditional subsistence lore and knowledge of the territory.

1995 Interviewees:

Amos, John Sr.	Amos, Morris
Barbetti, Louise	Grant, Amelia
Grant, Effie	Grant, Felix
Grant, Harvey Sr.	Grant, Kay
Grant, Oscar	Grant, Verna
Gray, Beatrice	Gray, Edward
Green, Ray, Sr.	Hall, Ken
Hall, Shirley	Hayward, Debbie
Maitland, Heber	Nyce, Randy
Ringham, Grace	Robertson, James
Robertson, Susan	Robinson, Dora
Robinson, Gordon	Robinson, Lorraine

Ross, Russell, Sr.
Ross, Sampson
Shaw, Charles
Shaw, Marjorie
Shaw, Sammy
Shaw, Sarah
Smith, Grace
Smith, Hannah
Smith, Louisa
Stewart, Belva
Stewart, Harold
Stewart, Richard
Williams, Fred Sr.
Wilson, Beatrice
Wilson, Bert
Wilson, Charles
Wilson, Ida
Wilson, Marion
Wilson, Marshall
Wilson Patricia
Wilson, Vera
Woods, Annie
Woods, Ivan
Woods, June
Woods, Stewart

2001 Interviewees:

Ralph Adams
Frances Amos
Louise Barbetti
Len Bolton
Addie Duncan
Billy Duncan
Magnus Duncan
Amelia Grant
Garry Grant
Harvey Grant, Sr.
Ed Gray
Ray Green
Ken Hall
Debbie Hayward
Chester Maitland
Harold Maitland
Dan Paul
James Robertson
Josephine Robertson
John Robinson
Rose Robinson
Tom Robinson
Samson Ross
Charles Shaw
Marge Shaw
Arnie Smith
Crosby Smith
Glen Smith
Don Stewart
Charles Smith
Chris Walker
Charlene Williams

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