



My name is Rhoda Hayward, maiden name is Ducharme. I was born in Ronan Montana in 1930. I was raised with all my mother, my grandmother, sometimes my dad and my other grandma. Whose names, my first grandma was Anastasia, she married Alex Pablo.

My father, Wilbur Ducharme went to Cushman school for Indians. Then they made it into a hospital. My mother went to the Catholic school Ursuline. All of us at one time or another, went to the Indian school, we were baptized, made our first communion, and then was confirmed Catholic. It was a good school, we learned a lot about how to polish floors, work in the kitchen. I'm not sorry, I'm certainly not gonna forget my training.

My grandmother went to Carlisle. We had pictures of them when they got off the train. They cut the boy's long hair off. Jim Thorpe went there at the same time. He was from Oklahoma.

Then I was put in the Ursuline we were like a dormitory, we all slept in a dormitory camp, campus like setting. Then, later on me and my aunt went to Cushman and I was nine when I went to school there. We loved it. Structured. We didn't seem like we were sick at all. Then later on, I got a job at the hospital, the Indian hospital. They came from all over, Alaska, Navajo, all tribes went to Cushman here in Tacoma. It was a good job.

Alex, my grandpa Alex and his dad, his dad spoke Spanish. But Alex was already half in between. You got punished if you tried to speak your native, and you try. Some kids were put in isolation. My dad and my grandmother if they spoke any language at all, they didn't let nobody else hear em, because they wanted to go mainstream, you gotta be like everybody else. They didn't bother speaking French, but then, nobody spoke it. It's like the language disappeared. There was French, Spanish, Kootenai and Salish. All them tribes were mixed up. It's like a hidden language. If they knew it, you didn't know it.



They never...cause it was taken out of, out of, out of them. When we were big enough to speak, talk, there were no more words left. We didn't have the language anymore, it was gone.

I'm so glad to see Tribes all over are getting their language, and we should have our language. It's very, very wonderful. Here we are five generations and now our language has come back. I have lived to see my granddaughter and my great grandson speak and sing, and play the drum, and dance, and have their own school. It is a wonderful blessing. God has been good to me on this Earth. I love everybody. I'm so blessed to have my granddaughter and great grandchildren. We can cook anything we want, say anything we want, make anything. It's a good time when we can do anything we want. I lived to see my babies talk their language. I'm very grateful to be here. Amen.

k^winḫmenč Grandma Hay. (I love you: Salish)

cut čəx^w, "ḫest sk^wk^wʔec." ḫest sk^wk^wʔec (Good night: Salish).

cut čəx^w, "ʔuʔušəbucid čəd." ʔuʔušəbucid čəd (I love you: Lushootseed).

q^wulud čəx^w tsi Grandma Hay. (Give Grandma Hay a hug: Lushootseed).

Yeah, my precious baby.

ʔuʔušəbucid čəd. (I love you: Lushootseed).

k^winḫmenč. (I love you: Salish).

Ayóó aníínishní. (I love you: Navajo).

ʔitut fi ʔə k^wi haʔʔ. (Have good sleep: Lushootseed).

qəl'qəlalitut fi ʔə k^wi haʔʔ. (Have good dreams: Lushootseed).

ḫest sk^wk^wʔec. (Good night: Salish).

Diiawachisshik. (I love you: Crow).

Ixhsixhán. (I love you: Tlingit).

tečhíñila. (I love you: Lakota).

k^winḫmenč (I love you: Salish).

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