HIGHLIGHTS:

- General reminiscences of their lives.
- Mentions a legend concerning the creation of the sun and moon.

Imbert: Perhaps you could just repeat that last bit about the Spanish moss, what they did with it.

Annie: Yes. Well, the Spanish moss, that's the Indian food. And the Indians the way they prepared that, they gathered it in the fall of the year and they wash it, soak it in the creek. (Break in tape) Yes, they wash it and take all that little pin stuff and they soak it and wash it nice and clean. And they make a fire and they dug a hole there and they put a rock in the bottom. They heat the rock first and they put that in the bottom and they put sticks like this and pile that stuff on top of this hard fern, or bow. They put that on and they cover it with the same thing so the ashes wouldn't get on them. So then they pour the water down to the hole and that makes the steam. And they keep it there for twenty-four hours and in the
twenty-four hours they take that stuff out, take the ashes out
and then they take that out. When they take it out it's just
like black as a licorice. And they cut it all in strips, in
little strips, and they dry it. And when they cooking
saskatoon or the roots that they eat, they mix that with that,
and that was their diet, the Indian diet.

Imbert: It must be very healthy stuff, I should think,
wouldn't it?

Annie: I've tasted it.

Imbert: What does it taste like?

Annie: I tell you it tastes similar to the licorice. I've
eaten it. My grandmother, you know, my father's mother, one
time -- that was 1917 -- that was the last when I've ever seen
cooked in my life. It was mixed with, you know, the dog lily's
teeth, root. That was put in a string -- I think she got it
from Lytton. And they were quite a size, about that big. And
they were dry, and she soaked them and she mixed them with that
and she steamed them and they taste just like licorice. And
the dog lily tooth tastes like chocolate, sweet.

Imbert: Dogtooth lily?

Annie: Yes, that's that white, you know, it has it little
spot.

Imbert: You said you called it the dog lily tooth. Could you
say what it's real name is?

Annie: (Indian).

Imbert: In English it's the dogtooth lily?

Annie: Yes. In Indian it's (Indian). And that's what they
use -- they mix it with that. And the other root they get it
from the Indian tribe of Spences Bridge. It's called the
(inaudible) lily root and in Indian they call it (Indian) or
something like that.

Imbert: Did you remember these (Indian) houses at all? Could
you remember them yourself?

Annie: No, I don't remember them, but I remember my
grandmother. You know my grandmother, she was about ten years
old before the whites came. And Arthur's mother, his mother
said she could faintly remember it when the last one was used.
And it's made... You can still see the remains down there at
the Rainier Company's property, you can see it there what it
looks like.

Imbert: When were you born?
Annie: 1904.
(Break in tape)

Imbert: You have lived here, have you, most of your life in this...?

Arthur: I have lived here most of my life, yes, although, I wasn't exactly as you'd call born here. I was actually born at Yale, but then I belong to Spuzzum as my mother did, you see.

Imbert: What year would that be?

Arthur: I was born in 1911, myself.

Imbert: Now could you tell me about your family going back a long time ago?

Arthur: Well, being born in 1911, of course, my earliest recollections were today, as I would say, slightly hazy about that. Although I remember my old grandfather, Joseph York, and his wife, which was my grandmother, and several others of the old-timers around here, like old Chief James Paul right up...

Imbert: How do you remember Joseph York? What did he look like?

Arthur: Well, I should say he was a rather impressive man in his own way. He struck me actually as... I think people, if they could see him today, they would take him as like one of these paintings of a real native Indian. He had that aqualine nose, so to speak. And he was a man that would, oh, he would be about five feet ten. He would weigh about 180 and of course he was a man noted in his day for his rather unusual strength. Physically he was in top condition all his life, which enabled him to live to be a man of ninety. All outdoors and he was known as quite a heavy weight lifter in his day. Like once, for instance, there was an escaped convict that they were told to watch out for. He'd made his escape... In those days the only travel was by trains, men beating their way on the trains, you know. And this man was on his way down and they were warned that he was somewhere in the vicinity between Spuzzum and North Bend. So the policeman warned old Joseph here just to be on the lookout and take care of himself, because this wanted man was somewhere between North Bend and Spuzzum. And of course Joseph York at that time he was employed as a C.P.R. speeder patrolman by the C.P.R. He met this man, all right, somewhere up there. And when he came just opposite to him with his speeder he just jumped off his speeder and he just a good hold on him and he said, "You come with me or else, or else you won't be going in in one piece." And that's all there was to it, he just brought him in. So that tells you about what kind of a man he actually was.

Imbert: That's very interesting. Any more incidents about
him that you know of?

Arthur: Well, as a child and as boys we used to go out in the hills with him, being our grandfather, you know. And he would teach us certain arts of woods and wood craft, and how to make a fire, how to set up a camp, and how to set up a tent and so on. All the different trails and short-cuts through the mountains. And we learned a lot of the outdoors as a lot of the old-timers knew, of course, at that time. But he was tireless on the trail. I remember even when I was just a young man and he was going well over his sixties I was just all in, just to be able to merely keep up with him. And as I say he was aging at that time. (chuckles)

Imbert: You mentioned about the Chinese, you might be able to tell us about.

Arthur: Oh, the Chinese. Of course, I suppose that we saw about the last of the old Chinese settlers and gold washers and those that resided that followed the C.P.R. Well, they'd actually come before the C.P.R., they actually followed the old white men that came as miners -- all the old mining engineers and so on from the 1870s. The Chinese had followed them and they worked right through, worked for... even if it was ten cents a day. And they bought themselves -- when it got very cold weather they would go to the Hudson's Bay Post down in Yale and buy these Hudson's Bay heavy three-point blankets; use them to wrap around them. Oh, they became very numerous all along through the Fraser Canyon in the early days, I imagine right up to the old gold diggings too. And they were very interesting in their way. They spoke a mixture of Cantonese, Indian and Chinook. That made up their, generally their one language around here, as I remember it, because I used to... We all liked them when we were just children, you know. I don't know, there's something, some attraction that we had for these old Chinese. They were awfully nice to get along with. But eventually the last of them passed out of existence.

Imbert: You would have to speak Chinook to them, would you?

Arthur: Yes, they would understand the Chinook. In fact, Chinook at that time was fairly well a standard, key language at that time. Although they spoke just that mixture of Chinook and intermingled with a few words of Cantonese -- which is a tribe of Chinese -- and broken English, of course. (laughs)

Imbert: What did they look like as you remember them?

Arthur: Well, as I remember them I would say they... As I remember them they generally were old bachelors. And of course they erected little wooden, little log houses all along close to the river, or adjacent to the river, which would be quite convenient for their diggings. And they lived very simple. They would go in for supplies some time. Most of the time they'd have to walk there to Yale, down to Yale, because Yale
at that time had quite a Chinatown. That was their great meeting place, at Yale. In fact they had a place of worship there -- I believe it was a Buddhist temple, actually. They had Chinese temple there and quite a settlement of Chinese all located on the waterfront part of the town. I remember the last of it.

Imbert: What do you remember they were doing here when you remember?

Arthur: Just as I remember it they were merely living out their last days, oh, cultivating little gardens, and little terraces. Generally gardening was their sole form of existence at that time and with a little mining thrown in. They could always find pockets along or close to the river. And as handymen they could do any little odd job, bucking and cutting wood for somebody that had too much to do of their own, in their own occupation, of course, until eventually they passed away, one by one.

Imbert: Were there many Chinese women in those days?

Arthur: There were, but they were, as we understand it, they lived pretty well in Yale. And they were all generally wives of fairly well and successful businessmen in Chinatown. Quite a few of them -- as my old mother used to say, she remember when seeing these Chinese ladies with close bound feet, which seemed to be an old custom in China. That time she remembered seeing these ladies in brocade and pajamas and these tiny little feet, and she thought that was quite an unusual thing to see. And of course they gambled. The old Chinese, they were very fond of their gambling, playing fan-tan. And a few of them did smoke opium too, as I understand, because even to this day you dig up some of their old copper opium tins that was evidently was brought into the old Chinatown at that time.

Imbert: What was it you say that the men were wearing, their costumes?

Arthur: Oh, the men they were, well, they wore very ordinary clothing. Generally the old Chinese, they would wear very durable clothing. They had these... The popular footwear at that time was called the Victoria boot -- that was evidently made in Victoria. And it was a solid, riveted, well-spiked type of miner's boat. Their clothing, of course, was mostly denim. And they'd have cotton shirts that sometimes they would wear on the outside, that is. About any type of headgear would do, although I never remember of them being in pigtails, not at that time.

Imbert: Is there anything else, anything at all, you know, about your early life, the things that you remember and the old-timers that were around that you can remember?

Arthur: Well, seeing these old Chinese, the Chinese gold washers, they had some ups and downs and experiences of their
own. There's an old place, for instance, down at the point where the Fraser and the Spuzzum Creek comes together. Well, that point of land actually, and is to this day, a part of the Indian reservation. But the Chinese they got, somehow, more or less, in some mistaken way they'd got permission, or permit, to mine on there, which they all started to do. And they built a regular long system of irrigation ditches all the way almost from the Twelve Mile Flat at Spuzzum right down that point. At the point of Spuzzum Creek they ditch their, place their water down there. Well, when the Indians got onto that the chief he just lost no time in getting over there with a good retainer force of his own, young men with him. And of course there was a pitched battle then and it's just a wonder that it wasn't more serious. When it was all over the Chinese wasn't in there, it was only their tools that was left behind, which the Indians confiscated on them. (laughs) So they had quite a rough time about it, but it was all one big misunderstanding.

Later when they, right after they could, as soon as the C.P.R. went through, right here they arranged for the C.P.R. to bring in a freight car load of lumber, a whole freight car load of lumber which they unloaded right at this point. All the Chinese, they'd all pooled their money together to buy the lumber and then they used it to make sluice boxes, to sluice all along through here. And they even undermined some of the big boulders. You can see to this day that most all the big boulders along close to the river and all along, they're well undermined and even propped up. One of the Chinese, from what I've been told time and again, was actually caught under one. They'd made a slip and the boulder came down on him. He wasn't killed but he was badly injured, so I understand.

Imbert: When did this pitched battle take place? Would that be before the C.P.R.?

Arthur: That would be, well, it would be slightly before the C.P.R. but close on to the time. Oh, it would be around 1868 or 1870 actually.

Imbert: ...things that you might like tell, you know, about any other form of the early life, anything that occurs to you?

Arthur: Well, at this place, of course, that we're residing on just now, from all the information I could gather on it, as told to me from the old people that remembers things from the old days. Actually Spuzzum up there was named the Twelve Mile Flat. Of course Spuzzum itself in the Indian Thompson language means 'flat', a little flat, that is. And it was called Twelve Mile Flat. But right here was, at that time, from what we understand, quite a notable little stopover place for the stage coach prior to the, and prior and right up to the 1870s. It was quite a little stopover place and they even had built here a quite a sizable log, heavy log-built, two-storey building. And that had a fireplace in it, it had a bar, saloon-type of bar and rooms to sleep in, dining room. And then there were like blacksmith shops here for repair of ox team shoes, and
horses' shoes, and so on, repair of wagons, wagon repairs, fitting the new tires of any of the wagon iron tires happened to work loose. It was quite a drive in a day, only from Yale up to Spuzzum, and then it was time to rest before they took over. And of course they could always get, as I say, it was quite a good grade of drinks they evidently got here that was sold over the counter. And around, especially a notable time would be, like around Christmas time they would be, the people around would be invited from all around the area. They would come together there and they'd have quite a little entertainment. Like on a Christmas Eve team drivers would come in, and old characters like old James Lee that was -- he was a native stagecoach guard. That was his job, as he used to tell me in his old days. He says, "Boy," he says, "I carry two six guns in those days." And as they called the Wellington type of boot that they just pulled on, and a big hat, he says, "Boy," he says, "my job those days," he says, "I was 'skookum' man." He says, "My job," he says, "was to look after gold and the passengers." I remember him as a big tall, big tall individual, a very fine specimen of a man he was. Real Indian.

Imbert: Did they have any robberies around here?

Arthur: Not that I understand. There wasn't anything major, of major importance that happened. It seemed it was always fairly well quiet. There wasn't any attempt made to, any sort of violence or hold up of the stagecoach, not that I could ever hear about.

Imbert: This here, who ran this inn? Do you know anything about the people that ran it? Would they be Indian people?

Arthur: I was going to say you'll have to, I'd have to confer with Earl Minty. ...it was in operation. You see, when it was in operation, but not the start of it, or who was first proprietor.

Imbert: Who was running it when you knew it?

Arthur: Well in my time, of course, I didn't know it at all. By 1911 and before 1911 -- I imagine shortly after the C.P.R. construction -- the house was closed down. Mr. Cambie was assistant contractor for the C.P.R.

Imbert: Yes, the C.P.R. would take it over and use it for their own purposes, I can see that. Well, this road back right along here, is this the old wagon trail, the old Yale road right here?

Arthur: This is the original of the old Caribou road, yes. It was about, what we understand, about eighteen feet wide, yes. That's it running out here about twenty feet away, yes. And Chief Henry James even remembers, as he used to tell it, even remember Thompson's steam engine tractor coming in with a load and stopping overnight at this spot. He said he even remembers that. So thinking about I thought that, just like
everything else, they'd have to give it a name of their own. So I think they called it some kind, some sort of an animal that smokes and makes a noise, or grunts or something like that. Evidently from what he said it burned coal. It was quite a wonder to them coming up the road there. That's what he said. About a mile down here they had to use a cable anchor onto a cable further up on top of the hill. A mile from here Thompson's steam engine kind of stalled on the hill coming, the long hill coming up into Spuzzum. So they had to... just like something they would do today. They ran out a cable ahead that was onto a power drum evidently on front and that enabled to pull himself up to the top of the hill, you see. So the old chief said when he left Yale, he could leave there with four

heavy loaded wagons, but before he got to Spuzzum he had to cut off two of them. And he stayed overnight at Spuzzum to coal up, I suppose, and water up, and give the engineer and fireman a well earned rest and something to drink. In the morning when they pulled out they had another stopover at Boston Bar, perhaps they stopped even before that. But eventually when they reached Jackass Mountain, of course, that was the end of the road for the old steamer. That's what the old chief said, they just turned back from there. That was the downfall.

Imbert: And anything about what these old chiefs said about the early days?

Arthur: Oh, the old chief he used to say that those were quite some days. Of course, they couldn't maintain the old highway like they would do at the present day. In the wintertime it was pretty well closed. And even the women, they would put snowshoes on along with the men and tramp and break a trail all the way down to Yale, because Yale was the main shopping centre. The Hudson's Bay Post was at Yale, and of course boats were coming up to Yale at that time, and they had to tramp their way right into Yale. But during the summer months is what they said, after the mud had disappeared, the whole road was just two ruts of dust, just two ruts of dust. If it wasn't dust and rainy weather, of course it was just mud. And the wagons, they just sunk axle-deep into it as well.

They had very few accidents on the old road that we've heard about. Of course, they wouldn't at that time. They had one pretty bad -- two of them, in fact -- one about three miles this side of Yale. Of course, a lady by the name of, well known lady know by the name of Mrs. Tingly -- she belonged to Yale, you can still find her gravestone at Yale yet. She was killed at a point there where her carriage turned over. And then a team, a heavy team of horses and wagon loaded, they turned over and over right into the Spuzzum Creek, right almost under the old bridge that crossed over Spuzzum Creek. And there was one man he managed to dive down in an attempt to cut the horses loose. And he had to dive into a hole there about sixteen feet deep. He cut them loose all right but unfortunately they had been too long under so he couldn't save their life, although the driver and other man along with them,
of course, they escaped. But apart from that, generally, there wasn't anything like in the way of serious accidents. Of course the stagecoaches it was always much the same with them. They just took their time, I imagine, about two to three miles an hour would be a good walking speed for a twin team of horses.

Imbert: I was reading in an old newspaper of an Emery Creek in those days, and what he was doing in the early days -- back about 1880. This would be a relative of yours, would it?

Arthur: It would be, that would be my uncle. My uncle was an (inaudible) that worked the closest through here. He worked Vancouver to Field and Revelstoke.

Imbert: What was he doing?

Arthur: He was... Well, he started as C.P.R. foreman and he gradually worked himself up what they call an extra gang foreman. Then he got to be roadmaster in Revelstoke, right up to 1912. Actually he left the railroad about 1912, I understand. And he used to often tell me about the great avalanche that killed approximately sixty men in 1910 at Revelstoke. In fact I still have the old letter that was written to him about it from another roadmaster. He just left it a day before that happened, otherwise he might have been there himself.

Imbert: Anything about the C.P.R. railroad, any stories about them coming through at all, building the railroad, or the operation of the railroad?

Arthur: Well in my time, of course, the C.P.R. had been well established. By the time that I could remember anything they were well, they were well settled and under operation at my time. But of course there were a lot more in those days employed natives as well as whites. Quite a few of the Indians held steady jobs even on the C.P.R. And there were quite a few of the Chinese employed on it too, as well. And for all their missionary work, of course, they quarried the necessary granite up what they call, what is known as Camp Eleven. Of course that would be about eleven miles west of North Bend, but it was called Camp Eleven at that time. They camped there and another place was at Camp Sixteen -- that would be a few miles further on, of course. Sometimes they numbered the, like the C.P.R. numbered from North Bend west and the old Caribou Highway numbered from Yale east. The C.P.R. numbered all the tunnels from Harrison River. They numbered them east, because Harrison was known as Number One Tunnel at that time.

Imbert: I wonder if there's a few things that occurred to you that you might sort of pick up. It would just finish this...

(Break in tape)

Arthur: Practically all my life I've lived here, yes,
practically. Although as I say I was born at Yale in 1911.

But I've always lived here practically all my life, right up to the present time.

Imbert: How does the... In the old days was there really a bigger settlement of native people here?

Arthur: Oh, much bigger. The reservation was much bigger, yes. And I understand around C.P.R. construction days that Spuzzum was a much bigger town than it's ever been since then. It numbered in the hundreds. There was a big warehouse, slaughter house, there was a hotel there, and two or three stores, so I understand. And it was quite a settlement in those days. And of course the reservation that had quite a population of its own. In fact it had two churches, of course.

Imbert: What was the other church?

Arthur: The other church was Roman Catholic, and then there was the Church of England, the Anglican Church.

Imbert: Oh yes, I see. It's very unusual for reserve to have two churches on it.

Arthur: Oh yes. Well, yes, it is unusual. I think Lytton is another one.

(END OF SIDE A)

(SIDE B)

Imbert: ...with the road open in the winter. How do you remember that?

Annie: Well, the reason why I remember that is Chief James used to tell me all these stories, you know. Most of the time, after his wife passed away, being a relative to my father -- Chief James was a cousin. In fact he was just as close as a brother. My father's mother raised Chief James as from child life. And when his wife passed away, and when he goes shopping uptown, he generally calls in here and he'd have an afternoon tea with me and we'd discuss about our church work and other things we'd talk about. And he'd tell me all these stories of his life and what goes on around here in the olden days. And that's the story that he told me about the old Caribou highway. He used to tell me that my grandfather, Mr. Palmer, he was working with him and he was a man that has a voice. He says you could stand about half a mile away and you could hear him. And that was the story he told me about this section of the road here, the way they used to keep it open. They got stalled, you see, I guess they got stalled -- the stagecoach. So they hire these men, especially one woman -- I remember seeing her. I don't think that woman was, I think she was more than six feet. She could reach anything at all without standing on anything and she was one of them. She was one of the women that she wears these Indian snowshoes and they tramp
the road all the way down to Yale. And from here the other party goes up the other way and from Alexander Lodge -- there's quite a few Indian settlers there, so they carry it on from there. They kept on going till they get up further up the other people, just the other...

Imbert: Fine, anything further about that?

Annie: And, well they -- the Indians -- used to say it was a wonderful time. They used to have -- especially in this area right here, when the first settler that came here was a person called Andrew and York. And this York had a theory, but I don't know about Mr. York living here, but they say this Andrew did. And he had a little log cabin right by the stream down here. And that's where the Indians first learned to see what a fireplace looks like. It was built from rock right into the log house. And down here they had a cable right across where the ferry crosses. And there's a little narrow pathway from there that comes right up here to join the trail. In those days there weren't no wagons or anything, it's just the mules. And when they get across over there they load the stuff on this ferry and the mule swims across. And they chase them with this ferry across. When they got down here, down to the bottom, they unload. And Mr. York -- this Mr. York -- was the headman on this ferry. And, well, Andrew does all the handling and the Indians used to watch that very close.

And the Chief told me he seen this winch that used to work down there and it was very interesting to the children. Just they always go down there to watch it coming across. And that was the trail they had, and of course that trail didn't go through, didn't follow the river. They follow it over the ridge, which they call it the Hudson's Bay Trail -- over the ridge behind Yale, that's where they go through in the very beginning. And the Indians then, after the wagon came, the wagon road, the Caribou road, then that's the time very interesting to the Indians, when they seen the bridge was built -- that was the Alexander Bridge. When Tretch(?) built that bridge then of course they had quite an entertainment when it was finished. And up above the Alexander Bridge there was quite a settlement of Indians up there. They were so rejoiced over the bridge and by that time the Indians were pretty well learned. They have these (inaudible) harps and the mouth organs and whistles. The old chief told me, he said, "You could hear that at night, the women folks playing that instrument up there." And by the time the bridge was finished so this woman they made -- Mr. Black was his name -- the man that lived end of the bridge. He was one of the...

Imbert: What was his name?

Annie: Mr. Black was one of the men that was employer of the Caribou highway. So he made a special gathering for the Indians and for the whites when the bridge was open. So they all went there and they had a lot of goodies to eat. Of course
that's the first time they seen this boiled pudding -- the plum pudding. And the Indians sit around and watch the whites the way they serve it. They pour the liquor over the plum pudding and one woman, one of the old ladies said, "I wouldn't eat that. That must have come from somewhere else, that kind of a food. We mustn't eat it, it must be evil." They didn't want to touch the plum pudding.

And this Black... But Mr. Black was, he had an Indian wife so he spoke to the Indians. And he told them how the whites is celebrating and so they all agreed and they all eat and have a grand time. And by that time, of course, they have one here -- that was the beginning right here, when they have saloon here. And this was the greatest place where they have entertainments. Even when they get so drunk sometimes, the old chief told me, they dance around and money was nothing to the people. They flip fifty cents to a child -- that's nothing. They gave it to anybody that was close around when they get drunk.

And the first thing the chief know one time, when they had a party here and he was telling about this. There was a great big carcass of pig brought in and it was cooked, barbecued outside. And they sliced that and they made bannocks -- and that was their special main diet was bannocks. And they had great big pot full of jam, and that was very delicious the way it was made -- according to his idea. And the pies were all made of wild berries, even they make pies out of saskatoon and this elderberries. That was the main staple for Caribou highway men.

And the chief was saying, he says, "For us children," he says, "we think it was wonderful to have treats like that. And at Christmas time they have a Christmas tree. And the presents," he says, "was everything to stockings, even to clothing, sweaters, handkerchiefs, or these little muffs what the children used to use -- that was their gifts." And they, really, Indians enjoyed it.

But the Indians themselves they had a special traditional of celebrating but that is a little weird to the whites so they -- one of them -- invited the whites down at the reserve at the longhouse. And of course that ceremonial is very different from the white people. They bring in a great big round pole and everybody is carrying a stick. And they drum on this pole across and one of them -- the visitors -- they sit, they bring their Indian blankets -- I can say about maybe about six or seven yards long -- and that's their special, the special guests has to sit on that. And the other side is the people that does the drumming and singing, and of course they do the Indian dance. The Spuzzum Indians they had a way of dancing.

And they sing their songs and there's a special old man, the old chief was telling me, this special old Indian doctor. He always have a special costume. He comes in with the down. He oils his hair first with the goat oil -- the fat out of the
goat -- he oils that and he scatters all the swan down over his head; then he dances. He was a little man. I can just remember him; that's about all, just a little old Indian. He was called One Eyed Jack and he was a feared man because he was feared by the Indians because he was an Indian doctor. So when he dances he dances around and the others do and they sing their traditional songs and he goes to the... If there's a bucket of water he said to the family, he says, "Now," he says, "I'm going to be an acting for the train. I'm going to be a train." And he makes a noise just like a train. And he takes this bucket of water and he pours it over his head and you couldn't see it running anywhere -- not on the floor. The floor wouldn't be wet if you go around and look at it. The old chief was telling me that.

And some of them, when they danced, they start to fly around on the side of the wall. And it's just a magician way of doing things, I suppose. And the way they do it, when they get through about after midnight, after their Indian dance is through, they bring their goodies in a wooden plate. And this wooden plate is dug out and it's filled with all the stuff, this Spanish moss and this Indian roots and saskatoon, and the very stuff they use for last.

Imbert: And they bring it in with saskatoon, what was it that you were saying?

Annie: And the last stuff that they bring in was this foamy stuff and it's called, it's like a wild... They call it (Indian). The Chinook word is (Indian). And the Indians they make it in a great big basket. And they get this twigs and they take the bark off and they beat it with that and it foams and it's just like an ice cream. And they dish that around for the young ones, the young children use it -- they put sugar in it those days, though. By that time they used sugar. But before the whites came they don't use sugar, they use the saskatoon juice to sweeten it with.

And by that time, of course, after the whites came they sure celebrated the Indians in those days. They even bring boxes, great big huge boxes of crackers and it's piled in this nice, beautiful wood, dug out plates. And the other stuff, like candy, oranges, and peanuts, and nuts and it's put in the middle of floor here and it's... Well, the floor is covered with white sheet. They had white sheet and they make their tea in a great big huge pot. And that tea is brought in but there's a special lady that serves that tea, that nobody touches it except this lady does. And all these food that's on the floor here in these dishes, there's a special women that divides that food and the children must never go near it. Even if you wish to touch it you couldn't touch it. So many of this, lots of times they have this rock candy. That's specially used to be in the olden days in this candy sticks, you know, this... And that's all filled in this plate. And this special lady, she'll divide this stuff among the old ones, and what's left over the children gets them. And the Indian
blankets, the visitors, they're the ones that gets the pieces of this Indian blanket. They cut it in square pieces and each one of them gets a piece of that Indian blanket. But after a while, when one gets too many of them, then they rewind it and redo it and make it again. That's the way they do it, the Indians, in those days.

Imbert: Were these blankets that they had woven themselves?

Annie: Yes, those blankets are Indian-made. They are made from the goat wool and they are always special made for that purpose. The Indians uses it for that.

Imbert: This ceremony that you're talking about, did this happen at Christmas time too?

Annie: Oh, that it, always... Not at Christmas time so much, but that's the way the Indian celebration. They do it sometimes before Christmas and after Christmas, after New Year. And it's only happened in the wintertime. It don't happen any other time. It's just a special date that they do it. The men they go up in the mountain and they shoot deer meat and they dry it. And then that special time they gather at a special celebration and so they do this Indian dance and then they gave gifts to the other people.

Imbert: Do you remember anything special that happened at Christmas time?

Annie: Well, here in Spuzzum, of course, when we was children I remember one special time at Christmas time we was... One time we were staying with our grandmother -- that was around 1917, somewhere around there -- and of course granny she always has goodies made specially. She makes her own Christmas cakes and puddings. But the pudding is made out of goat, a special fat from the goat that she puts them in and puts them through the chopper and has this raisins, which she dries it herself out of the grapes. And she puts that in there and then she boils it in a bag and the cake is all homemade.

But in those days there was no drinking allowed so the Indians don't drink very much. But I always remember at granny's home she has a long table and when at Christmas time she invites everybody around and they have a nice Christmas dinner. But there's things that we used to laugh at when we was children that... Especially this Chinaman that was coming down in the Fraser River and grandpa told us the story. He says, "You know, there's a Chinaman floating down. It's time of the War, you know, the First World War." And he says, "The soldiers were hooking him, trying to hook him from the river up, and this poor Chinaman he forgot his money in the boat. It was nailed on the side of the boat somewhere." And grandpa was telling us that, he says to us, "If you children will be naughty," he says, "I'll put you in that boat," he says, "and float you down." We used to like to interfere with the Christmas goodies but grandpa told us that.
(Break in tape)

Imbert: ...saying that again.

Annie: Curly, the C.P.R. engine that came in at Emery -- that was where they unloaded it.

Imbert: When was this?

Annie: Oh, I just can't remember what year was that.

Imbert: No, you were saying that when the... Would you repeat that first part that you said about when the C.P.R. first came?

Annie: Yes, when the C.P.R. first came and this Curly was unloaded at Emery, around there somewhere. And by that time, you know, they were laying the track and it came up and the chief was telling me it was really comical. All the ladies in Spuzzum they buy cloth. They went down to Yale and got themselves goods and they make their dresses. Some were made out of the lining. You know, the lining, how shiny they are? The old-fashioned lining, they make their dresses out of that, and they made them frills.

And they look what a lot of of the English ladies, you know, the way they used to fix their hair to get a cut in front here and they curl it. Well, they liked -- the Indian ladies liked to copy that. So they don't know how to start it, so one said to them, "You know how to do that?" She says, "I'll show you." So she took a piece a wire and stick it into the open fire and it was red. And another one went and got a bear grease and oiled her hair and take this wire and they curl their hair with that in all different shapes. And some of them they even uses oil cloth, table cloth for their ribbon, to come and meet that Curly when they come into Spuzzum. And of course the chief that time he says it was just a faint dream to him. And these ladies were all well dressed -- at least they thought they were -- and they meet the train. But the chief was telling me when that train came, when the first Curly came, well after a while he growed up to be a man and he worked on the track.

And when the first pay that he got was in gold piece, and it was five dollar gold piece, and he could always remember it. He says, "The train men holding this lantern over the money," he says, "and there was a bag of money that they were carrying and nobody was afraid of a robber or anything." He says, "They paid the men in gold pieces and everybody run up to this, right down here on the reserve, and that was where the paymaster stopped and paid all the men that was working there." And he says he could remember that just like yesterday -- he was telling me about that. And he says, "This great big bag of gold," he says, "and the train comes up whistling," he says, "so I ran up there." But he says, "Who was trotting behind me?" He says, "It was my cousin," he says, "and he was just a
wee little fellow." And that was my father. And he says, "In the first pay I got," he said, "it was five dollars. So I went down to Yale and the first thing I bought was a cast iron frying pan."

And so he told his aunt, he says, "I'll show you what kind of stuff I'm going to buy." So he went to the store at Yale and he got rolled oats and he brought that up with him, and brown sugar, twenty-five cents worth of brown sugar. So when he came home the first thing he did was cook the rolled oats in the frying pan. He showed his aunt how to cook the rolled oats in the frying pan. He put grease in it and they fried the rolled oats and his aunt says to him, "That don't look right the way you're doing it. I think it says you should put water in it." So they did, they put water in it and that was rolled oats in brown sugar -- that was his staple food for himself. (laughs)

Imbert: So many ways of cooking these things, I suppose.

Annie: Yeah. Oh yes, the Indians has a great story for that. The way you take, the way the Indians, like the way we are today, we're all interested on the moon. We're interested to see what the moon was like. The Indians' story about that -- there was Indians on this earth that was trying to do that too. There was no moon. In fact, according to the Indians, and there was no sun when the world was first created. So these special people were doing that so they made a same thing as what we're doing today. They created some kind of a thing that they flew it up in the air. So when they flew it up in the air they couldn't return it. They can't do anything to return that back onto the earth. And after a while it formed into the creation of moon. And the second one said, "Well," he says, "I'm going to create something too and see if I can get over there now to the moon." So he did. He started that and that went up in the air for some time and after a while it created a sun. And that was the sun and that where they were stalled. But according to some... According to the Indians, they claimed that that wasn't strange to what we are doing today, that we're trying to get up to the moon. They claim that that has been done before and everything, what they say, to a certain extent... I remember my great-grandmother telling me what the moon was like, what the moon was supposed to be like. She claims there's nothing there but just rock and desert, no life of any kind in the moon, according to their story -- that's the Indian story. And no one's supposed to get close to the sun -- that's their story, the Indians.

And they claim the first man that lived in the planet came down from the planet and that special man had a special balloon to go up to the planet first and came down from the planet. And he came down from the planet and he brought everything else, like making the weaving of a basket, and how to catch a fish, and how to use a bow and arrow -- how to make them. All these things he brought it from there, according to the Indians.

But the Indians believe there is Christ in this life, that
there is God. In their religion they believe in this God, because they had names, they had special names for God, for the God the Father, God the Son. They have names for that, because the Indians knew that there was some one create them. And from there on...

There's supposed to be a place at Thompson Siding but I just don't know exactly where it is, they say that you can still see there where this man got down and it's marked on the rock. And that's why the Indians always believes there was such a person that came down. They say where he dragged this balloon, what he used to go up in the air with, you can see it where he dragged it. And you can see where his footprints, but where abouts I don't know. There was an old Indian chief at Spuzzum Creek that was telling me this story and that's how I got to know there was such a thing.

But the Indians believes and all this life, planet is a life in planet, they believe that, because they got a special name for them. And the Indians from way back -- but not in the moon, they believe there's no life in the moon, but the planet has, that there's life in the planet.

Imbert: What planet?

Annie: Well, that's the green, the green planet. You've read about it, it's just the green planet.

Imbert: Yes. It wouldn't be... Jupiter is the red planet. It could be Saturn or Mars or something else.

Annie: Yes, and that's what they believe.

Imbert: About the river. Are there any legends of the river, how it was created, where it came from and so on?

Annie: Well, the Indians believes there was four of them, there was four people brought on earth, supposed to be created on earth. So one was told that she's going to be the river. And one was told that she's going to be the earth, and the earth is the one that is going to suffer right to the end of time. And the heaven was the one that was going to live heavenly. And the one that's going to control the sorrows, the troubles of this earth, she's going to suffer right to the end with the earth. That was their belief, the Indians. And that's how the river is running all the time, and there must never be an end to it. That's the Indians' belief.

Imbert: What was that you were saying about the river running?

Annie: They say the river will be never be an end to the river. But the earth will end -- that's what the Indians believes -- that the earth will, but not the river. Not the ocean or anywhere, the water's going to run all the time. But the earth will disappear. That's their belief.
Imbert: Where's the river, they think the river came from?

Annie: Well, they believe that the river came from these two people.

Imbert: But no, I mean, where was it flowing from? People living here, what would they think about where it was flowing?

Annie: Oh, the people that lives in Spuzzum, they believe that the river comes from the moon. That's what they believe. Any Indians, you ask the Indian, they'll tell you that -- that river comes from the moon. I don't care which Indian you ask, he'll tell you that, that the river comes from the moon.

Because it's controlled by the moon, a river, creek, or anything else that has, contains water -- that whenever the moon changes, that changes. And they think that's where it comes from, the moon has something to do with it. Well, that's the way they look at it -- whenever the moon changes, it follows the river. The river will get high and gets low according to the moon, and that's what the Indians believe.

Imbert: But do they believe that the moon was a bowl, a crescent moon, you know? And it would pour it out many ways?

Annie: Well, that's just the way they believe it. That's the way the Indians believes that that's how it went.

Imbert: Could you say that? How did that fit in, about the bowl, the moon is full?

Annie: Well, whenever the bowl turns over, you see, and the moon changes, well, that changes around. And the Indians think that's why it changes everything. The moon has the key to everything, life, and concerns the water. And whenever the weather is going to change the moon changes, you know, in its ways. And the Indians, when they go hunting, they go by that. And when the ladies go berry picking they go by the moon -- what the moon is like, if it's going to dry and if it's going to be hot or any other kind of weather. They go by the moon.

Imbert: What about the sun, what function does the sun have?

Annie: Well the sun, according to the sun, they can tell -- they can practically tell everything by the sun. If it's going to be a cold winter; if it's going to be a hot summer, they can tell by that. And if it's going to be a long fall -- you have to get up at two o'clock in the morning to look at... That goes with the moon. You got to get up two o'clock in the morning when the full moon and you can read it on the moon and you can practically tell what kind of weather you're going to get for the fall.

Imbert: What was the Indian name for the river?
Annie:    (Indian).

Imbert:   How do you spell that?

Annie:    Oh, I don't know how you can spell it.

Imbert:   How does it sound?

Annie:    (Indian).

Imbert:   (Indian).

Annie:    Yes, that's a river.

Imbert:   As if it was 'hoke', H-O-K-E?

Annie:    Yeah, that's what it sounds like. Yeah, that's the way, that's river. Well, you can say that's was water, really, "hoke" was water. And river is, well, it's just the exactly -- they say the same name to it. An Indian language is very peculiar. You can say one language in Indian and it means half a dozen things, in some language are, in Indian.

Imbert:   Yes, I see.

(Break in tape)

Annie:    Oh yes, the fish is very important to the Indians because that's their main food is to dry fish.

Imbert:   What about the catching of the fish?

Annie:    The way they catch the fish, they use a scoop net. And the scoop net is made out of this milk weed. And this milk weed, they gather that in the summertime. And they have a long stick and they beat it, you know, until it's turned right just like cotton and they twisted it. They twisted it like this, you know. They twisted it and it's in a ball. It's just like a string when they finish it, an Indian rope. And they use it according to the size -- what they want -- and they had their needles made, their shuttles, you know, for making their nets. And they make a scoop net. But the rings on the scoop net is made out of bone. The old Indians, that was their scoop net rings is made out of bone. And they are very particular where they fish, too, the Indians. Each one has their own fishing place, especially down here. And they got names for all these fishing places down here, down this, below us here. That was our grandfather's fishing place -- they called that (Indian). The (Indian) fishing place. And you go further up here at somebody else's fishing place, they must never fish in the other person's fishing place. Everybody has their own fishing place. And all these fishing places, they have a rock. They built a, they dug out a rock right on the rock and they...

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