



# THE MIDDEN

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In Memory of

## Wayne Point





# THE MIDDEN

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*Special Issue*

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# Wayne Point

## Salish Archaeologist and Raconteur

(April 27, 1959 - December 1, 2017)

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Anytime Wayne Point was with you in the field your day was significantly improved. His easy-going demeanor was refreshing under stressful conditions and his dead-pan humor kept you laughing all day.

“Hmm?”

Wayne loved archaeology. He possessed pride in his heritage and passion for learning, doing, and teaching archaeology. He also enjoyed the many personalities that inhabit this weird profession. I think that's one of the things he enjoyed most: spending time with archaeologists - both Indigenous and non-Indigenous (aren't we all archaeologists?) - toiling together in the field.

Wayne was truly kind, hilarious, and wonderful. That's why the news of his passing on December 1, 2017 hit hard for so many who have had the sincere pleasure to work alongside him. We were losing an 'elder-in-training' as he referred to himself. He left with a wealth of knowledge.

Although we are deeply saddened about losing Wayne and all of his knowledge, stories, and levity, his teachings and influence still live on. Many who worked and learned from him carry forward his legacy; it exists in those who choose to remember and recite memories, jokes, and his ideals. His students continue to practice what he taught, and his dedicated recording of Coast Salish sites will inform archaeologists' work for generations to come.

Wayne's career as an archaeologist began at the early age of 8, when he would collect artifacts with his mother, Rose, in the Chinese market gardens that surrounded his house at the time. The freshly tilled fields would bring to the surface technologies of his ancestors, and as a kid, he was excited by it, instilling curiosity

and a desire to understand more about the past. At 13, he was part of an archaeological excavation at DhRt-4 where he met many of today's practitioners who were learning the craft through the University of British Columbia field school, organized by Charles Borden. That was 1972. His early experience with archaeologists working in his territory proved formative. It caused him to reflect and try to understand why and how non-Indigenous archaeologists were exploring his heritage. This tension would help him understand his place, and contribution to the field, through his relationship building and local knowledge.

One archaeologist who was particularly influential in Wayne's development was Leonard C. Ham. He worked with Len on projects within Musqueam territory beginning at a young age, and although Wayne spent time as a carpenter (and other jobs) he continued his passion for archaeology, sharing his thoughts and ideas with Len. All of these experiences would lead to Wayne's position with the UBC Museum of Anthropology and as an archaeologist for the Musqueam Indian Band. In these roles he developed a unique and essential voice within the discipline.

Wayne was honest. In the field, he would discuss the issues which plague CRM today: power inequalities, ownership, lack of transparency, tokenism, and legislation. The lack of protection offered by the Archaeology Branch as executors of the *Heritage Conservation Act* was often discussed as well as how First Nations values relate to provincial regulations and legislation.

Wayne was always encouraging of other member Nation archaeologists to ask questions and engage the work. He cherished his role as a Musqueam archaeologist despite not being a "provincially recognized" archaeologist. Wayne had the talent, and anyone who

worked with him quickly recognized his skill in interpreting even the most complex sites.

Wayne was also creative. He often used social media to explain the past, record videos of himself working or hunting, and to discuss the landscape and how it

has changed during his lifetime. He was concerned about the ancient landscape, the meaning imbued on the landscape, and how development was contributing to the loss of meaning. Wayne also possessed an insatiable thirst for wanting to learn more through research-focused projects and wanting commercial

archaeology to contribute more to this end. It is with sadness that Wayne never got to see this through to completion.

This portion of *The Midden* is dedicated to Wayne Point. It is a collection of stories, poems, and anecdotes to honour Wayne's importance to so many, a small attempt to demonstrate his immeasurable contribution to the archaeological community. Many of the contributors had difficulty putting these thoughts and reminiscences into words, so we thank all of them who made the time to do so.

Wayne, you are missed.

-Sean P. Connaughton and Ian Sellers  
(Guest Editors)



**Figure 1.** Wayne Point photography ca. 2017 (with Sean P. Connaughton and Ian Sellers).



**I'm grateful** to have spent a good amount of time with Wayne as he was my co-worker and mentor, as well as my friend. We spent many afternoons talking about the future of Musqueam archaeology, about duck hunting and his grandkids, and about food (Wayne was always around if there was free food, he had a knack for showing up just as leftover lunches or snacks from meetings were being doled out). Some of my favourite Wayne moments are just that, moments in time, small interactions that made me smile and perfectly embody who he was on a daily basis. His desk was right next to mine and I could sometimes hear him making jokes

about things being said, in that quiet Wayne way, and if I leaned over I could catch his signature eye twinkle.

One of my favourites of these moments happened one day when he had a can of ginger ale at his desk. I heard him crack it open, take a big drink and proclaim (quietly and mostly to himself), “mmm... Miller time”. It was just loud enough that a few of us sitting close by cracked up and he lit up, smiled, and twinkled harder as he sipped his ginger ale. I miss those moments a lot.

-Aviva Finkelstein



**Figure 2.** Morgan Bartlett, Aviva Finklestein, and Wayne Point at çəsnaʔəm (photograph by Aviva Finkelstein).

I picked up Wayne at his house and we set off to go test a city lot in south Van. We had been told we had one day to test the lot – which was going to be a hustle, because it was high potential and we wanted to put in a lot of tests. I told this to Wayne on the drive over and he gave me a look with that little laugh in his eye as if to say, “This wouldn’t be the first time we’ve got this.”

We get to the location and see that the lot has a grove of trees and a 4 m wide pile of garbage mixed with branches, leaves, and detritus from the trees right in the middle of it. It looks like the remains of a squatting camp or something. I’m kind of stressed because it will mess up our testing game plan.

I look at Wayne.

“City garbage is the WORST”, I say. “Who knows what we’re going to find in there... gross.”

He looks at me. “We’ll probably find a body in there, hmm?”

“Wayne! COME ON!!”

He twinkles, and we decide to do a walk-through to see if we can squeeze our shovel tests around the pile of garbage. I go one way, Wayne goes another. We walk around separately assessing the lot for a bit and I think I can see a way to test around the garbage pile. I yell over to Wayne, “Wayne! What do you think about putting a line in over here and then staggering them upslope at 3 m?”

I don’t hear anything. It’s a small lot so I get concerned that he’s not responding, “Wayne?”

Wayne comes through the bushes with a look on his face like he’s just seen a ghost.

“Wayne, what’s wrong?”, I ask.

“Morgan, I think you should come see this. I



**Figure 3.** Wayne Point with He-Man arm (photograph by Morgan Bartlett).

think I found an arm...”

“No no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no....”

I follow him quickly towards the garbage pile swearing under my breath. He leans over, slowly lifts up a ratty old tarp, and there in the mud is a tiny, muscular He-Man arm from an 80’s action figure.

“Yooooooooouu son of a.....” but I was already laughing. The smile on his face was priceless. This was some of his finest work.

Wayne, you were my mentor, my friend, my team, and more often than not, my hero. I will continue to try and walk this land as you did – softly and with deep respect...but I will miss you every day.

**-Morgan Bartlett**



**First met Wayne in 1993.** I had just finished a field school at Fort Langley and I was excited to have my first paid job in archaeology. We met around 8:30 in the morning at DhRt-6 or the Locarno Beach site. A property owner wanted to tear down an old house and build a fancy new one. At this point in history, Coast Salish communities were pitted against each other because of the heated land claims process that was the rage of the time. Wayne and I talked over the next week-and-a-half about Squamish and Musqueam ties to the site. I realized he had plenty of archaeological experience, but we each had plenty of cultural knowledge tied to that place.

After this excavation, we worked from time to time over the next 10 years in Cultural Resource Management (CRM) projects as local “First Nations representatives.” We never liked being labeled as such. We considered ourselves archaeologists. Wayne had numerous years of experience and I had academic training, yet we respected each other’s opinions.

My best memory of Wayne was from the BC Archaeology forum held at Musqueam in 2010. He brought up an important issue. For years he had worked as his community’s representative on CRM and academic projects. The companies he worked for respected him for his knowledge and experience, but seldom recognized this when it came to his financial pay and commitment to archaeology. At the 2010 BC Archaeology forum, he challenged this, and I supported what he was trying to address: the inequities between important knowledge holders in First Nations communities and outside archaeologists as “experts.” His point was never really addressed by CRM representatives in 2010 and isn’t till this day. If BC archaeology wants more First Nations peoples to do archaeology maybe CRM companies, academia, and other institutions should listen more and respect the knowledge and experience that individuals like Wayne Point possessed and treat us as equals! Terms such as consultation, accommodation, decolonization, repatriation, restitution, Indigenization, and reconciliation are meaningless without action. This is what I think Wayne and others are still trying to achieve. While Indigenous Archaeology is doing well in academic circles, it has yet to sink into the entire mindset of CRM companies, mainly those adsorbed by larger firms. It is my hope that this will

change in coming years as we use the latest term of reconciliation in its truest form, that its terms and conditions are defined by First Nations peoples and not external forces.

-Rudy Reimer/Yumks

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**Wayne Point was a legend.** The man was as near a mythological being as still exists in the modern world. The stories about him, as collected here, should illustrate this plainly.

For myself, I have a short story about Wayne to tell in almost any circumstance. Any wisdom I may possess on relationships, self-respect, and the value of nature come second hand from him. Asked for input into this volume, to share my memories of Wayne, seems an impossible task. No man could capture the true essence on paper. Those of us who knew him share knowing glances when one of us shares a story in which he is the main character. I don’t know which of my own are appropriate, or which ones make the most sense to share. I love them all, but they’re all just fragments, the sum of which do not total the man. If pressed to choose one, maybe I’d choose the day of Musqueam open house. I was manning a booth with Wayne, ostensibly to talk to the community about archaeology, and to get feedback for what the community wanted done with the empty lot at c̓snaʔəm. We had a flip-chart available to the public to take feedback. Responses ranged from “do nothing,” to “public space,” to “memorial for the village,” and a variety of other suggestions. It was not our job to evaluate suggestions in any way, but simply to record them and hopefully inspire discussion within the community. Wayne, sitting next to me, had grown bored of telling passerbys that the rusty machete he had brought with him was actually a significant artifact, originally used for ritual circumcision. He looked over at the flip-chart, as it slowly filled up with responses. He looked back at me and smiled. “I’m going to suggest they use the lot for condos,” he said. “I’m going to write it on the board, and put your name behind it,” he said, staring at me, a sly smile curling up his moustache.

“No, Wayne, please. The people here will actually

murder me if you do that,” I said.

His moustache curled even further, and his eyes squinted, but he didn’t respond. A stern looking older woman was approaching our table. She asked about the board. I gave my usual response, about taking suggestions, no judgement, just looking for ideas to inspire discussion in the community. Wayne didn’t break eye contact with me, the smile and squint still focused directly in my direction. “Kody thinks...” I stared at him, panicking, “...that maybe condos would be a good idea for the land, hmm?” The woman

stared at me in shock, but before saying anything, looked back at Wayne. I believe she saw what we all saw when we caught eyes with Wayne. The look that said he had one over on us. That we’ve been played like a fiddle for his amusement, and also a reminder not to take things so seriously. He saw social convention as appropriately absurd and drew endless joy from subverting it. Even in writing this short story, a task I obsessed over, I eventually came to the realization that Wayne wouldn’t have blinked – he would have just told the story about the time we found a giant rubber dildo in the forest.

**-Kody Huard**



**Figure 4.** Wayne Point being interviewed on *The Transect* (photograph by Sean P. Connaughton).



**Wayne was an institution for archaeology** in the Fraser Valley. Working with him was not only a rite of passage but it signified a pivotal point in an archaeologist's career - an exposure to a different perspective of heritage. Through quiet and patient mentorship, Wayne articulated the intangible relationships of archaeology, community, and anthropology through his behaviour. He consistently drew parallels between his memory of things past, to present discoveries, and into the future. Wayne recognized the clues of the past embedded in the ground, in the patterns of the present, which he thoughtfully articulated as both professional and personal opinions. This is how Wayne identified his ancestry in colonial surroundings. For us, this is how the mantra, "*we will find a site today because Wayne is with us*" was born. Although his infamous sense of humour was one of Wayne's hallmark traits, for me it is his quiet guidance, kindness, and thoughtful nature that I will miss the most. As a group, we are elevated through the privilege and honour of his lessons but are diminished by his passing.

**-Heather Kendall**

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**For as long as I have known Wayne he has been an inspiration** to me and to archaeologists who have had the privilege of working with him. His kindness and gentle nature fostered a sense of calmness (and laughter), even in the most challenging of situations. Wayne was a most respected and admired colleague and we miss his energy and depth and range of knowledge. To honour his legacy, I am often reminded to take the time to get to know the land and its people, wherever I go – with the goal of walking together as a community, with a shared sense of understanding and respect. Thank you, Wayne, for all the gifts you have given, and continue to give us every day.

**-Shauna Huculak**

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**Few** people walk the world with the kind of altruistic and all-embracing grace that Wayne possessed. This, along with his selfless dedication to Musqueam heritage and community, is what I will remember of him most. I first met Wayne on a project we worked on together at Locarno Beach in 2005. Within the day, he was offering to share with me a PowerPoint presentation he had made about Musqueam history, and he peppered our conversation with anecdotes about archaeological observations he had made in the territories. Being around Wayne always put me at ease. I will forever miss his quiet, sharp and silly humour, and the genuine kindness and interest with which he treated everyone he met.

**-Hartley Odwak**

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**Tales** of Wayne's expertise as an archaeologist and prowess as a trickster abound. And when I think of Wayne, I think of those things, too. But his most lasting legacy, in my mind, is less tangible. He excelled as an archaeologist, undeniably, but with a level of grace and humility that is often missing in our discipline. He was always quietly confident of his position in relation to the ancestors, and to the belongings they left behind. And he straddled the past and future so easily, so enviably, one foot beside the ancestors and the other foot pointed towards what was to come, personified by his dearly beloved grandchildren. So, for me, much more frequently than I could have predicted, I think of Wayne's chuckle, and his stories, but mostly I think of the calm ripples that rolled away from him, into the past and the future. I miss that most of all.

**-Jenny Botica**

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**I** did not know Wayne for long, but his wealth of information and eagerness to share this with others was apparent. After only a few minutes of meeting, Wayne kindly and warmly invited me into his world of stored stories and memories of events past. I'm very grateful for the opportunity to learn from him.

**-Ginevra Toniello**

## **W**e pause now for a few short memories:

When my son Sebastian was born I was very excited and spreading the news. I told Wayne, and Wayne said, “With that name I guess you won’t mind him getting beaten up at school all the time.” Classic Wayne deadpan.

**-Jesse Morin**

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Wayne: I think there was a concert last night.

Aviva: It was Kid Cudi.

Wayne: Oh, I thought it was Celine Dione, hmm.

Wayne: Musqueam’s doing a Christmas party for the kids, hmm. Gonna bring the grandkids downtown.

Aviva: Oh yeah? How long has Musqueam been doing that?

Wayne: Since time immemorial. Since way back before contact times.

Wayne: Next time I’m at the office, I’m going to tell Aviva that I’m going to take a loud dump hmm.

Kody: \*Laughing\* A loud dump? Why?

Wayne: A loud dump. \*Wayne smiles to himself\*

Wayne (to Aviva): Need headphones for this safety training, hmm. Can I borrow yours? Don’t remember the last time I washed my ears.

Wayne: I think I want to go as Sara Croft for Halloween.

Kody: Who?

Wayne: Sara Croft. Tomb Raider.

Wayne: (doing an online safety course, staring at create user name screen for 15 minutes)

Wayne: \*starts typing\*

Wayne: \*types “Chief Duck”\*

**-Aviva Finkelstein  
& Kody Huard**

**A**s was the case with many other archaeologists working in the Greater Vancouver Regional District, I heard of Wayne well before I met him. Many local archaeologists and individuals from various lower mainland First Nation communities regularly told me of his passionate advocacy for archaeological heritage, his deep knowledge of the local territory, and his long association with BC archaeology. “Haven’t you worked with Wayne yet?” or “You know Wayne, right?” were questions often asked of me. When I would invariably answer no, I would quietly suffer the incredulity of my questioners and the underlying suggestion that perhaps I hadn’t really done archaeology in the GVRD if I had not yet worked with, let alone met, Wayne Point. So, when I finally had the opportunity to work with him, I must admit I was a bit apprehensive. Although not that far apart in age, I was, and still am, a ‘newbie’ to archaeology by comparison. I’m not sure what I was expecting but my apprehension spoke more about my own insecurities than the measure of the man I met. Although our work only spanned a few days, I came to understand why Wayne was, and continues to be, spoken so highly of by his friends and colleagues. I never had the pleasure of witnessing or being the butt of his infamous practical joker side, but we shared personal stories and the usual ‘field talk’ about archaeology in the lower mainland. I was looking forward to working with Wayne again and was shocked and saddened when I heard news of his passing. He was certainly one of the great ones and will be long and sorely missed by everyone who knew him.

**-Chris Springer**

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**I** only had the privilege of working with Wayne for one summer and wish it could have been more. He had so much knowledge to share. We used to call him Professor Point because he was always sharing tidbits of information and coming up with innovative solutions to problems on site. He always seemed to have a smile and I remember him vouching for a bag of chips as the best snack in hot weather.

**-Jessica Blesch**



**I**n my line of work, I have had the opportunity to work with members of various First Nations communities across western Canada and into the South Pacific. In very few cases, however, have I had the privilege of working with an individual who had the interest, passion, skills and knowledge that were possessed by Wayne.

I met Wayne for the first time about four years ago and in his quiet humble way he immediately made a huge impression on me. Over the course of the next few years, and through many conversations while watching heavy machinery dig holes and fighting through blackberries, I learned some of his history.

Wayne had learned his trade from people that I considered to be legends. He had worked at sites that were used to develop the cultural chronologies for coast of the lower mainland. Although he did not have a degree like I did, he was an archeologist in every sense of the word. And he was good at it. Wayne had an eye for things archaeological – he would find artifacts when no one else could, he could identify features that others walked right by, and he was actively thinking about how what we found could be interpreted and what it meant for Musqueam and the archeological record.

I didn't realize it in the first few years (a testament to how good he was at it), but Wayne was also a teacher. Each time we went out together, I went home thinking about another aspect of the landscape, culture or archeological process that we had been working with on that day. In his quiet way, often teasing and joking, he would point out things I had never considered, or ask me questions that would force me to really think about the statements I was making. Wayne was like a really good professor, always engaging his students (the consulting community) in a way that would make them think about the way they saw, and how they interacted with, and interpreted the world around them. Although he had many roles to others, for me, Wayne was, and will be remembered as an archaeologist and a teacher. His loss will echo in our small community for a long time.

**-Greg Morrissey**

**W**orking with Wayne was always one of the highlights of Lower Mainland work for me. He had such a positive and kind manner. As a zooarchaeologist with a largely urban upbringing, I peppered him with questions about how he got his traditional foods to the table. "That's cool that you hunted ducks this weekend, Wayne, but what did you do with them after?" Instead of giving me a play-by-play on how to prepare game birds, Wayne suggested I might like to watch a fast-motion video of him shooting and then plucking the feathers off a duck. I watched it several times in total awe. It was so methodical and practised; there didn't seem to be an extraneous or wrong movement. I forced several other people to watch it, but I don't know if they quite saw it as the ballet that I did. For me, it was Wayne in a nutshell. He was an ambassador for his community: knowledgeable and gracious. I am saddened by this loss.

**-Nova Pierson**

**M**y favorite memory of working with Wayne was years ago, maybe 2010 or 2011, and we were monitoring roadworks in Stanley Park. He would always ride his little scooter to work in full rain gear and PPE all the way from Musqueam and was always so happy when he arrived. One day he rode up, having ridden through the rain on his scooter and before we started work he pulled a crumpled box off his scooter that had been bungeed to the back. He produced some mildly soggy, heart-shaped cookies for me and the other archaeologist on-site, with a great Wayne eye twinkle. We had been working for so many days both of us girls had forgotten that it was Valentine's Day. But Wayne hadn't forgotten, and he brought us each a heart sugar cookie, just so we would feel special that day as both of us were in long-distance relationships at the time. He was so thoughtful that way, always remembering people's birthdays or up for celebrating even the tiniest personal victories. His big heart will always be the thing I remember most about Wayne.

**-Sarah Smith**





**Figure 5.** Wayne Point inspecting the sediments and stratigraphy (photograph by Sarah Smith).

**W**ayne Point was on site my first day as a consulting archaeologist. I am a better archaeologist for that day and for everyday I spent in the field with him after. I wish there had been more. I have lived my entire life within Musqueam Traditional Territory. To be able to have worked within that territory from the beginning of my career has been an incredible experience. Having the privilege of working with and learning from Wayne has been an enormous part of that experience and without him it would not have been the same. I will miss him, as I am sure he is missed by many. My life was made better for knowing Wayne Point.

**-Walter Homewood**

**A** few days before Wayne died, I found myself in Pacific Spirit Park for the first time since 2010. As a part of the applied archaeology course at UBC, Wayne taught us about culturally modified trees (CMTs). It was a snowy Saturday in December and I did not know what to expect, as I had never heard of this type of site before. We met near St. George's School and went in from there. Wayne explained what CMTs were and the types of CMTs that you could typically find. He showed us a couple of cedar CMTs and several naturally scarred trees. Our class was turned loose on a patch of CMTs and naturally scarred trees to identify which ones were the CMTs and which ones were not. As I was looking at a tree, Wayne told me not to move; there was a bear that he wanted to photograph. I tensed up and looked around as I had never seen a bear before and I thought we were a large enough to deter any wildlife. He took



a photo and showed me the photo on his camera. It was a photo of me, looking shocked in my knitted bear toque.

Any time I see or record a CMT, I think of that moment when Wayne took a photo of a bear in the woods.

**-Megan Harris**



**Figure 6.** Wayne Point at Glenrose Cannery ca. 2011.

**Wayne and I** worked together nearly everyday for two years on the South Fraser Perimeter Road project at *Səwq'eqsən* (Glenrose and St. Mungo Cannery sites), and several on other projects. As the project osteologist, I identified all the bones as they were discovered, and Wayne would often offer an opinion as to what they were – usually a sardonic, “coelacanth!” Thus, I affectionately referred to him as Coelacanth.

Wayne was crafty and skilled at many things. Once I gave him a large piece of Oregon obsidian and he fashioned a series of bifaces and gave them to me for my teaching collection.

Wayne had a special place in all our hearts, as a dedicated husband, father and grandfather, and as a pillar of both the Musqueam and BC archaeology communities. He also had a special place in the Museum of Anthropology – Chris Burk, Karen Thomas, Tia Williams and I went to the museum one day during the project, and opening a drawer in the exhibits, found a picture of Wayne and the stone sculpture, *Q'aysca:m*, and an account of the discovery. Tia promptly posted with a picture, “We found Wayne in a drawer in the museum!”

Hychka Siem.

**-Andrew Hickok**

I think everyone would perhaps agree that Wayne was very knowledgeable about local culture history. He could easily point out where site's were located, what had been found, and who had worked there previously. I was also impressed by Wayne's passion for archaeology.

At one time, we found an old license plate from a project site. Wayne was very excited and went to do his own research, and sent me his finding the same day. Another time, I told Wayne I was interested in the history of early Chinese immigrants in BC. The next day he shared his research on early Chinese farmers living on Reserve and how they interacted with the community which was so fascinating.

I was originally scheduled for the job that Wayne last worked on. I couldn't make it because of another commitment. One day after Wayne passed away, our second boy was born. Life goes on. Wayne will be in our hearts and memories.

**-Meng Ying**

## Thrown off balance

**R**ising water will erase our prints. But I'm not going to forget. Surprisingly this feeling came to me the night before. I was going to back out of it. Though it would be a short walk. We'd be stepping into the mouth of the muddy Fraser. Realizing I never will forget that day. I will never forget you my friend. Taught me, taught so many.

I wasn't sure which way was east-west? A cold wind blew off the water. The journey isn't over 'til we all return. A part of me forever will be. I felt the bite of the cold wind. This hollow feeling creeps in. The serpent within me turns, I'm thrown off balance. Left looking up to see eagles above.

I am neither here nor there. I feel somewhere in between. I don't think I'll shake the hollow feeling. For some reason I felt it the night before. I am neither here nor there. It was all too real. I had this emptiness before. Have to live, deal with it.

I don't believe I'll forget. I don't believe it yet. Upon eagles wings you're carried home. All time speeds up, time slows down. Water all around, I don't hear a sound. The serpent within me turns, I'm thrown off balance. I see these two eagles watching over us. I think of your parents.

I am neither here nor there. I feel somewhere in between. I don't think I'll shake the hollow feeling. For some reason it hit me the night before. I am neither here nor there. It didn't seem real. I had the emptiness before. Had to learn how to live, deal with it.

With the tide all around us on the rise. We need to get back to the boat. Rest my friend it's been a long journey. A new shore awaits you. We have to let you go. Face you haven't seen for some time wait to embrace you. I feel the serpent within turn, I'm thrown off balance. I look to see your canoe upon the water. Make your way my friend anew shore awaits you.

*Dedicated to a friend, a teacher, a brother, a husband, a father, a grandfather, a respected elder: Chief Wayne.*

**-Anonymous**





# THE MIDDEN

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# ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Dedicated to the protection of archaeological resources  
and the spread of archaeological knowledge.

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