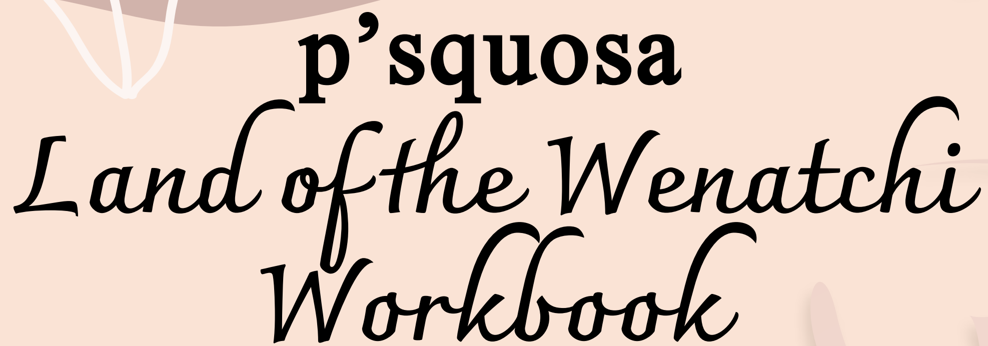

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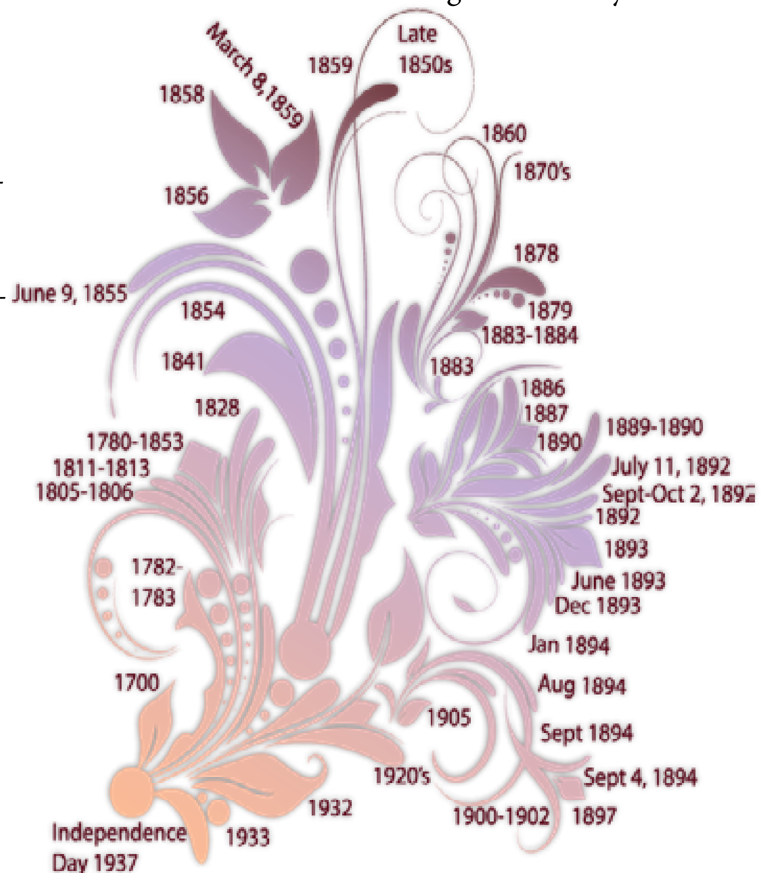
p’squosa
Land of the Wenatchi

This workbook is an introduction to Wenatchi History and Culture to help provide local educators and students with introductory resources to begin building a better understanding of the local tribes. It also serves to begin contributing to the Washington State Tribes, Since Time Immemorial, curriculum collaboration. The content available has been drawn from various sources and contributors; we’ve compiled a variety of resources into a simplified location to provide a direction to begin a process of continual engagement with a variety of available content. This curriculum cannot be copied or duplicated without the written consent of the Youth Development Program at the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation.

The Wenatchi Tribe is an Interior Salish tribe, speaking a Salish Language, and is distinct from the Sahaptin tribes, including Yakima. The Wenatchi were a tribe with close ties to the Entiat, Chelan, Methow, and Sinkayuse (on the east side of the Columbia River), as well the Kittitas. “Wenatchapam” was a term used to describe both the Wenatchis living at the forks of the Icicle Creek and Wenatchee River and the abundant fish that was located there. The term “p’squosa” was a word derived from the Salish Language and which was used historically to describe the Wenatchi and their village at the forks of the Icicle and Wenatchee Rivers. Sometimes the term “p’squosa” was also used to describe a larger grouping of the Middle Columbia Salish, including Wenatchis, Entiats, Chelans, Methows, and even Sikayuse.

Governor Stevens and those working for him identified the Wenatchi Tribe and territory. Stevens arranged for a small council at Walla Walla in 1855 to obtain a cession of aboriginal territory from all tribes in the region, in return for certain permanent rights and the establishment of small reservations for tribes. Wenatchis were party to the “Treaty with the Yakima” signed June 9, 1855, at Walla Walla. All parties to the 1855 treaty, agreed to cede most of their aboriginal territory to the United States in exchange for certain rights, including fishing/hunting rights, and the establishment of reservations for their use.



The Treaty called for the establishment of two reservations; the large Yakima Reservation and the small Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve. The Wenatchapam Reservation was subject “to the same provisions and restrictions as other Indian Reservations.” It was also to be located at the forks of the Wenatchi and Icicle Rivers, as Steven’s map indicates. Between the time of the signing of the Treaty and the time of ratification, United States officials repeatedly told the Wenatchis that they were to stay located at the Wenatchapam Fishery.

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p'squosa
Land of the Wenatchi

Any measure of tribal life must necessarily be a measure of tribal traditions, as that is the cement that holds the tribal structure together. Those of Wenatchi descent on the Colville Reservation today, tribal tradition continues at all levels of culture-social, religion, and political life. The Tribe continues a close attachment to and relationship with its aboriginal territory and is organized by mutually helpful customs and beliefs, which include cultural understandings of tribal philosophy, folklore, religious activity, and political structure.

Wenatchi religious activities continue through all seasons of the year. The same songs that were sung by their ancestors in mat lodges on the banks of the Wenatchee River are still sung at winter dances today. Stick games are played while people sing other songs passed down from generation to generation. Other songs and players accompany the First Roots Feast, the first Salmon Feast, and the First Berry Feast each year. Children are still taught Wenatchi stories about Coyote, Kingfisher, and Mole.

Traditional hunting, fishing, and gathering practices are particularly important to the Tribe. Traditional subsistence activities continue. People dig camas and bitterroots in the Spring. They hunt for deer and gather huckleberries in the mountains in the late summer and the graves of their ancestors are cleaned and decorated each year. It is central to tribal needs, to be able to fish at their centuries-old fishery at the forts of the Icicle and Wenatchee Rivers.

Far from pessimism, Wenatchis today say their hard work and persistence in seeking recognition of their rights will pay off and that victory is now within sight. They say that the United States ultimately must recognize the rights that were guaranteed them in 1855 and again in 1894, the rights Chief Harmelt fought for, the rights of the Wenatchis have asserted throughout the 20th century.

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Timeline

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Pre-Colonial Contact

šnp’əšqʷáw’šəxʷ

Wenatchee

panʔištkʷ

Storytelling
Winter Dances
Ceremonial Crafts
Repairs
Winter Camps

panʔítqps

Root Digging
Root Feasts
Memorials
Fishing
Salmon Ceremoy
Food Prep

paaʔscáaʔkʷ

Berry Picking
Berry Feasts
Powwows
Stickgame
Plant Gathering
Fishing

šḱáʔiʔ

Hunting
Fishing
Winter Prep
Food Prep

1700s

The Wenatchi Tribe occupied an aboriginal territory that was bounded on the east by the Columbia River, on the west by the summit of the Cascade Mountains, on the north by the ridge separating the Wenatchi drainage from the Entiat and Chelan drainages, and by the south summit of the Wenatchi Mountains. Their territory contained the best fishery in the Columbia River drainage, which in the 19th century was one of the world's greatest resources of migratory fish. The Wenatchi population was in the thousands, accompanied by approximately 4-6 bands of Wenatchi and at least 9-15 villages. The most important of which was located near the Tribe's most important fishery at the site of today's town of Leavenworth.

The Wenatchi, like their middle Columbia Interior Salish neighbors, were riverine, dependent upon the abundant supply of fish available in the portion of the drainage that formed their territory, especially at the Wenatchapam Fishery. Spawning chinook, sockeye, coho salmon, and steelhead trout, provided a substantial part of the Wenatchi's diet. The location of the villages and cycle of seasonal activities were determined by the annual cycle of anadromous fish ascending their drainage to spawn. The political, religious, and social organization of the Tribe were also centrally influenced by fishing culture.

The Wenatchapam Fishery was central to the political, social, religious, and economic organization of the tribe and established the hub around which the material culture and wheel of tribal life revolved.

An examination of the seasonal movement of Wenatchi tribal members to acquire their necessary resources demonstrates the ancient and traditional knowledge of the environment. The knowledge, much of it compartmentalized by gender, specialized occupation, and leadership roles, enabled tribal members to live secure, yet complex lives in their aboriginal territory.

Throughout each of the seasons-spring, summer, fall, and winter- tribal members engaged in subsistence activities throughout their territory. They hunted, dug roots, gathered food and medicinal supplies, and fished at their major fisheries. They engaged in many activities necessary for the construction of housing materials, tools, cooking, and eating vessels. Much of the traditional knowledge necessary to carry out these activities are still being passed down through traditional/cultural mechanisms from generation to generation of Wenatchi descendants.

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pan̓ʔíšt ̌kʷ

kʷalmáyaʔ (Storytelling)

Storytelling is one of the main ways of teaching the young ones all of the customs and traditions, the roles of each family member, and how the infrastructure works. Many of the stories are told from the Animal People's perspective. Long ago, before humans walked on the earth, Animal People walked, talked, and lived as we do today. The stories are the Creator's teachings to the Animal People so they may prepare the earth for humans and help them live on the land. Stories are only to be told when the first snow falls to when the snow melts on the mountain. Teachings of storytelling timelines vary from tribes to the **šnp̓əšqʷáw̓səxʷ**, it's to protect the people from bad spirits because it's considered to be the most important part of the year. Making new items from new materials that were gathered during the year was a means of taking up a lot of that idle time when it was too cold to be outside. All of the new roots, barks, skins, tules, and anything else that was gathered were made into something else.

šnkʷnam (Winter dances)

Ceremonial winter dances occur annually to pray and give thanks for another year. From the first snow to the last snow melt on top of the mountain, are when these dances will take place at family longhouses. A long time ago, ancestors informed the people every year, the winter time is the most powerful season because the spirits have awoken. Prayers for loved ones, healing, a good year, food, water, and animals are often spoken of to keep the people strong and healthy. Healing of those who needed help from some kind of sickness, injuries, or whatever else that might have happened is taken care of at this time. Offerings or giveaways happen during the dances to repay the spirits for helping the people and giving thanks for the year.

qʷalm (Songs)

Singing is also considered another form of prayer, especially during winter dances. Each tribe and family has their songs that are either passed down or acquired through a vision quest.

Preparations for coming new year:

This time was also used to make things, mostly for the young. This would give them pride in themselves and help them to look forward to the upcoming time to be able to use their new tools, or whatever they received.

Winter Solstice:

After the last full moon marks the ending of another year, this is when the tribes around the reservation would know that the sun will start to bring warmer weather.

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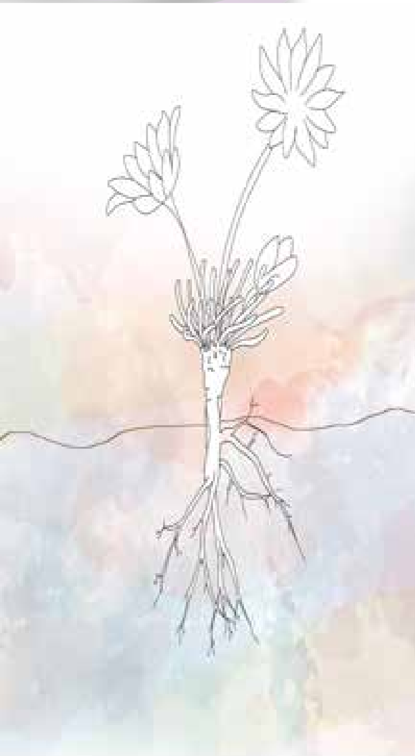
panʔítqp̓š

x̌ačt (root dig)

Root gathering for the **šnp̓əšqʷáẇsəxʷ** was their favorite time of the year. Women and children would gather celery, bitterroot, camas, black camas, chocolate tips, potatoes, and sunflowers, to have the first foods feast. **šnp̓əšqʷáẇsəxʷ** women wore basket hats that were passed down from generation to generation to gather roots and throughout the entire process until the first food feast.

To make digging expeditions more enjoyable, tribes would gather together and have small celebrations. During these times, people would gamble, trade goods, and have horse races. Gambling consisted of stick games and dice games. The trading was for foods, baskets, bags, and other items not of this area. Another big event was the horse races. Some people came a long way to race to increase their stock, introduce new bloodlines into herds, and have fun.

Throughout the years, colonialism has severely impacted Native foods in a variety of ways. Barbed fences, wheat fields, logging, cows, dams, and the introduction of contemporary tools are a few examples that have resulted in the depletion of Indigenous foods across Indian country. Food sovereignty is important for tribal nations and defined by the National Congress of American Indians "the ability of tribal nations to implement self-determination definitions, cultivate/access nutritious, and culturally essential food produced through ecologically sustainable practices." Indigenous foods have historically been better because they do not contain preservatives or cow meat. Indigenous foods have medicinal uses as well, such as immune boosters, remedies for common illnesses/ injuries, and in some contexts help with cancer.



Name giving/memorials

Typically done in the spring or summer seasons, name-giving ceremonies occur at this time. Names are significant to native culture because they reinforce the connection to the ancestors, families, and deeds of the individual. Most names are given or received from ancestors or based on deeds/ characteristics of those recovering the name.

Some may have multiple names throughout their lifetime to recognize personal achievement earned or to signify the aging process of the individual.

Memorials also occur during this time. This is a way of remembering loved ones who have passed on and served as a means to allow us to participate in the seasonal life cycle.

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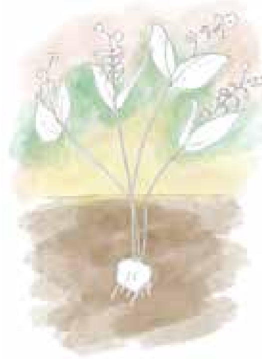
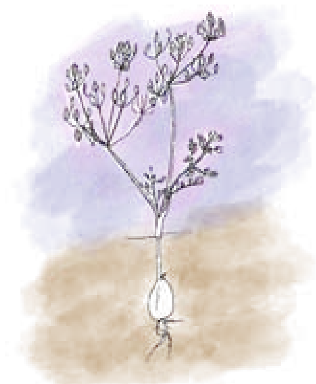
Traditional Foods



škʷəńkʷíńəm Indian Potatoes, also called Spring Beauty, are the first to come up in the early spring. Sometimes you can see them poking up in the clear spots in the snow. They grow in clumps and the bigger the clump the bigger the potato. Most potatoes are about the size of a nickel; a big one is the size of a quarter. They are ready in early March.

These are **šmukʷáx̌ən** Sunflowers. From the start of the bloom to this stage here, you can eat the stems. When they first come up you can eat the shoots as a medicine.

These are **špaƛ̓əm** Bitterroot. The first thing they are used for is medicine. Dig up the new plants and clean them. Then, put 2 to 4 in a plastic bag and save them by freezing them. To use, boil water in a small pot. When it starts to boil, remove from heat, and put one package on the hot water. Tops, peelings and root itself. Steep for about 5 minutes. Drink while it's hot. It will be bitter to taste, but is good for diabetes, to clean your spleen, where sugars are processed and helps convert to good sugar. When they are at this stage take the tops off, peel the skin off and eat fresh or cook with serviceberries. All of our food is also good medicine. These are ready late April, and all through May.



cəx̌lusa? Camas can be small like about the size of a nickel and as large a small potato. They are versatile so can be canned, dried, baked, or frozen. Best of all can be eaten raw right out of the gardens (digging grounds). You can also dig up some of the ground where you found them and keep the plant in tact and transplant them to another area (like home). They also make good candy. Cooked, mashed, add brown sugar to taste while still moist and squeezed into white cloth and dried. They started mostly in May. These have to be dug out in the wheat lands or Elmira, Wilbur, and Creston.

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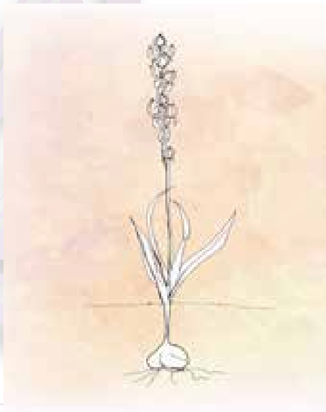
Traditional Foods

This is ***štúkəm*** Indian Carrot, it grows in flats where there is good moisture, but not really wet. They grow about 4-6 inches deep and most of the time 2-4 to a plant with brown skin and tan insides, they are eaten fresh. They don't keep well, at least above ground. To keep for a length of time, dig a hole with rock all around with the roots in an onion sack, or burlap sack. Rocks protect them from rodents. One of the last roots, they bloom late May to early June.



ʔitxʷaʔ (Black Camas) grows in wet areas. Bottom land, that has running water year around. Black camas, are one of the few roots that you have to cook before consumption. The sugars in them are bad for your digestive system raw. It is suggested to pit-cook with other foods and most of the time when consumed- with moss from the western larch. Other trees are okay but larch are the best for pit-cooking. Sometimes onions, white camas, and bitterroots are cooked also. But, for the most part moss and black camas. They are blooming late May and into June.

This is what **šxxk̓asst** moss looks like from the tress. You can get it from most evergreens (except cedar); pit-cook and it is good to eat. It is a long process to clean. First clean all them stems and other debris, then wash until the water comes out clear again. Put into a pillowcase or cotton bag and add white or brown sugar, depending on how sweet you want it to be. Last, pit cook for 24-36 hours. When you dig it up, it will look like black licorice in a big clump. Cut it into small squares about 1 and a half inches. Eat or put into a pot with some water and cook until it looks like pudding. This can be done anytime in the Spring.

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paáʔsc̓aaʔqʷ

xəkʷm (Berry picking)

The **šnp̓əšqʷáw̓səxʷ** partake in a first foods feast to honor the berries: **šyáyaʔ, šx̌ʷúšəm, šw̓ənaʔx̌, pqalx,** to name most of them. The berries were picked throughout the year and were used during different events, such as food feasts, ceremonies, funerals, and gatherings. Berries were often gathered in baskets, dried, and/or taken into ice caves and retrieved for later use. Small berries like **šx̌ʷúšəm** were not picked into baskets because they were small and soft. Instead, tule mats were used (in later times, a cotton cloth). A tule mat was first placed under the bush, then, a long stick was used to hit the branches so the berries would fall and land on the tule mat or cloth. Because this was primarily done by women, there were taboos about when it was okay to be and when not to. The berries gathered were shared throughout the community, even if an individual did not gather any, they were still entitled to a portion.

Baskets

An important and valuable trade good of **šnp̓əšqʷáw̓səxʷ** women was their weaving craftsmanship. Prized by neighboring tribes, many inquired about wool blankets made from mountain goats and coiled cedar baskets. The materials were tightly woven together using a variety of materials like hemp, antelope brush, sagebrush, or western clematis. Dried fibers of these materials were rubbed together between the palms of the hands until they eventually turned into cords. Starting from the bottom up, baskets were either round or flat and would occasionally come with a lid. To die the cords/yarn, **šnp̓əšqʷáw̓səxʷ** women used plants to create different shades of red, green, white, black, yellow, and brown. Huckleberries, snowberries, Oregon grapefruit, blueberry juice, horsetail roots, beargrass, chokecherries, blackberries, and alder bark were utilized to achieve these colors. These baskets were used to boil water, carry food/ tools, store feathers, and could be identified to a specific family through their designs and craftsmanship.

Male roles

As is customary in any activity, if you were a young boy, one of your uncles, father, grandfathers, or older male sibling, would teach you about the male things to do. Basics were your **čkʷíkən, c̓əq̓álən, liymíntən, ḥəčmíntən, ńík̓mən,** to name a few. Depending on the season, where, and what you were hunting, determined your tools. This was mainly a male activity, and a lot of what young men learned was at this time. How to make all of your gear for hunting and fishing, how to hunt, times of year, and locations. It was also customary to be taught about receiving your **šumax̌.**

Traditional Foods

First of the berries is **šyaya?** serviceberries. This one is the Chief of the berries even though most people think of huckleberries. There are several varieties from lowland to mountains. They range from big seeds to small sweet berries. Lots of vitamins and trace minerals are in all berries. The leaves make good tea and the bark is a medicine. These start to become ready early June to late July. The lower the altitude the earlier they ripen.

Most people call **šx̌ušəm** foamberries or soap berries because they are really bitter. But they are one of the best medicines you can get. The trace elements and vitamins makes it a really good drink and is known as Indian ice cream. They have the shortest growing season, so if you want them you have to be out looking for them. This season depends on the weather; if it is hot early they ripen early, so the best guess is some time in June.

There are a variety of **šwəná?x̌** huckleberries**.** Low bush, high bush, red huckleberries, and wild blueberries. They have a relatively long season, but they are getting to be well known to all peoples. Long ago, huckleberries were dried to be preserved. Canning or fresh frozen food are most common. They are higher in vitamin c, iron, and potassium than most fruits. Low bushes are the most tasty, but tall or high bushes are the most common. The red ones are up in the higher elevations, like wild blueberries. There season runs from mid July on into the first snow.

Last of the berries is **pqəlx** chokecherries**.** Pemmican is berries and dried meat (Deer, Elk, Moose, etc.) mixed together. The berries are semi dried and pounded into a paste and the meat is ground or pounded and mixed in a small amount of fat from a deer, elk, and mix all together, and dried completely. They can be canned, made into jam, jelly, or a syrup. There are a couple different varieties, red to a dark, almost black. Taste wise dark, ones are the best. Red for jams, and jellies. There season is from ate July, through August.

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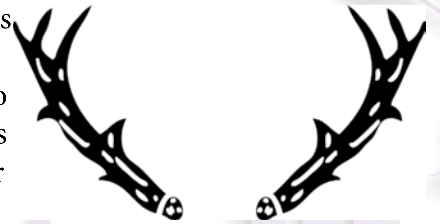
šk̓á ʔiʔ

During other parts of the year, Wenatchi hunted large and small game and gathered an extensive variety of plants, berries, and herbs. Many important locations for berry-picking and plant-gathering were located near the Wenatchapam Fishery. Good hunting grounds for deer and other animals were also found near the Wenatchapam Fishery. Although the Wenatchi's held an exclusive use and aboriginal right to the fishery at Wenatchpam, they allowed many members of other tribes to come to Wenatchapam and to fish there. This permissive use was an element and extension of their aboriginal title to that fishery. Cultural and social events such as those associated with the Wenatchi Race track and inter-tribal council grounds were important to tribal relations.

šq̓itəm ntitiyáx-Salmon harvest

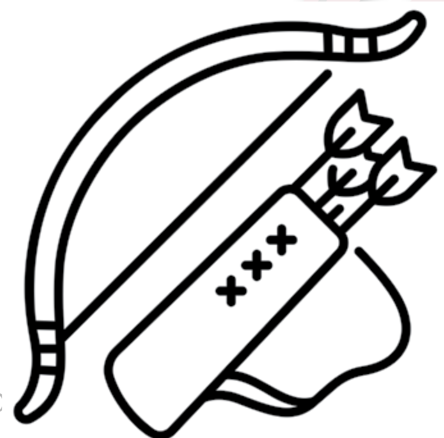
The **šnp̓əšqʷáw̓səxʷ** had used an ancient fishery for centuries, relying on it for their necessary supply of annual fish. The people lived in their aboriginal homeland near Icicle River, located by present-day Leavenworth, Wa. For the majority of the year, nearly two hundred **šnp̓əšqʷáw̓səxʷ** lived along the banks of the river in pit houses and tipis, using dip nets, traps, scaffolds, and a variety of other tools to harvest salmon to eat and to preserve for the winter season. The salmon was so abundant that the **šnp̓əšqʷáw̓səxʷ** could have fish year round. They knew the waters so well, that the Wenatchi had specific locations on the river in which the salmon was plentiful and the waters weren't too harsh. At tribal villages, which were located to take advantage of the large fisheries, salmon chiefs directed fishing operations. Fish were so abundant that the Tribe permitted extensive use of fish by visitors, making sure that all friendly visitors shared equally in the catch. Great quantities of salmon were smoked, dried, and prepared for winter use. Even after sharing with literally thousands of their neighbors, the Wenatchis had ample fish to provide extensive trading opportunities.



kʷíyəm- Hunting

All of the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation used hunting as a main source of food throughout the fall and winter seasons. Mostly done by men, the big game was and still is utilized in a variety of ways. Animals like deer, elk, and moose, were cut, dried, and stored for the winter. Hides were used to make blankets, tipis, and moccasins, to protect the people from the bitter cold. Horns were used for tools such as knife handles, diggers, and stick game sets. Bone marrow was also seen as a delicacy and used as a source of nutrients and to fight against certain illnesses such as arthritis.

First hunts are considered to be a right of passage for young hunters as they start to learn the protocols to take care of their deer to help feed the people. Young hunters getting first their animal must first make their tools and take a sweat to pray for a good hunt. After they kill the animal they have to eat the heart to take in that spirit and thank them for their sacrifice. Offerings are also given at this time. First kills must not be eaten and be given away to an elder so they may continue to have successful hunts to feed families. Each tribe has its unique protocols and traditions passed down for many generations and is continued to this day.



1782-1855

panʔištkʷ

Storytelling
Winter Dances
Ceremonial Crafts
Repairs
Winter Camps

panʔítqps

Root Digging
Root Feasts
Memorials
Fishing
Salmon Ceremoy
Food Prep

šnp’əšqʷáw’šəxʷ

Wenatchee

Hunting
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šḱáʔiʔ

Berry Picking
Berry Feasts
Powwows
Stickgame
Plant Gathering
Fishing

paaʔscáaʔkʷ

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1782-1884

The population of the Wenatchi probably numbered in the thousands before the 1770s. However, with regional epidemics in 1782-3, 1800, 1830-32, 1846-47, and 1852-53, the Wenatchi population was reduced to several hundred. Population reduction caused increased conservation of cultural and physical resources. Although their territory was remote and secluded, early on, the Wenatchi were identified and described by white travelers, including Lewis and Clark in 1805 and 1806, David Thompson in 1811, Alexander Ross in 1811-13, John Work in 1828, and Robert Johnson and John Wilkes in 1841.

During the period from 1780-1853, although the Wenatchis saw relatively few Whites, the effects of diseases that originated with Europeans caused a catastrophic number of deaths. Nevertheless, reports from trappers in the early 19th century provided important knowledge about the Wenatchis attitudes toward whites and their neighbors. Early trapper accounts indicate that the Wenatchis were an independent tribe, with significantly different attitudes towards the whites than their southern Sahaptin neighbors. The Wenatchis desired trade and peace with the trappers and readily offered assistance to whites passing through their territory. They were characterized as friendly, while the Yakimas, their Sahaptin neighbors to the south, were referred to as warlike. On at least one occasion the Wenatchis sided with white in opposition to the Yakimas.

In 1846, by agreement with Great Britain, the United States acquired lands south of the 49th parallel. In 1848, Oregon Territory was established and then split to form the Washington Territory in 1853. The first governor of the territory of Washington, Issac I. Stevens, commissioned George McClellan to survey a railroad route through Wenatchi territory.

McClellan contacted Wenatchis during his work on the railroad route but was unable to obtain their approval for his survey. Regional opposition by tribes to the white incursions into their territory eventually resulted in the Grande Ronde Council in 1854, at which tribes, including Wenatchis, formed a loose alliance to oppose white trespassing.

Governor Stevens and those working for him identified the Wenatchi Tribe and territory. Stevens arranged for a small council at Walla Walla in 1855 to obtain a cession of aboriginal territory from all tribes in the region, in return for certain permanent rights and the establishment of small reservations for tribes. Wenatchis were party to the "Treaty with the Yakima" signed June 9, 1855, at Walla Walla. Parties to the treaty agreed to cede most of their aboriginal territory to the United States, in exchange for certain rights, including fishing/hunting rights, and the establishment of reservations for their use.

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During negotiations, Yakima leader Kamiakan insisted that in addition to the Yakima Reservation, a smaller reservation should be established for the "Pisquouse and Methows" and located to include the Wenatchapam Fishery. Article Ten of the Treaty with Yakima reads:

> Article 10. And provided, That there is also reserved and set apart apart from the lands ceded by this treaty, for the use and benefit of the aforesaid confederated tribes and bands a tract of land not ex ceeding in quantity one township of six miles square, situated at the forks of the Pisquouse or Wenatchapam River, known as the "Wenatchapam Fishery," which said reservation shall be surveyed and marked out whenever the President may direct, and be subject to the same provisions and restrictions as other Indian reservations.

Article 2 (and 11) provided that the Indian parties to the treaties agreed to move to the reservations one year after ratification (not immediately). Until then they could live on any of the aboriginal lands not occupied by whites.

Article 3 provided that the Indian parties to the treaties were granted the right to continue fishing in their "usual and accustomed" places, in common with non-Indians, and to build temporary structures to process fish near those locations. They retained the right to fish on all waterways on their new reservations.

Wenatchi Chief Tecolekun had represented Wenachi as one of the fourteen Indian signers of the 1855 Yakima Treaty. Under the terms of that Treaty, the tribes agreed to cede much of their traditional territory in return for hunting, fishing, and gathering rights, as well as reservation lands. In his letter submitting the treaty to Washington, Governor Stevens explained that the Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve was intended for the use of the "Pisquouse" (Wenatchi) and their neighbors, the Methow. However, the Methow did not sign the Treaty. The Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve was intended to include 23,000 acres (six square miles) of land at the forks of the Wenatchee and Icicle Rivers, the location of one of the region's most abundant salmon fisheries.

The Wenatchi used this ancient fishery for centuries, relying heavily upon it for their necessary annual supply of fish. The Wenatchi living in their traditional villages in the mid-19th century had every reason to believe that the United States had complied with the terms of the Treaty and set aside a reservation for their perpetual use.

During the seasons when the salmon were running at the fishery, thousands of Indians (Wenatchi invited neighbors) gathered along the banks, built weirs, and dried the harvested fish for use throughout the winter. In the hills and mountains surrounding the drainage, people hunted for game, dug roots, and gathered berries. 200 people lived year-round at the permanent village located at the fishery; during the summer, 3000 people lined the banks of the rivers.

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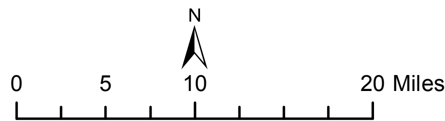
Chiwawa Mountian
Seven Finger Jack Mountian
RattleSnake Spring
RM 477
RM 457
Tekison Creek
Cabin Mountian

Wenatchi Territory

Wenatchi



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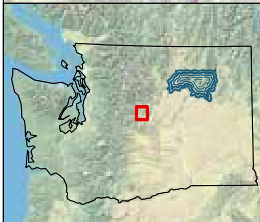
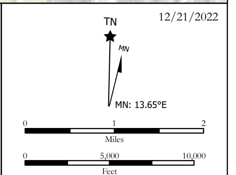


Treaty of 1855

12/21/2022



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Coordinate System: NAD 1983 UTM Zone 11N

1856-1900

panʔištkʷ

Storytelling
Winter Dances
Ceremonial Crafts
Repairs
Winter Camps

panʔítqps

Root Digging
Root Feasts
Memorials
Fishing
Salmon Ceremoy
Food Prep

šnp'əšqʷáw'šəxʷ

Wenatchee

Hunting
Fishing
Winter Prep
Food Prep

šḱáʔiʔ

Berry Picking
Berry Feasts
Powwows
Stickgame
Plant Gathering
Fishing

paaʔsćáaʔkʷ

1856-1856

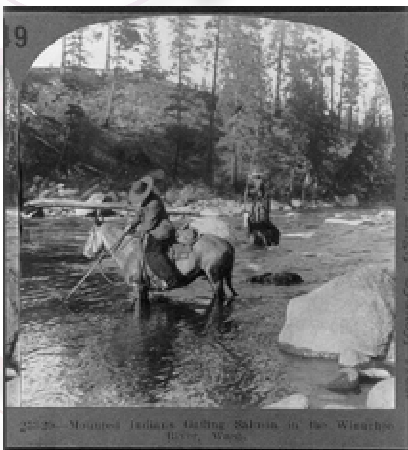
After the signing of the 1855 Walla Walla Treaty, Whites and Indians were frustrated because the Treaty did not officially go into effect. The Treaty required ratification by the Senate of the United States. Unfortunately, Washington Territorial Governor Stevens, for various justifiable reasons, had come under suspicion by Congress and it would not be until 1859 before the Treaty was finally ratified.

Hostilities broke out between the United States and other tribes who had signed treaties, but the Wenatchi held fast to their agreement and remained peaceful toward the whites. To the east, war broke out between the United States and Coeur d'Alene and their Indian allies. In Wenatchi country, in 1858, a party of white miners set through Wenatchi territory to reach the gold fields on the Fraser River in British Columbia. They followed Wright's route over the Wenatchee Moutain and down Peshasatin Creek and later reported there was gold present in a stream near Blewett pass. The miners then proceeded down the Peshastin until they reached the Wenatchee River where they found an encampment of Wenatchis under Chief Skamow.

The Wenatchis, under Chief Skamow, had reached an understanding with Colonel (later General) George Wright that the United States would ally with the Tribe and promised them the six-square-mile reservation described in Article 10 of the 1855 Treaty.

When Colonel George Wright visited them in 1856, the Wenatchi, under Chief Skamow, again confirmed their peaceful intentions, and Wright in turn, marked the bounds of their reservation and emphasized to them the commitment of the United States to recognize their rights to that reservation.

Two years later, the Wenatchi assisted Captain J.J. Archer while he and his troops were engaged in the area. Both United States officials and the Wenatchi also later reported that when Captain Archer, who was commander of Fort Simcoe learned that Wenatchi had helped white miners escape from an attack by other Indians, Archer met with the Wenatchi and told them he would see to it that their reservation was expanded to include 39,000 acres (eight square miles) of their aboriginal territory around the Wenatchapam Fishery. Records show that the following year, Captain Archer acknowledged their right to live in their homeland and rewarded the Wenatchi people by distributing goods, seeds, and tools to them, where they lived near the junction of the Icicle and Wenatchee Rivers. But unbeknownst to the Wenatchi, the United States failed to survey and take the necessary action to see the Wenatchapam Fishery Reservation was reserved from the public domain.



During the next two decades, the Wenatchi lived in relative isolation and at peace, insulated by whites by prominent geography. Early contacts with the United States in the mid-1850s were made under Chief Skamow, but by the late 1850s responsibility of chieftainship had passed to Harmelt.

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1860-1880

Though isolated, Harmelt and the Wenatchi suffered greatly from the effects of smallpox and other European diseases; in1860 the population dropped to about a quarter of what it had been. By 1870, the first white traders had settled in Wenatchi country and Jesuit missionaries were working hard to convert the Tribe. When the great earthquake of 1872 rocked their country, many Wenatchis were prompted to seek spiritual solace from the Catholic priests. The following year, nearly 200 Wenatchi were baptized. Though many Wenatchis converted to Catholicism, their traditional lifestyle changed little. Their rich native social traditions continued to be passed down from generation to generation, and today tribal members continue to engage in these traditional tribal activities. Throughout the early 1870s, the Wenatchi remained independent, yet peacefully inclined toward whites, continuing to believe that their fishery and homeland had been protected by a treaty with the United States. By the late 1870s, the Wenatchi began to feel pressure from non-Indians and wondered whether their homes were as secure as they once believed.

General O.O. Howard and United States officials were laboring to force the Plateau Salish tribes onto reservations-Yakima to the south and Colville to the northeast of the Wenatchi. During the Nez Perce war, Chief Joseph attempted to rally the Salish to join him, but the Salish tribes, Sinkayuse, Chelan, Okanogan, Entiat, and Wenatchi, refused his appeals. Reportedly in 1877, the Salish leaders were gathered on the council grounds at Wenatchee Flats.

Sinkayuse, now commonly known as the Moses Columbia, lived in the plains, valleys, and great coulees, east of Wenatchi territory. In 1878, Howard was intent on seeing a permanent peace arranged with Chief Moses, whom he feared might rise another rebellion, this time among the Salish tribes. Howard called a meeting at Priest Rapids, at which Moses and several Salish leaders attended, including Chief Harmelt, who had now taken on the first name of "William."

At the 1878 council held in Priest Rapids, Chief Moses named himself spokesman for the tribes between Yakima and the Candian border and lobbied for a reservation that would have included Wenatchi territory. A local trader and friend of the Wenatchi spoke up, and Howard learned that the Wenatchi had already been promised a reserve. After the council, Howard recommended to Washington that a large reservation be side aside for Moses and his followers, and also recommended that the president formally set aside "the small tract secured to [the Wenatchi] by Colonel Wright, near the mouth of the Wenatchee," also submitting a map showing the location where he thought the Wenatchi Reservation was supposed to be located.

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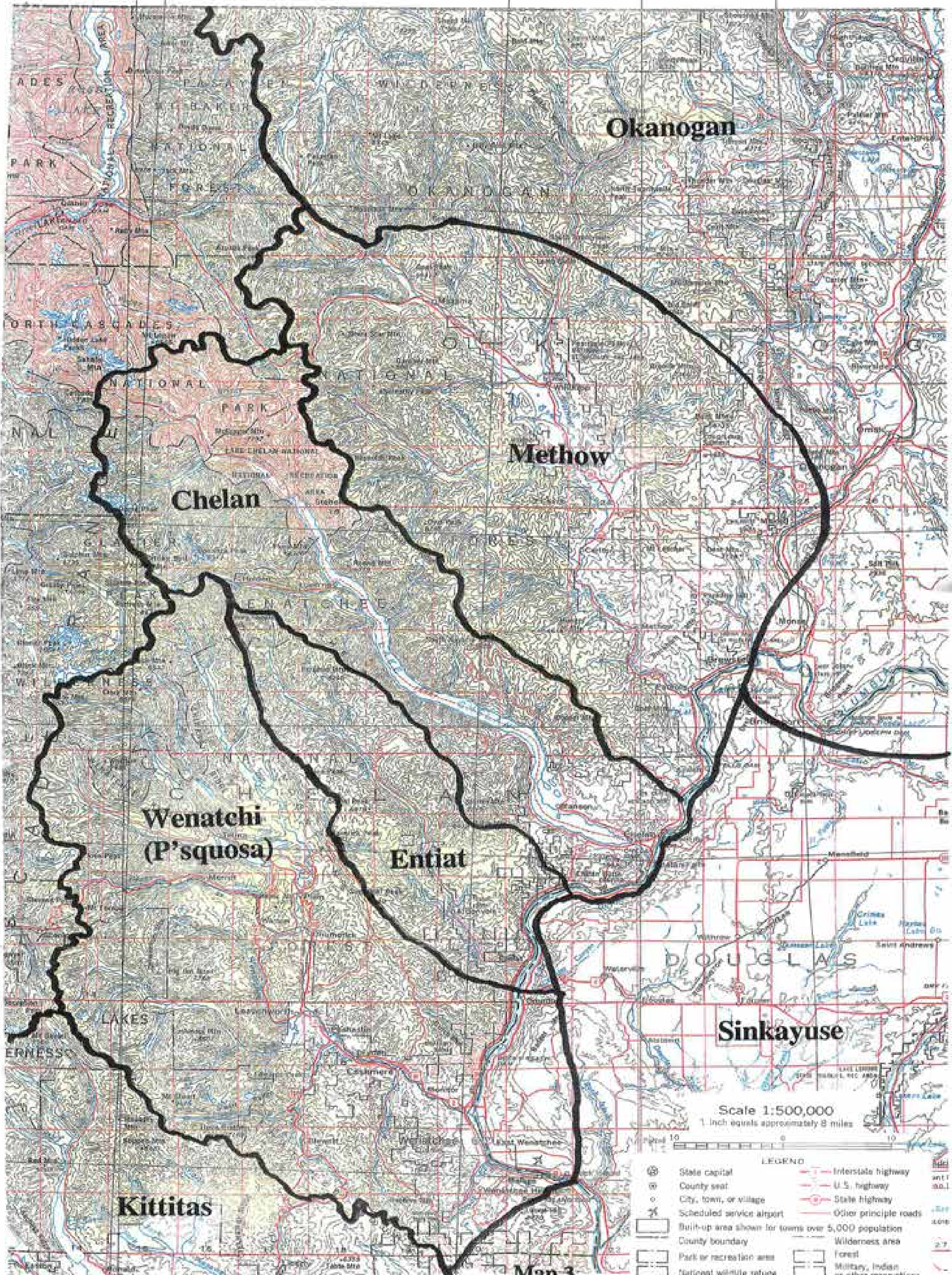

N
A
D
A
Okanogan
Methow
Chelan
Wenatchi
(P'squosa)
Entiat
Sinkayuse
Kittitas
Scale 1:500,000
Map 3

1878-Early 1880s

After conversion, the Wenatchi benefited from advice from priests who better understood the motives of whites and the United States, who could interpret political shifts and explain new legislation. One such piece of legislation was the Indian Appropriations Act passed by Congress in 1875, which had in it a provision that came to be known as the Indian Homestead Act, and which allowed Indians the right to make a homestead entry into 160 acres of public domain.

Jesuit missionary Father Urban Grassi visited the Wenatchi in 1878 and reported that the Tribe "seemed to be under the impression that the Americans wanted them to leave their lands and go to some Reservation, to which they have a great aversion." Gather Grassi tried to calm their fears and suggested, undoubtedly referring to the recent passage of the Indian Homestead Act, that "if they would fence up a piece of land, build on it a little house and live peacefully they would never be bothered." The following year, Chief William Harmelt echoed Father Grassi's advice when pressured to move his people to Yakima. However, the homestead at the time required the deposit of fees, which most Wenatchi could not afford, and also required surveys.

In 1879, Gernal Howard and the United States finally arranged to set aside a reservation for Moses and his followers. Both Howard and Moses encouraged the Wenatchi to move to the new Moses Reservation but Harmelt professed his friendship with whites, saying they all can't be rascals and refused to move his people from their homeland. Howard's officers reported that Harmelt was adamant in stating that Moses did not represent the Wenatchi and that they were filing the necessary papers to establish Indian Homesteads where they lived.

Various reports indicated the independent nature of the Wenatchis. By the 1880s, scattered groups of whites were entering the Wenatchee Valley to visit and some married Wenatchi women. Francis M Streamer, a transient journalist and Civil War Veteran, recalled seeing fishing activities of the Wenatchi and visiting guests from other tribes at the Wenatchapam Fishery. Willow weirs were constructed across the river using five hundred poles and involved dozens of Indian men to wok on the project, including divers. The women constructed drying racks along the banks and prepared the salmon for winter use. Prayers were said to the trees that were cut, and as the first catch was brought into the camps along the river, the people engaged in their annual First Salmon Feast.

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1883-1884

Several events transpired that would weaken the Wenatchi's relative insulation from non-Indians. Along the Canadian border, white miners and settlers lobbied Congress to open the Columbia Reservation. Chief Moses, Tonasket, and Sarsarpkin traveled to D.C. and agreed to the opening of the Columbia Reservation.

In the same year, a 15-mile wide strip along the top of the reservation was opened to miners and settlers. This encouraged miners and non-Indian movements into the region. For a settler to file a legal homestead on lands in the public domain, it was necessary to obtain a survey of those lands. That was a relatively inexpensive procedure if a cadastral survey (surveys that create, define, mark, and re-establish boundaries) of the surrounding township had already been accomplished. If the desired homestead was on unsurveyed lands, the interested individual needed to make a "special deposit" to cover the cost of the survey. In 1879, by an act of Congress, the special deposit system was changed to make special deposits negotiable.

By 1883, the "Benson Syndicate" was conducting fraudulent surveys throughout the West, including Washington. Several fraudulent surveys submitted to the General Land Office by the syndicate in 1883 and 1884 covered portions of Wenatchi territory, including the village and lands of John Harmelt, who had replaced his father as Chief of the Wenatchi. Although these surveys were demonstrably fraudulent, they had the effect of opening the area to what were questionable homestead entries.

Now, with some fraudulent surveys completed in Wenatchi territory, Chief Harmelt, and the Wenatchi, undoubtedly encouraged and helped by Catholic priests, tried to take advantage of the opportunity and began to file for homesteads on lands near or covering their traditional villages. Eventually, Wenatchi filed on more than thirty homesteads. Fourteen of them were located in townships fraudulently surveyed by the Benson Syndicate. Although in 1884, Congress had amended the Indian Homestead Act to waive all commissions and fees for Indians filing homesteads, local land agents still required the Wenatchi to pay improper and excessive fees.

Throughout it all, the Wenatchi remained ensconced in their homes along the Wenatchee River. The Catholic mission at Cashmere continued to provide support for them, and Father de Rouge traveled through the area from 1885 until he died in 1916. Primarily, as a result of disease, the Wenatchi population was under 200, perhaps only 10% of what it had been 100 years earlier.

1888-1890

In 1888, Special Agent George W. Gordon was directed to investigate tribal treaty fishing rights in Washington. While investigating Indian fishing rights in the region, Gordon learned of Article 10 of the Walla Walla Treaty and traveled to the Wenatchee Valley to inquire about the matter. He provided an extensive report on the situation of the Wenatchis and their reserve.

Whites in the area told Gordon that General Wright had staked, or marked off a six square mile reservation near the forks of the Icicle River and Wenatchee River. Gordon traveled up the Wenatchee to that location and concluded that it was indeed the location identified in the Treaty for the reservation. He observed the Wenatchi weirs, drying racks, and gear, but the Wenatchi themselves were absent hunting in the mountains. Gordon reported that some of the areas had been surveyed, and whites had made no legal entries in the Icicle Creek area.

Gordon recommended that authorities search for the records of Wright's survey of the Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve. He said, "if no records of such a survey could be found, a commission should be established to conclusively identify the reservation's location, to make sure it did not conflict with the white entries." He also said, "the reserve could be moved further up the Wenatchee River to avoid white entries."

Gordon concluded that the "forks" mentioned in the 1855 Treaty likely referred to the forks made by Icicle Creek and the Wenatchee River. He also concluded that in large part, the Wenatchis had not been interfered with within their fishing practices.

Gordon concluded it would not be good for the Department to forget about the matter because "the Indians do not usually forget any material right or benefits guaranteed to them by treaty..."

The following year, Francis M. Streamer described Wenatchi engaging in their traditional fishing practices at the Wenatchapam Fishery. In 1890, Wenatchis joined other tribes at the Wenatchee Flats Council Grounds to discuss grievances against the United States in a Grand Medicine Council. The Wenatchis wanted to know about the disposition of the Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve and enlisted the assistance of Streamer to write a letter to General Howard. Wapato John, an Entiat who had moved to Chelan, described the Wenatchi's grievances. He said that the Wenatchis fought with Colonel Wright and the United States and were promised a reservation, one that stretched from "Mission Creek [a little below today's Levenworth] to Wenatchee Falls. Now he said, whites were beginning to settle on their lands, and he did not believe they should be forced to pay entry fees, because it was their land. Despite limited white settlement in the valley from 1855-1892, the Wenatchis were largely unaffected by non-Indians and continued their traditional activities. Howard again asked Commissioner of Indian Affairs Margon to take action.

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The Great Northern Railway

The anticipated arrival of the Great Northern Railway (GNR) in Wenatchi territory finally focused raised awareness of the federal government delinquent actions related to Article 10, 43 years after its ratification by Congress. James J. Hill had begun construction of what would become the GNR and sent Albert Bowman Rogers to scout for a route through the Cascade Mountains. On July 1887, Rogers encountered a group of Wenatchi. After explaining his objective to find a route over the mountains, the Wenatchi suggested he follow Chumstick Canyon to Lake Wenatchee, and then Cady Pass. Rogers concluded that this route, which paralleled an old Wenatchi trail to the coast, was the best route of the North Cascades.

By late 1889, Hill's chief engineer, John F. Stevens, had been sent to map a rail route over the North Cascades. Stevens agreed with Rogers' earlier conclusion that the Wenatchee Drainage provided the best opportunity for a route over the mountains. However, working with Haskell in late 1890, they designed a slightly different route, up Tumwater Canyon and over what would be named Stevens Pass in honor of the engineer.

To acquire a 400 ft wide right-of-way through portions of the public domain, the railroad had to file a map showing a survey of the proposed route with the Secretary of the Interior, who then could approve the route. Unfortunately for the Wenatchi, the GNR route passed directly through the lands ordered to be reserved for the reservation 45 years earlier.

In July of 1892, Yakima Agent Jay Lynch wrote to the Commissioner again, pointing out that the reservation set aside for the Wenatchi in the ratified treaty of 1855 had not been surveyed. The Indian office instructed Lynch to locate the boundaries of the fishery so that it might be surveyed. The following month, Agent Lynch submitted a description of an area he claimed would satisfy the 1855 treaty. He described the area just below Lake the Wenatchee, nearly 20 miles upstream from the junction of Icicle Creek and the Wenatchee River, where no whites had yet settled. In the report, he also noted that there were only 3 or 4 white men in that area, who were squatting in unsurveyed lands. Reporting the cost of the surveying at $18 per mile, he calculated the cost of surveying the reservation at $540 and suggested that the 23,000-acre reservation be immediately surveyed.

On November 28, 1892, President Harrison signed an Executive Order authorizing the survey of the Wenatchapam Reservation, at the same time indicating it should not interfere with existing non-Indian holdings in the area of the fishery, but also requiring that the reservation "embrace the whole land contemplated to be set apart by the treaty..."

In 1893, Harrison was defeated, and his Administration had not moved fast enough. In June, Agent Lynch was replaced with Agent L.T. Erwin before the survey could be completed.

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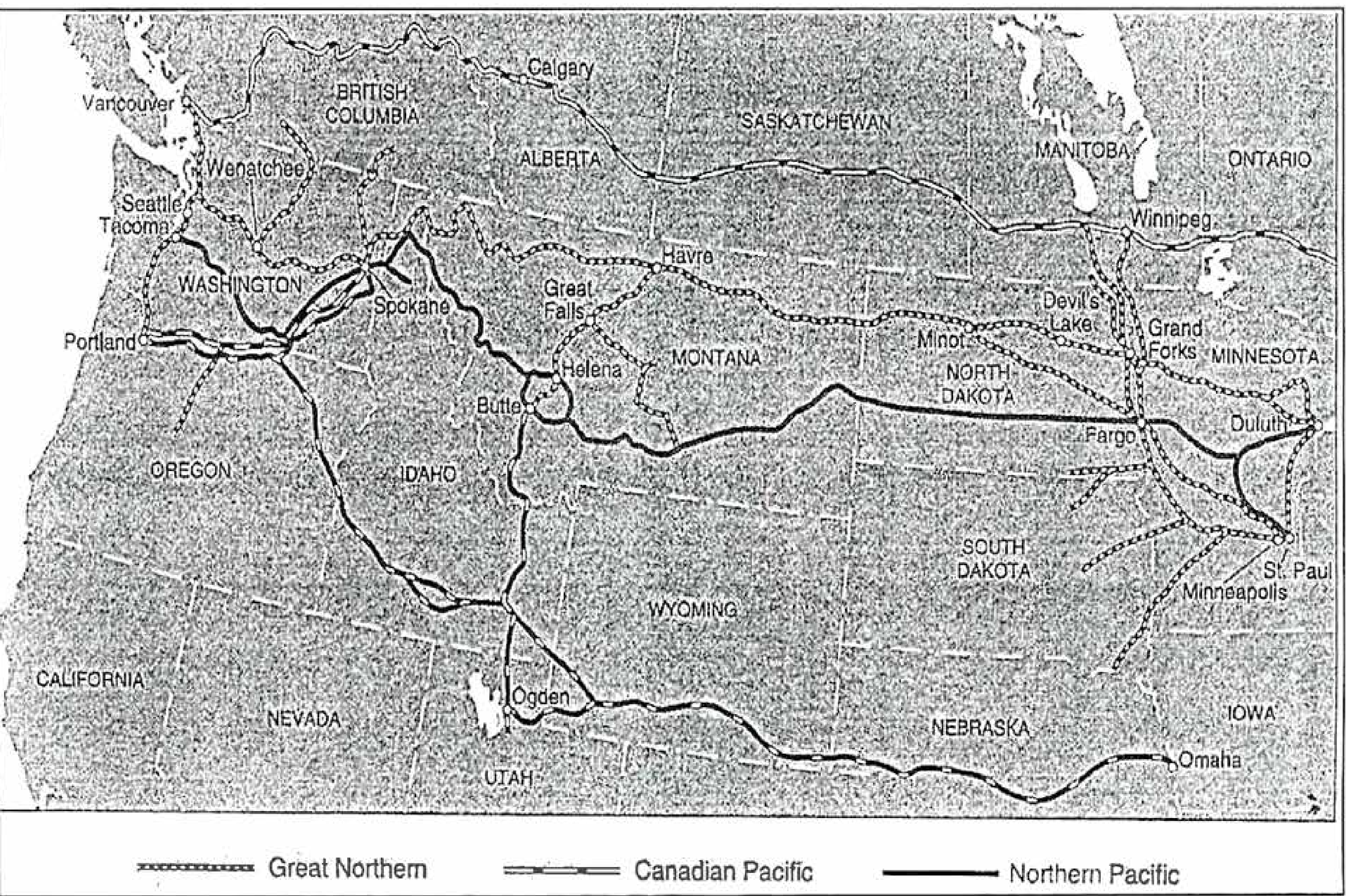

Railroads through the Northwest. From Malone, 1996.

The Great Northern Railway

As 1892 came to a close, Hill was desperate to complete his rail line over the Cascades. The nation was teetering on the brink of a national economic depression. Hill relentlessly pushed thousands of workers to finish the line over the Cascades in the dead of winter, until the last spike was connecting the rails.

The railroad line had been built, but in its frantic rush, the crucial Tumwater Canyon section of the route had not been obtained from the United States. The railroad failed to file a map of this section with the General Land Office, a procedure required to obtain its 400 ft right-of-way. Before a contract with Deputy Surveyor Iverson was obtained, James H. Chase wrote to Hill stating the reservation, as described by Lynch, would encompass 8 miles of the railroads' tracks and would use 23,000 acres of good timber.

In August of 1893, Surveyor Iverson began surveying the reservation as described by Lynch, adjusting it to river contours after consulting with Washington's Surveyor General. Newly appointed Agent Erwin arrived on the 18th, claiming the reservation conflicted with GNR lands, ordered the monuments destroyed, and directed Iverson to resurvey the reservation 10 miles higher upstream. Lynch's survey would have included some of the traditional Wenatchapam Fishery.

Iverson and his crew went back out and destroyed the monuments that had been created. Trees were scored to mark the bounds of the reservation described in his contract. By mid-summer 1883, before the incorrectly located reservation had been improperly surveyed, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs responded to white protests against the reservation by suggesting that the Indians be encouraged to cede the reservation back to the United States.

Iverson then surveyed the new line to match the reservation ordered by Erwin, the southern boundary of which was now some 25 miles up the Wenatchee River and far away from the actual Wenatchapam Fishery. Non-Indians were aware that the reservation was supposed to have been located much further downstream and the Commissioner pointed out that Agent Lynch never even visited the area, but described the boundaries by using a map. Now the Commissioner said the reserve should be ceded the reasoning that it was not in the correct location. However, he said that even if the reservation were to be ceded, ".. the Indians are fully protected in all their efforts to catch fish in said river." The Commissioner encouraged the Whites to petition the United States to arrange for a cession of the new reservation from the Yakimas. The whites complied with the Commssioner's suggestion, but at the same time corrected him, emphasizing that the reservation had been intended for Wenatchi Indians, who had long been living and supporting themselves on lands along the Wenatchee River.

The Great Northern Railway

While the reservation was being surveyed in its new location, now in the high mountains, Chief Harmelt, and a Wenatchi delegation sought out Erwin and met with him. They protested the location of the reserve and said that it should be further down the river, "below Icicle." Erwin admitted the reservation was being surveyed in the wrong location but claimed to have nothing to do with its placement.

At about the same time, Agent Erwin reported to the Commissioner that the Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve had been surveyed. But Erwin used the same subterfuge with the Commissioner that he had used on Harmelt and the Wenatchi. He told the Commissioner that he had been visited by "quite some Wenatchapam Indians," who were "protesting against the location of the Fishery at Lake Wenatchee," and said that it should be located "further down the river." In that, Erwin was honest, but he went on saying, "As I had no discretion to change the location, it has caused much dissatisfaction."

The Commissioner fixed on this piece of misinformation in recommending to the Secretary of Interior that the United States seek a cession of the reserve. Even before the reservation survey was submitted to the General Land Office for approval, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs asked the Secretary of Interior for authority to seek cession of the reserve, claiming the reservation had been mislocated by former Agent Lynch and using that mislocation as justification for the cession.

The Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs responded to white complaints by authorizing negotiations with the Yakima Indians to cede the reservation, but added that the fishing rights of the Wenatchis should be protected: "... the rights of such Indians in lands or fishing privileges should be taken into consideration and protected."

When former Agent Lynch learned that the survey had placed the reservation up in the mountains at Lake Wenatchee, he wrote to complain about the whole affair. He said the survey had resulted in a great injustice, and that the reservation he had described included salmon fishing grounds about 10 miles below the lake. He said the Indians were "astonished and bewildered," that there was now a move to get them to cede the reservation.

> "I do not think I can give you a clearer idea of the situation than to quote the remarks of an old Indian in making his argument to me On behalf of their old fishery:
>
> "Does our Great Father at Washington think a salmon is an eagle that lives on top of a mountain, or does he think a salmon is a deer that lives in the woods and hills, or does he think a salmon is a the mountain goat that lives among the rocks of the snow-covered mountains?""

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Wenatchi and Yakima Cession Council of 1893

Erwin and Lane opened their cession council with Yakimas and Wenatchi on December 18, 1893. The Secretary and Commissioner pointed out that the purpose of the Wenatchapam Reservation was to preserve the fishing rights at the fishery, and the Wenatchis were to be included in the negotiations. The agents were authorized to spend money for interpreters and travel and told emphatically, "No undue pressure should be used to induce them to consent to the cession," and should obtain the cession with a majority of males over the age of 18 voting for it.

Chief Harmelt and the Wenatchi had traveled over the mountains in cold weather through deep snow to reach the council, which Erwin introduced by saying he wanted to hear "especially from those who come from the Wenatchee who live in the neighborhood of this fishery." But Erwin was again dishonest with the Wenatchi. He again admitted that the reservation had not been properly located, and again said former Agent Lynch was responsible and that he, Erwin, did not have the authority to change the location of the reservation. He recalled the meeting Harmelt and the Wenatchi had the previous summer near Lake Wenatchee, when Harmelt told him that "no Indian could live there because the snow was too deep."

The agents used undue pressure to obtain consent to the cession, but even so, were unable to obtain Wenatchi support for the cession. Erwin made a calculated effort to mislead the Indians. He claimed that since the reservation was improperly located, it might be illegal, yet indicated that the Indians had only the choice of selling the reservation, not the choice of rejecting the sale and having it properly located. The General Land Office later did reject the survey as invalid, which indicates how central Erwin's misrepresentation was to the outcome of the negotiations.

Yakimas seemed unmoved by Erwin's representations and told the agents that under the terms of the 1855 Treaty, as the Indians understood those terms, the Wenatchpam Fishery was set aside for the use of the Wenatchis, not the Yakimas. Concluding, "I am not going over to my friend's house to throw him off his place and tell him I would get rich and fat off his place." Harmelt emphasized the Wenatchi's view of the history and the establishment of the reserve, explaining that the reservation was supposed to have been surveyed starting at Icicle Creek and going 6 miles downstream. He believed the reserve had been extended an additional 2 miles and thus stretched from Icicle Creek to Mission Creek, and that the Wenatchis had settled along the river within this reservation. Harmelt concluded, "We don't want to see this reservation," adding, "That is all I have to say."

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Wenatchi and Yakima Cession Council of 1893

The agents told Harmelt and the Wenatchis that if the Indians agreed to cede the reservation that had been surveyed, all of the remaining Wenatchis (approximately 160 in number) would receive an allotment of between 80-100 acres where they lived, giving them a total of between 14,400 to 28,800 acres. The agent indicated to the Wenatchis that the allotments would be grouped and indicated they would function as a reservation. He explained that the "selling of this fishery [the surveyed reservation] does not interfere with their [the Wenatchis'] rights at all." Thus, he promised them all the rights they currently held under the 1855 Treaty, which included rights to fish at usual and accustomed places and the right to hunt and gather on open and unclaimed lands. Erwin added, speaking to the interpreter, "Tell him [Harmelt] that we will probably be over there in a short time and try and fix up the allotment matter over there, so it will be satisfactory to you all." Harmelt replied that he understood, but that he would have to explain what he had been told to the rest of his people back on the Wenatchee River and seek their approval for any proposed agreement. Then Harmelt and the other Wenatchi left the council and departed for home.

Erwin and Lane reconvened the cession council in January of 1894, this time with just the Yakimas present. The Yakimas pressed the agents to make sure that the Wenatchi would be protected in all of their rights and would receive allotments where they lived, then agreed with the sale or signed the agreement to cede the surveyed reservation. In the official text of the agreement, Lane and Erwin falsely claimed to have reached an agreement with the Wenatchi.

Under the terms of the agreement, as all parties-United States, Yakimas, and Wenatchis- understood it, the agents were to provide the Wenatchis with individual lands for each person, where they lived, lands totaling at least 14,400 acres that would be equivalent to a reservation, close to the Wenatchapam Fishery, where their fishing rights would continue. The agreement was specifically conditioned on the Wenatchis having the opportunity to each allot lands "in the vicinity of where they now reside..." Although sufficient Yakima signatures were obtained, no Wenatchi signed the agreement. After they met with the agents, the Wenatchi leaders understood the agents to say they were coming to the Wenatchee River Valley to discuss the matter with all the Wenatchis and seek their consent for the agreement. When Congress passed an act confirming the cession, it also specially conditioned the cession on the Wenatchis receiving allotments "in the vicinity of where they now reside, or elsewhere, as they may select, under Article 4 of the general allotment act.. as contemplated by the.. agreement." Further, Congress said it would also be the Yakima Agent's duty to see that the Wenatchis received their "full and pro rata share of said money."

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Wenatchi and Yakima Cession Council of 1893

The Indian Rights Society protested the agreement, saying that the Yakimas had been misled; that the agents told the Yakimas they were only ceding 13,000 acres and that 10,000 acres would remain with the Wenatchis. Also, that the reservation had been surveyed according to Agent Lynch's instructions. The Society also attached two petitions with over 200 Yakima signatures opposing the cession.

While all of this was going on, though the Commissioner of the General Land Office had been notified a bill ratifying the cession of the reserve was before Congress, "the object to be obtained by the said survey will be otherwise secured to the Indians." The Commissioner officially rejected the Iverson survey of the Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve, after determining it was mislocated. Congress was not notified of this action before acting on the bill to ratify the reservation cession and, in August, confirmed the Yakima cession of the reserve. Despite all the irregularities associated with the cession and the passage of this act, the United States formally ratified the agreement made with the Yakimas. In addition, the Wenatchis were guaranteed to continue to enjoy all rights held under the 1855 treaty, including the right to fish on their ancient Wenatchapam Fishery grounds.

Dispute Over the Rejected Survey

Not surprisingly, Officials of the Great Northern Railroad, including chief engineer John F. Stevens, quickly came to the defense of Deputy Surveyor Iverson. Agent Erwin emphasized his authority and explained that Lynch's reservation description conflicted with Great Northern lands. Eventually, the Commissioner of the General Land Office accepted Iverson's survey. But he ordered the surveyor to note that the acceptance was only insofar as payment to the surveyor.

Inspector McConnell and the Commission of 1897

Erwin had intentionally misrepresented himself to the Yakima and Wenatchi, concealing and not disclosing information central to the Indians' understanding of their options, inducing the Indians to rely upon his statements. Now he was being trusted by the United States to see to it the Wenatchi received an equivalent amount of allotted acres, where they lived along the Wenatchee River. It is not surprising that he failed to make a single allotment.

Erwins report to the commissioner again contained gross misrepresentations. He claimed that the lands demanded by the Wenatchi had been "settled and occupied by whites for more than 20 years." No whites made any legitimate entries in Wenatchi territory until 1884 (10 years earlier), and most of the land within the Wenatchapam Fishery area remained open and unclaimed.

In 1895, Agent Erwin attempted to deliver per capita shares of the $20,000 to the Wenatchis and to arrange to allot them on unoccupied lands. Erwin tried to depict the Wenatchis negatively and reported when they learned the Yakima had ceded their reservation. The Wenatchi indignantly pointed out that "it was their fishery, and their property, and the Yakima had no right not title to any of it." Erwin said that when the Wenatchi were told the details of the cession, they refused to deal with him, even to give him their names. Erwins dwindling credibility was further undermined by the submission of petitions containing 200 Yakima signatures opposing the cession.

In 1896, Erwin was able to obtain a census of all the Wenatchis living along the Wenatchee River. The census named 180 individuals. Erwin continued to pressure the Wenatchis to accept per capita shares of $9.30 each. He was only able to get 77 of the poverty-stricken Wenatchis to take a share. Chief Harmelt later provided a moving description of how Erwin took him into a stable and tried to force him to take his $9.30, which he refused. Erwin's exceptionally venal efforts failed and no allotments were made.

The following year, in 1897, during a council held on the Yakima Reservation, a Yakima complained that the United States had deceived the Yakima in regard to the cession of the Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve and, as a result, the Wenatchis were no longer their friends.

During the same year, Indian Inspector W.J. McConnell, who was at Yakima to investigate complaints there, learned of the Wenatchi issue and wrote a blistering letter to the Secretary of Interior, complaining the Yakimas had ceded a reservation that belonged to the Wenatchis. He said, "our is not a nation of liars and robbers," McConnell suggested that a commission try to remedy the wrong done to the Wenatchis.

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Inspector McConnell and the Commission of 1897

The Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs replied to McConnell, saying that his office had acted properly in obtaining the cession in the manner described. Acknowledging that the surveyed reservation was far from the area claimed by the Wenatchis, he added:

> It will be observed, however, the residence of the said Indians at the the lower fishery was recognized and stipulated in said article 2 that they should retain the ownership of their lands by complying with the provisions of the 4th section of the General Allotment Act extending the privilege of allotments to non-reservation Indians.

Harmelt's Efforts

With another change in administration the following year, former Agent Lynch replaced Erwin. It would be two years before any efforts were made to provide the Tribe with their promised allotments.

Chief Harmelt and several other Wenatchi leaders continued to protest their loss of land and rights, traveling to Washington D.C. to air their grievances on at least two occasions and petitioning the government in 1899 and 1900. In response to the work of Harmelt, as well as to the complaints from whites who wanted the Indians removed from the valley altogether, early in 1900, the Department of Interior finally sent an allotting agent, William E. Casson, to deal with the Wenatchi.

Between 1900 and 1902, Casson did his best to convince the Wenatchi not to take the allotments in the Wenatchee Valley, but to move to the Colville or Yakima Reservation. The Wenatchi continued to resist, but more and more whites were moving into the valley and good agricultural lands were becoming more scarce. In the end, Casson laid one more layer of deceit over the Wenatchi Lands. He reported that his work was hampered by the fact that Harmelt and the Wenatchis still wanted good lands along the Wenatchee River, and those lands were now worth $100 an acre. Although the Wenatchi were eligible for allotments of at least 24,000 acres of grazing land, Casson only arranged for 22 allotments with a total of 2,800 acres. While the Wenatchi were supposed to have gained 24,000 acres of land, their net gain from Casson's work was zero.

Casson's repeated declaration that there was insufficient land to provide the Wenatchi allotments was an error. In 1905, more than half of the 64 square miles of reservation centering on the Icicle was still unsurveyed and available to the allotment. Much of this remains in public land to this day. In 1905 only a handful of legal entries had been made by whites. At least 36% of the lands desired by Wenatchi (over 14,000 acres) were still available that year.

Harmelt's Efforts

Against overwhelming odds, Chief Harmelt remained in the Wenatchee Valley and continued to petition the government and protest the mistreatment of his people. In 1910, he petitioned the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, asking for redress for the wrongs suffered by his people.

All efforts of the Wenatchis during the first two decades of the 20th century did not lead to any favorable action on the part of the United States; however, the Indians' case did gain some notoriety. In 1925, the Washington Historical Quarterly published the Judge and Harmelt letter. Not having the kind of response they felt they deserved, in the late 1920s, the Wenatchis began to consider legal action against the United States.

By the 1920s, the Wenatchi in the Wenatchee Valley were nearly destitute and suffering from disease and lack of food. Many families were forced to move to the Colville Reservation. Chief Harmelt's efforts led to a "Grand Pow-Wow" in 1931, at which nearly 250 Wenatchi voted to hire an attorney to pursue a claim against the United States. John Harmlet (now in his 80s) represented the Wenatchi at a major council in 1933, detailing the history of the Wenatchapam Reserve and demanding action from the superintendents of both the Yakima and Colville Reservations. Momentum built for a contract and jurisdiction legislation necessary to file a lawsuit against the United States.

In 1933, attorney Fredrick Kemp was hired by the Wenatchi and had eight months to file a statement and contract to the Indian Office for approval stating:

> The purported consent to the sale of this Wenatchee Fishery at a tribal meeting at Yakima was pure fraud on the Wenatchee Indians to whom this fishery right and township reservation was of special benefit.

No action on the contract was taken for two years. After the Indian Commissioner John Collier learned that Wenatchi at Colville opposed his proposed Indian Reorganization Act constitution, the department killed the proposed contract in 1935. Kemp shot back a furious letter to Collier:

> Frankly, in my opinion, the Government, itself, should have investigated this claim of the Indians by its special agents and investigators many years ago, and made restitution for these Wenatchi Indians. For the Government was a party to the fraud that was practiced on them.

Tragically ironic, on Independence Day 1937, a fire destroyed John Harmelt's home in the Wenatchee Valley killing him and his wife.

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Map 19

Current Affairs

panʔištkʷ

Storytelling
Winter Dances
Ceremonial Crafts
Repairs
Winter Camps

panʔítqps

Root Digging
Root Feasts
Memorials
Fishing
Salmon Ceremoy
Food Prep

šnp'əšqʷáw'šəxʷ

Wenatchee

Hunting
Fishing
Winter Prep
Food Prep

šk̓áʔiʔ

Berry Picking
Berry Feasts
Powwows
Stickgame
Plant Gathering
Fishing

paaʔsc̓áaʔkʷ

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Celia Ann Dick

ieetum
Celia Ann Dick

ieetum, also known as Celia Ann Dick, was born in 1907 in Moxee, Wa. She spent her childhood living with her grandparents, John and Ellen Harmelt, in Nahahum Canyon, near Cashmere. Her parents are Josephine Harmelt and Michael Kilsmoola. When she was two years old, Celia's mother passed away and when she was in the womb, her father left.

John Harmelt, the last Chief of the Wenatchis, was born in 1847. His name in the Wenatchi dialect was na-ha-me-ilt, later shortened to Harmelt and later dubbed John. His father was William Harmelt, the previous Chief of the Wenatchis from the late 1850s to 1883. Chiefhood is typically passed to the eldest son. However, Skamow (William Harmelt's father-in-law) did not have a son and passed to his daughter's (Monique Harmelt) husband. Harmelt, like his father, fought diligently against the government over its broken promises, traveling to Washington D.C. on several occasions.

Celia went to school in Cashmere and lived there until she moved with her husband Mathew (Bughouse) Dick Sr, a bronc rider, to Nespelem, WA. They had 12 children, six girls and six boys: Owna, Sophie, Charlotte, Marie, Lilian, Dorothy, William, John Mathew Dick Jr. Terry, and two boys who sadly passed away in the womb. Her granddaughter, Tammy James was given her name, ieetum, before she passed away in 1997. Celia always made sure her kids knew the Wenatchi history, culture, and traditions, occasionally bringing them to Cashmere, Leavenworth, Icicle, and Lake Wenatchee to learn traditions.

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Celia and her Grandparents

Celia often told stories of trips she took with her grandparents to gather food, materials, fish, and to trade. Ellen wanted to be sure that Celia took pride in being a Wenatchi. She wished to instill in her all the knowledge of the Indian ways before the changes colonizers inflicted on the people.

Celia recalled nights when they would sit by campfires and reminisce about a time, never to return, when there were no white men in the northwest corner of the United States. When Indians could roam the lands, living on its great bounty, and when the streams teemed with fish, the forests abounded with the game; when for every malady there was a cure provided by **ḥaw̓íynənčut** (creator).

On numerous occasions, Celia wrote letters to Jewell Sinclair, who at one time was the Cashmere Valley Record staff writer, of her travels to participate in tribal activities. In a newspaper article from Cashmere Valley Record, Celia shared a story from when she was a small child. She traveled with her grandmother, Ellen, over the trails, on their quest for food. Ellen was an old lady, Celia was a small girl and they loaded their horses with camping gear and left each year to keep rendezvous with nature. They journeyed to Skykomish in mid-July to pick blackberries. Later in the summer, they rode to Plain, near Lake Wenatchee, to gather serviceberries to dry for winter. From there, they moved camp to Chiwawa River to Huckleberry Mountain, where the berries grow and for when the mountain was named after. Each summer they would travel to Blewett Pass and dig camas and wild carrots. They gathered cedar roots to make baskets and bark from the syringa and willows. The bark of the service bush was dried and served as tea willow bark and snake plant boiled to make a healing eye wash; dogwood bark boiled would cure diarrhea; while clematis vine made good shampoo and dried knicknick leaves made fine tobacco. Ellen told Celia that the new growth from a young pine tree would ensure a full head of hair for those who slept with it as a pillow.

Celia described the Wenatchi people as peaceful, never had war bonnets or drums, never made war or mistreated the whites. Long before colonizers came to claim this country, the Wenatchi tried to live in peace among other tribes. Her people refused to become embroiled in the disputes of other tribes, and later, in the forays and skirmishes with colonizers. When the white man came into the Washington Territory, the Wenatchi were friendly to them, never dreaming of a day they would be shunted off to another place, land which white men scorned to own. Celia's grandfather (John Harmelt), in utter frustration, refused to move and bitter at the loss of all he held dear, took an allotment in Cashmere.

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Letters of Celia Ann Dick Part I

Well, I am writing a story about when I used to go huckleberry picking. I am writing what I remember.

One fall (well, it wasn't fall; it was about the middle of August), one morning I noticed my grandfather greasing the buggy and looking over the saddles and pack saddles and ropes and hobbles. I know then we were going to Huckleberry Moutain.

I was so happy my grandmother told me to go to bed early as they intend to start early. Well, I went to bed right after I got through helping my grandmother with the dishes It seemed like I didn't sleep very long. Then I was awakened by my grandmother. She had breakfast ready, but she told me we had to wait for grandpa as he went after the horses.

Well, I kept watching for him. Not long after, I saw him coming down the hill chasing the horses down. When he got them to the barn and shut the gate, I set the table, as that was my job. He came in and sat at the table and said grace; we started eating.

I don't know how old I was, but I remember this clearly still. I used to be tied in the saddle when I (rode). Well, I asked him if I could go horseback while they go in the buggy. Well, he told me I was too small. I might fall off when no one to watch me. I begged (and) finally my grandmother crossly told my grandfather that someday in the future I (would) have to take care of myself, so why not start now? Besides, if I fell off, I wouldn't get hurt, as the horse I am riding was short-legged, which was her little joke. Well, I felt so grown up as I help with the blankets, canvas, and cooking things.

And after they were packed in the buggy, my grandfather told me to go to the barn and help catch the horses, so I went. We caught the horses for the wagon and also a buckskin that's for the pack horse and lastly a little brown mare that was the horse I was to ride. Her name was "Jennie." She was a gentle little mare. When my grandfather would lift the bridle to her face, she would put her face down toward the bridge as if she knew what it was for.

After the horses were harnessed and the buckskin packed, then Jennie saddled, my grandfather put me on. The stirrups were too long for my short legs. I don't know how I stood riding all day like that. But, it seems like it didn't bother me at the time. He'd tie me on with the leather thongs that (were) on each side of the hind cantle board. Well, we were all set to go. I was so anxious to start, although I felt so sorry for my great-grandmother who was sitting on her steps and weeping, she always does that when we are going away for two or three weeks. Maybe she was remembering when she use to go digging and picking.

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Maybe that's why she was crying.
Well, we started and my grandparents told me to keep close behind the buggy, as Jennie (didn't) like to get far behind, and also to keep an eye on the packhorse. Well, we paraded through Cashmere main street, me so proudly following the packhorse and whipping it on the flank. I guess I wanted everyone to know what my job was. I must have looked funny, now that I think of it.

Well, we reached Leavenworth at about ten o'clock. We had to stop there so we could buy our food. The food there would last for three or four weeks. My grandparents bought spuds, rolled oats, cheese, hemp, and tobacco as they both use to smoke. They each used to have those Indian stone pipes. They used to mix knicknick and tobacco about half and half mixed in little wild celery seeds.

(I call them celery. I don't know what the white people call them. They grow in Na Ha Hum Canyon, also up Brender Canyon, and MacDougal Canyon.

Well, to get back to Leavenworth. After the shopping, we'd be on our way. There, several buggies joined us, the Bakers, and Judge's, a d Felix's. Well, they said they were going to camp at a place called by the Indians "Nesting Place." This is between Plain and Leavenworth. Well, before we reached this place, there were several horseback riders beside me. There was Baker's daughter and the Judge girl and my cousin Solamean (she was a Mrs. Edwell when she grew up). I so wanted to join them; they were all ahead of me. That is, all ahead of the buggies, the Bakers, and others including my folks. So I thought I could get Jennie to pass my grandparent's buggy. But no, she wouldn't. She'd just (lay) her ears back like she was really mad and shook her head when I used to whip on her. I kept that up until I guess she really got enough of me. She leaped and started running. But, instead of keeping on the road, she took (a side road) and headed for a shack. I couldn't stop her. Japanese children were playing in the yard. When they saw me coming, they head(ed) for the door of their house, with Jennie not far behind. She ran until she was at the open door; then she stopped. The Japanese children peeped out and Jennie let out a snort and was so scared. I couldn't make her budge from there. While I was struggling with her, I heard howling inside the house which scared me worse. I wanted to get away from there before the parents show(ed) up. I don't know, but now I think the children were alone. Maybe the parents were out in the field. I was glad when my grandfather came to my rescue, as they were watching when Jennie took off. He got hold of her bridle and led her back to the buggy where my grandmother was waiting. My grandfather never said anything to me then, because he must have known how close to tears I was. He just let the horse go and climbed back in the buggy and we were on our way again.

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Letters of Celia Ann Dick Part I

Well, we camped at this place called "Nesting Place" and the next day we were on our way again. It was noon when we reached Chew Wa wa, that is the stopping place where we leave our buggy. And, from there we (had) to get on horseback up the mountain trail for about seven miles before we'd reach Huckleberry Mountain. We stopped at Chew Wa Wa (where) there was a fine place for me, or for us kids to play. We'd stop here for a couple of days. We kids would fish or play and my grandfather use to disappear for half a day and come back with some pipestones. I don't know what they're called, but the Indians used to make a lot of stone pipes, some fancy ones. Then in the fall, when we'd go to Yakima to pick hops, he'd take them along to sell them or trade them to the Indians there.

Well, to get back to the story. (I am always wandering off, as there are so many things to tell.) My grandmother and the other womenfolks would get on horses and leave. About evening, my grandmother would split the long roots and roll them as you do with a rope, then tie them. It seems like my grandmother was always working, what with cooking and dish-washing (I help her there of course), then with the cedar roots, fixing our beds, then to bed. The next morning, when I'd wake up, which was usually done with a good shaking, she'd be cooking and patching moccasins. While my grandfather would breakfast. Then go across the Chew Wa Wa River and fish. He'd bring back a bunch of white fish and trout. Then my grandmother would clean them and put them on willow sticks, about three to one stick and stick them close to the fire to cook. Sometimes there would be about ten sticks all around the campfire with fish on them. My grandmother would have to cook all that my grandfather caught so they wouldn't spoil. And these would last us for several days and they taste awful good when you're hungry.

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Letters of Celia Ann Dick Part II

Dear Friend,

I thought I'd write to you today; I am back in the hospital again. Had another attack last Tuesday. Today I am much better; hope to go home soon. Well, all my family are well and they say it's awfully cold outside; it was snowing this morning. My brother-in-law got killed last week. We were over to Okanogan for the funeral. You've probably read it in the paper; it's about George Batten got in a wreck below Okanogan. There had been several accidents among the Indians. There was a man, who shot himself after Christmas. He was my cousin-in-law. I sure felt bad. I wrote you a letter and an Indian story, but I never finished the story, so I didn't mail it.

Well, this story I am writing about is from when I was a little girl (circa 1916).

When I was nine years old, my grandfather (Harmelt) told me, just before school was out, that I was going to stay with my other grandmother (in Nespelem) for one whole summer, that is my father's mother. My grandfather and grandmother (John and Ellen Harmelt) have been taking care of me since my mother died, so this is the first time I was going to be away from them to be with my other grandmother. Well, the day finally came when school was out, and the very next day my grandmother start(ed) getting out "pucha" or camas digger and our bags and our teepee, also our cooking utensils and food. Finally, we had them all packed away in the buggy. In the meantime, my grandfather got the horses and harnessed (ed) them for us. Finally, we were ready, and oh, the thrill of starting out camping. My grandmother drove and I used the whip, that is, once in a while. Our destination was Badger Mountain, the Indian campground.

We went through Wenatchee on Main Street and attracted some attention. It was embarrassing for me as some white kids called out "Hello squaws" or "siwash." It was a relief when we got to the end of the street; that is the end of town. Well, the town at the time isn't as big as it is now. There were rocks and sagebrushes between the town and the old bridge. We crossed the bridge and went straight east. After we got to the top of the hill, I looked back. I could see Wenatchee and the bridge and they looked just like toys to me. I told my grandmother; she told me I was all nonsense.

Well, about a mile farther we stopped and unhitched the horses. Then we watered them and staked them. Then we had our lunch. An hour later we hitch(ed) on the horses and went on our way. We didn't have very far to go. We came to the top of the hill.

(I was there last summer; the roads, the fences, and even the rocks and sagebrushes look the same as they did that long time ago. I could sit and imagine that soon my grandmother would come in sight, with a bagful of bitterroots.)

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Letters of Celia Ann Dick Part II

As we started down the steep grade, I could see several teepees and dogs barking. When we got to the bottom we crossed the creek. Then we turned right; there were three teepees there. We moved on further until we came to a pace that suited my grandmother. Then we got off and shook the dust off of my dress. Of course, at that time of the day, all the women were gone, so there were just men at the camp. I helped my grandmother unhitch and unharness the horses, and watered them, then I staked them. Then my grandmother got an ace and chopped some of the quaking aspen down for our teepee which was small, just enough for two. We had (the) teepee up and our supper by the time the women came back.

Well, there was, I might say, several tribes, some from Okanogan and some from White Bluffs, and mostly from Nespelem. Some of them would be coming in from the north road and some from the west. I was watching for my grandmother, that is the grandmother from Nespelem. As soon as I saw her coming into her camp, I ran over there and was glad to see me. She'd stroke my hair and say that she was glad to see me. I had good news for her; I told her I was going home with her. Well, I helped her take her camas off the horse. These bags are made of corn husks and hop strings. When they are finished, they are bound at the top with tanned deer skin. Then they'd braid some hop strings, buckskin hides. Then you'd run this rope through and tie them on each loop. Well, this goes over the back of the saddle and the bag don't roll or bounce when you gallop your horse. Well, I'd have to untie this and get the bags and my grandfather took care of my grandmother's horse after much grumbling, as it interrupted his card game with the Bluff's opponent.

Well, let me say here when we left home, my grandfather (Harmelt) had to stay home because we had a lot of chickens and also he had to plow, so that's why just my grandmother and I went. In fact, she and I used to go all over together and grandfather always stayed home. Just once in a great while, he'd come along. Well, I am getting away here.

After we got everything unloaded, I'd go after two buckets of water as this was the day my grandmother just dug bitterroots. So she empties the roots into a pan and pours it and washes it about twice. Then she got a canvas and spread it out and put the roots on it to dry. She'd have to keep an eye on the weather. Well, my grandmother told me to go back to my other grandmother until they were ready to move. Then I'd come and stay with her. Well, I went back, and my grandmother Ellen said we had better gather a lot of wood as we won't have time later on. So we got some ropes and went down to the creek. I watched my grandmother E gather a big bundle and tie them together, which I did the same. Then she put the loop on her forehead and stood up. She told me to hurry and I sat down with both of my legs spread in front of me.

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I put the loop on my forehead, but I couldn't get up. I couldn't budge that bundle of wood. My grandmother laughed at me and told me to sit down with my legs under me and put the rope on my forehead, then get up. I told her I'd get up easier if she'd give me her hand. She just laughed and told me that I got to learn to get up on my own two feet. Well, the way she told me, I was surprised I could get up. Well, we had about three loads which was enough for our morning and evening meals. That's the only time we'd build fire.

We went to bed and it seems like I just close my eyes, then my grandmother was waking me up. She had the fire going and everything about cooked. She told me to go after the horses. They were not very far so I put on my moccasins and old scarf. Then I ran out. Everybody was getting ready and this must be about four o'clock in the morning. I go the horses and had my breakfast while my grandmother was saddling the horses and packing the lunch. Well, we finally got started. My grandmother was known as a sort of lone wolf. She never goes with the group of women that always go together. They've often told her she shouldn't go by herself. They'd warn her about white men catching her out alone, but she used to laugh at them. So she and I started toward the north, the Indians called it the Lone Pine.

(Well, the old pine is still there, because I was there last year with my children and grandson)

When we got there we stake our horses I'd start digging the camas to the tune of the meadowlarks who talk our language and are always making sarcastic remarks. And the other birds singing away, the wind blowing, and a little badger sitting and watching us. Well, I am not a very fast digger, so I am always glad to hear my grandmother holler at me to get the horses, which I did in no time (and) brought them to her. We'd put our bags on, tied them tight and our root diggers, as we have a scabbard for them too. We went digging for camas for three days. Then my grandmother said that was enough. They cooked the camas, but she said she'd take them home and cook them at home.

Well, one morning I helped her get ready and she started for home, that's in Nahahum Canyon. Well, I moved to my other grandmother which seems a little different from my other grandmother. In this family, my grandfather and his two sisters, and one of the sisters (had) a son. That son is still living, he is staying with us now, and they have a bigger teepee.

Finally, the day came when we were ready to go back to the reservation (at Nespelem). Well, there were about five buggy loads of Indians from Nespelem. I was given a saddle horse to ride. Early one morning my grandfather went after the horses. My grandmother got breakfast cooked. My great-aunt pulled the covers off her son and the blankets outside, so as to be

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sure (he'd) get up. We had our breakfast, then started packing. I wash the dishes and put them in the grub box. Black pots and a frying pan that was put in a gunny sack so (they) wouldn't blacken the other things. When I folded the blankets so whenever we stopped we'd take them out and spread them in the sun to dry.

Well, here's where I found out about this grandfather. After he brought the horses and tied them, he told us he was going on ahead. My grandmother tried to tell him that she promised me that I go on horseback. Well, he told his wife she had no business making promises, as the horse belonged to him, which was true, and he could ride his own horse couldn't he? Well, this was no news to my grandmother, as I guess he always did that to get out of harnessing horses. So he saddled up and left.

Well, I was only 9 years old, but I could harness horses, so I went to work while my grandmother was loading things on. We finally got started. I was so happy to see a different country. I rode with my grandmother. The little band traveled and we camped at Moses Coulee. Way up on the east side of the coulee there is really good spring water. On the way, my grandfather's brother shot several groundhogs. When we had the fire going, my grandmother got several willows, about three feet long. She stuck one groundhog crosswise on the neck, then held it over the fire and singed all the fur off the groundhog out. Then she'd run the willow from its hind parts on through to its neck. Then she'd work the stick into the ground, two feet from the fire so it would cook slowly.

Well, that was the first time I ate groundhog. I ate one whole and I didn't get sick afterward either.

Well, the next morning we started to get ready again, with the meadowlarks giving advice and being sarcastic. We got into Coulee City that day. It was early in the afternoon, and the menfolks wanted to go down to what is now called Blue Lake to catch some suckers. So, that's why we had to camp at Coulee City. Well, my grandmother gave me a few dimes and I made a beeline for the drug store, the Indian campground there, was at the south side of town, across the railroad track. Well, by evening the menfolks got back with fish, so I was never hungry. Groundhogs and now fish, which are cooked the same way groundhogs were.

Well, the next day was great for me. We reached Stevenson Ferry just a little in the afternoon. I was scared of the ferry, but I looked at the others; they didn't seem to worry about it. So I marched bravely, leading my grandmother's horses. They were kinda balky. The men operating the ferry seemed to be cheerful, so I tried to be too. We finally got across. Well, I thought to myself, I was brave; not a peep out of me.

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Letters of Celia Ann Dick Part II

I thought about the time when the bridge was ready to go down, north of Cashmere. There were a lot of people there and the road barred to the bridge. We were at Wenatchee that day; we got back late afternoon. We started for home and we saw all these people gathered watching to see the bridge go down. Well, my grandfather told them to open the gate for him; they did. He was walking and leading the horse. We were in a cutter. I think that is what it is called. My grandmother was behind it and me way behind. Well, as soon as we crossed that bridge, the bridge went down. I could hear the people on the other side yelling. Well, I guess that was a close call, although at the time I didn't think much of it

Well, to get back to my story. We got home (Nespelem); my folks had one room house, not like the house my grandparents had in Cashmere, but I was happy. Saturday we'd go to town and I'd see so many strange Indians with bright-colored shawls and scarves, girls with shiny braids and moccasins and shawls. I got acquainted with girls my age. It seems like the days just flew. Before I know it it was the middle part of August, which was the time set for wagonloads of Indians to head for Yakima hop yards.

Well, they came when we started packing some camas and bitterroots to take over to trade with the Yakimas. My folks had a few heads of cows, so my grandfather sold a yearling to the town butcher; then we had money. Well, one day, early in the morning, my folks started to pack, so I figured we were ready to go. My grandfather went after the horses There was so much to do, but finally, we got started, my grandfather on horseback, my grandmother and I in the buggy and the dog always trotting under the buggy. Hot and dusty rattlesnakes rattling from the side of the road from some rocks.

Well, we camped between Coulee City and the Stevenson Ferry at a place the Indians called Brush by the Cliff." That's as near as I can translate it. Well, there was ten buggies altogether and some horseback. When we camped, I got a rope and tied it at the tip end of the buggy tongue and seat. Then we put a canvas over it and we'd have a tent. In case of rain, we wouldn't get wet. Well, the next day we'd get up early. It seems we are racing each other to see who starts out first. My grandmother and I never could make it. My grandfather was no help. He'd get his horse, saddle it, and hop on while my grandmother and I do the packing, loading, and harnessing. When I put the collar on the horse, I'd lead the horse to the buggy and stand on the wagon spokes. Then I could buckle the horse collar on. My grandmother would have time with bridling, as she was only about four foot one inch.

Well, with all his faults, I used to think a lot of my grandfather. He'd tell amusing stories. When his sisters get after him about helping his wife, he'd come back with some sort of smart answer, so they just let him go.

Letters of Celia Ann Dick Part II

Well, the next day we made it to Moses Coulee; again we camped there. Everything seemed so dry then every few yards there would be a rattlesnake, but they won't hurt you if you don't bother them.

The next day we started from there and got to Waterville. Well, I felt like I was a sideshow. All the white people stand and stare. I made faces at some of them, which didn't do any good to me; I'd be so mad. I don't remember where we camped that time, but anyways we got some Clockum one evening. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you something here. We were about two miles out of Waterville. It was so hot, we'd have sweat on our faces and dirt mixed. I guess we looked a pretty sight.

Well, just as we were going down the grade (the road then wasn't like it is now) my grandmother stopped the horses and told me to hold the lines. Of course, four or five buggies also stopped. She went up on the upper side of the road and there was a plant there (which had) long narrow leaves. She broke several of these, laid them on a flat rock, and pounded them with another rock. Then she would throw them in the air. She came back to the buggy and got on. I asked her what this was all about. Well, she told me she did this so something in the afternoon we was going to have some wind. She said if you throw them in the air and it would rain. Well, late that afternoon we did have wind. I don't know, maybe it was just a coincidence. I've always thought of trying it sometime, but it seems I never got to it and now I am a grandmother myself.

When we got to Wenatchee, I had a small pang of loneliness as I looked toward Cashmere, but my grandmother asked if I wanted to go home. I said no; I wanted to go with her to Yakima.

Well, I'd look at what the white people call "Saddle Rock," but to me, it isn't saddle rock; it's a story about two women quarreling over their husbands. It's a bear and a grizzly and those smaller rocks by the bigger ones are supposed to be their little ones.

Well, we crossed the bridge and turned left toward Malaga. We came to the rocks; there are two of them with holes thru their heads. These are supposed to be owls, just coming down from the hills to devour the people that were camping there. But, they only got that far and they were turned into rocks. This is another story.

Well, we went past that and then on the Colockum. We made camp there under the tall cottonwoods. Well, they were going to rest the horses and wash clothes we stayed all day, then the next day. Well, my grandfather, he'd walk up the creek and gather all the crawfish until he had a bucketful. Then he brought it to the camp and build a fire. Pretty soon it was boiling. It boiled for a while and then he removed it from the fire to cool. In the meantime, my grandmother was up in the hills digging some

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kind of roots. I know the plant when I see it, but I don't know the name of it. Well, anyway she had quite a bit of these long-shaped roots when she got back. She put these in the ground. She'd remove the fire and dug a hole about one foot deep and lined the hole with grass. Then she put these roots in and covered them with grass several layers thick. Then she covered them with dirt, then started a fire on top. I don't know how long she left it there. Then she dug them out and laid them on the table piping hot. To me, they looked like long, burnt medicine, but of course, I said it taste good. Which sent my grandmother off bragging to the other Indian women that I eat any Indian food she gives me. I guess several of the Indians used to say that all I eat is white man's bread and wieners and canned stuff, I couldn't eat Indian food. Well, they were mistaken there, because I like Indian food.

Well, we left the next day and our traveling is just the same as before. We made it to Yakima a little after noon. We made a parade down the street. I think we were the almost tall end of it. I sat up straight and looked straight ahead, the horses keeping time with each other in their clip-clop steps. I think we were a sight, but I felt like all the people were standing and admiring us, silly thought. This was different from Waterville and Wenatchee. Well, we got to the end of the street, then we turned left and headed toward Moxee. You see, I was born in Moxee on the Scudder Ranch. It seems like I was coming home. Well, these Nespelem, they were going to another ranch, not the Scudder Ranch. This place was about three miles east of Scudder Ranch. We arrived and put our teepee up. My grandparents and his two sisters were both widows, and my uncle and, we all stayed in one teepee. And that's the way the others would do, several families in one teepee.

Well, our spokesman, or chief as the Indians called him, his name was Columbia Joe. Well, that evening he'd stand outside his teepee and say "Listen all you people, Monday morning is when we all start picking hops." And every Indian from every teepee would holler "ah" which means yes. The hop owner would go to Columbia Joe's camp and tell him what he wanted to be done and was raining all nite, well, he'd tell the people can't go pick hops until about ten o'clock so the people won't get wet and sick.

I don't remember what day we arrived but it was Monday when we started picking. That is, my folks picked and I played in the shade of the hop boxes. Those days the Indians were getting paid by the boxes, $1.50 a box. The boxes were about four feet long and two and a half wide and two and a half deep. I don't know, but it was something like that.

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come at the edge of the hop field and he had a bell that he would wave back and forth. The bell would make a nice sound like it was at church, I used to think.

Well, he'd wave his bell and holler "Ice cream" and good cold soda pop. He'd repeat several times of course. He didn't have to say it very loud and there would be children running over with me in a bunch. He'd have a wooden bucket with a tight lid. That's where the ice cream was, in front of him and there was a larger barrel with ice in it. That's where his soda pop was in the back.

Well, after a while there would come another buggy, this time with a team of bay horses that was the grocery wagon. This man wouldn't holler. Maybe he was embarrassed, but he'd just stand on one end of the field until somebody saw him. Then we'd all stampede over. And there was a butcher. He was a big man and it seems like his face was always red. He had a strong pair of lungs. Once I was standing close to him when he was hollering "butcher, butcher." I'd watch and his middle gave a sort of a jerk every time he'd holler "butcher." I'd go off by myself in the weeds, then holler "butcher" but my middle never jerked, so I figured white people are different from us Indians.

Once my great aunt and I was washing our hands by the ditch and I saw a little green frog. I picked it up and my aunt let out a screech and ran. She was scared of that little frog. Well, I carefully put the frog down and got a couple of leaves that are green like the frog. Well, I carefully put the frog down and got a couple of leaves that are green like a frog. I gave chase and I caught up with her and showed her something green in m hand. She'd sprung in the air and took off. My grandmother finally told me to stop scaring her. Well, I told her I had nothing but leaves in my hand. I was told I shouldn't handle those dirty frogs. I think they were clean, but I never argue.

We picked one week, then Saturday came. Then we were ready to take in Yakima. First, we went to the big ditched and cleaned up, then put clean clothes on. We came back to the camp. My grandfather had the horses there which he went after early that morning at a nearby pasture. Well, we harnessed up and we all piled in one buggy, two great aunts, uncle, my grandparents, and myself and the dog trotting under the buggy. I guess that was a nice, safe place for him. Of course them days there wasn't any traffic. Once in a great while, there was a car, but our horses never used to pay attention to them, which was good.

We arrived at Yakima and stopped at the livery barn at the south end of town. The man there took charge of our horses. There was a bunch of Indian women and men, these noisy drunks. But we carefully avoided them.

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Well, we started down the street. I'm in the lead, my aunts and grandmother next and my grandfather in the rear. My uncle disappeared. We went into the dry goods store. I was told by my grandmother not to handle things as I might soil them, but to just look. Well, we didn't buy anything. We were just looking over what we were going to buy when we were ready to leave. It was noon, then we all paraded into a cafe on what is now called Front Street. The place was just crowded with Indians. Finally, we found a table. The water came. He was Chinese and I was surprised when he talked to us in the Yakima language. We ordered and ate. Well, I was having the time of my life. We got through and filed out with a toothpick in my mouth, letting other people know that I ate in a restaurant. Now, I think about it and smile.

In the afternoon we are ready to go home. My grandmother bought one whole salmon and some meat and we headed for the barn. We got there and the man got our horses ready. My grandmother paid him. As usual, some more drunks were there. Well, we started for home; it was evening when we got back. I helped my grandmother gather wood and haul water and we had supper.

The after-supper time is what I used to like. We'd sit around the fire, the shadows dancing on the teepee walls behind us and my grandfather telling stories of a long time ago. My imagination would really work then.

Well, this evening my grandmother was busy. She cut the salmon flat, all in one piece, that is, the flesh part. She'd cut the backbone and head off. Then she'd get a willow about three feet long and sharpen both ends. Then she'd work this between the flesh and the skin. Then she'd work this across the salmon. This salmon needed three to hold it up, that is, hold the flesh up so it won't tear off and drop. Well, this done, she put one end of the stick in the ground about a foot from the fire. Well, this requires about one hour to cook. After it was cooked, she'd put it away. This will keep until we were in the hop field. We'd use it for our lunch; it sure used to taste good. The backbone and head, she'd boil that and put dumplings in that. Sometimes I wish I was back in those days, my grandmother making bannock and salmon and crawfish. It seems like never did get sick.

Well, the hop picking was finally over and we started back, which is the same routine of getting up, harness horses, and quarreling with my grandfather. Well, I call it a friendly quarrel. I'd tell him he was no good, lazy, I don't know why my grandmother married him. He'd come back with "I don't see why your parents made you!"; "You're so mean and ugly, you go and pick on feeble old men." This was all in fun and he wasn't feeble then. We got to Wenatchee, then my grandfather brought me home to Nahahum. Well, I was getting tired of camping. I was glad to sit at a table and eat and not camplight.

Letters of Celia Ann Dick Part II

Well, Mrs Sinclair, I wrote this when I am in the hospital here. I don't know if you'll understand my writing or understand what I am talking about. If you can't just burn it up. I haven't had my operation yet. I still have to lose more weight. The doc said I might have to go home. Right now it's snowing. I was glad to get that picture of Molly.

Well, I must come to a close.

From your friend,

Mrs. Celia Ann Dick

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John Harmelt Homestead

John Harmelt applied for his Indian Homestead on April 17, 1885, at the Yakima General Land office. Even though the act of 1884 amending the Indian Homestead Act had waived all fees for such applications, he was required to pay and did pay fees. On March 25, 1891, the homestead was finalized and issued a trust patent, subject to the 1884 Indian Homestead Act, a law noted on file papers. This law provided a patent to be held in trust for 25 years. In 1894, the railroad made a claim against the homestead but was dismissed. April 1907, attorneys Ludington and Kemp assisted John Harmelt and his wife of 6 years, Ellen, to have his trust patent converted to a fee patent. On January 27, 1909, Ludington and Kemp wrote to the General Land Office asking about the status of Harmelt's request. On February 10, 1909, the General Land Office replied that for the patent to be converted before the expiration of the trust period, the Indian Office had to investigate the application, and subject to its recommendation, the Secretary of the Interior had to approve the request. The Indian Office was asked to report on the conversion of the patent in June of 1908. In March of 1909, the acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs wrote to the Commissioner of the General Land Office stating the Superintendent of the Yakima Indian School had reported that John Harmelt was intelligent and thoroughly capable of managing his affairs, therefore the fee patent should be issued. In April of 1909, a fee patent was issued to John Harmelt on his Indian Homestead lands.

Even though his patent had been in trust until 1909, Chelan County had been levying taxes on his property since approximately 1903. In July of 1910, Louis Judge wrote the Colville Superintendent, asking that those improper taxes be canceled.

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John Harmelt Homestead

Almost immediately after receiving the fee patent to his land, non-Indians invented various schemes against him. In 1912, whites hired an attorney to adjudicate nmu water in the area and tried to asses Harmelt a $225 fee for the area he had irrigated. Two years later, white neighbors tried to charge $250 for a ditch they were putting in to irrigate their crops.

Having his land in fee status now meant that Harmelt had to pay annual taxes. Using funds he earned and had available in his trust account at the agency, Harmelt did not seem to have trouble paying his taxes until the mid-1920s. His granddaughter, Celia Ann, was living with them, she had inherited over $1500, and they received a monthly stipend to help care for her.

As John and Ellen grew older, they were plagued with growing blindness and infirmities. They failed to pay their taxes. On June 24, 1927, superintendent Harvey Meyer wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that Chief Harmelt was very old and in need.

He noted Harmelt's land was an Indian Homestead and asked if there was anything that could help him. Meyer also noted, Harmelt still owned 120 acres of his original homestead, however, there was no indication if they had mortgaged any or all of their property. Although, the 1927 act of congress seems to have been passed specifically to help people like Harmelt, and the superintendent directly asked the Indian Office if there was anything that could be done, there was no action by the government to protect the Harmelt's land in part or whole.

In late 1928, the Harmelts were involved in an automobile crash in which Ellen received a broken leg. After that crash, the Harmelts never completely recovered, and numerous requests to the superintendent from whites and Indians asked for funds to help them.

John Harmelt Homestead

Superintendent Meyer continued to arrange help for payments of Chief John Harmelt's taxes. In 1937, he wrote to the Treasurer of Chelan County asking about that year's taxes. He said that the previous year, Kiutus Tecumseh, made a payment on behalf of the aged Chief. Having received a response, the following month, the Superintendent sent checks to the treasurer in payment of the taxes. During the same month, the Superintendent wrote to Harmelt explaining that the taxes for 1930, 1931, 1934, and 1936 were paid, but taxes for 1932 and 33 were still outstanding but could be paid for before the end of the year without an interest penalty. Harmelt owned a total of $42.56. The Superintendent's letter indicated that Harmelt now had a trust account at the superintendency, which, was gradually accumulating funds. When the funds reached the amount necessary to pay off back taxes, the Superintendent made the payments.

On July 4, 1937, a tragic fire claimed the lives of John and Ellen Harmelt and burned their home. A local druggist said to have befriended Chief Harmelt and a priest from Leavenworth helped with the final arrangements for the Harmelts. The Chelan County Welfare Department paid the final expenses.

On January 20, 1939, J. Harold Anderson, an attorney in Cashmere, wrote to the Colville Indian Agency to say that under a stipulation with the other heirs of John Harmelt, they agreed that Celia Ann Dick would receive the proceeds from the sale of the Harmelt property. Other land records from that time suggest the Harmelt's land would have been valued at about $25.00 an acre or a total of $3,000.00. It is unclear why Anderson said Celia Ann Dick was only to receive $300.00 total.

Information on the final closing of the probate process and the sale of Harmelt's land isn't available in the files. In October of 1940, Superintendent Gross wrote to Anderson asking what had been done, but he received no reply. In October 1941, Gross again wrote to Anderson asking for information on the probate of John Harmelt and whether or not Mrs. Dick was due additional funds; there is no record of any reply.

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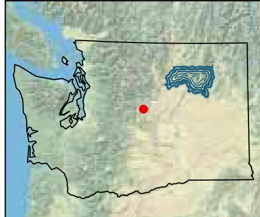
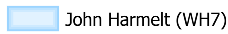
John Harmelt Allotment




John Harmelt (WH7)

12/21/2022

TN

MN: 13.63°E

0 0.5 1
Miles

0 2,500 5,000
Feet

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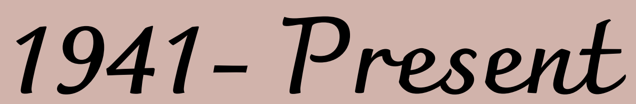
Coordinate System: NAD 1983 UTM Zone 11N



1941- Present

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1941-Present

In 1941, members of the Colville Tribal Council asked the Superintendent to determine what had been done with the $20,000 that was made available for the Wenatchee Band of the Yakima Tribe for the sale of the tract of land involving the Wenatchee Fishery. They wanted to know how much had been appropriated and how much money was left in the treasury for "distribution of the heirs of the original allottees who refused to accept their shares of the appropriated "Fishery money." The Commissioner responded that the bulk of the $20,000 was used for road construction work [actually for an irrigation system] and there was a total of $976.50 remaining in the account. The latter amount represented the total shares of those who refused their $9.30. This amount, said the Commissioner, could be paid to the heirs of those who refused their shares in 1894.

After 1930, Wenatchi efforts to guarantee their treaty fishing rights, especially at the Wenatchapam Fishery, were dealt a blow by the nearly complete disappearance of salmon in the drainage. By the mid-1930s, plans had been instituted to use the Wenatchapam Fishery area for a major federal hatchery which could help bring salmon back to the tributaries of the Columbia between Wenatchee and the Canadian border and replace fish lost to Grand Coulee Dam. By the late 1930s, the importance of the federal hatchery located at the site of the Wenatchapam Fishery in negating the effects of Grand Coulee Dam was so great that the Wenatchis were prevented from continuing their traditional fishing practices.

Wenatchis continued to demand their fishing rights through the middle of the twentieth century. During World War II, the federal Indian policy deflected most of the tribal energy through the 1940s, 1950, and 1960s. Later in the period, Wenatchis, along with the other Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation, were completely occupied, resisting the aggressive efforts of the United States to terminate their tribes. Although the Department of Interior did not allow the Wenatchis to arrange a proper claim attorney contract, the Tribe never obtain jurisdictional legislation, which allowed them to file a claim against the United States. The Wenatchis continued with their attempts to gain redress for their lost reservation. In the 1950s, Wenatchi leaders joined with other Colville Tribes in filing a claim before the Indian Claims Commission, but, were disappointed when the commissioner did not deal with Wenatchi's lost use of the Wenatchapam Fishery Reservation. Wenatchis have continued to attempt to exercise their rights to fish at Wenatchapam and to gather and hunt in the Wenatchee Valley through the remainder of the twentieth century.

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1941-Present

Like other tribes on the Colville Reservation, Wenatchis were enrolled based on their membership in the Wenatchi Tribe, which was authorized to take residence on the reservation. Throughout the early 20th century, the United States refused to officially recognize traditionally appointed chiefs of the tribes on the Colville Reservation. After 1934, the United States government worked aggressively to establish a constitutional form of government. In January 1937, a constitution was approved by the government for the Colvilles, and a tribal council was formed. In conjunction with the constitution, a base roll of tribal members was created based on the enrollment census and testimony of tribal elders and chiefs.

Since 1855, the Wenatchis have maintained good relations with the United States. In the twentieth century, they continued to make every attempt to respect the laws and regulations established by the United States. In return, they have expected the United States to honor its promises to the Wenatchis. After the establishment of the Colville Business Council, the Wenatchis used the council as the vehicle to pursue political objectives and have continued to be informally organized on political issues. Today a Wenatchi Steering Committee (Wenatchi Advisory Committee), duly appointed by the council, provides advice and recommendations to the council on matters relating to Wenatchi. After 1937, tribal rolls and census have continued to list Wenatchis by their tribal affiliation.

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Court Case

Recent studies have documented that the Wenatchis continued knowledge of their aboriginal territory is held together by traditional mechanisms. The examination of tribal tradition, among the people of Wenatchi descent on the Colville Reservation, demonstrates that the Wenatchi Tribe continues to be organized at all levels of tribal culture-social, religion, and political. The Tribe carries on the knowledge necessary for traditional subsistence survival, continues a close attachment to and interrelationship with its aboriginal territory, and is organized by a mutually held ethos, which includes cultural understandings of tribal philosophy, folklore, religious activity, and political structure.

Wenatchis continued to fish on Icicle Creek in 2003, the Yakima Nation obtained a federal injunction against the Wenatchis to prevent them from fishing on their ancestral fishing spot. Colvilles objected in court, arguing they had a right based on the 1894 agreement. The Federal District Court again ruled against the Wenatchis. In 2006 the Colville Tribe appealed to the Ninth Circuit Court; and the decision was reversed and remanded to lower court for trial. The trial took place in May of 2008 and Colville attorneys again argued that the Wenatchis had a right due to the 1894 agreement. This time the court ruled in favor of the Wenatchis. Yakimas appealed to the Ninth Circuit in March 2010, but the court affirmed the lower court ruling on May 27, 2010. Yakima Nation did not appeal to the Supreme Court; the matter was finally settled. After 150 years, the Wenatchis fishing rights to their ancestral fishing grounds were finally affirmed.

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Current Affairs

Wenatchi descendants continue to make vigorous efforts to maintain a strong presence in their aboriginal homelands in Wenatchee, Cashmere, and Leavenworth. Annually in the spring, members will travel to Cashmere to reconnect with their ancestors by cleaning their graves at the Wenatchi cemetery. Many relations of Wenatchi descent are buried here, including John and Ellen Harmelt. Unfortunately, due to continued land development, gravesites are vulnerable to erosion.

Other efforts have been made through partnering with local entities like the Cashmere Museum, Wenatchee River Institute, Wenatchee Valley Museum and Cultural Center, and the Professional baseball team. The Cashmere Museum and Pioneer Village is a 13,000-square-foot building that includes Native American artifacts, Pioneer objects, taxidermy, and fully furnished cabins. Pictures of Celia Ann Dick can be seen as well as Wenatchi beadwork, baskets, regalia, and tools. A sign was also dedicated to John Harmelt and his efforts.

In 2023, the Wenatchee River Institute will unveil a new exhibit dedicated solely to the Wenatchis. The Wenatchi exhibit will spread awareness and educate about the history of the Wenatchis and the hindrances they faced throughout the 19th century. The Wenatchi exhibit has said to include a digital map timeline of the aboriginal territories, original boundaries of the 1855 treaty reservation, and present-day locations. Visitors to the exhibit can learn Salish words for places, names, and greetings.

Also professional baseball team, the Wenatchee Applesox acknowledges the land of the ***p̓squsoa***. For their 85th anniversary in 2022, the Applesox commemorated a jersey design in honor of the Wenatchi. In collaboration with the Colville Language Program and Colville casinos, the jersey displayed the word for the Wenatchi tribe (***šnp̓əšqʷáw̓šəxʷ***) in ***nxaʔamxčín***, a dialect of the Southern Interior Salish, which directly translates to “the people in between.” The sleeves, collar, and buttons featured a geometric pattern that interprets a bitterroot basket pattern. The design on the sleeves represented Wenatchee Foothills, while the design down the buttons represented the Wenatchee River.

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Conclusion

Despite every governmental effort, the Wenatchis never waivered their belief that they had a right to the Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve. Through impossible circumstances, the Wenatchi fought hard and diligently for their rights to their aboriginal territory, resources, language, culture, and history.

The Wenatchapam Fishery was a part of the Wenatchi Tribe's exclusively used and occupied aboriginal territory, held since time immemorial, and extended permissive use rights to many of the other tribes now occupying the Colville Reservation.

The Wenatchis were parties to the 1855 Walla Walla Treaty. The Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve was set aside for their use under the terms of the 1855 treaty. As parties to the treaty, the Wenatchis were guaranteed fishing rights at the Wenatchapam Fishery and their normal and accustomed places. They were also guaranteed rights to gather and hunt in open and unclaimed lands.

The Wenatchis abided by the terms of the ratified treaty and resided where the United States asked them to live, within the bounds, as they understood them and representatives of the United States had identified them, of the Wenatchapam Fishery Reserve.

Years later, the agents of the United States who negotiated the cession of the 1892 reservation, promised, assured, and guaranteed that the Wenatchis rights at the Wenatchapam Fishery would remain unfettered as would the Tribe's treaty fishing rights in normal and accustomed places. The Wenatchis were promised over 14,000 acres of allotments in the Cashmere district and were told this land would serve as their reservation.

After the 1894 agreement was ratified, the Commissioner of the General Land Office accepted the 1893 survey of the reservation, as ceded, but only insofar as payment to the surveyor was concerned (the lands were never removed from the public domain).

The United States failed to provide allotments to all Wenatchis where they lived but did provide allotments to a small percentage of people in the valley.

Under the terms of the 1894 agreement, as explained by representatives of the United States, as understood by the Wenatchis, Yakimas, and representatives of the United States and ratified by Congress, the Wenatchi people are entitled to continue fishing rights at the Wenatchapam Fishery, and hunting and gathering rights to open and unclaimed areas within their aboriginal homeland.

Wenatchi's fight for their rights and land continues.

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Salish Vocabulary

panʔištkʷ
Storytelling
Winter Dances
Ceremonial Crafts
Repairs
Winter Camps

panʔítqps
Root Digging
Root Feasts
Memorials
Fishing
Salmon Ceremoy
Food Prep

šnp'əšqʷáw'šəxʷ
Wenatchee

Hunting
Fishing
Winter Prep
Food Prep
škʹáʔiʔ

Berry Picking
Berry Feasts
Powwows
Stickgame
Plant Gathering
Fishing
paaʔscʹáaʔkʷ

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nxaʔamxčín vocabulary

Place Names	
k̓ʷuxʷčín	Badger Mountain
šnk̓íʕʷmən	Church
nʔítx̌ʷaʔm	Camas Prarie
yáqšm	Yaxon Canyon
nšy̓áy̓am	Olallie Canyon
nšíq̓l̓t	Icicle Creek
čwáxm	Chiwawa River
nax̌áʕx̌aʕm	Nahahum Canyon
wənáči	Wenatchee River
sp̓ərq̓ánaʔ	Huckleberry Mountain
šwáḥamáłx̌x̌ƛ̓číntn	Ribbon Cliff

Traditional Foods	
škʷən̓kʷín̓əm	Indian Potato
šmukʷáx̌ən	Sunflower
špáƛ̓əm	Bitterroot
c̓əx̌ʷl̓úšaʔ	Camas
štúkəm	Wild Carrots
ʔítxʷaʔ	Black Camas
šxxk̓asst	Moss
šyáyaʔ	Serviceberry
šx̌ʷúšəm	Foamberry
šwə́naʔx̌	Huckleberry
pqəlx	Chokecherry

Seasons	
panʔíštkʷ	Winter
panʔítqpš	Spring
páaʔsc̓aaqʷ	Summer
šk̓áʔiʔ	Fall

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nxaʔamxčín vocabulary

Seasons Vocabulary	
šnk̓ʷalmáyaʔtn	Stories
šnkʷnam	Winter Dance
qʷalm	Songs
x̌ačt	Root dig
xəkʷm	Berry pick
čkwíkən	Bow
c̓əq̓ál̓ən	Arrow
liymíntən	Spear
ḥačmíntən	Rope
ń íḱmən	Knife
šq̓ítəm ntitiyáx̌	Salmon Harvest
kʷíyəm	Hunt

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