

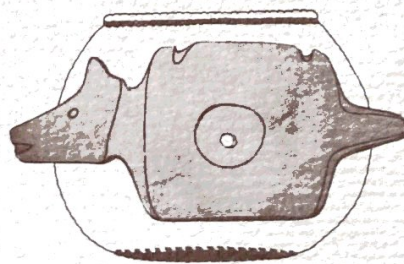
OCCASIONAL PAPERS OF THE REDDING MUSEUM

Number 3

September 1986

SAMSON GRANT, ATSUGE SHAMAN

BY
SUSAN PARK



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PARK

REDDING MUSEUM AND ART CENTER
P.O. Box 427
Redding, CA 96099

SHASTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

970.3 Park
Atsuge

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The Occasional Papers is a publication of the Redding Museum and Art Center, a city-sponsored museum, which has as one of its principal duties to collect, preserve, and exhibit the history of the original inhabitants of Northern California, including their language and arts, and to assist the Native American community to maintain its unique cultural presence in the larger community.

To these aims, this publication series is dedicated to the dissemination of basic data that might otherwise not be available to historians, anthropologists, the general public, and especially to the descendants of the original inhabitants.

The Redding Museum invites manuscripts dealing with the area's archaeology, oral history, literature, ethnohistory, language, arts, and environmental studies. All manuscripts will be reviewed by an Editorial Board of archaeologists, anthropologists, historians, and resource Native Americans, and editing rights shall prevail.

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THE OLD POST OFFICE AT CASSEL, CALIFORNIA 96016

Photo taken February 1985 by Joy Fox

This old wooden structure, still standing after 100 years, was **the** center of activity for the tiny town of Cassel for decades. The area was originally served by the Hat Creek Post Office, established in 1884 by Charles H. Brown. On 16 December 1887 its name was changed to Cassel in remembrance of the German Colony's hometown of Kassel. Cassel now has a new post office building, an increased population, and a historical society.

H.E. Williams served as Postmaster at Cassel on and off from the 1880's through the 1930's. From his store he sold post cards made from photographs he had taken of the local Indians. In 1931-1933 Susan Park acquired a set of these photographs. Fifty-three years later, this rare collection of old photos of Atsugewi elders, earth-lodges, and beautiful basketry is now available through this publication.

Joy Fox, Editor

PREFACE

In the summer of 1931, after completing a semester of graduate study in anthropology with Dr. Alfred L. Kroeber at the University of California, Berkeley, I was eager to go into the field and make a "definitive" ethnological study. To this end, I approached Dr. Kroeber with the proposal that I go to the Fiji Islands and make an intensive study of the culture of the Fijians.

Dr. Kroeber explained to me that I had neither the knowledge nor the experience to undertake such a study. He said that I should "cut my teeth" working with a group whose culture was simpler, such a group, for example, as the Atsugewi of Northeastern California.

No detailed study of these people had been made, although their existence as a distinct tribe had been noted (Dixon 1908a:208-220, 1908b:159-177; Kniffen 1928:297-322; Merriam 1926:235-258). There was mention of these people in numerous accounts of the Indians of California, including Kroeber's Handbook of the Indians of California. This little-known tribe presented a splendid opportunity for research.

So, sadly I gave up the Fiji Islands dream and agreed to go to Northeastern California and work with the Atsugewi. This was a disappointment from which I soon recovered, for I learned what every ethnologist finds when he or she first goes into the field: one acquires another dimension. To come face to face with cultural traits that one had previously only encountered on the printed page was a very exciting experience.

Dr. Kroeber was pleased at my accepting his suggestion and gave me the following advice:

Never wear pants or slacks; the Indians might resent this. When you come to a standstill in pursuing a specific subject, stop and ask your informant to tell you a myth, a "story." Read all the small amount of material available on the Atsugewi and the surrounding tribes. This will help in the formulation of the kind of questions you should ask and will indicate some of the cultural traits you will probably find.

To this he added the comment, "Don't forget that unpublished ethnological notes are of no value." His final words were, "Some people can sell pianos, some cannot. I hope you succeed."

Armed with this advice, a small supply of canned food, a sleeping bag,

an army cot, some hardcoverd notebooks, and pencils, I set forth in my Model A Ford from San Francisco in June of 1931. My destination was Cassel, a hamlet in the Atsugewi country. This was to be my headquarters.

Cassel consisted of two buildings: the post office-general store and the house of the postmaster and general store owner, H.E. Williams.

Mr. Williams had emigrated from Germany some fifty years previously. It was Mr. Williams' proud boast that he had never bathed in all the fifty years he had been in America and had thus preserved all his "essential body oils," something that made it a little bit difficult to approach him.

Across the road from the post office was Mr. Williams' house. He shared it with his fat, sad, and equally dirty daughter, her several small dirty children, and her very sick husband.

Mr. Williams was a self-taught photographer who had taken numerous pictures of the Indians, their artifacts, and their dwelling places. These he had made into postcards, which he displayed on a rack and were, for the most part, fly specked, for no one seemed interested in buying them. Many were mismarked. A number of these pictures have been used to illustrate this account. He was full of stories about the Indians whom he liked and with whom he was on good terms.

Unfortunately, Dr. Kroeber admonished all of his students who went into the field never to pay attention to, or to record, stories about Indians told by white people of the area. For, he said, these stories were biased and almost always wrong. It was for this reason that I made no record of the tales told by Mr. Williams or of any stories told by other white men or women of the region.

Mr. Williams was very kind and helped me find lodging near Cassel: a wood shack of three almost empty rooms, its only amenity, a light bulb suspended from the ceiling by a string. Outside the house was a faucet from which one could get a trickle of water. The furniture--for I had rented the house furnished--consisted of a table with one leg shorter than the other three, a wooden chair, and an iron cot on which I put my sleeping bag. The rent for the little place was nine dollars for the summer, plus an additional fifty cents a month for electricity.

I had thought the Indians would be more friendly if I lived in conditions approaching their own. I was mistaken, for they were not remotely interested in where I lived. So, one morning when I found a rattlesnake under my bed and a slightly inebriated man looking in my unshaded window, I decided to leave these very uncomfortable quarters.

I moved into the Rising River Inn, a very pleasant small hotel two or three miles from Cassel. I was given a comfortable room which, with three excellent meals a day, cost fifty dollars a month.

It was very easy to find informants with whom to work. The Indians were eager to tell of their "history," and since this was in keeping with Dr.

Kroeber's approach to ethnology, that of historical reconstruction, it was logical starting point.

My days soon fell into a routine. In the mornings, I drove to the post office in Cassel where a number of Indian men were always gathered; there were seldom any women. I would ask one or another of the men if he would like to work with me to tell me about the old days. I offered a dollar a day for their help. This was acceptable, though many men felt they should not be paid for "just talking."

I then drove my informant of the day back to his house where we talked and I took notes. If the man, or in rare cases the woman, proved informative I would arrange to return the next day and possibly for several days thereafter. This was in the days before tape recorders, and I wrote what I learned in my gray cloth-covered hardback notebooks. No one ever objected to my taking notes.

The Atsugewi, both the Atsuge (Hat Creek people) and the Aporuge (Dixie Valley people) lived in great poverty [1]. At the time I was there, many Aporuge lived in and around Cassel because there were at least a few opportunities for work; there were none in Dixie Valley.

Their houses were ramshackle huts, their yards full of broken cars and furniture; tin cans and other trash were also abundant. Their poor little gardens were sadly neglected, and their attempts to earn a living by farming were thwarted by a lack of water. Their riparian rights, supposedly fixed by county authority, were, for the most part, usurped by the white farmers.

At every house there was at least one snarling dog; usually there were several. The houses were filthy and full of flies. The Indians, though, were friendly and happy to talk. The men did almost all of the talking even about such subjects as birth and the observance of girls' adolescence. The women and children sat around listening, and occasionally a woman would add a bit to the men's accounts. They spoke only in Atsugewi, the men politely translating their comments into English.

When I explained that I was particularly interested in doctoring and magic, several of the men suggested that I find Samson Grant and talk to him. Samson Grant, they all agreed, was a "big doctor, with very strong (supernatural) powers."

Samson Grant's house was in great contrast to others I had visited. It

1. The California government became concerned about the shameful level of poverty and resulting poor health conditions of rural California's Indian population in the early 1920's. A state health team of Dr. Allen Gillihan and Alma Shaffer, R.N., was sent to investigate. For insight and research, see the copy of "A Survey of the Indians of Northeastern California as Requested by His Excellency Governor William Stephens." This rare handsewn volume, available at the Shasta County Library Boggs Collection, has photos of these ramshackle huts (Joy Fox, Editor, hereafter referred to as JF).

was fairly large, clean, and surrounded by a garden of both flowers and vegetables. The house, located in Goose Valley, was about a half hour's drive from Cassel. Samson Grant had the advantage of an adequate water supply. He was also a very hard-working man who was never to be found sitting idly around the post office in Cassel.

It was seldom necessary to employ the services of an interpreter; almost all the Atsugewi with whom I worked spoke understandable English. Here too, as in most other things, Samson Grant's abilities were greater than those of his fellow tribesmen.

In 1931, when I first met Samson Grant, he thought that he was about eighty years old. This placed the time of his birth around 1850, approximately when the first white settlers came to the area [2].

Samson Grant was an extraordinary man. He was respected by his fellow tribesmen, members of nearby tribes, and the white farmers of the region [3]. He was a small, wiry man, clean in his habits and dress. He wore, as did most of the Atsugewi men, cotton trousers and cotton shirts. His clothes were clean and neatly mended. For special occasions he dressed with enthusiasm in gaudy adaption of Plains Indian dress.

He was a deeply religious man, believing sincerely in what was best, or what he considered best, in the religion of his culture and of Christianity. He attempted to reconcile the mythology of his people with Biblical stories and characters. For instance, Silver Grey Fox was alternately Christ and God. Coyote was the devil, a marplot, and trickster.

He wanted to secure the continuance of what was best in his culture and adapt it to the American way of life. He felt that the culture of his people was threatened, as indeed it was, and, before it was completely extinguished, should be melded with the best of American ideals to preserve it.

Samson Grant was a very patriotic American. It was primarily at his urging and organizing that there were great Fourth of July celebrations. He felt it important that the Atsugewi not only retain their age-old traditions,

2. Samson Grant pronounced his name as "Samson" to Susan Park, but on the Government land allotment, and again in the Shasta County Great Register, it is spelled "Sampson." English names were commonly given to Indians when the Dawes Act was passed in 1894. Many Indians adopted local white family names, e.g., the Browns of Cassel and Hat Creek (JF).

3. At the time this material was recorded, the common term for a group of Indians was "tribe." Today a "tribe" refers to a large group of Indians such as the Sioux. The term "band" is now used to describe small local groups that do have village chiefs but no political unity. The Pit River people in Northeastern California are composed of eleven major "bands:" the Atsuge, Aporuge, Madesi, Itsatawi, Ilmawi, Achomawi, Atwamsini, Astariwi, Hamawi, Kosalektawi, and Hewisedawi (JF).

but also show that they were "good Americans." Thus, these celebrations were a mixture of an Atsugewi "Big Time" and a conventional Fourth of July. There were fireworks, and the children sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America the Beautiful." The adults sang Atsugewi songs.

A form of baseball was played as well as Indian games of skill and endurance such as foot races, bow and arrow target shooting, and wrestling. In the evening the Indians gambled; they were avid gamblers. The games they played were variations of the hand game; some played poker; and all played for high stakes. (The hand games of the Atsugewi, and indeed of most of the peoples of Northern California and parts of the Great Basin, were essentially guessing games. The object was for one team to guess which hand of an opponent held a marked bone. The two bones were concealed either in the hand of the "dealer," under a flat basket, or wrapped in grass.) While the men gambled, many women danced.

Samson Grant's contribution to these celebrations was a demonstration of his ability to eat fire. A number of other doctors (shamans) also demonstrated their skill in this esoteric art.

I was welcome to attend the Fourth of July celebration, but I was never invited to a "Big Time" nor did I ever attend a doctoring. I was often told there would be one "sometime soon" and that I would be told when it would take place. Somehow or other, I was only told about such a ceremony after it had taken place.

My informants included Atsuge (the people of Hat Creek) and Aporuge (the people of Dixie Valley). Except for the short time I spent with Lyman LaMarr and his family in Dixie Valley in 1933, the Aporuge with whom I worked lived around Cassel, Hat Creek, and Rising River.

The time I spent in Dixie Valley was fruitful in terms of gathering information, particularly about shamanism, and in the collecting of myths. Being exposed to a culture so drastically different from my own was a very strange experience.

In 1933, Lyman and Selena LaMarr were living in Dixie Valley, and although Lyman was half French-Canadian, he considered himself an Aporuge. His wife, Selena, was a full-blooded Aporuge [4].

Lyman LaMarr's house was fairly clean. He wife and mother-in-law lived with him. Strangely, there were no children about. I was given a place in the living room in which to put my cot and sleeping bag. I was thus in the center of family activity because it was necessary to go through this room to come in or go out of the house.

4. Atsuge elder Talbot Wilson's copy of the 1930 Government Roll Book Census of Indians listed Lyman LaMarr and his wife, Selena, living in Hat Creek. Lyman LaMarr's birthdate was noted as 17 May 1890, and Selena's birthday was given as 5 June 1892. Lyman's brother, John LaMarr and his wife, Tracy, were listed as living in Pitville, which is near Dixie Valley (JF).

An alarm clock woke us all up at 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning. At this signal we got up and went outside to the porch where there was a bucket of icy cold water. With a dipper we scooped enough for a perfunctory face and hand washing. We then went into the kitchen for breakfast which had been cooked on a wood-burning stove. The meal consisted of venison stew, bread, and coffee. The coffee, bread, and potatoes had been brought from the store in Cassel. The food I had brought was to be eaten after I left, a custom dictated by Atsuge ideas of courtesy. After breakfast we sat around and talked, at least Lyman and I talked, the women occasionally adding a few words which Lyman translated.

At noon, we ate again, a meal identical to that which we had had for breakfast. After eating, talk was resumed. We ate again at 5:30, and again it was the same meal. After this last meal of the day, we went to bed. It was a bit difficult to get to sleep at such an early hour, and since there was no electricity, I could not read.

Lyman had shot a deer a few days before my visit, and it was for this reason that we had so much venison. The authorities allowed the Indians to hunt deer and other game out of season, for it was known that they were needed for sustenance. It was further known that the Indians killed only what they could consume and did not kill wantonly for sport as did the white men.

As a special "treat" on the last day of my stay, a porcupine was killed, cleaned, covered with pine needles, and baked in an earthen oven. My hosts smacked their lips with enthusiasm as they partook of the delicacy. I think this was the most horrible meal I ever ate, but I was able to eat enough to indicate appreciation and make the appropriate remarks to show my gratitude. My hosts were proud of having provided me with "porcupine smothered in pine needles."

The only break in the routine of eating, talking, and sleeping during my visit in Dixie Valley was the day I took a sweat bath with Selena LaMarr's mother. We took the sweat bath in a small, round structure no more than three feet in diameter. Willow branches had been bent to form a dome and blankets covered these. This type of structure, I was told, was new to these Indians and had been learned from the Paiutes, probably within the previous fifty years. Formerly, sweat baths were taken only in the winter houses (chemahas) which my informants often referred to as "sweathouses."

The old Indian woman and I went inside the miniature house, stripped, and sat down on the ground on which blankets had been spread. In the center were several red hot rocks which had been rolled into place with forked sticks.

A small tin can filled with water was placed between us. The Indian took a few drops on her fingers and shook them over the heated rocks; a little steam hissed. I followed her example and once or twice shook a few drops over the rocks. Then, thinking it would take a very long time at this rate to finish the water; I took the can and poured the entire contents over the rocks. The steam that arose cut like a thousand knives. I rushed

outside to bathe in the running steam that flowed nearby. This was, I thought, according to the best Atsugewi practice, the conventional end of a sweat bath. So, I plunged into the water, which surprisingly reached only a little above my ankles, and then threw myself down full length for relief. The Indian woman laughed heartily at me, and later when she told her family about the episode, they all laughed, but in a kindly way, at my ignorance.

The autobiography of Samson Grant was compiled from notes gathered in interviews with him during the summers of 1931 and 1933. The bits and pieces have been put together and are presented in chronological order. They were edited only to make his account more easily understood. Samson Grant's English was fluent, and it was not necessary to have the help of an interpreter in interviewing him; but he did confuse genders, times, numbers, and tenses. These have been corrected but, insofar as was possible, the story is told in his own words.

The continual use of conversations in relating any incident or describing any aspect of life was the usual narrative form not only of Samson Grant but of all the numerous Atsugewi with whom I worked.

During the summers I spent in Cassel, I occasionally went back to San Francisco for a few days' rest with the hope that my perspective of the Atsugewi culture would be sharpened by my being away from the scene. I hoped that questions I hadn't thought to ask would come to mind. Some did, but the gaps in my account are, unfortunately, very large.

Looking back over the fifty years since I gathered the material, I find much has become hazy, much has been forgotten, and unfortunately, questions which now seem obvious were not asked. I doubt that now the obvious omissions could be filled in. It might be possible, though, to find an Atsugewi still living who is conversant with the "old ways" [5].

I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge the encouragement of my son, Willard Henry Park, and daughter, Nancy Jane Park to complete this project.

5. Few Atsugewi elders remain. Talbot Wilson (Atsuge) and Charlie Buckskin both died during the winter of 1985. Ramsey Blake (over 90 years old) is still alive to converse about the "old ways" of the Aporuge (JF).

INTRODUCTION

Atsugewi Culture

The Atsuge of Hat Creek and the Aporuge of Dixie Valley together were one group: the Atsugewi. The Atsugewi and the Achomawi people of the Pit River were recognized as belonging to the Shastan people whose language was the Palainnihan branch of the Hokan linguistic stock.

The names Atsuge and Aporuge [1] were given to them by the neighboring Achomawi. In turn, the Atsugewi provided new words for the Achomawi vocabulary. The Atsuge and Aporuge that I knew always spoke of themselves as Hat Creek and Dixie Valley Indians. They might further identify themselves by using the names of the permanent winter villages to which they belonged.

The villages, referred to by settlers as rancherias, for which there was no Indian word, consisted of clusters of earth-covered lodges and were spoken of always as sweathouses or by the Indian word **chemaha**. The sweathouses ranged in number from as few as two to as many as ten [2]. From these villages the people went on their hunting and food-gathering expeditions and to which they returned.

The villages of the Atsuge were situated along Hat Creek and were scattered in nearby locations; those of the Aporuge people were confined to Dixie Valley.

Of their habitat, Kroeber (1925:315) wrote:

[The Atsugewi were located] on three medium-sized streams draining northward into the Pit River: Hat Creek, Burney Creek and Dixie Valley or Horse Creek. The mouths of these streams, like all the banks of the Pit River itself, were

1. Aporuge means "juniper tree people" (Susan Park, hereafter referred to as SP). According to Paul Schulz (1954:12), Astuge means "pine tree people" (JF).

2. Thomas Garth (1953:143) reported that the Lost Creek village had twenty-three earth-lodges (JF).

in Achomawi territory. The rather unfavorable stretches between these three creeks; the territory some distance to the southeast, probably including the region of Eagle Lake; and the higher country south to Lassen Peak and to the watershed between the Pit and the Feather Rivers were used by the Atsugewi for hunting and the collecting of vegetable foods.

Canoes made of hollowed out pine tree trunks were used for fishing and duck hunting. A tree was felled with a flint knife or axe (**much idam**), the bark peeled off, the trunk trimmed and smoothed with a flint knife, and the interior burned out with a slow burning fire of manzanita wood. This work was done by men, but both men and women used the canoes.

The sides and bottom were about three inches thick, the prow more slanted than the stern. Paddles (**tow hy was**) or poles (**ka tow**) were used to propel the little boat. The paddler sat in the stern, the fisher or the hunter of ducks in the prow.

Toggle headed spears (**pach ru**) were used particularly for catching salmon (**ah ne**), willow fish traps (**sto ho**) for the lesser fish. Ducks (**oh wei**) were snared with nets (**war rar sas**).

Canoes were placed in the water as soon as they were made. Cracks were mended with pitch (**ya se da**) [3].

The villages were the basis of a rudimentary organization. Each village was a distinct unit, its territory as well as that of the whole group being well-defined.

There was one "Big Chief" in Hat Creek and one in Dixie Valley; the several lesser chiefs were subservient to them. The lesser chiefs would be heads or leaders of one and, in some cases, two or more rancherias.

The chieftainship was a hereditary position passing from father to son, not necessarily to the oldest but to the one considered most able and most like his father.

The role of the chief was not clearly defined. Opinions among informants varied as to his authority and power, some saying his word was law, or words to that effect. Others said he acted only in an advisory capacity. All agreed, however, that the chief alone could call a Big Time or a hunt, that he led in warfare, and that he called certain mandatory occasions such as the celebration of childbirth or of puberty. He called other gatherings for his people simply to have a good time.

Standing on one of the earth-lodges in the early morning, he awakened his people and admonished them "to be good." From that position he served as a scout against the possibility of the approach of an enemy. From there

3. Jackson Bone of Hat Creek was the informant for the above information about canoes (SP).

he aroused his people in times of a hunt or a war. Others spoken of as chief led the root-digging and seed and berry gathering expeditions. Whether any chief settled disputes or ordered punishment or proclaimed marriage or divorce, there was no unanimity of opinion.

Intertribal Relations

Unlike the war-like and predatory Klamath and Modoc Indians, the Atsugewi lived amicably with other tribes nearby.

For their Big Times the Atsugewi almost always invited the Maidu, of whom they spoke of as the "Diggers" and whose Indian name was *dix ui*.

Their relationship with the Achomawi was a close one. They always invited them to the Big Times. In case of an attack, the Achomawi were their allies. The Atsugewi shamans often treated members of the nearby tribes. There was some intermarriage between the Atsugewi and the Achomawi.

Their relationship with the Wintu was friendly but not very close. This was true also of their relations with the Northern Paiute, one of whom was married to an Atsugewi.

Many of the Atsugewi shaman's songs, it was said, were in the Achomawi language, but just how one knew was hard to tell, as many of the shaman's songs (as was the case with other songs) were only meaningless syllables.

Kinship

The pattern of kinship terms and usages among the Atsugewi is extremely complex. For a full understanding of the social organization of these people, it should be studied in detail. But for the present purpose, it is sufficient simply to state that the terms for relatives are dependent on age, on sex, and on relationship.

Terms for brothers and sisters extend to cousins. Though there are different words for older and younger siblings, there is but one word for mother and one for father. In the case of the siblings of the parents, the terms depend on whether the relationship is through the male or female parent. This usage applies also to grandparents, though the terms are

reciprocal and those of a parent and child are not.

There are several words for wife, depending whether she is the first or a later one, whether she has had a child, or whether that child has died. There is only one word for husband.

Only one term is applied to cousins, other than those considered brothers and sisters, who may not be considered possible spouses as far back as the fourth generation.

Rules governing behavior towards certain relatives are rigid.

A joking relationship with possible spouses, such as a sister-in-law, is present. There is also an avoidance relationship with a man's mother-in-law, for example. Both relationships are reciprocal, which might be construed as a deterrent to what might be considered incest.

The customs of levirate, a woman's marrying her dead husband's brother, and sororate, a man's marrying his dead wife's sister, are patterns of behavior which are no longer as rigidly enforced as they were formerly.

In relating his life's story or in telling myths, Samson Grant did not observe these fine points of kinship terminology, though he was well aware of their existence.

Samson Grant's Supernatural Powers

Samson Grant derived his powers from his belief in the supernatural. They were acquired at the time of his puberty observances and after the death of one of his children and, later, that of another.

His supernatural powers enabled him to cure the sick. They directed his "apprenticeship," gave him "tunes" to sing, directed the manner of his curing, told him what paraphernalia to prepare and where to store them. They disclosed the nature and cause of the sickness to be cured, and they defined the role of his assistant, his interpreter, in each curing session [4].

The powers spoke to Samson Grant as though "through a telephone" and at times entered his mouth and did the actual sucking out of the poison either to be buried or to be swallowed.

4. The shaman's interpreter must not only repeat word for word what has been said by his shaman but must also act as confidant, preparer of the pipe, or actually do the smoking. At a curing he helps the shaman by singing along with him and the spectators (SP).

His powers acted as guardian spirits and, although they were not always with him, could be summoned quickly. They were so strong that members of the other tribes and some of the white people of the region had been known to go to him for help in times of sickness.

Strangely, Samson Grant never asked for remuneration for his services, although it was customary among his people for the shaman to ask for a fee, at times a very large one.

Shamanism

A shaman is one who in dreams or visions has acquired supernatural powers which enable him to fill the role of doctor or priest. The functions of a shaman vary considerably from one culture to another; it is therefore not possible to give a rigid definition of this office. He is sometimes simply a doctor; he may also be a diviner and prophet or a mediator between the spirit world and the world in which he lives.

An Atsugewi shaman (**bet sa ki**) [5] is a doctor or a "medicine man" and can be either a man or woman who has acquired supernatural powers (**beuski**) primarily for the curing of supernaturally induced sickness. He has acquired these powers from "one or more of the spirit beings that are everywhere in [his] world [and] with whom he has an active relationship...spirits of the fauna, spirits of the certain mountains and lakes [and springs] and of rocks as well as the elements [which] bestowed on individuals the power through which [supernaturally inflicted sickness] is controlled and cured" (Park 1938:15). Powers were also bestowed by dwarf-like creatures, water babies, and the spirits of beings vaguely described as the ghosts of people.

Supernatural sickness is caused for a variety of reasons: a person who has broken the strict rules of behavior, such as the eating of meat at a time when it is forbidden; by the injection of a poison via a **ga ho ya** (a small, needle-like object) by a malevolent shaman; or, but less frequently and more difficult of detection, by the spirit of a dead person or a ghost (**maska wi**) attaching himself to a person.

Nearly everyone had a power, but those of the shaman were stronger and more numerous than those of others. The shaman's powers, although primarily for the curing of sickness, also bestowed other gifts on him.

5. Most informants used this word for both men and women shamans; some said a male shaman was called **pats hage char ra**; a woman **itera char ra** (SP).

These varied from shaman to shaman but included the ability to foretell the future, to charm animals that they might be more easily found in a hunt, to confound the enemy in times of war, to divine a thief, or to ease the pains of a woman experiencing a difficult childbirth. These powers conferred the shamanic ability to eat fire and flint. These last two served the purpose of showing the strength of supernatural powers so that the people would respect and believe in shamanic ways.

The position of the shaman in the social structure was no more than that of an ordinary person, even though his help was frequently sought. He was subservient to the chief (**yasousi**).

Powers came to a person during the Power Quest (**wes comi**) undertaken by every individual at the time of adolescence or at any time during his life when the need for supernatural help was felt.

Powers come to a person they "love" only when that person is asleep or in a trance. They come as a vision seen only by the recipient and are neither heard nor seen by others. They speak to this person and sing in his ear and, most importantly, give him a "tune." It is by means of this tune that the power may be summoned when help is wanted. At that time, in a wider sense, it acts as a guardian spirit.

Powers also come unsolicited at any time but most frequently after the death of a child or any other disaster.

In the case of a shaman, the power gives extremely elaborate instructions. He is first given a tune (or tunes) to be used not only to summon his power but also to cure.

The prospective shaman (doctor) is instructed in how he should train to be a curer of sickness. He is told what paraphernalia to prepare: head dress probably of yellowhammer feather, rattles, a pipe, and other objects he will need. It is explained to him when to suck the poison out of a sick person; when to sing and when to smoke; what disposal he should make of the poison once it is sucked out; whether he should destroy it or keep it for his own use; and what instructions he should give his interpreter-assistant. Actually, it is not the shaman who sings and sucks: it is his power, or one of his powers, which enters his mouth and performs these acts for him. He is also told when the bystanders were to "help" him by singing.

The novice-shaman's first doctoring is performed on a log and is supervised by an older shaman. If his powers and his instructor are satisfied that he has performed well, he is qualified to cure a sick person. However, the period of training may last for several years.

If a sick person is mortally ill, a fact ascertained by smelling a piece of clothing or handling a silver dollar (cold if the patient is going to die), the shaman will be advised by his power not to attempt a cure.

A shaman's demands for payment, usually quite high, are not influenced by his power or powers. He himself sets the amount of recompense. This depends upon the seriousness of the sickness or the difficulty of determining

the cause or locating the position of the poison in the body. A "poor" man may be asked for an unwed daughter of the sick person as payment for his services.

When a shaman sings for luck in a communal hunt or for confusion to the enemy in times of war, no payment is requested or given.

Power Quest

The power quest is undertaken by all boys and girls at the time of adolescence: a boy when his voice changes; a girl on the first night of the celebration of her first menses.

The pattern of behavior on these quests is rigid; breaking any of these regulations would result in sickness. Many of the same elements are found in both the boys' and girls' quests.

The young person is sent to a specific mountain after being instructed in the procedure to follow: the boy by his father, the girl by her mother. The boy is sent out after being given several strokes on his legs with a bow string, the girl with a seed beater.

The girl has her ears pierced with a sharp stick. This sometimes is also done to a "good" girl when the need for help is felt. Sometimes, too, her septum is pierced and very occasionally the same is done to boys. The girl wears fringed bark wristlets, anklets, and a cape of the same which has been made for her dance.

Both are told to go up the mountainside to pick dead branches from trees with which to make fire or fires; they must not pick dead wood from the ground which would cause sickness.

They must plunge into a specified lake, stream, or spring after taking off their clothes. Arrived at the bottom, they must take a swallow of water, spit it out, and take a second which they swallow. It is possible to have an encounter with a spirit in the water, but it is more likely to occur after the swim when they sleep (after they have built a fire for those below to see).

They sleep with a small standing rock as a pillow. The rock is so placed that it tips over easily so the sleep will not be too sound.

They must not eat meat or even smell it. They should stuff their noses with moss in order to avoid smelling. They must use scratching sticks and drink water only through the hollow stems of a certain bush.

When the spirit comes and bestows power, it does so while the young

person is asleep or in a trance which the spirit itself has induced.

If the dream is of something bad, "like fighting or killing," it may be thrown away. If no dream or power comes, another quest may be immediately undertaken, or at any other time when the need for help was felt.

The amount of time spent in the mountain varies, as it depends on how quickly the seeker is successful or how quickly he gives up the search. It rarely lasts for more than two or three nights.

Small amounts of food may be eaten when the young person returns home; the food is given to the girl by her mother, to the boy by his father.

Within a day or two of the return from the mountain the ordinary pursuits of life are resumed, but the eating of meat must not be done for some time.

If the power received is for good luck in hunting, the first deer killed must be given away. If the power is for luck in gambling, the winnings must also be given away.

Religion

Since nearly every aspect of life is affected and in some cases dominated by the supernatural, one might say that the belief in these spirit beings is the real religion of the Atsugewi. The shaman acts as mediator with the spirit, who at times must be propitiated.

If the mountains or springs held bad spirits, a shaman must ask for protection from these and must speak to them and offer food, roots, or meat to assuage their anger or appease their hostility.

If there had been no rain and the ground was too hard for digging roots, a "rain doctor" would be called and asked to sing for rain.

Mary Wilson, a Hat Creek shaman, said, "I would like to be a Christian, but my people need my help. I have to help them." Her remark clearly sets forth the idea that Christianity and Indian belief in spirits could not be entertained simultaneously.

Ghost Dance

Although several informants spoke at some length about the Ghost Dance of 1890, Samson Grant dismissed it with a few words. He said, "In about 1880 a Fall River Indian [an Achomawi] told the Hat Creek people that he had heard Christ sing, making everybody believe that all the dead people were coming back. He told the people not to drink and not to fight. He told the people to build a big sweathouse. He told them that the world was coming to an end."



MAP BY JOY FOX, 1986.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SAMSON GRANT, ATSUGE SHAMAN

I did the talking under Buckskin. He was the big chief and I was his interpreter [1]. There were two other chiefs, but Buckskin was the head chief and the others had to do what he told them [2].

What Buckskin said was to be done, was done; it was as if he had signed a paper.

[After thus establishing his position, Samson Grant began to tell the story of his life more or less in chronological order.]

Childhood

All year long, beginning when I was five years old, I would run. When the moon comes up all the children run. Every month when the moon was new little boys and little girls would run. They would lift up their arms and say, "Look, grandma, how big I am! I am running for you."

The mothers took the little babies out of their baskets and held them up to the moon. The mothers would speak for the babies; they would say, "Look, grandma, aren't I big? Aren't you glad I have grown so big?"

Only the children ran. The boys and girls ran. At first I would run a hundred yards. I marked the place where I stopped with a rock or a branch. Every night I tried to go farther than I did the last time. Every time I placed a rock where I stopped. All the children did this.

1. Every chief, shaman, and story teller spoke with an interpreter who repeated word for word exactly what his principal had said. In the case of the chief and the shaman, the words were repeated so that everyone heard what was said. In the case of the story teller, it was to instruct the younger people so that they, in turn, would be able to tell the stories (SP).

2. Buckskin was the big chief of the Hat Creek people. He inherited his position from Buckskin Jack. There were two lesser chiefs. Both owed obedience to Buckskin (SP).

My father or my grandfather made a small bow and small arrows for me. I practiced shooting. I shot a little way at first and then at tule targets that were made for me. I practiced shooting all day long.

A bunch of tules as thick as a stove pipe was set up for me, and I practiced shooting at this. Tule targets were made for all the children to shoot at. The targets were made by the older boys and girls. We were told not to shoot at anything but the targets.

I was taught to swim when I was little.

Boys were taught to spear salmon. When I was a little boy my father took me in a boat, and we speared salmon by torchlight [at night].

I had to give the fish I speared to my father.

When I was a boy I wanted to learn. I wanted to know. I wanted to know about history.

I went to the old people and I got to learn all about this whole history. So I used to go to the old people every evening. I had to go because I had to learn. I had to go so I fixed my bed there where the old man was. This old man was the oldest Indian. The old man who was going to tell all about history was there.

He told all about history. He began with old Flint (*sat ta che huey*). This old man knew how they lived. He knew how to live now. He knew what to do. He told me what to do. He told me this, "First thing in the morning you get up and you go out to the spring. You take a bath every morning. You have to do this."

So I had to do this. I had to take a bath every morning. I kept on doing this every morning, and I kept on running every night until my voice changed.

Puberty Observances and Power Quest

My voice changed and my father was watching for this. He said, "Now, my son, your voice is changing, and I want you to go up in the mountain to the big lake."

He named the lake.

He took me outside the house, and he took a bow string and he doubled it. He made me take my clothes off and bend over and put my hands on the ground. My father licked me with the bow string. He gave me five licks and then I stood up. My father said to me, "Now, my son, you listen to me. Your voice changed, and I want you to go to the mountain to the big lake."

"You take five loads of wood to the mountain. Don't pick up sticks that are lying on the ground. Pull dead branches off trees. If you pick up a stick that is lying on the ground you will have rheumatism.

"On the top of the mountain build a fire so that I can see it. Then go to the lake; [again] he named the lake. A hundred yards from the lake pull off your shoes and start to run. Before you get to the lake, pull your clothes off and throw them down. Don't stop running. Make a big jump into the lake and dive right down. When you get to the bottom take a mouthful of water; wash your mouth out. Spit this water out and take another mouthful and swallow it before you come up to the top of the water.

"When you swallow the water you will be all right. If you don't swallow the water you will have a headache and a toothache all the time."

That is what the old man told me, and he said, "When you come out of the water, look at **pomi y cha ko** [a bush with hollow stems]. Take them [some of the stems] and keep them all the time. When you want a drink of water, take that stem and suck the water with it. Then you will be all right, you won't lose your teeth."

Then he said, "You make a big fire on the top of the mountain. You do this five times tonight and I will watch you.

"After you fix the fires fix your bed. Don't fix a good bed. Just sit up and don't sleep.

"Get some rocks and pile them up. Pick up a rock and throw it towards the east; then pick up another rock and throw it towards the west; then pick up another rock and throw it towards the south.

"When you have done this take another rock and make a pillow out of it. Then you will dream something. Maybe you will dream of gambling or of a hunter killing a deer or about doctoring. If you dream one of these things you must remember it. Don't go back in the water again; don't throw those dreams away. Come right back. When you come to the house, come to that tree. I'll watch for you.

"If you don't come back I'll know that you didn't dream of those things, so then I will think you dreamed something bad, like fighting or killing a man or stealing. If you dream something bad you must go into the water and swim again and throw the bad dreams away."

That is what he told me.

When I came back I was a man no longer a boy. My father was watching. When I came back my father asked me if I had had a drink and I said, "Yes, I had a mouthful of water when I was under the water. That is all."

My father brought me a little food, very little.

"Now," my father said, "I want you to go to this mountain," and he named another mountain, "and sleep there tonight and make a mark."

So I went to the mountain and I marked my legs and my wrists with pitch. I put coals on these marks to make them look black. I did not eat meat until the marks wore off.

So I went on the mountain and then I came back. The next morning my father looked at me. When he saw the pitch marks he said, "That is good," and then he said, "Don't eat any meat until the pitch wears off. If you do you will have appendicitis and weak lungs. You will have tuberculosis."

I had to do what the old man, my father, told me.

After this I had to run every night. I had to run a race with my shadow. When the shadow was ahead of me I had to run every night.

When I was married I did not have to run every night any more.

Girls' Puberty Ceremony

[The account that follows of a girl's puberty ceremony is almost certainly a description of the observance at the puberty of one of Samson Grant's daughters.]

When a girl first menstruates, she tells her mother, "My month has come on me." "Be sure," says the mother. She wants the girl to be sure.

When she is sure, the mother rubs the girl's legs with ashes. Then she takes a little basket shovel [a seed beater] and hits the girl's legs with that. Then she said, "You start to run, and don't you look back. Bring wood when you come back."

Then they tell everybody that they are going to have a girl dance. For five months, every month they had a dance. They danced for a week every month for five months.

Boys and girls helped her dance, and many people helped her sing.

They danced in two lines that moved forward and backward. The girl danced until daylight for six nights. When she became sleepy, they helped her stay awake.

During the day the women danced but only for a little while.

The girl carried a deer hoof rattle which she shook; she shook the rattle as they danced.

In the evening they also danced the round dance in which the people held hands. They danced holding hands. One man and then one woman placed alternately. The round dance was called **hanni naga bou ni**. The girl for whom this celebration was being held did not dance the round dance. She stood outside the circle and kept time with her deer hoof rattle.

A cape made of fringed bark attached to the girl's forehead was worn during the dance. It was made by the girl's mother or someone who knew how to make it. The cape was four or five feet long.

During this time a scratching stick was used by the girl. This was not a special stick, but one that was picked up off the ground. The girl's mother gave her a new stick every month. If the girl did not use a scratching stick at this time she would be covered with scabs.

A little bark hut set apart from the house was made for the girl to use during her menstrual periods. This hut was only used during the time girl dances were being held, not later in life.

Sometimes, two girls would dance at the same time.

The girls could not eat meat during the time of the dance. They stuffed their noses with moss so that they would not smell meat cooking.

During the time of the dance, the girl wore a tight belt around her waist: a belt made of buckskin, rabbit skin or bark.

During the day when the girl is living in the little bark hut, she sleeps in the morning a little while and then goes out to gather wood.

[Samson did not mention the following elements that occurred in the girls' puberty observances:

1. The girl may not wash her face or comb her hair; her mother may do both for her.
2. She may drink only a little water at a time.
3. During the daytime (when the dance is being held at night), the girl goes into the mountains and often acquires powers during that time. She must bathe in a spring or a lake.
4. After the dance was over for a month, she must bathe before she can eat meat. The first bite of meat is chewed and thrown to the dogs. After this she may eat meat.
5. During this time her ears are pierced to bring luck. Often this is not for the first time.
6. The songs sung at this time were concerned with the acquisition of food and how to act to avoid being lazy.

On the subject of the duration of the girl dance, and the number of times it was held, informants differed to a considerable extent. They said that the dance was held once, twice, three or four times; Samson Grant said five times.

The girl, it was said, danced for five or six nights each month.]

[After describing his own childhood and puberty ceremonies, Samson Grant jumped ahead and spoke of his own children.]

Suppose now I had three boys, all sizes from one year old to thirteen years old. When the moon first came up and we could see just a little of it, I called to my boys and I said, "There's a moon coming up." Then I yelled and I said, "Here come out here."

My wife took the baby out of his basket to show the moon how fast he had grown.

Then my boys began to run, and I called to them and I said they should stop running. After they had run about two or three hundred yards, I told them to turn around to talk to the moon. I told them to hold up their hands and say, "Look, grandma, look how big I am. I'm growing fast."

This is what all the boys had to say to the moon.

Then the boys began to run starting from where they had stopped to talk to the moon. When they came back they brought a load of wood.

They had to pull the wood off dry limbs hanging on the trees. They could not pick up wood from the ground. If a boy picked up wood from the ground he would have rheumatism.

There was a law for our young people saying they could not pick up wood when it was lying on the ground. They must not pick up wood that is lying on the ground.

When I was young I had to run every evening until I was fifteen years old. Then when my voice changed I went into the mountain. I went into the mountain to a big lake.

When I came back from the mountain the sun was setting and I had to run. When my shadow reached a certain place, then I had to run.

I tried to beat my shadow, but when it beat me, I made the mark and stopped running. The next night I tried to beat my shadow again. I tried and tried until I beat my shadow. When I beat the shadow, I stopped running in the evening. Now I was a good runner. I did this with lots of boys; lots of boys do this together. All the Indians do that. One fellow, Johnnie Flint, could almost catch a deer, he was such a good runner.

Suppose now I have bad luck. I hunted all the time but I missed my shots. I wanted to hire a lucky man to whip me with a coyote tail or even a fox tail. So I would look for a lucky man and when I found him I would

say, "How much would you charge to whip me?"

Then the man might say, "I don't charge much, but the first deer you kill you must give to me."

I would agree to this and asked, "When do you want to whip me?"

And he said, "In the afternoon, come to my house."

So I had to do that. I had to go to his house.

I stooped over and put my hands on the ground. The lucky hunter rubbed the tail with ashes. Then he rubbed my back with ashes and he said, "Now, my lucky tail, give this boy good luck."

And he gave me five strokes with the tail. If the blood runs when you are whipped, you would be lucky, but if the blood does not run I would not be lucky. I got a whipping that way; Old Shavehead [3] whipped me.

After the whipping I was sent out in the mountain, but only for one night.

When I came back from the mountain I went out hunting. If I had shot anything small like grouse or quail I would have thrown it away. I would not have picked up my arrow.

Then I went out hunting for deer. When I killed a deer I took it to the old man (Shavehead), threw it at his door, and walked away. The old man took the deer and said, "My lucky tail brought me luck. I'm glad the boy will be a lucky hunter now."

Then I killed another deer, and I gave it to the man who was hunting with me. The third deer I gave to my friend and relative; the fourth deer I gave to my father and mother. My father and mother did not eat of this deer but the little fellows [the children] did. The fifth deer I took to my father's house again, and my father and mother ate a little of this deer, but I, who had been whipped for luck, could not eat of this deer. I could eat from the sixth deer I killed. I ate meat from the back and neck of this deer. During this time I could eat meat that other people killed but not meat from the animals I killed. I could not eat meat from the animals I killed during this time.

Anyone could go to the mountain any time during his life and try to get luck. At this time he must drink water through a tube [straw]. If he did not do this he would get toothaches.

Sometimes I found a lucky rock and I would rub it with my hands for luck and then put it away. I split a small tree and put the rock in there

3. Shavehead of the Lost Creek group was one of the lesser chiefs subordinate to Buckskin, the Big Chief (SP).

and then I tied the tree together. If I had not tied my lucky stone up it would have slipped away. When anyone finds a lucky stone he has to hide it. Then he can gamble. These lucky stones are hard to find. Sometimes I found a little "diamond." This stone brings luck for four or five years or six years. When a person finds a "diamond" he wins when he gambles. The first time a person wins after he has found a lucky stone, he must give his winnings away. This rock is called **nits chi**.

There are other kinds of lucky stones. One looks like a little mouse. It is as long as a finger. When a person sees this kind of stone, he picks it up and rubs his hands with it. Then he covers the stone with moss and puts it away in the hollow of a tree trunk. Another kind of rock looks like a gopher. It is called **burn**. This stone is put away and covered so it won't get wet. This kind of stone is lucky for two or three years.

If a person is unlucky when he gambles, he goes to the stone and rubs it. You must wash your hands before you touch this stone.

And the third kind of lucky stone (I told you about it) looks like a diamond. If this kind of stone is not tied up it will escape. After you find this kind of stone you must not eat meat. When you start to gamble and have won ten beans [tally sticks], you break these sticks and make new ones.

If you go hunting after you find a lucky stone, you give the first deer you kill to someone. If you do these things you will have good luck.

You must not eat meat after finding a lucky stone until you have killed a second deer. Only a deer can be counted as a kill that brings good luck.

I was about fifteen years old, and I had no father and no mother [4]. They died when I was a baby. My Indian name is **walle ta mele**. My father gave me this name when he pierced my ear lobe. He pierced it with a poison.

In those days, the Indians used to marry when they were very young so that they could raise a big family. I was married when I was sixteen years old. People married when they were children. The girl was a little older than I was. When the first child was born, it was a girl and her father [my wife's father] sent me into the mountains, so I had to go. He told me where to go. He pointed to a big mountain, Red Mountain, Red Mountain at the Round Valley Reservation [5].

4. In the previous section, Samson's reference to his mother and father may have been actually stepfather and stepmother (JF).

5. For a time Samson Grant lived on the Round Valley Reservation in Mendocino County, California. It was established about 1856 by the U.S. Government (SP).

It took me all day to get to that mountain. I got to the mountain in the late afternoon. I had to take a load of wood with me and take it up that mountain. When I got there with the load of wood, I built a fire.

The people down below could see the fire that I made, and they saw the fire. I made a big fire, and the old man (the girl's father) saw that I had built a fire and he knew that I was there.

Then I went back and I got home when it was dark. They began to call up [invite] all the Indians that lived close together; that was on the reservation you see.

Then they had a dance; they danced for one week. The woman (the baby's mother) danced with me. When we got through dancing everything was all right.

When the baby had been living for about three months, it became sick. We had a white doctor but the baby died.

We stayed together quite a while. Then after a while we had another baby. I had to do the same thing as I had done before. I had to go back up to the same mountain. I built a fire the same way as I did before. Then I came back with a load of wood. That time we did not have a dance, but I stayed around in the woods to get wood all the time.

After about a month the baby got sick. I had a white doctor but the baby died. I had a white doctor doctoring but the baby died. I felt bad about this. This hurt my feelings and I felt bad about it.

Appearance of Powers

The night I lost my baby I travelled around all night. I travelled around all night up in the mountain. When I travelled that night, and I was about half way home, I heard something. I heard two little fellows playing and laughing right on the road. I kept on hearing them and I kept on going. When they were still laughing and talking. I could hear them closer and closer all the time. When I came pretty close I saw a light. They had a light and the light blazed.

Then I saw two little fellows. They must have been about a foot high. They were fighting around the fire and that scared me (it was in the night). Then I got scared and I had a fit right away. As soon as I saw those little fellows fighting I knew enough to put my knees down and lie down. Quickly I went to sleep. Very soon after I went to sleep those two little ones came and grabbed me. They put their mouths right in my ears, one on each side. They said, "What are you afraid of? Next time we will give you a tune and when we give you this tune, don't you ever forget it. If you are sick all you have to do is to get feathers and throw them in the fire. You burn those feathers. When you smell the feathers burning, you

will feel good. But you must sing every day. Don't stand around in the house all the time. Be out in the woods all the time. So, now that is all we are going to tell you. You must sing that tune all the time."

So that is the way it was. They gave me a tune and I never forgot the tune they gave me.

The next time I went out it was about noon; the sun was straight up. I saw somebody, two great tall people. They kept coming this way; they were going to meet me. So every once in a while I looked up and I saw the two coming. They came a little closer, they got a little closer, they got a little smaller; when they were very close they were very small.

I got scared and when they came very close I had a fit again. Then I knew what it was and I sat down against a big log. And that quick I went to sleep. They walked right up to me and one of them sat on each side of me. They began to talk again while I was asleep. They said, "What makes you do that? You are pretty easy to die. [You could die pretty easily.] We never frighten a person to death. We never do that," they said.

Then they asked, "Haven't you any tobacco? When you see us you should take a smoke and sit down. Every time when you see us, you sit down and smoke. We love you. We want you to do what we tell you. This is what you have to do this time."

They named a lake and said, "You go over there and you pull your clothes off. Then get a flint and make it sharp so you can cut your arms with it. Cut your arms and your legs and take a little stick to wipe the blood off." They named the wide leaves (*tsalapi*) that grow in the water. They told me to put two leaves together and put the blood on the leaves. "Tie all this together, and tie it to a little rock and put it in the middle of the lake. So you do that." That is what they told me.

"You do that and you will have good nice blood and be healthy." That is what they told me. I had to do that and when I had done that they went away. They told me I should call them if I wanted them. You see this telephone here? It's like that. It's like they talk through the air while you are asleep.

So when I did what they told me and I was all right. They didn't come very often. The powers come only once in a while, but they look after you all the time. [Here the powers acted both as guardian spirits and givers of power. It was not always the case with them.]

After a time I saw the two boys coming again; after a time they came again. They were pretty mean. They tried to fight all the time with a sling, a *to he mita*. They wanted to show me how to fight. They told me to make a sling of buckskin like that to fight with. So the boys showed me their sling and told me to make one like it. So I did and I have that sling now. I have had it for sixty years. I keep that sling all the time. I wear it or I keep it in my pocket. I have two of them [slings].

The boys call themselves Morning Butterfly. When that little power comes to me I can nearly die. They call themselves Butterfly because they don't walk on the ground.

One day the boys were coming and I knew who they were. When they came I knew who they were because I had seen them many times. When they came I began to look around to see where I could sit down. I sat down and leaned against the big tree, and they came close. Then I began to be sleepy and that quick I went to sleep.

Then they came and took hold of me and I never moved at all.

"Well," they said, "what makes you always do that? You ought not to do that because we want to talk to you. Now, we want to tell you something that you have to do. Don't you eat any meat. If you eat meat, it will kill you and you won't live long. You do just what we tell you. Don't stay in bed too long. Get up every morning before sun-up and you will be healthy; you will be stout. You know that this is the way we tell you. Once the sun is up it strikes the air; the air steams and that is bad air. But when you get up in the early morning before the sun is up, get out of bed and go to where there is water. Take a mouthful of water. Wash your mouth out and spit the water out. Then take another mouthful of water and swallow that water. Do this before breakfast. If you do this you will be healthy and live a long time. You won't be sick very often. We want you to do what we tell you, don't forget. We like you and that is why we tell you this. We are going to be with you as long as you live if you obey us." That is what they told me. Then they said, "We will give you this tune before we go away. We are Morning Boy and we will call you Morning Boy. Now you wake up and go." Then they shook hands and went away.

That is done and I got the tune. That is the way they go. These powers were one boy and one girl, and I can call them up any time I want when I am dancing.

[Then Samson resumed his memories and spoke in another vein.]

I didn't start to be a doctor until about thirty years ago.

I left my wife; she did wrong and I caught her. I had learned to shear sheep. I went up in the mountains shearing sheep. I did this in the spring. We were shearing after the Fourth of July and we came back, walking all night long. I got home at just daylight. I took my horse to the barn and took the saddle off and tied my horse in the barn. Then I walked back to the house. I knocked at the door and pretty soon I heard something. Someone opened the door and I lighted up [a lamp]. I had a room where I slept and I went there. The woman [his wife] was lying there asleep and there was another man there. I stopped and looked. I opened the cover and looked at them. He was a white man. Oh! They got scared when they saw me. As soon as they saw me they jumped up. They didn't know what to do. I knew the man; he was one of the storekeepers, a young fellow. I told him, "Don't be in a rush. You're all right." He put on his clothes but the woman just lay there. He put on his shoes and he put on his coat and

he went out. I didn't say anything. Then I pulled off my shoes and I pulled off my coat and I got into bed and slept.

The woman got up early in the morning and she cooked breakfast. Well, I got up and put on my clothes and I went to wash. Then, when breakfast was ready I sat down and ate my breakfast. As soon as I was through eating I went out to the barn to water my horse. Then I put my saddle on the horse. Then I went back into the house and I told the old woman and the old man [the parents of his wife], "I didn't know that my wife did that, and I guess that isn't the first time that she did that. I guess she did it all the time. So I have to leave you, old man."

The woman (my wife) was there and listened to all I said. I had a couple of horses there, and I told the old man, "You can have the horses," and I said, "All I want is my clothes. That is all." Then I had said everything I had to say and I packed my clothes.

Pretty soon the woman [his wife] jumped up and took hold of me and said, "Don't you go away. That man was drunk, I couldn't make him get away. He didn't do anything." "Well then," I said, "you couldn't make that drunken man get away but you could have gotten away easy if you wanted to. But I saw that you lay with that drunken man and that drunken man had no clothes on; that drunken man had all his clothes off and he lay beside you. I guess you helped that drunken man pull his clothes off." And I said, "That's enough."

And I said, "You can't stop me. You will never see me here again. I don't want to see you and I am going to another town. That's all I am going to say."

But she would not let go of me, and I said, "I know you raised me. I was nothing but a boy when you got me [married me] and I am still a boy now."

She began to cry when I told her this and she said, "I'll never do it again."

So I said, "That's all right but let me go get my pay."

She had to let me go. She had to let me loose.

So then I went out and got my horse and I went to Covelo to the store. I bought food and I brought it back to the old man. The old man had treated me nice and so had the old woman. Then I went back to headquarters, and I never went back to my wife. I never went back. I made up my mind that I must go back where I belonged.

I started that evening and came out of the Sacramento Valley and travelled all night. I came over to Paskenta when it was pretty near daylight. I saw a lot of Indians that I knew, and I stopped there all day. I got a job digging a well. I guess I stayed there for a week with one of my friends at Red Bluff. They told me that they were going to have a big dance at Redding.

There were lots of Indians at that time in Redding. There were not many white people there at this time. [This was probably around 1872.] A couple of houses and one saloon was about all there was there then.

When I came to Redding there was a dance. Many Indians were there. Some of the Big Bend tribe [Madesi] were there then and some of the Hat Creek tribe [Atsugewi, the tribe to which Samson Grant belonged].

Then I heard the Pit River Indians talking. They didn't know who I was at the time. Then I heard some Hat Creek Indians talking, and I could understand them. There was another fellow there from Big Bend and he and I went around together.

We went to the store and bought some crackers and some little stuff and we took it back to the camp. Some women were there (two or three of them) and they were cooking.

One of the women asked the other fellow, "Where did you get meat, where did you get crackers?"

The man said, "This young fellow here bought all this."

They talked in their language and I understood what they said, but I didn't say anything. One of the girls said to the other girl, "You ought to get this fellow."

And they talked their language and I understood.

The woman said, "I want to know where this fellow comes from."

And the man said, "I don't know. He comes from some place way down there some place."

Very soon they asked me where I came from. I told them I belonged in Round Valley on the reservation there. Then I told them, "I understand all that you said."

They thought it was a joke. They laughed and I said, "I know what you said about me."

And she said, "I guess he just said that."

And then they said, "Tell him to get some water in the Indian way and see what he does."

Pretty soon they told me in their language, "Take the bucket and go and get some water."

So I said, "All right." And I took the bucket and went to get some water, and they laughed.

Then I came back with the water and we ate lunch. Then they began

talking to me in the Indian way all the time and I began to talk to them.

They wanted to know who I was, who my mother was, and who my father was. I told them all about who I was, and then they knew it. Then the Hat Creek people and I heard the others talking about having a ball game. They spoke their language and I stood there and listened.

Pretty soon they said something funny and I laughed. Then they said, "This fellow understands the Hat Creek language; he laughed."

One of the men asked me if I understood the Hat Creek language. I told him, "Yes, I understand Hat Creek."

Then he asked me who I was. I told him about my father and my mother. Then he said, "You are my nephew." And he began to cry. He said, "Your mother was my cousin [6]."

Then they wanted me to come home to Hat Creek with them. So that is the way I came back to Hat Creek. They all knew me when I came there.

I stayed at Buckskin's place for a winter. It was in October that I came home to Hat Creek.

Buckskin and Shavehead met together when I came back. Buckskin and Shavehead were going to call a Big Time because I came back from Round Valley. They were going to have a big dinner because all the members of the Hat Creek tribe were coming back from Round Valley.

They called up [invited] the Pit River and the Goose Valley tribes, and they all came from Round Valley and Pit River. [The Pit River and Round Valley Indians who came to visit were all Achomawi.]

Marriage

At this time the woman [mentioned above] brought game and wanted me to marry her. So Buckskin Jack and Shavehead married me to this woman [7]. So we had a dinner and a big dance when I got married.

6. Since there was no word for cousin in the Atsugewi language, first cousins were addressed and spoken of as brothers and sisters. Therefore, when Samson was told he was the nephew of the man speaking to him, he was undoubtedly a cousin (SP).

7. In no other account of marriage was there mention of a Big Time or of a big dinner or of any kind of celebration (SP).

Everybody put up things when I got married. They gave me blankets and beads and money when I got married.

I was about twenty and the girl was fifteen. [At another telling of this marriage Samson said the girl was thirteen.] I married this girl and pretty soon she had a baby.

Childbirth

When she was having a baby I stood outside all the time. I stuffed my nose so that I could not smell meat.

When the baby came I had to go. I began to start to run. I had to run ten or fifteen miles and never stop. I could not have a drink of water until I got back with a load of wood. The girl [his wife] jumped up after the baby was born. She began to run too, right away. The old people [the girl's parents] took care of the baby. The girl did not wait until the [umbilical] stump fell off; she ran right away. She did run far.

The stump was tied with the hair of the girl's mother or anyone who was there.

I had to stay out in the mountain all day and all night, and I did not eat anything.

The young mother was not allowed to drink cold water; she had to drink hot water. A flat rock was put in the water [in the basket] and a little red dirt was put in the water too. The rock was taken out of the water, and a hot rock was put in the basket where the water was. This made the water boil, and the mother drank this kind of water until the stump fell off.

A hole was dug (not a deep hole) and grass was put in the hole. This was put over the place where a fire had been built in the hole. The mother sat in this hole all the time until the stump fell off. The baby was placed by the mother's side. When the cord came off, the mother left the shallow pit.

Then they began to dance. Only the woman [who had the baby] and I [the husband] danced. We danced every night and the people came and sang for us. No one else danced when the cord came off. I did not eat meat for a month after this and neither did my wife.

I did this myself.

The father of the boy parent fixes up a good supper, and the parents of the young girl help fix up the supper.

The boy's [paternal] grandfather says, "Now I want to tell you. Don't

eat meat of any kind, neither should your wife. If you eat meat at this time the baby will die. You will have a tumor if you do." He said, "You mark your wrists and ankles with pitch."

At sundown the people came to eat and then they left.

Only the parents of the newborn baby dance all night; they dance until sun up and then they stop. Once in a while during the night the young father runs out to get a load of wood. They dance every night for a week until the cord comes off.

This dance is only for the first child.

After the birth of the baby a man does not sleep with his wife for about a month; he sleeps a little away from her.

When the parents of a newborn child first eat meat again, they first chew a small piece and throw it to the dogs. They cannot eat meat during the time they are dancing.

It was usually the grandmother's hair that is tied to the stump. The stump is tied to the basket in which the baby is kept. The baby's first basket is made of tule. When the basket gets too small for the baby it is tied to a tree and the baby gets a new basket. Baskets are not used again for other babies.

When the baby begins to walk it is given a name; if it was given before this time the baby might die.

When a baby is stillborn there is no dance, but the parents cannot eat meat for a month.

[At another time, Samson Grant gave the following account of the birth of the same baby. His narrative veered from the personal to the general as it very often did.]

When the pregnant woman (my wife) was ready, the man (me) stood outside the house. My father said, "My son, you run and don't stop for water. When you see dry limbs hanging down from trees, jump up and break them off as you run."

I brought the wood five times. I brought big loads of wood. I brought big loads. I was told, "Don't pick up wood that is lying on the ground. Break the dead limbs off the trees. If you pick the limbs off the ground you will have rheumatism, toothache and blindness." This is what they told me. Then he said, "That is all I can tell you."

So I did what the old man told me.

"Come back soon," the old man told me.

The old man took a cup of water and took it to the father and gave it to me and he told me, "Don't go to the spring to drink. If you are dry for

water, take a hollow weed and drink a little water through that. If you drink through the tube you won't have toothaches, otherwise you will."

The mother of the girl who had the baby tells her, "You jump up as soon as the baby is born. You tie a big string around your belly; tie it tight and then run about 200 yards."

The girl has to do this.

The young couple go to the chief and tell him a baby is born. They go from the house of the girl's mother and father to the chief. The chief says, "We will have a big dance."

All the women go over there and they danced. Only the women danced. They called for a good singer, a man or a woman. The name of this dance is *yok al di chi*. The deer hoof rattle (*chi wa hay*) is used in this dance.

Inducing Pregnancy

If a woman doesn't have a child, she would take medicine of ground-up shell. She put this medicine in a cup and set it down. Then she and her husband sleep. They watch the cup until 3:00 or 4:00, just before daylight. After they have intercourse, the man gets up and goes out and the woman jumps up and takes the medicine. Then they go back to bed and sleep again. The man lies on his right side and puts his head on the woman's arm. The woman's arm is his pillow. Then the man lies on his back for about ten minutes. The woman can't move. The man gets up and takes a bath; after he has done this the woman gets up and she takes a bath.

At breakfast the woman sits to the left of her husband and they eat acorn soup with their fingers.

The woman lies on her side this way for about a month and does not lie on her back.

They would do this three or four times until they had a child.

Avoidance of Pregnancy

When the woman didn't want any more children she turned the placenta of the last child inside out. This was supposed to prevent the birth of more children, but they had children just the same.

[The autobiography resumes]

We had many babies and kept on raising children. I had a big family that time. The oldest girl became sick when she was about five years old. I had a doctor, two, three, four doctors but the doctors could not do anything for her. And she died.

I was living here on this little ranch in Goose Valley (na ya) when I lost the girl. When we lost the girl I felt bad. I went around in the night and did not sleep that night at all. I felt so bad when we lost that girl, we all moved down here [Hat Creek]. But I went back up there where we used to live. I went alone and I went inside the house alone, in the house where we used to live. I felt so bad I had to cry, and I felt around with my hands. Pretty soon I felt I had to get hold of a person. The room was dark and that scared me and made it worse.

Further Contact with Powers

Then Morning Boy and Morning Girl gave me a tune again. They said, "Don't you feel bad. She went to a good place, but you must sing this tune for two months. When you sing, forget all about your sorrow. You must think about this tune all the time.

So they gave me a tune. Then they woke me up. It was pretty near daylight and I came home.

When I came home I had that tune with me, and I sang it as I went back to my wife. When she heard me coming with the tune she began to cry. Her mother was crying too.

I kept that tune for a long time. Then they gave me another tune at night. I went back to the old house every night and sang that tune.

Then two Indian doctors came: one was my cousin and one was my uncle. They came over pretty soon [after the child died]. A lot of people came over; they all knew. All Hat Creek knew and they sang for one month.

The Morning Boy told me, "Now I want you to show the people what we can do. We are going to have a big light [fire]. You tell the people what you are going to do. You will tell the people to watch. We want to make the light in a big open place."

So then I told the people what we were going to do.

That time everybody came in the evening. Then I began to sing, and one man made smoke for me all the time. I had to sing and then dance. Then there were fireworks and I was naked, that is the way I did. I had to do what they told me to do.

Every night I didn't eat much. Then they saw the fire and everyone went out and saw the fire. I asked all the people, "Did you see the fire?"

"Yes," they said.

The two doctors were there watching.

Well, that is what we did. We kept that up every night for one month. Then they said that after I got through this one month I would have to begin to be a doctor, and I would have to begin to doctor people.

A Doctoring

A woman was sick. All the doctors had been doctoring her, and they could not find out what was the matter with her.

Pretty soon they came to me and said, "We want you to come there and look at her and see what is the matter with her."

So I said, "All right."

I told my father-in-law, "You talk for me and make smoke for me."

The old man said, "Now don't say much. If you find out what the sickness is, just tell me."

"All right," I said.

"Now we'll go," he said.

Then the people who had left came [again].

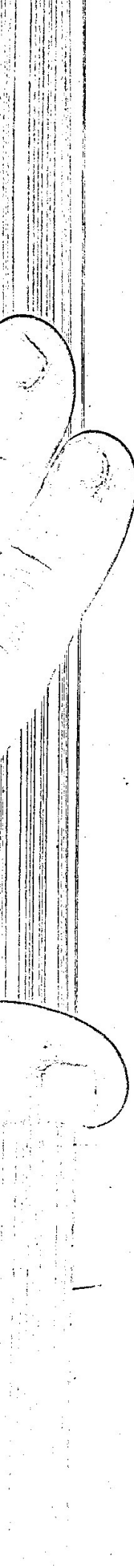
"Now," I said, "you fellows make smoke five times before we get there."

Then we started. I went, I walked behind the people all the time. When they saw me coming they made smoke. I got there and they gave me smoke and I smoked. I blew the smoke in every direction and I said, "I haven't seen anything yet. You fellows go ahead and sit down someplace and wait for me."

When they saw me coming they made another smoke, and then they gave me the pipe. I smoked and I said, "Nothing is talking to me yet. You fellows go ahead, go fast."

And they went and I followed all the time.

Then they made another smoke.



"There is nothing doing," I said. "Now we must try once again. This will be the last time we are going to stop. When you fellows hear yelling (if you hear me yelling) you stop."

So they went.

Pretty soon I called for my power. I talked five times before my power answered.

And then they came and that quick.

"No," they said, "what is the trouble?"

"Well," I said, "they called me to help so I called on you to come and help. You know you said you loved me, so you gave me that power. So you gave me this tune. Now we have to go and help this sick person. Now we have to go."

This is what I said.

My powers said, "All right we will tell you what to do when we get there. Don't say anything until we say to."

Then Morning Boy said, "I'll tell you."

They didn't want me to say anything until they knew what was the matter with the sick person.

The people stopped [walking] when they heard me call. They made another smoke. Then I began to talk and I smoked.

"Now," I said, "you fix [arrange] her. You fix the sick woman. You put her head towards the north. Now don't let anyone come around while we are doctoring. Tell everyone to keep quiet and tell them to stay outside."

So they went.

I went behind the sick woman and everyone went. I was ready when I got there. I went inside the house. Oh! that sick person was pretty bad. Lots of doctors gave her up.

When I got through smoking I began to sing. I sang about five times before my powers said something. They said in my ear, "We know what is the matter with that woman. That woman ate meat when she was menstruating. She ate meat and that is what makes her sick. Something has grown in her stomach," my power said. "We can cure that easy. We'll tell you what to do. Just do what we tell you."

So I doctored and doctored and they told me what to do. The woman had appendicitis (that is what the white man calls it). So I doctored her.

I told the people, "I'm going to doctor two nights, no more."

So I only doctored two nights, and I cured her and all the people went away. Now we drew out the appendicitis. We had the power in our hands to draw it out. Sometimes you have to suck it [the poison] out by your mouth.

A poison looks like a diamond but it has a little black point on it [8]. The poison goes in through the point; it just slides in.

After I cured this woman they called me a good doctor.

I have cured pneumonia. The power knows what is wrong. He knows how to cure sickness and tells me what to do.

I was doctoring one time. I was doctoring a man when two men came around and fooled around and told me not to doctor any more for no one would pay me for the curing of this man. They said that no one would pay me.

When I was way up north one time, I was very sick and my wife was very sick. My son died then and I felt very sad. Something came to me then. It was a big rainbow.

Acquiring (another) Power

It was a big rainbow and it came down on the top of my head.

Pretty soon a little girl about one foot high came. She got off the rainbow and off my head and stepped on my chest. She put her arms around my neck. She spoke into my ear. She said, "Don't be sorry for your son, he has gone to a good place. I'll give you a tune and I'll show you something." I thought that she was fooling me but she gave me a tune.

That is the way I got the power to swallow fire and to eat flint.

At dances [Big Times] I swallow fire to show the people my power. I can put fire under my arms or on my belly and it won't burn me. I know how to hold it. The power called Butterfly showed me how to do this.

I have three different kinds of powers [9]. I have the Butterfly power, then I have the Morning Boy power and I have Coyote power. He is not

8. It is unusual to speak of a poison. Most of the peoples of the area and those peripheral to it spoke of "pains" (SP).

9. Another time Samson Grant said, "My powers are Butterfly, Mountain Boy, Daylight Boy, Morning Girl, and Little Devils."

really Coyote but he says he is. One of these three is sure to find out what is wrong with the sick person.

Mosquitoes have power too.

These powers come to me. They like me. But I had to go to the big lake to get those powers (to make them come to me).

If anyone wants to be a doctor, he has to go to the lake first before he can get his power. That's what all the Indians did; that's what the lake is for.

That is the only place to get power is the lake. [But] sometimes powers come from the springs.

The main lake is up in the tamarisks [Tamarac Road].

Now the powers are for people who are going to be doctors; they must go to the big lake.

In this big lake that's where all the powers stay. I'll go to the big lake and jump in the water. I might find something there. I might find a bow and arrow. I might find feathers there.

If I find any feathers there I am going to be a doctor. If I find feathers under the water, it is just as if I went to sleep and the waters just washed me out. I have been there and I stayed there ten or fifteen minutes or maybe twenty minutes.

Then the powers would talk to me while I was lying there. They were white people. They said, "This is the way you do when you go to see somebody. You better wake up. We want to talk to you. You know I'm a doctor."

That is what they said. And then they said, "Didn't you come over here to get a little power? When you doctor anybody we want you to cure them. When you doctor anybody you have to turn to the east, or else to the north, like that. And don't let the sick person hold his head towards the west: that is a bad place.

"Then we will give you a tune. If you do what we tell you we will give you more tunes. After a while, if you don't do what we tell you we'll take the tunes away from you.

"First you must doctor an old rotten log. First, before you doctor anybody you do this.

"We want you to learn the tune first before you doctor anybody."

So then he came back, he came back singing and the people heard him sing and they knew. The blood was coming out of his mouth and the people knew.

My father saw me coming back, and he had tobacco ready and he gave me a smoke.

Then that night all my friends came, and they helped me sing; they sang with me every night for a month.

Then I was finished singing, I was done [i.e., ready to doctor] and everybody said then I was a doctor.

Then I went into the hills and doctored a log.

When I was finished doctoring a log, I began to doctor people and I cured them every time. That is the way I did.

Powers come to people in their dreams and give them their help. They give them tunes and tell them what to do.

Everyone cannot be a doctor for some Indians do not dream of powers and so they do not have them. The people who do have powers get them from deer, bears, hawks, and other animals [10].

The powers [the supernatural animals] talk to the people to whom they are giving the powers and tell them if they are going to be doctors. They give the people they choose tunes.

Some people try to be doctors, but they can't be doctors unless they get the powers themselves. A person (a man or a woman) cannot learn from others how to be a doctor. They must get their own powers.

The power is with you all the time [11].

Some men have powers for curing and also for fighting. Some people have power for luck in gambling.

If a person has a certain kind of power, he can be shot and he will be safe. His power will protect him. Some powers protect a person all the time.

Long ago doctors could make rain. The people would cook a big dinner and all the people came to one place. No one would touch the food until the doctor who could make rain tasted it.

If the doctor found that the food did not taste good he would tell the people who brought it. He would say, "The food is not good."

10. Powers are also gotten from thunder, lightning, and other natural phenomena (SP).

11. Here a reference is being made to those powers which act as guardian spirits; other powers must be called on when they are needed (SP).

But they would eat it anyway and sing for the clouds to make rain. They sang at night and they sang all night.

The doctor tells the people that at a certain time they would see a little cloud. Then it would grow big.

"Then you will hear the thunder and it will begin to rain," the doctor told the people. Only one doctor in a thousand could do this.

There was also a doctor who could make the fish come. There was only one doctor who could do this. He sang in the Pit River language for the fish to come. He sang for two or three days and pretty soon he told the people to stay away while he was singing for fish. While he was singing, two women went in back of him and talked. And they spoke to him and the doctor fell over dead. These two had to pay and pay big for killing the doctor. They paid bows and arrows and money and a woman.

If a doctor's power tells him just when he is going to die, he must die then. His powers let him go and nothing can change this.

The Indians believed that when they died they all went to the same place.

Ghosts

Ghosts (masta) of dead people just go around the world. When a ghost comes to you, you just don't feel well. When a ghost gets hold of you, you don't feel well every afternoon and evening. They come behind you, they never come in front of you. I know this myself because I am a doctor and because my wife was that way once.

If no one finds out that you have a ghost behind you, you will die soon. The ghosts do this to be mean.

A masta will go to people's houses. They look around, and if they drink the water that is in the house, and if the people do not know that a masta has been there and drunk of the water, and they drink of it, the person drinking the water has been drunk of by a masta will become sick. Then the ghost would get behind this person and stay there all the time. The ghost wants to take this person away.

The person a ghost has attached himself to does not have any pain but he feels weak and lazy. If no doctor finds out what is wrong with the person, he dies. The person dies after a while.

Doctors could doctor a person who had a ghost attached to him if they could find out what the trouble was. If the doctor does find out what the sickness is, he makes a big smoke. Towards daylight the sick person sits next to the doctor, and the doctor blows the ghost away. The person to

whom the ghost had attached himself then goes outside and washes his face and his hair, and he feels all right again.

A bad doctor can hold a poison in his hands and throw it into a person he does not like.

A poison is a small thing, and when it goes into a body the person does not feel it. A poison is as sharp as a needle. A poison has a name (maybe ka ku).

If a doctor doesn't like you, he can come close to you and smoke and throw his poison at you. The poison can't be thrown from very far away; it can only be thrown a little way.

When the doctor smokes he blows the poison at a person, and it gets into the person who cannot feel it going inside him at all.

The most important poison [i.e., the strongest] makes the person sick with what the white people call pneumonia, but the Indians call it a poison. A little doctor [i.e., one with weak powers] cannot cure this sickness but a good doctor can.

A good doctor pulls out the poison and shows it to the people. Not every doctor can cure appendicitis and pneumonia. Each doctor has a different power, so some doctors can only cure certain sicknesses.

Some doctors can make rain. They travel in the daytime and they travel very far. The chief might go with the doctor and he might say, "It's pretty hot. He would say, 'Now you doctor here. Now you doctor. I'm pretty warm and I want you to make a cloud with rain in it.'"

Then the doctor would say, "You go ahead."

And the doctor would fall behind, and pretty soon they would hear him call for his powers.

There are only two kinds of birds that give the power to make rain. A little bird called chan ou nawa is one kind of bird. The other is called cho ten; it lives in the water. These are the only birds that can give the power to make rain. The doctors who have these powers can make rain.

Well, this doctor had those powers. He called the powers and said to them, "We want to have rain."

Then the birds went on the water and swam around on it. When they came out of the water, they sang the cloud song. This song made the cloud come quickly. The doctor told the people, "You look up there, you look towards the heaven and you will see a little cloud."

And the people looked up and they saw a little cloud. It grew and it grew and then they heard the thunder and then it began to thunder and it began to sprinkle and then the rain poured down.

One cloud can do this.

Every doctor has to tell the people what his powers. Some doctors can do different types of tricks. Some doctors can make the wind blow. These doctors have big animals as their powers. They have an animal that lives in the north; they may also have a power from a big rock or a pole. The animal that lives in the north is big. It is bigger than an eagle.

Two brothers could put their poisons together. The doctors might meet in the mountains and no one would know of this meeting. They would put their powers together, and they would talk to their poisons. Each person talked to his own poison. They were afraid of one another.

I would tell my poison and you would tell yours that we did not like these people because of something they did. At one time these people killed our relatives: "Let's get revenge on them. They have forgotten but we have not. We will fix our poisons and say to our poisons, 'You go to certain persons and call them and kill them.'"

The doctors took their poisons and went to a place over there. They took their poisons and they went over there and they put their poisons on the side of the trail. The poisons watch; they know all the people. When they see a certain person coming they get a bow or something and shoot at him. [This passage is unclear. Did the poison "get a bow or something" or did the shaman?]

They shot at the man. The man did not feel it; the man did not feel the poison going into him.

In a couple of days the man began to feel something; he began to feel sick. The doctors watched him all the time. In two or three days the man was dead.

The doctors knew it right away.

During all this time the doctors did not eat meat.

Pretty soon (after the first man died) they shot another man.

The relatives of the dead man and of the sick man sent for many doctors to doctor the sick man. They could not find out what was wrong with the man.

Then they sent for a big doctor and the big doctor came to where the sick man was. He tried to find out what the sickness was. He tried to find out what caused the sickness.

When the big doctor found out what the sickness was, he did not tell anyone, but he did tell his interpreter. The interpreter was the one who made smoke for the doctor and talked for him. (I repeated every word that the doctor spoke.)

The interpreter told the chief what was wrong. The chief said, "All

right, let's call up the people." And when they came, the chief said to them, "I want all of you to tell your wives to cook some food. That is what I want to tell you. I want to have a big supper tonight before we doctor."

The people knew that the doctor had found out what the sickness was.

They had an early supper. Many people came, so it took a long time to get through the food.

The doctor didn't eat anything. He went off into the mountain. The interpreter who made the smoke and did all the talking said, "Now, I want all of you to come into the [sweat] house. Don't let the children run around outside. We want to have a big doctoring tonight."

Then they called the doctors who had thrown or shot the poison. Soon all the people went into the house, and they were ready.

Then the big doctor came back from the mountain, and he came into the house. The interpreter gave a big smoke before he sat down. The doctor and the interpreter smoked in the direction of the sick man.

A basket of water was placed beside the sick man.

The doctor began to doctor, and he began to sing with the interpreter. He kept on doctoring. After the doctoring had been going on for about half an hour, the doctor and his interpreter began to talk.

"Well," said the doctor, "I'm ashamed to tell."

And the interpreter said to him, "What are you ashamed about? Maybe that was your poison you are ashamed to tell about. But if that poison belonged to somebody else and you find out it is your place to tell. We want all these people to know whose poison it is."

Soon the doctor had to tell. The doctor said, "You are watching me and soon I am going to suck the poison out."

So he sucked where the poison was. He put his mouth there, and he sucked and he sucked for about five minutes.

He sucked the poison out and held it in his mouth. Then the doctor sat still for about ten minutes. Then he washed his hands and took the poison out of his mouth. He held the poison in his hands and it began to talk. The doctor said, "This poison says, 'My father told me to do that, and I had to do what he said. I had to kill a man.'"

Then the doctor asked, "Who is your father?"

And the poison named his father, so everybody knew who it was. The doctor said to the other doctors, "You are the ones who did this; you and the other doctor did that. You men put your poisons together to kill these people. I don't know what makes you fellows do that."

The doctors said, "That was one time."

And then everybody knew, and they talked about it.

That is the way everybody found out about who had killed the man.

But, anyway, these bad doctors killed two or three more people. Then the bad doctors were killed. The bad doctors were not killed for fun.

They could shoot a bad doctor or cut his head off and no one would object.

Before a doctor is killed, the chief must be told that this will happen. It did not matter how many brothers the doctor had. None of them would be paid for his death. Doctors who boasted of their killings were killed themselves.

When a poison was sucked out of a person, a hole was dug and the poison buried in it. Before the poison was buried it was spat on, then it was covered up and the hole was trampled down.

In our history there were first two doctors. One was called tchi can ama. That was the name of the best doctor. He was a good doctor, and he was the first one. The second doctor was Coyote (mache da). These two were the best doctors. These two had different ways of curing, but they cured sick people just the same.

They were the ones who showed the people that if anyone wanted to be a doctor he must go to the big lake.

Each doctor had his own tunes; the powers gave them their tunes. [Many of the tunes or songs were composed of meaningless syllables; some were in the Achomawi language.]

One of my tunes was like this:

Himmmmmmmmmmmmm
Ha tu tu no oye
ha tu tu
an nama way chuki
ha tu tu no oye
ana nama way chuki

The other way of singing this tune (and maybe this was the right way) was:

amal aman way chuki
amal aman way chuki

Further Contact with the Supernatural

I put on my powers and go out from here and take the trail and walk along. Then I look back and I see flowers lying far apart.

This song is about the flowers. I sing it when I begin to doctor. Then the people sing it while I suck. The power is in my mouth and it sucks for me. A power is like a telephone: it talks in my ear. Other people cannot hear my power.

If my power tells me what the sickness is, I can cure it in three nights. If a person is very sick it takes longer.

One time food was stolen from a doctor when he was far away. He looked for the food, but no one could tell him where it was. Pretty soon they sang to find out who had stolen it. In the evening the doctor went outside and smoked and sang. Then everyone came into the sweathouse. The doctor sang and he looked over the people. Pretty soon he looked at this fellow and he knew; he found out. He said, "You are the one who stole my food. You are the one who did it. My power told me."

He said this to the man, and the man denied it. Then the doctor said, "My power told me that your arrow told you to steal my things. I know where they are now."

And I went out and found the food. Then the man was ashamed and said, "I thought you would never find it."

I used to be able to tell if a person had stolen by touching his hand.

The person who stole had to pay. The Indians had this law: If a person stole he must pay. This was called *na su* (a Pit River word).

Sam Williams was a policeman. He tied people and whipped them for stealing or for bad ways.

Buckskin, the chief (*yasousi*), told him to do this.

Big Times

When the people wanted a Big Time, the chief had to call it. The chief was the only one who could call a Big Time.

In Hat Creek the Big Times were held only at the *jous ti chi* rancheria

[hamlet] where ats pa gay was the chief. He was the Big Chief whose English name was Buckskin.

When they were going to have a Big Time, a man went to each rancheria. He carried a string with five or six knots in it: one knot for each day before the big time was to begin. Each day he untied a knot, and on the last day the last knot was untied. All the Indians do it this way.

The people who lived in the rancheria where the Big Time was being held provided all the food.

Atspagay was [also] the only one who could call a hunt.

When the chief called a Big Time, he would say, "I want to have a Big Time. I want all of you to get deer and fish and roots so that we can have a big supper."

So he sent all the people out to hunt.

They would call up [invite] the tribes from Round Mountain [Nosa], from Big Bend [Madesi], and Dixie Valley [Aporuge] to come to the big time.

When the people had come, the chief would stand on top of the sweathouse and begin to talk. He would say, "This is what I want to see: the people coming. I am glad to see you. Now we will have a good dinner and a good breakfast and a good sweat."

When they had given their guests a good supper, then the Hat Creek people began to eat.

They would send three or four people to get nice dry wood and put it in the sweathouse. When they were all finished eating, they would build a big fire.

When the people were finished eating, they would pull their clothes off; men and women pulled their clothes off.

Then they had two men sing. When the two men commenced to sing, the other people began to sing and they began to holler [shout]. When they were through hollering they began to dance around the fire.

That is the way they did.

Then they went out and jumped in the water. After this a different kind of dance was danced. The chief said, "I like to see you dance. When you have finished dancing, we [the Hat Creek people] will give you a dance. So the Pit River Indians [the Achomawi] danced. When the Pit River Indians had finished dancing, the Hat Creek Indians danced.

When they finished dancing, it would be way in the night by this time.

Sometimes the dances lasted two or three days.

During the day the people gambled.

They played the hand game, and they played the basket game. They played with two sticks about a foot long and two sticks about six inches long. This is the kind of sticks they had.

The players put the sticks under a pan-like basket, and the players guessed the position of the sticks. One player pointed to where he thought the stick was (where the long sticks were). If a player guessed wrong (if he pointed to where the small sticks were) he had to pay one bean. [Spoken of as beans, the tally sticks were usually sticks.] If the player guessed the position of the big sticks, the player hit it and passed the play to the opposing side so they could deal. The two sides had songs, but each side had different songs; they could not sing the same songs. To keep time to their singing, they beat the ground with sticks.

Sometimes they would play the Big Game. They had a small stick and bunches of grass, and they covered the stick up with the grass. They had two bunches of grass: one bunch had nothing in it, the other bunch held the stick. Tally sticks, called beans, were used.

This game was only played at night. Many played but only one man on each side dealt. A big pitch light was used so the player could see. One man would hold the light over the bunches. Each player was asked in turn where the stick was hidden. The side on which most of the players guessed right won. The winning side would deal. Dealing was the hiding of the stick. The players bet arrows, buckskin, and beads. The men played this game, and the women sat behind them and sang.

If the chief made a speech, and the people did not understand him, the interpreter explained what the chief had said. I was an interpreter.

Sometimes the Hat Creek Indians invited the Wintu to their big times, but not often. Usually they called the Pit River Indians, the Achomawi, to come to their big times. Sometimes they called the Yana and Big Meadow Indians too.

Warfare

When the women wore white paint, it was a sign that the men were fighting. The men had no time to paint themselves or to put on feathers.

The men who were too old to fight stayed home, but they did not dance.

Before a war a doctor would sing at night. He would only sing at night before a war. The doctor sang to make the enemy sleepy so they

could not fight well. The doctors did not fight. [Other informants said the doctors did fight, and at another telling Samson Grant agreed with this.]

The chief [usually referred to as the captain] fought along with the other men and encouraged them to be brave.

When the men came home from the war, they danced with the women. The men would begin the dance and then the women would join them. Both men and women brandished arrows at this dance at which only one or two men sang. The other men and the women did not sing at all.

The kind of song that was sung had no words, just a tune. The words did not mean anything.

This is the kind of song we sang after a war:

yan who who how a
yan who who now a
yan who hinow a

A doctor sang before the war and during the fighting to make the enemy sleepy. If the enemy was sleepy, he would not fight well.

The Hat Creek and the Dixie Valley Indians were almost always beaten in a war.

The last battle between the Hat Creek and Dixie Valley Indians against the Modoc took place at Silver Lake. This was a wide open space where the Hat Creek Indians were digging roots. The Hat Creek Indians killed all but four Modocs and these were wounded.

This battle must have been about in 1870. That was the last fight with the Modocs; the Klamath were the same people. They called the Modoc Indians "fish eaters." Their name in the Indian language means this.

The Digger Indians came over from Big Valley, and one of them married a Dixie Valley Indian woman. The man died and the woman went back to Hat Creek. When she got back the Digger Indians came to get her.

When the Digger Indians found this out, they told their people that the woman had gone back.

There was a fight between the Digger Indians and the Hat Creek and Dixie Valley Indians who had killed many Diggers. When the fighting was over, they all came together and the Diggers demanded a woman. So the Dixie Valley Indians gave them a woman and this settled the matter.

This battle took place about 1888.

Every spring at root digging time, the Klamath (ats homa) and the Modoc (ack o wi) raided and killed many Hat Creek and Dixie Valley Indians. They stole boys and girls and sold them to the Warm Spring Indians.

In the last fight between the Klamath and the Modoc against the Hat Creek and Dixie Valley Indians, they came early in the morning before daylight, and they killed many people of the Atsuge [Hat Creek] and the Dixie Valley [Aporuge].

The Hat Creek and the Dixie Valley people called on the Pit River Indians (the Achomawi), the Ilmauwi, the Big Bend (Madesi), the Yana (Nosa), and the Wintu (ach pimi) for help.

All these people came and they fought for a week. Nearly all the Klamath and the Modocs ran away, but they were followed and nearly all of them were killed.

In this last fight, the Paiute appoi also helped in the fighting against the Klamath and the Modoc.

After this there were no more raids.

The people were ready for raids which came every year, but they never had to pay tribute.

The women never fought but danced at home while the men were fighting. They painted their faces with white paint and put on feathers. They carried arrows with which they pretended they were fighting.

They woke up the scared children and took them to the dance grounds and danced with them.

After a battle the scalp of an enemy who had been killed in the fighting was taken. The ears as well as the scalp were taken off. They were taken from the head of an enemy who had long hair. The scalp was dressed nicely and kept by a good dancer who put it away. He brought it out every spring. The scalp was put on a long pole and the people danced around it.

We used to put poison on the war arrow tips. The poison was made from deer tripe. This was dried and pounded into a powder. Then it was mixed with the gall of a sucker (fish) and was wet with water. This was rubbed onto the arrow points with a small stick. The arrow was then dried in the sun. A different kind of poison was used for hunting.

When the people decided to stop fighting, one man was sent from each line [side] to talk. The winning side wanted money and women to settle the fight.

The Big Valley Indians and the Pit River Indians were a little different but always settled well.

They made small rock corrals far away from their houses. When they could, the men fought from these shelters and the women hid in them. They were very small and were round.

Sometimes the Indians buried their houses so the enemy could not get the food stored in them.

In fighting the Indians used bows and arrows. In close fighting they used tomahawks which they had gotten from the Paiutes. We learned to make tomahawks from the Paiute (the appoi).

The white people always thought that the Indians wanted to fight. The Hat Creek Indians did not fight against the white people even though the white people shot the Indians on sight [12].

12. The Indians of this region and, indeed, most of California, were treated with tremendous cruelty by both the Indian Agents and many whites in the region. Conditions on the reservations were truly disgraceful. There was starvation, sickness, and killing of Indians for little or no reason (SP).

SAMSON GRANT'S MYTHS AND STORIES

Introduction

The mythology of the Atsugewi Indians, like that of the surrounding Northeastern California tribes, purports to be an account of their origins and their history with a bit of entertainment thrown in for good measure.

As Samson Grant said, "We love to tell stories; we love to talk." Stories were told to instruct the people in their history, to bring good luck, to entertain, and to teach proper conduct.

The characters in the stories are personified animals, all of whom formerly lived in a big sweathouse (*chemaha*) in the sky (*asela*). After the creation of the world, these animals became those whose names and characteristics they bore.

Of these, the two most important were Silver Grey Fox (*quan*): the creator spoken of as "God" and "our Christ," a role at times exchanged with Wolf (*miyaki*) or Fisher (*skir rai ka si*) and Coyote (*mache da*): the "devil" (the marplot who ruined much of the good that Silver Grey Fox had created).

A definite pattern of behavior, laid down by Coyote when he was the "devil," must be followed in the telling of stories. If these rules were observed, good luck, good health, and wealth would follow. Should they not be observed, there would be disaster. The people would become sick; they would have weak backs or might even become "humpbacked."

The story teller, his so-called assistant or interpreter (*wis a ma*), and the listeners must all lie down while the story was being told. Each story could be told only once during the course of a single winter, could only be told during the long winter nights (or then there would be a double winter), and could only be told at night (or the sun would set early and there would be a night that was too long).

Nearly always, the story teller was an old man who "knew all about history;" his interpreter was a young man or boy. The interpreter lay beside the story teller and repeated word for word what was said, thus insuring no word would be missed by the listeners and in the process he himself was instructed so that in time he would become a story teller.

There were formalized beginnings and endings for the stories which were the same for all myths. The story began by saying, "Now you all lie down. I am going to tell you a story. You will be humpbacked if you stand around and listen."

The formalized endings, with slight variation in the type of vegetation mentioned, went like this: The story teller said, "Lots of green grass come up." And then he asked the listeners, "Do you see that?"

And they would reply, "Yes, we see it."

"And do you see lots of rabbits?"

The listeners replied, "Yes."

Then the story tellers said, "Turn around and come back from there." This exchange was to bring good luck.

When the stories were told in English and in broad daylight, the informants did not observe these usages but plunged right into the story and ended by saying, "That's all right there."

There was some variation in the story of creation as well as in other myths told by different informants, but there was an agreement in all the essential parts of the stories. In the creation myth, for example, it was told that the world was created three times. The first world was destroyed by flood, the second by fire, and the last time it was covered by flood waters. It was to this third and watery earth that Silver Grey Fox and Coyote descended to the earth "by some kind of rope" from the "sweathouse in the sky" where they had been living.

Fox brought with him a piece of sod into which sweat had been mixed and set this on the waters of the world.

Then first with his food, and later with a stick, he stretched the sod in the four cardinal directions--not as far to the west, for it was a "bad place."

Once the earth was made, Silver Grey Fox created all the flora and fauna now existing. Sometimes this labor took him six days; sometimes he did it all at once. The stocking of the world with animals and vegetables was primarily for Coyote who was always hungry.

After this, Fox turned his attention to the creating of people. He did this by the simple expedient of laying pairs of sticks either on the ground or on top of the sweathouse [1]. He peeled the bark of some of the sticks: these were the white people (how wi ya); some he left unpeeled: these were the Indians.

1. This sweathouse must have been created somewhere along the way (SP).

Fox commanded these people to be of different tribes, which he specified by name, to live in the places he sent them and to speak distinct languages.

When Coyote tried to make people in this way, he failed; so he decreed that childbirth must be painful. Coyote also ruled that death must be final, though Fox felt that people could come back to life after they had died.

Fox was not a deity in the usual sense of the word. He was not prayed to nor was he revered. He created the world and all that was in it except for what Coyote spoiled. Coyote ("the devil") was not feared. Myths were interpreted more as historical facts than religious beliefs.

Creation of the World

At first in the beginning there were only Silver Grey Fox and Coyote. Silver Grey Fox and Coyote had lived together in a big sweathouse in the sky. I don't know for how long they lived together, but it was for quite a while.

Silver Grey Fox was God, and Coyote was the Devil.

In the beginning Fox knew what was going to happen.

There was nothing here, only water. Coyote was too rough up there, and Fox wanted to get rid of him.

Fox had a big sweathouse (chemaha), and in the sweathouse was a big central post. Fox lifted up the post and came down through the hole, and then he replaced the post so Coyote would not come down and see that Fox had brought a cane with him. He placed the cane upright in the water; he sat on top of it and began singing. He made a little ground around the cane by his singing. When the little piece of ground was big enough, Fox sang a sweathouse.

Fox had brought a piece of sod with him from up there, and he stretched it to make land. Fox stretched this piece of sod with his feet, and he kept on spreading it. Fox took six days to spread the sod, and then Coyote could not hear the water any more.

And Fox said, "We have finished and we rest on the seventh day. We do nothing on that day."

[After Fox had left,] Coyote tried to find out where Fox was, but no one would tell him. Finally, one little basket said, "Fox is down there on that post."

That is why Coyote went down the same way as Fox did. Coyote

could do some of the things that Fox could do. So Coyote pulled up the sweathouse post in the same way as Fox had done. He came down on Fox's sweathouse and saw Fox inside the sweathouse.

Fox saw Coyote when he came to his house, and he lived with him. So then Fox made a big singing. He sang for a long time, and he made the world as it is today.

Fox's Attempt to get rid of Coyote

Coyote was too rough, and Fox wanted to kill him. Fox had a lot of string he had made. While Coyote was sleeping, Fox measured Coyote's nose with the string. Coyote woke up; he knew something had touched him. Coyote said, "What did you do to me? Did you measure me?"

And Fox said, "No, I just brushed you off." And then he said, "What are we going to eat? I saw a lot of rabbits."

Then he told Coyote which way the rabbits went, and he told Coyote to go and scare up a lot of rabbits.

Fox made a net. And he told Coyote which way to go, and he told him that when he got near the net he should shut his eyes and run fast.

They caught a lot of rabbits, and Fox gave Coyote more than half of them. They decided to do the same thing again.

So Coyote went back, and Fox moved the net up.

Fox was going to kill Coyote this time.

Coyote came and he shut his eyes, and Fox caught him in the net. Fox had a stick and he hit Coyote. Coyote said, "You are hitting me."

And Fox said, "I'll finish you this time."

So Fox killed Coyote. Then Fox went all over the world where Coyote had urinated, but he missed one spot on a little island.

Early in the morning Fox went out to listen for Coyote to come. He didn't hear him. The next morning he went out and heard Coyote yelling all the way from Oregon.

Then Fox went back in the sweathouse. Coyote came back and fire came with him; fire came behind him.

Fox made choke cherries and wild plums along the path so that Coyote would eat and forget. Coyote ate these berries and decided to kill Fox.

Then Fox made a lot of gooseberries around the sweathouse.

Coyote said to Fox, "You can always sleep."

And Coyote said, "I saw fire everywhere."

Fox knew who brought the fire, but he slept anyway.

And the fire came.

Creation of People

Coyote and Silver Grey Fox lived together (I don't know how long, but for quite a while). They wanted to make people.

Silver Grey Fox went out and got a stick of sarvis [brush]. He got a lot of sticks and scraped the bark off them and put them down.

He did not want Coyote to know what he was doing. He watched Coyote; he did not want Coyote to know what he was going to do.

He said to Coyote, "Go over there and dig up something to eat."

So Coyote went to get something to eat.

While he was gone, Silver Grey Fox went on top of the sweathouse and began to sing. He sang:

toe china toe china
toe china toe china

Then one of the sticks dropped to the ground and he (the stick) moved around. Then he got up and sat down near the door of the chemaha. Then another stick fell and he lay there; then he moved and got up and went to the door and sat down. Then another stick fell, and they kept on falling until they were all on the ground. They all did the same thing.

All the people were sitting there, and they didn't move. They sat there all day. Then they began to look around, and they began to talk. They began to learn to talk, and they began to learn to drink water.

Then Coyote came back, and he looked at the people and he thought, "Where did these people come from?"

And he wanted to find out. He asked Silver Grey Fox, "Where did these people come from?"

And Silver Grey Fox said, "This world is big, and these people were raised someplace and then these people came to see me."

And Coyote wanted to know if the people could talk, and Silver Grey Fox said, "No."

Coyote kept on asking [questions]. He wanted to know what these people were called.

Silver Grey Fox decided not to lie, so he said, "I made these people so we would have company."

"Well," Coyote asked, "how did you make them?"

And Silver Grey Fox said, "I got sarvis sticks and scraped the bark off and then I put them on the top of the sweathouse on the right side. Then I lay down and then I sang."

Then Coyote asked, "What kind of tune did you make?"

And Silver Grey Fox said, "That's easy to say."

Then Silver Grey Fox went out, and he made the people sleep. And then Coyote was alone in the sweathouse and he lay down. He thought, "I might make one pretty girl. I better do that."

So he started, and he fixed up nine sticks nicely and he put them in the same place. Then he lay down and he began to sing:

Toe china toe china
Toe china toe china

And pretty soon a stick dropped down, and he sang the song again and another dropped down; the last stick dropped down.

Then they picked up sticks and they began to hit Coyote with sticks and they punched him. Then he couldn't stand it any longer and he said, "I'm a nice man. That means (ouch!) it hurts. That's a funny way to make people."

Then Coyote jumped up, and when he said this, the sticks just lay there and they were sticks--that is all. He did not know how to make people; they were just sticks.

Then old Silver Grey Fox came back to the sweathouse, and Coyote was lying there. His body was all tied up where they had hit and pounded him, and he was pretty sick. He told Grey Fox, "I made girls and they took sticks and they pounded me and they punched me. They nearly killed me!"

Silver Grey Fox said, "You were trying to make too many people at one time. And you tried to make a girl right away. That's not the way to do it. You had better go out there and get the medicine of a root and bring it home. Then you roast it and pound it and tie it on where you hurt."

He told that to Coyote. So old Coyote went out to get the medicine. While he was gone, Silver Grey Fox hurried to make woman.

He made a woman. A ray of sunshine came into the house and that was the woman--perhaps a white woman. He made another woman out of mud (amotic) and he made one of a yellow woodpecker (chu lat).

That is three kinds of women he made while Coyote was getting the medicine. He rushed to make these, and he finished making the women.

Coyote came back with the medicine and he cooked his medicine and he pounded it and he put it where he was hurt. And Coyote wondered, "Where did these women come from?"

Coyote asked about where the women came from, and Silver Grey Fox said, "Never mind. Don't ask me."

But Coyote kept on asking, and Silver Fox would not tell him.

Then Coyote thought he would make them the same way. He would try himself to make women. He went and got sarvis and tried to make them the same way as he did before.

And Silver Grey Fox went out; he went out of the sweathouse. Silver Grey Fox knew what Coyote was going to do.

While Silver Grey Fox was out, Coyote tried to make a girl.

Coyote got up, and he tried to make a girl. He struck the stick on top of the sweathouse the way he did before. He kept on singing, but he couldn't make a girl. They did not drop down from the top of the sweathouse. He tried for half a day and couldn't make it.

So he asked Silver Grey Fox again, but Silver Grey Fox would not tell him. Silver Grey Fox said to Coyote, "You can have one of the women that I made."

Silver Grey Fox gave Coyote the mud woman he made. Of the women he had made, Silver Grey Fox picked out one and gave her to Coyote.

He gave her to Coyote and Coyote married her.

Then Coyote married another girl.

Then he pounded up a lot of acorns: they were going to have a big dinner. So they put the big basket with acorn soup in it for everybody to eat. They made the pounded acorn into soup.

So there was acorn soup, and they fixed sunflower seeds which they pounded and made into a soup too.

Then they sat down, and they all ate with one eagle spoon (tui bau hwa). And all the people looked, and one man picked up the spoon. Then

the woman (the bride) picked it up.

Then Silver Grey Fox got up and made a speech. "Now," he said, "that is the way it is going to be. You find this kind of food and you eat it just this way."

So this good-looking man and this woman (a white woman, I think) took the spoon and they ate with it. They ate the acorn soup with it.

When they were through eating dinner, the people were sent away. The people who ate with the spoon were sent to the east (*wak ne gitchi*), and so they went. The rest of the people were sent away but only a little way.

So they all left except Coyote and the woman, and Coyote married her.

About three or four days later, Silver Grey Fox made a woman: the one he was going to marry. He made a woman for himself and when he made her, he married her.

Old Coyote thought, "I don't know how he did this."

He wanted to learn, but Silver Grey Fox would not tell him. He tried very hard to find out how Silver Grey Fox had made the woman.

Creation of the Sun and Moon

Coyote wanted to make twenty suns: ten for the day and ten for the night. Fox said, "No, they will burn the people. We will make ten suns. [Twenty suns] will make the year too long, and everybody will be hungry."

Coyote believed Fox, but they argued hard about this. Fox thought the people would be hungry.

Coyote said, "Let them eat dirt if they are hungry."

Fox said, "No, they don't want to eat dirt."

When the sun came up, they knew right away that he did nothing but go around the world. Sometimes the sun was nearly dead. They said the dog ate him. [This was said of an eclipse.]

Now Fox talked very well that time. He didn't want so many suns. So then Fox said to Coyote, "Let me tell you. Let there be only one apiece: one sun and one moon. Coyote didn't get his way that time. This was the only time Fox got what he wanted."

Crane

In the first beginning Crane and his grandmother lived together and Fly lived with them in one sweathouse.

Fly asked, "What do you think? Should we go hunting? We need to have some food."

Crane asked, "What are we going to eat?"

Fly answered, "We'll hunt animals or we will go fishing--anything so we will have food."

Crane asked, "How are we going to kill animals?"

Fly said, "I have an arrow."

Crane said, "I don't think I can shoot an arrow."

Fly said, "I'll teach you how to shoot the arrow. We will fix up something and shoot at it."

So they went out and gathered a bunch of grass and tied it up; it was the size of a man. And they stood it up. Then they shot at it. But Crane did not know how to hold the arrow, so Fly showed him how to hold the arrow. he put the arrow across the bow and fitted it right into the bow string.

He told Crane to pull the arrow. He said, "Pull the arrow, tighten the string, then let the arrow go, then take your hand away from the arrow."

Crane did this but he missed the bundle of straw [the target]. They practiced all day and Crane said, "I can't learn."

The grandmother asked, "What are you doing?"

And Crane said, "I was practicing. I want to hunt tomorrow and kill a deer."

They got up early in the morning and had breakfast and started out to hunt. Fly said, "Let's go this way. I smelled a trail."

So they went that way, and after a mile they came upon a deer that was feeding. Then Fly said to Crane, "Now you shoot at him and you shoot well."

Crane took the arrow and shot it at the deer. He pulled the string back and he held the arrow to the bow and he hung on to the arrow and did

not let it go. Then Fly said to him, "Try again."

So he shot at the deer and just missed him. Then Fly said, "Let me shoot this time."

And Fly shot and his arrow did not go very far. Then Fly said, "My arrow doesn't go very far because I have a short hand."

Pretty soon the deer became scared and they scattered. Fly and Crane tried to follow but the deer were too fast. So they went back and said they would try another time, maybe tomorrow. So they went home.

Then Crane said to Fly, "Let's go fishing."

Fly said, "All right."

So Crane fixed up a pole and he said to Fly, "You should learn to spear fish."

Fly could not hold the pole [spear] well and he missed all the time. So Fly took the pole and he speared and he caught one fish. He said to Crane, "You build a fire and we'll have a big dinner."

Then Crane cut the fish open and when the blood ran, Fly pitched in and ate the blood right away.

Then Crane asked Fly, "Doesn't that make you sick?"

Fly said, "No, I like that; it makes me fat. I don't like the roasted flesh."

Then they cooked the fish and took it out of the earth oven. Fly didn't like the cooked fish; he went to where the guts had been thrown away and filled his belly with the guts. Crane ate the fish alone.

They caught two more fish and the grandma and Fly cut them open and the blood ran out on the rock and Fly sucked up the blood before he went home. And he said, "I have a belly full. I will go home."

Crane took one fish for his grandmother and gave the other to Fly. Then they went home.

When they got home with the fish, the two old women cooked them for their supper but they did not eat them.

The next morning they went out looking for deer again; they followed the tracks of the deer.

Pretty soon they saw a deer lying under a tree. Fly told Crane to shoot because he had a long arm. So Crane did this. He pulled his arrow back across the bow and the arrow did not go. So Fly showed him how to shoot the arrow. Then Crane tried and let the arrow go but missed the deer and the deer ran away.

They hunted in this way for four or five days and then they gave up. Crane said that he would rather fish, and he told Fly to follow him to the river.

When they got to the river they looked for fish and they caught one. Fly asked, "Can I build a fire now?"

And Crane answered and said, "No, wait until I catch another fish."

Then Crane caught another fish, and Fly asked again if he could build a fire. Then Crane caught another fish and Fly asked, "When can I build a fire?"

And Crane caught another fish and Fly asked, "When are we going to eat?"

Then Crane said, "You build a fire and cut open the fish and roast it."

So Fly cut open a fish. He cut open the fish on a rock so that he would not lose the blood. Then he roasted a fish for Crane. Then they went home and they took some fish with them.

The old lady pounded some acorn so that they had acorn soup with the fish.

About two or three days later a fellow came from the north. he came there in the evening. The man told them, "There is a Big Time going on in the north and lots and lots of people are going to be there. A good gambler is going to be there."

So Fly said, "Well, I'd like to go where there is a Big Time and lots of gambling."

Then he said to Crane, "Let's go back with this man. I'm good at gambling."

They had breakfast and they started out. They said, "We'd better take something to eat."

They took some money and they went until they got there. They got there in the evening. Everyone said to these two, "There is a good gambler coming. We'll gamble after supper."

They made up a game and put up things to bet.

They asked Fly and Crane if they had anything to top this [the bets]. Fly said, "We haven't much. You people help us and maybe we can top that."

So they topped them. Then they made a hit and said, "Where are we going to gamble?"

They said, "We are going to gamble inside that sweathouse. So they started to gamble. They sang this song all night:

achu nai naim tat so
achu nai naim tat so

And the other side, the side of Fly, sang:

ha hi winno han ne no
a hu tintu
ha ni no winno han ne no
a hu tintu

And they sang all night and they gambled. Toward daylight little Fly and Crane beat those fellows. And those fellows tried to take everything away from Fly and Crane.

When all the gamblers were in the sweathouse, Crane shut the door so none of them could go out. So then they fought.

Crane and Fly had everything in a big sack. And they fought. Crane fought. He was a big, tall man and he held one of the fellows down. Someone tried to cut his leg. Fly couldn't fight; he just thought about that sack. Pretty soon Fly tried to pull the sack outside the door, and he packed it on his back. Then he flew up and took the bets while Crane was still fighting, and he left the sweathouse.

Quite soon they quit fighting and left the sweathouse. Crane knew that Fly had taken the bets and so he went home. He got home at night, and Fly had everything in the house. The next morning they woke up and divided the bets.

Then Crane said, "That's the first time I ever gambled. Now I want to go to the big lake and cut my arm with a flint."

So he went and when he got there he cut his arm. he cut his arm with a flint so that it bled. When he did this, he wiped the blood with a little stick onto leaves and he tied a little rock to this and he put it in deep water.

When he came back he dreamed something; he dreamed a power, and the power said, "Now you shut your eyes. You shut your eyes for one month. I'll take you around to where the Indians are--to the Indian camp. Don't you open your eyes until I tell you to.

Then he was taken to the big rancheria, and the power said, "You sing this. Make a tune."

Then Crane sang:

her ha ski cha wah
sil lay matsi

That is what Crane sang. So the other people said, "We don't want to give a tune to a fellow like that." He asked them three or four times, but they would not give him a tune.

So Crane opened his eyes, and when he opened his eyes all the people fell down and died.

Some of the people were scared and ran away and went to another rancheria. So then they told about this man who, when he opened his eyes, caused people to die. "He will be here pretty soon," they said.

Then he went to the other rancheria, and when he got there he sang that song again. The fellow who had run away from the other [first] rancheria said, "That's the fellow."

Another man said, "I'd better give it to him." So they gave him a girl, and he didn't open his eyes and the girl went along with him [2].

So he went again to another rancheria and he made [sang] that tune again.

He said, "You have to give me a girl or I'll wake up."

When the people would not give him a girl, he opened his eyes and the people dropped right down.

So he went again. The people told those in the other rancheria.

Then he came to Lizard's house. Lizard and his grandmother and Bluejay were there in that sweathouse. There were four of them there. Little Lizzard said, "That kind of man makes trouble. If he comes here, if he wants to kill me, he can."

Lizard told this to his grandmother, and then he said, "You boil water for me."

His grandmother said, "What do you want hot water for?"

"Never mind, you boil hot water."

Lizard knew that Crane was coming and Lizard had hot water. He was going to fight Crane with hot water.

And Crane came and Lizard was ready for him with hot water.

Lizard dipped out water with a big cup and Crane stopped and he said,

2. The song apparently included a request for a girl as a bribe to prevent the death of the people. This is not explained in this version of the story (SP).

"If you don't give it to me, I'll open my eyes."

And Lizard said, "If you drink this I'll give you the song."

And Crane said, "I can't drink."

And Lizard said, "I'll pour a little water on your head and give it to you. You put your head down and I'll pour this cold water on your head."

And Crane said, "All right."

Then Lizard told Crane to kneel down, and Lizard poured the hot water on Crane's head and Crane was nearly dead from the hot water.

Crane looked around. The girl who was with him ran off home.

Then Lizard said to Crane, "You must not do this. That's not the way to treat people. When you like a woman then you marry her. Now you are nothing but a Crane. Don't try to kill people. You just go down to the river and get fish."

So he is a crane today, and that's the end of it.

Fisher and the Girl

chu di ma gay was the name of the place on Hat Creek where the sun was born.

The boy was first; the girl, of course, came later. The boy was the older; the girl was the younger.

The girl dreamed about a man. She dreamed he was coming. The girl told her mother to fix the door of her bark hut so no one could get in.

Fisher went over there; he went to the bark hut and he had a sharp stick. He pushed in part of the hut with his stick, and he opened the door wide and he stepped right up to the girl. Fisher stepped right up to the place where the girl was sleeping.

The girl woke up, and Fisher spoke to her. He said, "You know me."

As soon as Fisher spoke, the girl knew him; she knew him by his voice.

Then the girl called loudly for her mother. The old lady jumped up and went to where her daughter was and asked, "What is the matter?"

Then the mother opened the door and looked in. She saw Fisher lying by her daughter. As soon as the old lady saw Fisher, and knew it was

... and the girl was ...

The girl ...

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