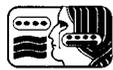
A map of Taholah and Shoalwater Bay. The map shows the coastline of Taholah, a large island with a complex, irregular shape. The bay is labeled "SHOALWATER BAY" in a light green, sans-serif font. The map is rendered in a light green color with a fine, dotted texture.

SHOALWATER
BAY

A Visit to Taholah and Joseph's Long Journey

THE INDIAN READING SERIES: Stories and Legends of the Northwest is a collection of authentic material cooperatively developed by Indian people from twelve reservations. Development activities are guided by a Policy Board which represents the Indian community of the Pacific Northwest. The Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program Policy Board members are:

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

A Visit to Taholah

Joseph's Long Journey

Level V Book 2

Developed by the members of the Shoalwater Bay Curriculum Committee

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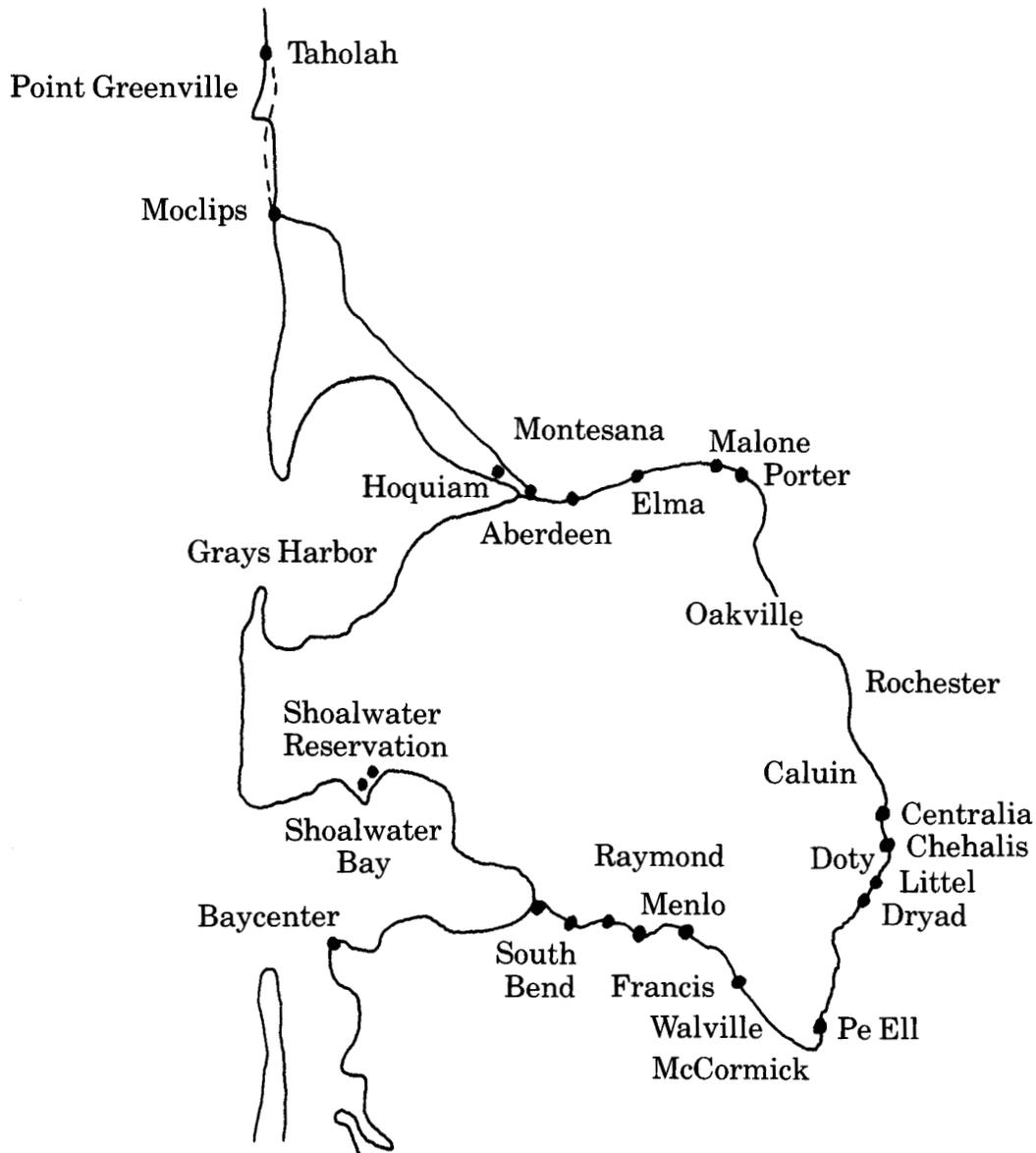
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

A Visit to Taholah

Illustrated by Ed Nielson

Dedicated to
Annie Clark Rhoades

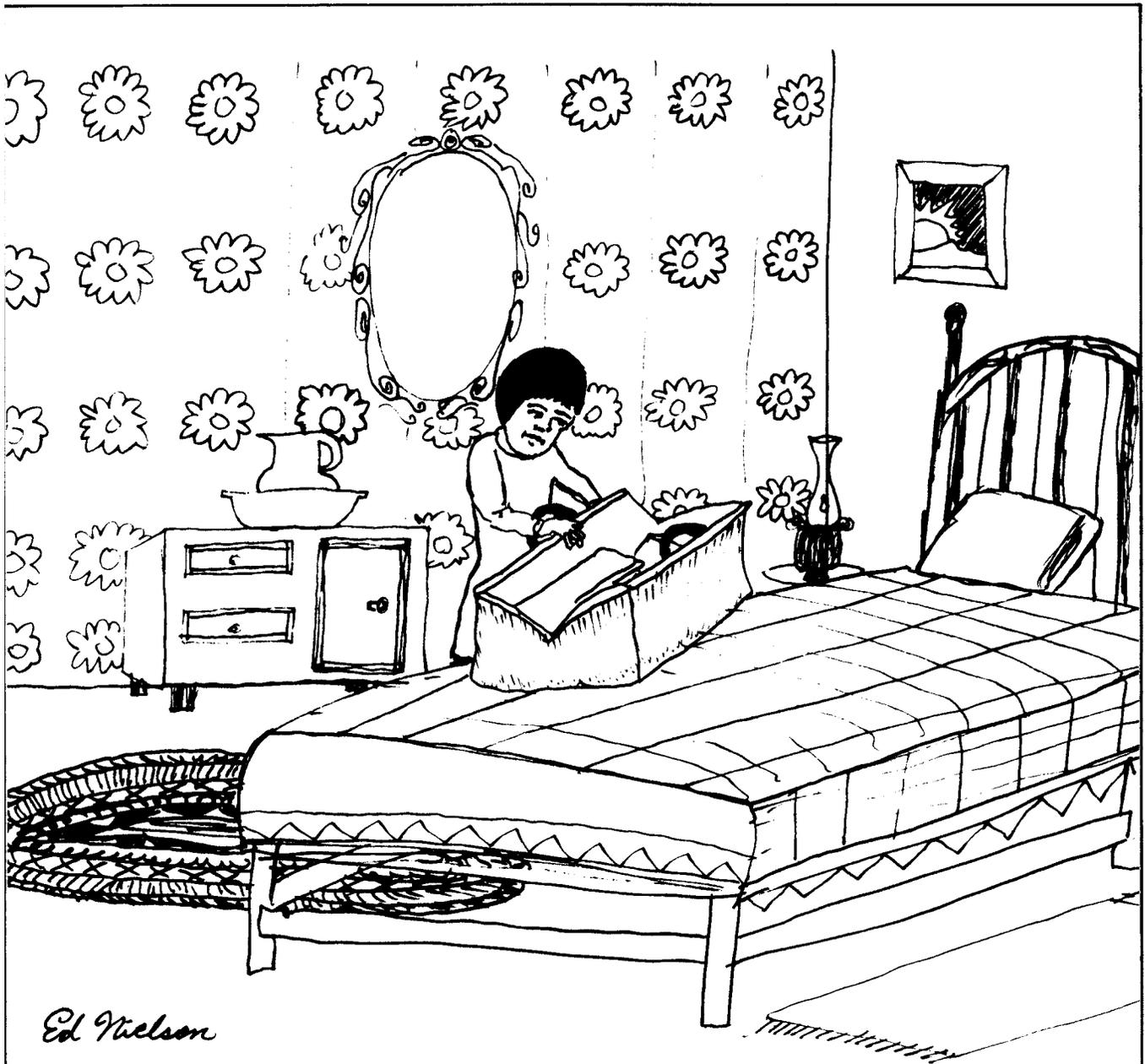
This is a true story as told by Annie Clark Rhoades to her daughter Annamae Rhoades Strong, descendents of WA-SE-Quah Indians, Roll Book, Page 28, Statement #16, in April of 1979.



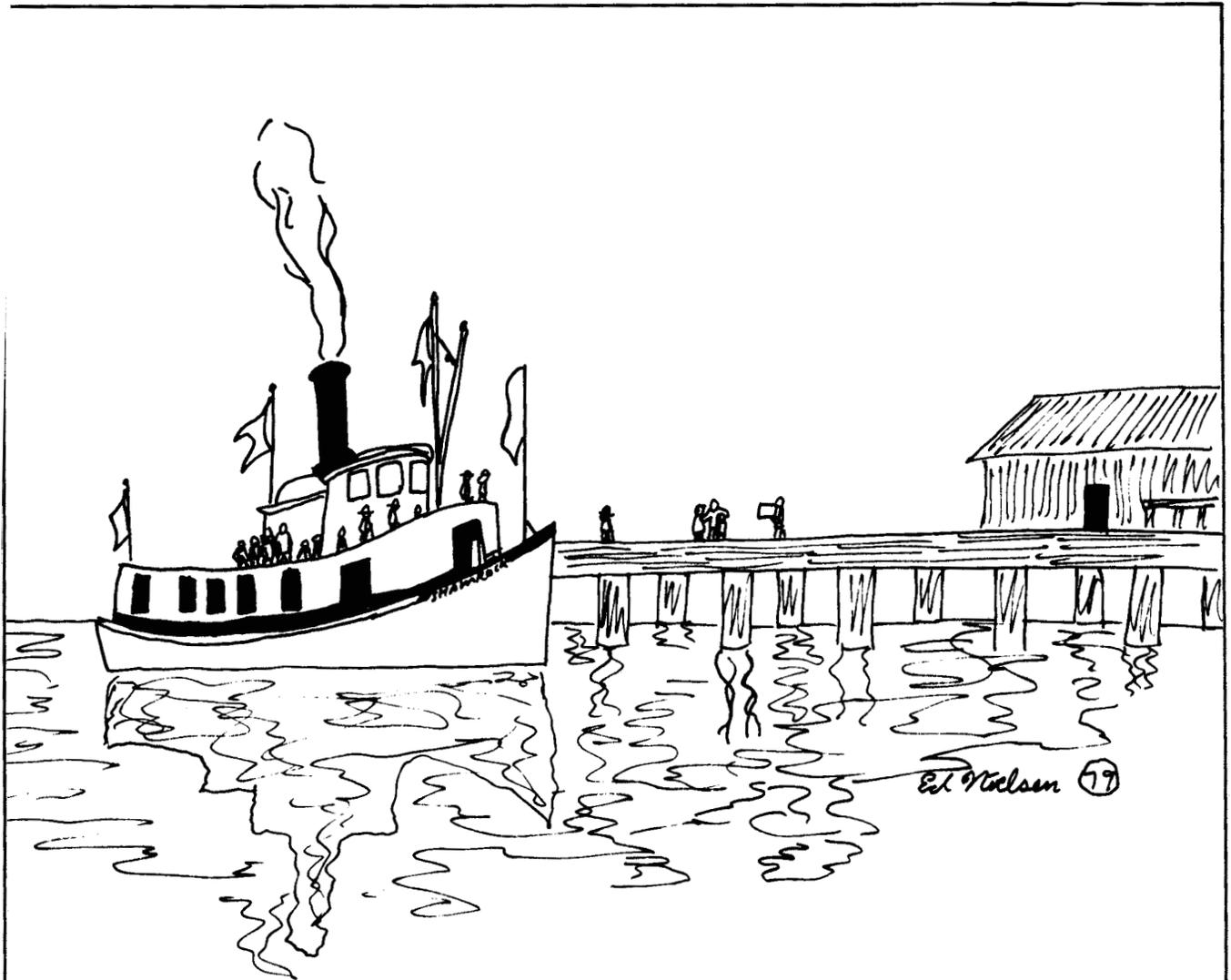
This map shows the route that Annie and her mother took from Bay Center to Taholah.

In the village of Bay Center there lived one hundred and thirty Indian people. Among them was a little six-year old girl named Annie. She was excited about going on a long trip! Momma had said just the two of them would go to Taholah to visit Annie's oldest married sister Leda and her new baby Albert.

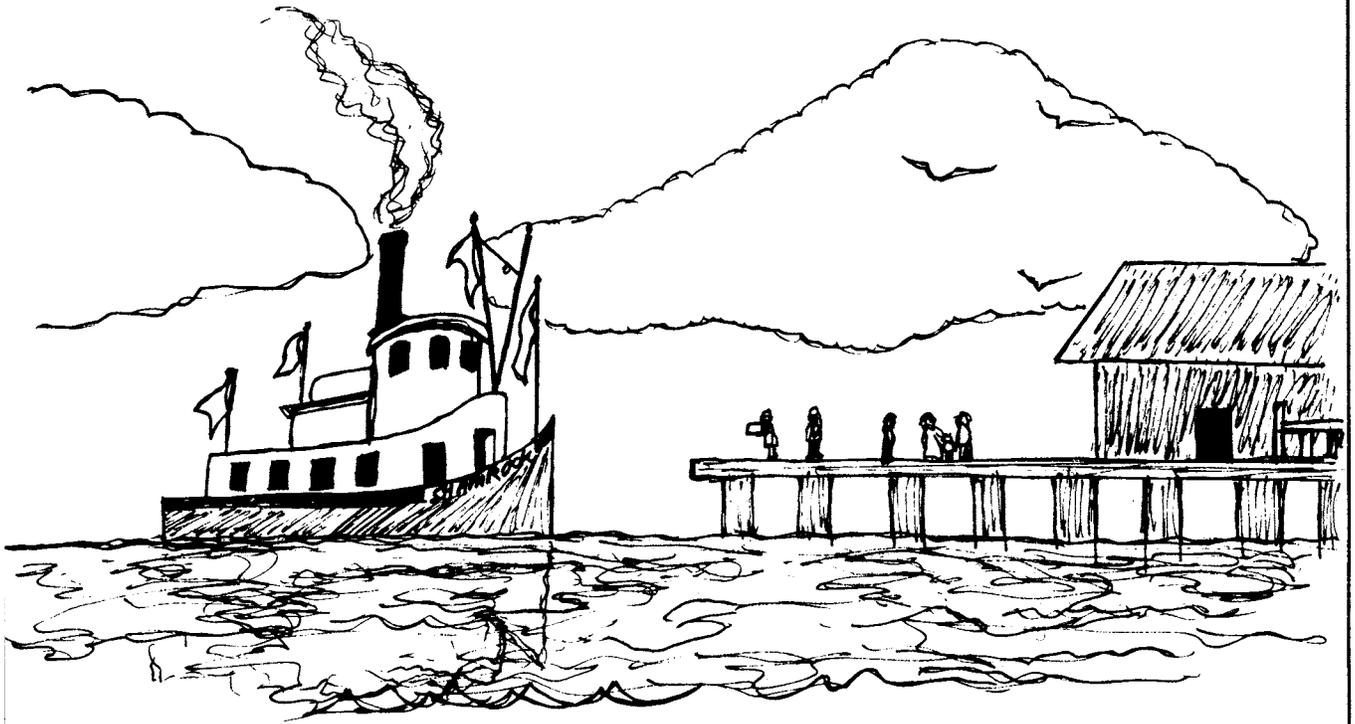
"Annie, get your best clothes together and we will pack our grips," Momma said. Annie gathered up her best dresses and her garter vest. The hated long black cotton stockings and the bollmers which were kept for special occasions were packed. In the summer months she and her brothers and sisters went barefoot.



It was going to be so good to take a trip with Momma. Just to be alone with her would be nice after sharing her with four other brothers and sisters. There were three other children who lived with their family in the summer. These children had been orphaned and Annie's father was appointed their guardian. In the winter months the orphans went to an Indian boarding school.

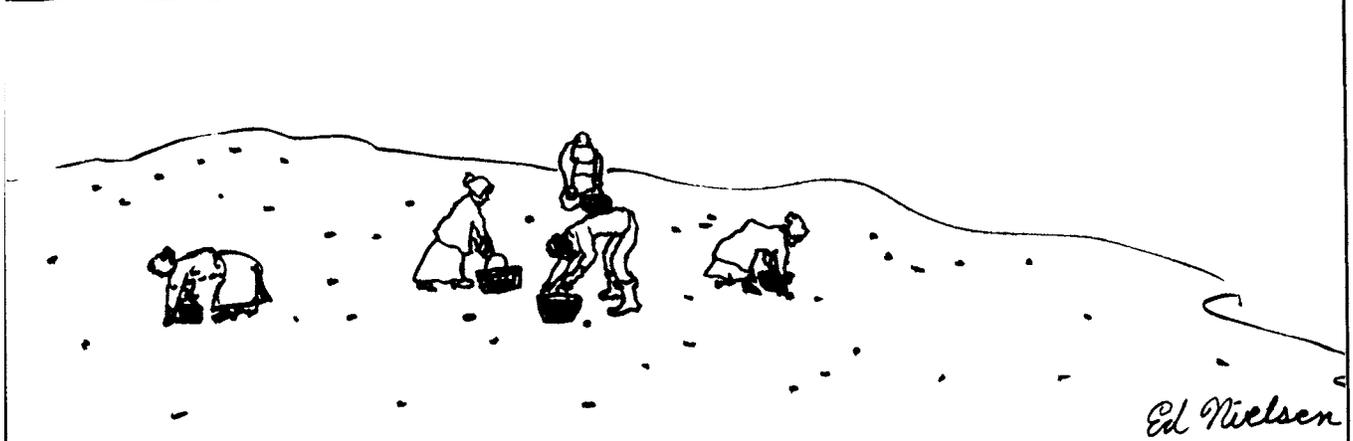
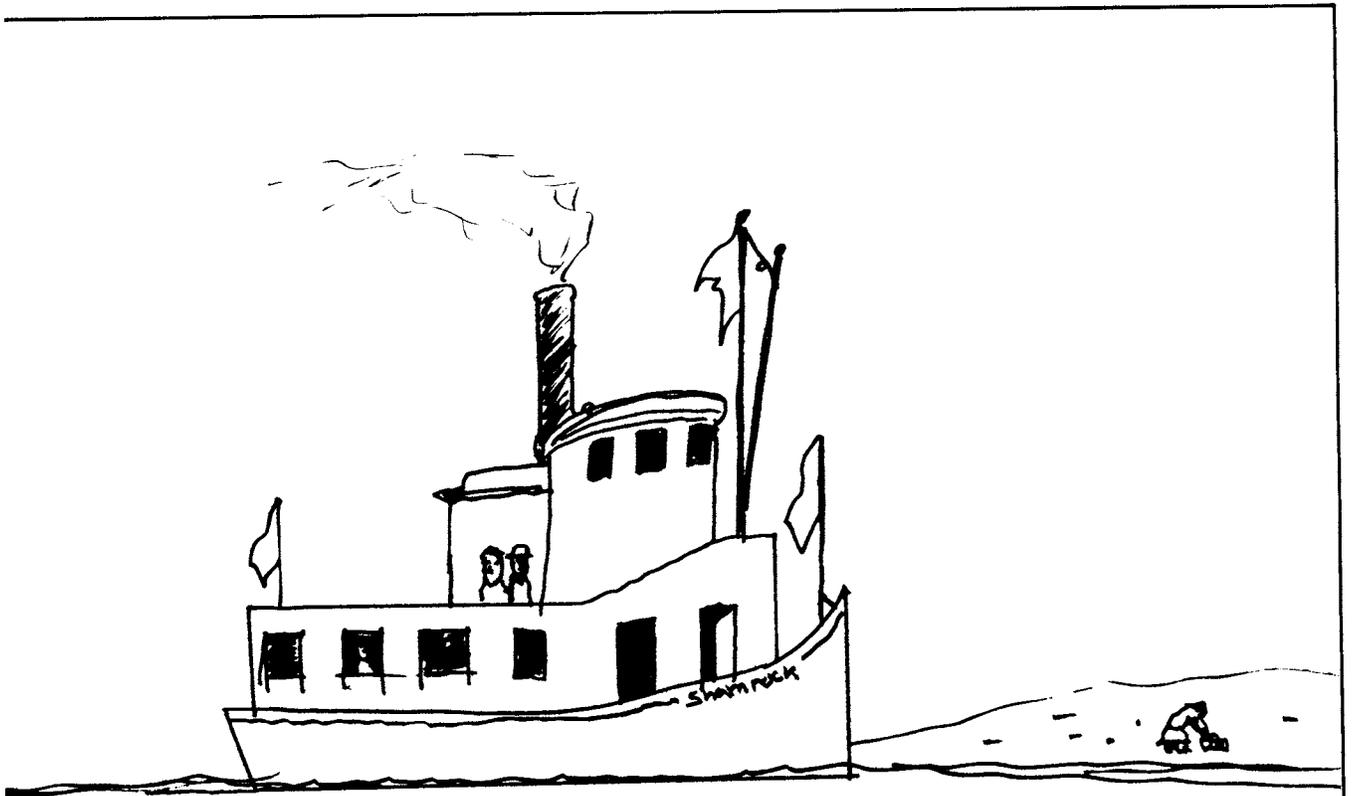


On the day they were to catch the mail boat for South Bend, Annie's father walked them down to the long dock. The mail boat was due from Nachotta at 1:30. In the summer everybody in town liked to meet the boat, especially the kids. The steam whistle blew a sharp toot as it neared the dock. Father bought the tickets and helped with their luggage. No need to worry about Father being left alone with the children because there were older sisters. Besides, Father could cook very well himself.



Ed Nielsen

As they pulled away and headed out into the bay, the Shamrock took the northwest swells easily. Captain Reed was a good Shoalwater Bay pilot. They stopped at Tokeland then headed back to the mouth of the Willapa River. Annie was a little queasy because the choppy water made the steamer roll with the swells.

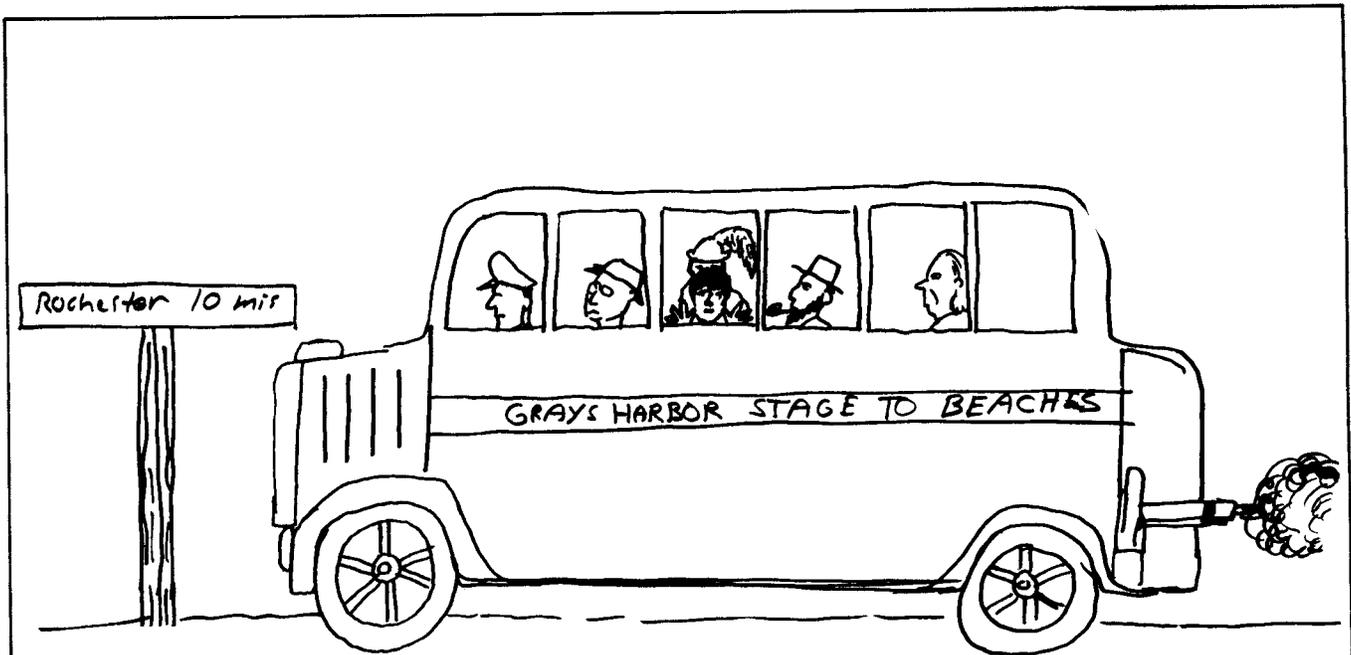


Annie knew this bay. When the tide was out it left good exposed ground where oysters grew. That was her father's business. Before all the children came, her own mother had worked on the oyster beds. Many Indian women did this. Annie watched the spray break on the bow of the steamer. She listened to the passengers converse as the boat cut through the waters to South Bend.



Ed Nielsen

It was 3:30 in the afternoon when they arrived. A big treat for Annie was spending the night at the Cassel Hotel. There Annie saw electric lights for the first time. What magic to see light glow from a bulb hanging from the ceiling!

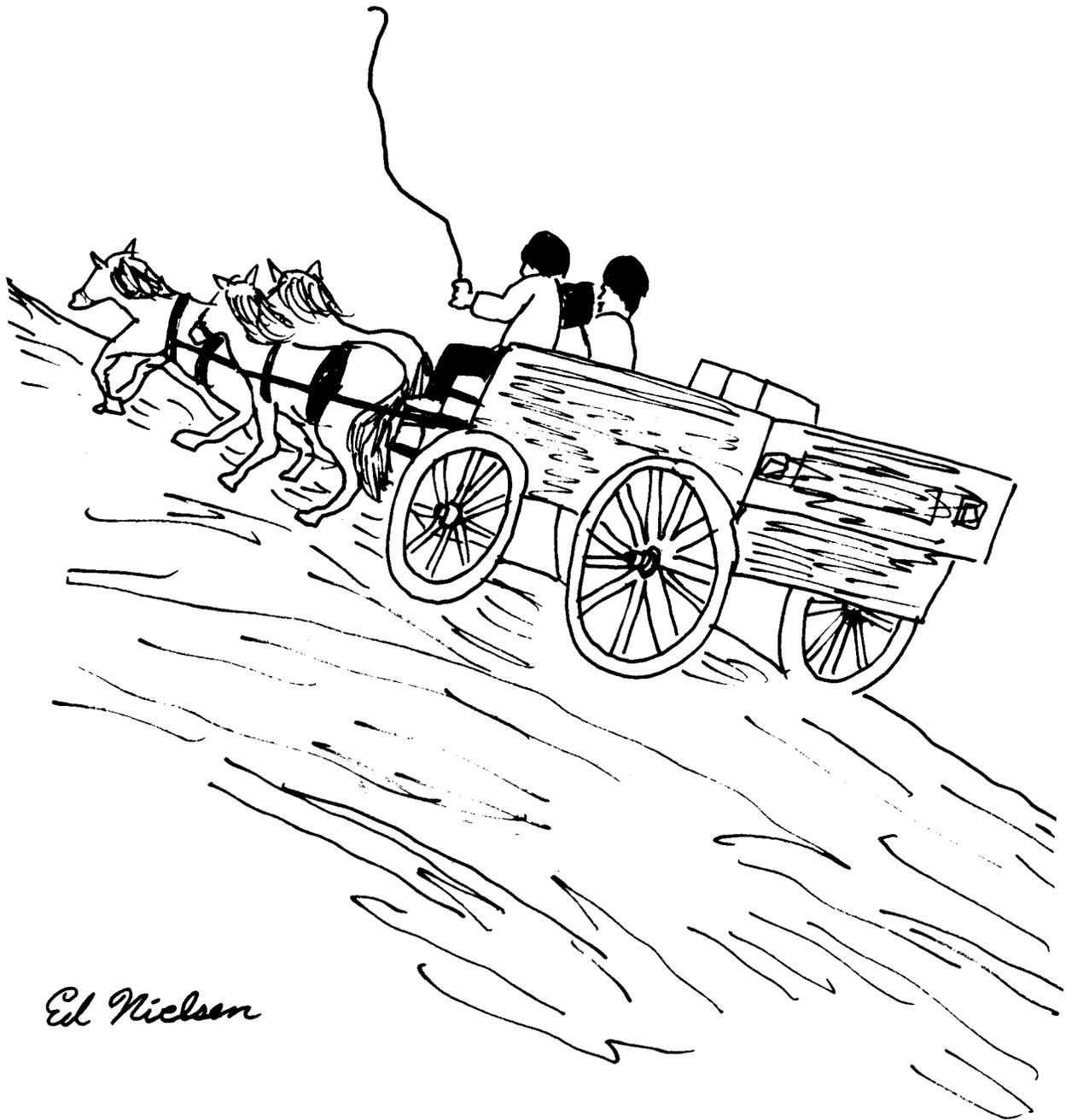


Ed Nielsen

Eating out was also a treat. After breakfast the next morning, they caught the street car for Raymond and took the stage. It was so big and passengers boarded frequently as they wound their way through the farmland of Willapa Valley. Eastward were the sawmill towns of Holcomb, Francis, Walville, McCormick, Pe Ell, Doty, Meskel, Adna and Littel.

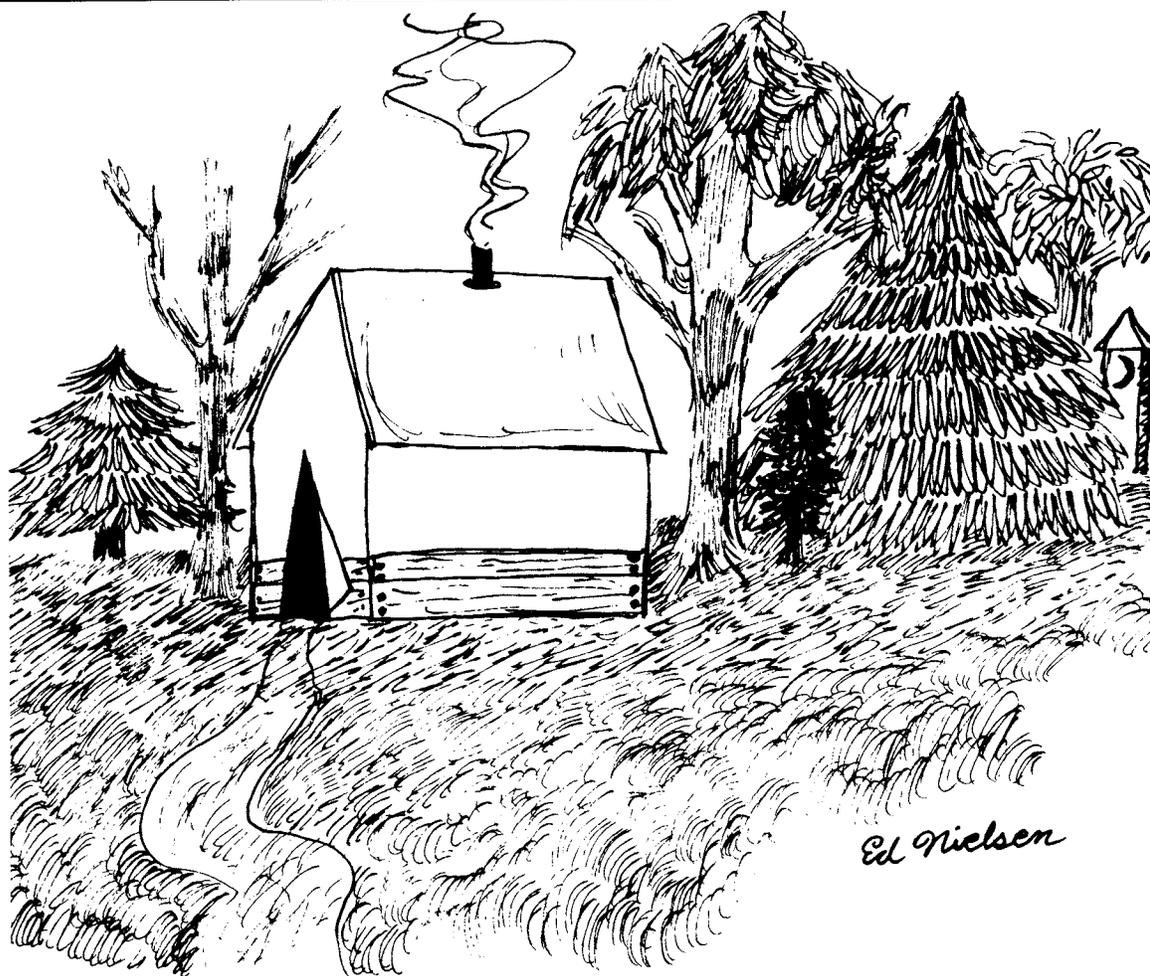
At Centralia passengers gave Annie and her mother curious stares noticing that they were obviously Indian. The stage continued on its way through Oakville and Rochester to Grays Harbor and Ocean Beaches. They passed tall forests. Not all the big timbers of fir and spruce had been logged off. At last they reached Moclips. It seemed like a very long ride to Annie and she asked her mother, "Momma, I am tired from sitting. How much farther must we go?"

"Not too much farther, Annie, but this will be different because we will ride in a wagon and sit up with the driver."



Ed Nielson

“Annie, hang onto the seat. The driver must whip the horses to make a run for the hill. They must pull the heavy wagon.” Annie clung for dear life and it felt like the wagon would fall backwards. What a steep dirt bank!



The driver and team stopped at the store. Annie's mother told the driver that her son-in-law would pick up their grips later. "Come child. We will walk to your sister's. It will feel good after sitting so long."

"Yes, Momma, this is a very long trip. Momma, why does Leda live in a cloth house?"

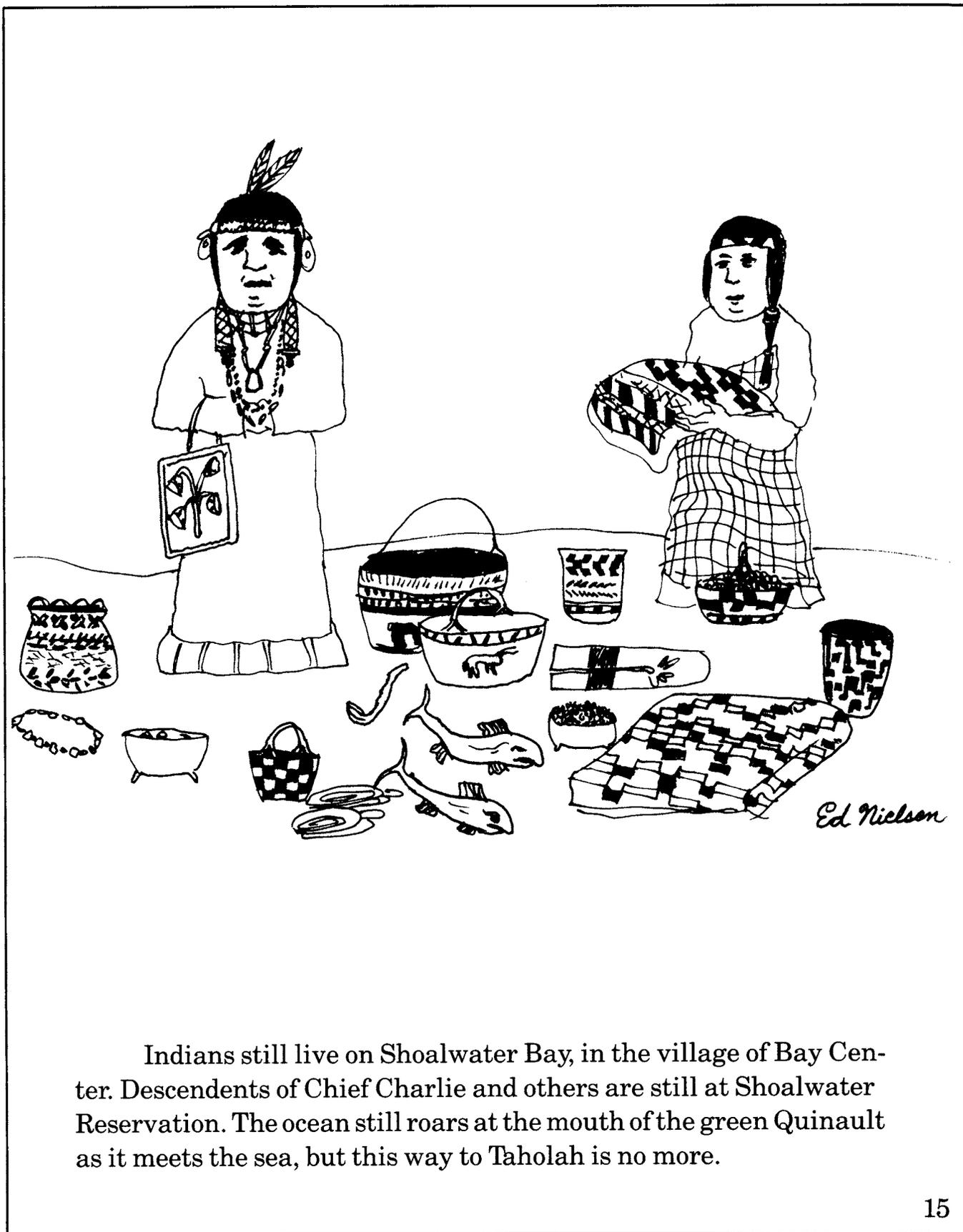
"It is canvas and is called a tent house. See it has a wooden floor and a stove," Momma said.

After Leda greeted them, she made Indian tea for her mother while Annie admired baby Albert. He was a strong looking boy with green eyes. Annie was used to brown eyes. That night a very tired Annie went to bed and fell into a deep slumber, dreaming of all the new places and things she had seen.

Each day, they helped Leda and the baby. Sometimes they visited Momma's many friends at Taholah. The Joe Cultees, who had lived in Bay Center, told Annie's mother they were having a Potlatch for her before she returned home. Annie had never seen one. On this day, she would see her mother honored in the special way that only the Indians do.

There were many foods prepared: baked Blueback salmon, smoked razor clams, fried clams, fish chowder, venison, and smoked fish. There were bowls of wild blackberries, huckleberry pies and tasty Indian fry bread. Some of these were adopted white man's foods. There was much feasting and talking over old times. Then to the big event of the potlatch, the gift giving. Only an Indian can feel the pride of giving so freely of his worldly possessions. Annie's eyes were wide as she saw her mother receive gift after gift. There were many strings of cobalt blue Hudson Bay trading beads, some mixed with copper balls, some mixed beads of reds, yellows, greens and even black. There were baskets of all sizes and shapes. There were the overlays of rich soft blacks, yellows and whites of bear grass and the pale moss green of Shoalwater Bay sweet grass. There were also the black baskets of the fern root, charcoal and bear grease. Red colors came from berry dyes. Annie's eyes were wide as more gifts were presented to her mother. There was a carved horn spoon inlaid with mother-of-pearl placed in the eyes of the faces that went down the handle. Annie's favorite gift was the red head-band. It had red feathers and wampum shells that circled it with bright beads spaced between.

Tomorrow, they would travel back to Bay Center, but that night as Annie went to bed, her room was closed off by a curtain. Leda said to her mother, "Annie is tired from all the excitement, but this is a day she will remember." And remember it she did, to this very day.



Indians still live on Shoalwater Bay, in the village of Bay Center. Descendents of Chief Charlie and others are still at Shoalwater Reservation. The ocean still roars at the mouth of the green Quinault as it meets the sea, but this way to Taholah is no more.

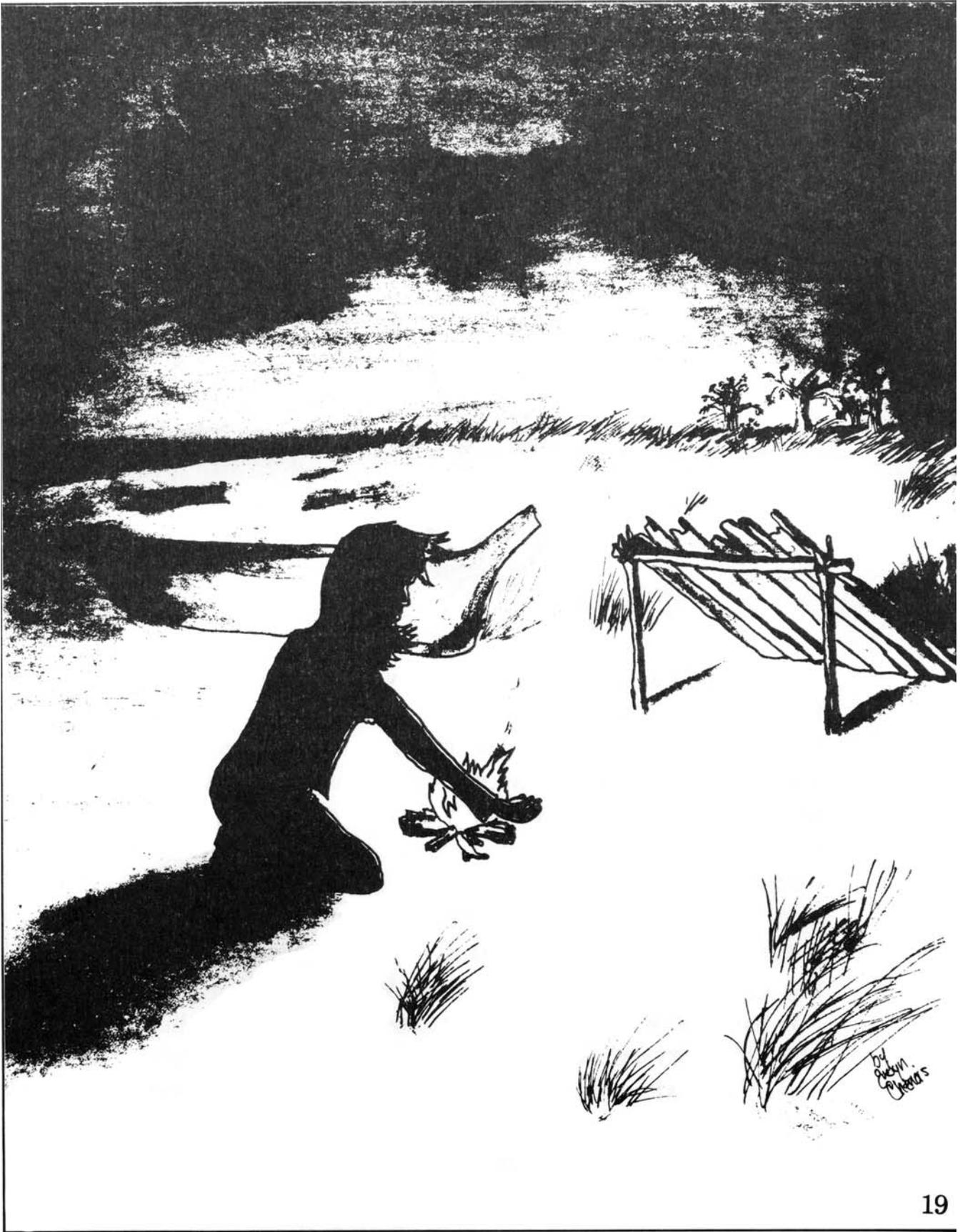
Dedicated to and in memory of
Harold L. Hawks

Joseph's Long Journey

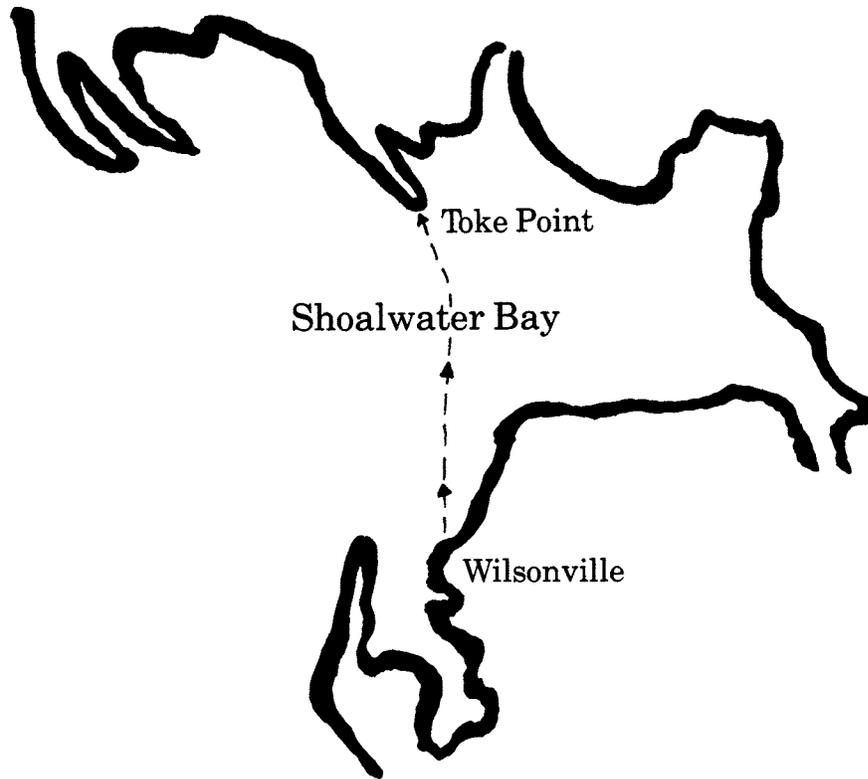
Illustrated by Evelyn Chenois

A small fire glowed in the darkness on the small sandy island located near the middle of Shoalwater Bay. Nearby, a short cedar dugout canoe rested in the shadows on the sand. Joseph, an Indian boy, was steaming oysters in the shell for his evening meal. He wore brown leather boots, gray cotton trousers and a black wool sweater that buttoned down the front.

He usually did not eat alone but on this particular evening in early September, 1886, he was stranded on Pine Island. The tide had gone out leaving his canoe high and dry. When the tide is out at Shoalwater Bay, miles and miles of mud flats and sand spits are exposed. Joseph would not be home that night.



By
Adam
C. Jones



Joseph was 13 years old and lived in Wilsonville on the south shore of Shoalwater Bay. Yesterday (which was Friday) his father gave him permission to visit Toke Point which was five miles away on the north shore. Indian people from Toke Point who worked in the oyster beds near Wilsonville would return home on Friday. Joseph would travel with them. Before they left, Father said to him, "Joseph, I think you are old enough to cross the bay alone, but you must be careful. Sometime in their lives, all young men must learn to travel the bay alone."

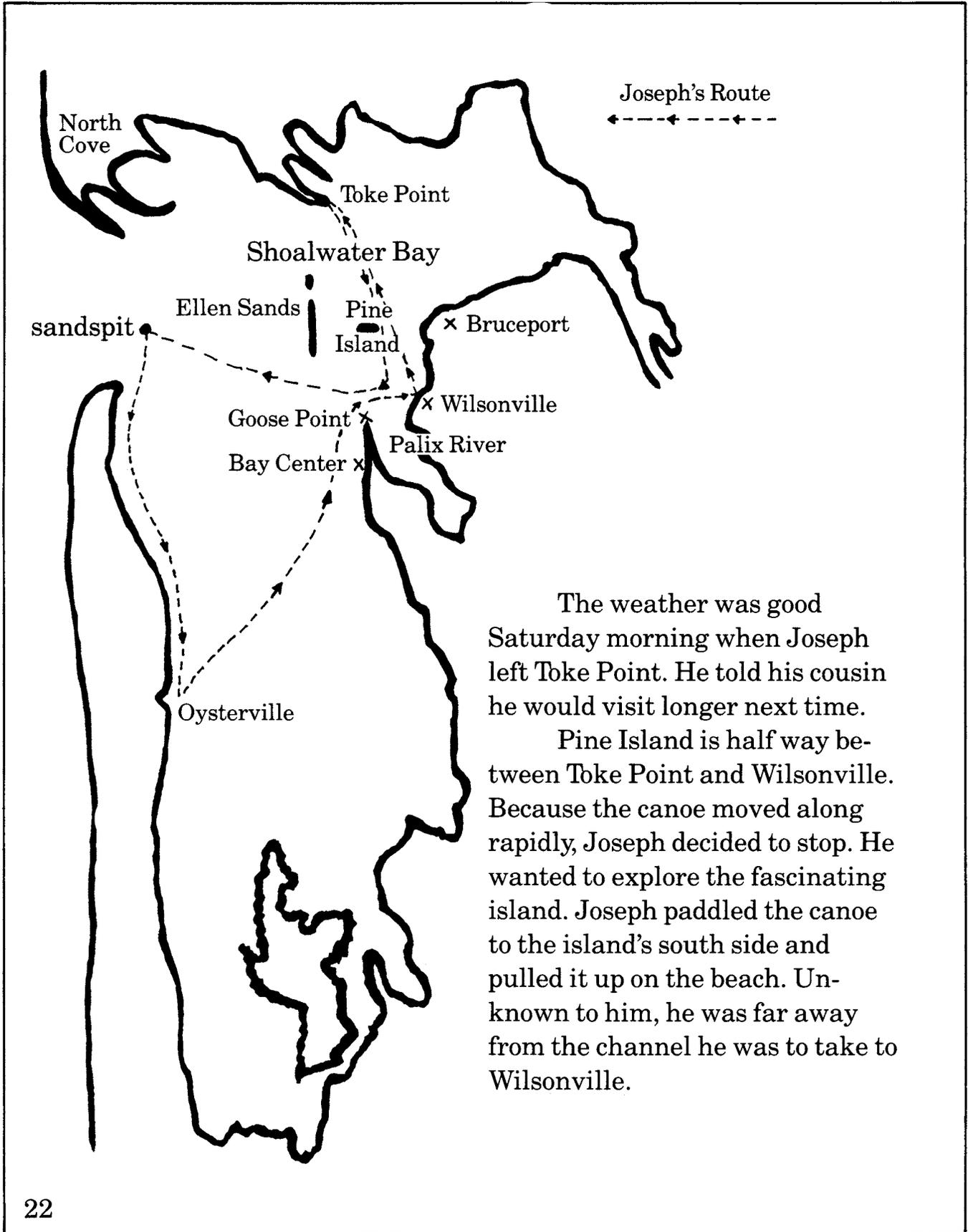
Joseph was happy to hear these words from Father. "I will be very careful Father. Thank you very much."

"When you arrive at Toke Point, spend the night at your cousin's house. Return with the incoming tide on Saturday," Father said.



by
Rubin
Cabrera

Joseph made the crossing with two companions. The men paddled a large canoe loaded with their belongings. Joseph was able to keep up with them. They arrived at Toke Point early in the afternoon. Joseph walked to his cousin's house from the beach. He had a delightful visit with his cousin. They paddled their canoes around Toke Point, went swimming and had a good time.



The weather was good Saturday morning when Joseph left Toke Point. He told his cousin he would visit longer next time.

Pine Island is half way between Toke Point and Wilsonville. Because the canoe moved along rapidly, Joseph decided to stop. He wanted to explore the fascinating island. Joseph paddled the canoe to the island's south side and pulled it up on the beach. Unknown to him, he was far away from the channel he was to take to Wilsonville.



The seagulls on the bay nested and hatched their young on this island. There were thousands of them. The young ones were a little larger than baby chicks and ran all over the beach. The older birds made loud screeching noises trying to scare Joseph away. He enjoyed himself and forgot about the time. The island was five acres in size and he had covered all of it.



When Joseph returned to his canoe he saw the tide had gone out and was far from the beach. He attempted to drag his canoe to the water but soon tired and gave up. He rested, then pulled the canoe farther up on the beach. The channel looked as if it was a mile away. He knew he would have to spend the night on the island. Joseph was not worried. He had camped many nights on the beaches of Shoalwater Bay but always with his family. Still, he knew he could do it alone if he had to. Joseph's father and uncle taught him how to build a fire and keep it burning. They taught him how to make emergency shelters, both in the woods and on the beaches. He could gather and cook oysters, clams, cockles and mussels on an open fire.

Joseph built a driftwood shelter between two logs, then gathered a dozen oysters from the tideflats. Oysters were plentiful on the bay. Joseph had matches so he did not have to rub two sticks together. He soon had a good blaze going and the oysters cooking. They smelled delicious. It seemed lately, Joseph was always hungry. He had grown four inches in the past year.



As Joseph settled down for the night, he could see faint lights at Wilsonville and Bay Center. The villages were about two miles south of Pine Island. The mouth of the Palix River separated Wilsonville from Bay Center, a distance of a half mile. Joseph heard the barking dogs and the yipping coyotes in the distance. He felt a little lonely since this was the first night he really spent alone. He forgot his loneliness when he thought of his canoe and the pleasure he got from building it.

Joseph had always lived near the water. He had always been around canoes, boats and rafts. When he was little he enjoyed making boats. He used wood planks, small logs or anything that would float! A year ago Father had given him a nice cedar log and had guided him in carving his small canoe. It took eight months to complete it. Father was surprised how easily Joseph finished the canoe. He did a good job. Joseph had a talent for making canoes and boats.



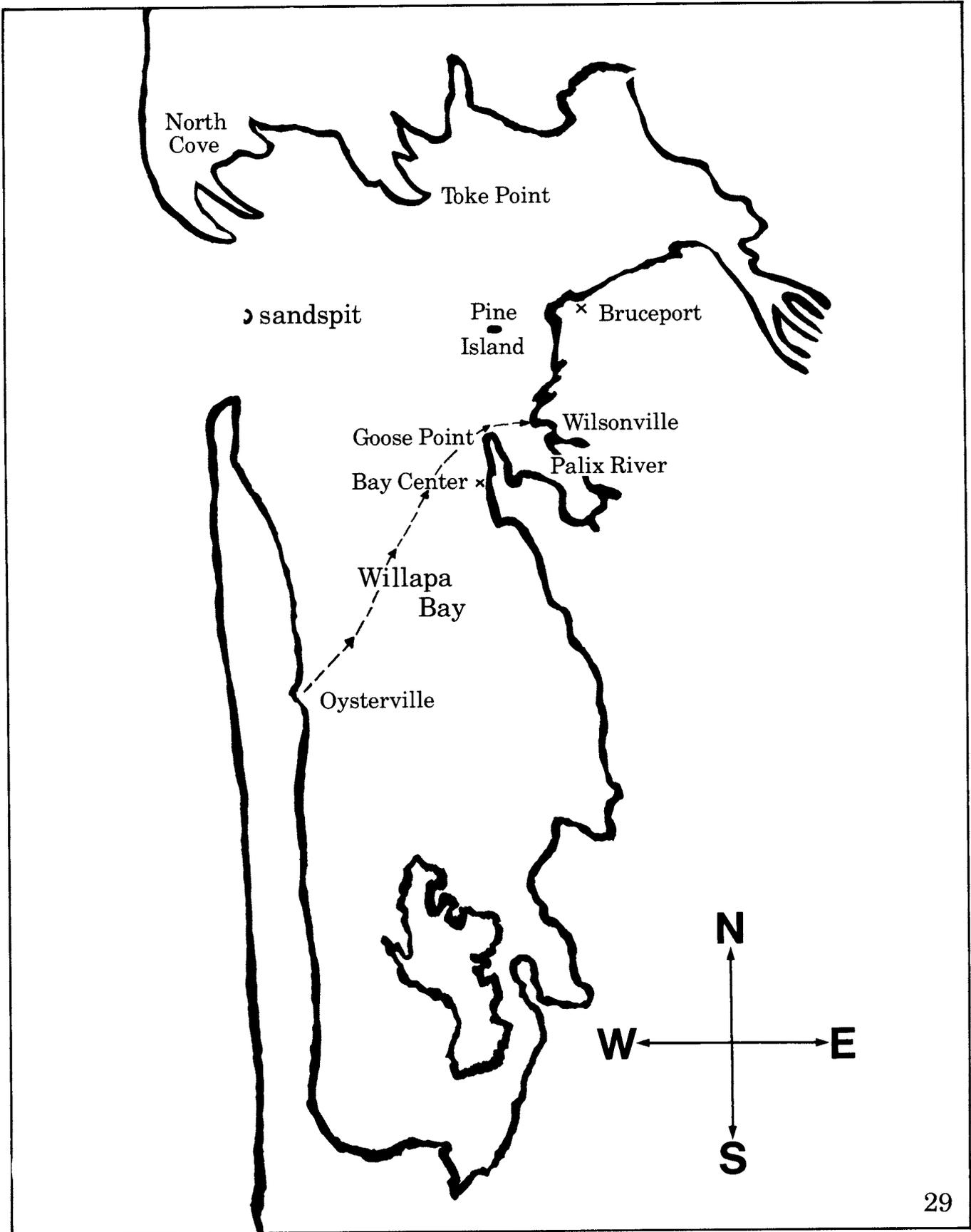
Shoalwater Bay was a busy place in September. Great schools of Chinook salmon entered the bay on their journey up the rivers. Fishermen were busy readying nets and traps for the annual catch. From the bay's natural stock, oystermen moved new oysters to their beds. Boats were very important. Life could not exist without them. Joseph decided he was going to be a boat builder. He wanted to be the best. With all the activity in the bay, he would never be out of work.

On Sunday morning, Joseph woke with a start. The dark clouds threatened to rain. The wind blew a little harder. The weather on Shoalwater Bay could change in a hurry. One day it would be clear and calm, then stormy on another. Joseph was not sure what it was going to do today. He told himself, "The wind isn't too strong, maybe I'll take a chance and paddle for home." As the tide rose, Joseph thought, "It must be close to high tide." He wanted an early start to avoid the outgoing tide, but he had overslept.



Half a mile from the island the wind grew stronger and paddling got harder. To make matters worse, the tide began to ebb, making two forces he had to fight. Soon Joseph was driven farther west, away from Wilsonville and away from Pine Island. The waves splashed into Joseph's canoe. It was hard to paddle and bail water out of the canoe at the same time. Joseph knew he wouldn't make it home now. He had to do something! He had been too busy paddling and bailing to be afraid. He remembered things his father had taught him about the water, "Always remain calm." He was nervous but didn't panic. Father also told him, "Get to any shore quickly if you are in trouble."

Joseph saw a sandspit about half a mile away in the same direction the wind and tide were taking him. He quit struggling and turned his canoe toward the spit. It wasn't where he wanted to go, but if he could land on the spit, he would be safe. "I'll wait for the tide to change and try to make it to Long Beach Peninsula," he thought. Joseph paddled expertly in the rough water and landed safely. He was soaked to the skin and his mouth tasted of salt water, but he was happy. He could hear the ocean waves roaring onto the sandspits west of him. If he had not made it to this spit, he could have been swept out to sea. As Joseph waited he viewed the bay as he had never seen it before.



West of him were more sandspits, as well as the boat channel by which the boats entered and left the bay. To the south was the long southern arm of the bay. To the east he could see Pine Island. "Oh, how I wish I'd stayed on that island," he said to himself. North of him was North Cove. He didn't want to go there because it was close to the ocean and the waters were dangerous.

While Joseph waited for the tide to change, the wind and water calmed down. He knew now he should have stayed on Pine Island. "If I survive, I won't make the same mistake again," Joseph said. To keep warm he ran on the sandspit. He would bundle up in his wet wool blanket and run when he got cold. Joseph was scared but he was in control. He decided to paddle to Long Beach Peninsula when the tide came in. Then he would paddle to Oysterville. His father had friends there.

It was mid-afternoon and the tide had been coming in for two hours. Joseph launched his canoe and paddled south toward the village of Oysterville. Joseph was hungry and tired. He was afraid to try crossing the bay after his experience this morning. Rapidly the incoming tide and current carried him toward Oysterville. Soon, he was past the open spits and gliding along beside the tree-covered Long Beach Peninsula. It was late afternoon when he landed at Oysterville and knocked on the door of his father's friend's house.



Sandspits



Long Beach



Pine Island

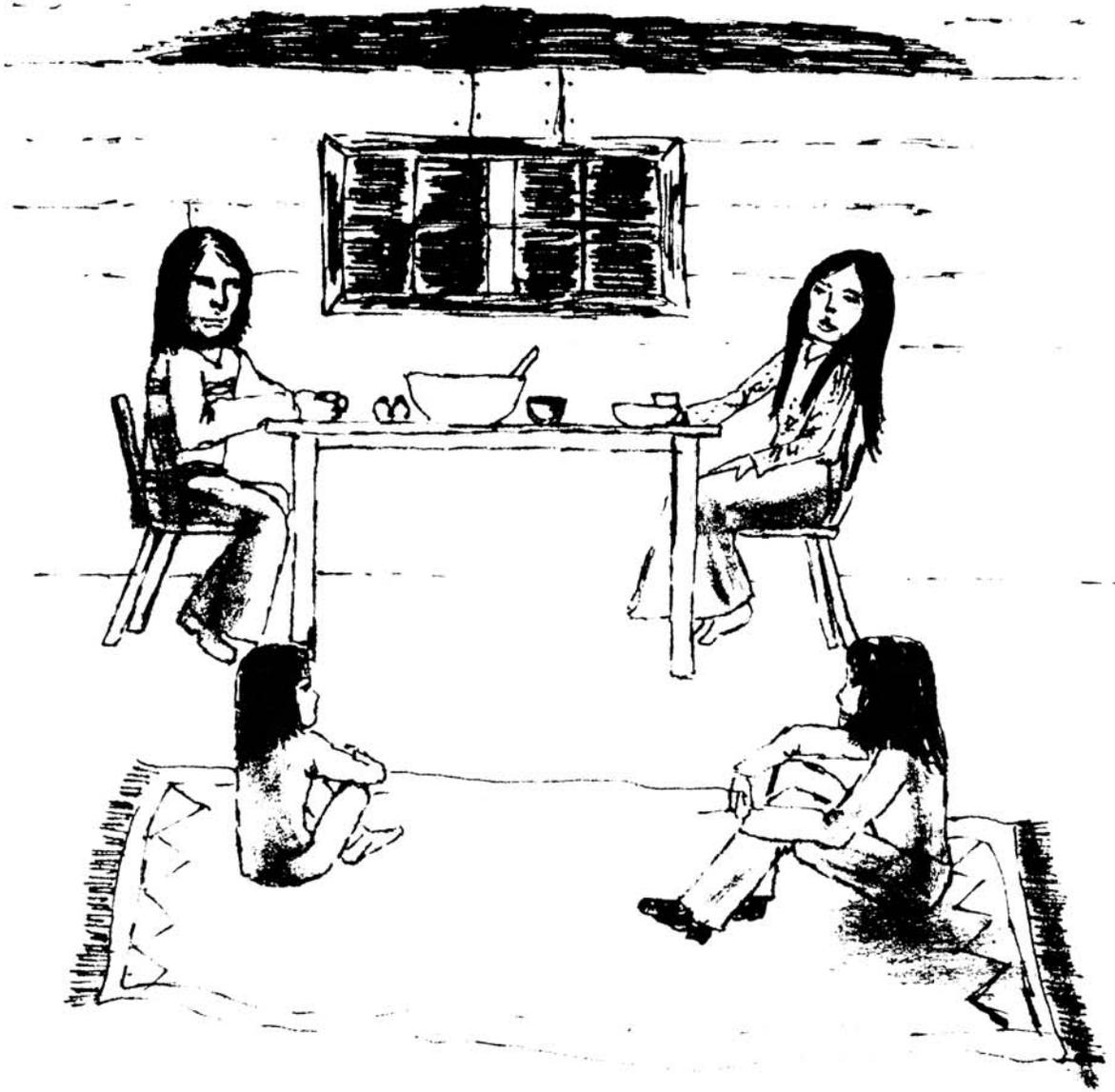


North Cove



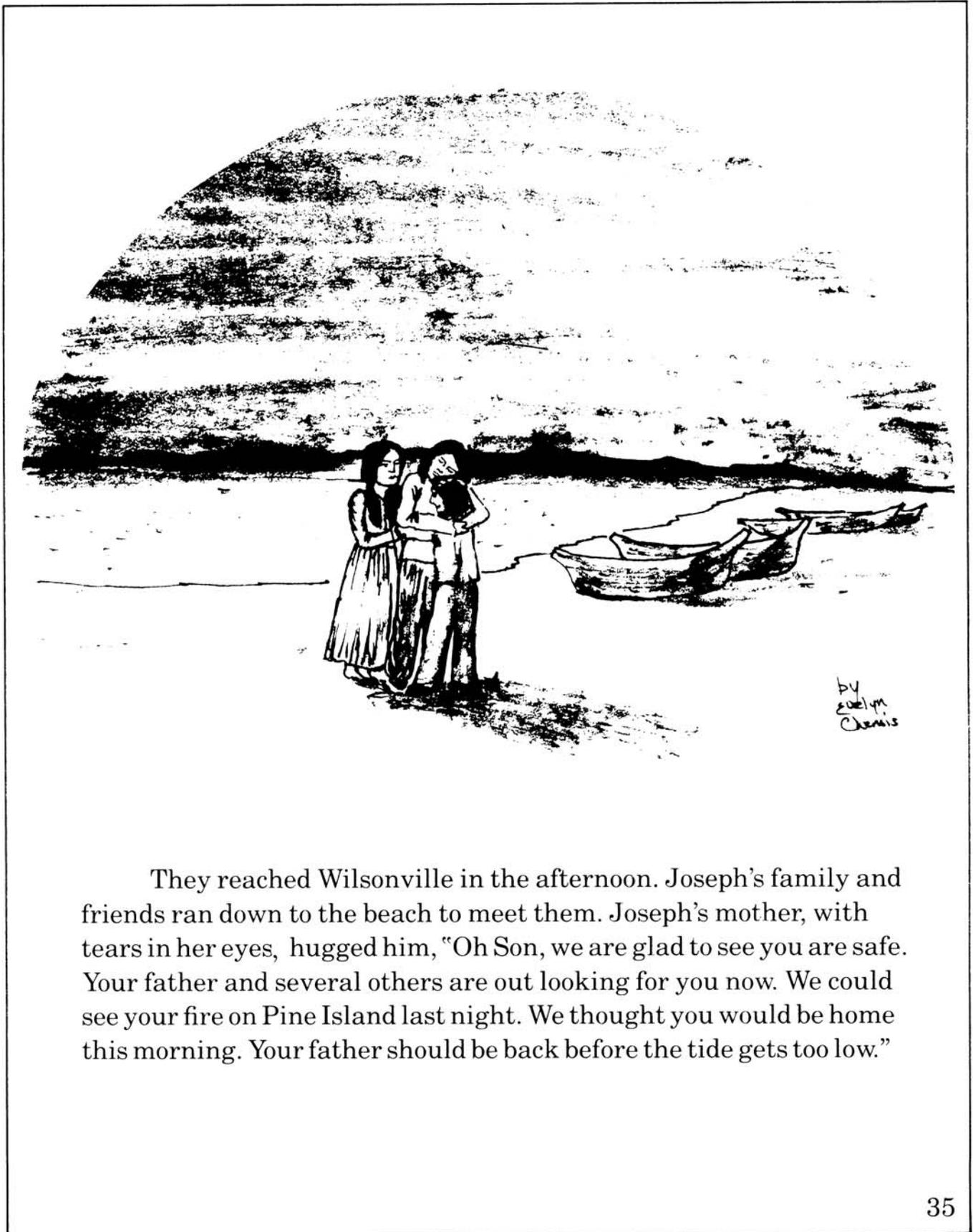
by
Evelyn
Quarles

Joseph told the family his story. There was probably a search party out looking for him now. He knew his father would not be worried over his being one day late, but he would be worried over a two-day absence. They invited Joseph to stay overnight. Tomorrow they would go with him to Wilsonville. Joseph had a good meal of baked salmon, bathed and went to bed early. For some reason he felt more grown up!





Late the next morning, Joseph and Father's friends left for Wilsonville in two large canoes. Joseph and another young boy paddled his canoe. They made good time to Goose Point which was across from Wilsonville. When Joseph saw the long sandy beach near his home, he paddled harder. It felt like he had been away from home for weeks.



They reached Wilsonville in the afternoon. Joseph's family and friends ran down to the beach to meet them. Joseph's mother, with tears in her eyes, hugged him, "Oh Son, we are glad to see you are safe. Your father and several others are out looking for you now. We could see your fire on Pine Island last night. We thought you would be home this morning. Your father should be back before the tide gets too low."

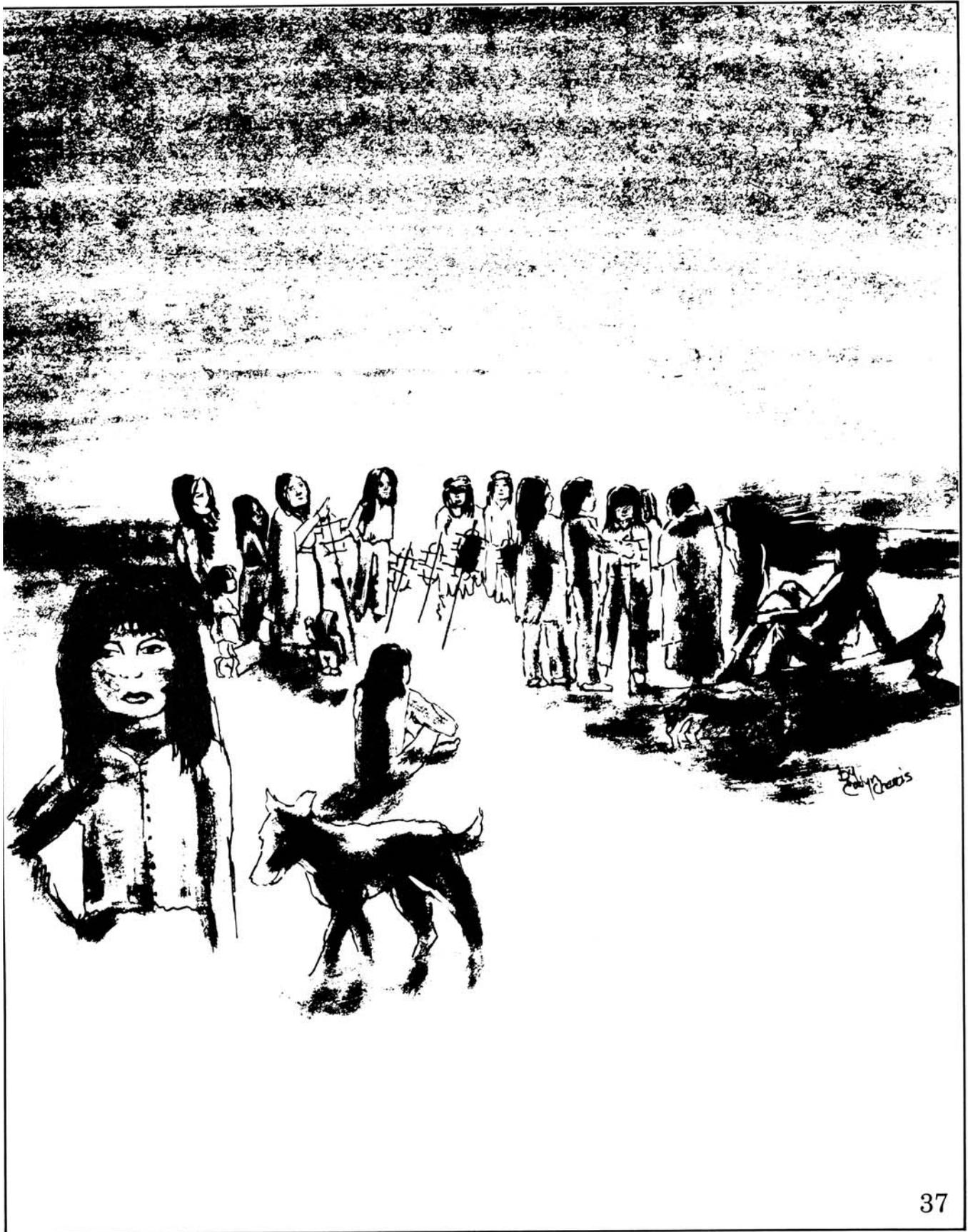
Joseph's mother and other Indian people from Wilsonville built a huge fire on the beach and prepared a large feast. When Joseph's father returned, he greeted his friends from Oysterville and thanked them for bringing Joseph home. Father said he saw them paddling to Wilsonville from a distance and recognized Joseph's little canoe. He turned to Joseph and embraced him and asked him to tell his story again.

"Son, you have done very well. You kept calm and did the right thing by going to Oysterville. The only mistake you made was leaving Pine Island when it looked stormy, but we learn by our mistakes, right Son?"

"Yes, Father. I really learned a lesson this time. It will stay with me for the rest of my life."

"I know it will, Son." Then Joseph's father said, "Let us eat now and celebrate your return."

The main course of the meal was fresh caught salmon roasted over the fire. The salmon was split lengthwise and placed on sharp sticks which were pushed in the sand. There were hard shell clams roasted on hot rocks under mats of seaweed. The clam juice would drip on the hot rocks making steam which cooked the clams. Bread baked in the hot ashes was dipped in seal oil before eating. The feast lasted until midnight, and when it was time to go to bed, Joseph thought this was the best day he had ever lived.





MacCLURG VIVIAN

Booklets available in the Level IV sequence are listed below. Numbers refer to the Planned Sequence of use in the *Teacher's Manual*. Materials developed by these tribes and others in the Northwest are included in the Levels I, II and III sequences.

1. *Warm Springs Animal Stories*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs
Reservation of Oregon
2. *Snail Women at Sq³a'le*
The Suquamish Tribe of the Port Madison
Reservation
3. *Blue Jay – Star Child/Basket Woman*
Muckleshoot Tribe
4. *Assiniboine Woman Making Grease*
Assiniboine Tribe of the Fort Peck Reservation
5. *Coyote*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs
Reservation of Oregon
6. *How the Summer Season Came*
Assiniboine Tribe of the Fort Belknap
Reservation
7. *Little Weasel's Dream*
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation
8. *Fort Hall Stories*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the Fort Hall
Reservation
9. *The Bear Tepee*
Northern Cheyenne Tribe
10. *Sioux Stories and Legends*
Sioux Tribe of the Fort Peck Reservation
11. *Kootenai Stories*
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation
12. *Chief Mountain's Medicine*
Gros Ventre Tribe from the Fort Belknap
Reservation
13. *Coyote the Trickster*
Burns Paiute Reservation
14. *Running Free*
Shoalwater Bay
15. *Salish Coyote Stories*
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation
16. *Coyote and the Cowboys*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the Fort Hall
Reservation
17. *Napi's Journey*
Blackfeet Tribe
18. *Warm Springs Stories*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs
Reservation of Oregon
19. *Tepee Making*
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation
20. *Baskets and Canoes*
Skokomish Tribe
21. *Warrior People*
Blackfeet Tribe



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