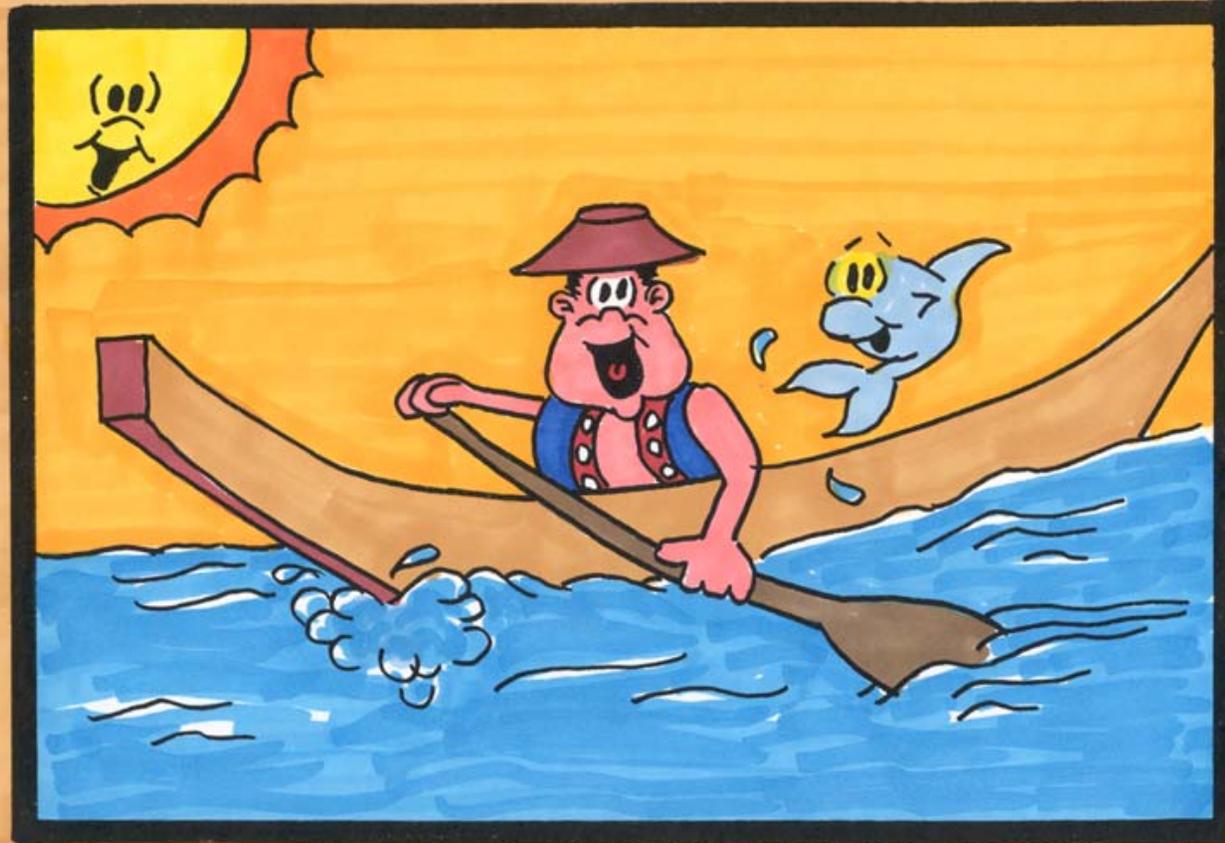


CANOE, CANOE,



WHAT CAN YOU DO?

BY JEROME M. JAINGA

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFFREY NOEL JAINGA

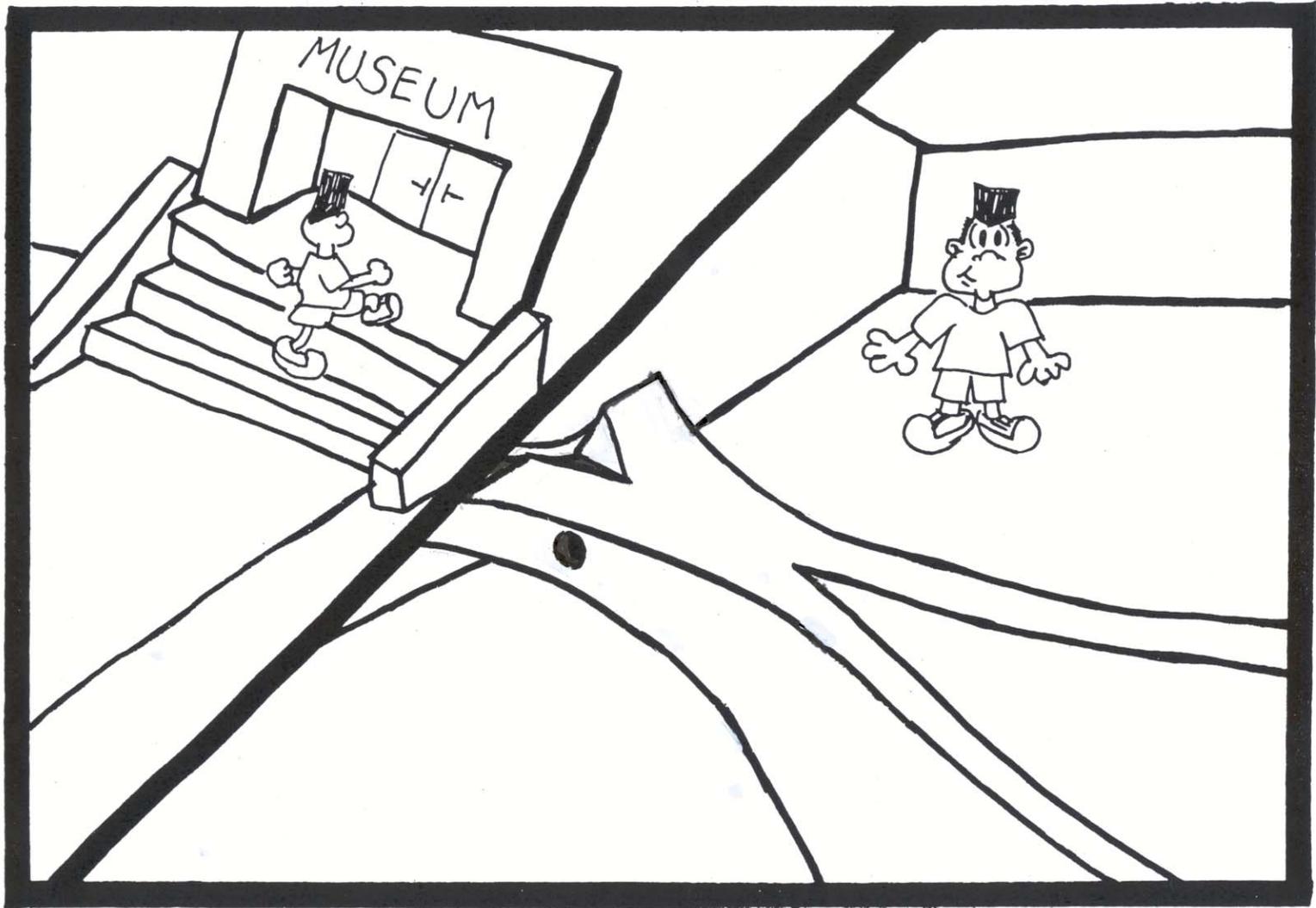
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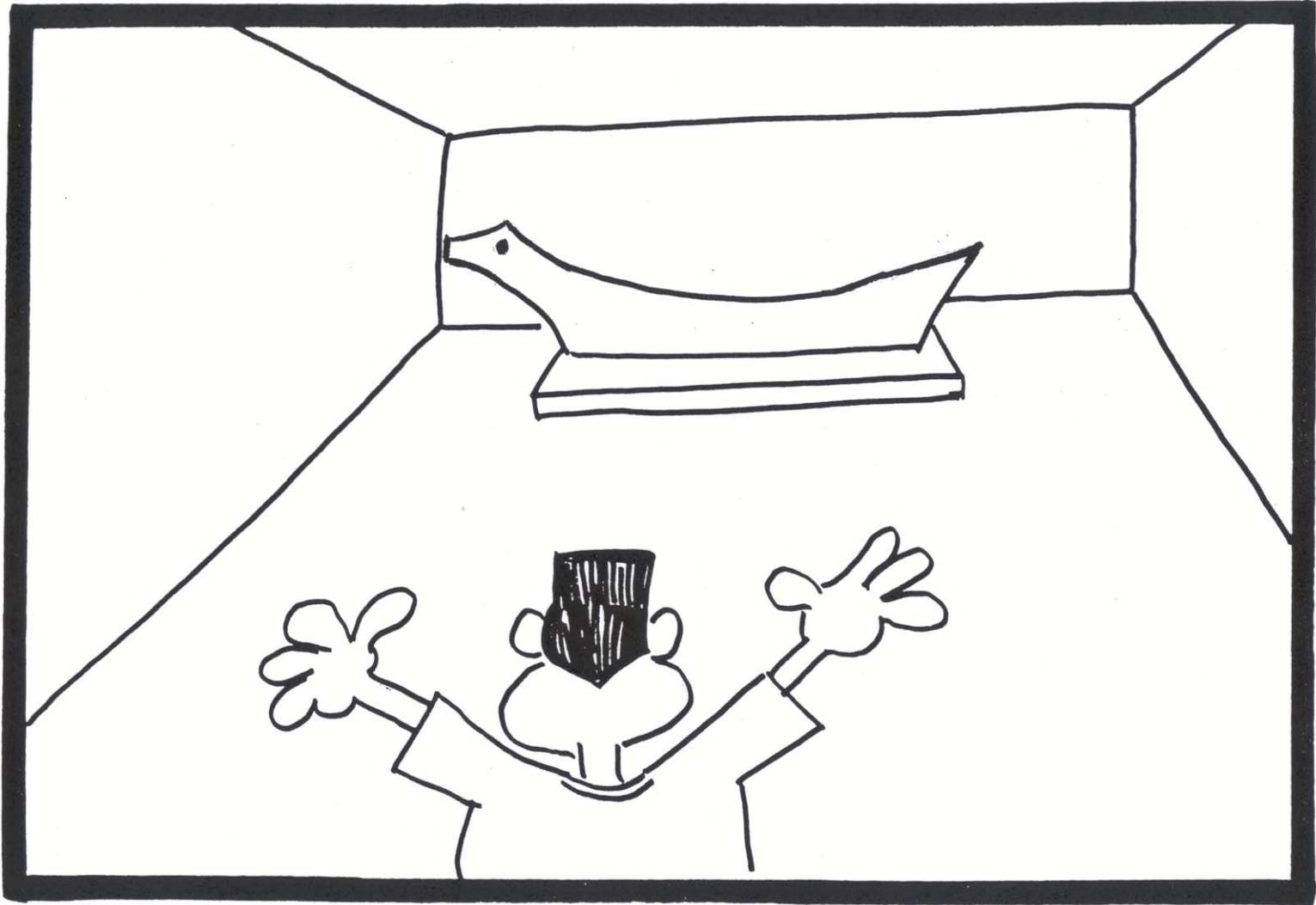
This book was developed by the Northwest Native American Curriculum Project, sponsored by The Evergreen Center for Educational Improvement at The Evergreen State College and the Office of Indian Education at the Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The project was partially funded by the Washington State Higher Education Coordinating Board.



Older man and woman are on the beach next to painted canoe. She sits on a log, next to a large a salmon on woven mat. The man stands looking down at fish. There are canoes in background. Tulalip Indian Reservation, Washington, 1907.

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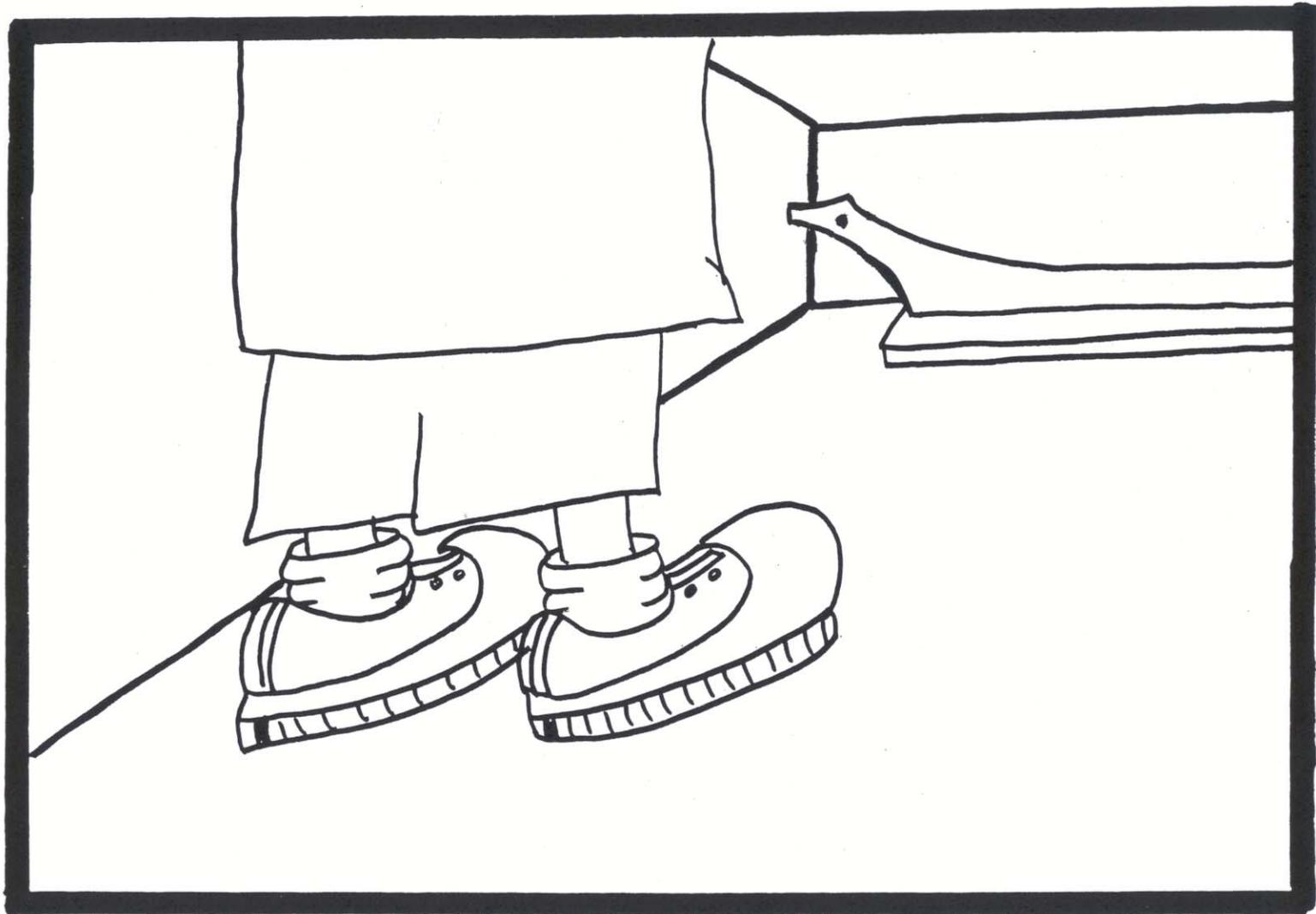




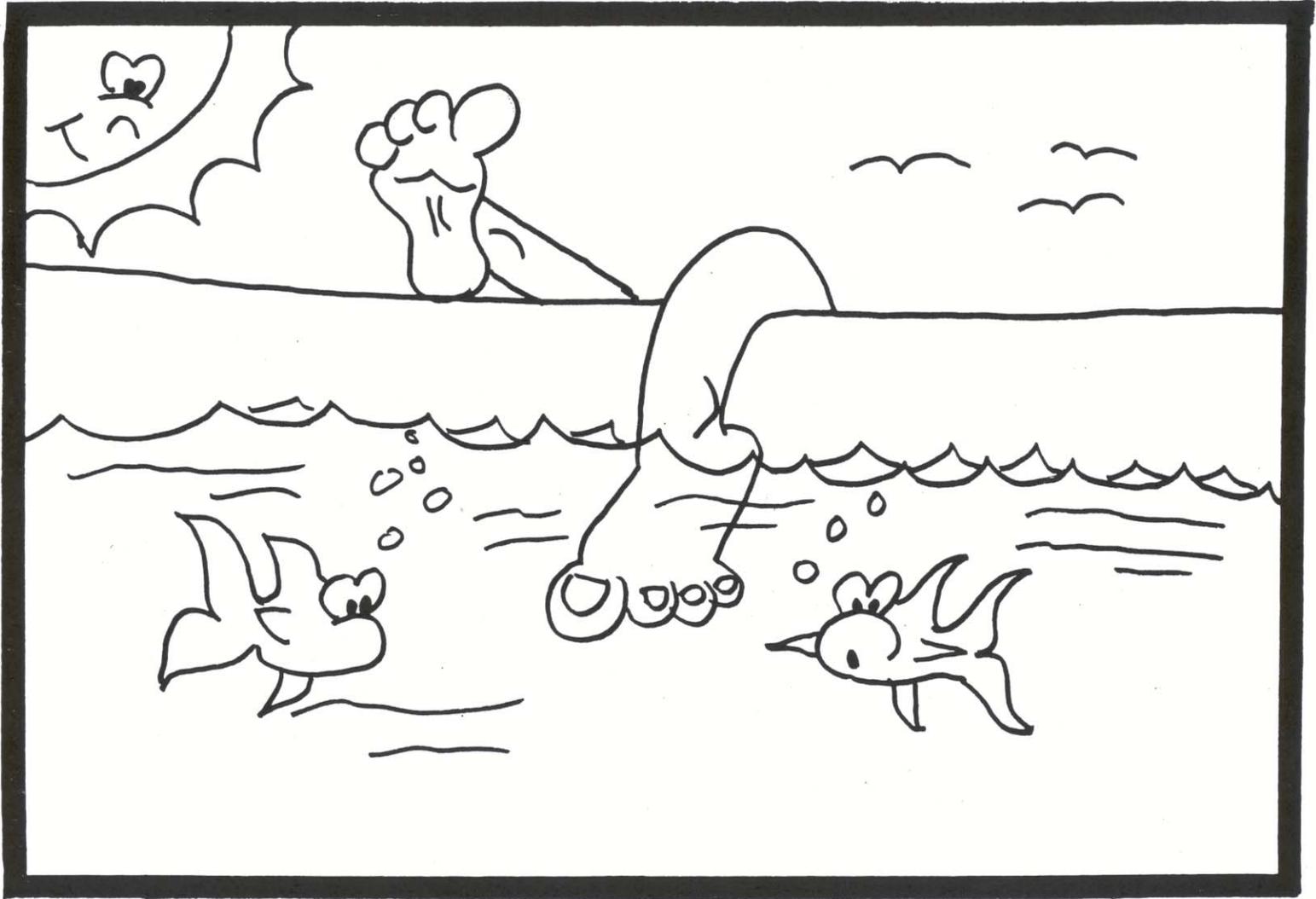
Canoe, canoe! What can you do?



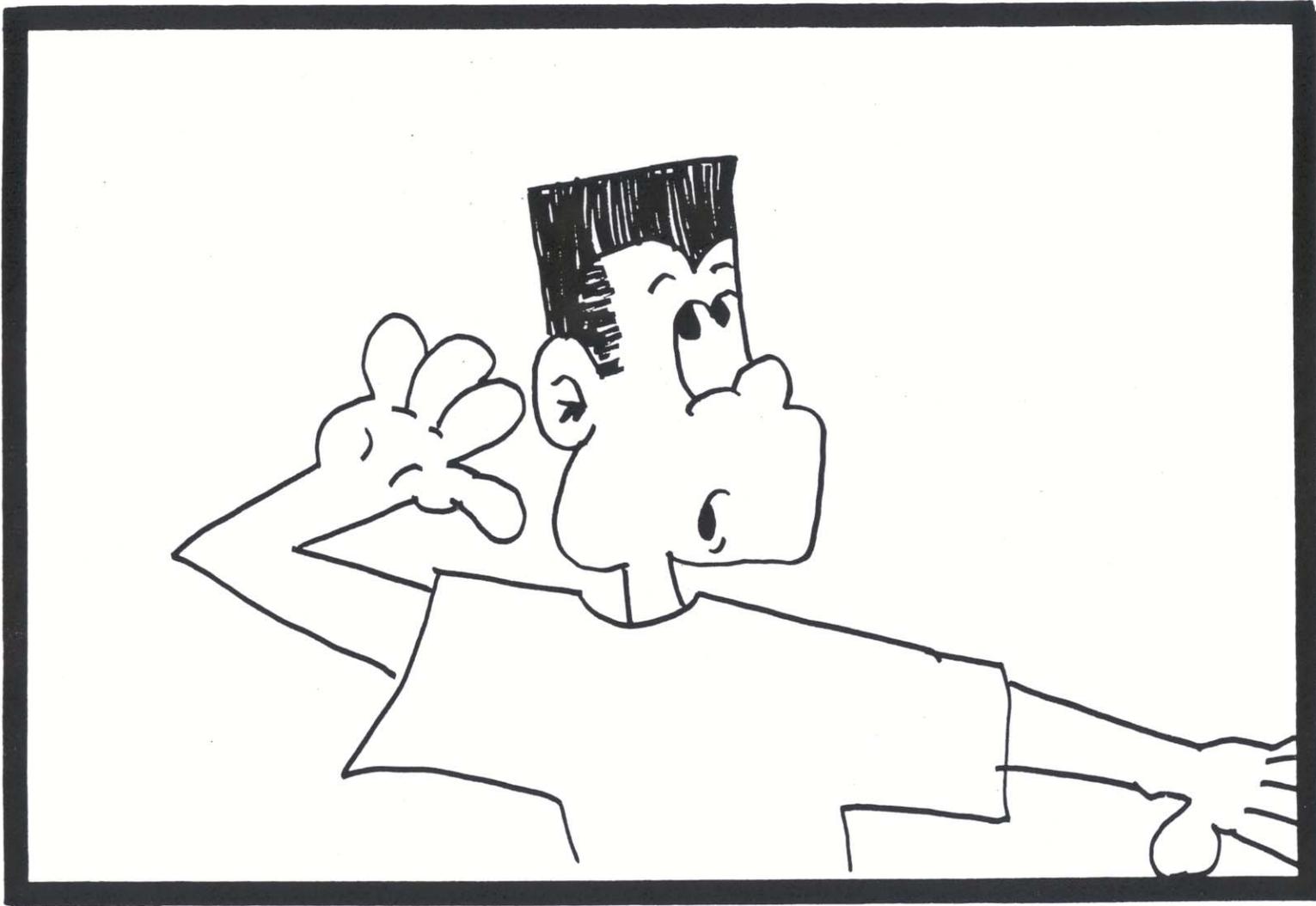
I can take you to many places, old and new.



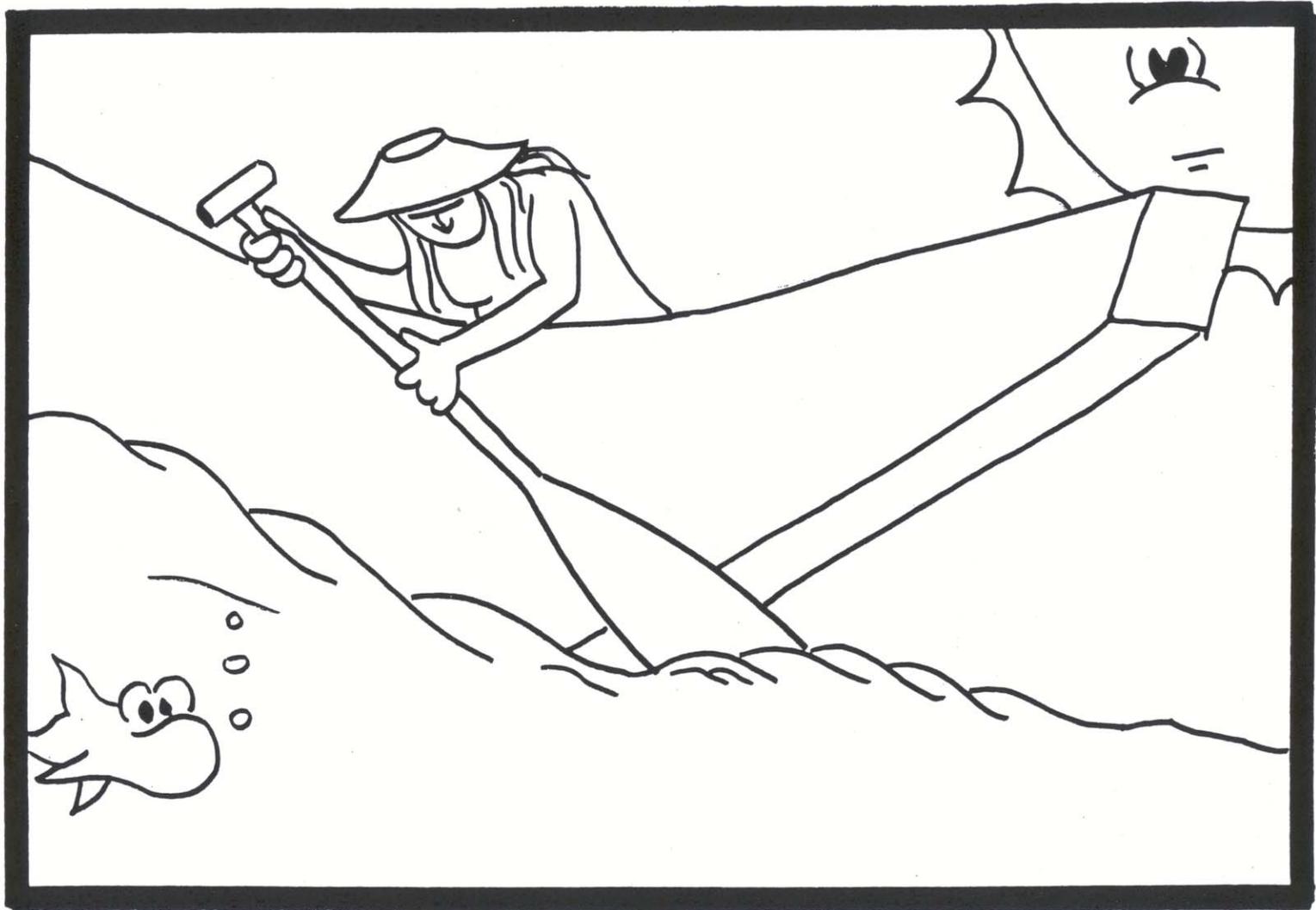
Canoe, canoe! What can you feel?



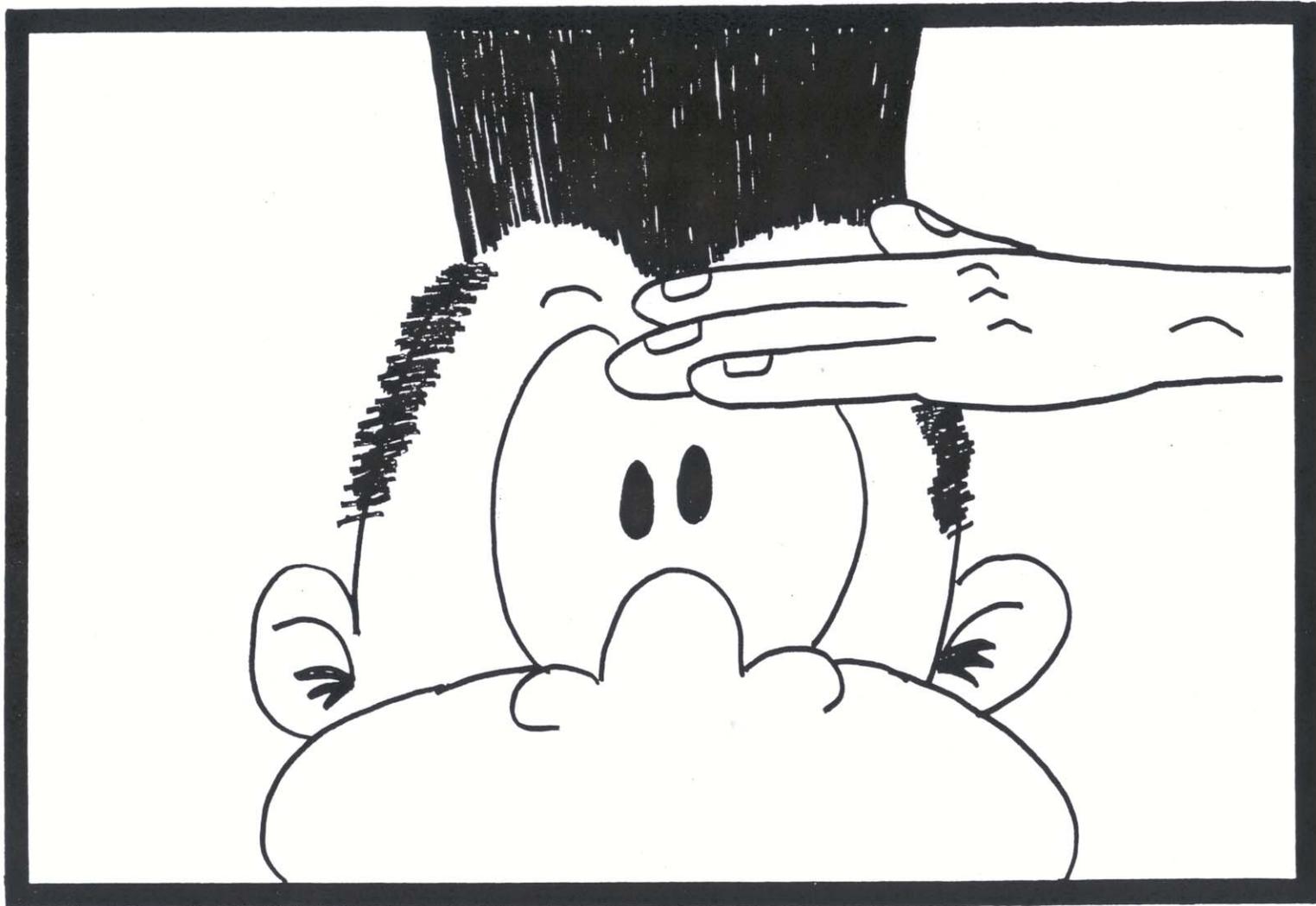
I can feel the cold waters and the warmth of your heels.



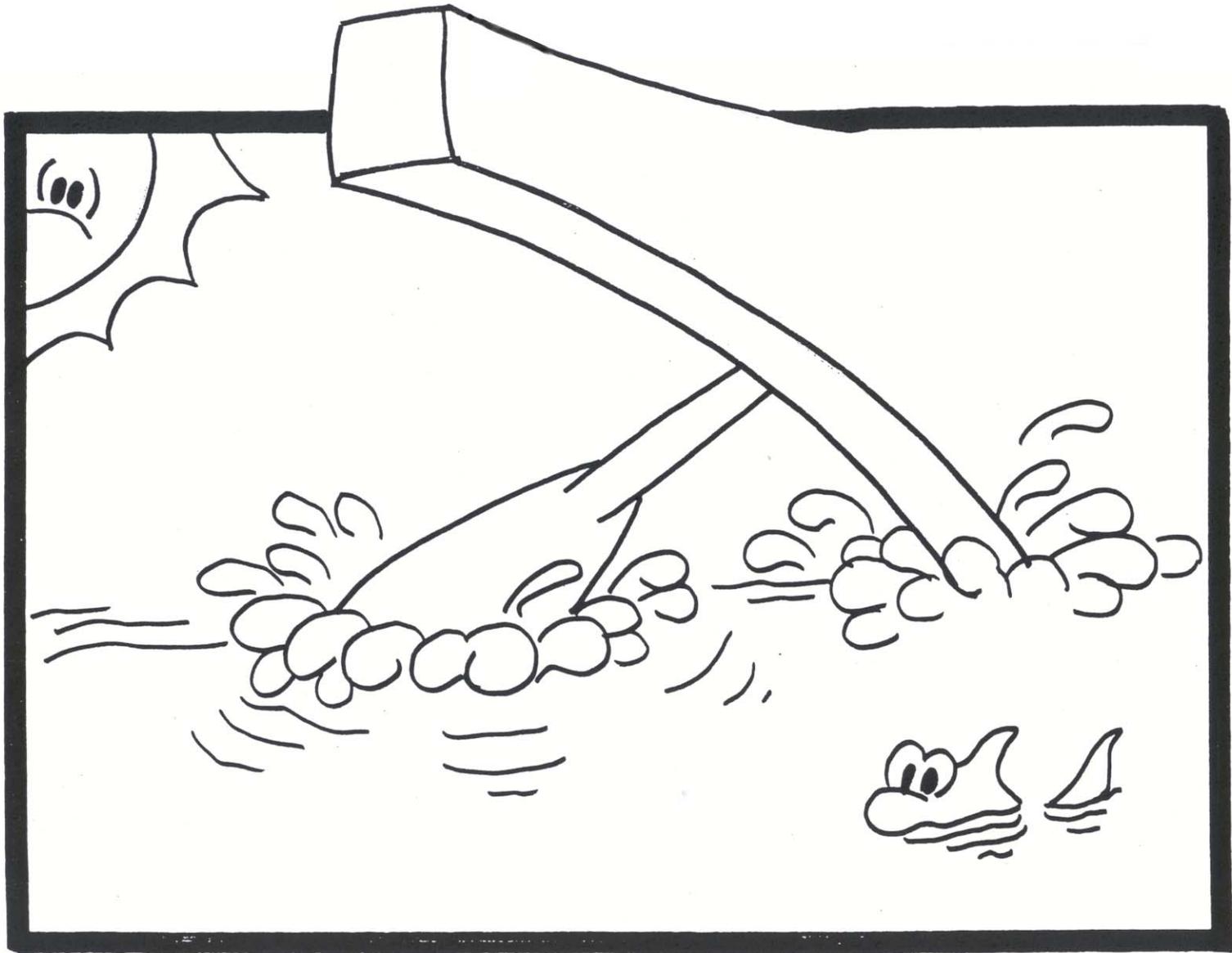
Canoe, canoe! What can you hear?



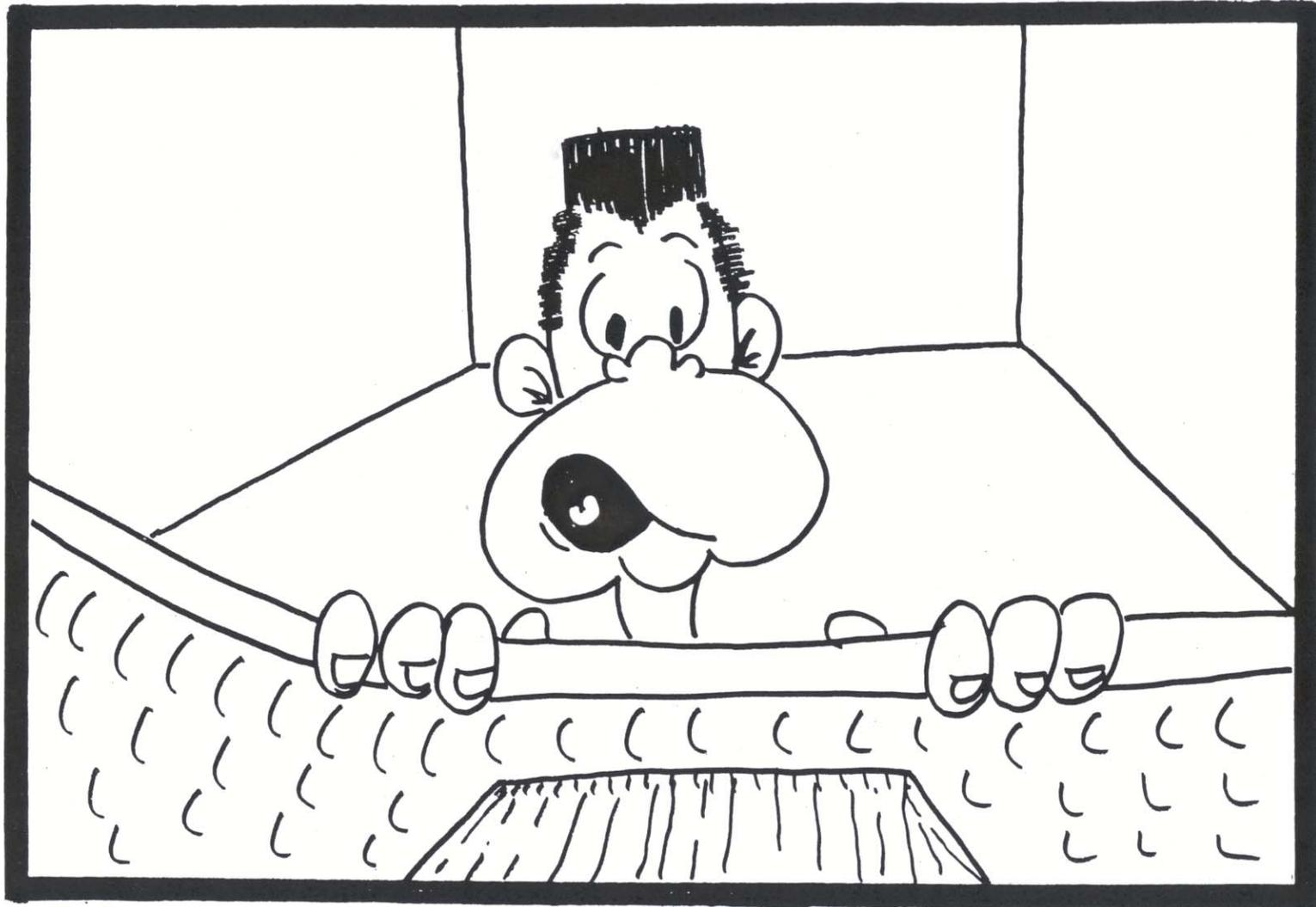
I can hear the water swishing as the steersman steers.



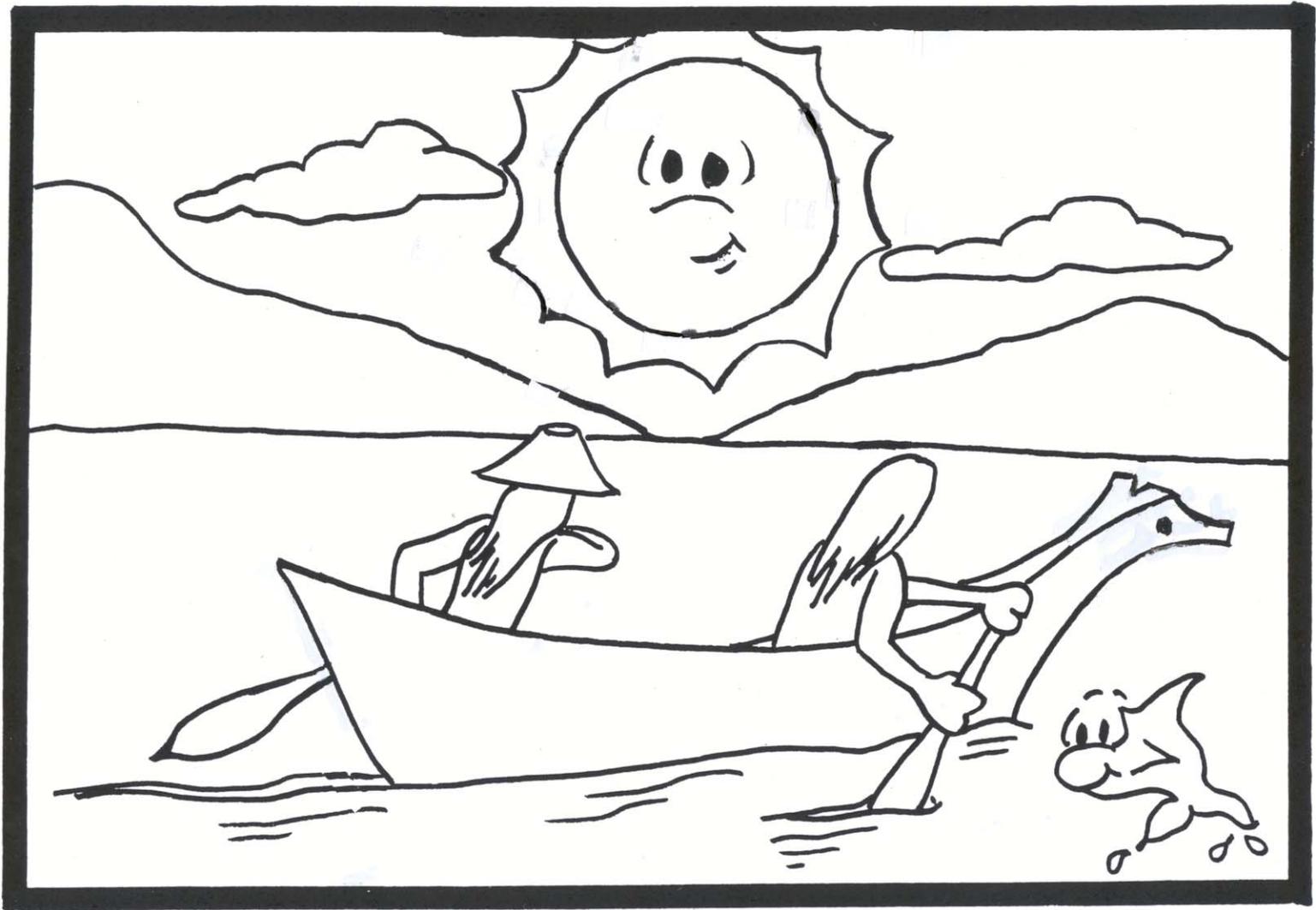
Canoe, canoe! What can you see?



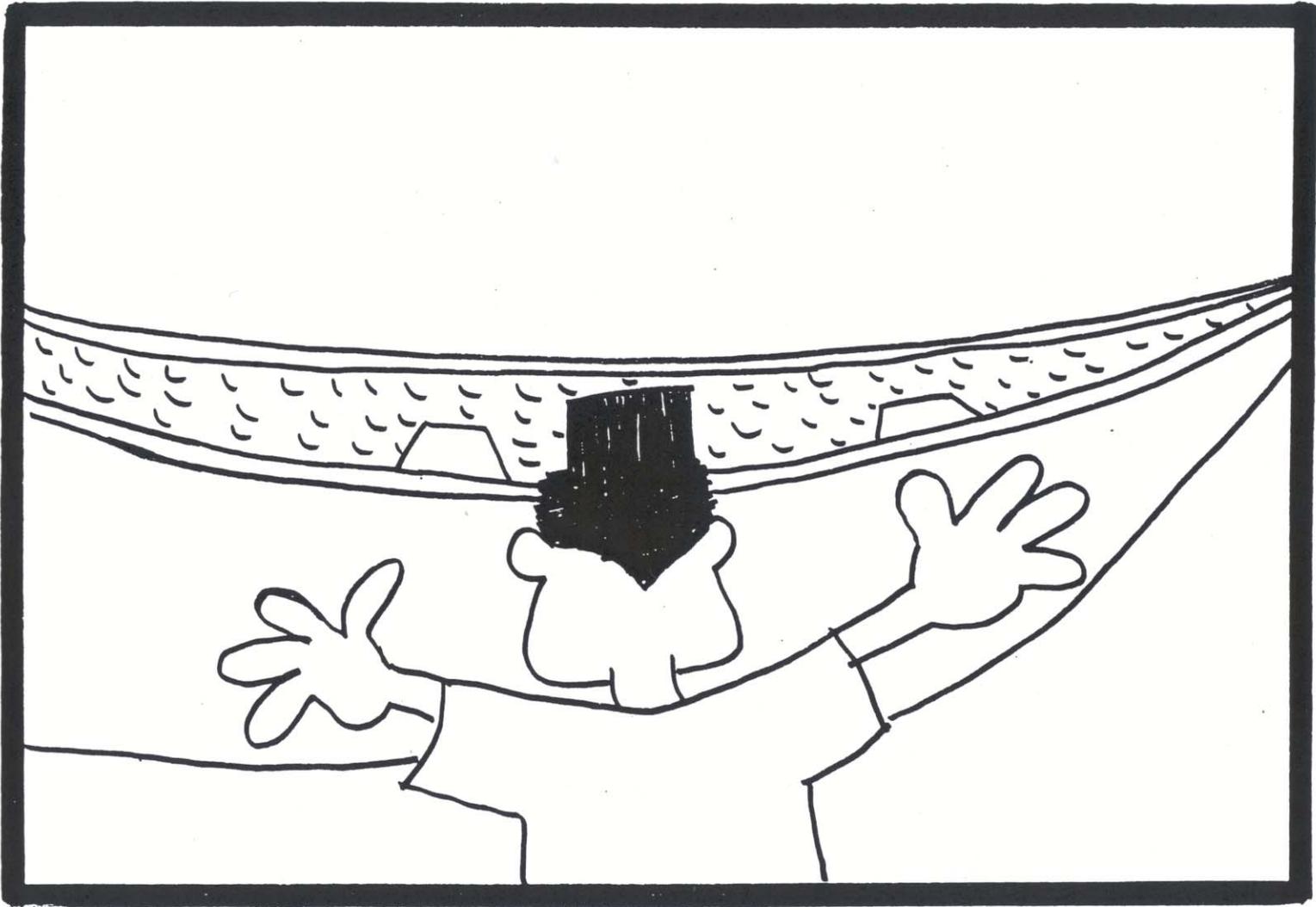
I see the paddles dipping to move you and me.



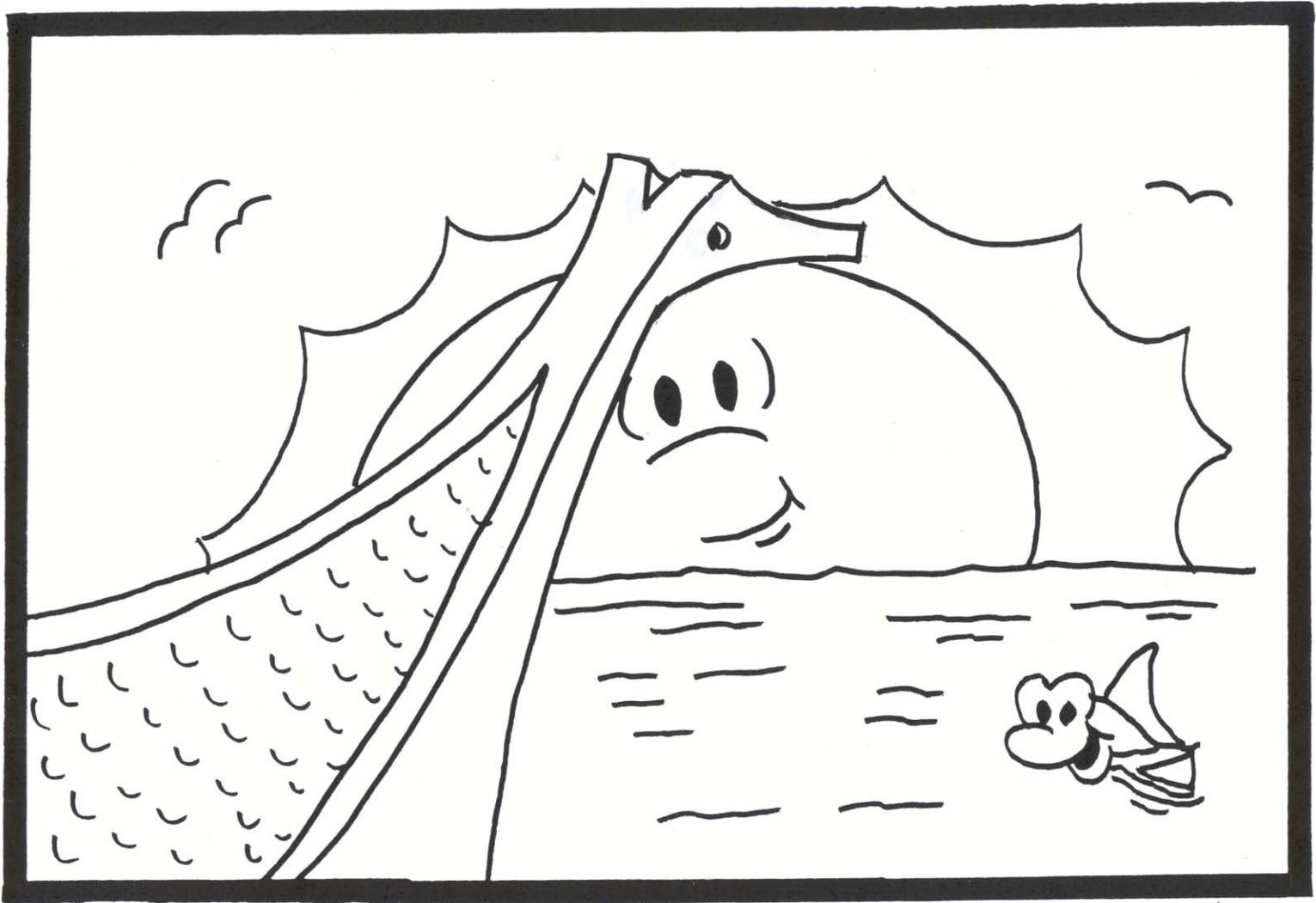
Canoe, canoe! What do you know?



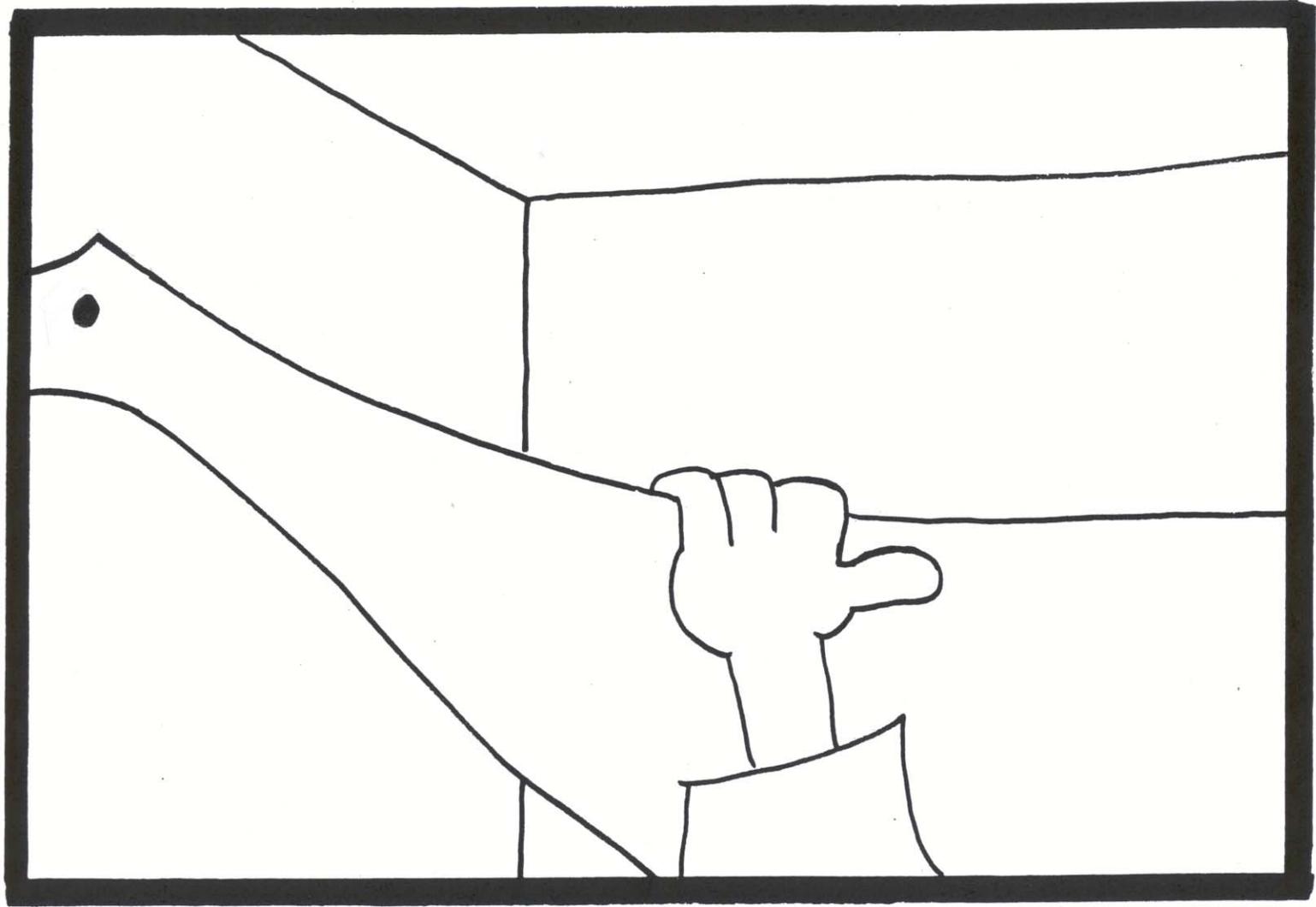
I know all the things that happened since the days of long ago.



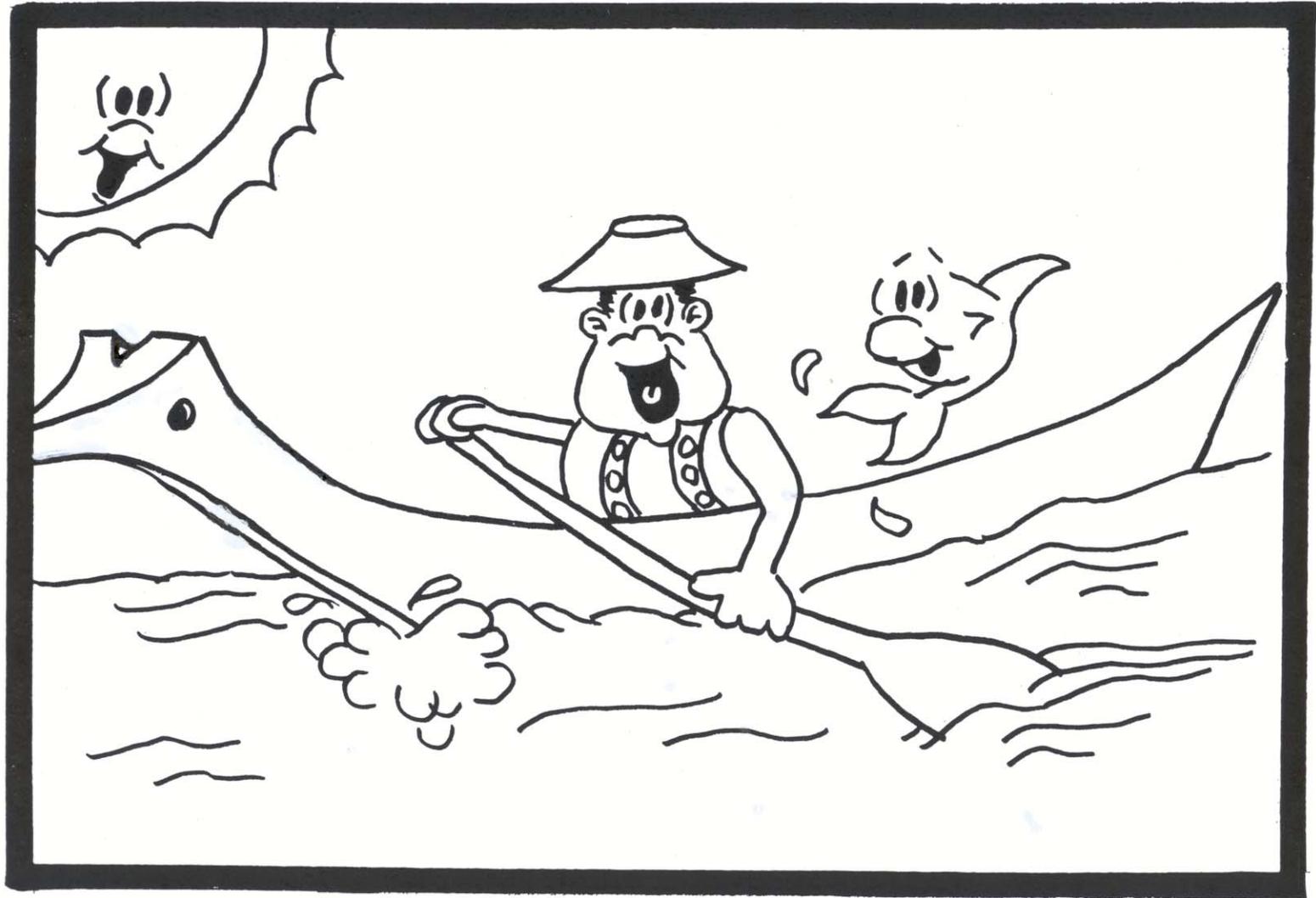
Canoe, canoe! What do you want?



I want you to remember to look beyond my bowfront.



Canoe, canoe! What can you do?



I can take you to many places, within me and within you.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND ILLUSTRATOR

Jerome M. Jainga- Tsimshian

In addition to being a cultural specialist for the Suquamish Tribe, Jerome Jainga works for the Marion Forsman-Boushie Early Learning Center. He designs culturally appropriate curriculum and programs for young people ages 3-12. He manages the educational delivery of the Lushootseed Language and acts as an advocate for Native American Education. He holds an Associate's degree in Pastry/Foods from South Seattle Community College and is currently working towards a Bachelors/Masters in Human Development and Native Studies from Pacific Oaks College. Mr. Jainga is also active in the Puget Salish Language Council, the Native Curriculum Development Team and Washington State OSPI.

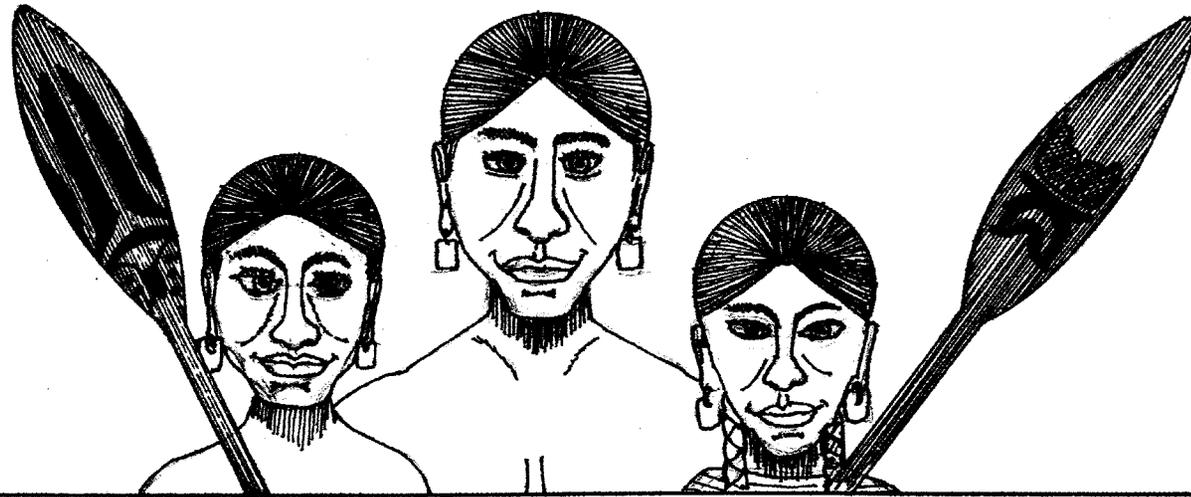
Jeffery Noel Jainga- Tsimshian

Mr. Jainga is a cartoonist, illustrator, videographer, editor and screenwriter. He has attended Seattle Central Community College's Advertising Art Program and DeAnza College in California for filmmaking. He has studied traditional Native Arts with David Boxley (Tsimshian Eagle), learning Alaskan Tsimshian 2-D design, mask and spoon carving and bentwood box construction. He worked for four years as a TV news camera soundperson at KOMO TV, for five years at LSI Logic Corporation editing, writing and producing video. He also took traditional native drum making classes with Mike Dangeli of Northwind Native Arts.

Herbie & Slim Nellie's First Journey

Written by Keith Egawa

Illustrated by Tyrone H. Stewart



TY STEWART

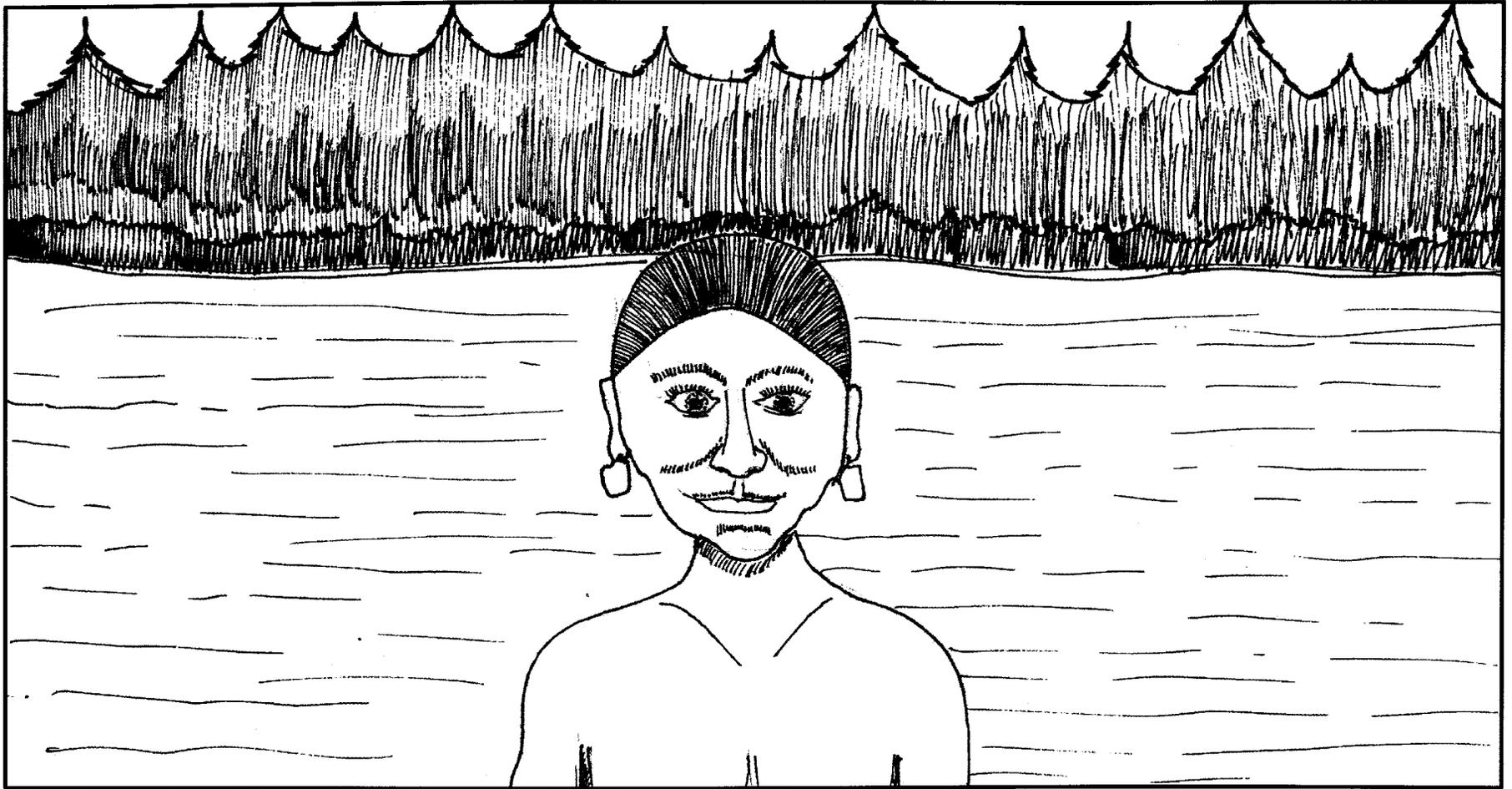
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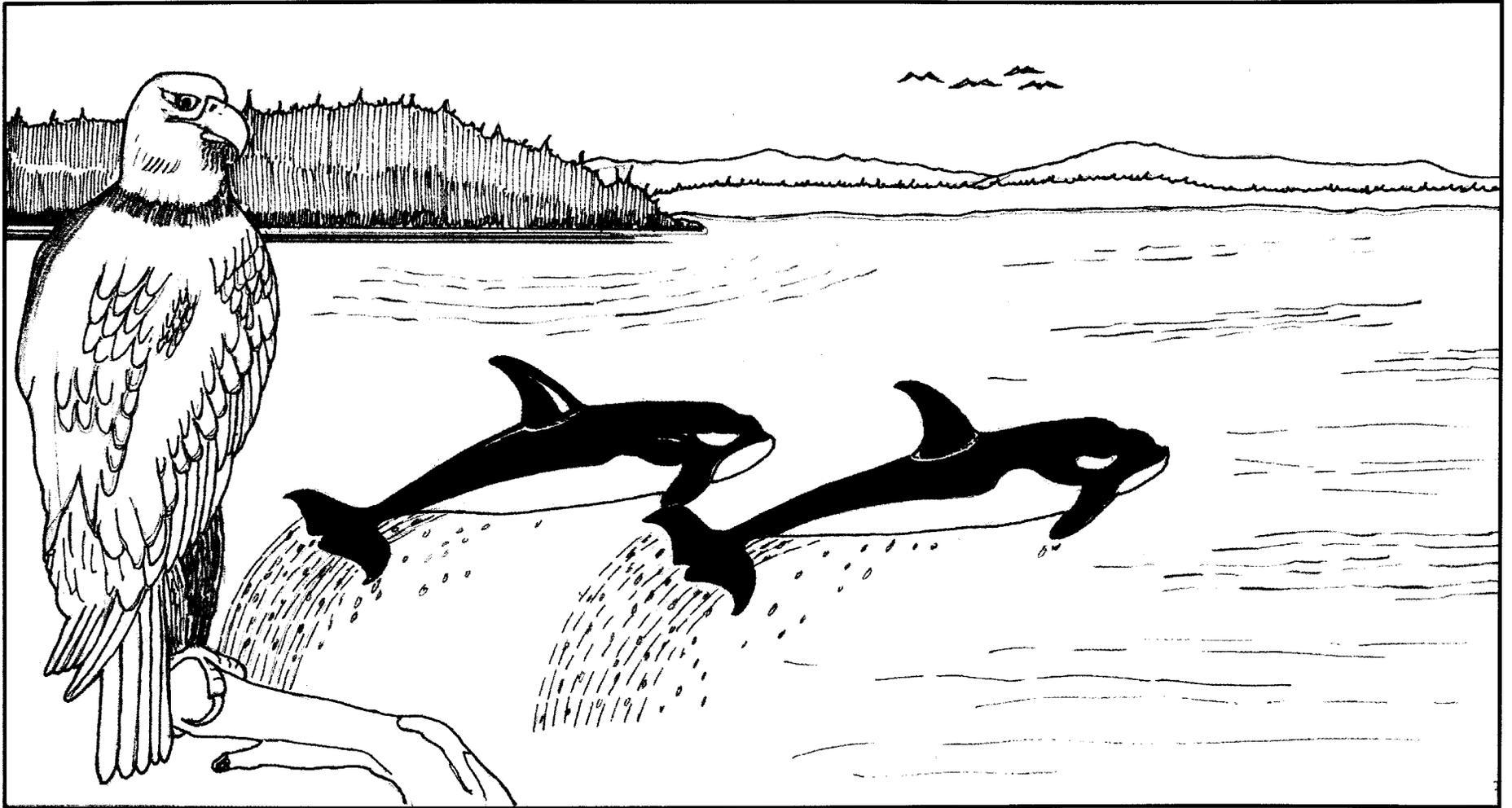


Lummi men troll for salmon from their canoe, near Bellingham, Washington, ca. 1900. The man at rear of the canoe paddles, as the man in front bends over into canoe. The shoreline is visible beyond them.

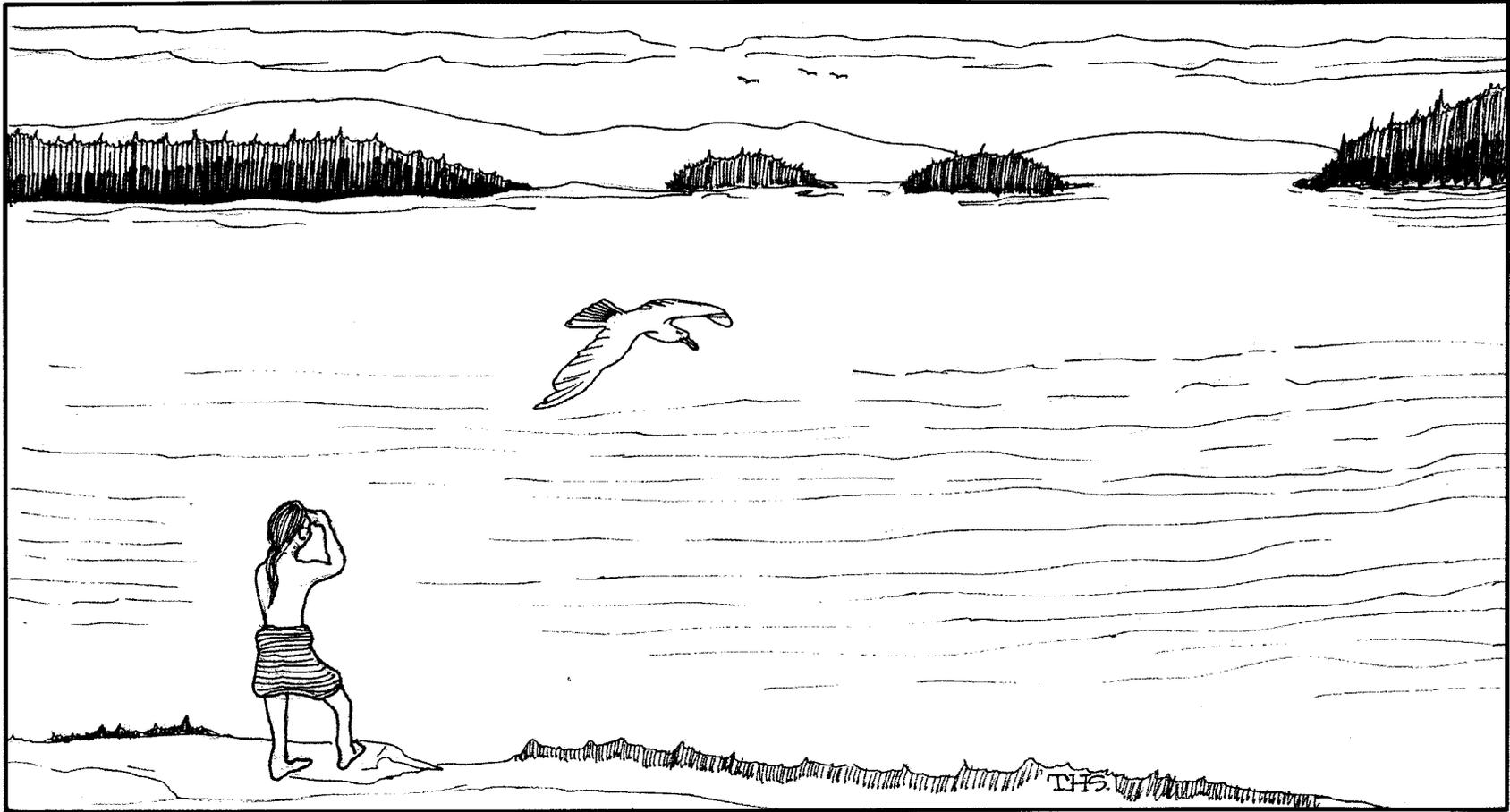
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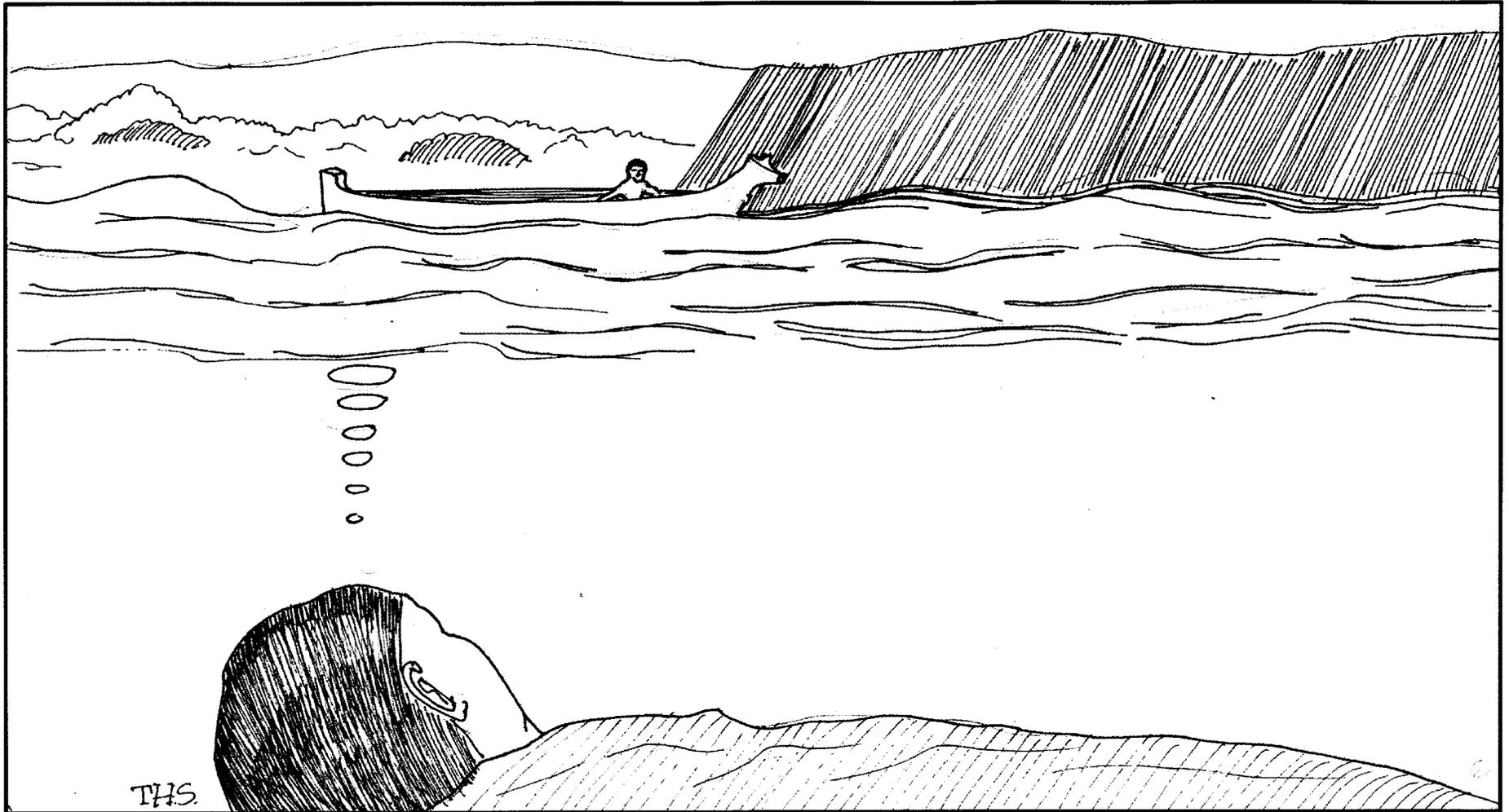
Herbie was a Coast Salish Indian boy of the Lummi Tribe. He lived with his people, in a village at the edge of the great waters of the Puget Sound.



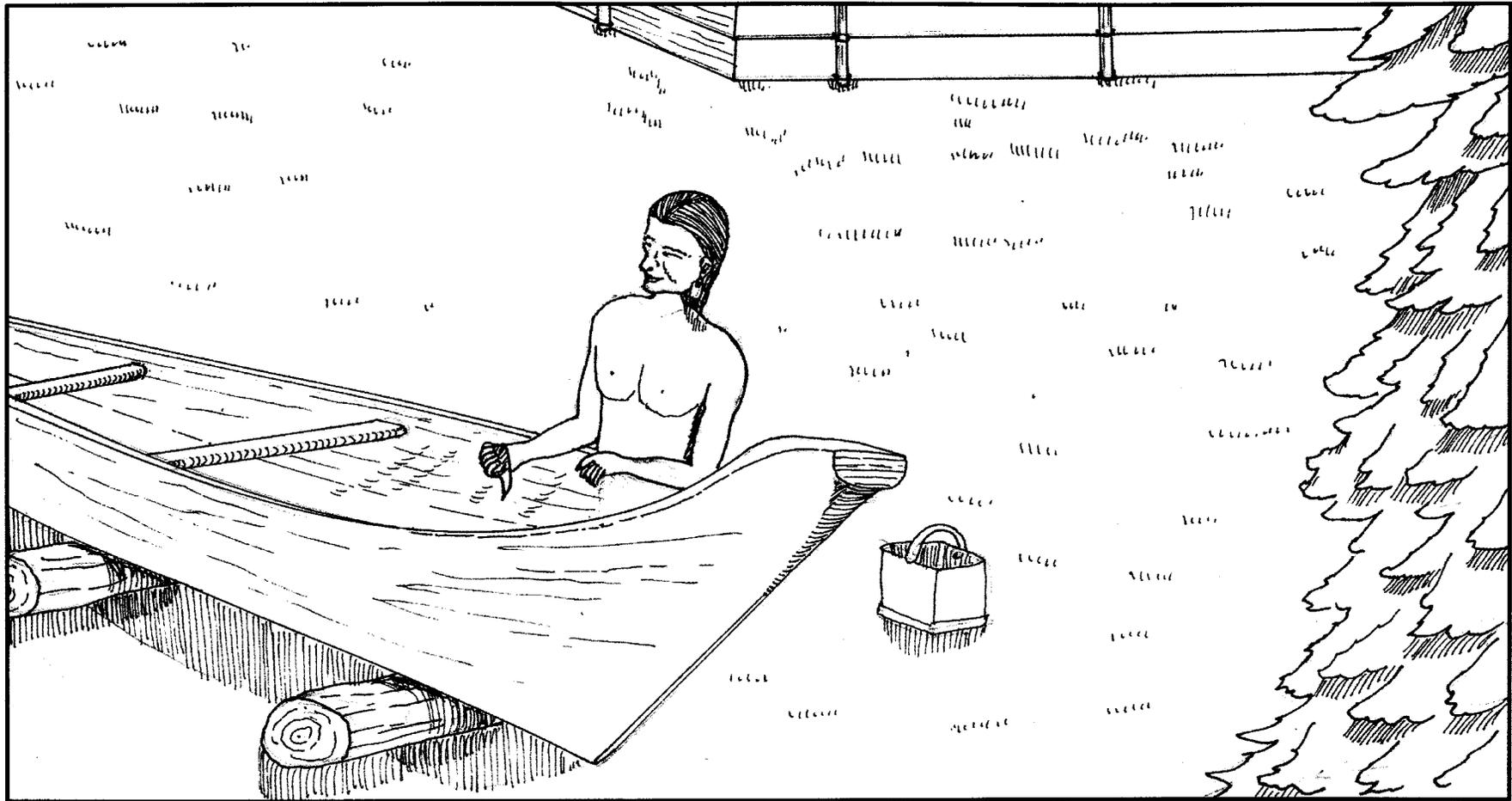
Orcas and salmon moved through the cold and salty currents there. Eagles, blue herons, and seagulls glided through blue skies. Majestic forests of fir and cedar trees covered the hills and mountains.



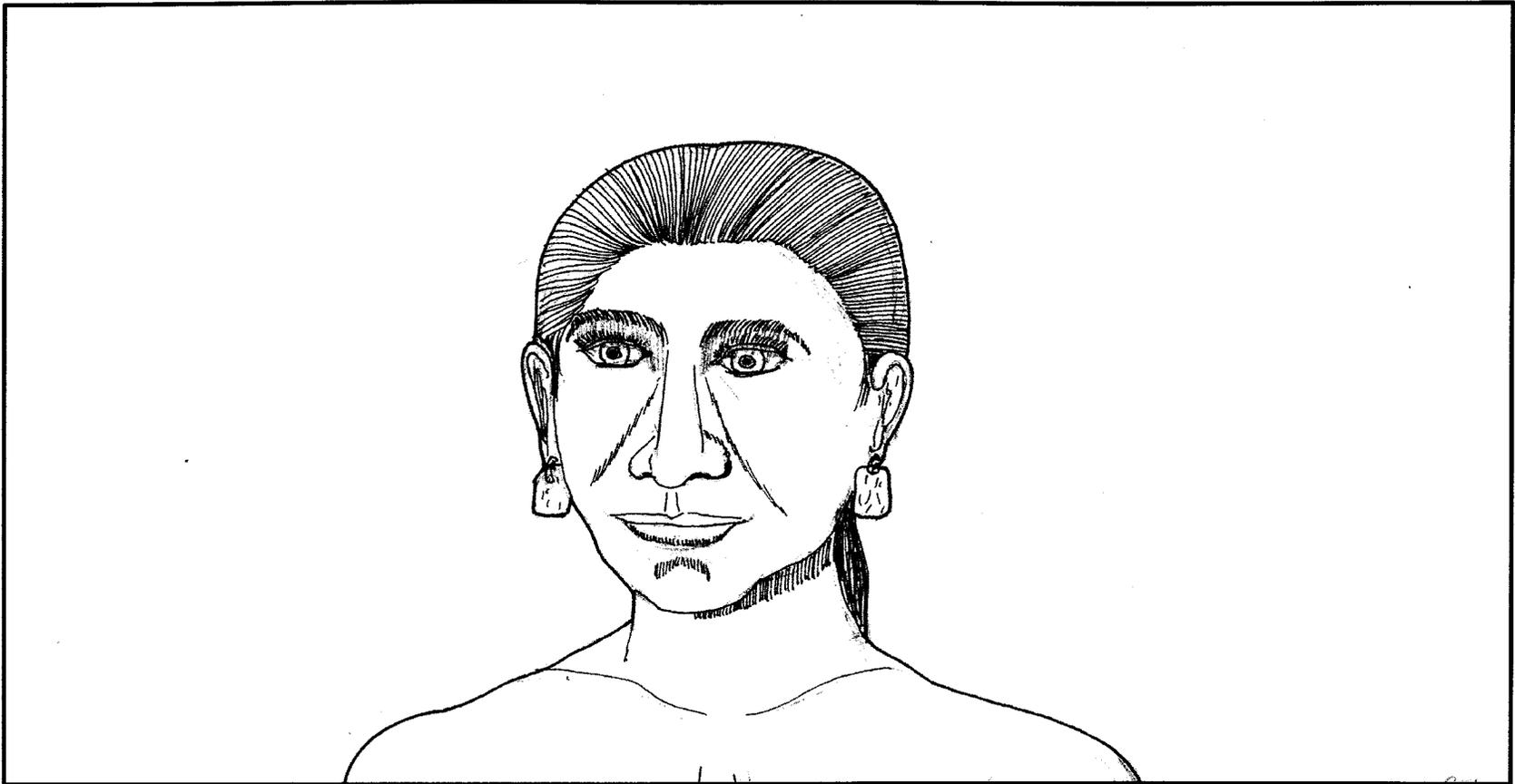
Herbie spent much of his day gazing at his vast surroundings. His eyes focused on distant details. His vision became as keen as a hawk's. Herbie was a small boy. He was perhaps the smallest boy in his village. Herbie was often afraid that he would not be as good at things as the other kids. He was afraid he was not big enough or strong enough. He was afraid that he would not be of value to the people of his village.



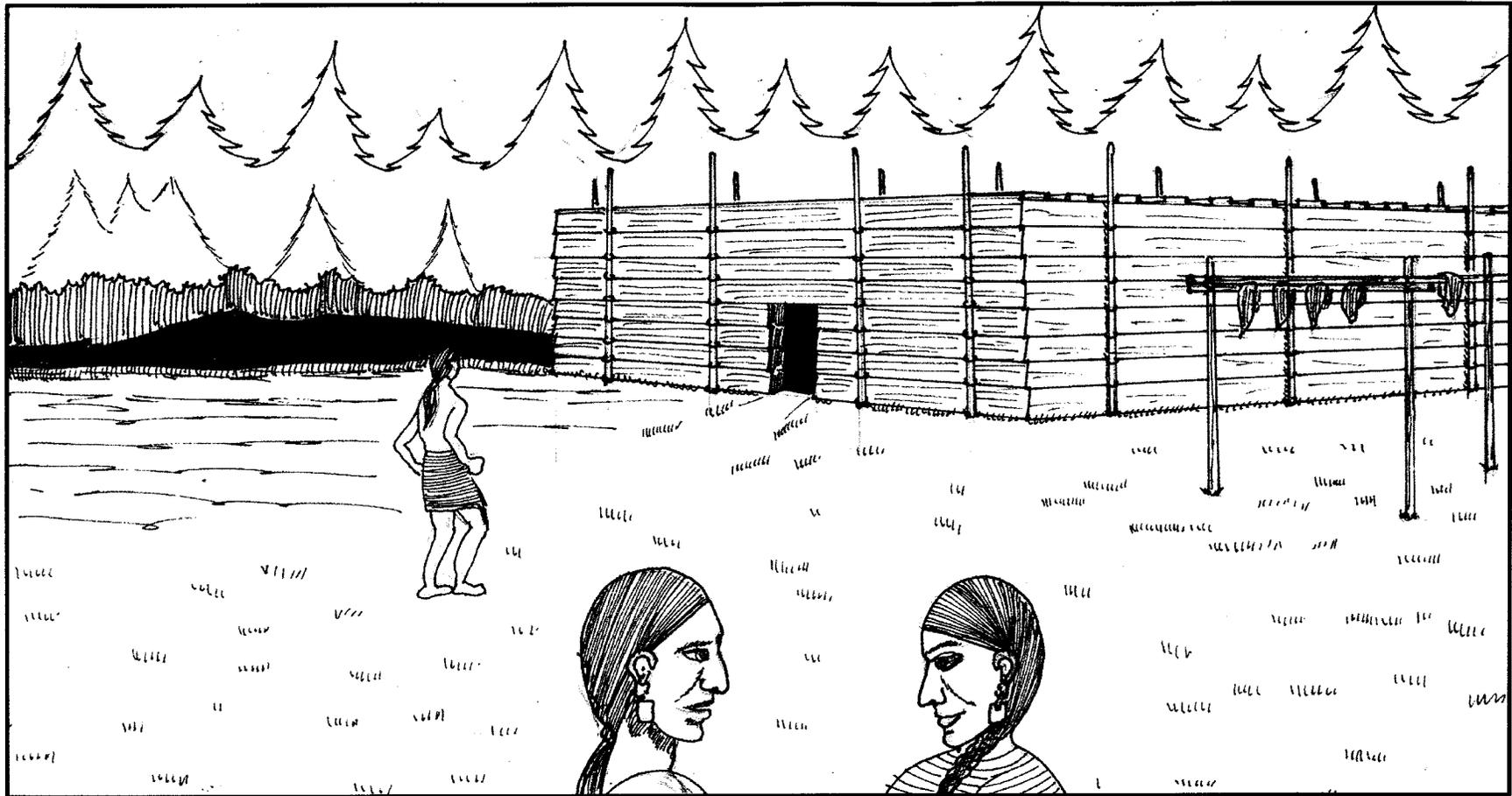
Herbie was troubled by this. He often had dreams of being lost and alone. In these dreams, Herbie was surrounded by dark waters, stormy skies, and angry winds.



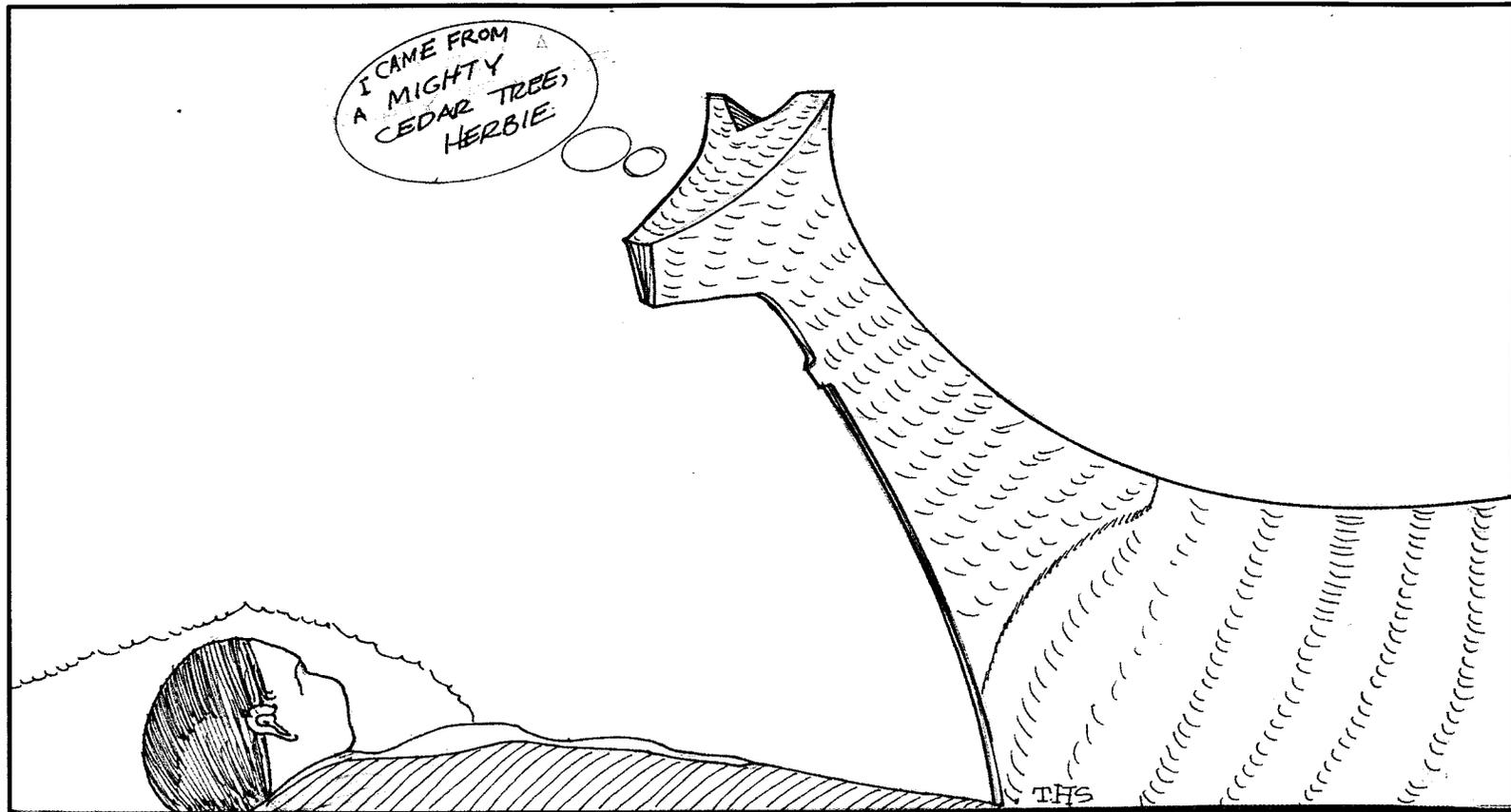
Herbie's uncle knew that Herbie was troubled. He knew that Herbie doubted himself. His uncle was a carver and he had carved a sturdy canoe from a tall cedar.



Herbie's uncle was planning to take the canoe up the coast to visit friends in another village. "Hmmm, who shall I take with me?" Herbie's uncle asked as if he were thinking aloud. "I will need two more people to paddle with me through strong currents, winds and riptides. My paddlers must have sharp sight," said Herbie's uncle. "My paddlers must have strong spirit. My paddlers must be determined."



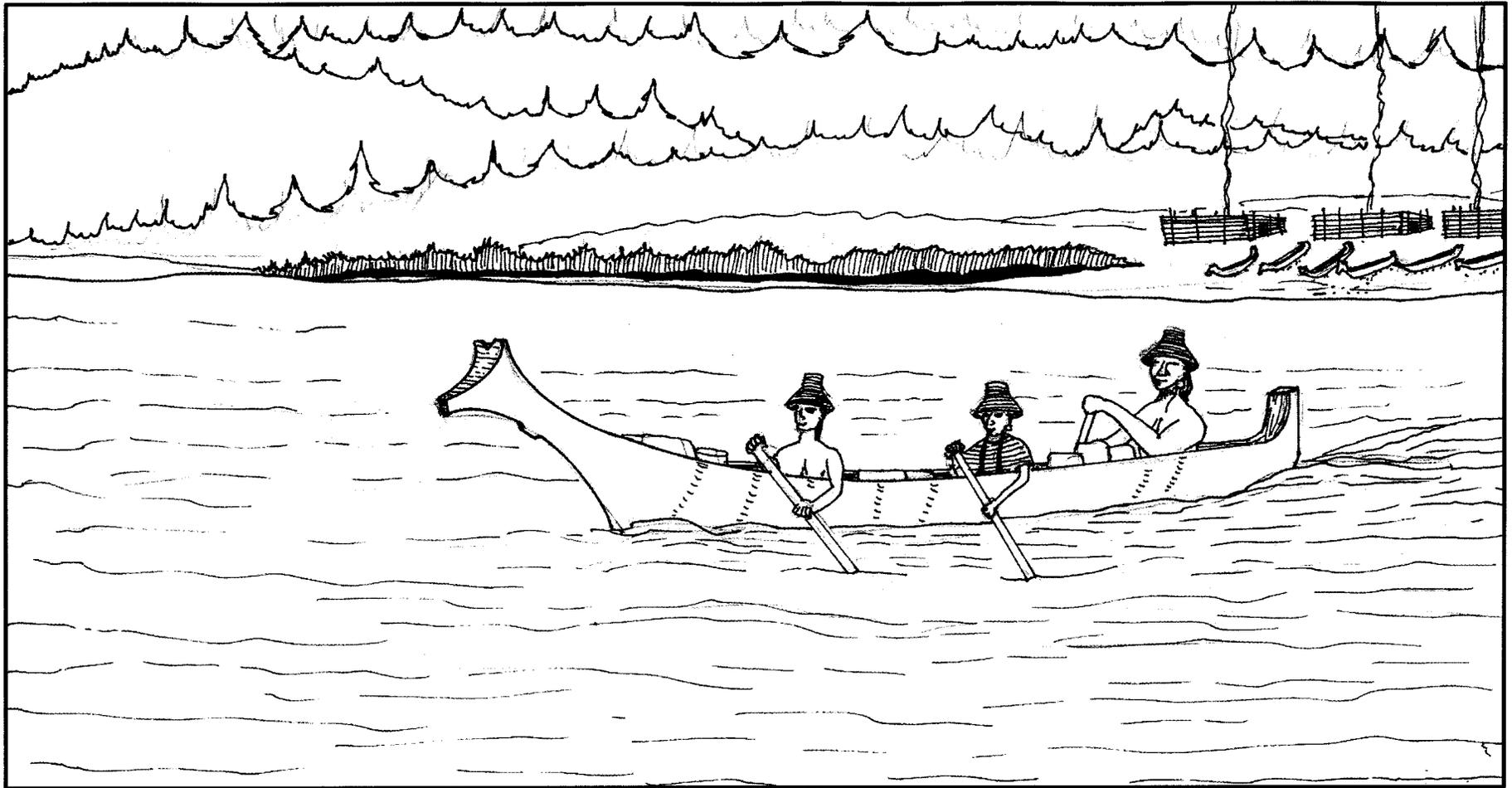
Herbie was playing nearby with his cousin Nellie. Some people nicknamed her Slim Nellie, since her limbs appeared no thicker than marsh reeds and as fragile as a fawn's legs. Herbie and Nellie could hear their uncle, thinking aloud. Nellie and Herbie looked at one another for a moment but said nothing. "Well, I will have to think about it," said Herbie's uncle. And he turned and walked to his lodge.



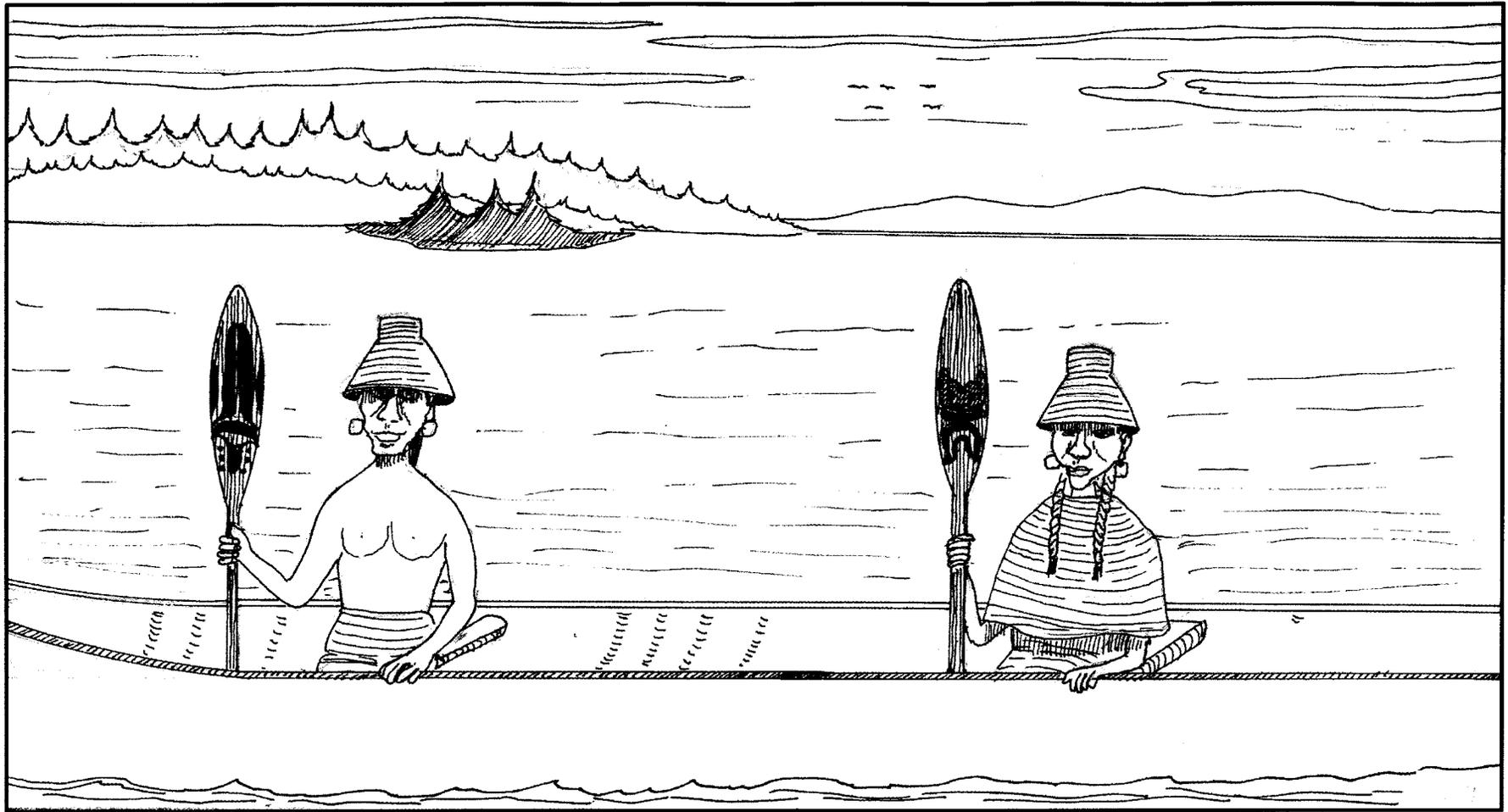
That night Herbie had a dream. The big cedar canoe was rising and falling gently on the foamy green of the tide while the people slept in their lodges. "I came from a mighty cedar tree," said a voice. "I was made into this beautiful canoe. With me, your people travel to winter camps. With me your people are able to catch fish. With me you are able to move about this great land. I am the spirit of the canoe. I am the spirit of the cedar. You will journey with me. With me you will realize your value."



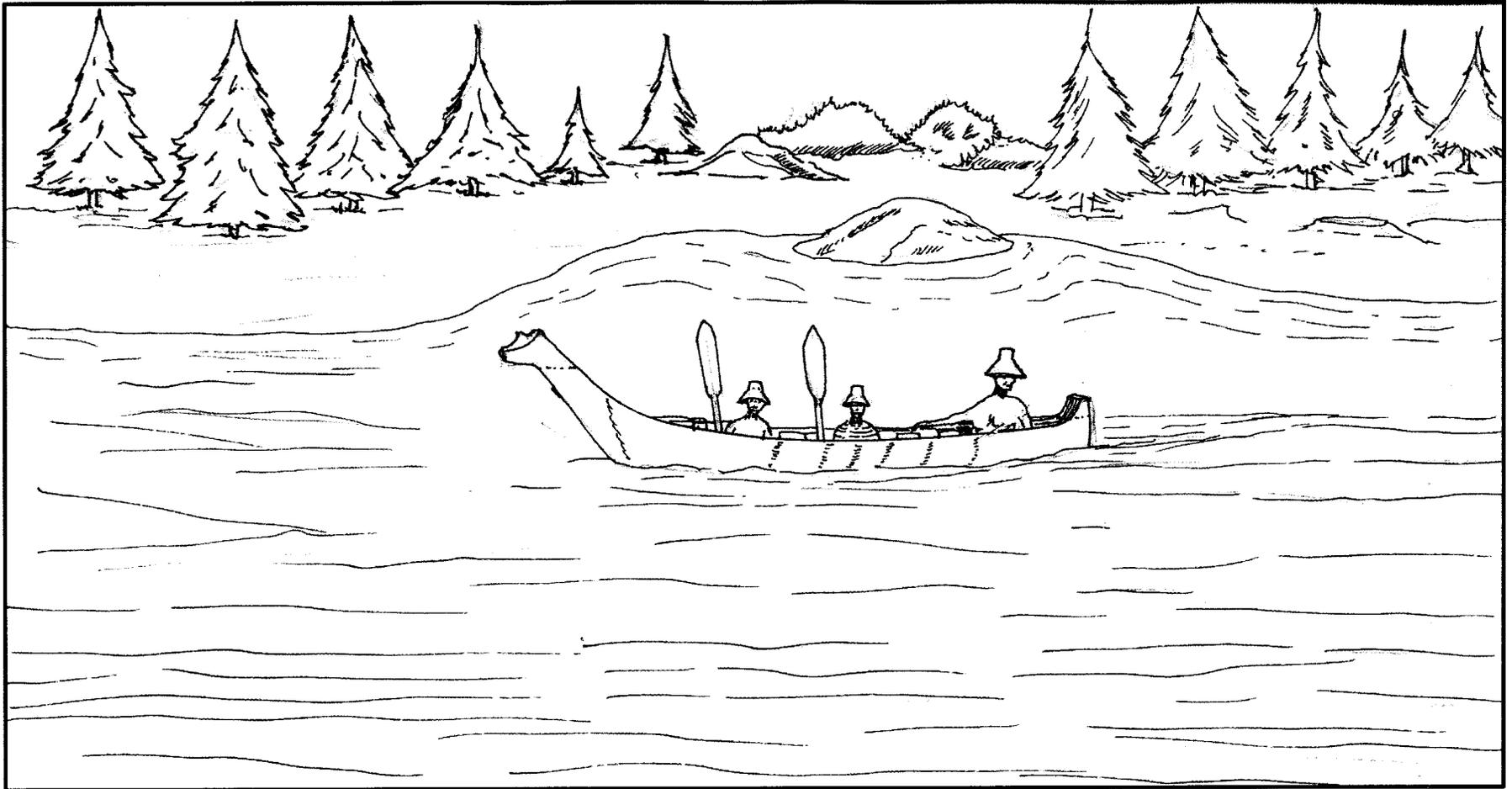
The next morning Herbie went to his uncle's lodge. To Herbie's surprise Slim Nellie was also there, waiting patiently. When Uncle came out of the lodge and saw them standing there, a big smile was on his face. "It looks like I have two volunteers," he laughed. Slim Nellie frowned for, like Herbie, she had some doubt about whether or not she was up to the task. But she too had felt the need to go. Herbie just looked down at his feet.



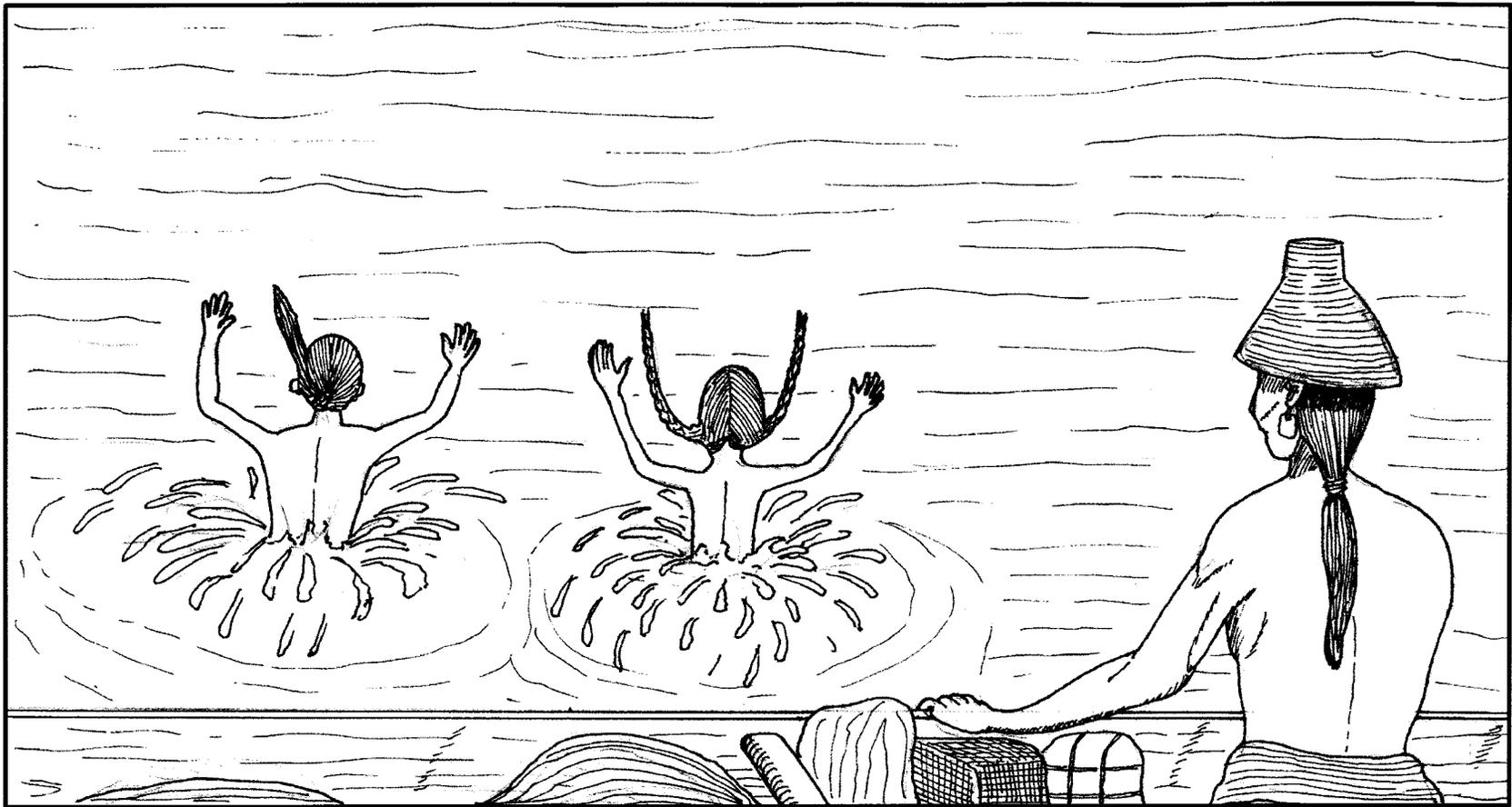
Before leaving on their journey, they packed the canoe with dried foods, fresh water, and wool blankets. They also brought a few gifts for the friends they would be visiting. As the smoke from the cooking fires of their village became thin ribbons in the distance, Uncle taught Herbie and Nellie how to hold their paddles, how to steer the canoe, and how to work as a team.



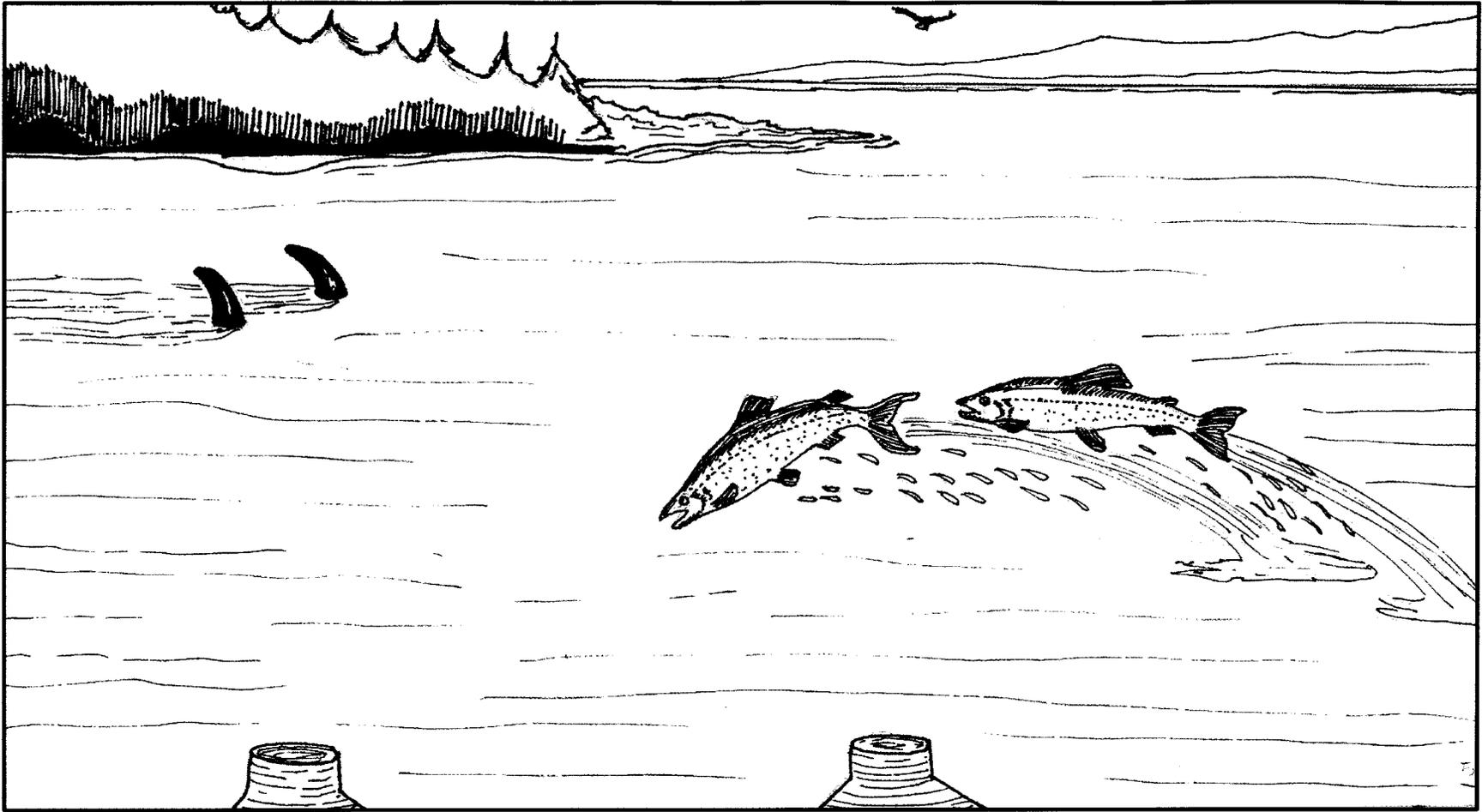
The paddles were painted with red, black, and green designs. Uncle pointed out the riptides and currents that could help them and those to be avoided. He told them that when they were not paddling to hold their paddles upright. "Point them toward the heavens, and it will keep you connected with the water below you and sky above," said Uncle.



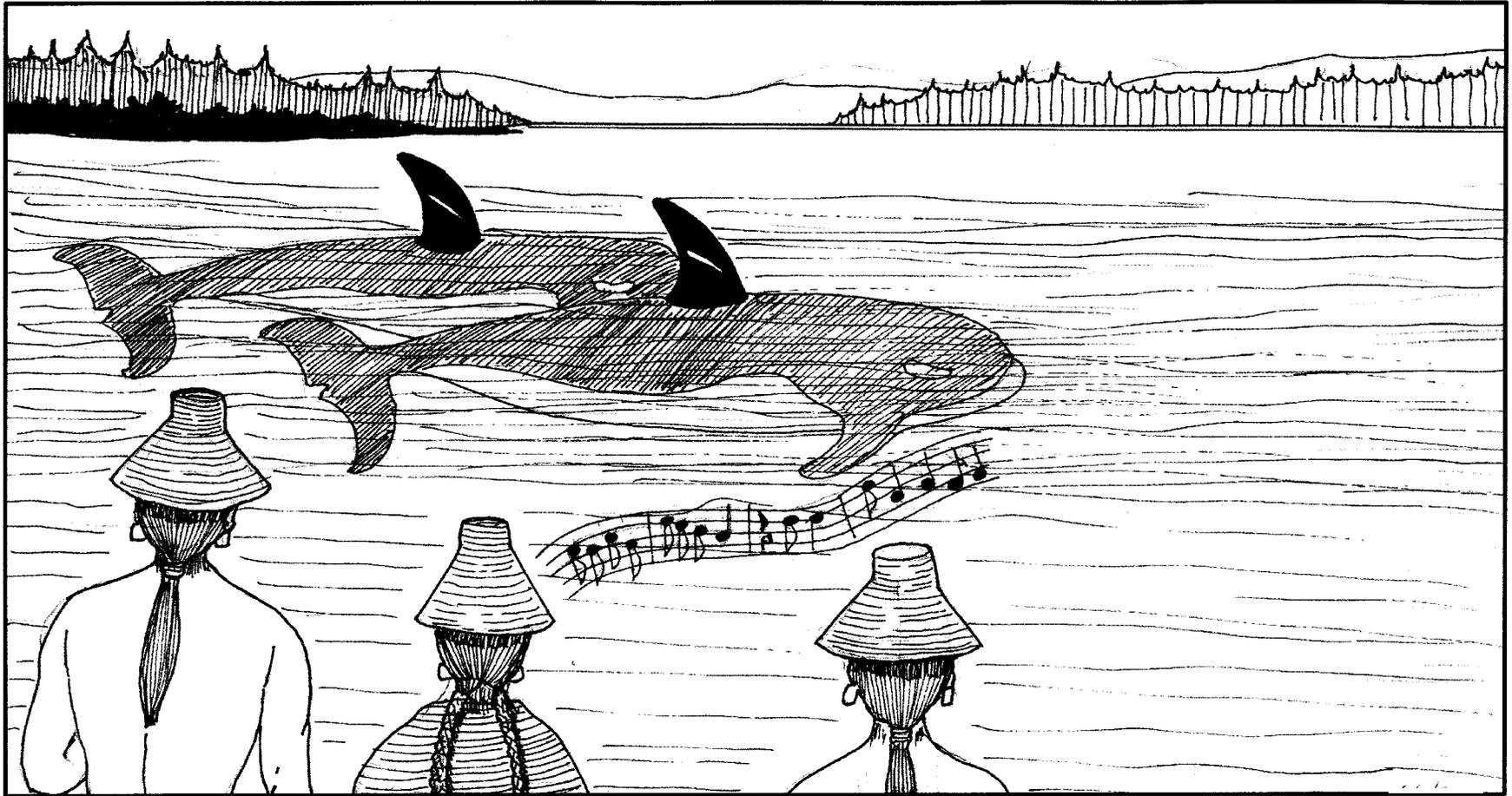
A few miles up the coast from their village, Uncle steered the canoe into the inlet of a small island. They stopped by the shore. Uncle knew that his niece and nephew had been doubting themselves. "I want the two of you to jump into this shallow water," he said. "Any bad feelings that you have will be taken away by the currents. Then you will be stronger and we can continue on.



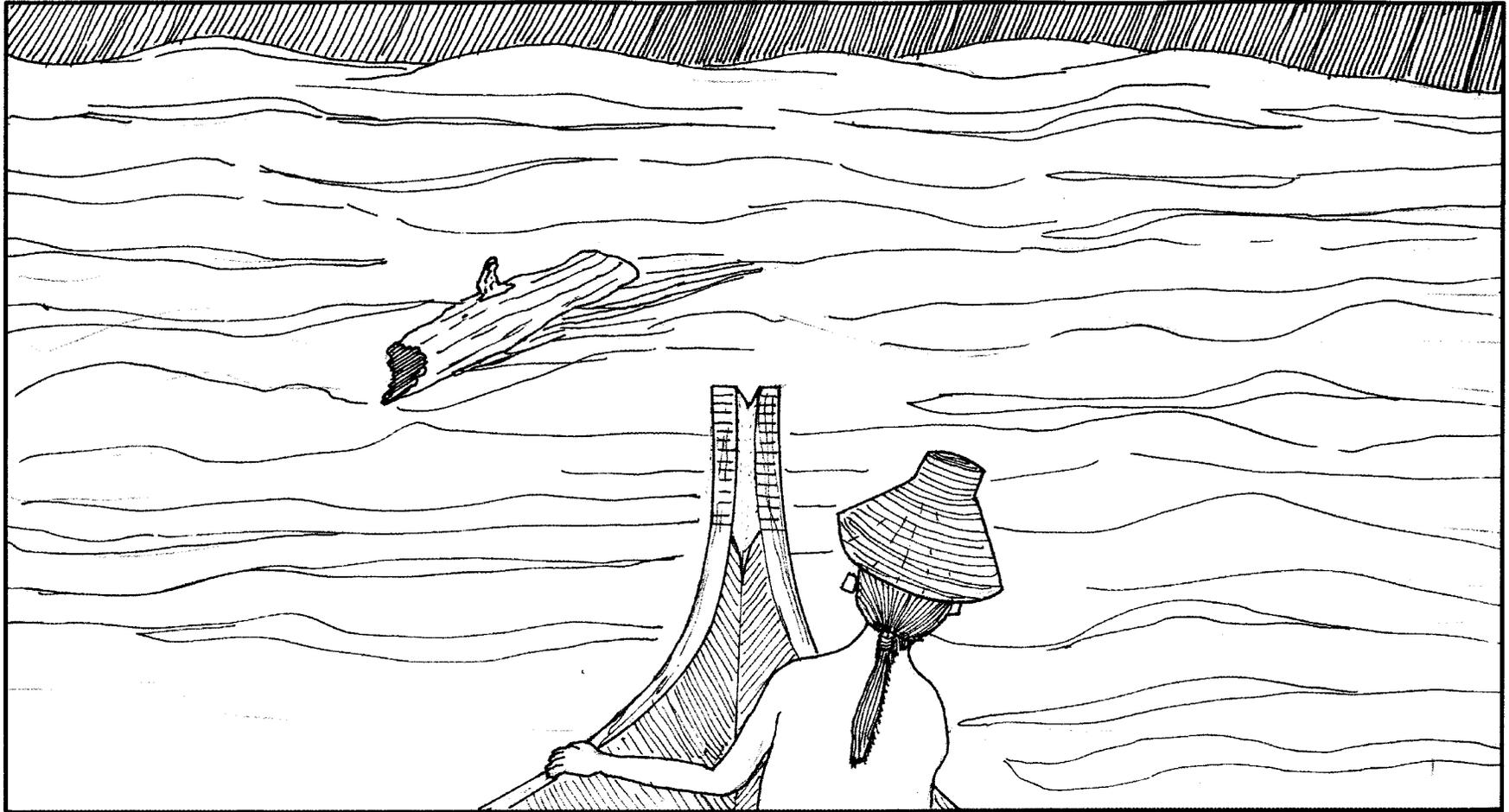
Herbie and Nellie looked down into the dark green water. They could see the rocky bottom just below the still surface. Small fish darted by and a few crabs skittered along the bottom. They were afraid. But the sun was out and the air was warm. Suddenly they smiled at each other and jumped over the side. The icy water took their breath away. But when their uncle helped them back into the canoe, they were warmed by the sun and the blankets they had brought.



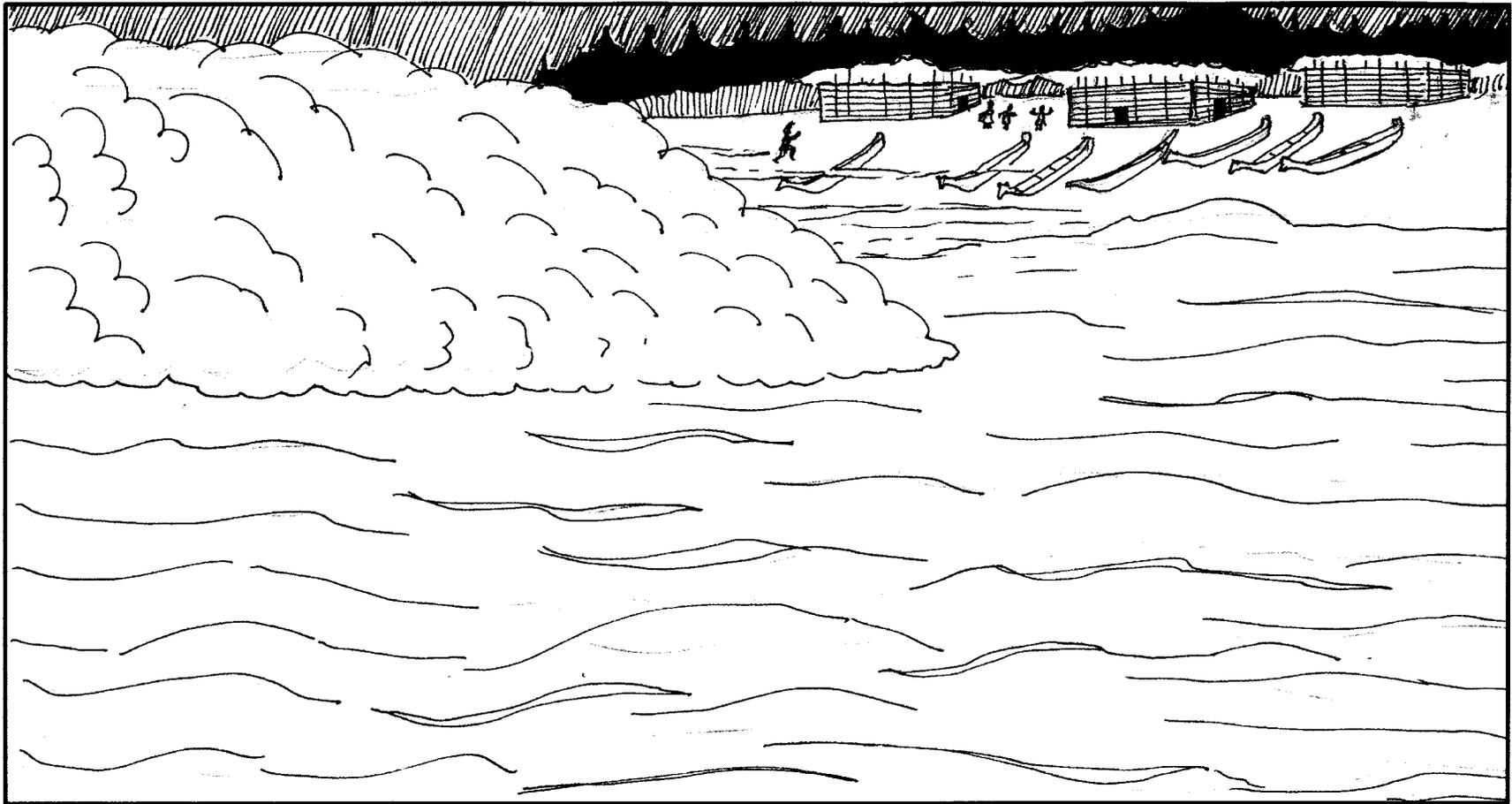
Soon Herbie and Nellie were dry and refreshed. They did feel better after all. They picked up their paddles, happy and laughing. The canoe rode smoothly over sandbars, oyster beds, and slippery kelp. Fish jumped and eagles circled with curiosity. Suddenly a pod of orca whales broke the surface, water glistening on their great dorsal fins.



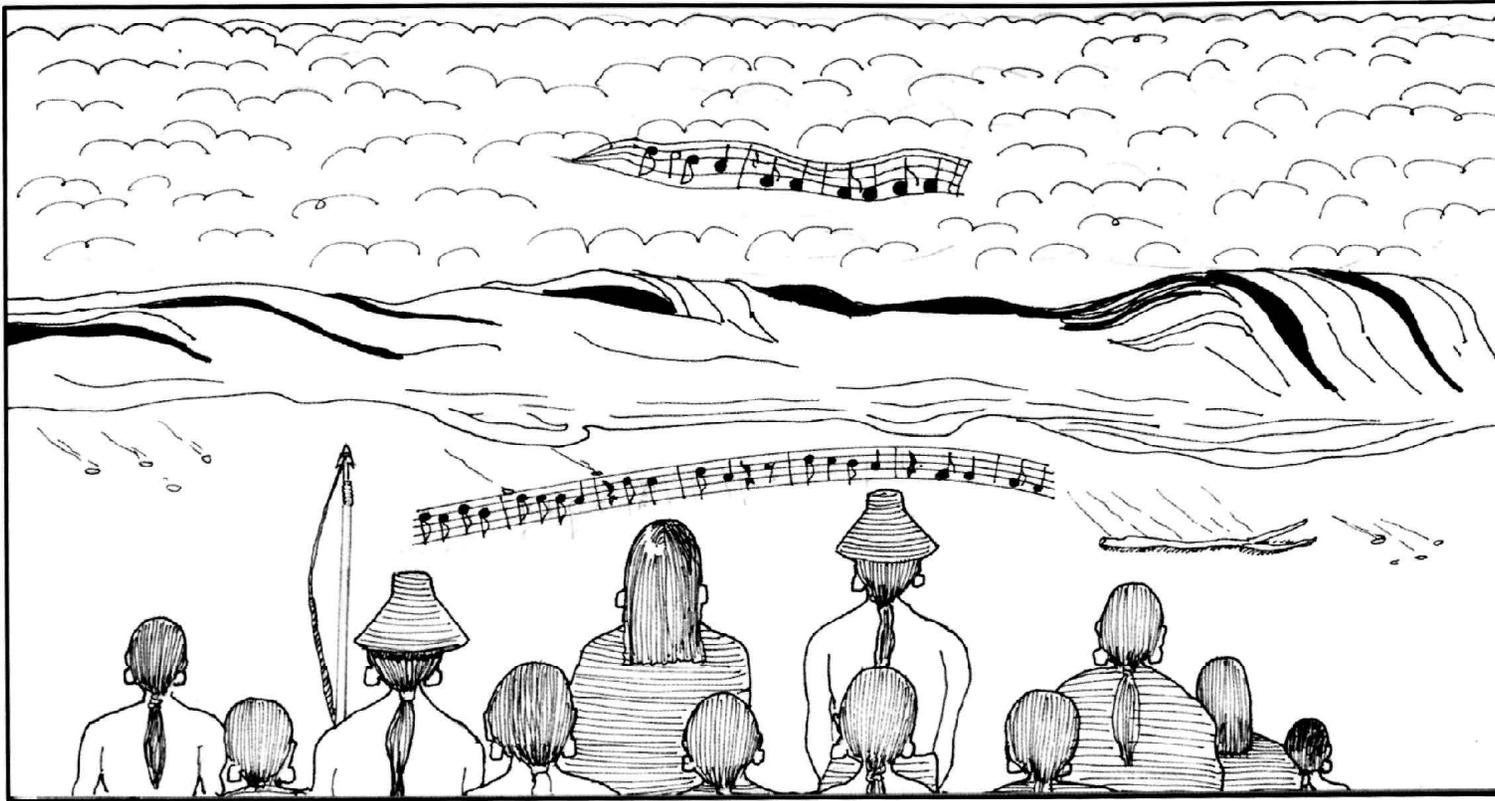
Uncle nodded his head. "The strength of those whales is with you," he said, "for they have chosen to swim alongside your canoe." Nellie knew the killer whale song of her family and she sang it to her giant companions. When Nellie's song was over the orcas disappeared beneath the surface to go their own way. "I am strong!" shouted Herbie. "The orcas swam with my canoe!" "I am stronger!" shouted Nellie, "for the orcas stayed to enjoy my song!"



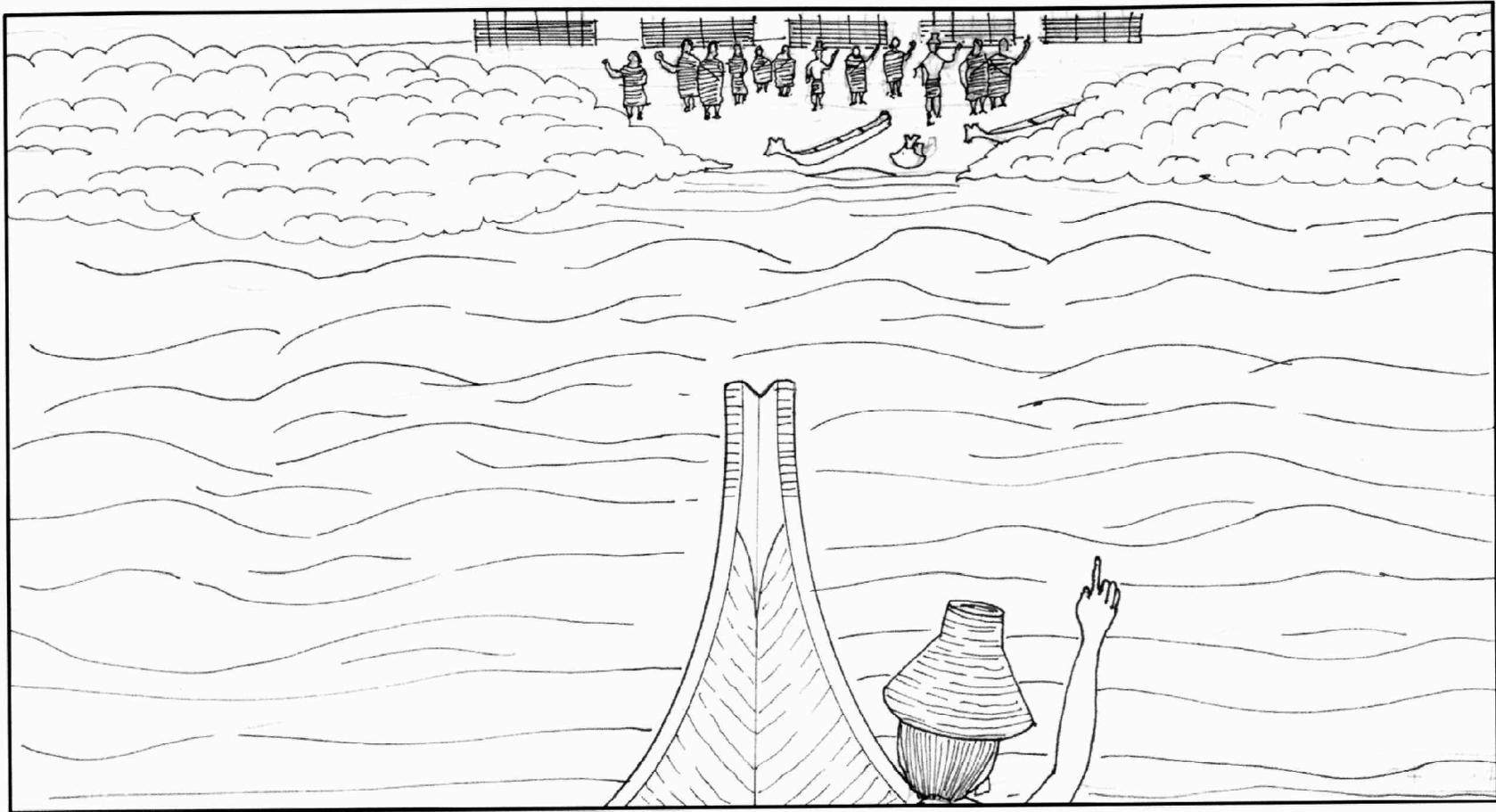
"Be serious now," said Uncle, "there is a storm up ahead." And it was true. A strong wind blew against them and waves began to form, rocking the canoe. The sky darkened and Uncle could not see the surface of the water up ahead. But Herbie was at the bow and his keen eyes detected logs that floated in front of the canoe, pulled along by the powerful riptides that his uncle had taught him to avoid.



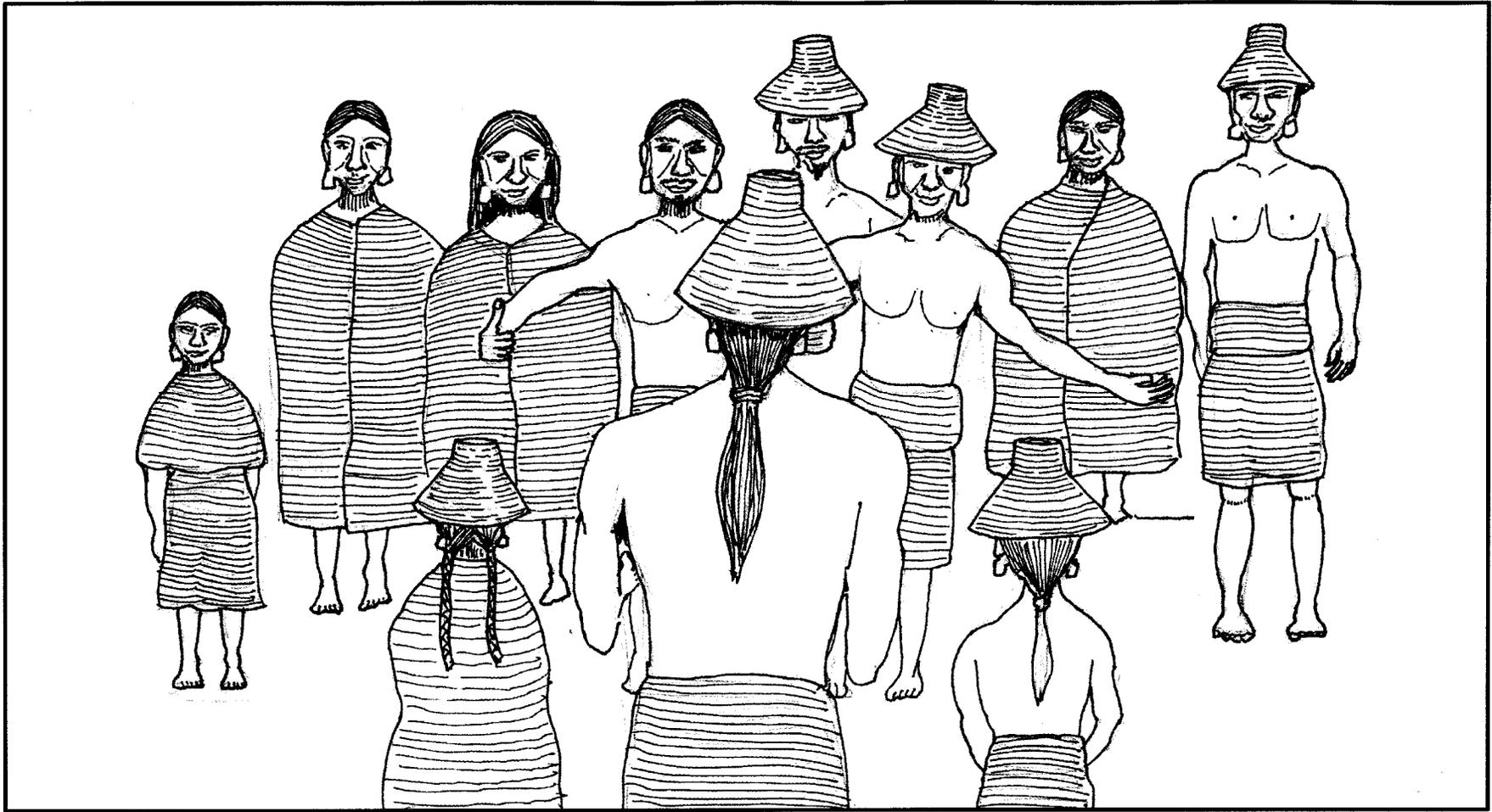
Each time there was danger, Herbie would shout above the wind and the three of them would steer clear. Herbie could see a point of land up ahead and the village where their friends waited. But soon clouds rolled in, heavy rain came down and the sun disappeared. Herbie could no longer see the village. "Sing, Nellie! Uncle cried out. "Sing and they will hear you on the beach. They will answer and we will follow the sound."



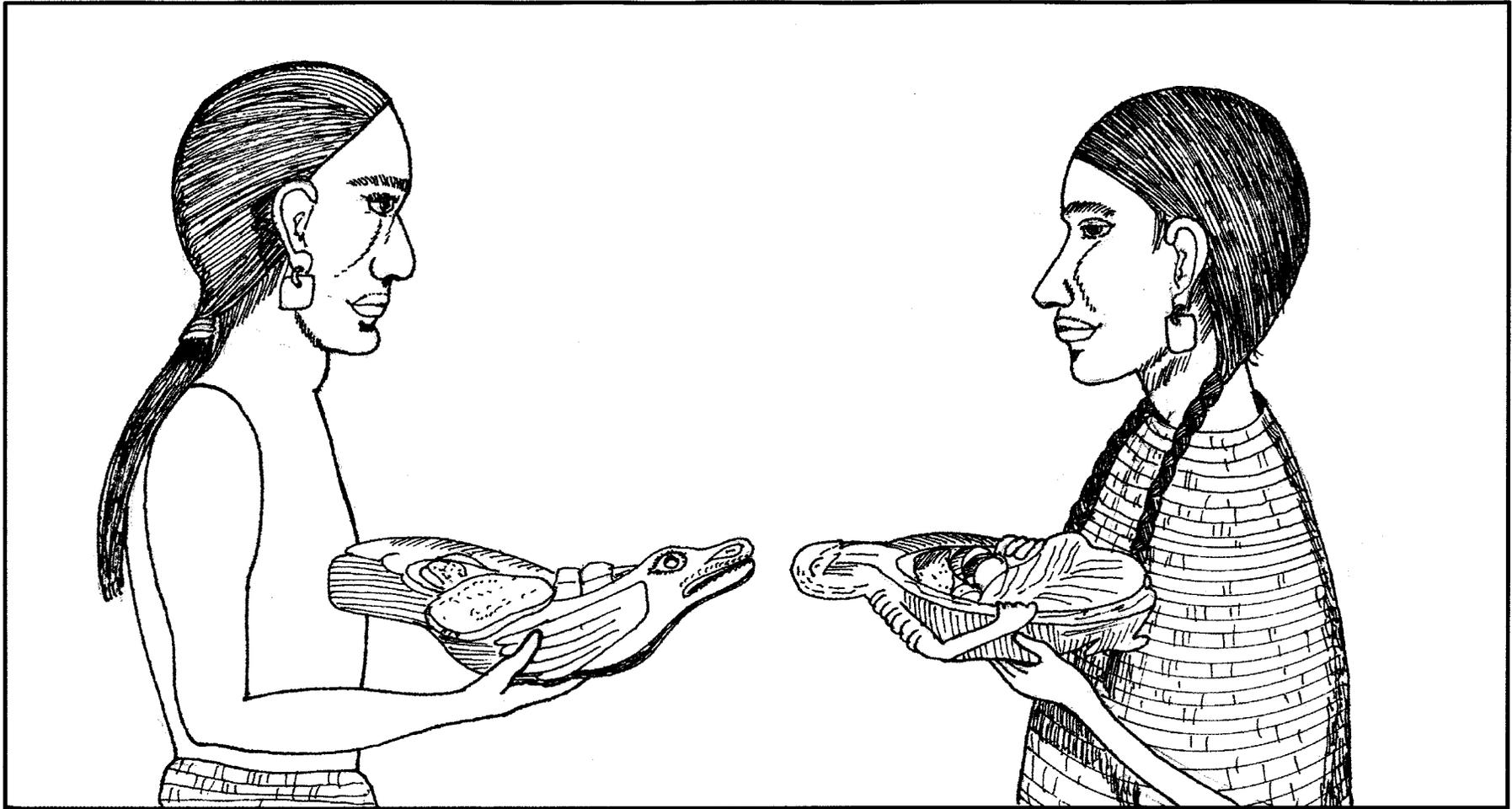
Nellie began singing. Her strong voice rose and cut through the wind and the darkness. By now the people of the village were on the beach watching. From out of the fog came the beautiful music of a young girl's voice. They recognized the song as one belonging to their friends down the coast. More people from the village gathered on the beach and their welcoming song rose up into the sky and out to where the canoe struggled in the waves.



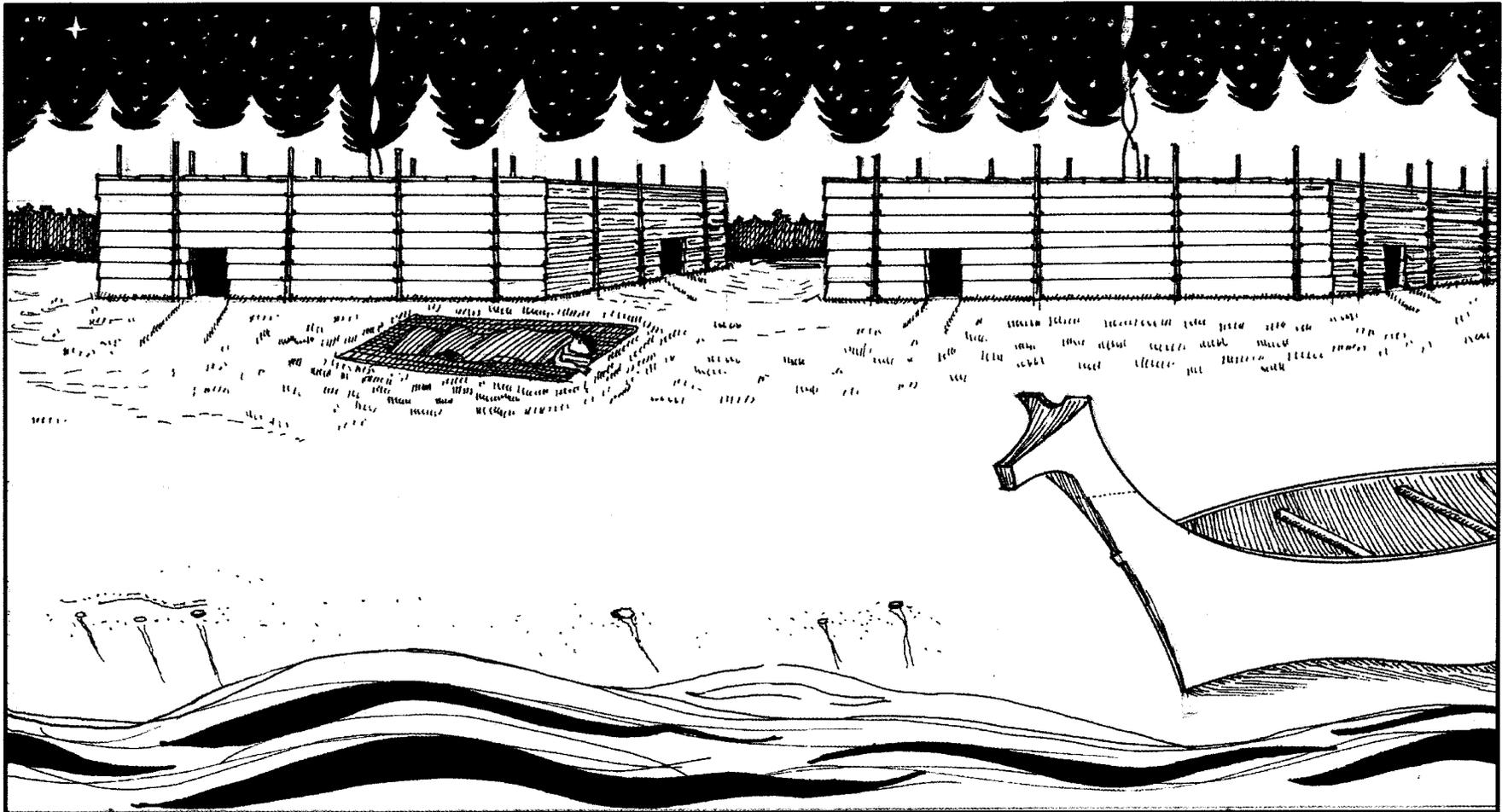
“I hear them!” cried Herbie from the bow of the canoe. “The village is that way!” Nellie continued to sing, and as they neared the shore the voices grew louder. “I can see them now!” cried Herbie. “That way!”



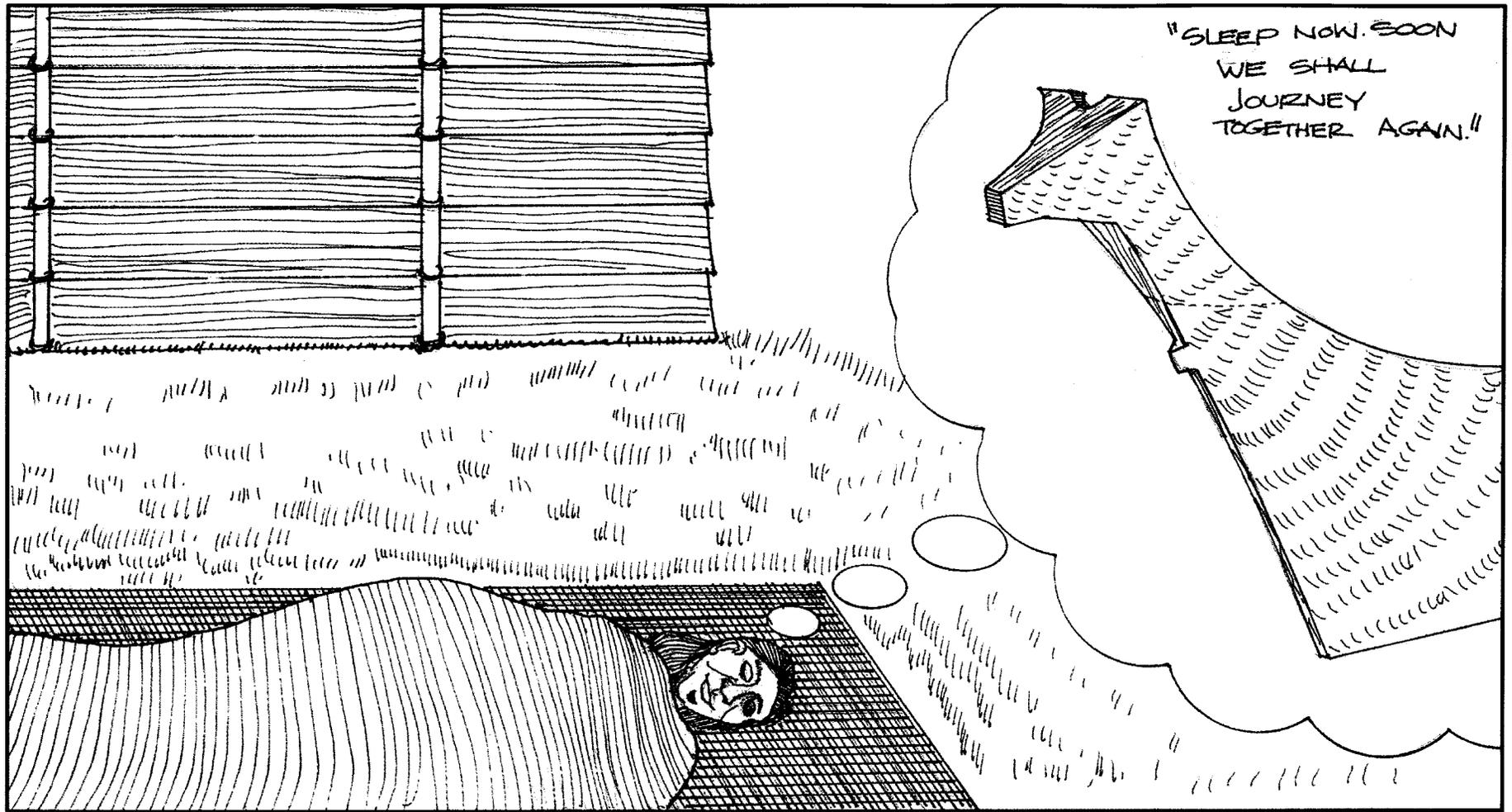
Soon they were on the beach where they were greeted with smiles and hugs. There was a great feast in the village longhouse. Uncle told everyone how the skills of his niece and nephew had brought them safely ashore, and how the three of them made a great team.



Herbie and Slim Nellie smiled at one another, and filled their plates a second time with more salmon, deer meat, and clams. The visiting went late into the night, and many stories were told by the warm fire in the longhouse. But by then Herbie was asleep outside.



The storm had passed. The sky was inky and full of bright stars. Herbie was curled up on a cedar mat, on the yellow grass by the beach. The canoe sat waiting in the embrace of the sand and seaweed. Gentle water lapped against the shore and the strong cedar hull that pointed out toward the ocean. Herbie slept a restful slumber full of pleasant dreams. Herbie was no longer afraid. Herbie no longer felt alone.



And in his sleep the voice from the spirit of the canoe and the cedar spoke to him, once again. "Do you see how far you have come? You and your cousin were determined and you had good feelings in your hearts. Now you see how far you have come." The voice assured him. "Sleep now. Soon we shall journey together again."

about the author and illustrator

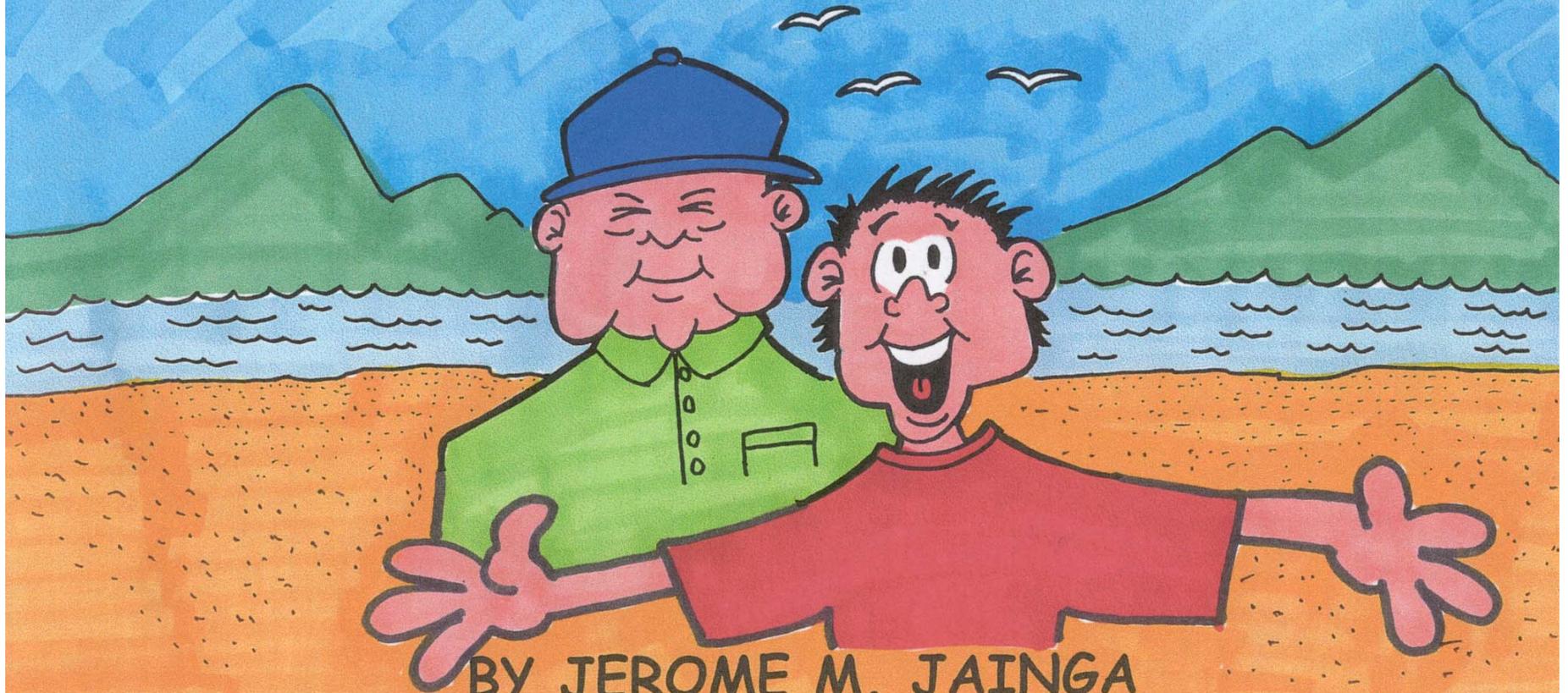
Keith Egawa- Lummi

Author of the novel, *Madchild Running*, Keith Egawa is a Seattle native and enrolled member of the Lummi Nation. For eight years, he has served as a social worker for urban Indian youth.

Tyrone Stewart

Mr. Stewart is a former editor/publisher of *American Indian Crafts and Culture Magazine*. He collaborated with Frederick Dockstader and Barton Wright to create essays for *The Year of the Hopi: Paintings and Photographs by Joseph Mora, 1904-06* for the Smithsonian Institution traveling exhibition service. He assisted in the development of the *Study Guide of the Dakota Collection* for the Smithsonian Institute's National Museum of Natural History. Mr. Stewart is an artist, illustrator, writer and award-winning graphic artist and architectural designer. His Canadian roots include the founders of Quebec City and Chippewa-Cree ancestry.

LOOK WHAT I FOUND!



BY JEROME M. JAINGA

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFFREY NOËL JAINGA

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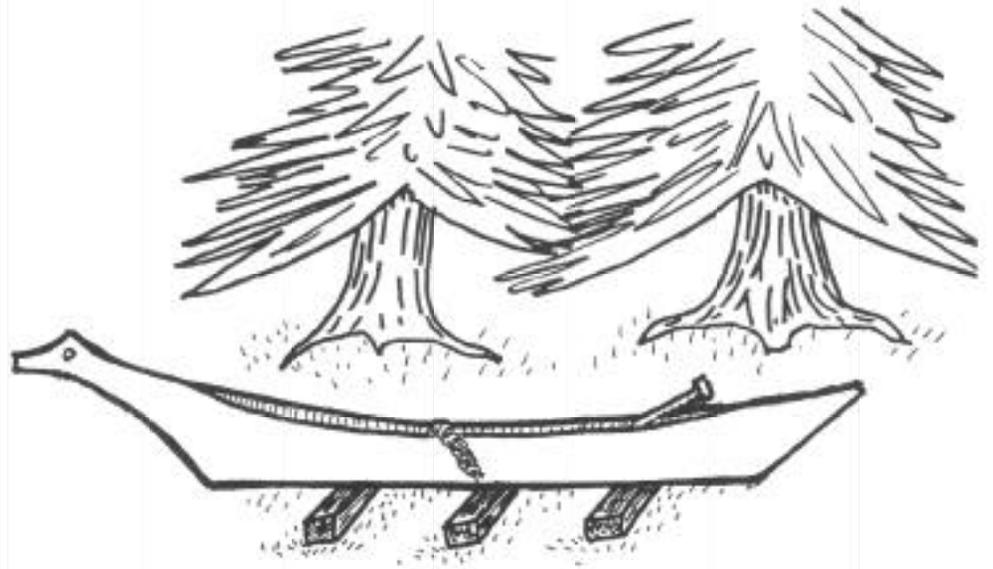


Historic Skokomish canoe from the Skokomish Tribal Center.

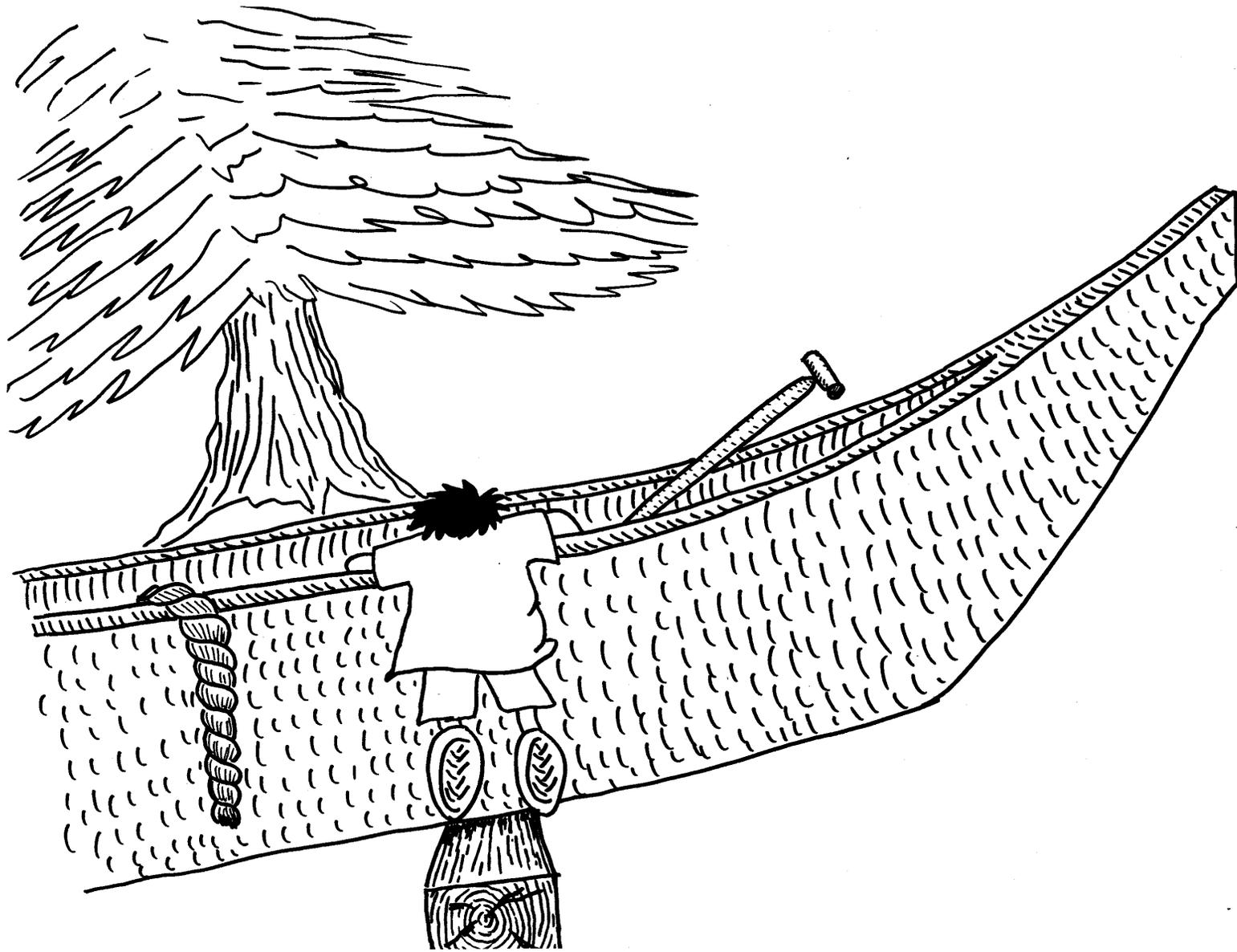
My granddad took me to the beach today,
and look what I found!



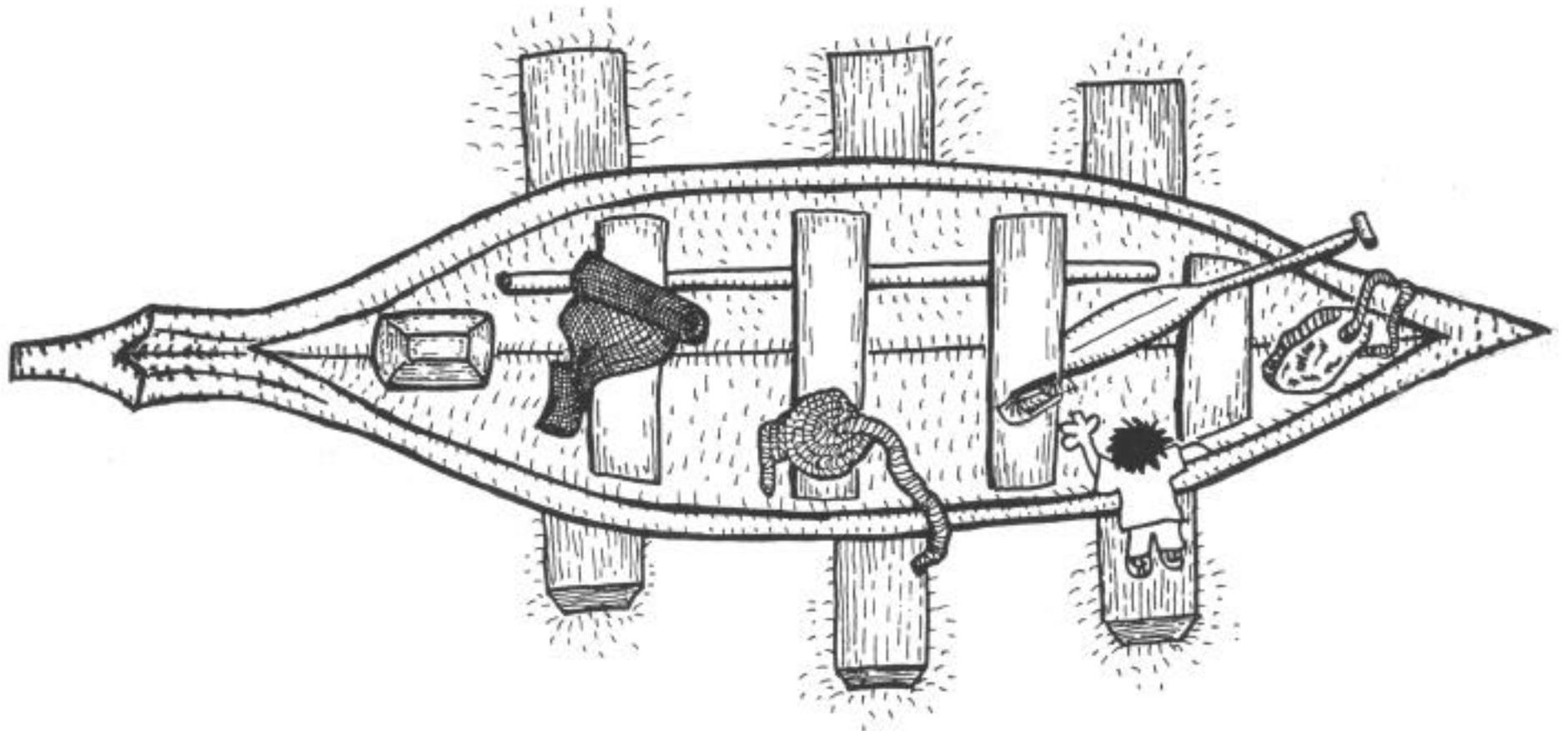
“A canoe,” I yelled. “A canoe!” Granddad
told me lots of stories about canoes.



I raced ahead to see the canoe,



and look what I found inside!

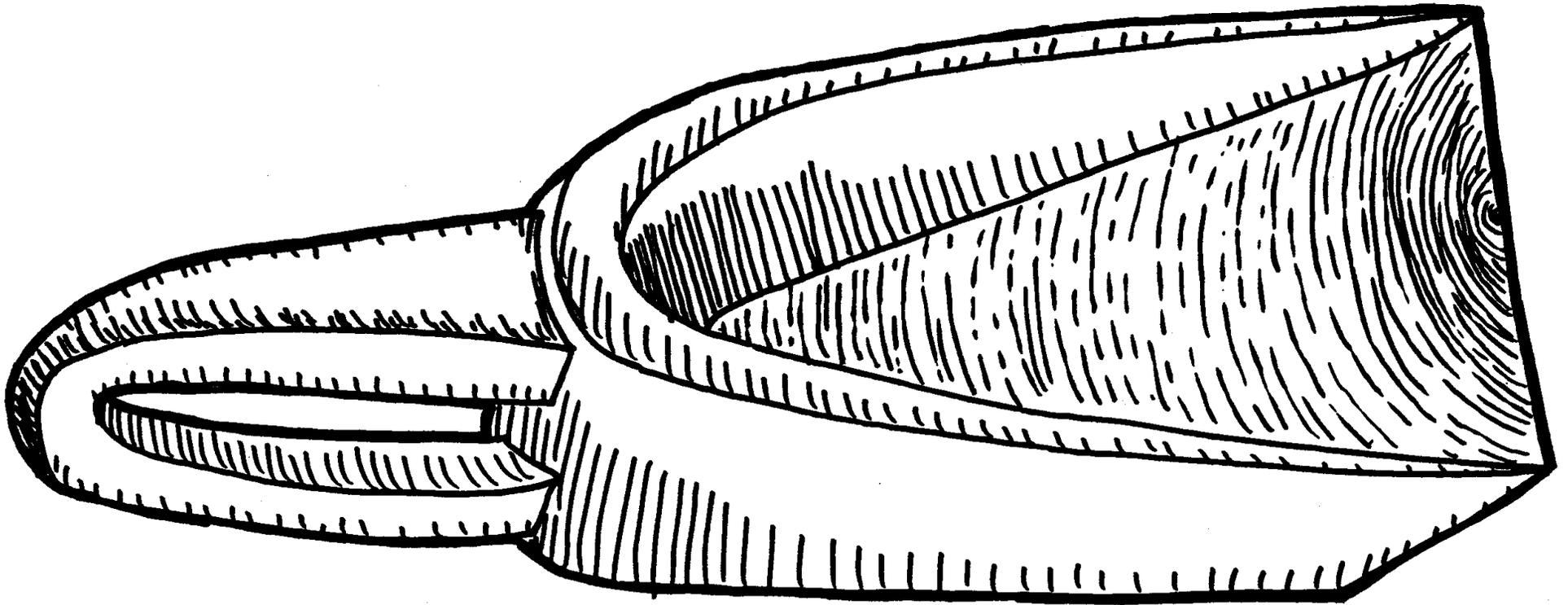


A scoop, made of wood
with a handle on the end.



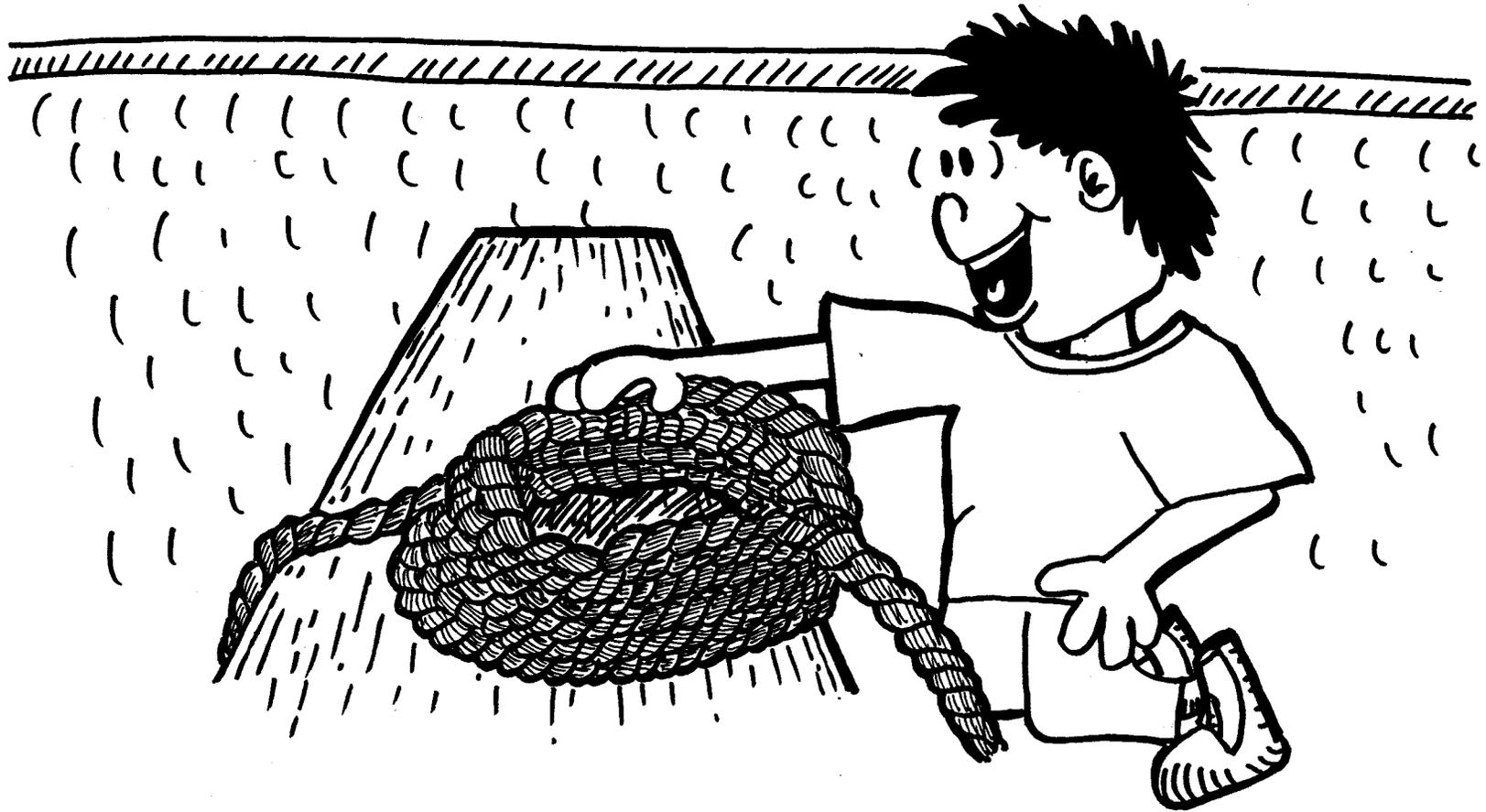
“A bailer,” Granddad said. “A bailer, to bail
the water out that always splashes in.”

Look what I found in the canoe.



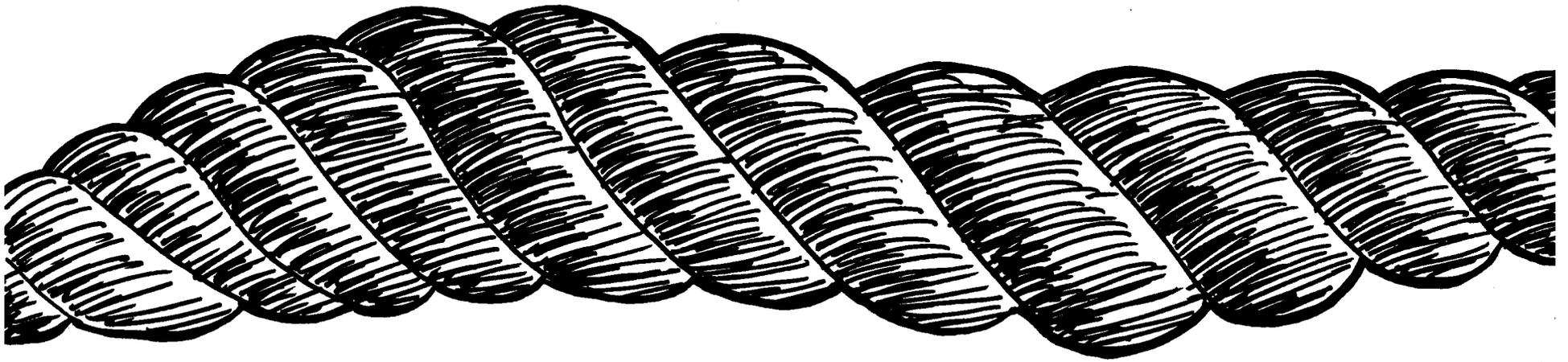
A bailer!

As I looked inside the canoe, I saw something there that I knew.



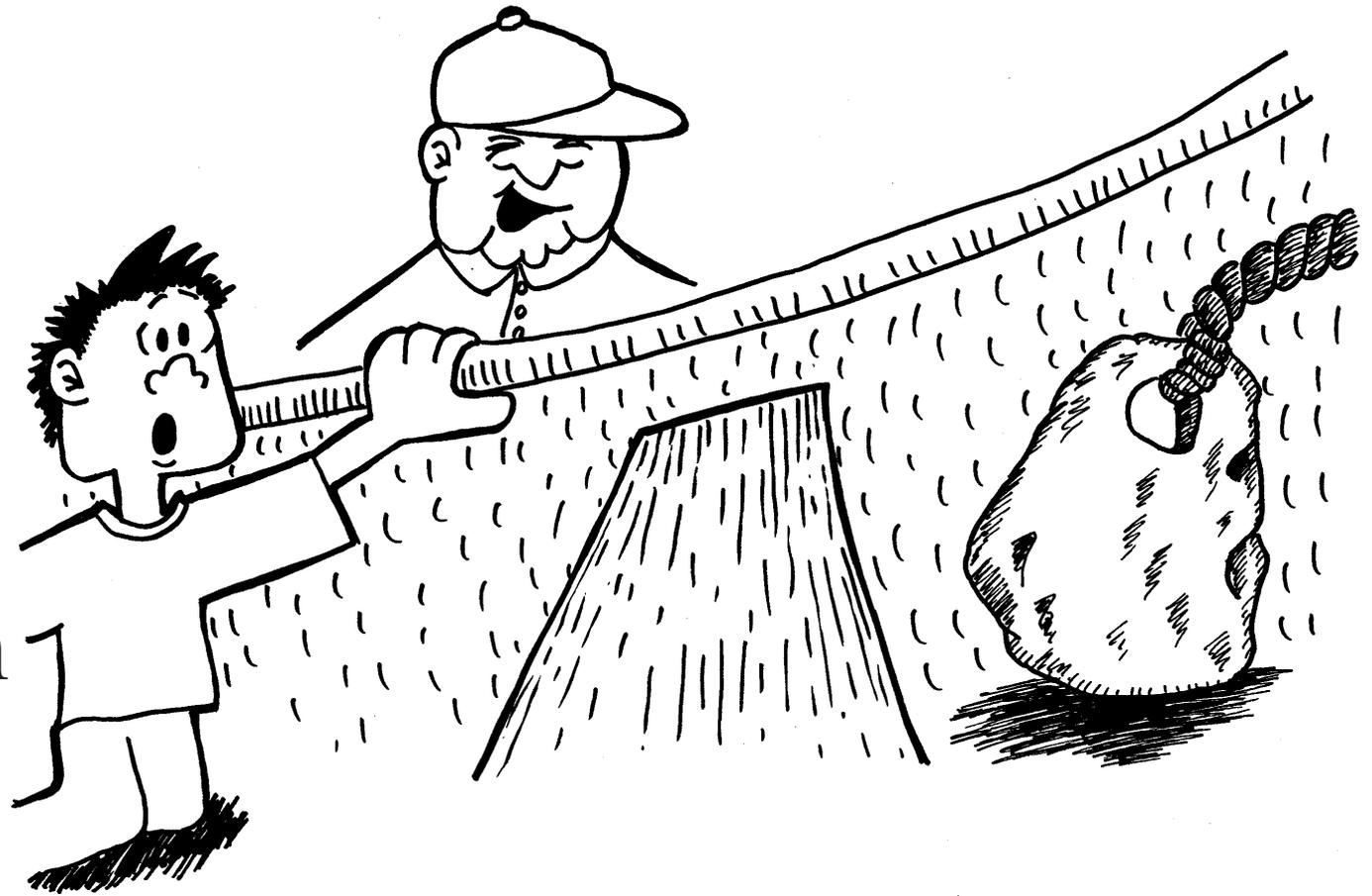
“A rope,” I told Granddad. “Just like you told me. Made of cedar bark and twisted, too!”

Look what I found in the canoe!



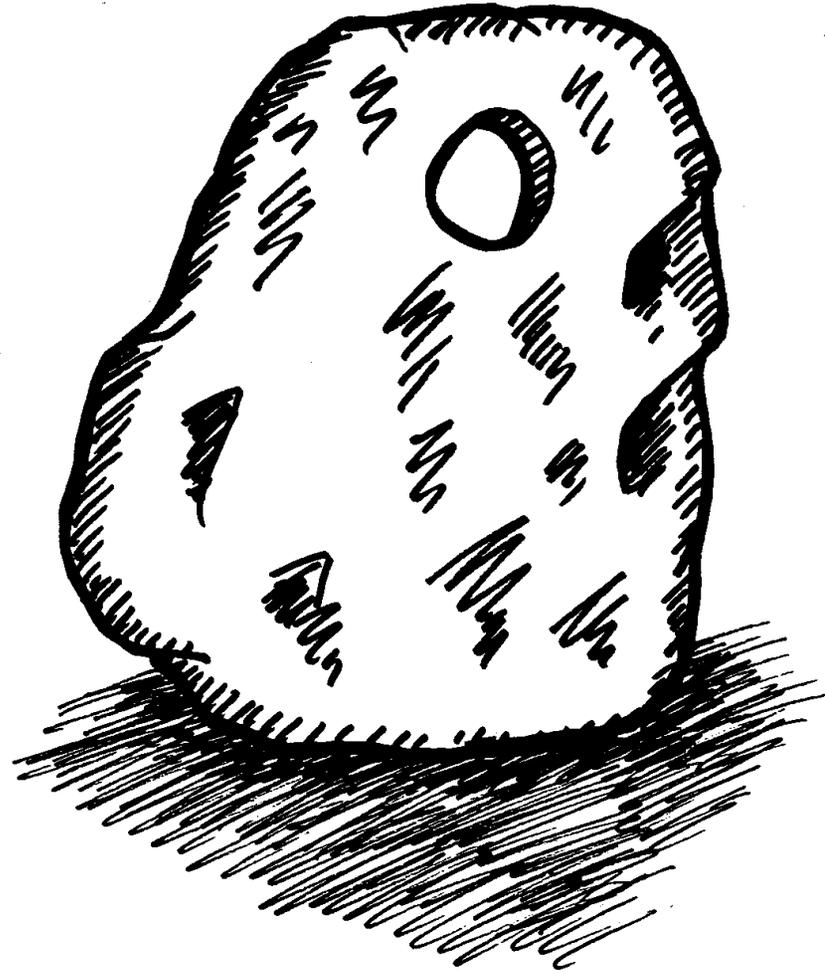
A cedar rope!

I took a quick look in the canoe once again, and found a big heavy rock with a hole drilled in one end.

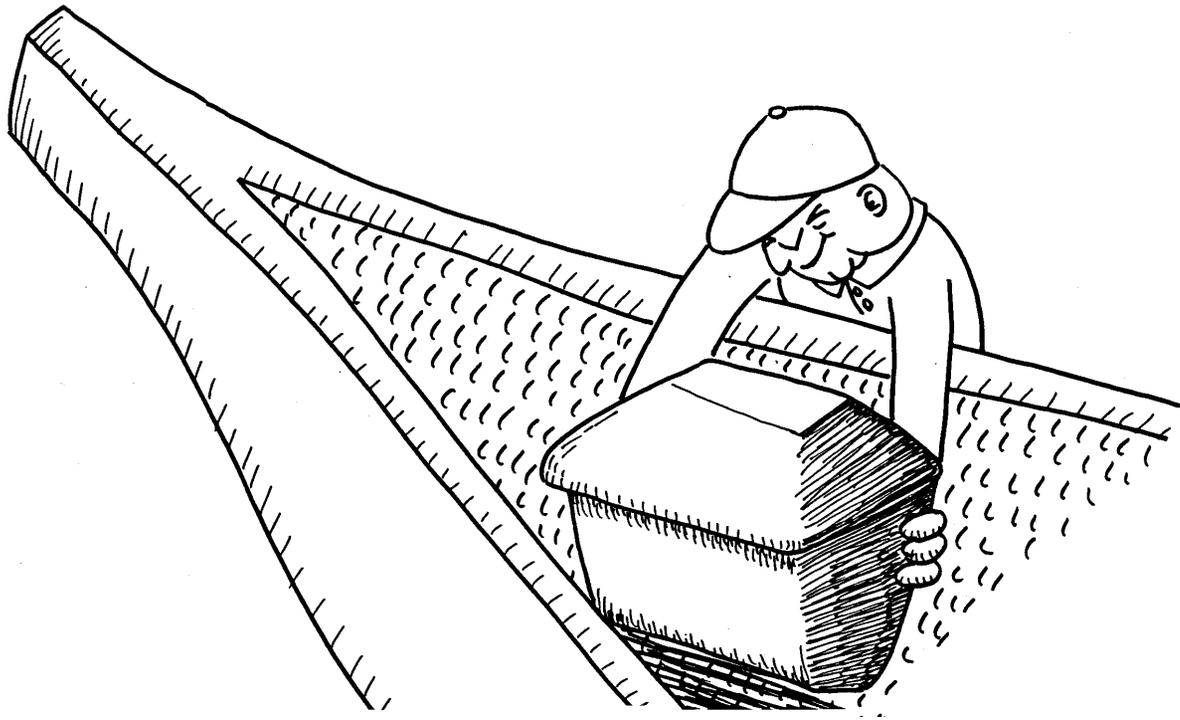


“An anchor,” Granddad said. “An anchor to stop the canoe from always drifting in.”

Look what I found in the canoe.



An anchor!

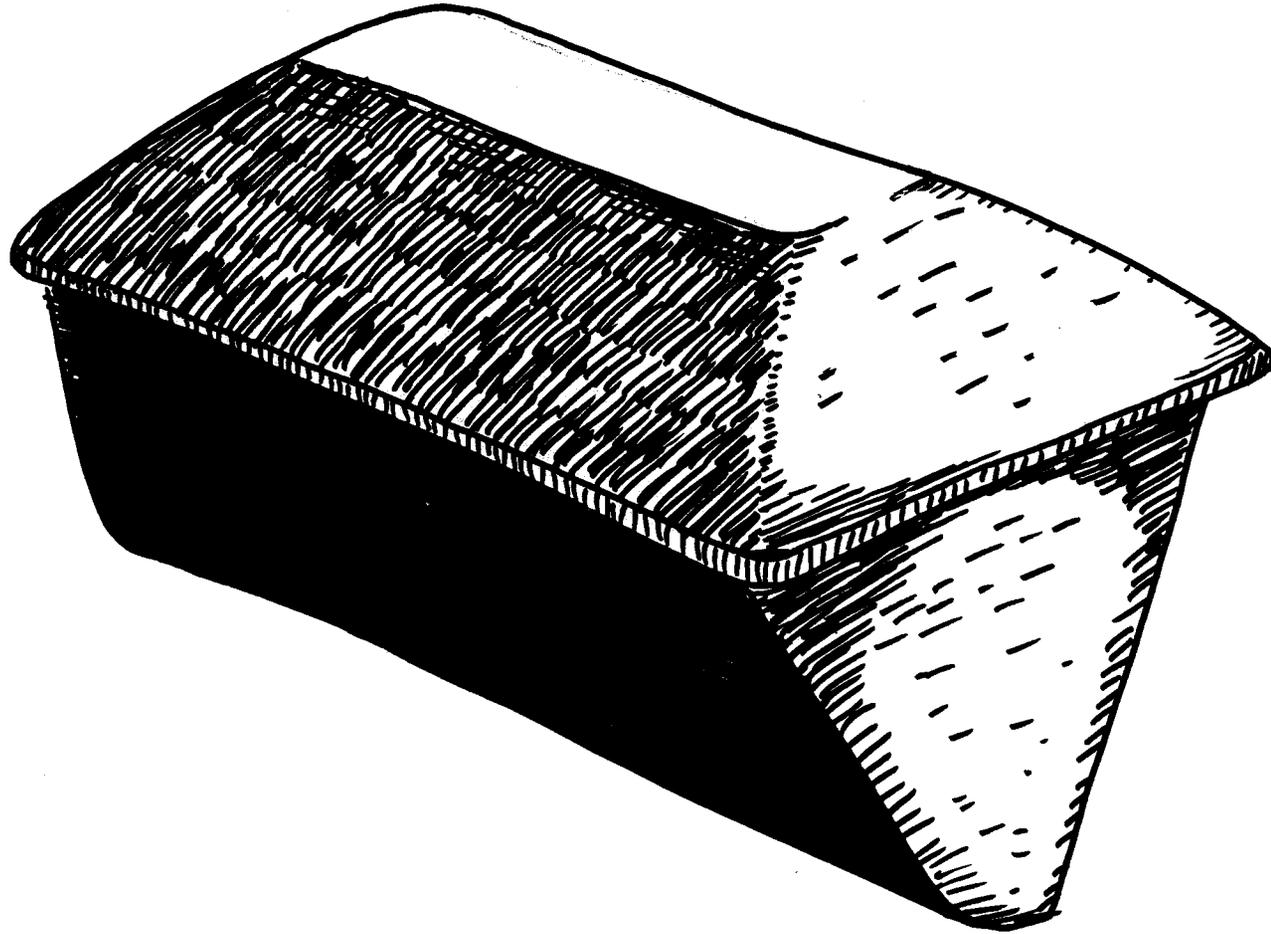


Granddad smiled as I looked inside once more. A triangle box, made of wood, was on its floor.

“What’s that?” I asked Granddad, as he picked it up just so.

“This is a special bentwood box, you know. The people would put stuff in the box to keep it safe as they go.”

Look what I found in the canoe.



A bentwood tackle box!

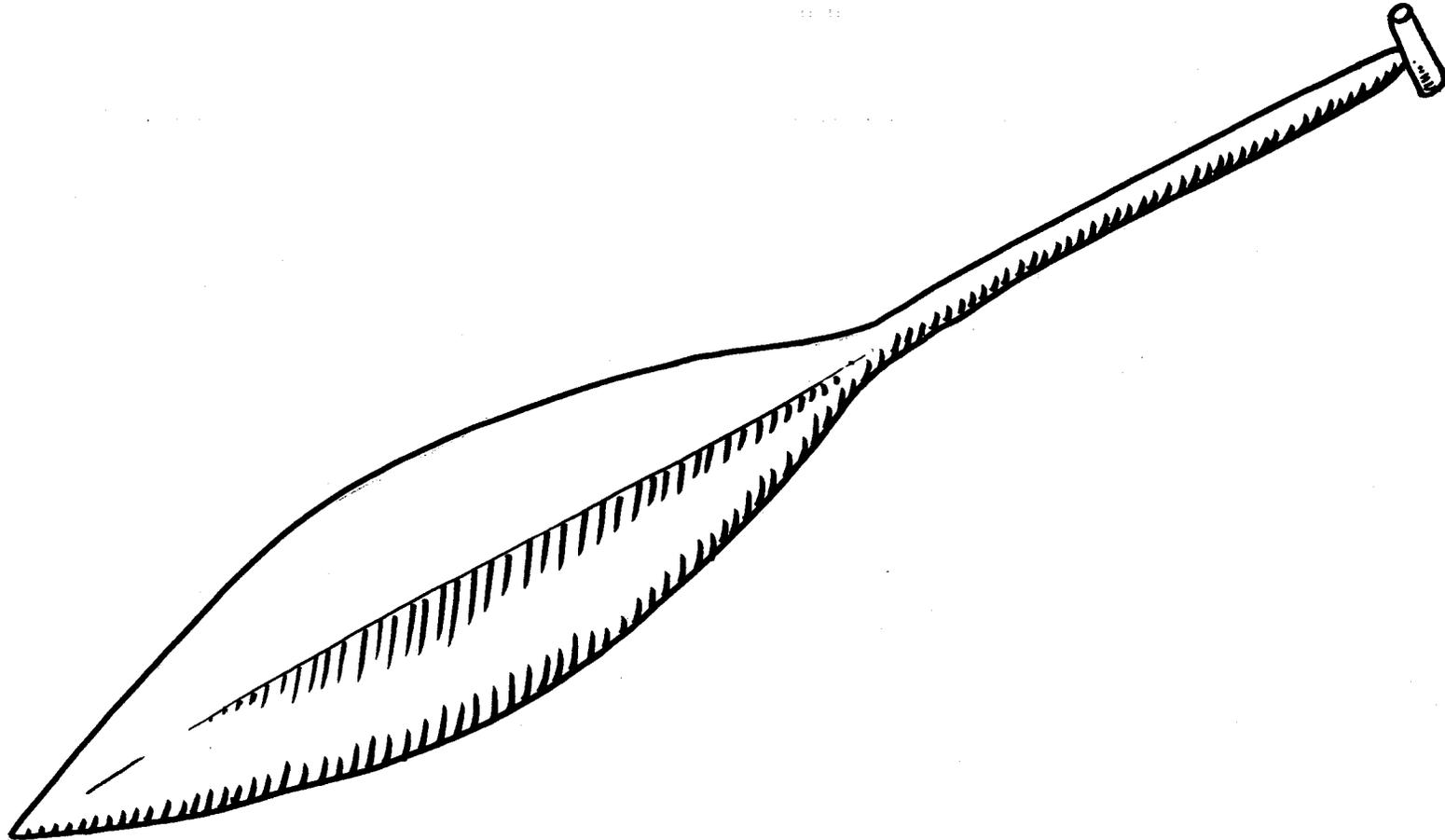
See Nan McNutt's *The Bentwood Box* p. 33 for a traditional bentwood box for canoes.



When I looked
again, I saw a
paddle at the stern.

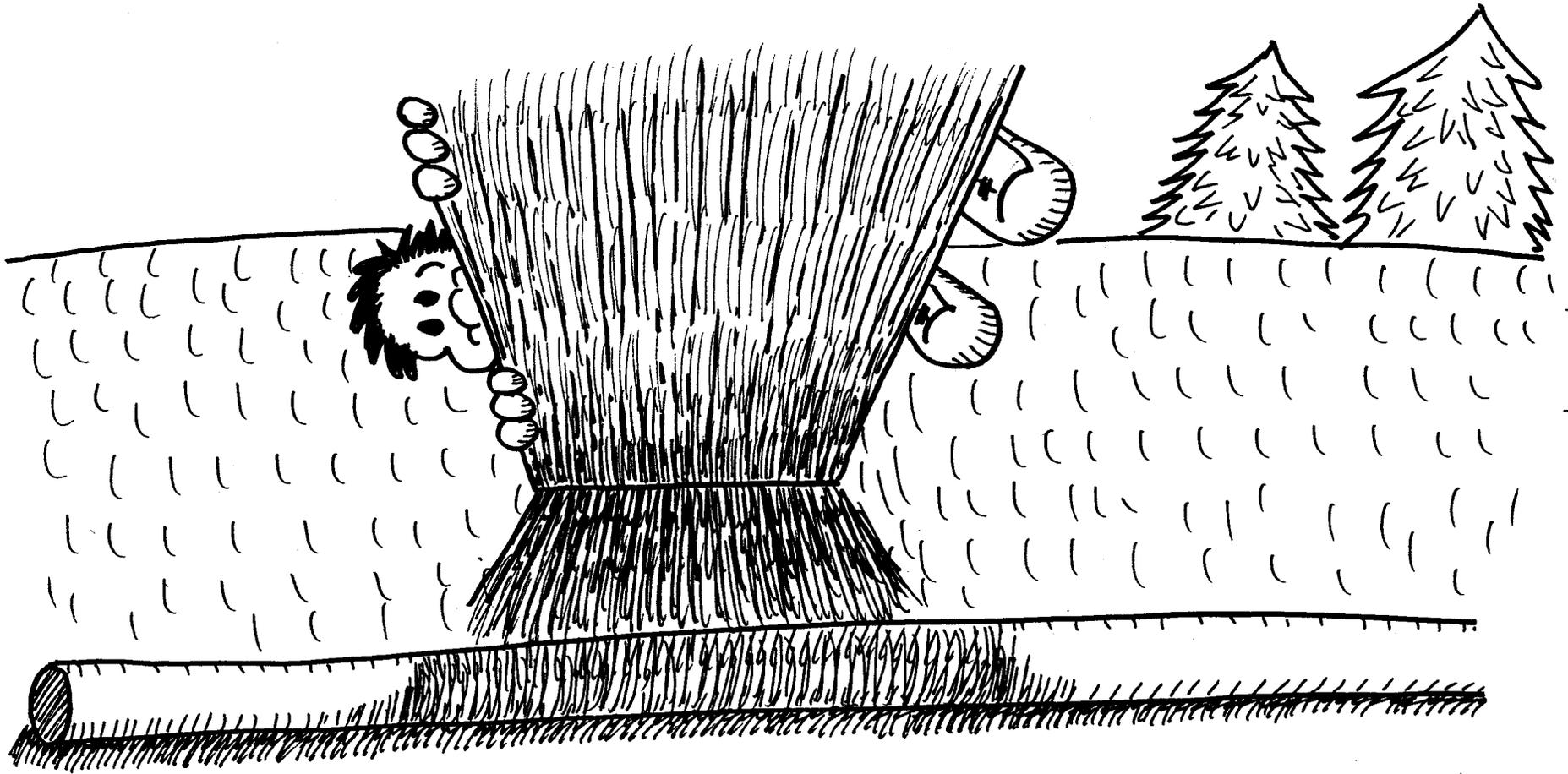
I really would have fun with one,
paddling on my turn.

Look what I found in the canoe!



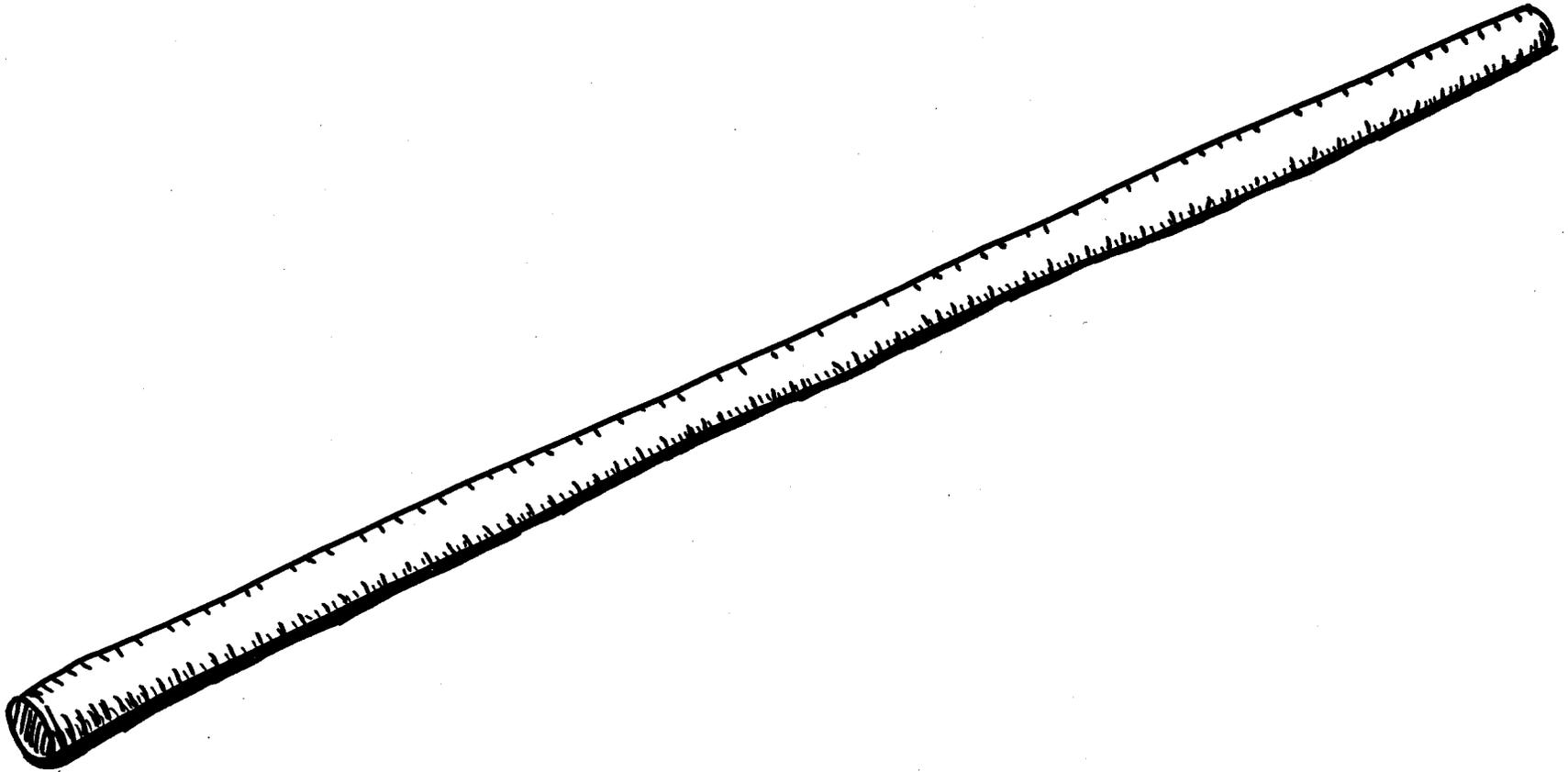
A paddle!

On the floor of the canoe was a long round pole, made out of wood.



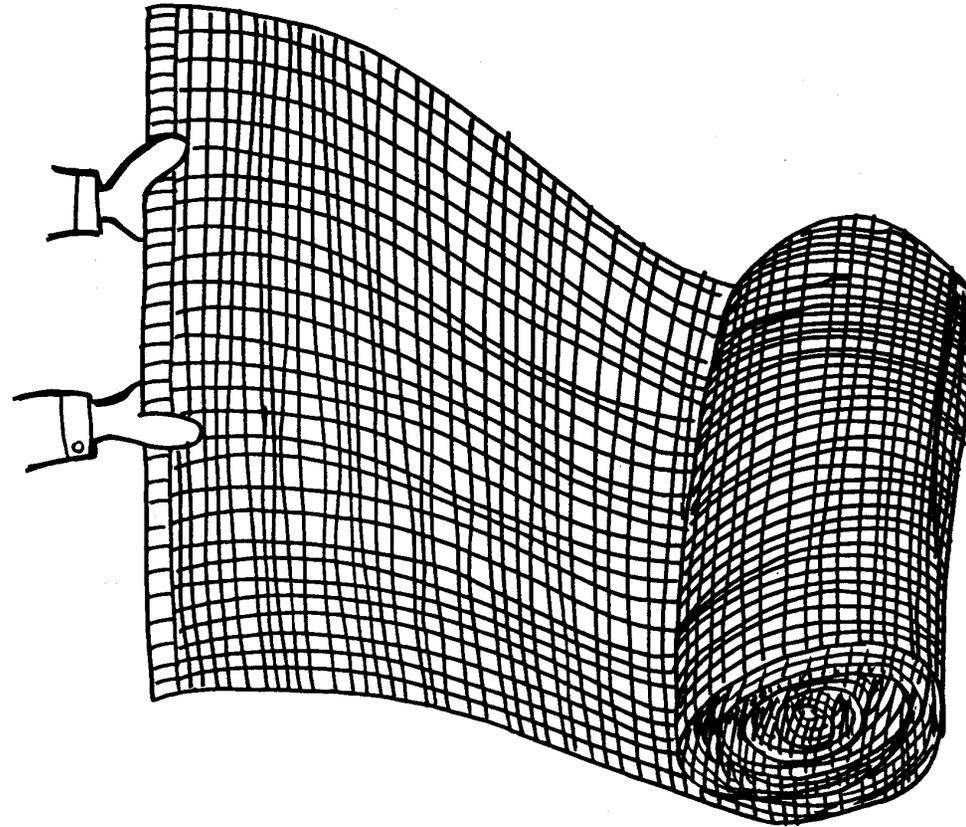
Granddad said the people would use the pole to get up the shallow rivers when they could.

Look what I found in the canoe.



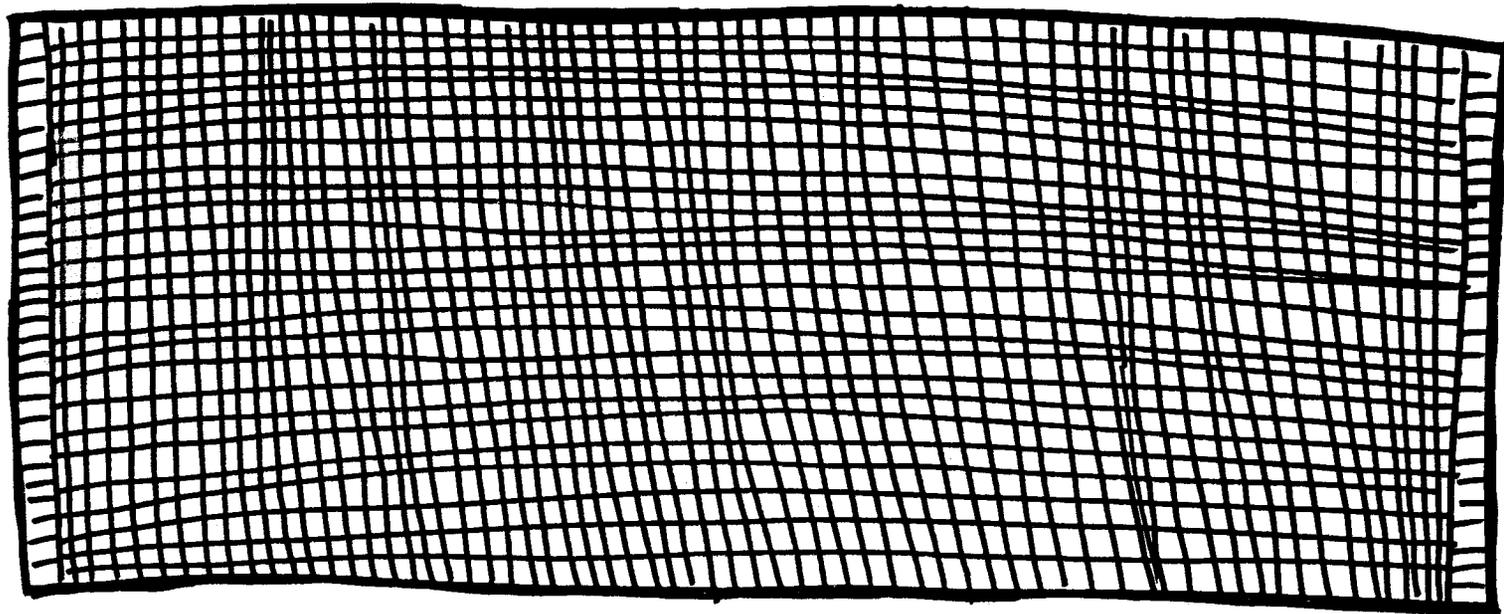
A pole!

In the front of the canoe I saw something rolled up, and really fat. Granddad took and rolled it out on the ground so it was laying flat.



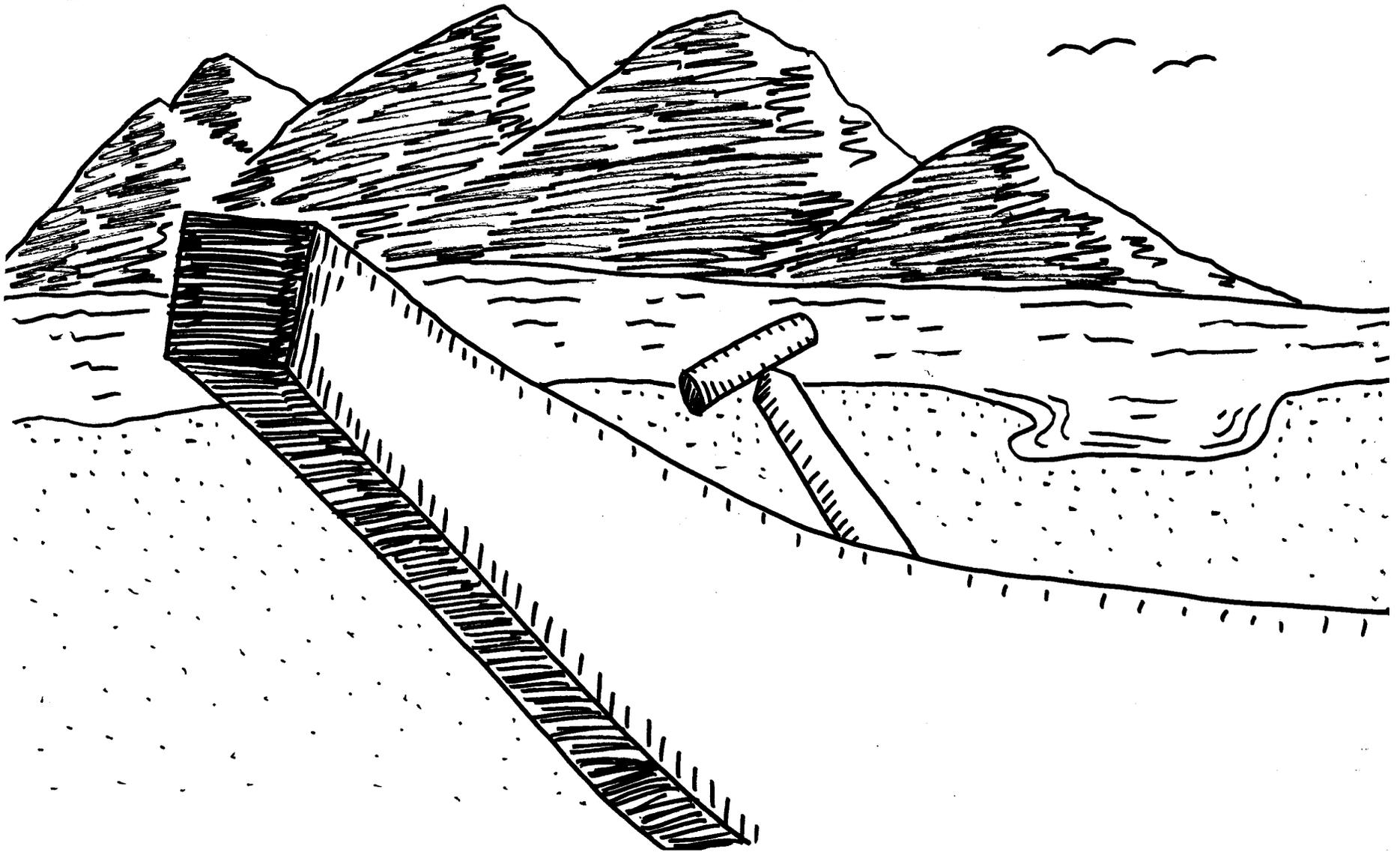
“A cedar bark mat, “ he said, “to sit on, and protect the canoe, in fact.”

Look what I found in the canoe.

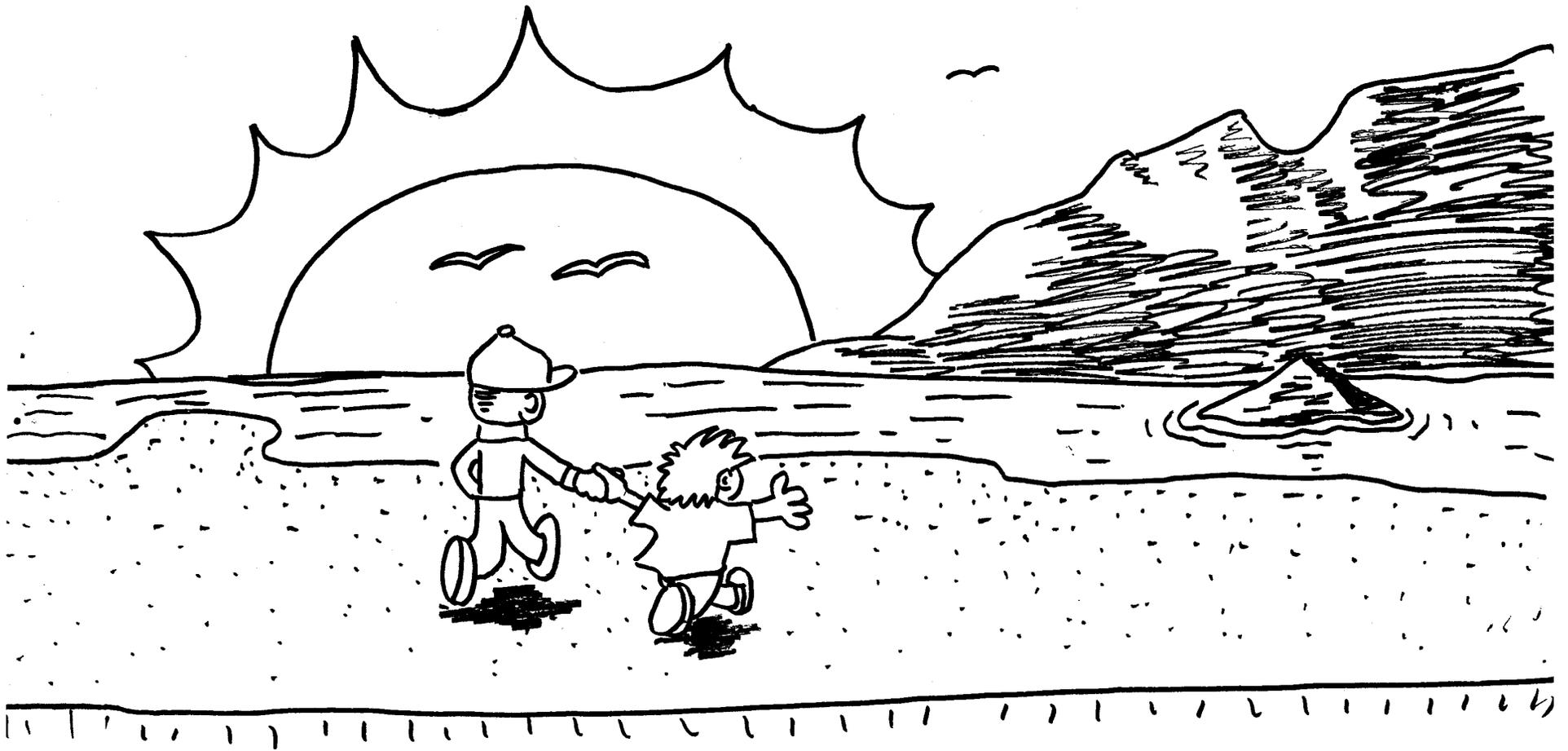


A cedar bark mat!

I am glad Granddad took me to the beach today. I really like seeing the canoe.



I was happy to see what I found inside, and
can't wait to have one too.



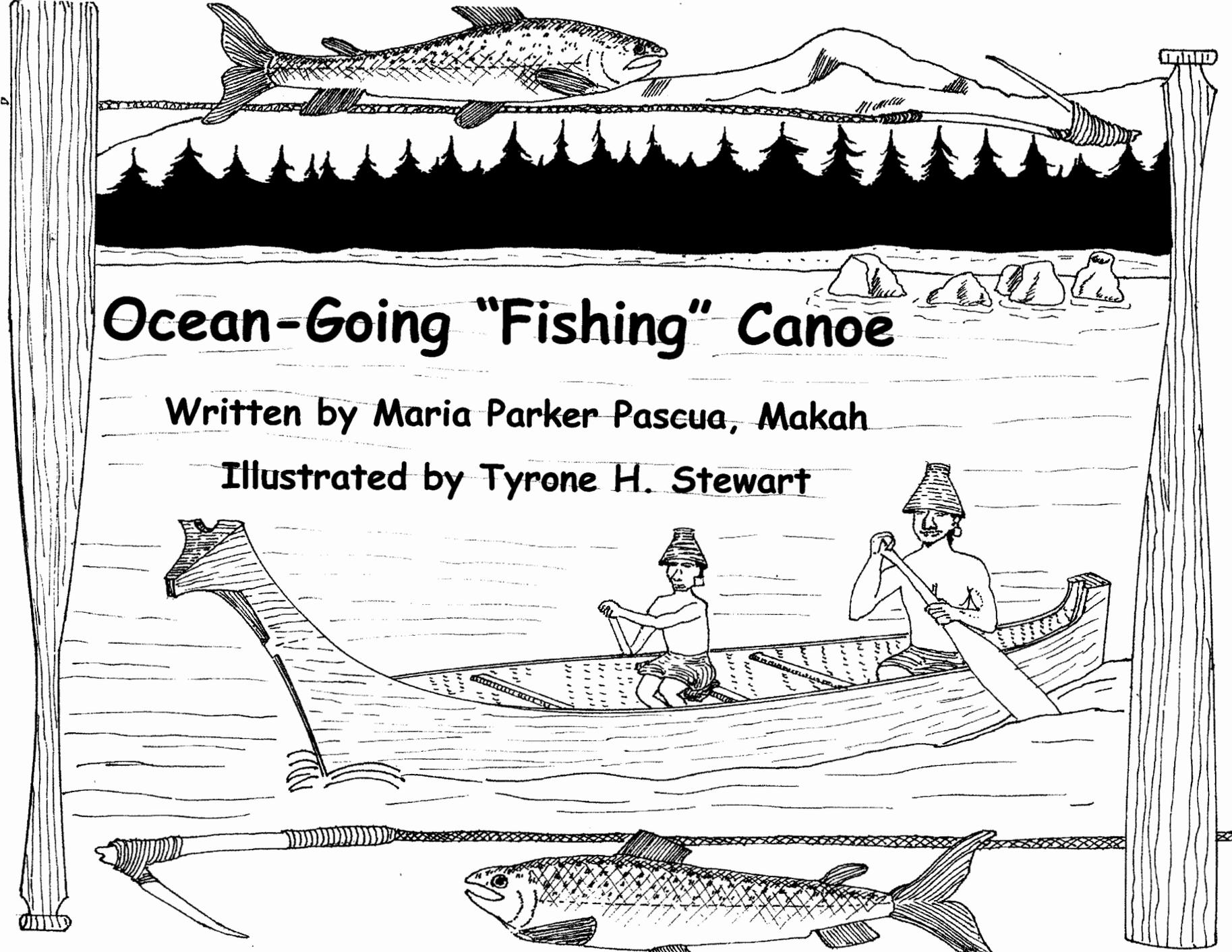
About the author and illustrator

Jerome M. Jainga- Tsimshian

In addition to being a cultural specialist for the Suquamish Tribe, Jerome Jainga works for the Marion Forsman-Boushie Early Learning Center. He designs culturally appropriate curriculum and programs for young people ages 3-12. He manages the educational delivery of the Lushootseed Language and acts as an advocate for Native American Education. He holds an Associate's degree in Pastry/Foods from South Seattle Community College and is currently working towards a Bachelors/Masters in Human Development and Native Studies from Pacific Oaks College. Mr. Jainga is also active in the Puget Salish Language Council, the Native Curriculum Development Team and Washington State OSPI.

Jeffery Noel Jainga- Tsimshian

Mr. Jainga is a cartoonist, illustrator, videographer, editor and screenwriter. He has attended Seattle Central Community College's Advertising Art Program and DeAnza College in California for filmmaking. He has studied traditional Native Arts with David Boxley (Tsimshian Eagle), learning Alaskan Tsimshian 2-D design, mask and spoon carving and bentwood box construction. He worked for four years as a TV news camera soundperson at KOMO TV, for five years at LSI Logic Corporation editing, writing and producing video. He also took traditional native drum making classes with Mike Dangeli of Northwind Native Arts.



Ocean-Going "Fishing" Canoe

Written by Maria Parker Pascua, Makah

Illustrated by Tyrone H. Stewart

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This book was developed by the Northwest Native American Curriculum Project, sponsored by The Evergreen Center for Educational Improvement at The Evergreen State College and the Office of Indian Education at the Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The project was partially funded by the Washington State Higher Education Coordinating Board.



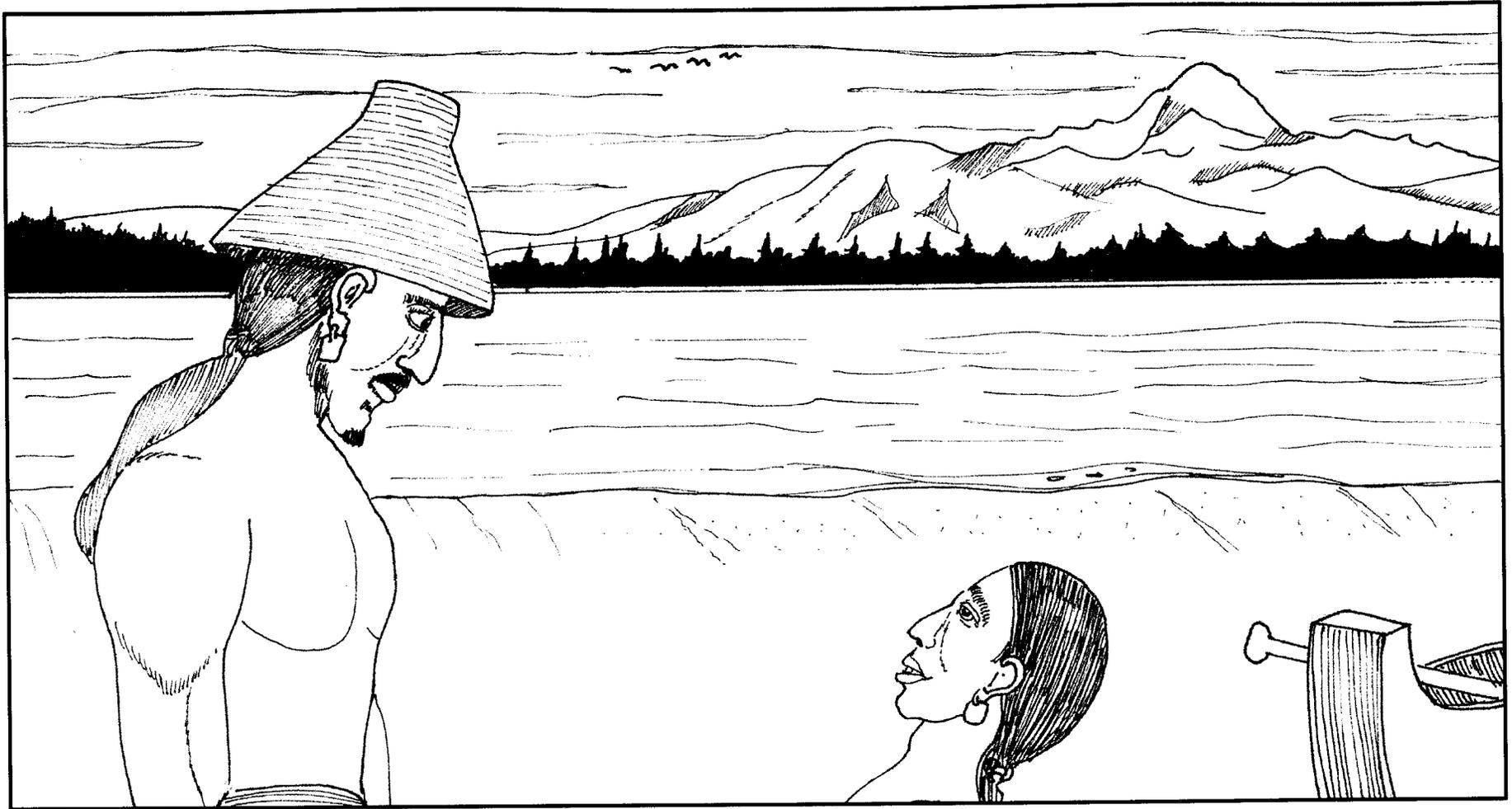
A Makah couple haul canoe ashore after fishing, Neah Bay, Washington, 1900. He is pulling a canoe with folded sail, and fishing gear onto beach; she holds fish, with blanket wrapped around her body, and a scarf on her head. Island visible in background.

MSCUA, University of Washington, NA730

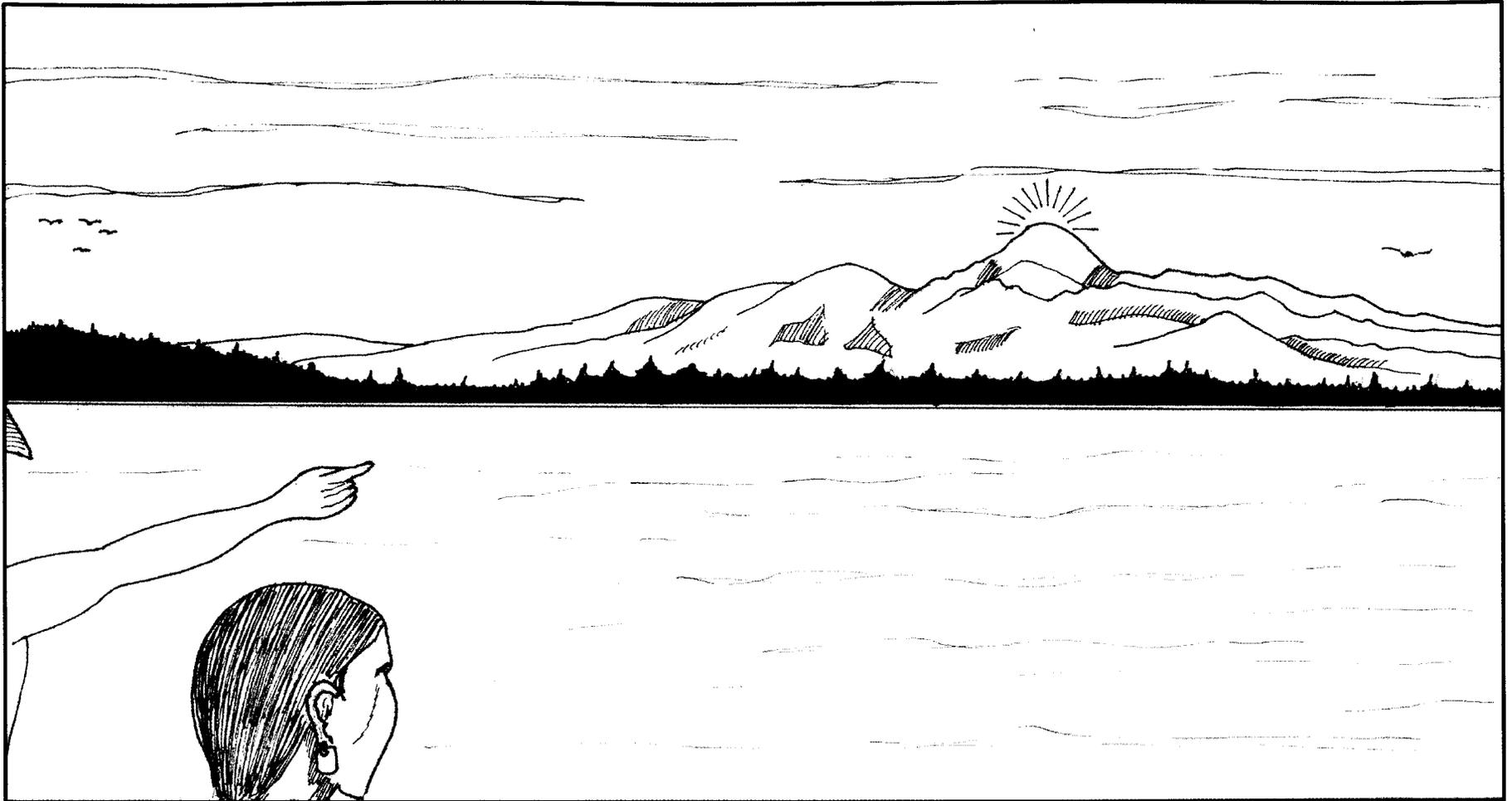


"Where will we go?" I said.

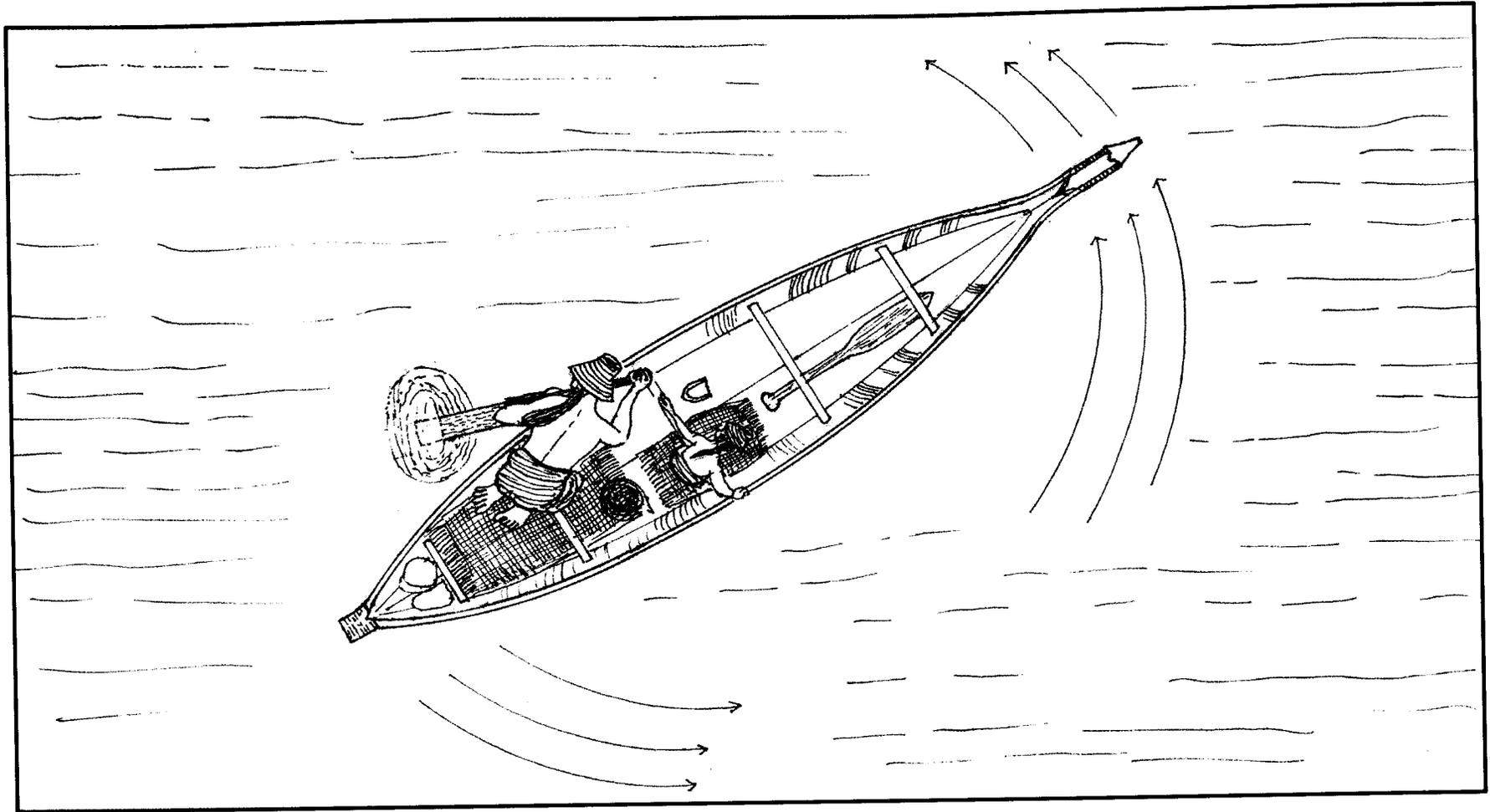
"Ask the steersman," Mom said.



"Where will the canoe go?" I said to the steersman. "Get in," says he to me. "Let's go!" "We are going away from here," said the steersman. "We are going over there."

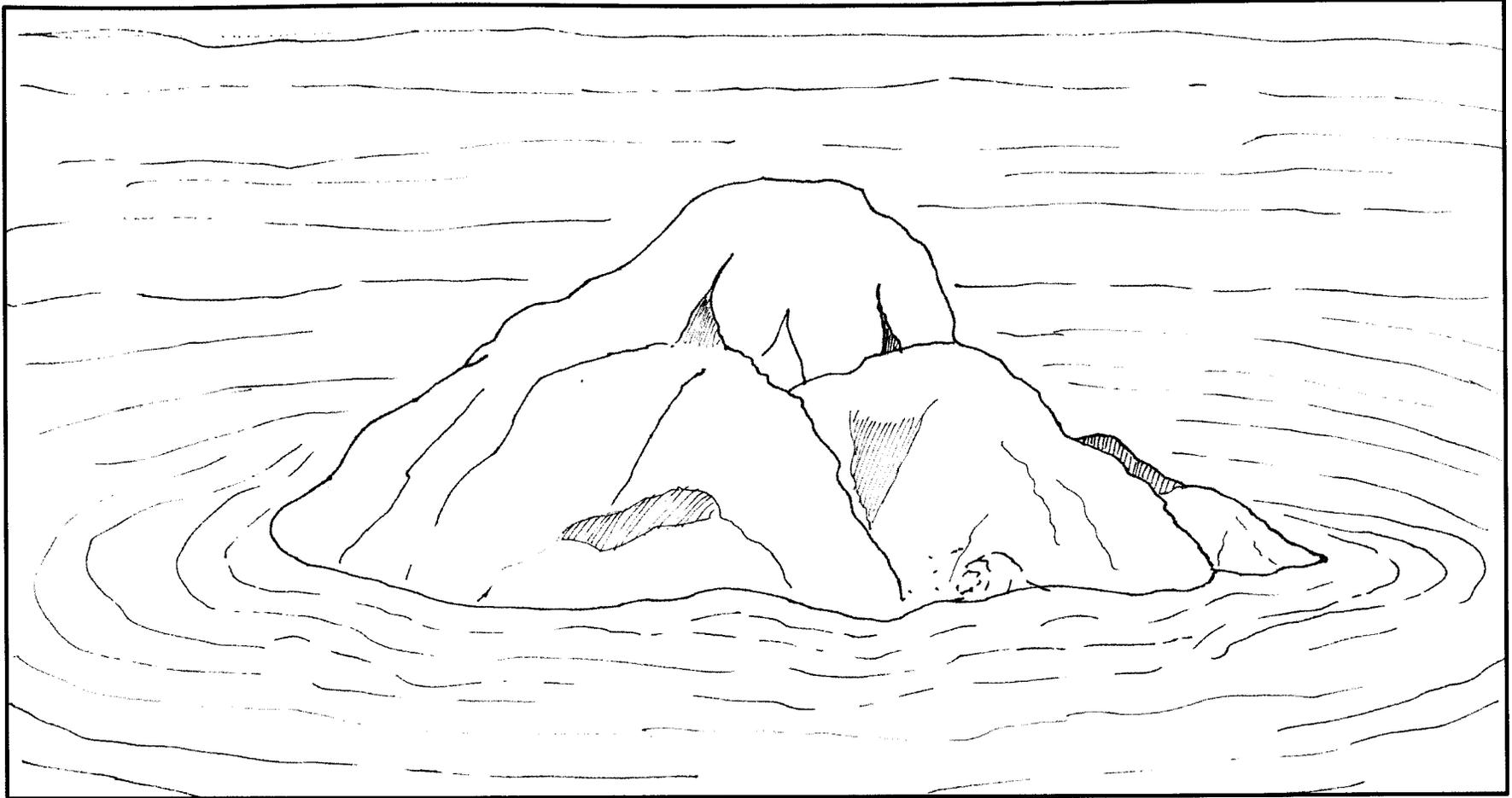


"See that mountain?"

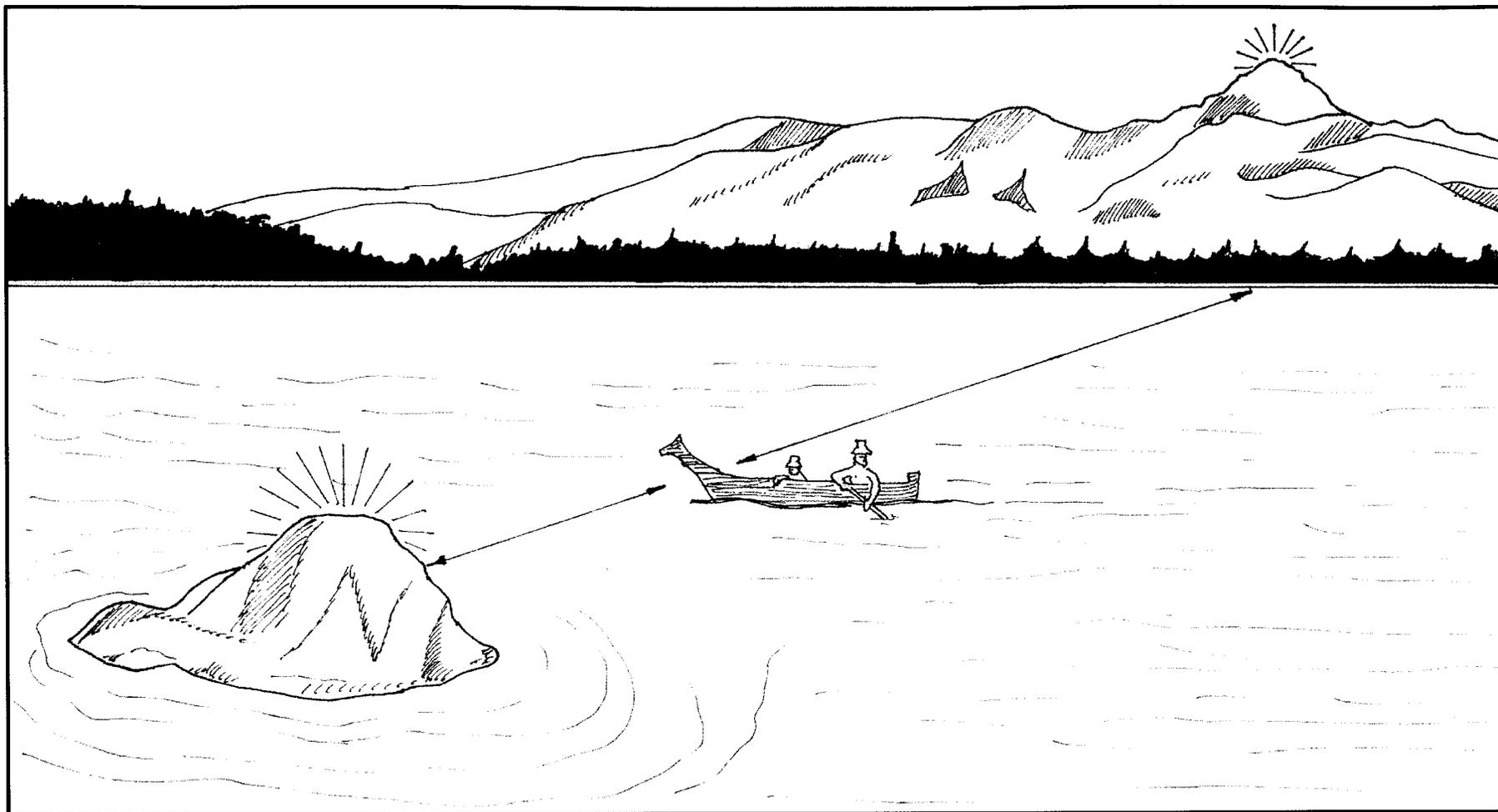


"Let's turn here."

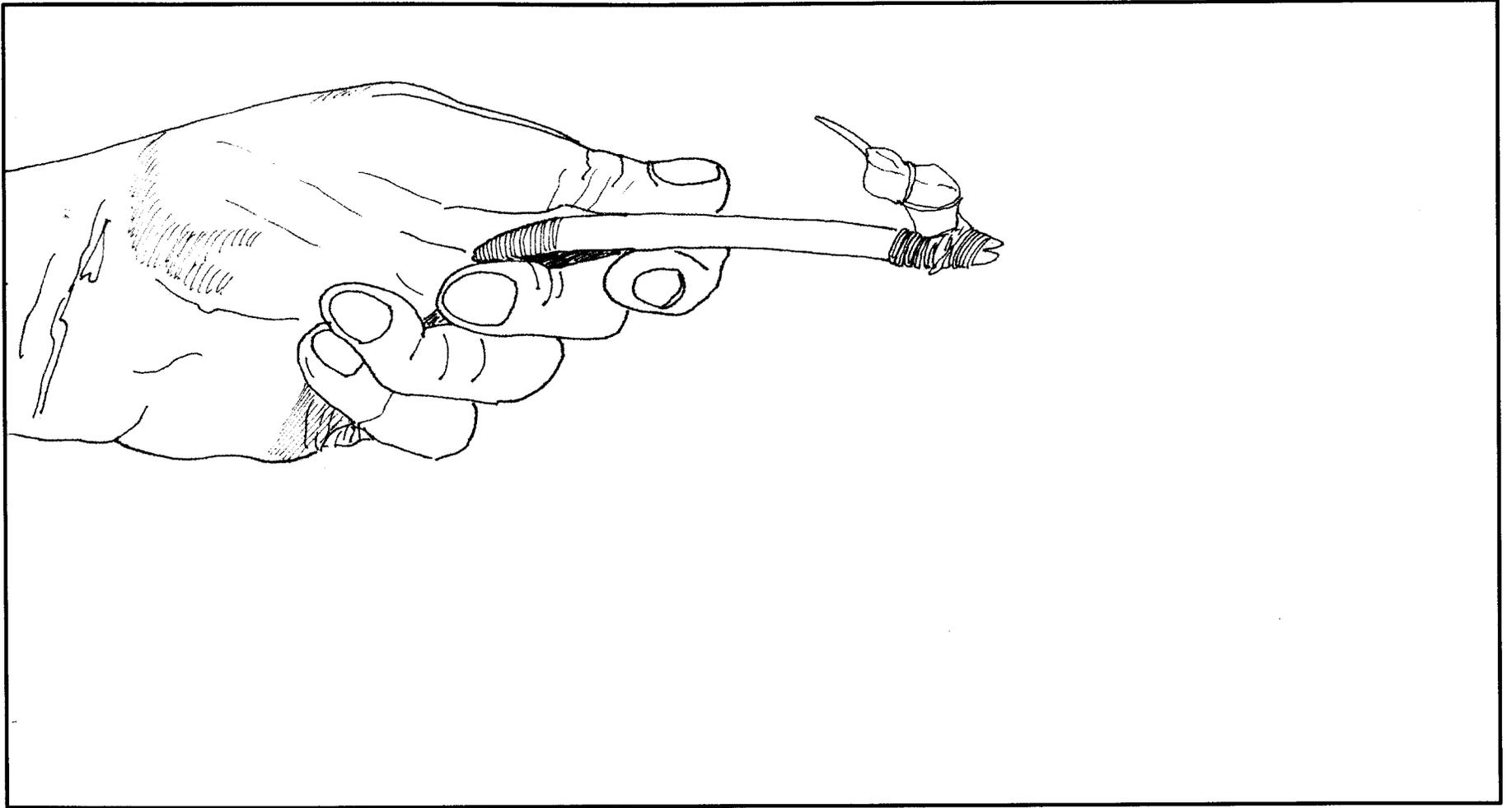
Paddle, pull, paddle, go!



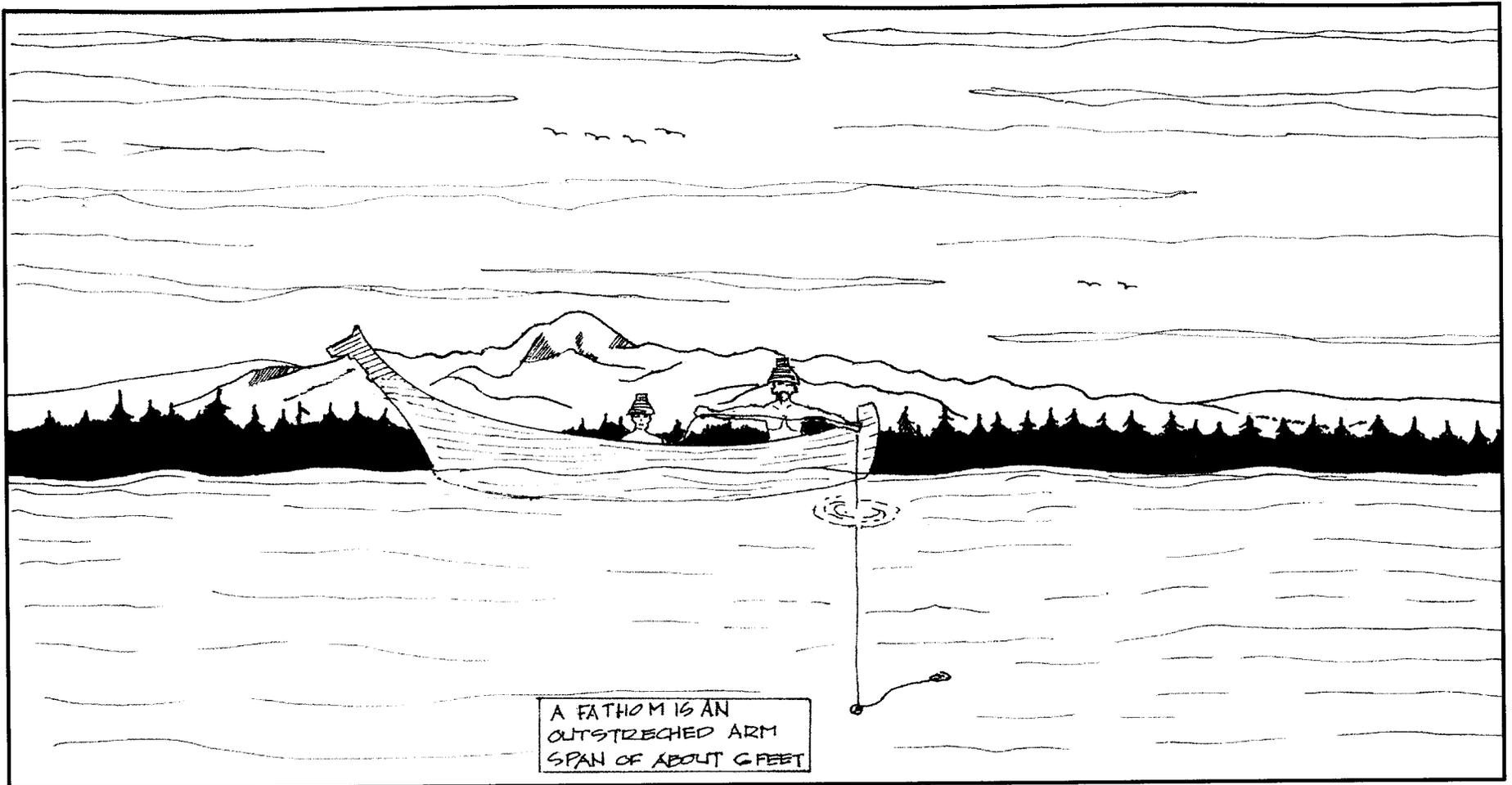
"See the big rock?"



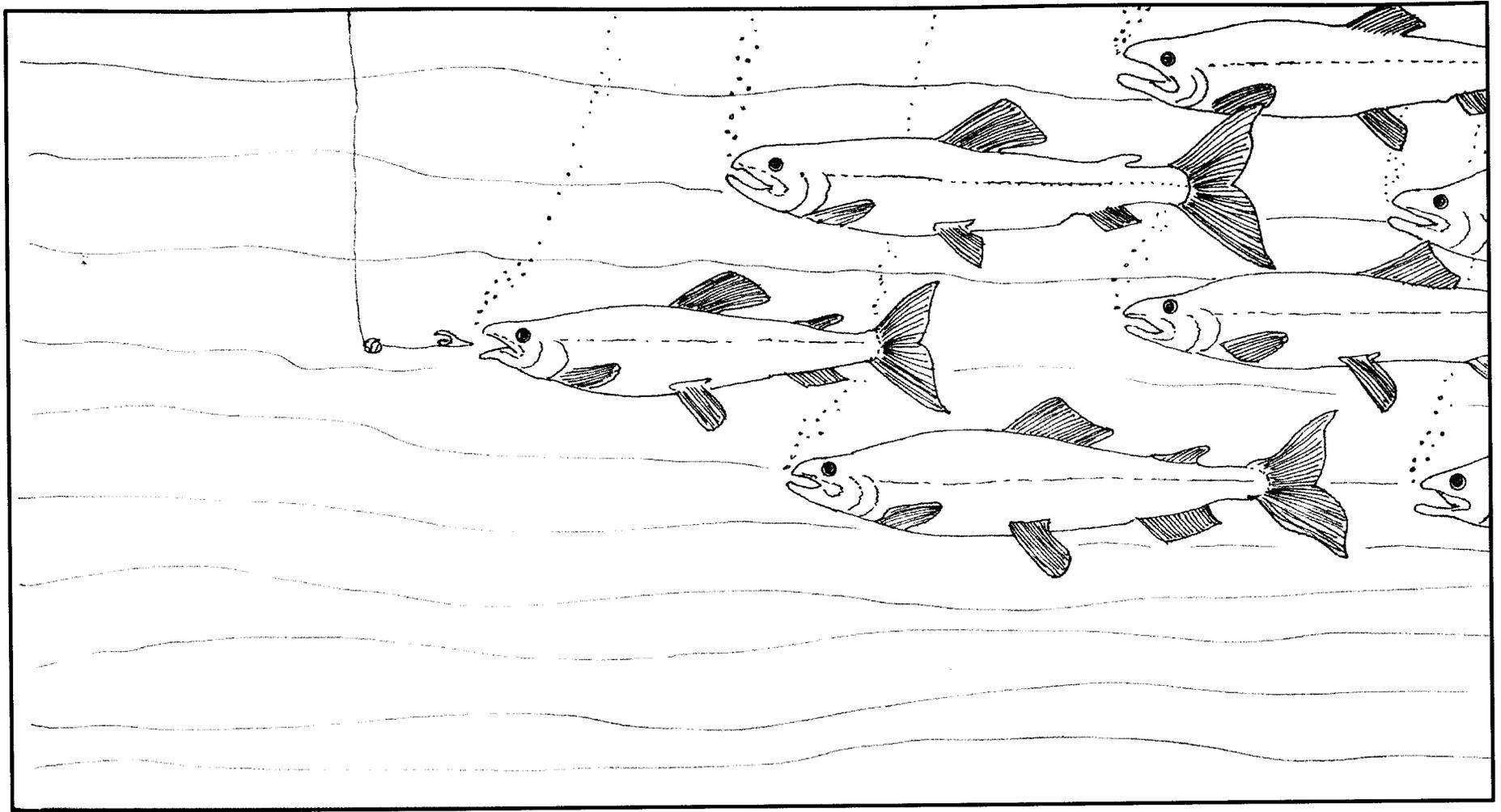
"Now we will stop."



"We will bait the hooks."

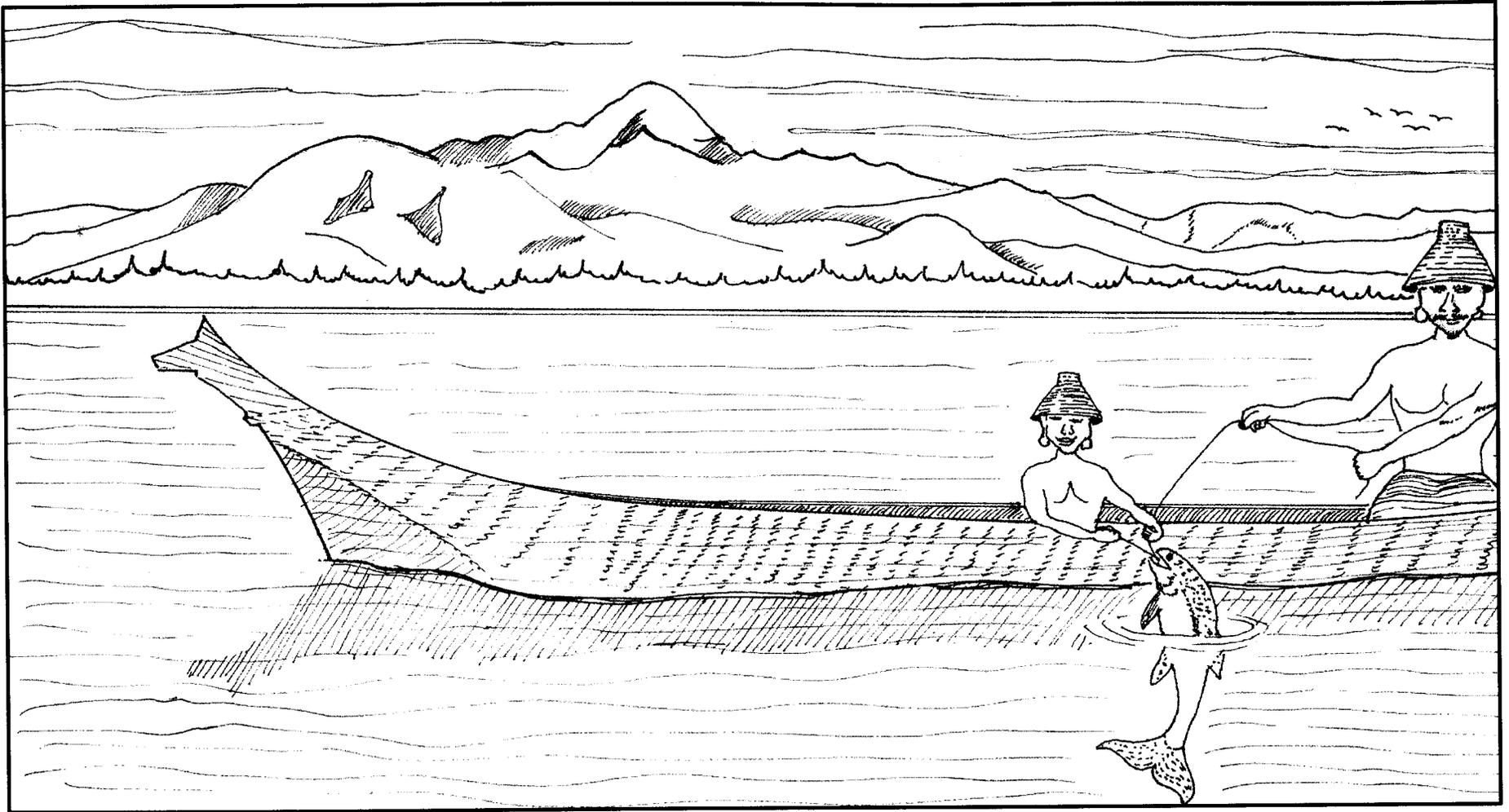


"We let down the line."

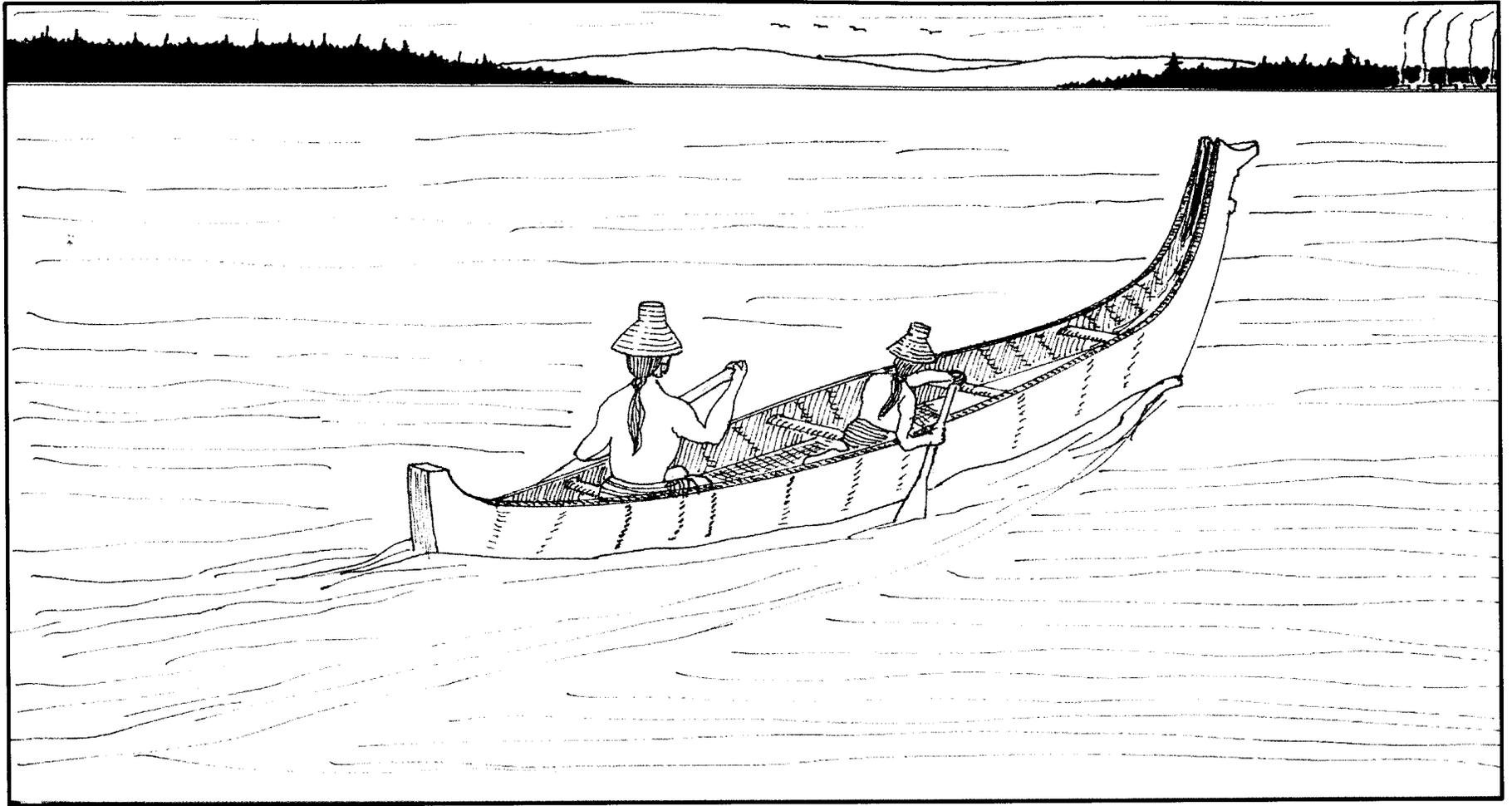


Wait and wait.

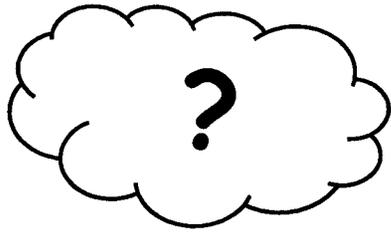
Bite. Bite! *Bite!*



"Pull up your fish."

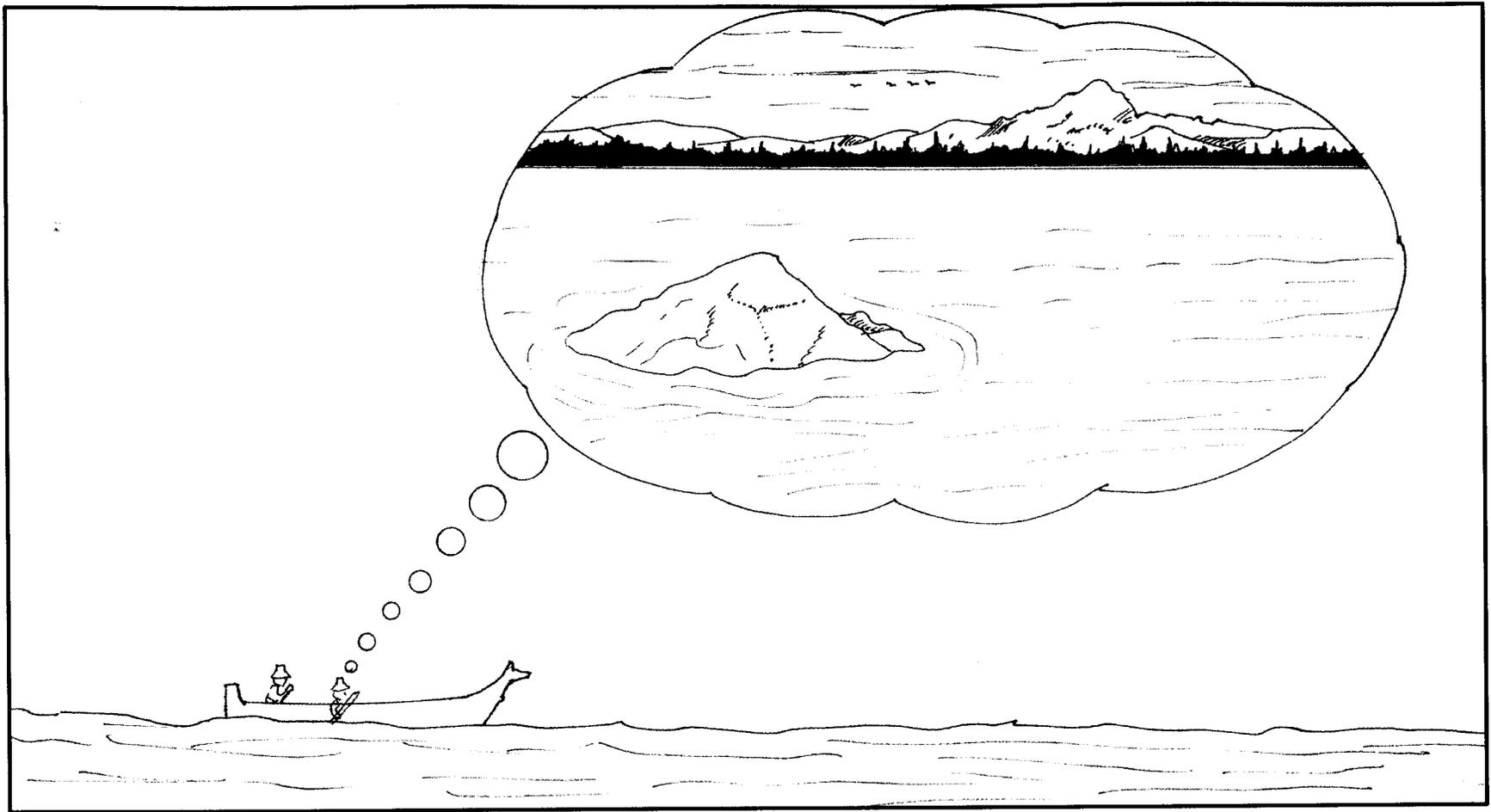


Sing a paddle song as we go:
"Alta nasyka hyak klatawa, hoo, hoo, hoo."
'Now we are going fast.' (Chinook jargon)



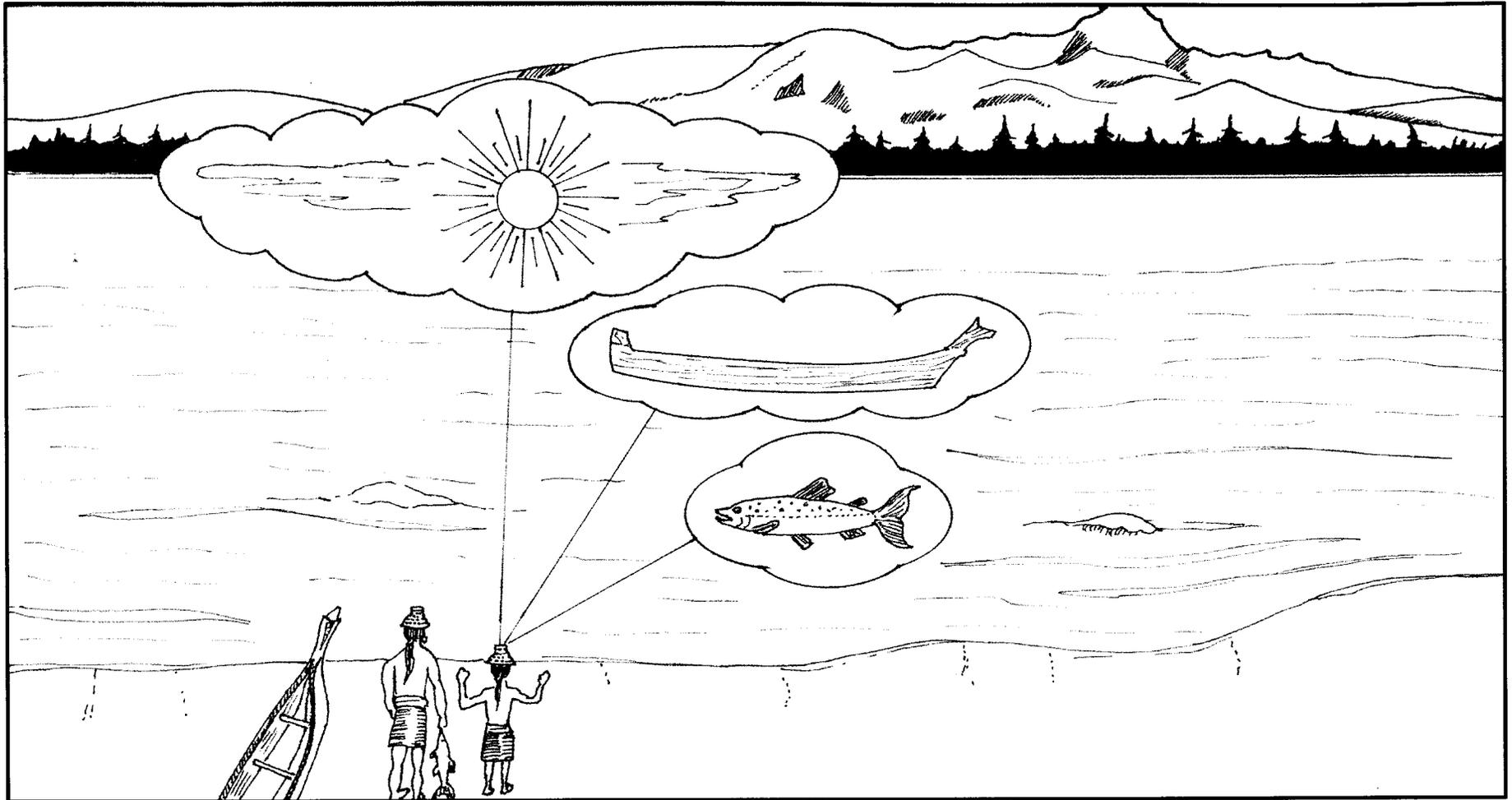
"Tell me," said the steersman,
"where did this canoe go?"





"It took us to our fishing place."

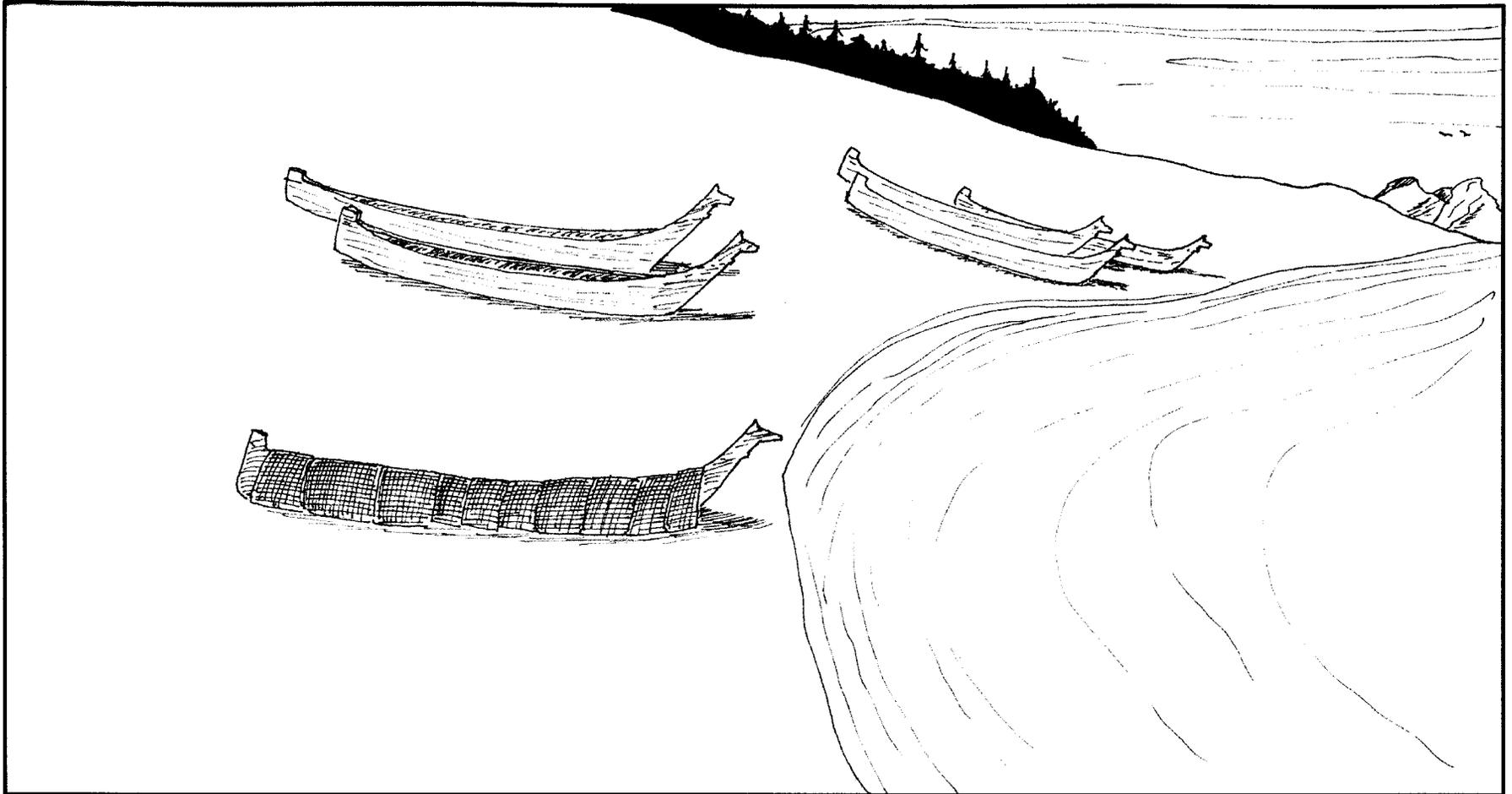
"Yes, it did."



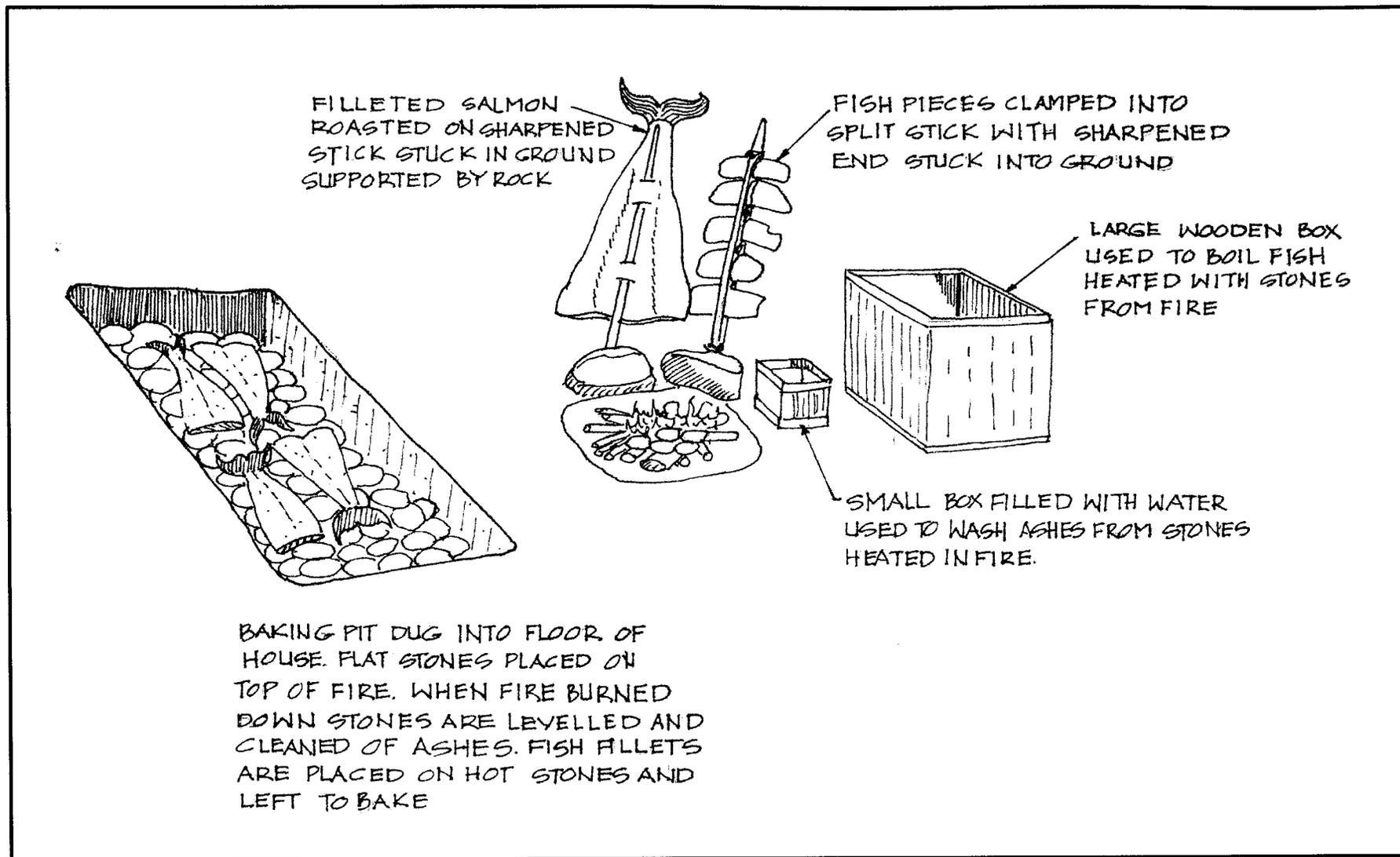
**"Thank you, Chief Above.
Thank you, canoe.
Thank you, fish."**



"Thank you, Dad!!"



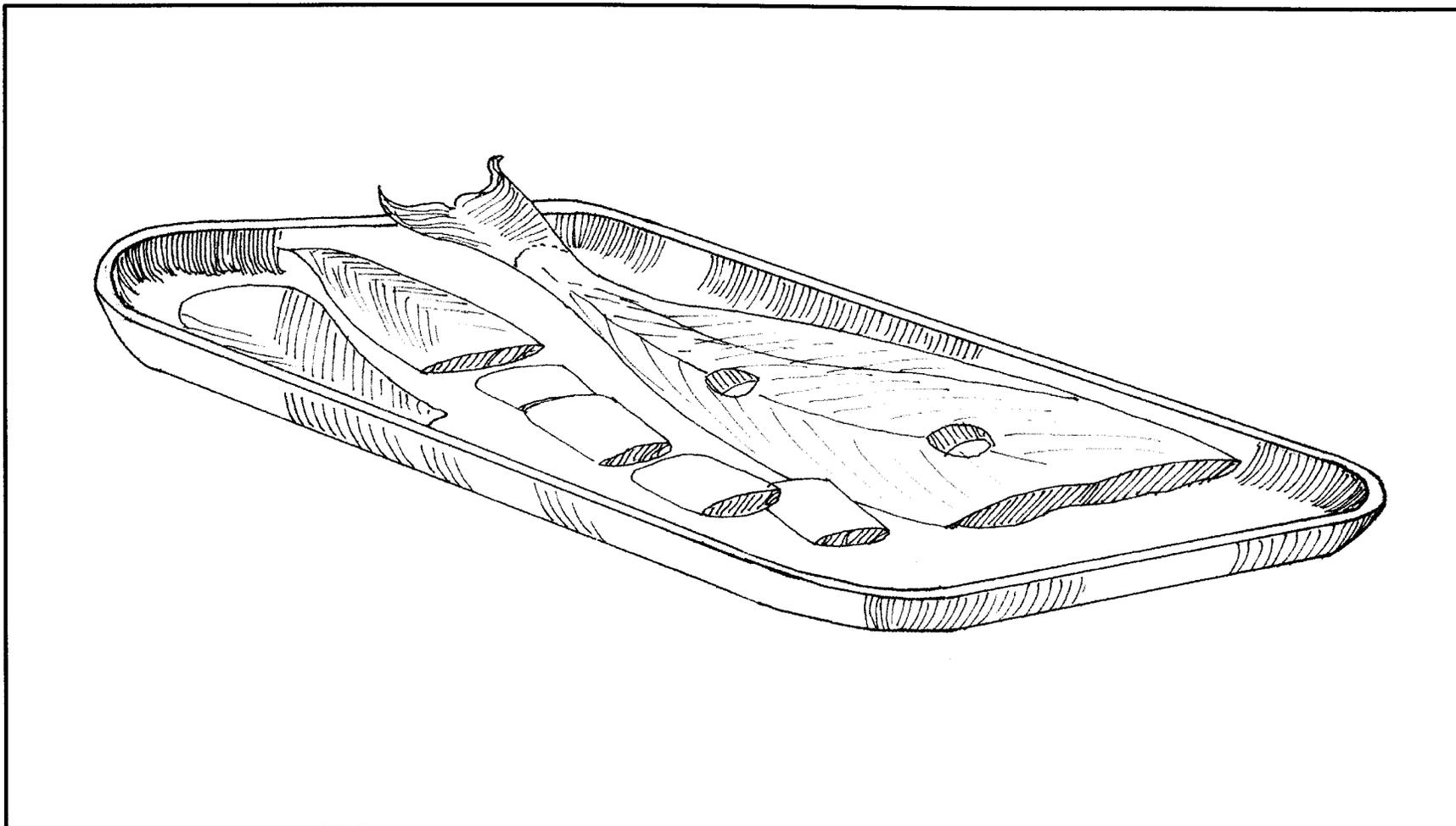
**Now the canoe: Pull it up.
Cover it up . . . until we go again.**



**Now the fish: Clean it. Fillet it.
Boil, smoke, or bake it.**



"Now what shall we do?" Dad says.



**"I think we should eat.
Let's eat our yummy treat. Mmmm."
Yum-yum . . . Would you like some?**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR AND ILLUSTRATOR

Maria Parker Pascua- Makah

A language specialist for the Makah Culture and Research Center, Maria Parker Pascua is also a cultural arts teacher at Neah Bay High School. Previously, she taught elementary level Makah language classes and was a 1st and 3rd grade homeroom teacher.

Tyrone Stewart

Mr. Stewart is a former editor/publisher of *American Indian Crafts and Culture Magazine*. He collaborated with Frederick Dockstader and Barton Wright to create essays for *The Year of the Hopi: Paintings and Photographs by Joseph Mora, 1904-06* for the Smithsonian Institution traveling exhibition service. He assisted in the development of the *Study Guide of the Dakota Collection* for the Smithsonian Institute's National Museum of Natural History. Mr. Stewart is an artist, illustrator, writer and award-winning graphic artist and architectural designer. His Canadian roots include the founders of Quebec City and Chippewa-Cree ancestry.

The Building of a Canoe



June 1988

Courtesy of the Tulalip Tribe

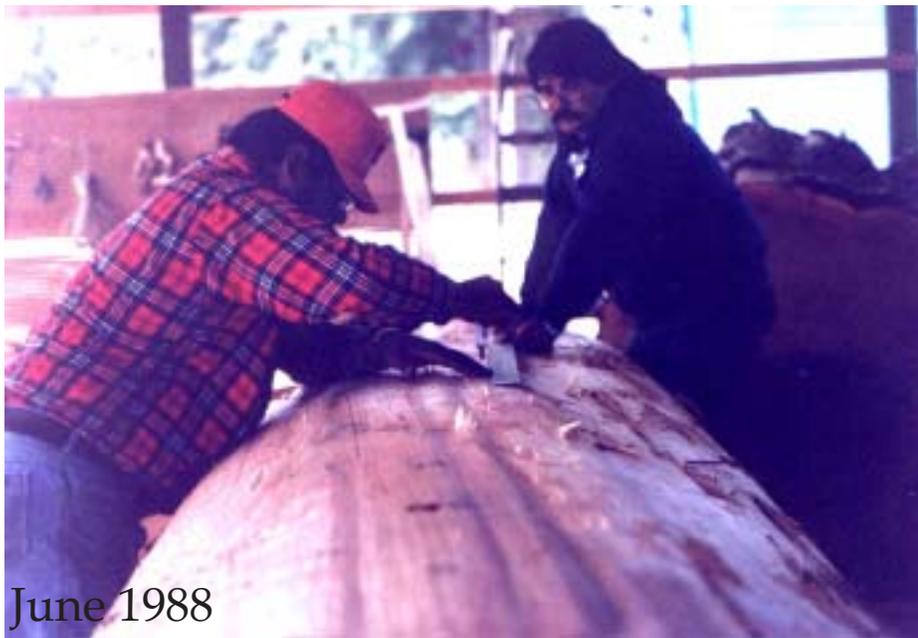
2001

Carpenter Crew:
Danny Pablo
Jim Anderson

Canoe Carvers:
Jerry Jones
Joe Gobin

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This book was developed by the Northwest Native American Curriculum Project, sponsored by The Evergreen Center for Educational Improvement at The Evergreen State College and the Office of Indian Education at the Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The project was partially funded by the Washington State Higher Education Coordinating Board.



June 1988

After the top has been flattened, the center line on the bottom is created. (Jerry Jones and Joe Gobin)

The bow lines are put on with a baton.

(Joe Gobin, Jerry Jones, Jim Anderson, Danny Pablo)



June 1988

The bow section
is blocked out.
(Jerry Jones)



June 1988



April 1989

The tail gets fitted
to the canoe.



The tail section needs some repairing before it is installed on the canoe. (Jerry Jones)



The top of the tail isn't tall enough, so canoe carver, Jerry Jones, laminates it to the proper dimensions.



A gutter (elbow) adze is used to shape the right side of the canoe. (Jerry Jones)

On the day of the steaming, before water was added, a rope is tied around the bow to prevent it from spreading too wide.





On the evening of a solar eclipse, while using steam and spreaders to stretch the canoe, the canoe split.

March 1989

The first section of the canoe is thinned to the correct thickness.



February 1989



November/December 1988

1/4" wooden dowels and wood glue are used to connect the patch in the bow to the main body of the canoe.



November/December 1988



“Butterflies” are installed with a 2-part epoxy to repair the crack on the right side of the canoe. The crack is sealed with Seki-flex 52.

The thorts are installed the old way, except the canoe carver uses copper wire instead of cedar bows.



Two coats of dogfish liver oil and red ochre paint are applied, but the paint doesn't dry. The carver ends up using enamel paint.

(Jim Anderson, Joe Gobin)



The sides are prepared for the rub rail. In the background, the paddle carved especially to steer the canoe sits in the bow. (Joe Gobin, Jerry Jones)



May 1989

The bow of the canoe is finished except for the eaves and the rub rails.

The canoe will have a sail. The master carver Jerry Jones holds the mast.

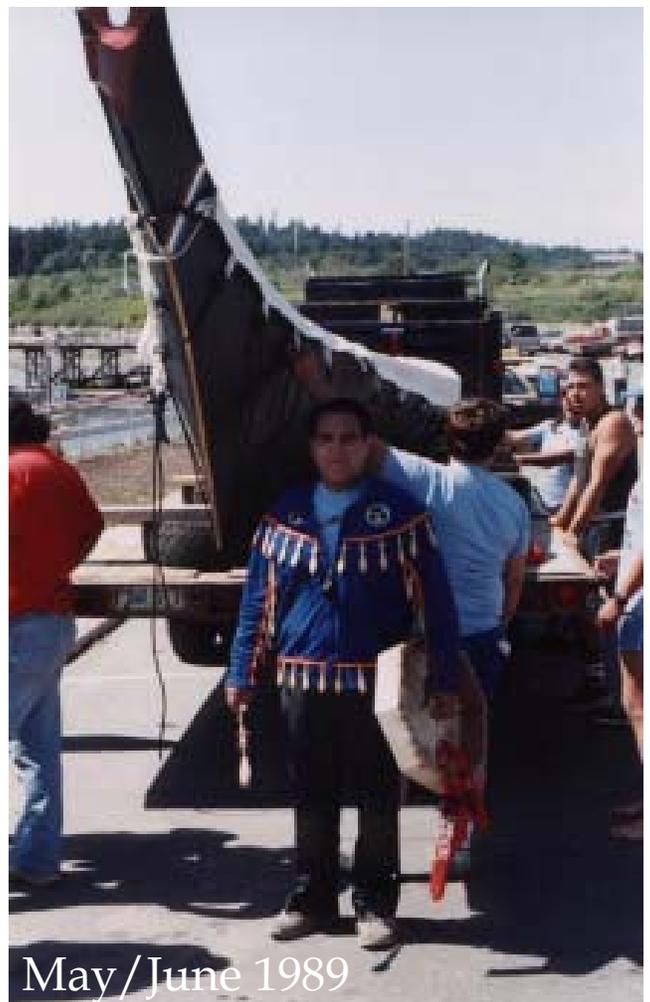


May 1989



May/June 1989

A week before the *Salmon Ceremony*, the canoe is moved to Tulalip Bay for its dedication and launch. (Bernie Gobin, Eddie Pablo, Richard Brown, Joe Gobin, Danny Pablo, Jerry Jones, Leroy Fryberg, Dale Jones; Stan Jones, below)



May/June 1989



May/June 1989

The canoe is blessed. (Bernie Gobin, Frank Madison, Stan Jones, Neal Moses, Julie Moses, Terry Jones, Marya Moses, Jo Ann Jones)



Tulalip elders, including Marya Moses, Jo Ann Jones, Terry Gobin and Molly Hatch, give the *Blessing of Big Sister* before the canoe goes into the water.



May/June 1989

The blessed canoe is put into the water for the first time. (Leroy Fryberg, Joe Gobin, Glen Gobin, Tony Hatch, Bill Holm, Jerry Jones)



May/June 1989



The maiden voyage! Skippering the canoe on her first trip is a great honor, given to Bill Holm, who was the master carvers' teacher and former curator of the Burke Museum. (From bow to stern: Joe Gobin, Dean Fryberg, Glen Gobin, Roy Hatch, Leroy Fryberg, Tony Hatch, Richard Brown, Bill Holm)

The Carving of a Canoe:

selected photographs from David Neel's

The Great Canoes: Reviving a Northwest Coast Tradition



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Elbow adzes are used to hollow the log. The straight sides of the canoe will be steamed and shaped into arcs, widening the canoe by a foot.





Pegs of a premeasured size help the carvers to achieve the correct thickness for the canoe's sides and bottom.



A young boy holds the canoe in place during the welcoming ceremony.