

The story of Jack McDougall: A St'át'imcets narrative*

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Abstract: This paper presents a narrative from the life of story-teller Carl Alexander (Qwa7yán'ak), recorded by John Lyon, and transcribed by Matt Andrew and John Lyon. The narrative tells how an old gold miner and friend of the family, Jack McDougall, meets his demise at the hands of two white men. The recording, transcription, and translation as given here are the result of a collaboration between a fluent elder of the Shalalth (Tsal'álh) dialect (Carl Alexander), a language learner from Mt. Currie (Lil'wat7úl) (Matt Andrew), and a linguist (John Lyon). We hope this to be a small but significant contribution to the ever-growing body of St'át'imcets literature.

Keywords: narrative, St'át'imcets, Lillooet, Bridge River, Northern Interior Salish, history

1 Prologue by Matt Andrew

I am grateful to be part of something that creates more stories in Ucwalmícwts. There weren't many stories in St'át'imcets when I first started learning.

I first learned St'át'imcets through deciphering stories and legends. It is a great way for me to learn by seeing the language in its context. It was a very helpful and fun way to learn my language. I became more confident with the words because I was able to see how they were used.

It's important to get these stories out to the public because they are valuable resources. There are only a limited number of resources for language learners. It is very challenging to learn a language you don't hear. The sounds files that come along with St'át'imcets story collections are valuable for understanding the stress

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and rhythm of the language. It is also a great way to hear words that we wouldn't hear anywhere else.

It's important for me to be a part of transcribing stories because it is giving me valuable tools to benefit my nation. I hope I can inspire other speakers to share their stories because I feel we all have our own story to tell. Language learners have always commented on the lack of resources. By creating more stories for them, we are giving proper reverence to the language.

The Story of Jack McDougall told by Carl Alexander is a unique story of its time. Through the story, we are able to learn about laws that were in place around 1940. We are also able to see that even though decades have past, the acts and the conscience of a murderer are still the same.

I'm grateful to Carl Alexander for telling his story and expanding the St'át'imcets library. People are able to compare his story to ones from the 1970s. They are able to see the subtle changes in the language. They will be able to understand that changes in language happen, but the beauty of the language always stays in hearts of the people that speak it.

2 Introduction by John Lyon

I've had the privilege of working with Carl over the last 3 years as part of my post-doctoral work under Marianne Ignace's grant, *First Nations Languages in the 21st Century: Looking Forward, Looking Back*. Together with Henry Davis, Lisa Matthewson, and Elliott Callahan, our work with Carl culminated in the 2016 UBCOPL publication of *Sqwéqwel' mûta7 sptakwlh: St'át'imcets Narratives by Qwa7yán'ak (Carl Alexander)*. Of course, no 18-story volume will encapsulate or describe all of the life experiences of a single individual, and so it should come as no surprise that several narrative recordings were not included in that volume. Of these, two relating to the flooding of the Upper Bridge River Valley, Carl's childhood home, were published as part of the 2016 ICSNL proceedings. Several more remain, however, and we continue to document St'át'imcets narratives as the opportunity arises.

I first met Matt Andrew at a beginner's level St'át'imcets course for community members in East Vancouver, taught by Dr. Henry Davis. Matt's level of skill with the language is uncommon for someone his age: he is conversationally fluent, an avid reader, and a student of morphology: he is one of the few language learners I have met who enthusiastically studies interlinear glosses. Together with Pat Alec from Cácl'ep, we started holding informal St'át'imcets conversation sessions at local coffee shops in East Vancouver during the Summer of 2016.

I am currently a co-investigator on a SSHRC Insight Grant studying prosody in several Interior Salish languages. Part of our mandate is to involve community members in transcription and data analysis. I asked Matt whether he'd be interested in helping to transcribe some of Carl's narratives, and we began to meet weekly at SFU Burnaby campus for transcription training sessions. As it happens, Matt was able to apply this training time towards a mentorship course he was completing for his certificate program.

The Story of Jack McDougall was recorded on July 18, 2016 by Carl Alexander at his home in Bridge River (Nxcwísten). It is one of two stories transcribed and translated primarily by Matt, with some assistance from me. It is presented below in a 2-column format: St'át'imcets sentences are given on the left, and an English translation on the right. Additional comments from Carl are given as footnotes. Bracketed sounds in the St'át'imcets column indicate expected but unpronounced morphology, parenthesized sounds indicate pronounced by unexpected morphology. A transcription of Carl's free English translation is given after the story.

3 The Story

Láti7 snat' tswaw'c lhus estsítcw ts7a ta sám7a. This white person had a house at Keary Creek (*snat' tswaw'c*).

Wa7 k'a tu7 cwíl'em ku sqlaw' láti7, skéla7s kw sqelhmémen's, nilh sláti7s t'u7 lhwá7as kwánensas i sqlaw'sa lhélta sqelhmémen'a. Apparently, he was a gold prospector before he became old, so that's where they took the old man's money from him.

Nilh t'u7... k'wínas k'a máqa7 láti7 kw swa7s... aoz t'u7 kw sqwatsátss kenká7. He had been there quite a few years, but he didn't leave to go anywhere.

nilh k'a s7ats'xentánem... Áts'xenem láti7 i ucwalmícwa lhláku7 *Brixton*, lhus wa7 izá. He must have been seen by people from Brixton when they were out there.

Sáwlhenwit láti7 kan kwas tsicw táowen láti7 ta qelhmémen'a. They asked if they could go visit the old man.

Sawlhenmintwál'wit láti7, wa7 tsútwt, "Áo7zalh t'u7 ku7 t'u7 kw sqwatsatss." When they asked each other about it, they were saying, "He never leaves to go anywhere."

Wa7 t'u7 metskán'as i sqlaw'sa lhélta k'pmena, nilh t'u7 swas nasaka7mínas áku7 Minto, nilh skwánensas múta7. He was endorsing his (pension) cheques from the government and sending them off to Minto, then he'd get another one.

Aoz t'u7 kws szwat lhus skástsas i sqlaw'sa. It wasn't known what he did with his money.

Nilh swas álkstwit láku7 Ita xzúma sxetqs i wa7 cwíl'em ki sqlaw'a láti7 Minto. So they were working in the gold mine at Minto.

Qa7ez'minitás k'a wi7 kwa alkst, nilh t'u7 sptinusmínitas láti7 i sqlaw'sa ta qelhmémen'a. They must have gotten tired of working, and then they thought about the old man's money.

Nilh stsúti, “Nas ka áta7 cwíl’en...
cwíl’enem skánas kw scw7it.s ku
sqlaw’s.”

Wa7 zam’ nilh lhláti7 na c.wéw’lha
lhláti7 ntakíl’qtna t’u tsicw áta7...
c.wéw’lhtsa láti7 ta qelhmémen’a.

Nilh k’a ti7 kwánitas lhláti7 i
sqáycwa, n7án’waswit.

Ni::lh st’áki sísxets láti7, kakekév’
ti7 lhláti7 ntakíl’qtna áta7 ta snát’a
stswaw’c.

Plans k’a gápalmen elh tsícwwit.

Tsícwwit, put ku7 t’u7 cuz’ ílhen
láti7 s*Jack*.

Nilh stsúti, “O, táytkalh wenácw,”
nilh t’u7 spán’tsi láti7.

Nilh swas qwal’útwit láti7 i tákema,
stám’as ku száyteni, nká7as lhus
wá7wit.

Wa7 ets’7a:ts’xenítas káti7 i tákema
ken.... lti tsítcwa.

Aoz... aoz kw szwatenítas nká7as
kelh kaleg’wása ku sqlaw’, nilh
sgúy’ti láti7.

Nas et7ú.... put t’u7 ts7as kakwél’a,
nilh t’u7 swas sawenítas láti7 ta
qelhmémen’a, “Nka7 tu7 tákem
kwelw sqlaw’su? Wa7 xát’min’em
kwat kúlhen!”

Nilh swas tsut kw s*Jack*, “Kan
ícwa7.” Nilh swas k’wínas k’a kwa
sawenítas nká7as tu7 ku sqlaw’s, ao
t’u7 kwas tsut.

Nilh skwánitas láti7, nximalimatnítas
láti7, nilh t’u7 st’akstwítas et7ú ta
sut’átqw7a.

Tsúnem ku7 láti7, “Cw7áozas kw
sqwal’entúmulhacw nká7as ku

They said, “You should go look... let’s
go look and see if he has a lot of
money.”

There was a road that went from the
Bottom of the Hill (*ntakil’qtn*) until it
got to the old man’s trail.

The men must have taken it, the two of
them.

They were going along the shore, it was
just a little ways from the Bottom of the
Hill to Keary Creek.

It must have been almost night before
they got there.

When they got there, Jack was just
about to eat.

They said, “Oh, we’re really hungry,”
so then they shared a meal there.

They were talking about everything,
whatever they had been doing,
wherever they had been.

They were looking around at
everything in the house.

They didn’t know where the money
would be hidden, so they slept there.

It was getting towards... just when the
sun was coming up, they asked the old
man, “Where did all your money go?
We want to borrow it!”

Jack was saying, “I don’t have any.”
They were asking him a few more
times where his money was, but he
didn’t say.

So they took him, they grabbed him by
the neck, then they took him over to the
river.

They told him, “If you don’t tell us
where your money is, we’ll hold your
nose underwater.”

sqláw'su, cuz' nmuleqsán'tsim láti7
lta qú7a.”

Aoz t'u7 kw s7inwat kw sJack, nilh
t'u7 skwánitas láti7.

Ntewtíwaswit láti7 nximalimatnítas,
nilh t'u7 sp'its'usenítas áku7 ta qú7a
t'u kats'k'úpa láti7.

Nilh slhwalenítas t'u7 láti7, wa7
esmúls lta qú7a, nilh k'a t'u7 st'áki
áku7 ulhcw ta tsítcwsa.

Nilh scil'in'itas tákem, tsegtsgenítas i
tqína, tsegenítas.... Nik'alhmecanítas
láti7 i nkúpsa.

Aoz t'u7 kw spúnitas ku sqlaw', nilh
stsúti, “Wa7 ku7 t'u7 káti7 ken...
es7úll'us kénki s7ilhen[a],” nilh t'u7
skwánitas i tákema lhélta celepál'usa,
ts'aq'min'ítas ta qwíxwlapa láti7.

Aoy t'u7 kw spúnitas, stsúti, “Ícwa7
k'a t'u7 wenácw sqlaw'.”

Nilh slhexwpi... án'was k'a kw
sq'em'ps wi án'was máqa7, elh xat'
ta sptínusemsa ta twíw'ta sqayew.

Wa7... k'wzúswit iz', stsut.s ta
twíw'ta, “aoz kwénswa kaxílha,
náskan sqwal'.”

Skalk'cítas k'a i plísmena ets7á::
sát'a, pináni7 aoz ku c.walh ets7á,
lhkúnsa lhelts7á nxwístena.

Tskw t'u7 lhélta... utsenítas *gas car*,
wa7 t'ak lhelts7á sát'a éta tsal'álha.
Nlham' i káoha, nlham' i
ucwalmícwa.

Lhláti7 aylh múta7 lhus xlipt i wa7
nas káku7 sqém'qem'a áti7 *Mission
Mountain*, tsicwwit k'a áku7
ntakil'qtna...

Jack didn't say anything, so they took a
hold of him.

They both grabbed him by the neck,
then they pressed his face into the water
until he ran out of breath.

They just left him there, with his face in
the water, then they must have gone
inside his house.

They went through everything, they
tore up his pillows... they sliced up his
mattresses.

They didn't find any money, then they
said, “They say it should be in with the
food,” so they took everything out of
the cupboards, and threw it onto the
middle of the floor.

They didn't find it, so they said, “He
must not really have any money.”

They got away with it for 22 years
maybe, and then the young man got a
guilty conscience.

They were working, then the younger
one said, “I can't handle it, I'm going to
tell.”

He must have phoned the police over
here in Lillooet (*sat'*), at that time there
wasn't any road there, the one that goes
from here at Bridge River (*nxwísten*).

Just from.... they called it a gas car, it
went from Lillooet to Shalath (*tsal'álh*).
The cars went on, and the people went
on.

From there, the ones going to the Upper
Bridge River Valley (*sqém'qem'*) (i.e.
the policemen) went over Mission
Mountain, and then they must have
gotten to the Bottom of the Hill
(*ntakil'qtn*)...

Lhláti7 aylh lhmatq.wítas áku7 ta tsítcwsa s*Jack*, lhuqzwstwítas, lhláku7 aylh múta7 lhp'án'twítas. Then they walked over to Jack's house, over to where they had killed him, and then back from there.

Nilh tu7 slhexwpi nká7as k'a, aoz kw szewáts, t'u lkw7u t'u7 Bralorne, lta qw7áltcwa láku7 lh... sqwál'as láti7 ta twiw'ta sqaycw, xlitenas i plísmena, nilh t'u7 stsicws áku7. They had escaped to somewhere, nobody knew where, until in Bralorne, at the pub, the young man reported what happened, he called the police, and they came.

Láti7 zam' lhut wa7... nqwáxwqtena pínani7, éta zíkaltsa tsítcwkalh. We were actually there at Eagle's Nest (*nqwáxwten*) in our log home.¹

Aoz kwas szewáten kánmas t'iq káti7 i plísmena, ni::lh swas sqwal'ut.stwítas ta nsqátsez7a láku7 ált's'q7a. He (i.e. my dad) didn't know why the policemen had arrived, but they were talking to my Dad outside.

Nilh t'u7 tu7 sqwátsatsi i7wa7 sRichard. Then they left together with Richard.

Suxwastwít tu7 ku7 ekw7ú kekáw'a, t'u tsícwvit k'a áku7 ltsa scílstum' na t'láz'lhkalha. They say they went a little ways down the hill, until they got to where we beached our canoe.

Nilh ti7 aylh kulhenmínitas i plísmena. Then the policemen borrowed our canoe.

Nt'áq'.wit áta7 ltsa estsítcw kw s*Jack McDougall*. They crossed over to where Jack McDougall had his house.

Ats'xenítas, wa::7 t'u7 láti7 ta sqáycwa esmúls lta sísxetsa. They saw him, there was a man face down in the water at the shore.

Ets'7ats'xenítas láti7: aoz t'u7 kw s7alas7úls skastwítas, tsukw t'u7 t.smulusnítasa láti7 t'u kats'kúpa. They were looking at him there: they didn't do too much to him, since they had only put his face under water until he ran out of breath.

Nilh aylh zam' láti7 etsá kulhenmínitas éta zúscala láti7 i... ta t'láz'lhkalha, nilh t'u7 slhá7a7s aylh múta7 áti7 ta nsqátsz7a kw sqwal' lhus kánemwit. So anyways, where the policemen borrowed our canoe, my father got close to them again and heard them report about what they were doing.

Aoz t'u7 kw snak' kw s7álasts szwáten[a]s lhus kánmas eszúqw ta sám7a, t'u7 wa7 k'a káti7 esk'alán'. It didn't change what he (i.e. my father) really knew about when the white person died, but he must've been there listening anyways.

¹Carl says that Jack McDougall lived right across the Bridge River from Nqwáxwqten, at Keary Creek, and was a family friend.

Snilh tí7 papt ta wa7 t'iq áti7
táw'tsam' áku7 Minto, láti7 lhus
qan'ím lhus kánemwit, t'u7 aoz t'u7
kw[s] sqwal'.

He (i.e. my father) always came to
Minto to buy groceries, that's where he
heard what they did, but he didn't tell.²

Nilh t'u7 sk'wík'wena7s ta
zewatenása, mes t'u7 kwánem ta
plísmena, nilh t'u7 snilh ts ta wa7
tsicw xékkal lta... ltsa tsicw xékkal i
kvpmena.

He only knew a little about what
happened, but he was taken by the
police, and he was the one who was a
witness in court.³

Nilh láti7 k'a lhstúnmas láti7 ta... na
núkwa, "Cúy'lhkan zúqvwstwm'in
láti7 nká7as ku sq'it, nká7as t'u7
lhpzántsinas...." slans aylh nas
nk'á7wit.

It must've been there where the other
(i.e. the older killer) told my Dad, "I'm
going to kill you some day, wherever I
meet you." They were already going to
jail at that point.

Ka7lhás t'u7 máqa7 láti7 kw snk'á7i,
i zuqvwstwítasa ta qelhmémen'a.

They were in jail for three years, the
ones who killed the old man.

Lan tu7 wa7 tí7eg'wwit, t'u7 aoz t'u7
kw szwat.s nká7as tu7 lhus wá7wit
elh t'u7 lhkun.

After they got free, it was never known
where they were, even to this day.

Iy, nilh tí7 na sqwéqwel'a láku7
snát'a stswaw'c.

Yes, that's the story about Keary Creek.

Láku7 t'it lhas lak ta
nq'w7umtenlhkálha, snát'a.

That's where our trapline was too, at
Keary Creek.

Cin' t'u7 kwénswa pínusmin...
stám'as kanmás tí7 ku száyten.

I've been thinking about it for a long
time... what happened then.

T'u7 tsukw t'u7 lati7 tsa xat'mín'ítas
kw snáq'wwit ku sqlaw' i sám7a.

But it was just because the white people
wanted to steal money.

Aoz t'u7 kw skwanenstwítas, t'u...

But they didn't get it, until...

Wa7 k'a hem' t'cwáy'lup lati7 ta
qelhmémen'a, nilh swas t'ecwnás
áti7 éki n7átsqsa ta xéltena, plan t'u7
láti7 wa7 ca7 i wa7 sqwem.

The old man would sweep his floor,
and he'd brush it over to the bottom of
the wall, and it was already piled up
high (with trash).

Aoz t'u7 kw scil'inítas iz' i wa7
naq'w.

Those thieves didn't search through the
pile.

²Carl says that his Dad was sitting at the bar when he heard how they did it.

³Carl says he doesn't know why his father was called as a witness, since he wasn't there when the murder happened.

Láku7a cwilh k'a lhcw7ítas i
sqláw'sa s*Jack*, lhus esqélh, wa7
slep'sás lki s7áxwila!

A lot of Jack's money must've been
there, where it was stored, he was
burying it under the scraps!

Aoz t'u7 kw spuns t'u tsicw.... wa7
ts'exenítas ta tsítcwsa s*Jack*, nilh t'u7
spúnitas i plísmena láti7 i sqláw'a.

It wasn't found until they came and...
they were cleaning Jack's house, then
the policemen found the money.

Nilh ti7 wa7 snasaka7mínitas nká7as
k'a káku7, kéntsa wa7 ta *queena*,
London.

Then they sent it to wherever, around
where the queen is at, in London.

Áku7 tu7 lhnasaka7mínitas i sqláw'sa
s*Jack*.

That's where they sent Jack's money.

Wa7 k'a kwelh nukw káku7
nk'sáytkens.

He must've had some other relatives
living there.

Iy, nilh ti7 zewátenan.

Yes, that's what I know.

4 Free Translation by Carl Alexander

[This happened] about 1939 or a little earlier, I don't know when. It was before my time.

These guys, you know, they had that mine at Minto, but they lived up at that lake at Brixton, and they had to come down to Minto to work everyday. And I guess one time.... well they listened to everything that goes on in the valley, and they knew that there was an old man, an old prospector that lived across the river at... it's across from Jones Creek: Keary Creek. And they found out that he never left at all, he didn't go anywhere. And he was a pensioner already. He must've been getting a pension for about ten years already, and he never spent his money.

So they said, "He must have a lot of money." And these two brothers, they said, "We'll go over and visit him." Jack McDougall had a trail from *ntakil'qten* ("Bottom of the Hill"), that's down at... there's a switchback down at the bottom of the hill, on the other side of the dam, on the south side of the river, there was a trail from there all the way over to Jack McDougall's place.

So they figured out they'd go visit him. They walked the trail, and they got there just about suppertime, Jack was cooking beans and I don't know what else. And he was telling them, "You guys are just in time, just in time!" And this guy said, "Ok, we'll eat." They were asking him if he had any money, and they said, "We want to borrow some! We want to borrow enough to get our claim started." And Jack said he was broke all the time, so they waited, and it was dark so they said... Jack told them, "Oh, you can camp here tonight." So they were talking away until long after dark.

The next morning, they woke up early because back then I remember it used to... we used to have sunrise about five. And those guys, they got up just a little before sunrise and Jack was cooking breakfast already. So they grabbed him by the collar on his shirt, and his arms, and they sat him down at the table, and told him, "We want some of your money!" And Jack said he's broke. And I guess they were telling him that, "We hear that you have a lot of money hiding somewhere. And if you don't tell us where that money is, we'll go and put your face in the water." And still Jack wouldn't give in, so they grabbed him, both of them grabbed him by the.... one arm each, and the collar, and they led him down to the beach there and they asked him one more time, and he wouldn't give in, so they put his head in the water until he smothered.

And they went and searched the house, they tore up the pillows and... Jack had those homemade couches, with canvas on it, they ripped those up with a knife, and they got the mattress, they pulled it out and ripped it open with a knife and looked in there, nothing. And the older brother said, "It must be in the food." They looked at the cupboard, and they went and got everything and... you know those rolled oats that used to come in little boxes like that? They cut those open and they dumped everything on the floor, and nothing; even the coffee, they cut the coffee open and dumped it on the floor, and nothing; and even the flour, they grabbed it, those 50 pound sacks of flour, they cut that open, dumped it in the middle, and nothing. They threw everything from the cupboard down on the floor and they never found anything. So they must've took off.

It must've been about... a little after two or three weeks, I guess then they missed Jack in Minto. So they sent somebody across there to see if he was okay, and they found him face-down in the river. And his house was a big mess. Then that guy went all the way back to Minto and told them what was the matter. I guess they never found anything at that time. So they took Jack's body and shipped it out somewhere, they didn't know where.

About 22 years after, I guess, these two guys were back at Bralorne, and they were sitting in the bar, and the younger brother said, "I've had enough, I've had enough! I can't get rid of the feeling!" He told his older brother, "I'm going to go and tell." And his brother tried to stop him, he couldn't.

The guy phoned all the way down to Lillooet, and it took the cops about a week before they got up there. At that time, you know, you had to go on the... they had a little car they called a 'gas car', it pulled flat cars with... that they'd drive the cars on, and they'd bring the cars to Shalalth, and they unloaded there. They had that road fixed over Mission Mountain, so the cops got over there and they drove over Mission Mountain to Bralorne. And they found the two brothers up there. And they took them in. I don't know, they... told the cops that they couldn't find the money. So the cops borrowed our canoe. We were living in that old log house at Jones Creek then, they went across and they looked for the money. They found everything still on the floor. So they started cleaning up... looking for the money too.

Everything that those two brothers tore up and put in the middle of the floor, they just brought it out and dumped it outside in a little hole. Then they seen that old man Jack, he swept the floor but he didn't dump his garbage out, he just swept it over against the bottom of the wall. That's where the money was hidden, under the garbage. And that's the one place those brothers didn't look. And the cops, they looked at that garbage and they said, "Oh, we might as well take everything." And they started sweeping the trash away from the wall, and there was a whole pile of money lined up all the way across the wall. And they had a few big bags of gold about that big, and they were all piled up along the bottom of the wall, and the trash was piled up against them. They found out that Jack had relatives in London, so they shipped the money over there. And those poor guys went to jail for trying to get that money they never found, and they got three years each, and that was all. And when they were going to court, they hollered at Dad, "We're going to get you someday!" But they never did, I don't even know where those guys are now. They must be in their 90s or 100s now.

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