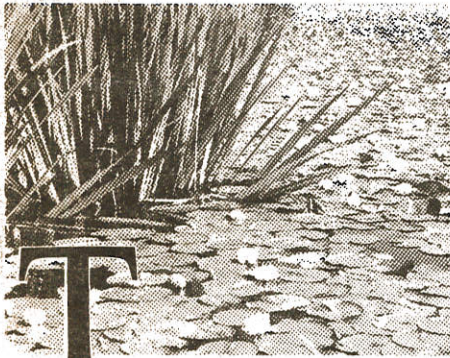


Duwamish Indians in Lake Washington, a rare photograph.

INDIAN LAKE WASHINGTON

When the white man came, the Lake People were the first to vanish.
But traces of their rich civilization still haunt the shoreline.

By David Buerge



THE FIRST SIGN OF SPRING ON THE lake was the sound of frogs, millions of them, raising an enormous din in the wide marshes. A few days thereafter, new green growth touched the tips of tawny brush and the dark, shaggy forest. The people began to come out of the longhouses clustered at the creek mouths, and canoes began to slip across the lake as the first camps were set up. These summer camps—a mat lodge, a gaggle of lean-tos, the ubiquitous baskets and digging sticks—would be moved from site to site as the fruits of the earth ripened and animals commenced their seasonal migrations.

The smelt, spawning in the lake tributaries, came first, then suckers and peamouth. As insects hummed to abundant life in the greening swamps, the birds came to raise their young or to feed during their vernal migration. The days warmed and human activity on the lake quickened: men built weirs near the mouths of streams, and families carrying their canoes over the portage to Lake Union headed down Ross Creek to Salmon Bay or over the trail at the southern end of the lake to Elliott Bay and tidewater where clams fattened in the beaches. Deer and elk hunters lurked on the periphery of the swamps where these animals browsed on the brilliant skunk cabbage. Sometimes, long trains of horses materialized on the lakeshore bearing proud families of Snoqualmie or Klikitats resplendent in buckskin. They were heading to the salt shore with their lake kin.

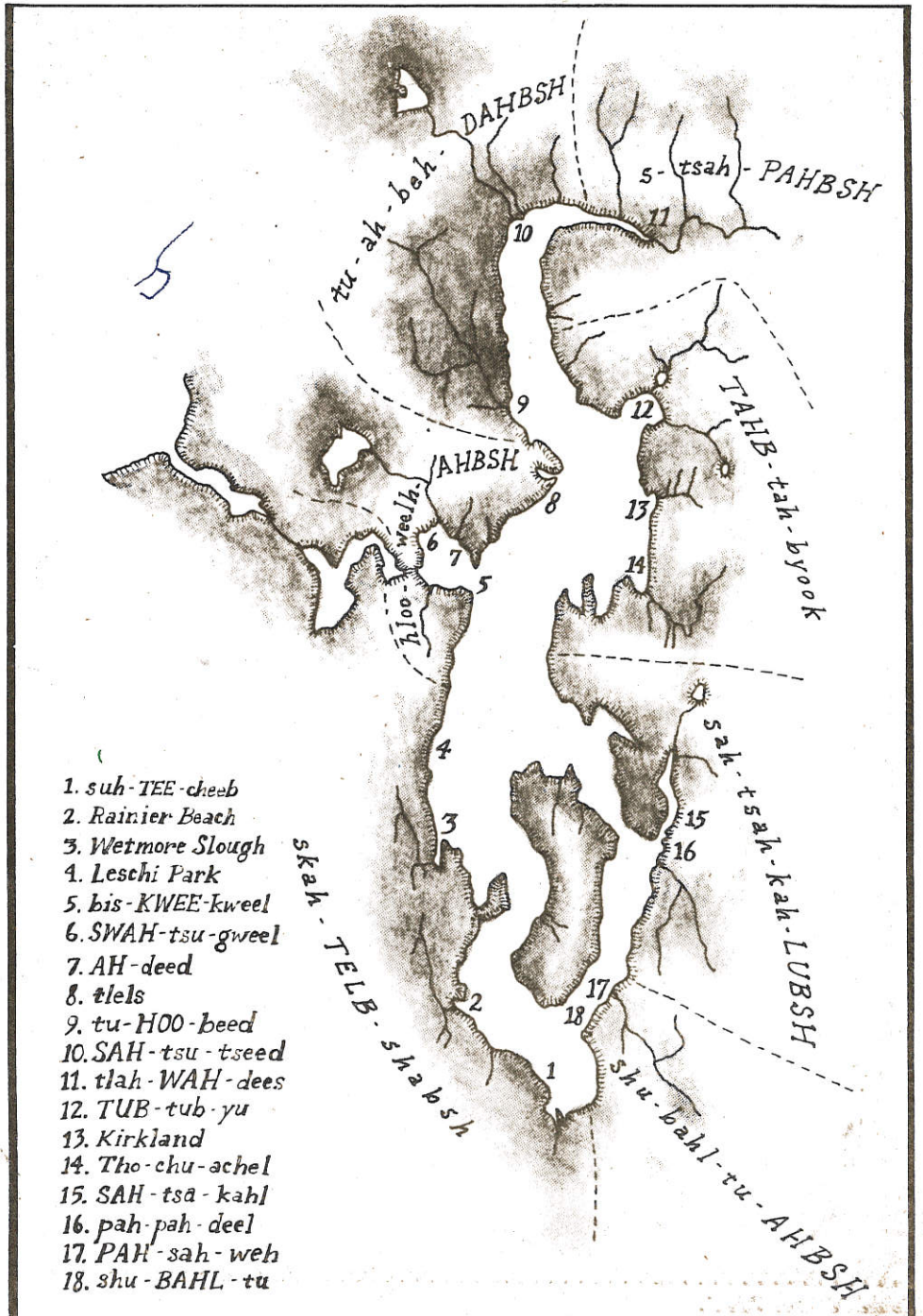
The lake had only one outlet, the Black River, so the spring flood took a month longer to subside here than it did on the rivers, and the migrations of salmon which followed the flood came later in the season. Nevertheless, by midsummer salmon began to enter the lake, and by August the russet

hordes began to swarm up the creeks. Groups began to man the weirs, scooping the fish out with dip nets, or gathered along the shore to let out their seine nets. Parties from outside of the lake basin, from the Puyallup or even the Skagit rivers, came to fish for the kokanee, the lake's famed landlocked sockeye, whose flesh was thought tastier and easier to cure than the salmon that migrated into the lake from the sea.

It was during this season of plenty that the people gathered for social events, for potlaches that celebrated marriages, the assumption of new names, and the consolidation of social power, for gambling matches, sporting contests, and simple conviviality. In the early fall, however, when the fish were running heavily, everyone worked—the men and boys catching the fish, the women and girls cleaning and curing them, and the children energetically imitating their elders.

As the days grew shorter, families moved back to the longhouses to get them in order, and their equestrian kin rode in files back to their homes in the foothills of the mountains or over the mountains to the east. The ingathering of great nature continued. Muskrats were hunted, and the bulbs of the wapato, the "Indian potato," were gathered in the shallows. In the fall, too, waterfowl going south on the great autumnal phase of their seasonal migration darkened the skies and formed huge flotillas on the lake inlets. Now the great aerial nets were taken out of their boxes and hoisted between tall poles. In the evening or on foggy days, men in canoes would frighten the flocks into the air, and as they flew along their traditional flyways to less troublesome spots, they became ensnared in the nets hung across them. During the evenings, the surfaces of the inlets were spangled with the lights of fires kindled on earthen beds in canoes. These lured the ducks from the reeds and into the sight of the hunters, who flipped their multi-pronged duck spears at them with a quick, underhanded toss.

By the beginning of winter, the rains were bucketing down, but the people were snug in their longhouses with racks of fish drying over the hearths. The spirit guardians of the people returned to the longhouses as well, and night after night the people welcomed them with ceremony, gift giving, and song. Snow might fall, and by the winter solstice the world had stilled into a gelid trance.



1. *suh-TEE-chesb*
2. *Rainier Beach*
3. *Wetmore Slough*
4. *Leschi Park*
5. *bis-KWEE-kweel*
6. *SWAH-tsu-gweel*
7. *AH-deed*
8. *tlels*
9. *tu-HOO-beed*
10. *SAH-tsu-tseed*
11. *tlah-WAH-dees*
12. *TUB-tub-yu*
13. *Kirkland*
14. *Tho-chu-achel*
15. *SAH-tsa-kahl*
16. *pah-pah-deel*
17. *PAH-sah-weh*
18. *shu-BAHL-tu*

Ghosts wandered over the darkened land, lonely for human company, and carried off the sick and weak. The nobles might ward off their influence with elaborate soul-recovery ceremonials. The people remained by their fires, mending nets, boiling the summer's dried salmon, and waiting to hear the sound of the frogs of early spring.

IT WAS A WORLD FULL OF BEAUTY AND energy. Of all the habitats occupied by the native peoples in Western Washington, Lake Washington was one of the most unusual. The largest lake west of the Cascades, it resembled a reduced freshwater microcosm of Puget Sound: a substantial body of water at the center of a roughly radial pattern of stream drainages, with each drainage the home of an autonomous group or tribe. Yet the people who lived beside the lake for so many generations that they remembered when it had been an arm of the sea are virtually unknown to us. They were the first lost tribes, once the white man came.

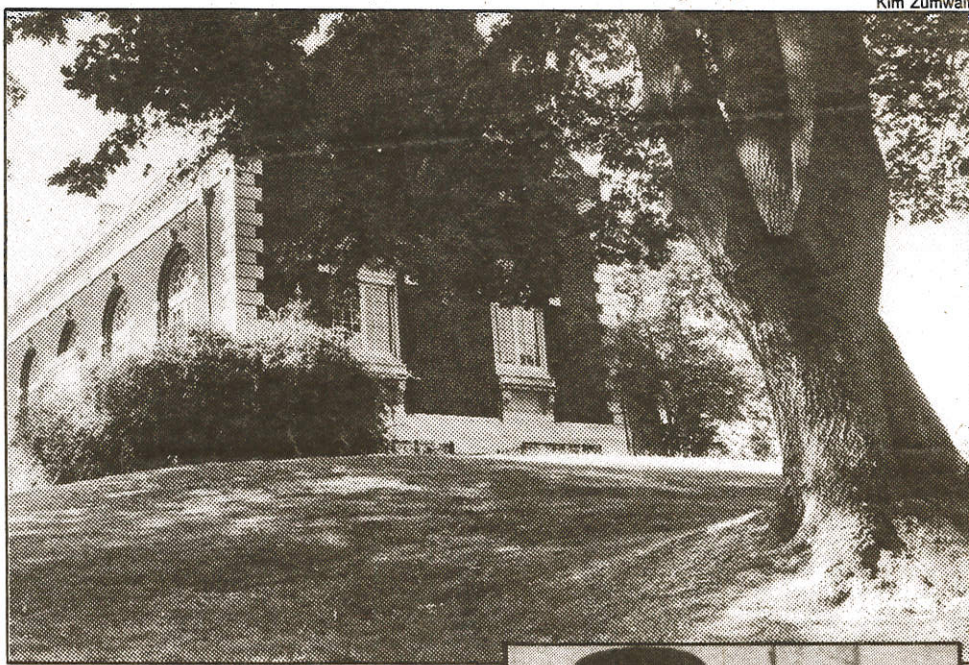
In 1849, Isaac Ebey cast his admiring eye upon its wide, dancing waters, probably the first white man to do so. He called it Lake Geneva. A few years later, a surge of patriotic fervor among the growing white community renamed it Lake Washington. Its presence near Puget Sound inflamed the greed of those who saw it as an important piece in the vast commercial and industrial drama whose opening curtain destiny had recently drawn. Soon, plans were afoot to dig a connecting canal to the Sound. Coal was discovered in the surrounding mountains, mines were dug, and, apace, steamers pulled heavily laden scows over the pristine water. The urbanization of the lake had begun.

Scant attention was paid to the magnificent lake's ancient caretakers, save when their activities inhibited white progress. Leschi, the war-chief of the Nisquallies, is said to have landed on the lake's western shore and marshalled his warriors for their attack on Seattle—a park named after him commemorates the spot—and memories recalled a native settlement of sorts, called Fleaburg, surviving there until the 1880s. After that a few could recall seeing some canoes and a native gathering or two at isolated camps. After 1916, all seemed to have vanished mysteriously.

In ethnographic literature, the lack of any firm information rendered the Lake Washington basin *terra incognita*. To fill in the gap, the name Duwamish was extended across the lake from its rightful locus on the Duwamish and Black rivers. The lake people became the Lake Duwamish.

I first became interested in them in the early 1970s while preparing a manuscript detailing the history and culture of the native peoples of the Duwamish River Basin. By then a full century separated me from the time when they were a living group, and information about the lake tribes was so scant and fragmentary that I could do little more than pass on the ignorance. I began with some 90 names collected by ethnographers like Thomas Talbot Waterman and John Peabody Harrington in the early part of this century. These names identify places on the lakeshore where the people had gathered things, where the land lent itself to descriptions like "neck," "nose," and "breast," and where supernatural beings—demons, dwarfs, and thunderbirds—haunted. But these were like lovely pieces of a necklace whose string has broken.

Other sources added to the color and the confusion. There is, for example, a remarkable collection of native myths made by the late Arthur Ballard, a longtime resident of Auburn. Ballard, one of Waterman's coworkers, was one of the first white residents who took the native culture seriously enough to record accurately its disappearing traditions. In fact, it was Ballard who introduced Waterman to many of his informants. In this work Ballard identifies the lake people as the hah-chu-AHBSH, from the word HAH-chu,



The library at Columbia City: a burial ground?

"lake," and the suffix ahbsh, meaning "people of," but he used this as a general term that also included groups living on Salmon Bay and Lake Union as well as those on the Sammamish River and Lake Sammamish.

How could the term "lake people" logically be applied to groups living on a saltwater estuary like Salmon Bay or a river like the Sammamish? The Salmon Bay people were called the sheel-shol-AHBSH from the word SHEEL-shol, which translates as "threading a bead," a term apparently descriptive of the manner in which the estuary threaded its way inland between steep, forested hills. The Sammamish River people were called the s-tsa-PAHBSH, after s-tsa, the word for the willow that grew on the levees of that stream. These people were identified with their habitat and not with any lake.

The mystery deepened when I pondered the names Waterman had recorded for the three lakes and their peoples. Lake Washington was 'HAH-chu,' "The Lake," and its people were the hah-chu-AHBSH proper. Lake Sammamish was HAHT-hah-chu, "second lake," and its people were the haht-hah-chu-AHBSH, the "second lake people." Lake Union was ha-AH-chu, the "littlest lake," and its people were the ha-ah-chu-AHBSH, the "littlest lake people." The meanings of these names indicated that all three lakes were conceived to be related, but in what way was not clear. They did not form a watercourse as they do now, for until 1916 Lake Union and Lake Washington were separated by the Montlake divide, and the waters of Lake Washington and Lake Sammamish exited via the Black and Duwamish rivers into Elliott Bay. Lake Union drained through Ross Creek into Salmon Bay and Puget Sound, forming a separate watershed. Yet in spite of this important division, the lakes and their peoples were united in the nomenclature.

We do know that there was an important portage over the Montlake divide by which the people from Lake Washington hauled their canoes to Lake Union and went from there to the Sound. Thus, while the lakes did not form a watercourse, they were part of a route that saw considerable commerce between the realms of fresh and salt water and, by other trails, connected with the prairies of the Snoqualmie Valley and even the Columbia Basin.

NONE OF THIS, HOWEVER, SATISFACTORILY explained that elusive general term, hah-chu-AHBSH, "the lake people." The paucity of information about the people themselves forced me to look elsewhere for clues. Fortunately there was someplace else to look.



Lake John & Madeline, c. 1900.

This was the land itself, as it existed prior to the enormous changes wrought by white settlement. Enough material survives in the form of surveyors' notes, timber records, and the recollection of early observers for us to reconstruct the aboriginal environment in some detail. One thing these early records reveal is that the large lakes of the area provided their early users with an amazingly rich variety of resources. Whereas, for example, the rivers were valued primarily as a source of anadromous fish, the lakes had their own large resident populations of species like the kokanee and others like suckers, chubb, and peamouth which are not popular today but are entirely edible and were valued when the salmon were not running. There were also waterfowl and large populations of muskrats, beaver, otters, and other animals that were hunted and trapped. And there were edible plants too, like the wapato, the water lily whose seeds were ground to paste, and the cattail, whose root was edible and whose pithy stalk was used to make mats.

To gather in this richness, the people living near the lakes developed tools suited to their habitat such as seine nets and weirs adapted to the lake, and the special duck-catching spears, with barbs to lodge in the ducks' feathers. Aside from a differing technology, the dwellers on the lakes differed from their river or saltwater kin in their food-gathering schedule, since fish spawned in the lakes and their tributaries at different times than they did on the Sound and in its debouching rivers.

It appeared, then, that the resources of the lakes served to identify those who used them as "lake people," just as those who made most use of the rivers' resources were known as "river people," and those who most used

marine resources were known as "saltwater people." The term "lake people" as it is applied to those living on Salmon Bay and the Sammamish River makes sense if we understand that they relied upon the resources of the lakes as much as or more than they did upon those of estuary or river. It was an ethnic identity as distinct as those recognized for saltwater people, river people, and inland people like the Snoqualmie, who hunted in their forests and tended their prairie gardens as much as they fished.

Of this broad ethnic group, the people of Lake Washington, the lake people proper, are the most interesting and the ones most adapted to the lake environment. From a variety of sources we can identify 18 of their house sites, and from one source, a remarkable village list submitted as evidence in a court case, we know how many houses stood at many of the sites and even how big they were. According to the list, they were all "medium sized, 8 by 16 fathoms," or about 50 by 100 feet. Houses of this size probably sheltered four or five families, meaning 20 to 25 individuals.

These households appear to have been divided among seven winter villages—groups of houses usually clustered about the mouth of important salmon-spawning streams. The winter village group—those who spent the winter months in the houses—was an exogamous or 'out-marrying' group whose members married only individuals from other winter village groups. If one took up residence in another winter village, he kept with him the name of the one he was born in, much the same way as we might carry the name American with us if we moved abroad.

With this background, let us now look more closely at this remarkable community. Passing clockwise around the periphery of the lake, let us meet its lost peoples.

Along the southwestern shore of the lake lived the group about which we know the least. One elderly Duwamish informant associated them with the skah-TEL-shabsh, a group whose main house site stood at the confluence of the lake outlet and the Cedar River, a site now in downtown Renton. This group took its name from the SKAI-taw, a supernatural being with long hair that lurked at the bottom of the Black River, where it gave the power to attract wealth to those who wrestled with it. Along the lake this group had three longhouses at Bryn Mawr, at a place called suh-TEE-cheeb or "wading place," and possibly others at Rainier Beach, Wetmore Slough, and Leschi Park. Every winter village had its burial ground where even those who had married into another group returned at death, and if local memory is right, the one for this group was located at the knoll in Columbia City where the public library sits.

This was a shadowy group. One legend, almost certainly untrue, has it that Princess Angeline was born at Atlantic City Park. This may, however, be a recollection of a popular campsite. The whole beach from there to Seward Park appears to have been a place where many people gathered to fish and hunt muskrats and birds, and periodically homeowners find artifacts here when they put in foundations or gardens. Clarks Prairie, a small open area that existed near the neck of the Bailey Peninsula, may have been maintained as a native garden of sorts, and some have speculated that the oak trees at the old Martha Washington Home may have been propagated by native people who valued their acorns.

North at Union Bay lived a better-known group, the hloo-weelh-AHBSH, who took their name from the s-hloo-WEEHL, the narrow passages that intersected the Union Bay marsh. The word originally referred to the tiny hole bored into the side of the canoe by its maker during the final stages of construction to measure its thickness. This group, commanding the eastern terminus of the portage to salt water was the largest of any living on the lake and one of the most influential. Five longhouses were located on the northern margin of the bay, one near the present University steam plant, another near the Battelle Institute, and another one that

may have been used as a potlatch house may have stood at Edgewater Park. This group's burial ground was located on Foster Island, where the dead were placed in boxes and hauled up into the branches of trees. From time to time the lashings securing these boxes would give way and the bones would slip out, falling with an audible clatter upon the ground.

The people built a weir across Ravenna Creek to catch the salmon and set up basket weirs on the shores of Green Lake to catch suckers and perch. During the winter the surface of the bay glimmered with the light of fires kindled by duck hunters on earthen beds in their canoes, which they propelled silently before the marsh, luring the ducks out of the vegetation to be speared. In the warmer months, when the wapato bulbs and cattail roots fattened in the warm muck, women waded in the shallows and uprooted them with their toes. The people knew every reed and passage in the great marsh and could direct their slim canoes through the seemingly impenetrable vegetation with ease. The only

district and to the rich gathering and fishing spots around Mud Lake on Sand Point. At one place on the southern margin of the bay, fish were driven toward the shore by people beating the water with sticks and captured in long tubular weirs.

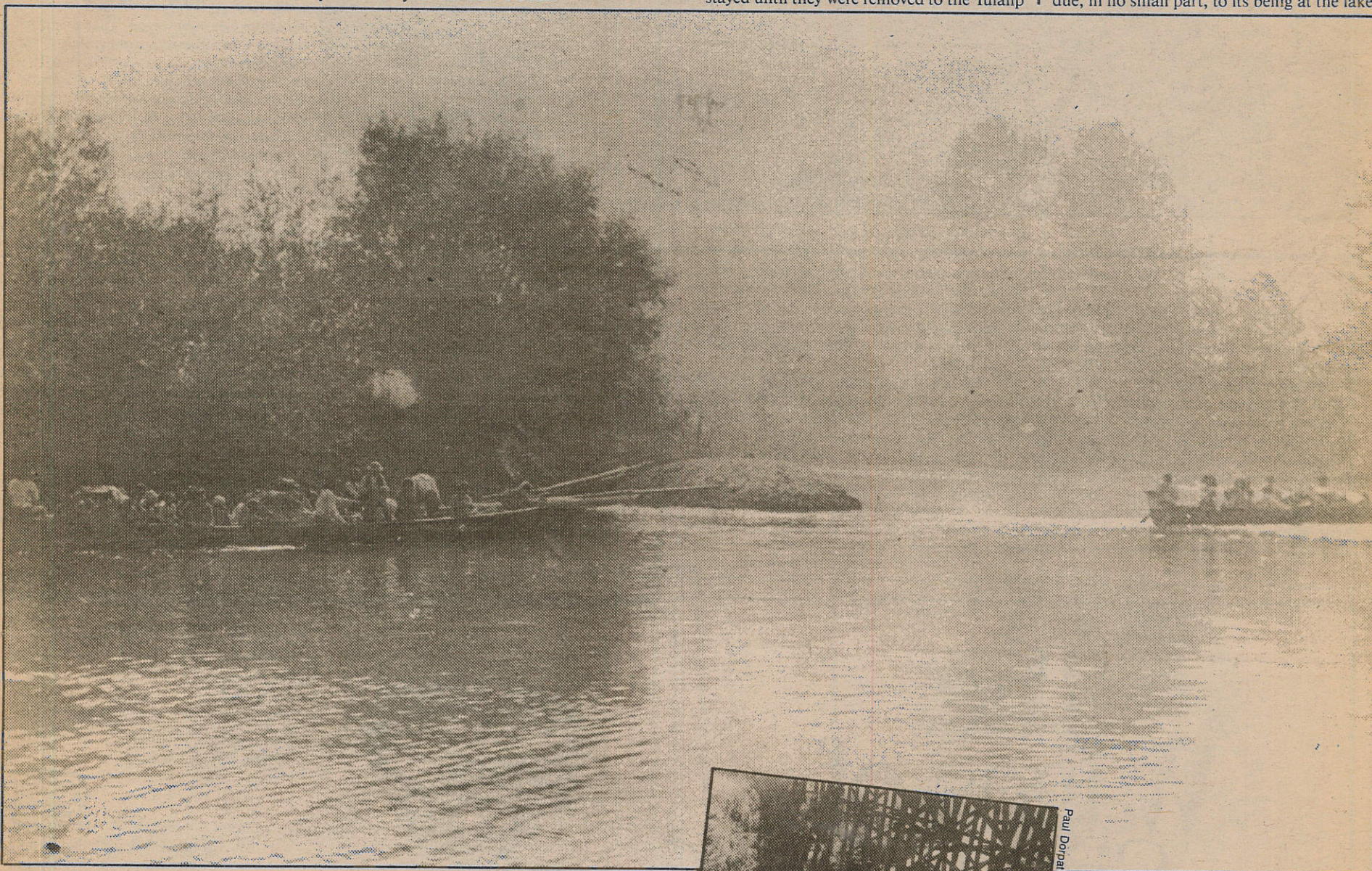
NORTH OF THIS LIVED THE TU-oh-beh-DAHBSH, a small group that had one house at the mouth of Thornton Creek and possibly another at the mouth of McAleer Creek, the outlet of Lake Ballinger. Those at Thornton Creek had access to the large cranberry bog near its head at what is now Northgate, where the only cranberries one will find now are those frozen at QFC. The burial ground for this group may have been located between the house sites at a spot where children digging in the ground recently discovered a 100-year-old native skull.

raiders brought their shallow river canoes down Sound as far as Penn Cove on Whidbey Island, where they attempted to attack a Skagit encampment at Snelum Point. They were unsuccessful when their shallow craft swamped as they chased the retreating Skagits toward Oak Harbor. The raiders had to walk home, building rafts for the crossing to Mukilteo. It was a remarkable venture; perhaps the poverty of the Sammamish River Valley bred hardihood among its inhabitants.

When the censuses were carried out in the early 1850s as part of the treaty-making process, the Sababsh together with their relatives on Lake Sammamish were counted at between 80 and 200 individuals. Their headman, Sah-wich-ol-gadhw, resisted the efforts of Doctor David Maynard to bring his people downriver to Seattle at the beginning of the Indian War, and several of his people are known to have participated in the Battle of Seattle. Later he allowed Henry Yesler, whom he trusted, to bring him and his people over to the reservation at Fort Kitsap, where many stayed until they were removed to the Tulalip

guistic and probably social link. This group enjoyed a rich and complex environment, and among their more famous resources were the wapato that grew in the margins of Juanita and Yarrow bays, considered to be some of the finest anywhere in the Puget Sound region. The burial ground of this group appears to have been located on Yarrow Point, where older residents recall seeing grave mounds and finding beads and bones.

SOUTH OF THESE LIVED THE SAH-tsah-kah-LUBSH, the "head of the slough people," whose three houses were located at Mercer Slough near present-day Factoria. This was said to have been an important village and to have had a myth associated with its site—always a significant sign—but this has been lost. Its importance was likely due, in no small part, to its being at the lake



Indians on the old Black River, south of Lake Washington; inset shows the river today.

mark of their passage was the reeds, bent where they had been grasped as the canoes were pulled forward.

Many often-distant groups passed through Union Bay on their way to tidewater or back home, and the place seems to have been a memorable one for celebrations. The encampment near Webster Point was known as AH-deed, which translates as "Dear me!"—a name suggestive of boisterous gambling matches. The old name for the point was Whiskey Point, but this seems not to have been related to native activity. The native name for it was dahk, "power," and it is possible that this referred to shamanic ceremonies that were held here, rather than to the powerful families later to build expensive houses here.

Another community that may have been associated with the hloo-weehl-AHBSH lived in three longhouses on Wolf Bay. They had access to a small prairie in the Windermere

At the mouth of the Sammamish River was a village whose inhabitants were said to have been very poor. This and other house sites along the river made up the winter village community of the s-tsah-PAHBSH, the "willow people." Although they were settled along the lake's largest tributary, the affairs of this group were so closely tied to the rest of the lake peoples that they are included in this description. Poor though they may have been, the Sammamish, as we will call them, were a remarkably vigorous group. They were among the very first to make contact with Hudson Bay Company traders at Fort Nisqually in 1832—while the fort was still a-building—and it was several months before the traders realized that the Duwamish were a separate group and not a subdivision of the Sammamish.

The Sammamish are also known to have carried out a raid on the peoples of the lower Skagit River at about this same time. The

Agency where many of their descendants live today.

The Sammamish were closely related to the inland Snoqualmie and appear to have spoken a dialect similar to theirs. They were also closely intermarried with the next group on the lake, the TAHB-tah-byook, whose houses, possibly seven in all, were located at the mouth of Juanita Creek, at Kirkland, and at Yarrow Bay. The suffix byook means the same thing as bsh, "people of," and it is the same as that used by the Snoqualmie, the tsno-KWAHL-byook, indicating some lin-

terminus of the trail that led to Lake Sammamish and from there to the Snoqualmie Prairies and east of the mountains. It was down this trail in 1855 that some 100 Yakima and Wenatchee warriors marched on their way to the Battle of Seattle, and the house site at SAH-tsah-kahl, the main settlement, was the major base for this assault. It is not known what role the sah-tsah-kah-LUBSH or their headman, Che-shi-ahud or "Lake John" as the settlers called him, had in this attack. He may have come downriver with Tecumseh, the headman of the Renton-area Duwamish on January 25, the eve of the battle, to Seattle to seek shelter. He was said to have been tall, hawk-nosed, eagle-eyed and to have had a head of very wavy hair—marks suggesting a mixed Salish-Shahaptin ancestry as many lake and river headmen had. Later he and his people returned to their homes along with the Renton-area Duwamish. He makes an appearance in Seattle during the



Union Bay, looking north: social gathering place.

solar eclipse of 1860, but after that we lose him and his people.

The burial ground for this group may have been located on the north shore of Meydenbauer Bay, near where they caught peamouth in weirs on Meydenbauer Creek. When they lived beside their slough, the sah-tzah-kah-LUBSH made use of a large number of resources, chief among them was the great marsh, nearly three miles long, that separated their houses from the lake. Like the Union Bay Marsh, this was an important refuge for migrating waterfowl. The people hunted as well, and a field on the Mercer Island shore near Beaux Arts, where the island is nearest

the mainland, is recalled as having been a popular hunting ground. This may have been the site of a deer run where deer were stampeded into the water and speared from canoes or struck down as they staggered ashore exhausted.

South of the sah-tzah-kah-LUBSH, the last group of which there is record were the shubahl-tu-AHBSH, the "drying house people." Two of their longhouses were located at the mouth of May Creek and others may have stood a short distance to the south. The sockeye run on May Creek was prodigious, and the people may have taken their name from the drying racks or smoke houses that

stood here and which were used to cure the fish. This group's burial ground was located near Pleasure Point.

IN THE EARLY PIONEER DAYS, THESE groups on the lake, excluding the Sammamish, may have numbered 700 souls. The division of the lake people into separate winter village groups reflected the unique character of the lake fishery. On the rivers

a weir built across the channel by a group could keep fish from moving upstream, and agreements were worked out between upstream and downstream groups over the placement of weirs and the times a group could keep its screens in the water. On the lake, however, a weir built on one tributary would have no effect on the catch at any other, so there was not the need to cooperate in the same way as there was among river groups. Precisely how this affected social relations among the lake people cannot now be determined, but the presence of so many separate winter village groups in one relatively small area suggests that it enhanced their autonomy.

This complex arrangement seems to have lasted a long time. The lake people remembered when their aquatic world had been an arm of the sea, as it was about 5,000 years ago. After that, the Cedar River pushed its delta against Earlington Hill—the southernmost extension of Beacon Hill—and at once blocked the tides and dammed the ancestral Sammamish River, creating a lake in its broad lower valley. As the delta rose, so did the lake level, and gradually more and more of the shoreline was submerged. That this transformation was witnessed—and endured—by ancient inhabitants was discovered in 1916 when the lake level was lowered nine feet and old hearth-sites were found on the newly exposed shore. And if the people remembered what the lake had been before it had been a lake, something of the process by which it swallowed its shoreline seems also to have been recalled in their myths.

Several places along the lakeshore were identified as the abodes of beings called JUG-wahs, "demons," who were said to have "taken people away," or were described in myth as sucking or swallowing monsters. One lived in a deep hole near Brighton Beach, barely 200 yards from where people camped, yet it was thought to be so formidable that the shore nearest to it was made forbidden ground. Another similar being lived off the shore near Lake City. Each group may have had its own version of such demons by which the lake, or rather the spirit of the lake, was imagined as something that swallows, that devours and destroys. All seemed as well to share in the belief that Mercer Island sank beneath the surface of the lake each night, powered in some way, no doubt, by the evil

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spirit said to reside at the top of the island.

The lake was populated by other supernatural beings also. Thunderbirds were believed to nest in the trees between Inverness and Lake City, and an ah-YAH-hos, an earthquake monster—spotted and with horns on its head—lived near Colman Park. Fittingly enough, this was the site of a massive landslide in 1898. Another race of beings, the swah-WAH-tuy-teed or "earth beings," lived at the southern end of Mercer Island in the trunks of a drowned forest, the product of another landslide. These were the lords of fertility and they could be found at confluences and division points where they could direct migrating salmon to their various streams. A man who came to this spot to strip the bark from the dead snags was driven mad by these beings, who, it was surmised, felt as though their clothes were being taken from them.

Often these mythic events must be inferred from other sources. In the case of Sand Point, the myth associated with the channel that connected Mud Lake with Lake Washington has been lost, but the name for the channel was TCHAAHL-ko, "hidden water," and that for Mud Lake was wee-S AHL-pubsh, which may mean something like "plowed place." From the stories preserved from other similarly named sites in the region we can infer that the myth described how a once-subterranean water channel was plowed open by whales or other powerful beings. These things happened at the end of the myth time, before the beginning of the human era, and it seems that the native people regarded such sites as openings to the underworld and the land of the dead.



Fleaburg, now Leschi: one of the few lingering reminders of a civilization.

BUT WE SHALL NEVER KNOW FOR sure, because the rich and ancient world that did know has been swept away. Many of the house sites on the lake appear to have been occupied up to the 1860s; Fleaburg at Leschi Park survived until the 1880s, and a settlement on Union Bay may have lasted nearly that long. But gradually the old village and house structures broke up and families drifted away, many going—or being removed—to the reservations. When they could, family heads

took up claims at places near their old house sites, and a few did so on Lake Washington, but by the 1890s, most of the population had disappeared. A trace of native activity continued on the lake, however, for settlers on the lakeshore could still see people in canoes fishing or at camps harvesting wapato until 1916.

This was the year the lake level was lowered by the US Army Corps of Engineers with the creation of the ship canal. The lowering was an ecological disaster for the lake and its people. The marshes that had sheltered vast populations of waterfowl were left to dry out and be overgrown with willow and cotton-

wood, and even though they eventually restored themselves at a lower level, the birds never returned in anything like their former numbers. Nor did the muskrats, the sockeye, and any of the other fish whose gravel spawning beds were exposed to the air. The water lilies and cattails took years to reestablish themselves, but the wapato seems to have disappeared altogether. And so, the wading root gatherers and the flickering lights of the duck hunters were seen no more.

Today the lake has been so thoroughly urbanized that hardly a trace remains of its former aspect. Some native people still live beside it, and as a result of some recent court

victories, the Muckleshoot tribe can now fish in its waters—although the Duwamish cannot. Although the potential is great, there has never been any archaeological work done on the lake shore. Until that happens and new information is yielded up, we can only be tantalized by the fragments we have for the lost tribes of Lake Washington. ■

Author's note: If anyone reading this has found or knows of anyone who has found native artifacts near the lake, or remembers hearing old stories about the native people of the lake, the author would appreciate being contacted through The Weekly.

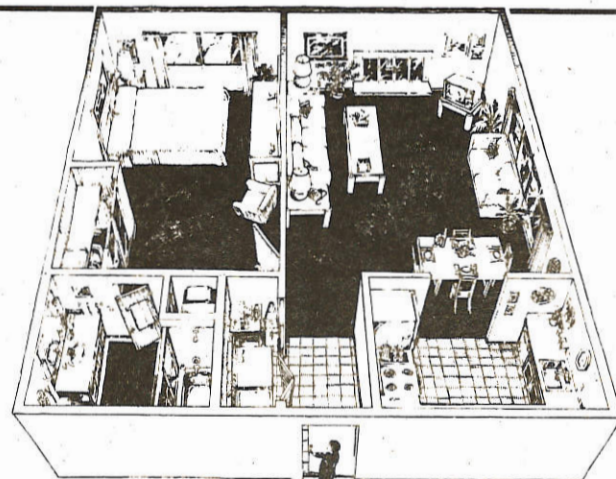
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