



## **PNWAS NEWS BULLETIN 149**

### **WELCOME TO PNWAS ZOOM AND A PROMISING NEW YEAR 2021!!!!**

*Hope everyone is doing ok and staying safe. We believe 2021 will be a Promising New Year and with vaccinations we may be able to return to field trips, campouts and workshops!*

*PLEASE Renew for 2021 to allow PNWAS to continue to provide ongoing presentations on current archaeology of our region, remotely through ZOOM on the internet. We have purchased a PRO ZOOM account, so we can continue to bring our membership together. AND if you missed past PNWAS ZOOM YouTubes we have set up a PNWAS ZOOM Channel at: [Available for Current/2021 Members—please join]. The first two programs are the recent PNWAS ZOOM presentations:*

- (1) November 12<sup>th</sup>, 2020:  
Archaeology and Science at the Paisley Caves,  
Oregon: Evidence of People in our region 14-  
15,000 years ago  
By Dr. Dennis L. Jenkins, University of Oregon*
- (2) September 24<sup>th</sup>, 2020:  
The Late-glacial Tanwax Flood and Debris Flow—  
An Ice-Age Flood from the Cascade Range into the  
Puget Lowland and Likely Source of Sediments for  
the Mima Mounds  
By Pat Pringle, Research Geologist, Professor  
Emeritus of Earth Sciences, Centralia College*

*(one thing nice about ZOOM, we can bring in speakers from anywhere in world, our next speaker is from Arizona; We are working on May (Spring) speakers now—send ideas...)*

If a current member (2021), you will get an invitation to join the ZOOM meeting through an e-mail shortly before the talk (e-mail [dcroes444@gmail.com](mailto:dcroes444@gmail.com) to see if you are current for 2021, thanks).

### **NEXT (soon) PNWAS ZOOM PRESENTATION (a MOVIE):**

*Occupying the American Continent through SW WA.—the Chehalis River Hypothesis (CRH), Or Hey, Where did those First Migrants Go?*



*Animated Video By Victor J. Kucera, Co-Author, CRH, Arizona*

**WEDNESDAY, January 6<sup>th</sup> on ZOOM  
starting at 6:30 with presentation at 7:00pm**

*Vic and I published a paper in the Journal of Northwest Anthropology (JONA 51(2):164-183, 2017) on the Chehalis River Hypothesis (sent in this and earlier attachments). We included all the usual scientific jargon and evidence for this movement of First Peoples into the entire American Continent; however Vic (and I) added a reconstructed narrative of what these First People may have experienced upon encountering the south end of the endless Pacific Coast ice flow and their first massive river drainage leading into these unglaciated and endless lands.*

*The Editor of JONA did not know what to do with what is called a Post-Processual Vignette, thinking it ODD, but told me he had asked for some different approaches to writing and decided to publish it. Here's the narrative that is designed to take you there to experience this humankind monumental discovery first-hand....*

### **Entering the Chehalis: A Post-Processual Vignette**

*It had been almost six months since the small band had left the southwest coast of today's "Vancouver Island" . . . at the ocean entrance of the present "Strait of Juan de Fuca." That entrance, a large glacial fjord at the time, was blocked by a high wall of calving ice at its eastern end, about where "Port Angeles" is now located. Watching huge blocks of ice fall into the sea was a sight to be enjoyed and never forgotten—but cautioned against by Elders who knew the danger of being too close when the tsunami-like waves sprang forward, more than able to roll an unsuspecting skin hulled-boat over on its side.*

*The band had stayed at a spacious harbor on the northwestern side of the fjord for five years, hunting the local game—bison, bear, and the rare mammoth or mastodon—and enjoying catches, probably mostly through deep sea fishing with kelp tape fish lines. Fishing opportunities would have included salmon, cod, lingcod, halibut, and sea bass, supplemented by gathered shellfish, sea mammal hunting, and even salvage of the occasional beached whale. It had been a pleasant interlude, long enough for seven children to be born, an amazing four who survived, and three Elders to die. The discomfort of another, larger band of arriving travelers had finally influenced them to depart . . . the hunting and fishing territory now had to be shared. This was not a good idea. Too many hunters, too many hungry mouths to feed.*



*Now they were following a treeless coastline southward, along what is today Washington's Olympic Peninsula, looking for another large harbor, but instead finding bare cape after bare ocean cape. Sometimes they stayed several weeks in small protected coves, having good luck at hunting land animals (few animals had any idea how dangerous humans could be), while also taking time to air-dry halibut and other flounder, full of energy and vitamin D, critical for survival during the winter still to come.*

*On this bright day, not all of the band was riding in the boats. Some of the travelers were young men who no longer looked with complete favor on the skin boats of their parents and ancestors . . . maybe the boats made sense farther north on inside waters, in harbors where ocean swells and high waves were absent. Out here along the wide-open coast of what someday would be called the Olympic Peninsula, the young men had no desire to get soaked launching a boat over curling waves at the shoreline, nor did they relish the crowded and confining ride, not to mention unneeded advice from Elders. These young men would instead walk with freedom a mile and more from the ocean waves and enjoy exploration, the hunt, and comradeship. The transition from skin boats to interior habitats was already stirring in the minds of the young.*

*Far out in the water, well beyond the breakers, where the ocean swells were less steep, two paddlers in the lead boat suddenly had surprise written on their faces, as each stopped paddling, to stare at what lay before them. The water had instantly changed from a deep green to a very coarse, muddy brown. A small child wrapped in fur blankets, tucked securely into the middle of the boat's stores, stopped playing with her small ivory-carved toy seal as she heard her mother and the three men fall silent. Was there danger? A big, snorting whale? If so, she could not smell its putrid spray. Too bad. She would have enjoyed wrinkling her nose in a show of maximum displeasure.*



Generalized view of glacial maximum (upper; approximately 18,000-16,000 BP) and maximum extent of Lake Russell (lower; approximately 13,000 BP) showing the Black Lake Spillway into the Chehalis River drainage to the Pacific (Illustration from Figge 2009:282, 284). Manis mastodon site, dated to 13,800 BP, is shown on the eastern edge of a Pacific Ocean Inlet, now the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

*The experienced boatmen knew they were not looking at just another stream runoff, spilling its dirt into the ocean. These brown waters were deep, far from shore, and stretched outward as far as they could see. Expert in the ways of boats and oceans, the men were instantly aware that this was the strong drainage from a large river, its current already quickly pushing the bluntly-shaped bow of their boat sideways. In front of them, nearly out of sight on the southern horizon, a prominent headland was in the distance. It loomed in the afternoon's surface haze at least three miles out into the ocean. To their left was a large inlet, which seemed to curve back a few miles to the east. Could this be the new harbor they were seeking?*

*The end of the inlet would probably offer good shelter from both northwest and southeast winds, which alternately had become so common in the warming climate. There was to be no crossing these current-filled waters, that was sure. Too dangerous in the afternoon winds. They would instead have to hug the shore to avoid the main river current, and paddle to the mouth of the river itself. A few hours later, the entire band arrived to stand next to the river's mouth, busily and noisily dumping its brown water into the ocean from a source they all knew—from years of experience—without doubt was a large glacier to the east. But where? For the first time in their lives a raging current of water was at their feet, with no glacier in sight. This was odd, to say the least.*

*These First People had discovered the mouth of a river which someday would be named "Chehalis."*

*It was the first ice-free corridor into the interior of the North American continent that had appeared during a two-thousand-mile-long coastal journey southward. None in the band could have told you that the journey had consumed twelve generations. They had always been mobile, their only goal to find food and good shelter. That was just how they lived. Their lives—and those of their ancestors—had more to do with moving toward the next good food opportunity than it did with "going on a journey." Why take a journey? Food and shelter was what was important.*

*The Chehalis River's mouth on that day was located some forty miles west of its modern mouth near the busy streets of present Aberdeen and Grays Harbor. Where the First People stood some 15,000 years ago is now covered by almost five hundred feet of salt water.*

*When the travelers reached the raging river's mouth, did they rest for a day or two? Did the young men excitedly and expectantly begin walking up the banks of this new, big river . . . to make an important discovery? After all, it was the largest river some may ever have seen. Surely they must have wondered if at the river's headwaters there could be a gateway to vast unknown, un-hunted lands. In this new land they were a new species, a truly formidable new predator, that none of the animals or plants had time to adapt to. Probably they were in a predator's paradise where animals, at first, would have no natural tendency to avoid the new species in their world.*

*A world of easy pickings for some time . . .*

*The travelers had no idea a whole new "Second Earth"—the humanly uninhabited American Continent—unfolded to the east. The band's Elders would have blanched at the thought of having to march inland for several hundred miles. There were animals to be fearful of, not the least of which was the short-faced bear, which in that era stood at the shoulder taller than a moose . . . and whose cheetah-like legs could run much faster than any man. No thanks.*

*These were marine- and coastal-hunting-dependent people, whose technical tool kit did not include a completely freshwater- or dry-interior adaptation. Round holes, square pegs.*

*In fact, the first travelers to discover the Chehalis River could just as easily have decided the river was much too fast, much, much too full of glacial dirt and sand, and held nothing of interest for them . . . especially not fat salmon . . . and continued the next day on their slow journey southward.*

*Coastal People: These First Peoples' preferred home was the coast, its quiet harbors and its wide and spacious lowlands, filled with plants, animals, and sometimes even megafauna. Huge *Bison antiquus* bison and mastodons were favorite meats, even if the latter were seldom found. The oil and blubber of beached whales and speared seals was a delicacy. Salmon, halibut, and clams were staples.*

*When small fires were set on the nearly flat fields of large barnacles attached to intertidal rock beds, well, the cooked barnacles were eaten like candy. When eaten raw, the suction-like feet of certain chitons (mollusks collected from the lower portions of the inter-tidal zone) produced a pleasant, relaxed feeling, not unlike what Euro-Americans would someday experience after three glasses of good German beer.*

*Why leave this food cornucopia?*

*Who cared what was up this unknown, dirty river? Pass another chiton.*

*Vic as a professional Public Relations Director (retired) at former U.S. West further decided to make our hypothesis come to life with an animated video, and used his considerable talents to produce a DRAFT movie of our thoughts for PNWAS. He originally presented it in person at our PNWAS in-person meeting in 2013. After reviewing, it is amazing how up-to-date the presentation remains 7 years later, so Dale asked Vic for a re-run of the video on ZOOM for us all to enjoy again in our own homes (with popcorn, German beer and chitons(?)).*

*Thanks Vic who just came out with a new book on the historic movie theatre in Pendleton, Oregon.*

***NEXT PNWAS ZOOM (though canceled one year ago because of Covid pandemic) Put on your Calendar:***

***Makahs, Quileutes, and the Precontact History of the Northwestern Olympic Peninsula, Washington***

***By Dr. Gary Wessen, Wesson and Associates, Inc., Port Townsend***

***THURSDAY, March 11<sup>th</sup> on ZOOM starting at 6:30 with presentation at 7:00pm***



*The northwestern Olympic Peninsula of Washington. Black lines indicate relatively recent descriptions of the western boundary between Makah and Quileute territory.*



**Pacific Northwest Archaeological Society**

1219 Irving Street SW Tumwater WA 98512

Join at <http://www.pnwas.org>

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