

My Old People's Stories

A Legacy for Yukon First Nations

PART I **SOUTHERN TUTCHONE NARRATORS**

Catharine McClellan



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ABSTRACT

Catharine McClellan first came to the Yukon in 1948. A graduate student in anthropology at the University of California, her goal was to obtain enough information to write an ethnography of the southern Yukon Territory. Her experiences provided a foundation for lifelong relationships she established with members of Southern Tutchone, Tagish and Inland Tlingit families. As Elders came to appreciate her intense interest in their history and culture they began to tell her narratives, most told in English, and she wrote them down. Only later, she explains, did she really come to understand the central importance of these stories in people's lives at the time. She began preparing this manuscript in the 1980s, focusing particularly on contexts in which the stories were told. Most were taken down between 1948 and 1952 and appear here as a collection of 175 narratives or cycles of narrative. Thirty-five were told by Southern Tutchone speakers—four men, eight women and one young girl. Seventy-eight were told by Tagish, three men and two women. The Inland Tlingit stories or cycles number sixty-two, told by nine men and seven women, and one young girl.

Dedication:

For Freddy, who showed the way.



My Old People's Stories

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Figure 1. Catharine (Kitty) McClellan in the Yukon, 1954. Photo by Frederica de Laguna.

PREFACE

These volumes assemble stories that Yukon elders began to teach a young anthropologist, Catharine McClellan, almost six decades ago. Kitty, as she is known by her friends, first visited the Yukon Territory in 1948 as a twenty-seven year old student who had recently returned to university following naval service during the World War II. In 1946, she entered graduate school at the University of California, planning to become a classical archaeologist, but found herself increasingly drawn to courses in anthropology. Inspired by Frederica de Laguna, Alfred Kroeber, Robert Lowie and T. D. McCown, she made a series of choices that brought her to the Yukon, to the benefit of us all.

Kitty's work is well-known to anthropologists because of her publications and her broad professional contributions during a distinguished career as a professor of anthropology at the University of Wisconsin. But her research also remains a rich resource in Yukon First Nation communities where she made so many visits. Friendships that have flourished there over many decades have been central to Kitty's life and have also had great significance for many Yukon elders, including those whose stories we read here.

I first met Kitty in 1973, but already felt that I knew her from poring over her doctoral dissertation and articles during my own student years. Her enthusiasm, generosity and passion for her subject, more than anything else, attracted me to anthropology. During the 1970s and 1980s when I had the good fortune to live in the Yukon myself, I frequently heard stories about her. The warmth with which Yukon elders described her to me made me feel enormously fortunate to follow her. As I grew older, I took it as a supreme compliment when women of my own generation would occasionally comment, “I remember when I was a little girl and you used to come to talk with my Grandma...” followed by a pause, and then the realization that I must also have been a youngster at the time Kitty began her work. Hearing both Kitty and countless elders tell stories about experiences they had shared never failed to remind me how privileged we have each been to work in Yukon First Nation communities that welcomed us so generously.

Catherine Kernan, Kitty’s niece, has been close to Kitty all her life. Now a practicing artist, she was involved with Kitty’s work as a teenager when she prepared some of the black and white illustrations for Kitty’s two volume ethnography, *My Old People Say*, first published in 1975 and reprinted in a new publication in 2001. Her detailed contributions to this project are outlined below.

A brief comment on historical context may be useful. In the early twenty-first century, when oral tradition and story telling have become key components of First Nation public presentations, it is worth noting that Catharine McClellan was probably the first cultural ‘outsider’ to show genuine interest in Yukon oral traditions. As she explains herself, this was never the focus of her early research. But the enthusiasm of elders who set out to teach her their stories and her own growing appreciation of what she was being taught is eloquently captured both in her introduction, describing this apprenticeship, and in the conversations relayed throughout these volumes. In the nightly story telling sessions that Jimmy Scotty James and his wife Lucy hosted for Kitty at their home in Carcross during 1950, Mr. James refers to Kitty as “Sée”, or “little daughter,” expressing an affection that also shines through other accounts.

Most of these stories were told to between 1948 and 1952. Terms then used to refer to people and place now sometimes sound jarring when compared with contemporary conventions, but are retained here when they reflect the everyday language then universally in use. The term “Yukon Indians” (routinely contrasted with the general category “Whiteman” to refer to all non-Natives of either gender) has now been replaced in Canada by Yukon First Nations. Likewise, the term First Nation has eclipsed the Government of Canada’s former designation, “Indian band.” The place known as “the Yukon” for almost a century is now sometimes simply called Yukon as a political strategy for gaining more local autonomy. The term Elders has replaced “old people,” yet when Kitty chose *My Old People Say* as the title for her 1975 ethnography, she was drawing on a phrase that Inland Tlingit narrator Jake Jackson used to introduce his Flood Story. “This is just the way I used to hear it from my old people,” he told her in 1951. At the time Kitty wrote her ethnography, ethical guidelines prescribed anonymity as a foundational principle, so none of her interlocutors was identified by name. By contrast, the current emphasis on naming individual narrators is reflected in these volumes.

After Kitty retired from the University of Wisconsin as Professor Emeritus in 1983, one of her goals was to write this book and we discussed her project often during the last two decades. By the late 1980s, she had typed an extensive draft, had written much of the introduction and had prepared a table of contents. But life intervened, and the illness of her much-loved husband, John Hitchcock diverted her attention for some years. More recently, the arduous work involved in

packing and moving several times and her own health concerns have put further demands on her time and limits to what she could reasonably accomplish. This preface describes steps we took and choices we made to bring the manuscript to completion.

Catherine Kernan's involvement really began in childhood, as Kitty's niece and "ax sayée" (Tl., namesake). She recalls that Kitty brought gifts of pungent smelling moccasins from the Yukon and stories about Crow bringing daylight to the world. Kitty taught her niece how to warn a bear if she entered a berry patch. As a teenager, Cathy worked on illustrations for Kitty's *My Old People Say*. More recently, she helped to organize and catalogue Kitty's extensive artifact and book collections for donation to museums and libraries as Kitty prepared to move to New Hampshire. Cathy took on the task of retrieving and updating information from computer files, locating missing sections and establishing the story sequences by following Kitty's outline. She managed the initial flow of materials to the excellent typist Marlene French, in Peterborough, New Hampshire. As the book took shape, Cathy located and organized slides of many of the narrators. She created a series of original woodcuts of the various Yukon animals referred to by the narrators to illustrate the text. Cathy's eagle eye as she read and commented on successive versions of the manuscript has been invaluable as we each moved back and forth across the country for frequent consultations with Kitty.

My own role has been to align individual stories and edit introductions in accordance with Kitty's framework, always checking with her to confirm any adjustments. Her Table of Contents remained our guide throughout, but in spring 2006 many of the stories still remained in notebooks. Cathy continued to retrieve them; Marlene continued to type them; and I continued to put them in sequence as they arrived during a four month period from mid-April until mid-August 2006. Kitty arranged stories thematically and gave each a number. Story titles are not always consistent because individual tellers decided what to call each story they told. Many stories told on both coast and interior sound like the 'same' story but again titles sometimes overlap and other times diverge. The well known story of "Dog Husband" for instance appears here sometimes with that title, and other times as "Dog History" or as "*Lkayakw*." A story told on the Pacific Coast as "Wealth Woman" is usually called "Lucky Woman" inland. Consequently we sometimes use the story numbers Kitty assigned for quick cross-references.

It should not be surprising that in a manuscript of this length prepared over several decades in intensive but short intervals, issues of consistency arise. As Kitty reviewed drafts, she identified areas of incompleteness that she wanted to fill in and we incorporated those changes. Most of her original footnotes had become separated from the narratives and I reconstructed and expanded them from her notes, my knowledge of the sources, and our conversations. All footnotes appearing in first person voice are from her field notes. I added cross references and standardized spelling for words in Native languages where possible, identified contradictions, repetition, and omissions, all the time badgering Kitty with questions as well as checking additional points of information with narrators' families in the Yukon. I made three trips from Vancouver, Canada, to visit Kitty in New Hampshire (in April, July and September, 2006) to review materials and we spoke regularly by telephone. Cathy visited more often from Boston and we were able to exchange versions of the manuscript through e-mail. Marlene French's reliable and good-humoured willingness to type the original draft, to print and distribute successive revisions as I sent them and then to courier corrections back to me so that I could enter them on the manuscript was crucial. The final pages of Kitty's introduction, 'Further Insights and Further Questions,' added as we worked, summarize ideas that have emerged for her during the preparation of the manuscript. The Yukon Government Department of Tourism and Culture,

Cultural Services Branch generously offered to publish these volumes in their *Occasional Papers in Yukon History* series and proceeded to take the steps necessary for formatting, publishing and distributing these narratives.

In her introduction to the collection, written before all the sections were assembled, Kitty notes that she considers a major contribution of this work to be identifying the circumstances under which specific narratives were told. Inevitably, changes in focus and emphasis mean that this has been handled slightly differently in different sections or volumes which Kitty worked on at different times. The shape of each volume is determined at least in part by the agenda of individual narrators. Volume 1 includes introductions to individual narrators, followed by introductions to almost every story. Volume 2 has fewer narrators, two of whom tell most of the stories. Volume 3 completed as we were preparing the manuscript, has introductions of more uneven length. Our goal has consistently been to carry out this project within a specific time frame and under Kitty's direction, so we have elected to work with the materials we have or with materials that are readily accessible.

Several technical decisions we made need to be spelled out. In structuring the presentation of printed stories, Kitty chose to use line breaks that reflect the voice and cadence of individual speakers. She has indented sentences to indicate the beginning of a new paragraph and has inserted line breaks that mark pauses. The stories in these volumes were all taken down by hand and only one (no. 48) was actually recorded on tape, so line breaks are reconstructed retrospectively rather than inserted to match pauses in taped recordings. Kitty also identifies a group of stories that she heard and subsequently wrote from memory. This usually occurred when a narrator asked her initially to listen, before writing notes, and then retold the story so that she could take it down *verbatim*. For some narrators, like Mary Jackson or Edgar Sidney, this seems to have been a conscious pedagogical strategy. Hence, stories written from memory are presented in standard paragraphs to distinguish them from *verbatim* accounts. The one exception to this pattern occurs in the narratives told by Jimmy Scotty James whose stories involve so many speakers that we decided conventional paragraphs would make it easier to distinguish which character is speaking at any given moment.

Linguistic decisions were made pragmatically as we worked. At the time Kitty was making her field notes and taking down stories in the late 1940s and early 1950s, there were no consistent orthographies or standardized rules for writing Tlingit and Athapaskan languages, so she made her own phonetic transcriptions. Linguists have found her transcriptions straightforward to use (John Ritter, personal communication), so we have retained her phonetic transcriptions for words in Southern Tutchone and Tagish. Phonetic transcriptions, of course, are not always consistent because variable pronunciation is characteristic of spoken language, so we have not attempted to standardize them. Because capitalized vowels signify different sounds from vowels in lowercase, we have not capitalized phonetic transcriptions for personal or place names unless Kitty did so herself. Long strings of phonetic transcription that Kitty sometimes made for songs remain in her field notes but have not been included because without tape recordings they cannot be checked. For nouns in Tlingit language, we rely on Naish and Story's *English-Tlingit Dictionary*. We have also used spellings provided in published work by Nora and Richard Dauenhauer, Jeff Leer, Patrick Moore and Daniel Tlen, John Ritter, Thomas Thornton, and Margaret Workman. Since stories were told and transcribed in English, possibly the most interesting aspect of language use may be the way narrators engage in code-switching—the insertion of words or phrases in Southern Tutchone, Tagish or Tlingit in particular contexts. In summary then, phonetic transcriptions are italicized, while words in the Tlingit-English dictionary are presented in roman type. Because words may be pronounced differently on different occasions, phonetic

transcriptions may be inconsistent. Standardized spellings appear in the glossary at the end of volume 3.

Ultimately we chose to make decisions we could live with rather than further delay completion of the manuscript so long in preparation. Our decision to proceed on a timetable that makes possible Kitty's involvement as a full participant has been immensely rewarding for those of us involved in this production. We hope that the experience of reading it will be as enriching for readers as it has been for us.

Julie Cruikshank, Vancouver, September 2006



Figure 2. Julie Cruikshank, Catharine McClellan and Catherine Kernan. Peterborough, New Hampshire, USA, 2006. Photo by Bruce McClellan.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The work of conceptualizing, organizing and writing these volumes is entirely Catharine McClellan's and results from her commitment to complete a project based on fieldwork she began almost six decades ago. The oral authors of these volumes are the thirty-five Yukon narrators who told their stories to Kitty so many years ago: Jessie Allen, Pansy Bailey, Lily Birkel, Maggie Brown, Jim Fox, Johnny Fraser, Annie Geddes, Patsy Henderson, Kitty Henry, Lily Hume, Danny Jackson, Jake Jackson, Mary Jackson, Mary Jacquot, Jimmy Scotty James, Maggie Jim, Jessie (Mrs. Harry) Joe, Dixon John, Maria Johns, Mabel Fox Johnson, Frank Johnston, Betty Kane, Jimmy Kane, Tommy Peters, Susie Pringle, Lillyan Rudolf, Daisy Sheldon, Angela Sidney, Edgar Sidney, Frank Sidney, Mary Sidney, Watson Smarch, Andy Smith, Billy Smith, and Frank Smith.

The preparation of the actual manuscript has been a collaborative project with contributions from Julie Cruikshank, Catherine Kernan and Marlene French, whose roles are outlined in the preface. We are grateful to Frederica de Laguna for research funds she bequeathed to Catharine McClellan, helpful in defraying some of the expenses involved in this project. We also thank Patrick Moore and John Ritter for their willingness to discuss some of the linguistic challenges;

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INTRODUCTION

Crow wants to get all the fish for himself. Crow wants to hide all the dried fish for himself. Crow wants to drink all the fish grease himself. Crow wants to get as many wives as he can...and so on. But in the end, Crow always finds out that he can't be so greedy! He learns that people must share, not hoard; that they must be generous, not stingy; that they must be moderate, not excessive in their actions and plans. All of these lessons and others are quite clear in the Crow stories told to me by the Indians of Southern Yukon, and in many of their other stories as well.

There can be no doubt that a major function of Yukon oral narrative has been to teach human beings the rules of proper social behavior. I have known this for a long time, because over the years since 1948 I have had the good fortune to hear and record in writing, and sometimes on tape, more than two hundred stories or story clusters told by Yukon Indians, including at least half a dozen cycles of Crow stories. But I have failed to learn many of the basic lessons in them. Like Crow, I have been guilty of greediness, of hoarding and of excess in my planning and actions. Worse, it is precisely in connection with these stories that I have erred. This publication, then, is an effort to redress my wayward behavior, to the extent that I can, and without further delay.

We all know that oral narrative thrives only through being shared, yet for many years I delayed publishing these stories, always hoping to add a few more versions of those tales that came to have a special interest for me or new ones that I had never heard. As the years passed and my scholarly interest in oral traditions grew, I also wanted to treat each story as fully as I could and from as many angles as possible. At various times I worked away quite assiduously on one or another tale—never quite “finishing” my analysis of any one of them. For a long time too, I even hoped to give an ultimate interpretation of the entire corpus of the narrative I had recorded, one that would be so illuminating that both I and the readers of it would think that Crow had opened his box of daylight!

There never seemed to be an opportunity to hear enough additional versions of my favourite tales or to finish up my ideal explanation of any one story. And only when folklore study began its renaissance in anthropology in the 1970s and I began to teach courses in it did I learn at last that there never could be an ultimate interpretation of a single story, let alone of an entire corpus of oral literature. No matter how dazzling any such analysis might be, it could never encompass all the qualities of the overt and covert aspects of this ongoing expressive art.

No Older Sister, no Smart Man, no Grandmother Mouse, nor any other spirit helper came directly to my aid. Yet in another sense all of them did, for it was only when I had read and re-read all my texts about these beings, and others, that I knew I *must* make these wonderful stories available to others as they had been made available to me. Just thinking about them again turned into such a heady experience, that I tried in vain to find a suitable metaphor to convey it. None has satisfied me.

Is it like looking into the vast dome of a spring sky while wondering whether the shadowed clouds would ever dissipate enough to reveal an endless cerulean bowl which one knew to be at the same time both transparent and unfathomable? Or is it more like looking down a deep well and drawing up cups full of water, each more crystalline and intoxicating than the last, but discovering that the well is bottomless? Such extravagant metaphors, expressed in written words, are, I know, quite alien to the style of oral literature that evoked them. I doubt whether any one else would feel exactly the same kind of intellectual and emotional excitement that I tried to express by my images. The involvement of the First Nation narrators of these stories has flowed out of a world view that needs no conscious acknowledgement. It is a very different world view from that of most non-Indian readers of the late twentieth and twenty-first century—one of which I myself have caught only occasional glimpses. But it is through these very stories that readers will perhaps have the best chance of doing so, even though *hearing* oral narrative can never be duplicated by reading the words on a printed page.

The effort to express the “endless” or “bottomless” quality of Yukon Indian stories also turned out to be useful for me in a practical way for it presented me with a moral imperative. The time had come and was long since past for me to publish what my Indian friends had so generously shared with me. How else could *others* enjoy the richness of the stories? So I scratched the excessive plans upon which I had so long ago embarked and turned instead to thinking how best I could quickly share them with others. I wish so much that the older people who told the stories, if any are still alive, might see their contributions in print. If not, I hope their descendants will cherish the oral treasures their ancestors have left for them. I also hope that others, whether or not they are members of the Yukon First Nations, can glimpse the richness of Yukon oral tradition through reading stories published in English, whether by the Indians themselves or in collaboration with non-Indians. They too can share in the “wealth”, the term that Tagish elder Angela Sidney chose to express the value of her own rich repertoire of oral traditions.¹ May those who have no previous familiarity with the oral literature of Yukon and adjacent areas discover, enjoy and ponder the nature of these stories insofar as it is possible when one must now read and cannot actually hear so many of them.

The Cultural Context

These stories are all part of the oral traditions of three small First Nations whose members now live in the southern part of Yukon Territory, Canada—the Southern Tutchone, the Tagish, and the Inland Tlingit (see Map 1). The traditional Southern Tutchone speak an Athapaskan language which is close to Northern Tutchone, further down the Yukon River. The Tagish also used to speak an Athapaskan language related to that of the Tahltan of northern British Columbia. However, because of ever-increasing trade relations and intermarriage with the coastal Tlingit during the nineteenth century, many of them began to adopt Tlingit as their primary language. This was because the sea otter, so highly valued by the early European traders on the coast, had been hunted almost to extinction by the close of the eighteenth century and the Tlingit of the Coast and Taku River basin had turned their attention to the growing value of inland furs. They expanded the older trade routes into the interior and increasingly mixed with Athapaskan speaking peoples.

While all three Yukon groups were influenced by ancestors of the Tlingit now living in present day Alaska, the overall cultures of the Yukon First Nations nevertheless remained quite distinct from

the coastal Tlingit. They lived in very different natural environments and had different experiences with the white traders who were slowly encroaching on all their territories.

The Yukon Indians were semi-nomadic hunters, fishers and gatherers living in a high subarctic plateau drained by the Yukon River and its branches. A towering coastal range with only two or three difficult passes cut them off from the rich marine resources and milder climate of the Pacific coast where the Tlingit lived and flourished. The interior peoples, by contrast, never had an easy life for they had to adapt continuously to the variable dynamics of their boreal forest uplands. The weather alone could be extreme. Snag, in southern Yukon, holds the known record for being the coldest spot in North America—at minus 65° C (-86° F). Some years, especially at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were so cold that people tell of a time they never had a summer. And the nearer one lived to the pole, the less daylight there was. On the other hand summer, with its almost continual daylight, might bring temperatures of 30° C (85° F). Variable snowfall, rainfall, or drought often meant changes in the location of food animals. In a single hunter's lifetime, the courses of the rivers and locations of lakes might shift as a consequence of avalanches, mud slides, earthquakes or volcanic activity. Any one of these events might affect the location and availability of differing kinds of fish. Fires touched off by thunderstorms or humans could convert what had been a good hunting ground for one kind of animal to one replaced by a different prey as the renewed growth of different plants and trees began. The better the people knew their country, the better their chance of survival, and they knew it in astonishing detail.

The social organization of southern Yukon Indians revolved around men and women who were related to one another through their mothers. Anthropologists use the terms 'moiety' and 'clan' to describe kinship groups which provide networks of reciprocal obligations. In the southern Yukon, the two matrilineal 'sides' are given the names Crow and Wolf and in some cases these moieties are further subdivided into clans.² Marriage, for example, always had to be to someone of the opposite moiety; hence a man would undertake the training of his sister's sons when they were old enough to learn hunting skills, while his brother-in-law, ideally their paternal uncle, taught the father's own sons. At death, one's opposites had a host of duties associated with the disposal of the body. Similar patterns marked off almost every life crisis or social exchange throughout a person's life.

The Southern Tutchone nearest to the coast, as well as the Tagish and the Inland Tlingit, used Tlingit names for their clans and moieties, while the members of more northern bands of Southern Tutchone preferred Athapaskan terms and often recognized only moieties, not named clans. The moiety names can be translated as Crow and Wolf no matter which language is spoken. In all three groups, coastal Tlingit style potlatching was added sometime in the nineteenth century to the already established patterns of reciprocity.

Marriages were carefully arranged by parents and clan elders along clan and moiety lines. They were often polygamous, and there was frequently great disparity in the ages of the spouses. Ideally, a husband was responsible for his wife's parents until both had died. As a consequence, residence after marriage was initially either patrilocal or, more often, matrilineal. However, when his parents-in-law had died, or if another son-in-law could take care of the wife's parents, the first son-in-law might then return with his wife to his own relatives.

Puberty observances and training were long and arduous for both boys and girls. The training stressed a range of what one might characterize as "practical" skills for boys—how to hunt and trap game and fur bearers and to take fish. A girl, by contrast, learned to sew during the two months to

two years that she was actually wearing a large puberty hood and kept sequestered from the rest of the group.

Even more fundamental than the practical skills they acquired in the period of formal training at puberty, I believe, was the education that they received in rules for the proper behavior pertaining to human relationships and those among humans and non-humans. These rules had to do basically with reducing the tensions of everyday social living and with the control of power which one might encounter or acquire from non-human spirit helpers. Such helpers most often seem to have appeared as animals, although they could also be other phenomena. The sun was a particularly powerful superhuman being and potential aid.

At puberty, young people were being transformed through their sexual maturation into more powerful individuals than they had been as children. The native ideology dictated that for the society to survive, every adult had to know how to handle the new powers inherent in the new status. In fact, I believe that all groups saw the life cycle crises and many other major events, such as encounters with spirit helpers, shamanistic seances, warfare, and so on, as involving a continuous series of transformations, often expressed—either consciously or unconsciously—by the metaphor of death, conception and rebirth to a new status. It seems to me that a great many stories in this collection are meant to teach such vital information to the listeners. The sewing that a girl did under her puberty hood was as much symbolic of this belief system as it was a practical exercise.

The empirical business of getting and putting up stores of food involved a great deal of movement throughout the year from one ecological niche to another—from fishing lake to salmon stream, to wooded hillside, to mountain heights marked only by treeless tundra or bare rocks. Summer fishing for whitefish or salmon, and late summer hunts for caribou, groundhogs or mountain sheep brought households together in favoured spots. As long as the food supplies lasted people could continue to stay together in sheltered places during the early winter. By late winter they usually had to disperse into scattered household groups to look for moose or other game. Often their diet consisted of fish, grouse, ptarmigan and snowshoe hares until the spring whitefish runs brought people together again. In the nineteenth century, the increase in moose and the decline of caribou coupled with the growing demand for inland furs probably meant that families scattered more often than in earlier times, for moose, unlike caribou, cannot be hunted communally. Trapping is also likely to be an individualized pursuit.

Inter-group trading activity was always important because the varied landscape provided diverse sources for raw products, but it greatly intensified with the advent of the fur trade instituted by Russians on the Pacific Coast and the Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company east of the Rocky Mountains. As noted, the Coastal Tlingit regarded the Yukon Indians as their major suppliers of furs. They did not allow them to cross the mountain passes to trade directly with the Russians, British and Americans on the coast, but acted as middle-men in the trade. Those Yukon Indians nearest to the coast, in turn, became middle-men to natives who lived further inland. Some of the following stories deal with tensions arising from this situation.

A far more cataclysmic event affecting the Yukon Indians was the Klondike gold rush of 1898 which attracted almost forty thousand whites to the area, although most of them soon left. The Yukon Indians tell how this well-known historical happening came about through "luck" or an encounter with power. A number of the narrators who tell the story participated in the gold rush themselves, or knew the participants personally. The gold rush changed much in traditional Yukon Indian culture, particularly the material aspects. The building of the Alaska Highway in 1942 marked

another cataclysmic event. Yet many of the basic values and core ideas still remained when these stories were collected and many are still of vital importance to Yukon First Nations. That is why the stories were being told in the 1940s and why they are still told today.

The Number of Stories and the Narrators

The present collection comprises a total of 175 stories, some arranged in cycles or clusters of stories. Of these, thirty-five were told by Southern Tutchone speakers—four men, eight women and one young girl. Seventy-eight were told by Tagish. Three of these narrators were men and two were women. The Inland Tlingit stories or cycles number sixty-two. Nine men and seven women told them, and one was told by a young girl.

For this book, I continue to use the linguistically based groupings that appear in my 1975 book, *My Old People Say*, and in Volume 6 of the *Handbook of North American Indians*.³ However, as the specific introductions to stories show, a given person may have been born in one region but married to a person from another, and may have learned stories from individuals of still other groups. Indeed, a fascinating network of social connections rapidly emerges if one begins to inspect where and when each narrator first learned a story, to the extent that such information is available. I wish very much that I had inquired about this more systematically throughout my field work, but I did not do so until quite late in my research. A few narrators said that they had forgotten when or where they first heard a given tale, but further inquiries might reveal more about how historical events of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries affected earlier social networks. When two groups of people met, story telling was always an important activity, so knowing more about circumstances when a particular story was first heard could help us to analyze the factors at work in the transmission of oral narratives.

The ages of the narrators at the times they told the stories ranged from about ten years to over eighty. Specific birth dates, if known, appear in the brief biographical sketches that introduce those who told the stories. I also include particular versions I heard of stories that have already been published so that readers may get a sense of the variations which mark each telling.

In my introductions to each narrator, I have usually included a brief personal history insofar as I have the material in my notes. Ideally, there should be a full life history for each individual, just as he or she would like to have it told, but that is not really possible. I have tried to check out some of my material with all those who are still alive, as well as with relatives of those who are no longer living. Nevertheless, I may have unintentionally made some mistakes in these biographical sketches. If so, I hope that my errors will be forgiven and that those who are aware of them will let others know what should be corrected.

Collecting the Stories

The circumstances under which I heard the following stories have varied widely. To begin with I did not do all of the collecting myself. During the summers of 1948 and 1949 my companion in the field was Dorothy Rainier (later Dr. Dorothy Libby) a fellow graduate student in anthropology at the University of California in Berkeley. In the fall and winter of 1950-1951, I came from a summer of fieldwork with the coastal Tlingit of Angoon, Alaska, where I had been collaborating with

Dr. Frederica de Laguna of Bryn Mawr College, to work alone in the Yukon during the winter at Carcross and Teslin. In the summer of 1951, I was joined part of the time by Joan Adams who had taught school at Teslin and Carcross and also at Telegraph Creek, British Columbia. Unfortunately, she became ill and had to leave the Yukon before we completed our work. I stayed in the Yukon until late August, 1951, visiting old friends and making new ones. In 1954, Dr. de Laguna and I both stopped briefly at Klukshu, Yukon, on our return from a summer's stay with the Ahtna at Copper River, Alaska. In 1962-1963 I spent most of a year in the Southern Tutchone village of Aishihik, about ninety miles north of the Alaska Highway, but I also visited briefly in other Yukon communities where I had been before and I had a short stay in Carmacks which was new to me. I returned to Yukon briefly in 1965 to introduce Carter and Glenda Denniston, who were then graduate students at the University of Wisconsin, to Ross River where they did fieldwork during the summer. In the summer of 1966 I also travelled around the Yukon in company with a party of graduate students in archaeology from the University of Wisconsin led by John Cook. One of the students, Anne Shinkwin, and I concentrated on ethnography while we were in Yukon until the archaeologists left to carry out investigations in Alaska. In 1968, 1970, 1974, and 1976, I was again back in the Yukon for periods of a week to several months, continuing ethnographic research. In 1978, I once more brought two graduate students from Wisconsin, James Fall and Janice Sheppard, who were collecting data throughout Yukon under an arrangement I had worked out with the Council for Yukon Indians. The tapes and notes made by Fall, Sheppard, and myself in 1978 were given to the Council for Yukon Indians, who sponsored the work.

My overall aim when I first went to Yukon was to get enough information to write an ethnography of the area, one that would represent as much of the "traditional" culture as possible. This of course, would have to be reconstructed from the memories of informants, many of whom had never fully participated in it. Collecting folklore was never my chief focus and I did not actively try to get stories. For a long time, I was unaware of their central place in native culture, and oblivious to the fact that many of the older people were trying their best to educate me into Indian values and other aspects of their culture by telling their stories to me. Nor did I realize how frequently people were still telling stories to each other in every community I visited. Blinded by my western perception of these stories as somehow akin to "fairy stories"—a term the narrators themselves sometimes used—or else perceiving them as good distribution data for other ethnological purposes, I at first treated them as somehow marginal or incidental to the real purpose of the inquiry. If someone wanted to tell me a story I had heard before, I sometimes said that I already knew it and went onto another topic. But as time went on, my approach became more open-ended. I tried not to ask too many direct or leading questions although of course I often did. In fact, some of my questions directly evoked a number of stories. By and large, however, the stories were volunteered by the narrators and told under the circumstances and in the order that they themselves selected. Increasingly they told what was most important to themselves, whether or not it seemed important to me at the time.

A few people did not like to tell stories at all, feeling that they did not know them well enough to have me write them down or tape them. This was especially true of the stories "owned" by particular clans, or those about feuding, war or witches that might stir up ill feelings. Some narrators preferred to spend their time doing little else. For example, Jimmy Scotty James, with the help of his wife Lucy (now Lucy Wren) especially planned ahead exactly what tale he would tell me when I came for my regular evening visit during the winter of 1950. Albert Isaac of Aishihik, whose narratives are not included in this volume, and Edgar Sidney of Teslin shared this penchant. Many

others, however, interspersed large amounts of other kinds of ethnographic information with the stories. Whatever the situation, I usually managed to record the circumstances under which a story was told, including what was discussed just before or after the narration. Almost all of the Yukon narrators were very gracious about letting me write down information on the spot, and most of them encouraged me to do so. They frequently asked me to read back what I had written so that we could make corrections or additions.

The result of all this note taking can be seen in the introductions to the stories. Surprisingly often, one can guess from the circumstances of the telling why someone chose to tell a particular story. Going over my field notes to write these introductions certainly revealed much to me that I was not fully aware of at the time I initially heard them. Imperfect as the record is, I believe that including the circumstances under which each tale was told is one of the most valuable contributions of these volumes.

Of course the essence of oral narration—the oral and kinetic performance of each story and the audience reaction to it—is gone forever. This is true even of the few stories I taped, and much more so of those that were simply written down at the time they were told or reconstructed from memory.

Almost all of these stories were told in English and the few told in Native languages were translated at the time I wrote them down. Given my limited time in the field and the fact that I was then dealing with relatively undescribed groups speaking at least two or three unstudied Athapaskan languages and a form of Tlingit slightly different from that of the coast, it was not feasible to attempt to record in the native languages everything I heard. To do so is still my ideal, though the majority of younger First Nation members now use English as their first language. For the older people, however, particularly in the first years of my field work, English was a second language. This sometimes caused problems, since their command of English grammar was often limited. Many of the oldest narrators used English pronouns and verbs with such disregard for gender and number that I sometimes found it very difficult to follow the plot of a story. I have occasionally put snatches of verbatim English text into the stories where a point remains questionable. In time, however, I learned to understand “Indian English” fairly well so that I think most of the pronouns and verbs in the stories are correct as they stand.

The degree to which texts actually are *verbatim* is variable depending on who the narrator was, who else was present at the time, and whether it was early or late in my fieldwork. The older informants’ hesitant use of English often helped me, because it meant that I was usually able to keep up, omitting only the many “uhs,” pauses and repetitions of words that were the obvious result of their efforts to select the right English terms. I also had a series of abbreviations for constantly recurring phrases, such as “a,1, t, g,” for “a long time ago”. If I began to fall seriously behind in my transcriptions, I sometimes interrupted by deliberately asking a question or making a comment that would slow down the storyteller. I tried to record all such questions and interruptions, and have included them in the stories. This technique is questionable, for I am sure that I sometimes annoyed the narrator, particularly when there was a large audience. On the other hand, I believe that my murmured “ums” and other monosyllabic expressions of interest or surprise were fully acceptable, though I probably overdid these responses compared to individuals in a native audience who were usually familiar with the story being told. I am sure too that I sometimes failed to laugh when it was expected, unless I had the reaction of a local audience to follow, for I often did not understand the humor of an incident on first hearing it. Those who knew the story had heard it many times and were already primed. The way in which Yukon, Ahtna or Tlingit Indians laugh, year after year, at the same

places in familiar stories they are telling or hearing is an aspect of narrator-audience interaction worth further exploration.

Even with English texts, a major decision had to be made about how to handle them for publication—whether fully verbatim or not. Should I leave in the faulty grammar and subject readers to my own difficulties in following the thread of the story? Would the sometimes unfamiliar English phrasing distort ideas that the narrator actually meant to convey with great seriousness? As in the case of my earlier publication of *The Girl Who Married the Bear*, I decided to alter the verbatim notes or recordings just enough to put them into a basic English that represents my best efforts to write grammatically, but to stray as little as possible from the original text. I have changed practically no nouns or verbs, though I have—particularly in the earlier texts and probably wrongly in many cases—corrected number and tense. Whenever I have had doubts about the meaning of the text, or have amplified it by supplying a further word or explanation, I have put the material in square brackets. Any actions of the narrator, comments, or other events recorded at the time are also set off this way. Translations of words in the native language that the raconteur used while telling the story appear in parentheses. I always transcribed native terms for specific concepts or proper names as well as I could, but rarely asked for repetitions while someone was in the midst of a story or song. Many of my original phonetic transcriptions are questionable. As in my ethnography, *My Old People Say*, I left most of the phonetics just as I had written them, and I have done so here as well when there are no standardized spellings.⁴

In 1948, 1949, and 1950-51, I had early models of wire recording machines, but I rarely had access to the electricity necessary for using them. In later years, I used various tape recorders that could be powered by batteries,. However, batteries often malfunctioned because they ran down very quickly when the extreme cold prevented motors from running at constant rates. Only one story in these volumes was recorded on tape—the one that Patsy Henderson told on July 1, 1948 (story no. 48).

A glance at the Table of Contents shows the stories that I heard more than once, sometimes, indeed, more than once from the same person. I wish that I had even more duplications, because I now realize the enormous value of having several versions of the same story to get at individual style and consistency through time, or to learn the range of styles and selection of incidents within a given group or between groups. Soon enough, I came to understand that repetition of the same stories was not only an expected part of the oral narrative tradition, but essential to its functioning. Like the rest of the audience, I grew eager to hear the stories again and again. So I took down every story I could, no matter how often I had heard it. Of course, I still could get only a sampling of the full body of oral tradition in any one place at any one time.

Further Insights, Further Questions

In hindsight, and guided by these stories, I think that I initially overemphasized divisions among the Southern Tutchone, Tagish and Inland Tlingit in my earlier work. I now suspect and that those distinctions may never have been as deep, linguistically or culturally, as I at first understood them to be. As people travelled, so did their stories. Good narrators brought stories with them and learned other languages, other stories, and other subsistence strategies as they traded and intermarried with neighbours. Johnny Fraser, for instance, considered himself to be the last of the people from

Noogaayík in what is now British Columbia. But during his adult life he was made ‘chief’ of the Champagne ‘band’ and was an orator of great significance among Southern Tutchone speakers in the southwest Yukon. Mary Jacquot was originally from Copper River, Alaska, but lived most of her adult life in Burwash landing, the Southern Tutchone community on the edge of Kluane Lake. Jimmy Scotty James, born and raised near the Inland Tlingit community of Atlin, British Columbia, became a well known storyteller after he came to live in Carcross with his wife Lucy [later Lucy Wren]. Edgar Sidney, born at Auk village, Alaska, spent his youth in Juneau but then moved inland and lived most of his adult life near Teslin. In his account, he describes how he became “hungry for stories” after he moved inland and how he worked out an exchange with the Teslin chief who approached Edgar for assistance because of his experiences with the Alaska Native Brotherhood. Edgar suggested an exchange:

“He sat down and asked me about the laws. He said he wanted to help the people.

I asked him, ‘Are you the chief?’

He said, ‘Yes, I am. I said, ‘Don’t you think I get hungry sometimes?’

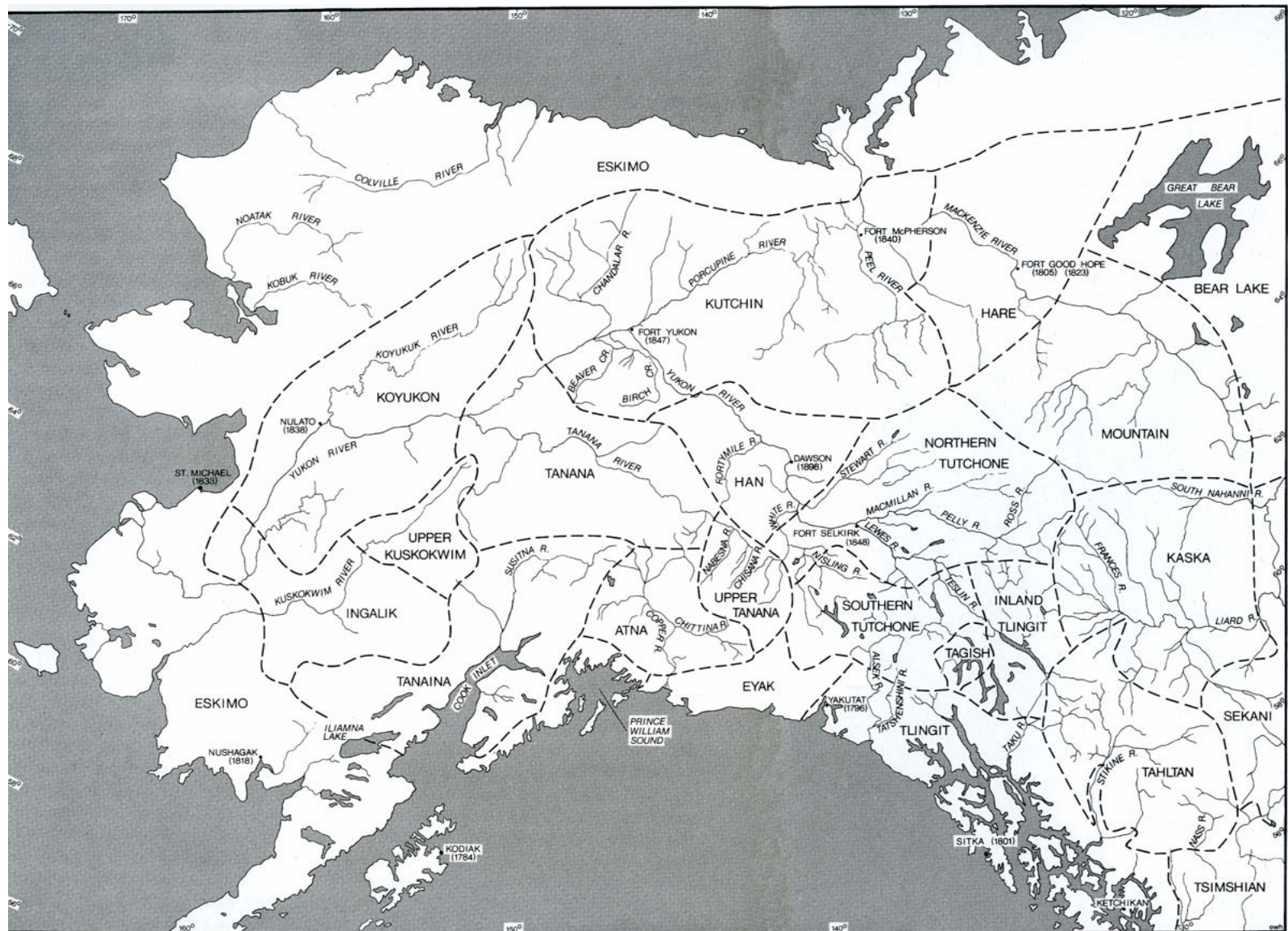
He didn’t get it at first; then he knew what I meant. I wanted to hear some old Indian stories in exchange for the legal advice. He told me to come right over there any time. I went right over that night, and he began to tell me stories.”

Coastal Tlingit clan names gained increasing importance in some parts of the interior during the nineteenth century, but as becomes clear in these accounts, they were never static terms of identity. They appear to have sometimes shifted with age or with the physical location of the speaker. For example, the story of “How the K’etlèmbet Split Up (story no. 35) indicates the how closely linked Dakl’aweidí and K’etlèmbet clans once were in the southwest Yukon. Another narrator, from Klukshu, identified her clan membership as Shangukeidí in the late 1948, but a generation later her daughter chose to identify with K’etlèmbet. Angela Sidney claimed membership in Tuk.weidí clan in 1949, but after a visit to Angoon in 1950 she began to use the alternate name, Deisheetaan. Jimmy Scotty James, born near Atlin initially identified his clan as Gaanaxteidí, but was more often associated with the Gaanax.ádi clan after he moved to Carcross.⁵ During my time at Teslin Lake, Dakl’aweidí and Yanyeidí clan traditions were so interconnected that they often seemed to merge entirely. This usage of clan names in stories conveys a sense of dynamic practice that works against any rigid notions of identity. Clan membership in the early twenty-first century is sometimes portrayed as more static than it may have been in the past. Stories told in these volumes convey some of the actual dynamism and fluidity of clan affiliation.

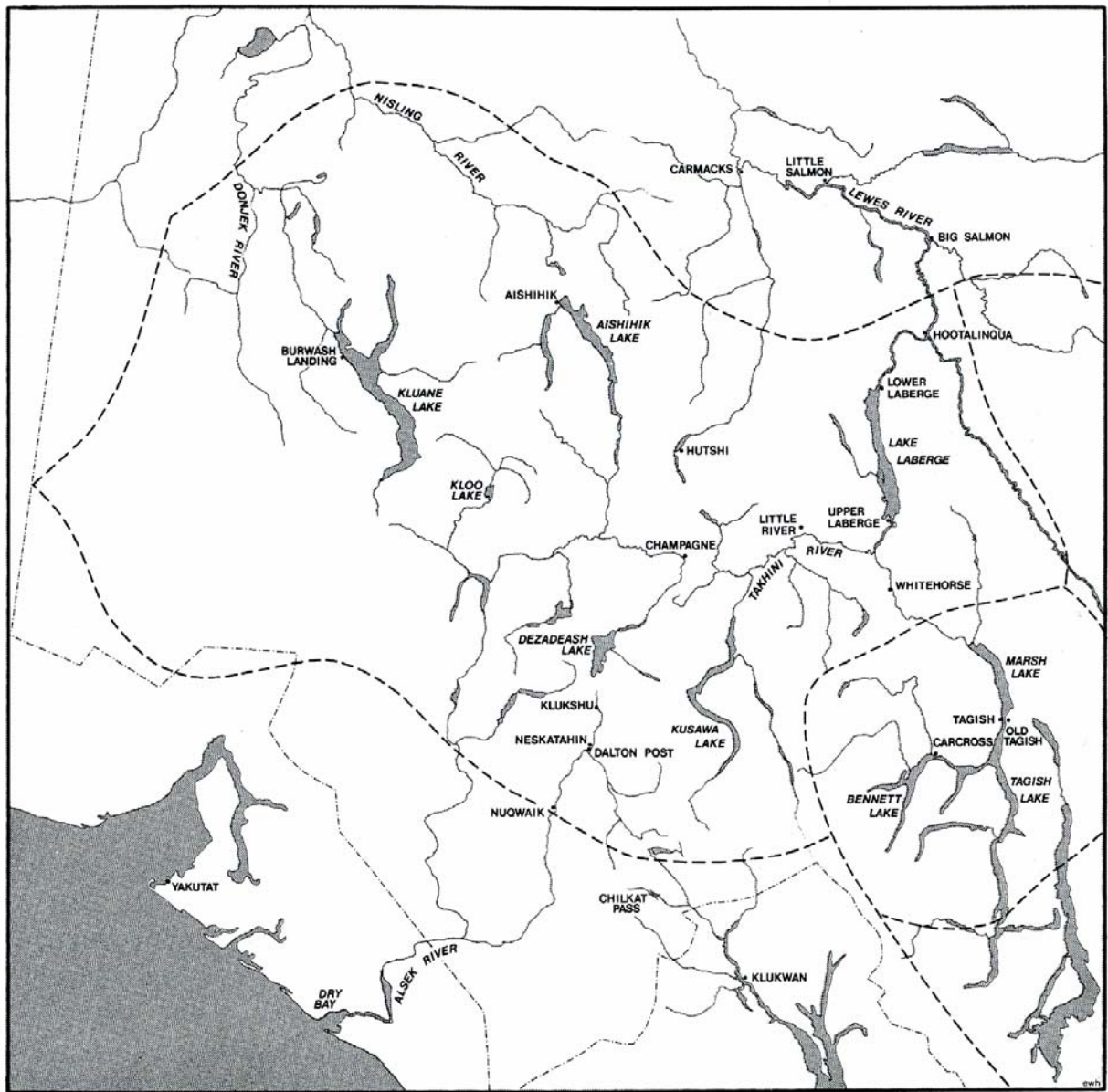
Embedded in these stories, too, is a strong sense of movement on the land. People were always moving in the nineteenth century in groups of variable size and so was the game. The remarkable detail in which they knew the land comes through even in English, though clearly much more fully in Athapaskan and Tlingit languages.⁶ Johnny Fraser’s stories of Crow’s adventures on the Chilkat Pass (stories no. 1c and 1d) convey the special meanings this landscape had for people who travelled through it. Jake Jackson’s story of Taboo Mountain (no. 119) was prompted by discussion of travel routes between Tagish and Telegraph Creek. Andy Smith’s discussion of his memories of Nisutlin River (no. 140) is pointedly strengthened by his comment, “I’m a man who doesn’t trap with pencil!” referring to non-Native trappers who register claims to land by studying maps.

We get some hints about the gendered nature of story telling in the southern Yukon in these stories, but many questions remain. Who tells stories to whom? Under which circumstances? If we had more versions of the same story as told by a young, middle-aged and older persons of each gender, we might gain unexpected insights into whether or how the style or emphasis of a tale remains constant or changes through the life cycles of men and women. This is particularly evident in stories meant to instruct the young. For example, a girl who had not yet reached puberty stressed elements in the Star Husband story quite differently from those developed by an older woman and an older man who also told the story. Since I have known many of my Yukon friends for more than fifty years some of them have repeated the same stories at different periods in their life cycles as we grew old together.

Those who draw on this corpus may gain an approximate idea of its range, even though the collecting period spanned so many years and the stories so many topics. Such questions continue to be of interest to members of Yukon First Nations today and, in the end, to other humans no matter where they live.



Map 1. Native Peoples of Northwestern North America (from Catharine McClellan, *My Old People Say*, p. 4. Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization)



Map 2. Range of Southern Tutchone speakers, c. 1950 (adapted from Catharine McClellan, *My Old People Say*, p. 17. Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization)

JOHNNY FRASER

Johnny Fraser was born about 1883 at Neskatahéen, a Southern Tutchone fishing centre on the Tatshenshini River, an eastern branch of the great Alsek salmon stream that rises in the ice fields of the St. Elias range in Yukon and cuts through the rugged Coast Range to the Pacific Ocean. He considered himself to be the “last of the Noogaayík” people who, during the nineteenth century, lived in the fishing and trading settlement of Noogaayík further down the Tatshenshini River just south of the British Columbia/Yukon border (See Map #1). According to Johnny, Noogaayík was founded by Chilkat Tlingit from Klukwan, Alaska. Johnny also counted himself as a member of the Tlingit Gaanax̣teidí clan, a Crow or Raven clan.⁷

As the Chilkat trading monopoly over the interior Indians began to weaken, following a devastating flu epidemic in the latter part of the nineteenth century, most of the Noogaayík people either returned to Klukwan or joined the Southern Tutchone Indians, with whom they were already linked by marriage, living further up the river at Neskatahéen. Only a few Indians were still fishing at Noogaayík when the journalist-explorer Edward Glave, accompanied by the notorious entrepreneur Jack Dalton and guided by a coastal Tlingit “doctor”, went down the Alsek River in 1890.⁸

In his article about the journey written for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, Glave sketched an Indian man he met at Neskatahéen whose name he recorded as Ick Ars and whom Johnny identified as his maternal grandfather. Johnny also said that the sketch of a Neskatahéen woman whom Glave called Kooseney was his maternal grandmother, and that his own mother had lived at Neskatahéen.⁹ Johnny's father was reportedly Jack Stick (*‘alEdziata’*) from Little River, an important Southern Tutchone settlement in the early twentieth century near the Takhini River and just northeast of the present Alaska Highway.¹⁰

Johnny's maternal uncle was known by the English name of “Big Jim,” but his high class Tlingit name Teenáh s'atée (“copper master”) referred to a copper “door” which he said Gaanax̣teidí clan members at Noogaayík had once bought from coastal Tlingit traders of Dry Bay. In honor of this door the local Gaanax̣teidí lineage house at Noogaayík was named *legaun* hít (Big Sound House or Drum House).¹¹ Big Jim rebuilt this house at Neskatahéen, and Johnny, who succeeded to his social position as chief of the Gaanax̣teidí, built it again at Champagne during the 1920s. This gave Johnny the right to take Jim's Tlingit name as well.

Until the 1960s, Johnny was also the elected chief of the Champagne band of Southern Tutchone and, as a ranking elder in both the aboriginal and a more modern political sense, he took his duties seriously. He saw to it that Dorothy Rainier and I had fresh salmon shortly after we arrived at the summer fish camp of Klukshu to visit his people, and he looked after us in other ways. Soon he began to instruct us in the old stories which he thought we should learn, although he complained that his uncle Big Jim had never taught him everything that he himself should know. He clearly valued the educational function of oral narrative.

Actually, Johnny seems to have spent many of his younger days with white men. Although his original English surname was “Stick,” Johnny assumed Fraser as his present surname because of his particularly close association with “Dr. Fraser,” a white man who lived at Pleasant Camp on the Alaska-British Columbia border.¹² I know nothing further about Dr. Fraser himself.

Johnny reported that he had “washed dishes” for Dr. Fraser, and he also said that he was sorry that Mrs. Fraser had not taught him to read and write.

Johnny’s first wife was a Dakl’aweidí or Shangukeidí (fem. Shanguka Sháa) woman who bore him one son. After her death, he married her younger sister, Alice, and the couple had at least two more sons and a daughter. But tragedy struck repeatedly; during the last years of Johnny’s life all three of his sons died as a result of accidents or violence. Alice died in 1966, so that among Johnny’s immediate relatives only his daughter, Polly, and grandchildren remained alive in 1968.

When Dorothy Rainier and I first met Johnny in 1948 he was mourning the death of his close friend and trading partner, Gasleeni, chief of the Gaanaxteidí Whale House in Klukwan. Johnny’s valued ties with the coastal Tlingit seem to have weakened somewhat in the years that followed, but he still retained a superior social standing because of his undoubted links with the people of Klukwan. Many Southern Tutchone deferred to him as an expert in matters pertaining to Tlingit traditions and usages. He was known as one who spoke Tlingit and Southern Tutchone as well as English.

When I last saw Johnny in 1966 he was old and quite deaf. He had also been saddened by the recent deaths of two of his sons, but occasional flashes of humor still crinkled up his face as he told amusing tales. He had always made an effort to intersperse his more serious story telling with accounts of lighter incidents. This pattern may, in fact, have been his effort to meet the traditional requirement for the role of a high-ranking storyteller, since throughout the area chiefs are supposed to be not only well informed and high minded, but also genial and playful. One of their functions was to create good feelings among the people.

Klukshu, where Dorothy and I first heard some of his stories, was a small cluster of log cabins, tents, and fish drying racks, built in an open grassy space along the upper reaches of a branch of the Tatshenshini River close to Lake Klukshu at the head of the stream. There was a small graveyard to the north of the settlement.

Johnny and his wife had a substantial cabin and we were staying in a small pre-fabricated structure from World War II rented to us by the Baptist Church in Whitehorse. We had arrived at the camp for the first time late on July 21, 1948, but on the 23rd and 24th we made an unexpected trip to Haines, Alaska, in company with Mr. Jack Meek, the Yukon Indian Agent and Dr. Douglas Leechman of the National Museum of Canada. We also visited the Chilkat Tlingit village of Klukwan where we saw both the Whale House and Frog House of the Gaanaxteidí clan. I am uncertain to what extent our reports of this trip and our previous few weeks stay with the Tagish at Carcross may have influenced Johnny’s choices of stories.

The brief introductions to specific stories summarize the particular conditions under which he told them and should give some idea of the overall seriousness with which Johnny viewed his function as a raconteur and teacher. The Appendix at the end of Volume 3 lists the chronological order in which he actually told his stories, although on the following pages they appear in the order discussed in my general introduction to the entire collection.



1. *Crow Stories*

Johnny told Crow stories numbered 1a through 1c and story 1e to Dorothy Rainier and me on the evening of July 26, 1948. His wife was the only other person present. We had already had something of a preview on the evening before when we expressed an interest in what he could tell us about Crow's role in ordering the world. Johnny had explained then:

"Crow made the world for us. He made game and everything good. He killed off the bad people. He fixed us good. But the first people are no good. They kill you. They eat you up. Crow killed those people off."

In his account of how Crow gets Water, Johnny incorporates some of the deepest Tlingit and Southern Tutchone values. His wistful preamble to this story underscores the value of transmitting oral literature and moves on to the necessity to share goods — in this case, water and story telling — as well as the respect due to the relative ages of the narrators who tell the stories.

Crow, of course, is a variation of the Raven so important in coastal Tlingit oral tradition although historically there are no crows in the interior, only ravens. Many of the Yukon "Crow" stories parallel tales that Dr. Frederica de Laguna and I heard from Coast Tlingit at Angoon or Yakutat as well as the Little Old Crow stories told by Copper River Ahtna and other Northern Athapaskans in Alaska and Yukon. Some are told by northern Yupik and Inuit as well.

I have already mentioned some general ideas about the Yukon Indians' Crow cycle in the introduction to this collection. In the passage cited above, Johnny characterizes Crow as one who killed off the bad people of long ago—those who regularly hunted and ate others. In part, this also describes Äsùya (Smart Man or Beaver Man) of the Yukon Indians, who is a character often called the "Traveller" further down the Yukon River. Äsùya is not, however, a trickster like Crow nor does he create the world as present day Indians know it. As we shall see, the southern Yukon Indians who tell stories from both traditions sometime seem to blend these two characters.

None of Johnny's Crow stories actually tells how Crow killed early man-eaters. Rather, he emphasizes how Crow readied the world for humans by providing water, daylight, the sun and the moon—actions with which Äsùya is never is credited. To readers from temperate zones it may seem that Crow is overdoing things a bit by acquiring both daylight and the sun. In the far north, however, the length of "daylight" in the winter—if there is any at all—is quite distinct from "sunlight", and ravens are one of the few birds to over-winter. Ravens are also very vocal and apt to stay close to humans in order to see if they can acquire any unwatched food source. Today they often congregate on garbage trucks in far northern towns rather than scavenging for carrion in the bush. In short, the raven is particularly well suited to be the model for a trickster in a northwest coast, subarctic, or arctic setting.

As did some other Yukon Indians, Johnny also put Crow in a Biblical context when he said “Jesus is born in a manger; Crow [is] born in the moss.[He] made it out for the poor people.” [See final lines of story 1b].

More localized and perhaps more important to Johnny were tales of Crow’s travels, especially those between coast and interior since through his acts en route he named features of the landscape well known to the Tlingit and Southern Tutchone. In these stories Crow also seems to become somewhat more human—marrying a wife from the correct moiety (a Wolf), setting up various camps, making shelters, acquiring servants, but more and more he begins to act as a greedy trickster whose word other persons often believe—initially anyway.

Although his wistful preamble to his first Crow story illustrates how much he valued traditional story telling, Johnny told us only five Crow stories in all during the summer of 1948. Perhaps he did not think we were ready for more, that we had already heard them, or felt them to be the only ones that he himself really knew.

In telling “Crow Gets Water,” Johnny omitted any reference to Crow’s making the old man who owned water believe that he had defecated in his sleep. Perhaps he was quite uncertain as to what we two young white women whom he did not know well might make of the defecation episode. Other Yukon narrators almost always included it.

In August of 1954, I stopped at Klukshu with Dr. Frederica de Laguna of Bryn Mawr College. We were returning from field work with the Athapaskan Ahtna of the Copper River, Alaska. Previously, we had spent the summers of 1950 and 1952 with the Tlingit of Angoon and Yakutat Bay. During an afternoon visit to Johnny and his wife we described our stays with these Indians, somehow prompting Johnny to briefly repeat “Crow Gets Daylight, the Sun and the Moon.” Of all of the versions of this story we heard, only Johnny’s includes the father’s concern over having shamed his daughter because he questioned the paternity of his grandson. He may have had us in mind as well as his own daughter and the other young girls in camp when he emphasized the father’s concern.

The third Crow story Johnny chose to tell (1c) was how—once he had created the world and loosed daylight, the sun and the moon—Crow started out to travel around the world. This too is a theme in the Traveller stories, but Johnny’s special interest was how Crow laid out the Chilkat Trail that was so heavily used in pre- and post-contact trading between coastal Tlingit and interior Athapaskans.¹³ One part of the story incorporates an incident which Johnny and others evidently considered quite risqué. It always caused gales of laughter among those who told or heard it, but was never translated for me, even though I asked. Johnny omitted the incident when he retold the story of Crow’s Adventures on the Chilkat Trail during our 1954 visit. This second version, (1d) varies somewhat from the story as told in 1948. In it we learn specifically how Crow came up the Chilkat River to Yukon and then went back to the coast via the Chilkat Trail. Also introduced is the incident in which Crow turns his wife to stone even though the account of her rejuvenation on the trail is dropped altogether. This is one of the many Yukon stories that give special meaning to the landscape. A number of younger Natives, especially women, have told me how much they would like to see the hole made in the rock by Crow’s walking stick. Others, having seen either it or the stone house, offer from their direct experience to validate the tale.

Johnny told “Crow and the Whale” (1f), on the evening of August 10, 1948. It was the only story he told on that occasion. He was visiting us in our cabin, as were an older woman of the Wolf moiety who was a parallel cousin of his wife, his teen-age daughter, and several other younger girls. Again we encounter Crow as the greedy trickster, temporarily outwitting others, but defeating himself in the end. The reference at the end of the story to the picture of Whale and Crow on his dance drum, was meant to underscore the Gaanaxteidí clan’s special claims to this story. Johnny’s drum was made by Copper Jim, and the design was painted by Donjek Brown, both men of the Wolf moiety, which was proper since those of the opposite moiety should make such articles. It shows a black Crow flying above a black whale whose body is curved to fit the curve of the drum. Around the entire outer edge of the drum are scallops in purple, blue-green, yellow and white. Johnny was still using this drum when I last saw him at Champagne in 1966.

1 a. Crow Gets Water July 26, 1948, Klukshu

I don’t know how the first part starts.

I forget it now. The old people all die out.

Big Jim didn’t tell us any story. He died four or five years ago.

In the old days, they used to sit down by the fire.

And first one person would tell a story, and then another, all the way around the circle.

And we all listened good.

There was the one man that had water—spring water.

He sat on that [protected it].

One man owned it.

Crow, he wanted to get it for the world, but he had no way to get it.

He tried to get that water.

He can’t get it.

The man is sitting on it.

Well, Crow, he just makes up his mind.

Well, Crow, he tells that man “Who is older?”

The Water Man, he says, “I’m older than you.”

They talk together.

Crow says, “Let’s tell stories.”

Well, Crow, he makes out [figures out] which way to get the water for the world.

Now they start telling stories.

Well, Crow, he starts the story.

Well, he tells the story.

He keeps on.
They [tell stories] all around.
All night and all day the Crow was telling that man his story.
Finally that man he tells the story to falls asleep.
The Crow gets the water.
That much he gets, just a little bit.
He carries it in his mouth.
He flies out with it.
The old man is left asleep.
Well, Crow is flying around.
He drops just a little bit [of water].
He drops it all over the world.
He has been all over.
That's why there is water all over [the world].
Before this, at first, before Crow came, there was not all water.
It was all dry land.
That's why Crow gets it from that man.
Well, that man, he had the water.
Crow dropped it just a little bit.
Then the last he spit out! It's salt water!

1 b. Crow Gets Daylight, the Sun and the Moon July 26, 1948, Klukshu

Then Crow tried for that moon.
He wanted to get the moon.
There is no daylight. It's all dark.
There's no light, no nothing.
Then he tries to get the moon.
Well, he has nowhere to go to get that moon.
He can't get it, the moon.
One man only owned the daylight.
And he has got the moon, and the sun, and the daylight.

He is a rich man.

And just like this woman here, [points to Dorothy Ranier] this rich man has this daughter, a young girl.

Her father keeps the daughter in one room so the boys don't see her.

He is a very rich man.

He hears about the Crow [that] Crow has no way to get the sun, the moon, the daylight.

The daughter has a slave.

The slave gets clean water and packs it into the daughter in her bedroom.

She would drink it there.

And Crow thinks that he will make himself out to be just a little bit of a thing, some dirt, so he could be swallowed.

Well, Crow says when he found the [slave] woman getting water for that daughter, he says, "Don't say anything."

[Johnny comments, "Now she's fooling around with trouble."]

"Well," the slave says, "All right."

She [pretends] she doesn't see it.

So Crow makes himself into a little bit of dirt, and he goes into the water.

The slave takes it into the bedroom.

She [the daughter] drinks it there.

She knows it right away.

The girl cries, "Daddy I've drunk dirt."

They look at the water.

It is clean.

But that girl knows that she has swallowed something.

She throws up.

Everything.

She throws up everything.

Everything comes out, but the Crow stays inside the girl.

He hangs on tight inside.

Finally the girl forgets about it.

About a week after that she thinks that she is going to have a baby.

Well, in about two weeks the baby is born.

It's a boy. A boy is born.

There was no father.

They know there is no father [because] they keep the girl in the bedroom all the time.

Well, they call in an old woman.

"What do you think of that baby? Do you think you can prove whoever it is?"

That old woman comes and she goes to the baby.

They had him fixed up nice, like a chief's baby.

The old woman looks at the baby's eye.

She looks at it quite a while.

The Crow looks around.

That old woman finds out.

She says: "This my grandchild, looks like Crow's eyes!"

Well, nobody paid any attention at all to that old woman.

The boy grows pretty fast.

Well, finally he begins to play around.

He crawls around.

He is growing pretty fast.

[When] his grandfather is there, Crow sees daylight for the first time.

He knows it is daylight for the first time.

He knows it is daylight that they kept in a box.

He starts to cry for it.

He cries, cries, cries!

"Oh, mother, I want to play with that daylight!"

Finally grandfather gives it down to him.

He plays with it.

He opens the box and closes it.

He opens the box and closes it.

Opens it.

Closes it.

Every time he opens it, it's like day.

Every time he closes it, it's like night.

He plays with it. He plays with it.

A long time he plays with it.

It is like when daylight and night come back, when daylight and night come back.

Finally he opens the box the whole way, and, whoosh, the daylight gets out!

After that there was daylight and then night.

Well, he got that one.

Finally Crow starts to walk.

Then he tries to get that sun.

It is hanging in the same place.

Well, the minute he starts walking around, Crow starts to cry for that.

Sometimes for two days he cries for it.

Well, his mother, she starts to cry for it too.

She can't stand to see her baby cry for it that way.

Grandpa finally says, "Take it down!"

Well, Crow plays around with it.

It has a nice shine, that sun.

Crow plays quite a while with it.

He plays with that sun.

Finally he gets hold of it and throws it up into the sky, that sun.

Well, that old man, he is sorry, he is very sorry.

At that time he says to his daughter, "Where did you get that baby?"

Well, he is sorry that he says that, for she gets shamed.

His daughter gets shamed.

She cries.

He says no more bad words.

Well, the child plays around in the room for a long time.

He doesn't go outside.

He wants to get the moon now.

He thinks to himself.

He comes out of his mother's room.

He goes to his grandpa.

He talks to his grandpa.
He sees the moon and he wants it.
He cries and cries and cries.
He doesn't eat.
For quite a while he cries.
The mother starts to cry with him.
She can't stand it and cries with him.
Too long they cry!

Finally grandpa says, "Give it to that [child]!"
All right, they take it down and give it to him.
He rolls it around there on the floor.
For a long time he plays with it.
Finally he throws it up.
Just like the sun. [The grandchild has stolen the moon].
The old man has nothing left.
Then he quits.

Nobody knows where the boy goes to.
Nobody knows where he went.
That boy's mother, she didn't know either.
He flies away.
He was really Crow.

He could change everywhere into anything.
Sometimes he walks like a man.
Then by and by he flies.
Well, he gets them all right—the sun, moon and daylight.

[In reference to this story, Johnny commented in 1954]:

"Old Crow made the world. And he gets the sun and the moon. Jesus is born in a manger; Crow [is] born in the moss. [He] made it out for the poor people."



1 c. Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (Version One)

July 26, 1948, Klukshu

Then Crow got married.

He had no wife [before].

He was married to a Wolf Girl.

He didn't want to marry his relatives [a member of his own Crow moiety].

Crow starts to walk around the world.

That's the trail we go on, the Chilkat Trail.

Crow is the first one to find it.

After that it is getting dark.

He built a rock house, just like we make tents.

That house is there yet, down by Dalton Post.

You can see it today, but it's hard to get to.

The world all around is rough.

He made this trail smooth.

He has got one [a house] on the Chilkat Trail too.

It's big.

The same size as this [i.e., a cabin about 18 by 12 feet].

It's on the Chilkat Trail.

They still camp there.

Then he goes to Chilkat path.

He goes where the [Haines] Highway is now.

He goes there.

He stays up there at the summit, you know, near Mile 76 [of the Haines Highway]¹⁴

It's at Glacier Camp.

There was a tree there.
His wife said she had no wood.
“Well,” Crow says, “we’ll get wood.”
He put a tree there.
They started to camp.
They had a fire there.
Well, one morning he starts going down the Chilkat way.
Nobody knew that way before.
The rest of the paths are all rough, but this trail is not rough.
The rest of the paths are all rough, but Crow made this smooth.
On the next summit his wife got tired right in the middle [of the trail].
Well, they made a camp.
They built a stone house.
They call it “Stone Camp.”
It’s off the road a little.
He goes on to the next place, you know.
Crow says that the woman will be all right in the morning.
She was tired.
Well, in the morning she doesn’t feel tired at all.
She feels just like sixteen-year-old girl.¹⁵
Well, he left.
Finally he goes down the hill, down to Klehini River.
It’s about ten miles from the Customs.¹⁶
The Crow falls down.
He’s got a cane that he walks with.
He loses his cane.
It slides away.
That whole hill is like a mountain, and his cane goes right through that hill.
He made a hole through the mountain.
We call that hill, “Sunshine Hill.”

1 d. Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (Version Two)

August 30, 1954, Klukshu

Old Crow, he makes lots of things in the country.

He starts from Gunanaxoo ["among the strangers"].¹⁷

He had a house nine miles below where you have been [i.e., Neskatahéen, which we had visited earlier in the day].

[It was] cemented all around, all around.

[You can] see it in the winter time from the Alsek River.

My uncle told me, "That's Old Crow and his wife [who had that house].

He comes up this way.

And then he goes down to Klukwan.

It [the cement house] is pretty near as big as this house [where we were sitting].

Down there, [he] got mad. His wife [is] played out.

Crow said, "Let's camp."

His wife said, "No trees."

[Crow said, "There are going to be trees here!"]

He threw his stick and made trees there, at Mile 76.

[There are] no trees this side of the summit. [Johnny indicated on a map where Crow put the trees.]

[There is a] big camp there. The Chilkat [traders are] coming.

[It is at] Stone House Creek at Mile 57 or 58, at Nadaheen [now Nadahini River],

Near the Three Guardsmen [three peaks of the coast mountain range].

The road goes right by them on the right hand side, going down [to Chilkat].

Crow's House is on the Alsek River, nine miles below Dalton Post.

Then he starts to walk from Glacier Camp [Mile 76].

Too many glaciers there. Jack Dalton called [Glacier Camp] that—not us.

They were walking down [and] had dinner there.

He had a row with his wife; that's what I've been told.

He pushed [her] away.

"You turn to rock!" That woman sits there yet.

The Chilkat Indians see it.

Used to be a foot trail there.

He starts to walk. He's got a cane.

[He] walks down the trail.

By and by he fell.

He loses his walking stick. It went through the mountains.

If you walk on the other side, I [can] see you from this side [i.e., through the hole in the rock].

It's a bit above Sunshine Hill.

[Johnny then said that he knew of how Crow told the rocks not to fall on the boats on the Alsek River, a story which de Laguna and I had heard at Yakutat and which de Laguna briefly summarized at this point.¹⁸ He explained that as a result, the rocks never *do* fall and then went on],

"If you had government money, you could hire an old man like me [to teach you stories]." X tells me that Y and Z tell you bad things!" [i.e., tell the stories incorrectly].



1 e. Crow and Eulachon Grease

In this story Johnny further develops Crow's character as a trickster and stresses his greediness for food. He was explicit too in saying that "any animal he talks to comes to believe Crow".

Johnny also carefully explained that the English word "partner" meant something more like a "serving man." He volunteered that "partner" is a white man's word, and that in this story he really ought instead to say "Crow's man." Partnerships of several kinds were socially very important to all the Yukon Indians. Ideally one should never betray one's partner, and certainly never kill one, as happens in this story.

Crow and Eulachon Grease July 26, 1948, Klukshu

Then he got a helper.

His name was *setqiltc*

That's his helper.

The other helper is called *yotc*.

He's got a camp now.

He's got his wife, and he's got two helpers, you see.

Well, they put up wonderful eulachon grease [a grease made from a coast fish and much valued in the interior].

In the house, there's just the two helpers.

Crow is asleep.

The other two are working.

They've got lots of grease there.

Well, he gets up then, Crow.

It's day time.

Well, he wants to fool his partners.

"Well", that Crow says, "You cook for me until I come back.

Cook those fish right on the fire.

Roast them."

Those fellows say, "All right."

Crow thinks he wants to fool them.

He pulls out moss.

He puts it on himself.

And he turns into a bear [i.e., he disguises himself with the moss].

He goes back to those people who are fixing his grub.

Those two men get scared.

They run away.

Crow takes all the food and goes away into the woods.

He eats it all alone.

He throws off the moss.

After he gets through eating, he gets back into the camp.

He says, "Did you cook something for me?"

They say, "Yes, but a big bear came and took it all!"

Crow gets angry.

He scolds them.

He tells them, "Next time he [the bear] does that, club him hard!"

Well, he gave them hell, that Crow.

Oh, he was so mad!

Well, after about two days, he told his partners,

“You cook for me!

I’m going to split trees.”

Then Crow, he goes.

He thinks it’s just about time for the boys to be done cooking.

He puts on moss.

He turns into a bear [i.e., disguises himself again].

Those men in camp had a club.

Crow made it for them to use on the bear, if he came back.

Well, the bear, he comes down to the camp again.

When he grabs the food, the other two men club him good.

Oh, they club him good!

Right along one eye they hit him.

He drops the food quick, and he just crawls away.

Then he becomes like a man again.

He is all swelled up by his eye.

He comes home.

He says, “Gosh, that wedge that I’m splitting wood with, it hits me in the eye.

Oh my!”

Those two men, they know.

“I think that Crow, he plays a trick on us!”

Crow lies down.

And he wants to get that grease that his partners had gotten.

Any animal he talks to comes to believe in Crow.

He wants to get that grease, and he wants to finish it all alone.

Well, he goes into the woods.

He tells all the little birds,

“Come to our place. Make a noise like a war.”

He tries to scare those two partners that way.

Well, at midnight—dark—things come.

And it sounded like a war.

Crow says “That’s like a war outside.

You get up and fight outside.

I’ll fight inside!”

Then Crow starts to drink the grease, just as soon as those two go outside.

He drinks one can.

He drinks another.

Finally he gets the last can.

Those two of them come in and put the lid on top of the box.

Crow is inside then.

They tie the box up very tight so Crow can’t get out.

Then those two of them start to pack it up the mountain.

They pack it right to the top of the rough mountain.

Well, those two fellows let him roll right down the mountain.

They want to kill the Crow.

They want to get rid of him.

Well, about half way down the box busted open.

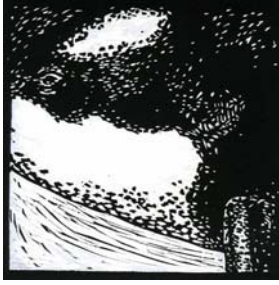
Crow flies out.

He flies out.

I don’t know what happened then.

The partners went home.

They split up then.



1 f. Crow and the Whale August 10, 1948, Klukshu

Crow went into that whale.

He went inside the whale.

I don't know how it happened.

He eats up all the fat inside.

The whale dies.

The jaws come together.

Those whale jaws come together.

Crow wants to get out, but he has got no way to get out.

He drifts.

Crow says, "I wish I would drift into an Indian village."

Well, he drifts close to an Indian village, finally.

Then he says, "[I hope] somebody finds it [the whale]."

Well, somebody hears that Crow inside.

They found that whale's body.

And that's the time they heard somebody talking inside it.

Crow said, "I wish they would help me.

I want to get out! Open up this whale for me!

I have no way to get out!"

Well, that man runs back to the village.

He says, "It's funny thing I hear!" he says,

"A big whale came up on the beach.

Somebody is talking inside.

Somebody is saying, 'I wish they'd help me. I want to get out.'"

Then all the village people go there.

And that time they are pretty hungry.
There's nothing to catch.
That big whale there has died.
Well, they cut it open here, right between the ribs.
They try to open it up here.
They open it.
They take out one of his bones.
Well Crow, he flies right out.

“Oh, my!” The people say,
“It's funny how he got in there!
My gosh, Crow must have killed this whale!”

Crow flies around.
He's talking and he's talking.
He says, “Good people, I help you with this whale.
You helped me all right!”

Then they cut up all the pieces about two feet big, fresh off the whale.
All that village is covered with food.
Well, they eat it.
Crow killed that whale.

I have this picture on my drum because I am a Crow.



2. *Äsùya (Smart Man or Beaver Doctor)*

Johnny told this sequence of stories to Dorothy Rainier and me in our cabin at Klukshu on the evening of July 28, 1948. He initially talked about “Smart Man” without giving him a name and we evidently did not ask for one because we did not then realize the great importance of Smart Man (also known as Äsùya, and sometimes called Beaver doctor or Beaver Man) in the

stories told by the Southern Tutchone. Indeed, as noted earlier, these stories form a major cycle for all of the Athapaskans of Yukon and adjacent Alaska.¹⁹ This was Johnny's fourth choice of an appropriate story to teach us. In it and the following one Johnny includes a common theme of cracking open one's rival in order to find out why the latter was eating humans. Smart Man also tells his rivals' children what kinds of food they *should* eat in the future and advises them to limit their growth. Johnny apologized for using the word "hell" in story number 2b but he explained that it was what Smart Man actually said—a part of the story. At the end of story 2c, we learn that Smart Man was a Beaver—the "smartest" man in the world at that time. That same story, "Smart Man and the Bears," is evidently a favourite story of many Southern Tutchone as is sometimes told without any other Smart Man episodes.



2 a. Smart Man and the Man-Eating Wolverines July 28, 1948, Klukshu

A long time ago people ate each other up.

Some people had a camp in the winter time, just like this camp [Klukshu].

Well, the people went away from the camp and went to another place.

They were looking for something to eat.

They moved so that they could get game.

Well, they didn't come back.

After a while the next people followed them.

They were looking for the first people.

They didn't come back [either].

Well, the next people followed, and still nobody came back.

Finally one man was the last man left.

He followed the others.

You see he thought that something was wrong.

It was winter time.

Well, there was a steep hill.

Oh my, it was steep, like this [gestures with hand]!

He tracked the people there.

There had been a slide there.

Well, this man came out on top.

And he looked down.

There was a big thing.

It stuck out.

It stuck right out of the snow where the people slid down.

They were sharp things, and they stuck up.

They were copper things, and they were razor sharp.

Someone hunted people.

When they slid in there, they died.

Those people died there.

The hunter would pick them up and pack them away.

Well finally the last man saw it.

He went around those things.

He looked at them.

He wanted to see what kind of people were doing it.

He was smart, that man!

Well, he just wanted to see.

He put two of those sharp things right through his clothes so it looked like he had been caught.

And he played that he was dead.

He put them through his clothing.

Finally he saw someone coming.

He [the new comer] looked.

“Well, my goodness, I’m lucky again!”

Well, that man picked the Smart Man up.

The Smart Man played just like he was dead.

The man turned him around and pulled out the copper things.

He cleaned them good.

He stuck them up again so that the next one who came along could be caught.

Then he went away.

Well, that Smart Man was just where he wished to be.

He was plenty smart!

The other man packed him home.

That man had a family—a big family—a wife and children.

The man put the Smart Man right there.

He had no house; it was just a bush house.

Well, the Smart Man just opened his eyes.

He saw a big stick

One of that man's children saw the Smart Man.

"Daddy! He opened his eyes!"

"Well," the old man asked his child,

"If that big iron thing went through you, do you think you would be alive?"

Well, then the Smart Man got up quick, and he clubbed that man dead.

He clubbed his wife and his children too.

He clubbed them all.

Well, that man's wife was going to have a baby.

That's what the Smart Man thought.

Well, he killed them all.

Then he looked around.

And he saw old heads of people that the man had eaten up before.

He wanted to see what kind of people that man and his family could be.

So he cut open that man's wife.

Wolverines came out, and they climbed up a tree.

Well, the Smart Man had a bow and arrow.

He kept the bow and arrow.

He kept the bow and arrow right down his back.

He kept it hidden so that nobody would know he had anything.

He pulled it out.

He was going to use it to knock the wolverines down.

The wolverines said to the arrows, "Go that way!" [deflecting them]

Then the arrows went that way.

The arrows didn't hit the wolverines.

Finally the man said to the wolverines,

"Don't come down until I come back."

Well, the wolverines didn't say anything.

Well, the Smart Man tried all kinds of ways [to get the wolverines].

He thought, "If I let them go, they are going to eat people the way they have been doing."

Well, that man went hunting.

He found a grouse.

And he killed it with his bow and arrow.

He brought the grouse back.

Well, that man said to the wolverines, "Don't eat people anymore!

This is the animal you are going to eat—grouse."

Everyone had to obey that Smart Man.

He gave the grouse to the wolverines right there.

He said, "Don't grow anymore!"

But he made one bad mistake right there.

He said, "Every time you find somebody's cache, you steal from it."

That's why when a wolverine finds a cache or trap, he chews up the furs, and he destroys whatever is in the trap.

2 b. Smart Man Freezes the Man-Eater Who had Mosquitoes in His Head

July 28, 1948, Klukshu

After that the Smart Man started to go again.

He found the same kind of man again—one who was eating people.

He found one man like that.

And he chased the Smart Man.

The Smart Man said, "Wait a while.

You are going to kill me."

It was open there.

They were on opposite sides of a creek.

It was a cold winter.

That Smart Man said, "I am sure you are going to eat me, but I want to see you strike-a-light first.

Throw that thing into the water, and then you can have mine after you kill me."

Then the Smart Man thanked him for it.

Well, that man threw his strike-a-light into the water!

Well, then this Smart Man said, "The hell with you!"

The Smart Man ran away.

Then the man-eater chased him around after that.

He chased him around and chased him around.

Finally the cannibal got cold.

And he stayed on one spot on the ice.

The Smart Man kept his eye on the other fellow all the time.

And he stayed away from him.

The other man froze to death there.

"Well," the Smart Man thought, "that man is frozen."

He went up to him.

The man was frozen solid.

The Smart Man wanted to find out what was the matter with the other man's brain.

He opened up the brain.

It was full of mosquitoes inside.

They all flew out.

Well, he found out!



2 c. Smart Man and the Bears July 28, 1948, Klukshu

Well, after that pretty soon the Smart Man came to a bear.

That bear said, “You marry my daughter!”

Well, that man thought, “My goodness, I don’t know!”

Well, finally he made up his mind, and all right, he married the bear’s daughter.

Finally that bear told his daughter to go up on the hill.

“We want to kill the man,” he said.

Well, the Smart Man came back.

He had been walking around somewhere.

The old man said to him,

“Oh look at the bear up on the hill!

Let’s kill it!”

It was really his daughter who had changed into a bear.

Well, the old man gave the Smart Man something to use, so that the man couldn’t kill his daughter.

But the Smart Man still had his own bow and arrow hidden down his back.

Well, the Smart Man went there on the hill.

He came close to the bear.

He hit the bear with the thing the old man had given him. It broke.

My goodness, that bear chased her husband!

She wanted to kill him.

[Then Smart Man killed her with his bow and arrow].

Well, the [old man] bear was really mad, because the Smart Man had killed his daughter.

He began to chase the man.

And he chased him all over.

Finally the man came to some water, and he jumped into it. The bear couldn't follow.
The bear had chased him all over, but he didn't catch him.

The bear said to himself that he didn't know what to do.
Then the bear hollered for some kind of bird—Nts'ilrua.
It is a big bird.

The bear told the bird,
“That man there killed my daughter.
I want to get hold of him.
You drink up this steam until it is all dried up.”

The bird said, “All right.”
He started to drink.
The lake went down until it was dry, but they didn't see the man.
He was hiding in the moss.

After he had drunk up all the water there, that bird was just lying there all full of water
in his stomach.

Now all the birds began to walk around eating.
They were walking around and eating the things in the moss.

Well the bear started to look for the man.
He was getting close to him.
The man was hiding.

Smart Man caught sight of a little bird [a snipe, with a long beak]. He told that bird,
“You hit that other bird right in the stomach!
Right in the middle of the stomach!”

So that bird flew around and flew around the big bird full of water.
That big bird said, “Keep away from my stomach.
I'm full!”

Well, that little bird—just one tap—and the whole works came out.
All the water rushed out of the big bird.
The bear got to the beach. He just made it to the shore.

Well, the bear gave the man up then.
He went away.

That Smart Man became the beaver.

Today the beaver is the smartest animal.

That man was the smartest man in the world at that time.



3. The Girl Who Married the Bear

Johnny told this story to Dorothy Rainier and me in our cabin on July 25, 1948, the evening after our return from the visit to Haines and Klukwan. On the way back, Jack Meek, the Indian Agent who had taken us to Haines, had tried to drive down to Old Dalton Post or Neskatahéen, but had been foiled by an impassable road. I do not know whether our account of the trip somehow influenced Johnny's choice of this story as the first one he told us. According to him, the setting of the story is at Neskatahéen. Perhaps he also thought it was the most important story for us as young newcomers in bear country to know. Both Klukshu and Neskatahéen are notable for the numbers of bears found in the vicinity, because bears, like humans, are attracted by the salmon runs. We may well have been talking about bears, since they had been coming through the camp at night, but I lack notes on the precise conversation that preceded the telling of this story. Indeed this was the first real session we had with Johnny and we were quite uncertain about his reaction to note taking, so we did not write anything while he was telling it. Immediately after he left we put together from memory the version which follows.

Another possible reason for Johnny's choice of the story may have been, as Jake Jackson of Teslin pointed out to us, that it is a relatively short and self-contained unit—unlike the Crow cycle or the Smart Man sequence of episodes. Just before we left for Haines, Johnny had remarked that our absence for a few days would give him more time to think about which stories he would most like to tell us—evidence of his concern with his role as a teacher. In any case, this dramatic tale was often a first or second choice of other narrators too. In my 1970 monograph, which contains eleven other Yukon versions of "The Girl Who Married the Bear," I argue that its undoubted power lies in the ways that it touches on fundamental social and philosophical concerns of all Yukon Indians of the past.²⁰ It sets out guidelines for proper human behavior, especially that of young girls, both to other humans and to the powerful animals in the world. In doing this it reveals a great deal about the social and psychological stress of the interior and nearby coastal peoples.

Since the story is "short", it would also be suitable if the narrator were uncertain how long visiting anthropologists might be asking for stories, especially if they were young females who knew very little about bears.

Johnny's telling of the tale differs from others I heard in Yukon or know of from elsewhere in his saying that the young girl was carrying rhubarb rather than berries when she meets the bear disguised as a young man. He is also the only narrator to be specific about the species of brush the girl used to mark the winter den. More significant is any lack of reference to the girl having children or cubs. Was this another case of censoring the story for an audience of young white women—as I suggest may have happened with respect to some of his Crow stories? Or, did Johnny just not know what seems to be a crucial part of the story as told by all other narrators? It seems unlikely we remembered all that he told us. He did not mention either how the girl ultimately becomes a real bear and turns on her brothers.

Like all others who told the story, however, he does dwell on the difficulty the girl had overcoming her dislike of the odor of humans when she came back to camp. This is the first of the many other stories which emphasize at some point the sense of smell and is in keeping with the overall importance of smell in traditional Yukon hunting techniques.

Finally, Johnny's closing phrase—"That's the end of my story"—is a formula commonly used by older story tellers—particularly by Tlingit speakers such as Jake Jackson of Teslin, but it was rarely used by younger Yukon Indians.

3. The Girl Who Married the Bear July 25, 1948, Klukshu

This is a story my grandmother told me. It happened at Dalton Post.

Four young girls went out in the woods to pick berries.

They saw some bear droppings.

The last girl slipped on the droppings, and she said bad words to it.

They went home.

Soon after, they went up the hill a long ways from camp.

They were hunting rhubarb.

They got lots of rhubarb.

And they were packing it down to the old people in camp.

The last girl had such a big pack that she couldn't keep up with the others.

She was left far behind.

The three others returned to camp safely.

The fourth girl saw a handsome young man.

He talked to her, and she talked to him.

She was out of her mind.

The man was really a bear, but she thought he was a handsome young man.

They went along together for a long time.

Pretty soon they got married.

It was getting late.

It was October, and it was time for the bear to make a den.

He dug a den.

She marked it by hanging blackberry and willow branches real high.

The bear said, "Why did you make those marks?"

She said she had not made any marks.

But he said, "You have!" [Johnny commented "I don't know how he knew, he just knew."]

All the time the bear looked like a man.

But one night the girl woke up, and she saw that it was really a bear sleeping beside her.

She couldn't do any thing about it.

They went to sleep.

In January they heard a dog.

The bear's wife was sitting beside him.

He wanted to go after the dog.

He said to his wife, "I'm going to get that dog!"

He rushed out.

He threw the dog back into the den.

They [the girls' brothers] were all ready to kill him with their bows and arrows.

The arrows had long detachable heads.

In the old days they got copper from the Copper River Indians.

They killed the bear.

Then they sent the youngest brother up to get the copper arrow heads.

The girl was in the den.

She called out to him, "Are you my brother?"

He was afraid.

So she called him by his own name.

Then he was sure she was his sister.

She told her brother to tell her mother to bring her clothes. She was all hairy now—all over her body and limbs.

She was hairy like a bear, all up her front and up her back.

The boy went way back down where they had taken the bear.

He told his brothers about her
When they heard, they didn't want to eat the bear.
They went home.
They told the village about her.

Some of the people wanted to kill her.
But two of her brothers said, "No!"
They decided to go out and bring her back to the village.

So they took her clothes up to her.
They brought her in.
She had trouble getting used to the smell of humans.

She didn't like their smell.
When she first came down, she could hardly come close to camp, because the smell of humans was so strong.

Later, when they would look high up on the hillside, they would see something like a fire burning.

She would tell the people that they would find a bear there, and they would.

That's the end of my story.

4. The Flood Story

Just after having compared the baby Crow and baby Jesus (end of story 1b.) Johnny went on to mention the flood. Although he did not tell the full story, I include his summary for comparison with the fuller accounts by other informants since Flood stories are widespread among both interior and coastal Indians. This is a story which has still has enormous significance throughout the area, whether it is told to validate the antiquity of Native occupation of the land, to show the congruence of the Christian Bible and Native traditions, or even as a love story of the Noah-like builder of the raft and his wife. (See, for example, Jake Jackson, story no. 115).

4. The Flood Story August 29, 1954, Klukshu

Old people tell me they found a raft at Lake Arkell (Kusawa Lake) on a high mountain. At the head of Lake Arkell, [that mountain is called] 'a'OIyA kol "head skin stretched out."

That's where the raft was found.

I was hunting.

The old man showed me logs, big logs!

[They] stick out from the ground.

When the world was flooded [they used the raft].

There is one on this side of Atlin, [on] the high mountain.

They found a raft there too.

All the people go on the rafts.²¹



5. *The Discovery of Klukshu*

Johnny told this story first in 1948 and then again in 1954, but the latter version was very brief. Only in 1962 did I first learn from Albert Isaac of Aishihik that the Crows ultimately came to claim control of the fishing rights at Klukshu because the Wolf chief turned the country over to his [Crow] son. The point was made again in 1966 by Jessie (Mrs. Harry) Joe of the Champagne band (story no. 20), and implicitly, by Mary Jacquot of Burwash Landing (story no. 31) who each told a variant of the tale that appears in this volume.²² Johnny never told that part of the story. Nor does his account of Klukshu history refer to the tradition that the coastal people taught the Klukshu Indians how to make the kind of box traps for fishing that were then in use at Klukshu, something mentioned by Frank Smith of Klukshu in story no. 13, this volume.

The first time Johnny told about the discovery of Klukshu was immediately after he had finished telling us the story of the Girl Who Married the Bear. He evidently counted it as an important part of Klukshu history that he thought we should know. He retold it in 1954 when Frederica de Laguna and I had just arrived at Klukshu. This second telling was probably largely for Dr. de Laguna's benefit, so that she would also understand the history of how people acquired rights to Klukshu.



5 a. The Discovery of Klukshu (Version One) July 25, 1948, Klukshu

My grandmother told me how they found Klukshu.

They found it a long time ago.

And they all tell their children about it now.

Maybe the story is a thousand years old.

When the people used to hunt moose with a bow and arrow, they hunted all around here.

A moose got away from one man.

The man follows.

Then the moose goes in that creek [Klukshu Creek].

The moose crosses that creek.

The man follows the moose and comes to the creek.

This creek never freezes in the winter time, because there is a lot of spring water that is always coming into it.

That man follows up stream and tries to cross it.

He sees something in the water.

It was a fish.

He looked at it good.

It was a coho [salmon].

The coho stays here until about November.

This man had never seen this kind of fish before, but he knew it was a good thing.

Now he doesn't try to get across.

He goes back to camp.

He tells his mother,

"I see something down in the river—a big fish about that long" [indicating length].

Everybody talked about it.

They thought it was luck.

In the morning the people go down.

They make spears of bone tied onto poles.

That man says, "That's where I see it.

It's not there now.

It must have gone upstream."

They go upstream, maybe two or three miles.

There, in an eddy, they see a bunch of fish.

They spear them out.

They take them home to cook.

They are glad.

They build a village up there.

The man first found the fish about two miles down the stream.

Every time the men go down there, they spear fish.

They have plenty to eat.

They fix the traps in [the stream].

Not like this one [referring to the rectangular box traps then in use at Klukshu].²³

They were like a funnel made of hoops of twigs with twigs tied around the edges.

The end of each section was smaller than its mouth.

Finally the end was very small.

They tied this with split roots.

You keep the roots soaked all the time.

Then in the summer time, they set the traps.

The fish go in the traps.

The fish fill them all up.

Other people make other ones.

They put three traps right across the stream there.

And they got lots of fish.

The same way now.

People come a long ways [to stay there].

They have easy living here.



5 b. The Discovery of Klukshu (Version Two) August 30, 1954, Klukshu

Àkh Jiyish was the first man who found Klukshu.

He chases a moose across [Klukshu stream].

And he sees salmon.

But then he goes back to his people.

He tells the people, “I see some fish in the creek.”

The people went down there.

It was coho [salmon].

They got coho.

The people all moved down here.

And that’s when they found Klukshu.

The people stayed around, all around Dalton Post way, and down the creek, down the Alsek (*alsex*) River.

The rocky place, “on top of the rock,” (*t gyI’dayi*) is where he lived.

He stayed here in the winter, year round, in the summer and the winter.

[We went on to discuss Noogaayík, the Tlingit trading village on the upper Tatshenshini River, and later Johnny added:]

Àkh Jiyish didn’t know Noogaayík, and he is chasing moose.



6. *The Deisheetaan Beaver*

Johnny told this story on an August afternoon in 1954 when Frederica de Laguna and I visited the Frasers in their cabin. Johnny now assumed that we understood the Tlingit clan system. Johnny Johns to whom he refers at the start of his story was the ranking man of the Deisheetaan sib of the Crow moiety among the Tagish Indians. He sometimes came to Klukshu for salmon and was a friend of Johnny Fraser's.

It is interesting that Johnny located this story at Haines, Alaska, rather than at Basket Bay on Chichagof Island or Angoon, Alaska, where the coastal Tlingit, Tagish and Inland Tlingit usually localize it. Neither Tagish or Inland Tlingit tell about the Beaver spearing the chief before the town is flooded, although the coastal Tlingit do.²⁴ In Yakutat the Beaver crest and the story of the town's flooding belongs to the Galyix-Kaagwaantaan, a Wolf (or Eagle) clan—a fact the Tagish find very troubling since they tell it as a Deisheetaan clan story from the Crow 'side.'²⁵

6. The Deisheetaan Beaver August 29, 1954, Klukshu

Johnny Johns's brother got drowned in Haines.

That Johnny Johns has the Beaver [for a crest].

A Crow girl raised a beaver, just like her own child.

She had him in a little pond.

After a while he got bigger and bigger.

After a while he made [something] like a spear.

Everybody looked.

Nobody knew who made it.

Everybody goes into the chief's house.

No one knows who made [the spear].

Last, they gave it to the beaver.

The beaver looks at it.

He sits up like a man.

Finally he spears the chief with it.

All the bunch of people run after him.
The beaver went down in the water.
Ten minutes afterwards the whole town fell down.
All the town was flooded.

The only one saved was his mother.
She was a Crow girl.
That is why the Beaver belongs to the Crow Indians.

Johnny Johns has that Beaver.
I saw the Beaver Hat and Drum at Haines, [Alaska].
When it's party time, if his mother dies, he'll sing that song.²⁶ I don't know how many years [ago it happened].



7. Skookum Jim Finds Gold

Johnny told this story on the same afternoon when he told us about the Deisheetaan beaver. He had just finished the Flood Story and had given us a few words of vocabulary. Perhaps our efforts to pronounce the Athapaskan word for “pack it” reminded him of the crying baby of Wealth Woman, or he may simply have been thinking further of Johnny Johns and his Tagish relative Skookum Jim. Skookum Jim, he told us, was reputed to have discovered Klondike gold because when he was young he heard Wealth Woman’s baby crying. Johnny, who prided himself on his knowledge of Tlingit, apparently did not know the Tlingit name of Wealth Woman, which is *Tl’anaxéedákw*. His story is a bare summary of events and differs from Tagish and Inland Tlingit versions in details of chronology and place. In the end, Johnny seems to class her as a female “traveller”. Other versions of this story—including one told by Patsy Henderson, the Tagish man referred to by Johnny Fraser, appear later in this volume.²⁷

7. Skookum Jim Finds Gold August 29, 1954, Klukshu

“Aa..n” is the sound of the baby’s cry.
The people all got killed.
Only one woman was left.

She had a baby.

Then she took her brother's copper, anything of his that was good.

She started to walk.

She didn't know which way to go.

She's the one who travels. She is travelling yet.

When you hear that [sound of a baby crying], you have to go [if you want to get wealthy].

She has a baby, and she is packing it.

She has copper claws.

You grab the baby.

The woman has copper claws.

If she scratches you and you get a mark on you, oh, you will be worth a million dollars!

That's the way Skookum Jim found Dawson [where the gold was].

He didn't see [the woman] though, [but] he heard the baby.

If he had seen her, he would not have been broke when he died.

Skookum Jim is the last one to hear it.

Nobody hears the baby after that.

In '98 he hears that, 54 years ago—56—he hears that.

That same year at Dawson he strikes [gold, in 1896].

He hears [the baby] around here—at Tagish.

Patsy Henderson, he will tell you.

CMcC: "What was the woman's name?"

J.F. "Nobody knows how to call the lady."

8. The Fight Between the Dalton Post and the Snag People

One of the best known stories or cycle of stories among the Southern Tutchone is about a series of raids and counter raids between the Indians who used to make Neskatahéen their headquarters and some Indians from the upper White River area—usually referred to as "Snag People." The fullest versions of this saga were told to me in 1962-63 by the Southern Tutchone of Aishihik. When I first knew them, the Champagne people themselves were rather reticent about the event, since their ancestors were almost wiped out in a final battle. Lily Hume and Jessie Allan gave us a rather long account of it, but did not want us to write it down. Johnny Fraser was the only other member of the Champagne band who said anything much about the

war, and this was not until 1954, when he was with Frederica de Laguna and me. Again he gives only the barest essentials of the tale. Johnny meant the closing remarks of his story to explain why there are so few descendants of Dalton Post Indians.

De Laguna and I had already heard several accounts of the same “war” from Ahtna and Upper Tanana Indians in Alaska who frequently describe it as the “War between Alaska and Canada.” Incorporated into various versions of the story are motifs from “The Stolen Girl” and “Man Without Fire”, popular stories of the Gwichen of Alaska and Yukon and of other Yukon groups.²⁸

8. The Fight Between the Dalton Post and the Snag People

August 29, 1954, Klukshu

Neskatahéen [people] come to Dezadeash in the spring time.

[There was] a village [there, where they] all got killed.

Dezadeash village on Dezadeash Lake [at the outlet] was called Titl’at Män (end of the lake).

They go from Dalton Post (Neskatahéen) in spring time to get whitefish.

In the spring, before the salmon, they used nets and hooks.

Some people got killed.

That’s why there are few people here.

Snag People killed them.

One lady got saved.

Her mother put a dry skin on top [of her].

wut’ima’ is the girl’s name—[It’s] Mrs. Pringle’s name now.

The small pox came first.²⁹ Then they got killed [in the war].

All the people got killed in the war just like white people do now.

SUSIE PRINGLE

Susie Pringle³⁰ was a tiny elderly woman with round, wrinkled cheeks, snapping dark eyes, and a delightful sense of humor. She was probably born in or near Neskatahéen, later known as Old Dalton Post, sometime in the 1870's. Susie was a Gaanaxteidí woman of the Crow moiety. As Johnny Fraser explains in the previous story, her Tutchone name was *wut'ima'*, which was also the name of the only person who escaped the Snag Indian massacre on Dezadeash Lake. Whether it was Susie herself or—as is more likely—one of her ancestors I could never ascertain.

Susie's father was the "Ick Ars'" (*IxhAs'*) sketched by Glave in 1890, and claimed by Johnny Fraser as a maternal grandfather.³¹ His English name was Jimmy Kundawat. Some said that he was the head of Butterfly House, belonging to the Dakl'aweidí or K'tlèmbet clan of the Wolf moiety. Others declared that Ick Ars was the head of Thunderbird House of the Wolf moiety. Butterfly House was rebuilt at Neskatahéen by Paddy Duncan (*Qadesin* or *Q'adesin*),³² and is still standing although the entire settlement had been abandoned by 1948. Its architecture, with a bay window on either side of the front door, is almost identical with that of Butterfly House in Klukwan on the coast. A fourth Butterfly House, built by Mrs. Pringle's son-in-law, David Hume, stands at the junction of the Haines Road and Mile 1016 of the Alaska Highway.³³

As a young girl, Susie had walked one summer down the Alsek River to visit Tlingit communities at both Dry Bay and Yakutat in Alaska. She often told her daughter how beautiful she thought it was when the mountains suddenly opened up to reveal the tidal flats and ocean and how spectacular it is when the "sun goes right down in the ocean."

I learned very little directly from Susie about her early life. According to one informant she married Jack Dalton soon after he arrived at Neskataheén and built a store a mile south of the Indian settlement. Dalton was the notorious entrepreneur who, with the journalist Glave, was one of the first white men to penetrate Southern Tutchone country.³⁴

Dalton is also credited with having an Indian wife from near Lake Marsh, whom I believe to be a different person from Susie. In any event, Susie later married Jack Pringle, a member of the Northwest Mounted Police stationed at Pleasant Camp on the border between Alaska and British Columbia.

While Dorothy Rainier and I were at Klukshu in the summer of 1948, Susie was living in small tent near her raised log cache. She was helped out by a young grandson. Most of the time she kept busy smoking moose skins, sewing and setting rabbit snares. We did not see a great deal of her until she had tramped on a nail and we were called upon to try to cure the infection that followed. She was not at Klukshu in 1949, and I saw her once more only briefly in 1954 when Fredrica de Laguna and I picked her up from her meat camp on the Haines Road some miles south of Klukshu and took her down to Dalton Post to spend the day picking berries with her two friends, Lily Hume and Jessie Allen whose stories appear later in this volume.

In spite of her long association with English speaking white men, Susie's command of English remained limited and we sometimes found her difficult to follow.



9. *Crow Stories*

Susie Pringle stepped on a rusty nail the 25th of July, 1948, and her wound became badly infected. At the request of Chief Johnny Fraser, Dorothy and I went to see if we could help her, and we spent almost all of July 27th soaking her badly swollen foot in hot water and Epsom salts. As we sheltered under her raised log cache from a steady drizzle, we kept the fire going to heat the water, and Susie told us the following sequence of Crow stories. Her narration was apparently a kind of repayment for our efforts to treat her foot which did, in fact, heal in a few days. During most of the time we spent with Susie, her young grandson, aged about seven, helped with fetching wood and water; I did not note down whether he listened to the story telling, but I believe that he did. Several older women also gathered at her camp while she was telling the stories, and they helped her with the English. They also made occasional comments to each other in Tutchone, laughing among themselves particularly at the end of the story about Crow's adventures on the Chilkat Pass when Crow's wife is somehow rejuvenated.

Susie referred to Crow by his Athapaskan name, Tsürk'í, but she specifically stated that the first story, below, is a "Klukwan" or coastal Tlingit story. Her Crow stories indeed guide her listeners along a route to the coast, based perhaps on the trip she made down the Alsek River to Yakutat when she was a young girl, but they do not closely parallel Johnny Fraser's sequence of Crow stories except at the end.

All of the tales we recorded with Susie were told on this single occasion. Susie's difficulty in speaking English undoubtedly affected the length of her stories which are very abbreviated. My guess is that she was appreciated as an excellent raconteur in her own language; at any rate her audience of older women and neophyte anthropologists hugely appreciated her efforts.

9 a. Crow Gets Fire July 27, 1948, Kluksku

At Salt Lake there was a fire.

Tsürk'í [Crow] didn't have any fire.

He wanted some.

He can't get there by himself.

He is too high-toned.

So he tells the bird to go get it.

It was a little hawk.

He had a long bill.

Tsürk'í tied a piece of willow—it was green willow—around his bill.
And he put a piece of wood in the bill.

The little hawk stuck his bill with the wood into the fire.
The wood caught fire.
The fire was a green wood fire.
Then the little bird got the fire and flew back to Ts'ürk'í.
On the way back, he got burned all brown around his nose.
And he had just a little bit of bill left.

9 b. Crow and the Eulachon Grease July 27, 1948, Klukshu

Crow had two cooks.
[One was] 'Ashil'e ('*acil'E*).
And another man, named Tsauquel, who was a fisherman.
He had a bed, and he stayed there.

And the boys cooked eulachon oil—ten cans full.
He drank all ten cans at once.
Crow got in this big box.
It was the first one.
He stayed there one day.

The cooks put the lid down.
They tied it tight.
There were no nails.

The two boys took this box up the mountain.
Then they turned it loose.
They did this down the [Alsek] river.
Half way down, the box broke open.
Then he [Crow] flew away.
You can see the place near Yakutat.
I saw it when I was fifteen.

9 c. Crow Sees the Woman's Steps that Turned to Stone

July 27, 1948, Klukshu

Down the [Alsek] River, at a place ten miles wide, Crow saw this woman sitting across the river.

He saw the steps where she went across.

There were big ones where she stepped and little ones where her dog walked behind her.

The stones stood up like Indians.

I saw those steps.

9 d. Crow and the Seagulls July 27, 1948, Klukshu

Crow saw a lot of seagulls one time.

Maybe there were two hundred.

9 e. Crow and the Big Wind July 27/48, Klukshu

Crow came.

No one fed him eulachon grease.

He said, "I wish you would come here!" to the big wind.

9 f. Crow Gets Water July 27, 1948, Klukshu

Crow stole water from a man.

The man chased him.

Crow got in the man's house.

The man kept him there for nine months.

All the time the Crow kept the water.

Finally Crow got away.

He has always been black since then.

[Susie never specifically stated that Crow got black from being stuck in the smoke hole.]

This is how water got in the world.

Crow threw it around and dropped it.

He must have spit twice to make the lakes.

This is a Klukwan story.

9 g. Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass July 27, 1948, Klukshu

Crow discovered the Chilkat Pass.

He was the first one to go over it.

Somewhere near the [Canadian] Customs—on the other side—Crow fell.

He fell so hard his cane pushed a hole right through the mountain.

You can still see through this hole.

You can't see this place from the road.

Crow built a house of stone.

It was like a tent.

There were big flat stones for the roof.

Crow got married many times.

When he got tired of his wives, he just left them.

One time when Crow and his wife were coming across the Chilkat Pass, she got very tired.

She said her eyes hurt from the smoke.

So Crow built a house.

Next morning when she woke up she felt good.

She felt like a sixteen year old!³⁵



10. The People Learn About Sunday

Although this story was told as the end of the sequence of Susie's Crow stories, it compares most closely to Frank Smith's story of *Naskah* (story no. 14), so I have not included it with Crow stories in spite of the opening sentence. That sentence may, however, be integral to the story in the sense that Susie was trying to make clear the prior activity of Crow over God as a creator of the Indian world.

10. The People Learn About Sunday July 27, 1948, Klukshu

Crow made all the world around here.

There was a very old, old man who was blind.

A young girl lived with him.

She didn't care much what she did.

She brought the old man some hot food.

He came out to get it.

She pushed his hand into it, so that it got burned.

Then the people saw him walk away from camp.

He didn't come back that night.

He didn't come back for a whole week.

On Friday, maybe Saturday, he came back.

He had come to a stream.

He washed in it, his eyes too.

Then he was able to see, and he seemed younger.

He came back to camp then.

He told the people all about heaven and Sunday.

They never knew about it before.

He left again on that Sunday night, and they never saw him again.

FRANK SMITH

Frank Smith was an elder of the Wolf moiety, probably of the Shangukeidí clan. His real or classificatory paternal grandfather,³⁶ Ick Ars (*'IkhAs'*), as we heard in the previous section, was a K'etlèmbet chief at Neskatahéen and may have been the head of Butterfly House. In any event, Frank counted him as the "biggest man in Klukshu for the Wolf people." Glave published a sketch of him perhaps based on a photograph, but older Champagne Indians who knew him—Johnny Fraser, Maggy Jim and Jimmy Kane—declared that the picture was not an accurate likeness.³⁷

Frank's mother was evidently a Tlingit woman from Klukwan, and Frank boasted to us of his ability to speak Tlingit, declaring that he could even understand a story in that language if the narrator did not go "too fast." He also claimed to know Chinook jargon. His usual language was Southern Tutchone, but he also spoke English quite well.

Frank first married a sister of Johnny Fraser's mother, both daughters of Chief *'IkhAs'*. Later he married in succession two sisters from Fort Selkirk who spoke Northern Tutchone. I do not know how many children he had, all told, but one son, Tom Smith, lived at Haines Junction in 1963. A step-son named Alec lived part of the time at Aishihik in 1963, but when Aishihik was abandoned in 1964 he and his family moved to Haines Junction.

Frank seems to have spent most of his life in the upper Alsek drainage, but a high point in his life was walking with a party to Yakutat when he was a boy "to bring back some fun", by which he meant songs and dances. Perhaps he went on the same trip that Susie Pringle remembered. Frank also made long visits to his coastal relatives at Klukwan.

An active hunter, trapper and prospector, Frank still went bear hunting in the summers of 1948 and 1949. Although he had the only cabin on the east bank of the stream at Klukshu then, he and his wife spent most of the summer in a tent and a brush shelter attached to his fish rack on the west bank. By 1966 his cabin on the east bank had disappeared and young cottonwoods were growing up where it once stood.

I believe that as the ranking Wolf in camp, Frank may have seen Johnny Fraser as something of a rival. The two men never came to our cabin together and we saw rather less of Frank than of Johnny. However, he was a willing informant who described old customs and told us several stories with gusto. Probably because he had not had as much long term contact with whites as Johnny, his English was rather difficult to follow. He preferred, if possible, to have another Wolf man with him to help with the language but did not hesitate to tackle a long story on his own. I begin here with the series of stories he told about the transformer *Äsùya* (Smart Man or Beaver Man), stressing how humans might have perished had *Äsùya* not reduced in size those who were killing them and told them what to eat. Frank did not tell us any Crow stories.



Figure 3. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, Klukshu, Yukon Territory, 1948.



11. *Äsùya Stories (Smart Man or Beaver Man)*

Frank informed Dorothy Rainier and me on August 7, 1949, that the next day he intended to tell us a story about the Smart Man or Äsùya who had lived at the beginning of the world. In his preview, he stressed that Äsùya's great feat had been to kill off all the bad animals who had been eating humans in the early days. At that time the animals were all very big—eagles, for example, being as large as airplanes. The Otter Woman was far and away the most evil of them all, and she tanned the skins of her human victims. He explained that after killing the large adult animals, Äsùya then talked to all the “small, little ones,” (the children of the grown animals) telling them how to behave and what they should eat in the future. “[Because] Äsùya was the smartest man, everything is good now.”

On the same occasion Frank referred briefly to other “old stories” he knew. One was about a huge man-eating owl who made tracks that are still visible on the side of a mountain southwest of Klukshu. Another was about Devil-fish (the term for killer whales) who used to give potlatches to other salt water creatures. However, of these old stories, Frank actually told us only about Äsùya. He did this rather late in the evening on his return from several days of hunting. That morning I had found his wife alone in her brush shelter and had split some firewood for her, since she complained of being cold during the night. Frank's visit, which he made specifically to tell the story, may have been in the nature of a payment. He arrived on our doorstep immediately after his return and a short visit elsewhere in camp. It took about two hours for Frank to tell the story and when he had finished he was rather reluctant to leave, because of the loud hooting of an owl. He explained that the owl was probably portending some misfortune, but finally he bravely stepped out into the dark.

In spite of his limited English, and although there was no younger person there to help him, Frank managed to convey the excitement of the cycle and to present Äsùya as a real hero eager to fill the world with humans, safe from the early man-eaters.



11 a. Äsùya and the Man-Eating Wolverines August 10, 1949, Klukshu

Äsùya is the name of the man I am going to talk about.

There were people ahead of him.

These people went hunting, but they would not come back home.

A person would go hunting, and another person would go up there to look for him.

And they would not come back.

Then another man would go, and so on.

Finally Äsùya said, “Let me try. I’ll go up and see what is wrong there.”

He followed the people [who had gone before].

He saw their trail.

They all went up a big hill. It was steep.

The people went up this hill. He saw their tracks, and he followed them.

He saw where they camped and so on.

By and by he got to the top of the hill and looked down.

He wondered what was the matter with the people, why they did not go up on the other side.

About half way down the hill he saw a slippery place.

It was a kind of a sliding place.

That was the place that the people had slid down.

He looked down there, and he saw something that was sticking up.

It was way down the hill.

He didn’t know what it was.

He looked around.

There was a good place along side the slippery place where people could go down by.

He went around until finally he got there.

It was all copper knives, and they were very sharp.

They were just sticking up at the bottom of the slide.
From the hill he could see how the people had gone down.
But none of the people had gone past the point with the copper knives.
The knives were sharp and that wide [hand's breadth].
They were all across the path at the rock slide place.
All the people ahead of him had got caught there.

He wondered why this had happened.

He sat down there.

He wished he could see way down the hill.

He looked.

By and by Āsùya saw a man walking up the hill.

He was far away.

Āsùya took one of the knives and stuck it into his clothes as if it had killed him.

He put the knife in his clothes.

Then he hit his nose, and it bled.

He played as if he was dead.

He wanted to find out what the man wanted.

Āsùya was smart.

Āsùya looked, but he kept his eyes [almost] shut.

The man came up the hill.

Āsùya heard him talking.

He saw that something was caught on the knives that he owned.

My, he was surprised that something was on it!

“Ah. There is something on it—on my sharp knives!”

He was glad that he had gotten something to eat.

Āsùya looked just a little bit.

When the man came close he just held his breath and played as though he were really dead.

Oh, gosh, the man was surprised that he had gotten something!

Well, Āsùya watched him.

He took Āsùya off the knife and fixed the knife up good again.

Then he tied Āsùya up and made a good pack.

Gosh, it was a heavy pack!

That was the wolverine who did that.

He packed Āsùya home.

He had a wife. The old wolverine had a wife.

She said, “Throw down that man!”

He just threw Āsùya down in camp.

There was lots of meat drying there.

It was people’s meat—the people who had come before Āsùya.

Āsùya thought, “I wish he would lose his knife!”

Just like that the wolverine’s knife was gone.

Āsùya wished that the wolverine would lose his knife for good.

He had no chance to do anything yet.

The wolverine and his wife looked for a stick to use as a club.

There was a young wolverine boy there.

This child looked at Āsùya, and he saw Āsùya looking.

“Daddy, he looked! He looked! He looked!”

The big wolverine got mad.

He scared his son, and he slapped him.

He said, “With that kind of big knife through his mouth, do you think a man could live?”

Then Āsùya saw a stick that he could use for a club himself.

He got up quickly, grabbed the stick.

He struck the wolverine on the back of the head.

Next he hit the wolverine’s wife good.

He hit the child too before he ran away.

That man got the four young ones too. He hit them good.

Well, he killed them.

He saw the meat all drying there, hanging up just the way we hang fish.

The wolverine’s wife had a big belly on her.

And Āsùya didn’t know what it was.

He saw the wolverine man’s knife lying right there, and he grabbed this knife.

He turned the wolverine wife around and cut her belly open quick.

My gosh, three young wolverines came out from there [indicates about an arm's length in size].

They climbed up a tree.

Äsüya had a good bow and arrow that time.

He sat down under the tree and tried to think of the best way to kill the young wolverines.

He took his arrows out. He had a case for them on his left side.

As soon as Äsüya shot an arrow, the young wolverine said, "You go off up to that side!"

And the arrow did.

The man tried his bow and arrow again.

It was just like a gun for him.

It happened again.

The little wolverine told the arrow to go around to the other side, and it did.

Äsüya was going to burn up the tree.

He put dry brush around the tree.

He couldn't light it.

The young wolverine said, "Don't start! Don't start!"

Äsüya couldn't kill the young wolverine.

He was going to beat him, but he couldn't.

He couldn't climb the tree.

He couldn't beat this little wolverine.

Well, he turned around, and he saw a rabbit.

He hit all the rabbits he saw there, and he watched the wolverine.

Äsüya called the rabbits.

He made a sound just like a rabbit's cry, and a whole bunch of rabbits came.

He shot them all with his bow and arrow.

Then he brought them and left them under the tree.

Now he talked to the wolverine, "This one you can eat. Don't eat people now.

You eat this kind of thing I put under the tree. You eat grouse and rabbits!"

He went away.



11 b. Äsùya and the Otter Woman August 10, 1949, Klukshu

Äsùya went a long ways.

He went a long ways.

He went up, and he came to a big lake.

“I wish I had a boat here. I wish I had a canoe!”

He turned around, and right there was a boat.

He just turned around and saw it there.

It was big enough for one man.

He had a gopher blanket, that man, Äsùya.

He slept on it. He just had one.

He paddled the canoe.

He wanted to go to the shore.

It had high banks.

He saw white stuff moving, and he did not know what it was.

He looked at the thing moving around.

And it looked just as if somebody were tanning something.

He looked.

He thought, “I’m going to see that!”

He landed his boat.

He landed his boat, and he went up there.

There was a little trail there.

He saw a nice looking girl—a pretty girl.

He thought something must be wrong.

He sat down and talked to her. “My, you have a nice skin here! What kind is it?”

She said, “Oh, it’s just something.”

He went closer.

He had taken off his blanket and put it in the water of the lake to get it wet.

Then he held it there, carrying it against himself.

He said, “Gee, I’m drowned! My blanket is wet.”

He was fooling then.

“I wish I could dry my blanket now!” He was twisting it.

My gosh, my head aches too!”

He was just fooling.

“I wish I could get a drink of cold water some place. What place do you get it?

Down there?”

The girl said that she would go get the water.

“No, I’ll go myself.”

“No!” that woman said.

Finally Āsùya said, “Go ahead!”

He was wishing to see what kind of skin it was that the girl was tanning.

It had long arms and legs.

It was people’s skin!

He didn’t know what kind of person this girl was.

The girl ran back.

Gee, she was pretty! Her face was painted a nice colour of blue—nice and blue.

Just two lines from the nose to the side of the face.

She was nice and clean too.

He knew that skin [was a human’s]. He was thinking about it.

She brought back the water.

It was hot water she brought.

Where did she get that hot water?

He thought, “I think that girl belongs to the water. That water is too hot!”

“Now”, he said, “I’ll get myself some cold water. I can’t drink this.

It’s too hot.”

He knew there was something in the water.

“I think I’ll go down to the lake and get it myself.”

He took his blanket.

It was still wet.

“I’ll go to the boat and put my blanket there. Then I’ll come back to you,” he said.

She said, “Good. I’ll cook something for you.”

He was afraid.

He said that his head ached and he did not feel like eating.

He held his head.

And he went down to the boat and put his blanket there.

He got into the boat quietly and went away.

He went about a hundred yards down the lake.

And then he went up on the hill where the woman was.

Then she threw something at him.

“Right there for you!” she said.

By and by he heard something under the boat.

It was scratching under the boat.

He did not know what was wrong.

He put his paddle quickly under the boat.

It was a young mink, dead.

He had killed the mink with his paddle.

The girl had thrown the mink under the boat.

Then the boat would get full of water and sink.

The man killed all the mink that were under the bottom of the boat.

They were all dead.

By and by he went a little ways, and he saw an island there.

He thought, “I’ll land here.”

He wanted to eat some of his own food that time.

He didn’t want to eat anybody else’s food.

He was wise.

He knew enough to eat his own food.

He thought about that girl.

It was nighttime, and he was sitting there at night.

By and by he dried his blanket, and he slept.
It felt to him like somebody's hand feeling around his face.
He felt it.
He threw his blanket back quickly—like that.
The girl had come and slept by him.
He did not feel it when she came up there.
Then she felt around his face and hands.
He pretended that he was a sick man. He groaned.
Gee, that girl was sleeping. She had nothing on.
He pretended that he was a sick man.
He knew that it was the same girl.
She had the same paint on her face.
“It's too bad,” he thought.
He was just fooling that he was sick.
“I'm pretty near dead,” he said just to fool her.
“You sleep here,” he said. “I can't do anything. I'm cold. I'll fix a fire,” he said.
He was thinking before that somehow that girl would come.
He had seen something under his boat.
He didn't know [that she was an otter].
He did not find out what it was [that she had been under his boat in her otter form].
“Gee, I'm sick. I want to sit by the fire.” He groaned.
He found a big strong stick for a club, and he fixed a good fire too.
He blew the fire up good.
The club was about five feet long.
He told the girl to sleep. She had no clothes on.
He sat by the fire where he could grab the stick easily.
He pretended that he was fixing the fire.
He grabbed the club, and he hit her on the back of the head.
And it was just as if he saw an otter there.
There was a female otter there, and she was all furry.
He killed her for good; he clubbed her hard.

That otter had something on her—just a little bump on her.
He took his knife.
He saw something move there.
He opened the bump with his knife, and otters came out.
They jumped into the water.
Four of them came out and jumped into the water.
They came out of her belly.
They just stuck their heads out of the water, and the man could not kill them.

It was just like the young wolverines—he just couldn't get them.
He called to them, "Come on, let me see you close! You beat me.
I'm not going to try to do anything to you now."
They stuck up their heads.
"You just eat fish. Don't eat any humans.
It's no good for you to do that. I need lots of people for this world.
It's no good for you to eat people."
"All right," the otters said.

Äsùya went to his boat in the morning, and went along in his boat again.
He had hit the otter and killed her.
There were no more big otters.
That big otter and the big wolverine had cleaned up almost all of the people [by eating them].



11 c. Äsùya and the Eagles August 10, 1949, Klukshu

Äsùya went on a little ways.
He saw a big high bluff of rocks right by a lake.

He saw something there right on the rocks on top of a hole.

He saw it right on the edge of the bluff.

What kind of thing was that?

He went in his boat easy.

He went to see what it was.

He wanted to find out what kind of thing was there.

It looked like there was a man sitting down.

“There must be somebody there. I think there must be something bad up there.

I wonder what is the best way to get there.”

He climbed up.

He saw an eagle there.

The eagle was just as big as those we see now.

Āsùya saw people’s bones there around where the eagle was sitting.

He asked the eagle, “What are you doing here?”

“Well, my mother went up.”

“How soon will she be back?”

“My mother will be back pretty soon.

A big wind blows whenever my mother comes back.”

“Where do you live?”

“In a big tree.”

There was a big tree close by.

There was a nest in it.

There was a big nest where the young eagles were sitting.

There were bones of all sorts and [human] skulls there that someone had eaten.

“How long before your mother is coming back?”

“Tonight I think,” the young eagle said, “Pretty soon.”

Āsùya made himself a place in the nest.

He put something in the hair on the back of his head.

He tied it into his long hair.

It was something like a spear made of iron.

He got down under the nest, and he made a place so it [the spear] would stick up there.

Then the south wind came, a big south wind and snow.
He thought, "The mother is coming back now."
She was a huge eagle.
She had half a person.
Half of the body was gone.
Maybe she had eaten it.
The legs were gone, but the head was still on.
As soon as the eagle landed, she said, "Somebody's eyes have been here."
"No," said the young eagle, "I think it is the eyes of the person you just brought.
His eyes are open."
The young bird moved back.
The mother eagle landed right on the sharp point that Āsùya had there.
It went up her backbone, and went right through.
He was a pretty strong man, that Āsùya.
He did it a second time quickly.
The bird flew down and dropped way down in the timber.
He knew that he had hit her and killed her for good.
"How long before your daddy is coming back?" [Āsùya asks the young eagle.]
"My daddy comes back after my mother. He comes with the north wind and snow."
"Don't tell on me," Āsùya said to the young eagle.
"The same way you said to your mother, you say the same way to your daddy.
I am going to save you," he told the little eagle.
Āsùya sat down again.
The father eagle came back.
There was north wind and snow when he came back.
He was bigger than the first eagle.
He had half a person. He had the legs of this person.
It was a woman that he brought back.
"What's the matter? Where's your mother?"
"My mother didn't come back."
"What's the matter?"

“I don’t know.”

The father flew around [and down?].

Äsùya stuck the iron thing up again quickly.

He stuck it up, and he killed the eagle.

It flew down just the same way as before, down into the timber.

You could see it, because it was a big animal.

Sometimes it would bring back a whole sheep just like it was nothing.

Äsùya said to the young eagle, “What are you going to eat?

Are you going to eat somebody again?”

The eagle said, “I don’t know.”

Äsùya said, “It’s no good for you to do that — to eat people.

We are going to be short of people if you do that. I’ll show you what to eat.”

He did the same way that he did for the young wolverine.

He got rabbits and gophers and everything for the young eagles.

Whatever animal that he thought of, he got quickly.

Maybe he was Jesus.

Maybe he was God, I don’t know.

He got the animals quickly.

He got rabbits.

And he brought them back to the young eagles.

“Now you eat these kinds of things. Now don’t eat too much, or you will kill them all off.

Don’t you grow too much. You stay the same size that you are now.”

So the young eagles stayed just the size that eagles are now.

The owl was a big animal too, one time.

Now the eagles were taken care of.

The young eagles agreed to eat what Äsùya had told them to.

“If you eat somebody, I’m going to kill you, and there will be no more eagles!” he told them.



11 d. Āsùya and the Bears August 10, 1949, Klukshu

Āsùya walked some place.

And he walked around and he saw a girl.

And he saw the girl's daddy too.

Gee, she was a pretty girl!

Āsùya wanted to find out what kind of people they were.

He stayed there.

That man said, "Do you want to have me for a father-in-law?"

Āsùya said, "Well, I don't know."

"Well," the man said, "Do you want to get married to my daughter?"

Well, Āsùya thought that he didn't want to get fooled by these people.

"I want to find out what kind of people they are," he thought.

So he said, "All right."

Well, he stayed with her, but he stayed in his own robe.

The woman was sleeping right there, but he didn't touch her at all.

He was afraid.

He didn't sleep well.

He was watching her all of the time.

The woman said, "Do you want to camp some place?"

Her daddy said that there was a place far away where the woman wanted to camp out.

She was about seventeen years old. She was already a woman [i.e., sexually mature].

Āsùya knew it.

After a while, just across on the side hill, he saw a big grizzly bear walking around there.

The man said, "Look at that bear! I want that bear," he said.

That bear was walking around and eating berries.

“You go get him. He’s good to eat, that thing,” the man told Āsùya.

The man called the name of the bear that time.

Āsùya did not know bear before that time. The man said that it was good to eat.

Āsùya didn’t know what was wrong there.

He wanted to find out.

The bear was walking on the side hill eating berries.

“You get him right away!”

The man gave Āsùya something.

He gave him small fire weeds [plants], and he tied a little bone on to them.

He did this for Āsùya [i.e., he gave Āsùya an ineffectual weapon].

Āsùya had something in the hair on the back of his neck too.

He went around to the bear.

“I’ll go with you,” the man said. “I see that bear all the time on the hill, but I can’t get it.”

He wanted something to eat. [The bear wanted to eat Āsùya.]

But the man couldn’t fool Āsùya.

Āsùya said, “I can see it down on the hill.”

“No, I’ll go with you,” the man said. “I kill bears with that thing I gave you.”

Āsùya thought, “The bear is going to kill me.”

He took the thing from his neck, and he fixed it up quick.

The other man was down below.

Āsùya went above the bear.

He found a good strong tree, and he made a spear.

He had his bow and arrow too.

He tried the thing that the man had given him.

“You throw it like that,” the man said.

Āsùya tried it.

It was no good.

“I had better hit him before I fool around,” Āsùya thought.

He took his own bow and arrow. He had a strong one.

He got as close to the bear as he could.

He went down the hill, and he got to the bear.

He gave the bear a good shot right at the first.

The bear just fell down and hollered like a person, “Help me, daddy!

He hurt me badly!”

It was the girl, his wife.

She ate people.

The girl had already killed many men this way, but Āsùya killed her.

He gave her another good one, and another.

The father bear couldn’t get even with Āsùya.

He couldn’t hold on to him. Āsùya jumped away.

He was too fast.

Āsùya was so smart that they couldn’t fool him.

He straightened up the world that time.

This was the last one now—that bear.

Now Āsùya ran.

That man followed him.

He turned into a bear, the father-in-law.

Āsùya ran around. He ran all over.

The bear followed him.

He had no chance to do anything, but the bear couldn’t catch him.

He tried to escape by climbing a tree, but in fifteen minutes the bear chewed the tree trunk through.

Āsùya jumped down.

Finally he jumped into the water.

He swam.

He swam around and around in that place.

The bear tried to jump into the water.

Āsùya dived.

He went a long way under the water, and then he stuck up his head.

The bear just stayed there when Āsùya dived.

Äsùya saw the bear there.

There was a portage there between two lakes.

The bear almost caught Äsùya there.

The bear had made a kind of snare. He made it out of skin.

He put it in at the portage.

That time the bear said, “No more of this world for you, Äsùya!

I am going to snare you!”

Äsùya heard the bear.

Äsùya found a little stick just lying under the water.

He rolled his blanket around the stick, and he stuck it all in the snare.

The bear thought that he had caught Äsùya that time.

He said, “No more you are in this world, Äsùya! I got you! I snared you!”

Äsùya heard him talking some place.

He was just floating up under something, and he heard the bear.

He swam under the water, and he stuck his head up near the shore.

He took his bow and arrow.

The bear looked at the snare.

There was only a little stick there, nobody in it.

Gosh, he got mad that time! Mad as hell!

Besides that, he had lost his daughter. He was sorry about that.

But that bear had been eating people, so Äsùya beat him.

The bear thought that he would drink up all the water—drain the lake so that it would be dry.

By and by the bear hollered, “South wind! South wind! South wind!”

He called the south wind, you see.

By and by it came up.

Äsùya stuck his head up near the shore some place, and he could see it coming.

He listened.

“You drink up all this water,” said the bear.

The south wind drank it.

He drank it; he drank it; he drank it.

The water became low.

The lake was getting dry.

Āsùya thought that the south wind should be full by now.

He wanted to have some water there. He had gotten tired of running.

That was why he had gone into the water.

Now he had to stay pretty nearly in one place.

The bear had pretty nearly beaten him.

Āsùya was scared.

He thought of how he could save himself.

The south wind had drunk until there was only a little, little lake.

Near the shore there was a lot of grass and moss.

Āsùya covered himself with this so that the bear would not see him.

Now the bear started to look for him, but he couldn't find him.

He scratched for the man all over the lake, and in the moss.

Have you heard of that little bird with the long, long nose? It is called tadia (snipe).

There were some of these birds called tadia close to Āsùya.

Āsùya talked to one of them.

"Do you see that man who is full, just rolling around there?"

He was shining so that you could see through him just like glass.

He was big. He was all full of water.

"You stick that nose of yours in his stomach," Āsùya told the bird.

"Make it burst."

The bear was pretty close now.

He was still digging in the moss.

"You stick it quick!" Āsùya told the bird.

That little thing just fooled around the South Wind Man as if he were not paying any attention.

Then all of a sudden he stuck him.

As soon as he stuck his bill in the man's stomach, it just burst.

There was water all over. The lake was full of water again.

The bear just made it to the shore.

Äsùya swam to the portage.

The bear was mad. He couldn't do anything now.

Äsùya talked to the bear that time, "Bear, don't you eat anything [human] now! I beat you!

If I want to, I can kill you.

You eat gopher and groundhog and anything now.

Don't eat anything [human]!"

Now this time bear is still the same size, but he just eats groundhogs and gophers.

"Well," that bear said, "You turn into beaver! You beat me. You turn into beaver, Äsùya!"

So Äsùya turned into beaver.

He was a wise man, and that is why beaver is so smart.

He finished off all the bad animals, and then after that, he turned into that beaver.

This is an old story. It is about a thousand years old.

12. The Seven Stars or the Big-Headed Man

Frank told this story to me on the evening of August 23, 1948, at Klukshu. I had walked into Klukshu from the Haines Road to pick up some gear that Dorothy Rainier and I had left behind when she became ill. Although it was a snowy day, the camp was totally deserted. It turned out that everyone was up in the mountains hunting groundhogs and bear. By evening, however, several families had returned, and Frank Smith with Pardon Kane, a somewhat younger Wolf man, came over to my cabin expressly to tell me stories. Perhaps it is significant that Chief Johnny Fraser—a Crow—was still away, so that Frank, as eldest man in camp at the time and the Wolf head man, felt responsible for me. After he had finished telling his stories and had gone home, he ordered some young girls to bring me firewood, which I badly needed because I had no axe. This was another act of courtesy befitting his age and rank.

When Frank and Pardon first arrived, I tried to check out some kin terms from Burwash Landing, another Southern Tutchone settlement, but Frank soon became very restive, since the purpose of his visit was to tell the following story. He had brought Pardon to help him with the English.

The seven stars in question in this tale form the constellation Euroamericans know as the Big Dipper or Ursus Major, and the arrow of the story is the faint star by Epsilon in the Dipper handle. Frank's economical but careful choice of detail, such as the man taking a squirrel nest from the tree so he could sit on it, vividly builds up a sense of the cold moonlit nights when the action takes place.

Frank learned the story from his paternal grandfather. In 1963, I heard a quite similar version from Eddy Isaac of Aishihik whose wife was a sister of Frank's wife. Both of them, like Frank himself, came originally from the Northern Tutchone community of Fort Selkirk. So

perhaps this story is best known to Northern Tutchone. I never heard it from any other Southern Tutchone.



12. The Seven Stars or the Big-Headed Man August 23, 1948

The people a long time ago made a camp in winter time.

[One of] the people cut down small spruce trees to catch rabbits.

They still use this way to catch rabbits.

They put snares where there is a runway and they use spring poles.

Now he put snares under as many spruce trees as he cut down.

In the morning he looked for how many rabbits [he had caught].

My gosh! All the snares were sprung!

They were full of [rabbit] hairs, but no rabbits.

The snares were all the same.

He came home to camp.

He says, "I didn't get any.

[My snares] all are full of hairs, but the rabbits are all gone!"

He knows there were rabbits.

The rabbits are gone.

The second night, all the same.

He doesn't know what happened.

The third night, he tried again.

Finally the young man took a bow and arrow with a sharp bone point.

He makes a place under a tree.

There is a squirrel nest in the tree.

He puts it under him to sit in the snow.

It is moonlight.

Right in the middle of the snares he watched that night [to see] what was done to the snares.

He was right close to the snares.

He sits down a little while.

The rabbits are caught in the snares.

It is 60 [degrees F] below [zero]—cold!

By and by he saw someone come.

Gee! A big man!

He had a big head.

It was moonlight.

Pretty close he watched him.

He has got his bow and arrow ready.

Maybe about ten feet away [he was] watching him.

The rabbits choke in the snares.

He is ready.

By and by he sees the man.

No noise, nothing, when he comes.

No noise!

There was a rabbit that high [the height of a standing man's shoulder].³⁸

There was a big head on the man.

He had a big pack of rabbits.

The man sounded like an owl, "Hu, hu!"

He touched like this [reaches out as if to take a rabbit from the snare].

The rabbit is frozen in the snare and is hard to take off [ordinarily], but it comes off easy, like nothing whenever he says, "Hu, hu."

At the same time, the man shot him right through the backbone.

He made a noise.

Gee, that man who got shot, he said,

"You look for me to the north tomorrow night!"³⁹

That's all [he said]; no more.

Which way was he gone?

[The young man] didn't know.

He watched next night.

It was a bright and clear night.

That night he saw seven stars.

The little tiny star by the third one is the arrow.

[I asked Frank where he had learned the story.]

This is a Yukon story.

Everyone knows it.

There is no lie in it.



13. The Discovery of Klukshu

Frank Smith and Pardon Kane had come to visit in the afternoon. In the morning they had asked us to write a letter to the "Fish Commission" of Haines, Alaska, complaining about the lack of salmon at Klukshu. They said that the few that did come upstream had marks on their bodies from nets set across the Alsek River mouth in Alaska. By afternoon, however, the men had decided instead to talk with Johnny Watt of the Alaska Native Brotherhood in Haines, so we did not send a letter after all.

Pardon's sister-in-law, Mrs. Jimmy Kane, and her children were already in our cabin when the two men arrived, which may be why Frank chose to tell the following story. It ties in more closely with the coastal Tlingit story of Kaakex'wtí who discovered the interior Indians than does Johnny Fraser's account of the discovery of Klukshu (story no. 5) in that Frank says that the coastal people brought the original salmon trap.⁴⁰

13. The Discovery of Klukshu July 30, 1949, Klukshu

The name of the first man who found Klukshu was Àkh Jiyish.

He was chasing moose.

It was before Christmas.

He went down to Wolf Creek [at Neskatahéen].

He catches a fish - coho salmon, *nilye*.

By and by, the Klukwan Indians found him here.
And they brought a trap.
They called the trap “little trap.”
They got lots of things.
Red fox furs were traded.
The coast Indians came long ago.
The old people are dead now.
Grandma told me that when I was a kid of twelve.

14. Naskah Brings Christianity to the Interior People

Frank told this story in the evening when Dorothy Rainier and I had gone to visit him and his wife in their brush shelter. Although it had been raining most of the day, and the camp was rather high in the mountains, the tarp over the brush roof and a fire kept us cozy. Frank told the tale with his usual concentration, acting out *Naskah*’s every wriggle in his attempt to get back into his skin. His broken English phrasing did not prevent him from conveying the deep importance he attached to the story.

Before starting, Frank proudly explained, as he had on other occasions, that he understood “Klukwan language” (Tlingit). His people probably first heard the story from the Tlingit and perhaps in Tlingit. It is the same one told in very abbreviated form by Susie Pringle (story no. 10).⁴¹

The story seems to have been widely known among the Southern Tutchone and was several times referred to as the source of their ancestors’ way of praying to God or the sun by raising their hands to the sky, palms out. Some Southern Tutchone also make a specific association of sunshine and green leaves with heaven or a world above, a linkage that is perhaps derived from this story but which contrasts with the more usual Inland Tlingit, Tagish and Southern Tutchone traditions of a wintry superhuman world above.⁴² Albert Isaac, a shaman from Aishihik, also reported seeing sun and green leaves shining like silk when he made a visionary trip to “California City” where he saw Jesus and met the evangelist, Oral Roberts.

In other ways too, the *Naskah* story suggests a fascinating blend of earlier Tutchone ideas with those derived from the teaching of Christian missionaries filtering into Yukon—first by story and then by missionaries themselves in the second half of the nineteenth century. For example, the prohibition on using sharp cutting tools on Sunday probably reflects the traditional taboo on cutting associated with individuals in crisis situations such as puberty and death, and is I believe ultimately linked with the idea that a person’s “life line” is endangered by such an action.⁴³ The idea of the body as an external “coat” for the essential spirit of a being; the importance of the four songs as powerful prayers; and the stress on “wind” as a life-giving force that travels from the top of the head out through the anus are also all thoroughly traditional. Rejecting food or inability to eat it are likewise deeply rooted signs that one is about to receive spiritual power.

The great difficulties that *Naskah* had in getting back into his skin and his transformation into a young man required considerable help from God, however, and seem to contrast with the ease with which animals changed their apparent guise in early times.

The recognition of a Sabbath was surely imported with Christianity. It would be of great interest to try to discover which kinds of Christianity are reflected in various versions of this story—Russian Orthodox, Church of England, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, or even one of the more evangelical sects that have recently come into Yukon. All have played roles in post-contact northwestern America. The Nass River, *Naskah*'s original home, is in Tsimshian country, but Nass River people had long standing ties with the Chilkat-Chilkoot and Yakutat Tlingit with whom the Southern Tutchone were also in touch.⁴⁴

14. *Naskah* Brings Christianity to the Interior People August 2, 1949, Klukshu

God - in the early days, the Coast Indians tell something.

That man was camped in a big camp.

He was a very old man, and he had lost his wife.

Afterwards the people gave him a young girl as a wife to look after him, because he was an old man.

The man finally got a big fish.

And she cooked it.

It was in a big camp where there were a lot of houses and people.

It was a long ways from here, on the salt water.

The man stayed with this young girl who was about sixteen years old.

She cooked the fish.

And they had a big dish like a wash pan.

She gave a spoon to the old man to put into the dish.

He could not see the dish.

So he took dirt on his spoon instead of dipping it into the pan.

He got his mouth full of dirt.

His wife got mad at him right there.

His wife said, "There it is!"

And she put his hand in the hot soup.

He burned his hand.

He did not eat anything of the grub.

He went back to the place where they slept.

Lots of people slept in the same house.

The old man was sorry because his hand was all burned.

At night when he wanted to go outside [to urinate], he just felt around for the door.

He wanted to go some place quick.

He crawled around.

He went a long ways like that.

It was about the middle of the night.

He just lay down with his head on his hands.

By and by somebody put his hand on his back,

“What are you doing here?”

He didn’t know what kind of man it was.

“Well, I am just lying down and sleeping here.”

“Somebody wants you.”

He thought it was somebody at home.

“Do you hear me?

Somebody wants you.

They want you there some place.”

“Where?”

“Up in heaven.

Way up in the air they want you.

What do you think?”

“Well, I can’t see with my eyes.

I can’t do any thing.

I can’t see.”

“You have to go up.

They say you have to go up.

Let me see your eyes.”

He just turned his face up.

He opened his eyes a little, but he could not see true.

“I’ll fix you.” [said the visitor]

And the man put his hand like that—he drew his fingers across [gesture of drawing fingers across eyes].

“Look!”

Nothing.

He tried again.

The man saw something, just a little bit.

Another time he tried.

Then the man could see a little more.

It was not plain yet, just sort of coloured.

Another time he tried.

And the man could see good again.

Another time he put his hands again.

Four times he did this, and there was nothing wrong any more [with the man’s eyes].

He [the strange man] said, “Do you see this?”

He saw it good.

It was just like a ladder—a big ladder.

The [strange] man said,

“Let’s go up to this and look.”

It was dark, but the old man could see good.

[The stranger said], “You are pretty close to the place where somebody wants you.

Don’t look back.”

The strange man was behind the old man.

At first it was steep.

The man behind said, “Don’t look back! Just look up.

Don’t think about the back.”

The old man just looked up all the time.

He did not look back, or think back either.

He just thought about where he was going.

There was a sort of door.

The old man came to this.

It opened, and it was nice there inside—sunshiny.

It was fall time.

Up there it was a nice looking place.

Nice sunshine, nice leaves.

Very wide leaves and just a little wind.

It was very nice.

As soon as the old man got there, he saw the man right there.

“That man—he wants to see you,” that’s what the [strange] man said.

“Come sit down here!” [said the man in the air]

“All right.”

“What do you do?

Well, your old wife was all right. Your wife is dead.

[Now] you have got a young girl.

It’s your own fault you do that [take a young wife].

That’s why I want to see you.

I want to tell you about God.

Do you know me?”

“No”.

“It’s me—God.

I am sorry that you crawled around like that out there.

I am going to tell you something.

You stay with me seven days.

I am going to tell you about God.

Now you look down.”

It was just like a blue colour on the ground.

He could hear the people talking [down there]—that God.

He could see a man talking down there, and God listened to him.

It was the same all over the world.

It was just like it was in his hand.

Half of the earth was dark, and heaven was shining everywhere.

There was no dark anywhere there.

All the time there was sunshine, and there were green leaves.

“I am going to tell you about Jesus.

Seven days you will stay with me.”

He said, “What day is today?”

“Monday.”

“Next Monday you will go down to the ground again.”

Well, they [God and the old man] sat down together, and the third man [Jesus?] sat down with them.

All the people, as soon as they went there, they showed their hands. [Frank makes a gesture of raising hands in front of the chest with palms out to face the sky.]

God did this.

That’s the biggest prayer you can make to God.

“You pray like that.

If you pray like that, I’ll hear you and see you, if you call me,” said God.

“It’s something for you to try.

You will get help quick if you do this!

Somebody is going to look for your body now pretty soon.”

They both looked down.

[On the earth] everyone was looking around and could not find the old man.

They followed the man’s track in the grass that was broken down.

His tracks stopped.

Just something like rotten wood was left where he was lying the last time.

But the man was up in heaven.

His spirit had gone up.

They looked at the old log lying where he had been.

It was some kind of rotten log.

Nobody knew where the old man was.

That old man’s name was *Naskah*—

Naskah Aani [Nass River man’s country] is the name of his country that the man lived in.

Naskah said that God told him everything.

He said, “You come here on Saturday for me.”

That time he told him,

“Don’t touch anything that is sharp—knife, axe, anything.

Don’t touch it on Sunday.

Don’t sit down like that [during] the whole day.

Kneel on your knees and look for God.”

And God taught him this.

The old man did it.

Before this the people didn’t know about God in the Yukon—or anywhere in the world.

Maybe the white men knew Him, but not the Indians.

It was a long time ago.

My grandmother was only eight years old when the Coast Indians came up and told this story.

Some *Naska’ani* people came, and they told the story about God to the other countries.

They kept taking it to other people.

Maybe two or three or four men would be there [to hear the story].

Then those men would take this story home.

They would bring a small piece of the gunny sack that *Naskah* brought back from God.

Naskah got the gunny sack from God.

And when he went back home, he put it on top of his pillow.

Next morning the sack was about two yards big.

The first time it was only about six inches long.

In the morning it was two yards long—after just one night!

Then he cut it a little bit.

Naskah would just give away a little bit of the sack.

And when the man [to whom it was given] would get home,

he would put it on his pillow.

And the sack would be two yards long in the next morning.

They brought it to every place, and it happened every place, all down the Yukon.

Naskah struck his brothers—four of them—with this story [and sack?]

And they spread it.

The story was spread from Klukwan to Dalton Post to Hutshi, Aishihik, Selkirk and Dawson too—all over this world!

“All over this world, it’s going—my story.”

This was God’s first call.

Naskah stayed in heaven a week.

[Then God said], “Well, you are going today.

Somebody is looking for your body.

That’s why nobody took it away from you.

They just left the log there.

See your [new] wife there?

She’s just running around with another man.

She doesn’t care.

“I know.”

“I saw her burn your hand.

Well, you go home today!

It’s Monday.

Next Monday I’ll look for you again.”

Then *Naskah* went down the same ladder.

Just as he came down there, it was like a blue colour—this world.

He could see it good all over this world.

It was just like a glass.

Well, he went down.

“Well, where’s my body?”

He looked for it.

He looked all over the world for his tracks.

There was nothing.

“My goodness, what am I going to do?” he thought.

“Oh my God—*deike anqawu*, (up above chief) Klukwan way”—*Naskah* said, “*deike anqawu*, help me!”

As soon as he thought this, he saw something that looked like his body— an old piece of wood.

“I think this one is my body.”

He thought again,

“God, help me!”

God showed him his body.

His body was just like a coat.

Then *Naskah* put his head on.

And he thought “Help me again!”

His body fit tight, and he could not do anything.

“Well,” he thought again,

“God, help me.”

It came right to his head.

He couldn’t do anything.

Everything was too tight.

It pushed in too much.

No.

He tried.

And he pulled back again.

He thought, “God, help me to do this!

I think I’ll try to put my hands above my head.”

That went well.

Then he put his hands out, and his head came on easily and fit.

He put his head on first.

Then his hands.

Then his legs.

But he was too stiff.

He could not move.

He could not move inside.

His body was too stiff—just like wood.

He couldn’t bend at all.

Now he thought,

“What way can I get up?

God, help me to use my body.”

So he tried to move his hand, and he couldn’t do it.

He couldn't do anything.
He tried to move his head.
He tried to open his eyes.
He blinked.
He could not get his breath yet.
He opened his eyes all right, but he couldn't do anything.

He called God again,
"Help me so I can get my wind!
I want to move my hands."
On his right side [then], he moved his hand.

Well, he thought about God again,
"God, help me."
And he moved his hands again.
And he prayed with his hands like I showed you.
It is the biggest prayer there is.

Then his wind would not come yet.
By and by there his wind comes up there [points to anus].
And this place sang about God.
Well, he sang the first song through that place [anus].

"Well" he thought again,
"I want my song to come from my mouth.
Help me, God!"

Well, by and by his wind came to his mouth for his second song.
His legs were still stiff, and his left side couldn't move.
By and by, with the second song he sang, he could move his right leg.
He sang a third song, and he could move his left leg.
His body was stiff yet.
On the fourth song, he could sit up.
And by and by he could get up.

Now he prayed to God when he got up,
"God, help me!"

He prayed with his hands.

He saw that somebody had come for him.

There was a big wide trail there.

He followed it back.

As soon as he got up, he saw this piece of gunny sack.

He took it, and he thanked God for it.

It was as small as a handkerchief.

He put it in his fist.

He was a nice looking, young man about fifteen years old, when he came back.

Nobody knew him at first.

“Well”, God said, “Nobody is going to find you [at first].

When you get up, don’t go away.

You stay and pray to me.

By and by your brother is going to find you.

Don’t go away before.”

So he prayed.

He walked good, and he walked around.

And [then] he sat down, and he prayed to God.

He took the gunny sack and put it in his pocket.

“Forgive me what you think of me.”

By and by he sat down there, and he sang.

The first song he finished.

The second song he finished.

There was no help from the first song.

The first song was for danger.

The second song was for danger again.

This one was helped by God—

“Help me, God!” The next song again—it was a big help.

And the next song again—it was a great big help.

I don’t know my grandfather’s song.

I mix it up.

God told *Naskah* not to mix up my grandfather's songs—
the last two 'help' songs.
He said, "What I sang to you, you sing [just] like me."
Those last two songs are praying to God.
All over the world the last two songs are praying to God.
All over the world they are going to know this story and my songs.
Everyone knows this—all the old people—everyone—even at Dawson.

My grandfather was a young man.
My grandfather went to Klukwan to get something—leaf tobacco or something.
He brought this story back to Dalton Post.
There were a couple of young men.
One of them was the father of my [first ?] wife.
Another was my wife's father's brother.
And [he was] my grandfather.
They brought the story back to Dalton Post.
'*IxhAs*' was my wife's father.⁴⁵
'*IxhAs*' was a big Wolf chief at Dalton Post.

Both of his wives were Crows.
He got the story from Klukwan.
As soon as he [*Naskah*] came back, he prayed with his hands.
And he prayed to God.
People didn't know what to do.
He turned around once the way the sun goes, and then he prayed.
All day he prayed on his right knee the first time that he came back.

Naskah's brother wondered what he was doing.
He did not recognize him.
He was different from the old man [who had been blind].
His black hair was all the same as sunshine.
Naskah called his brother's name.
"Is that you?"
"Yes, I got help.

I prayed, and I got help.

You take my story back,” he told his brother.

“I am coming behind.”

He had three other brothers.

This was the oldest brother.

“You bring my other brothers over here.

Don’t tell any body else about this.

Bring them here.”

He ran back quickly and brought back the other brothers.

Naskah sang the first song.

Two of the brothers could not sing it.

It was too quick.

They could not learn.

By and by *Naskah* said, “Now.”

He patted the oldest brother and the second brother.

And right away they knew the song.

He said that God helped him when he patted them with his hand.

All of the four songs he sang,

And then he said, “We’ll go now.

Is everything clean now in my house?”

He owned a whole big building.

They went there.

His brothers were ahead of him.

Everyone sat up outside every place.

They looked at the young man.

They did not know him.

What God told him to do he did.

Monday it was, when he went home.

He slept there.

Tuesday morning his gunny sack had grown to two yards.

Every time he struck the people from another country who came there, he gave them just a little piece of the gunny sack.

My wife's father got his piece of the gunnysack from the Klukwan chief.

And the Klukwan chief ('*ai?ak*') brought it from Sitka.

This is as far as I know the story.

That's the end of it now.

[But a few moments later Frank continued]:

Naskah stayed [with his people] seven days.

On [the next] Monday he said,

"Now I am going today."

Then he was gone on Monday morning.

He was dead.

He did not go back into his body, but he went to heaven.

"My breath will go to heaven.

With my body, you put my head where the sunshine first hits.

Don't put me in the ground, and don't burn me.

Put me in the tree in a cache."

This thing [the body] is not rotten yet.

You can still see it.

He taught them what God had told him.

Naskah's country is way out to salt water, a long way away.

Naskah talked like the Tlingit—like the Klukwan people.

Any kind of talk that goes on, God can hear it all.

He never misses any place over the whole world.

Any kind of people, *Naskah* can hear them too.

This world is just the same as the palm of my hand.

This was before the white man.

There were no teachers, but we heard about this.

This is the same way as the Catholics pray.

"God, you look for me."

That's what he said, and he prayed this way [gesture of raised hands].



15. The First Russians on the Coast

Frank came to visit Dorothy Rainier and me in our cabin after supper. Since no one else was present, he had the floor to himself. He first told us about the old time food quest, stressing the difficulties faced by his ancestors in finding enough to eat and about their dependence on caribou caught in snares since moose were very scarce in the nineteenth century. Then he moved on to discuss the annual visits of the Coastal Tlingit traders from Klukwan and the dealings with Russian traders.

15. The First Russians on the Coast August 3, 1949, Klukshu

They used to see the Russians down at salt water.

They had a sail boat, a big boat with no machine, just a sail that wind was used with.

It was a big ship.

The Klukwan people (Chilkat and Chilkoot Tlingit) went out to the Russian ships in canoes.

They showed the Russians skins.

The Russians don't know how to use them. They just kick them around!

They don't know what it's worth.

They can't hear nobody.

It's like talking to a monkey!

The Russians went back to salt water [back down the Lynn Canal?] when the south wind began to blow.

People first saw the Russians in the early days at Dry Bay.

There's lots of ocean at Dry Bay!

LILY HUME and JESSIE ALLEN

When I knew her, Lily Hume was an elderly woman who generally identified herself as a member of the Shangukeidí sib of the Wolf moiety although her daughter (Jessie Joe) preferred to call herself K'etlèmbet.⁴⁶ She was born in the last decades of the nineteenth century, probably in the vicinity of Neskatahéen.

Like so many others of the Champagne band of Southern Tutchone Lily had rather close ties with the Coastal Tlingit. Her father's mother had been born in Klukwan, but had subsequently moved to Noogaayík, the coastal Tlingit trading settlement on the upper Alsek river, and then to Neskatahéen. She also spoke of a real or classificatory "grandfather" from Klukwan.

As a young girl, Lily took at least one trip, perhaps more, to the coast, going as far as Juneau, Sitka and Ketchikan. Although she usually spoke Southern Tutchone, Lily had a fair command of English, and she also knew Tlingit, although I am uncertain how well. She recorded several Tlingit songs in 1954.

Lily grew up in *legaun* Hít (Big Sound/ Drum House) of the Gaanaxteidí clan, and her first husband, Sam Fred, was a brother of Big Jim or Teenàh s'atée (*tinE sati* "copper master"), the head of the Gaanaxteidí house. Their son, David, married Susie Pringle's daughter, and they in turn gave the name Teenàh s'atée to their son, John, Lily's grandson. Later, Lily married "Scotty" Hume, a white man who had been posted to Dalton Post with the Northwest Mounted Police. The couple prospected and trapped in the area until Scotty's death in 1950. He was already very old and ill in the summers of 1948 and 1949 when we were at Klukshu, and we scarcely saw him.

Lily herself was a pleasant woman with a superb carriage, and a quick smile enhanced by a generous number of gold teeth. She was both well informed and helpful, in spite of her somewhat limited command of English.

During the time that Dorothy Rainier and I were at Klukshu, Lily was almost always in the company of her sororal niece, Jessie Allen. Jessie was then a hard-working self-sufficient widow of several years. Her father's mother was originally from Noogaayík, and her mother was a younger sister of Lily, who had died when Jessie was very young, as did her father. Jessie was raised by an older sister whose husband was white (Lily and Scotty Hume?), and by a paternal uncle.

Jessie had first married Albert Allen, a Crow from the Tagish area. In the late 1950s or early 1960s, Jessie married Dixon John, whose first two wives had been two of Jessie's older sisters. The couple then usually stayed at Pine Lake near Haines Junction or at Champagne where I saw her again in 1966.

Jessie brought up several of her sisters' daughters as well as some children of one of her nieces. When Dorothy and I first knew her at Klukshu, Jessie was caring for her "grandson" Harry Allen, who later became an important leader of the Council for Yukon Indians. Jessie herself was always exceedingly capable in the bush—hunting, fishing and trapping from the time



Figure 4. Lily Hume with salmon and fireweed, Klukshu, Yukon Territory, 1949.



Figure 5. Jessie Allen sharpening skin scraper, Kluksu, Yukon Territory, 1949.

she was a young woman, and also building cabins and fish drying racks on her own.

Dorothy Rainier and I probably saw more of Lily and Jessie than of any of the other Indians at Klukshu. They were always good company, and in spite of their busy lives they patiently tried to teach us about the annual cycle, technology and other aspects of daily life in both past and current times. They told us relatively few stories, and their narrations often lacked the sustained quality of some which were told by the men, for the women themselves lacked the luxury of leisure time, but they wanted us to be sure that we would know about Crow at the very least.

Jessie was somewhat less retiring than Lily and spoke English more easily, so it was she who most frequently told the stories that follow. She often turned to Lily for advice, however, or was prompted by her, so that it is hard to say to whom a given story should really be attributed when both women were present. The story telling was very much a cooperative affair, with Jessie deferring to Lily if a difference of opinion arose as to the correct text. After her marriage to Dixon John, Jessie insisted that all stories be told by Dixon—a man, and older than she was.

In the decades following my early stays at Klukshu and before Jessie's marriage to Dixon John, I saw both women several times again but briefly. In 1954 when Frederica de Laguna and I visited Klukshu for a few days we took Lily and Jessie as well as Susie Pringle to Dalton Post so we could go berrying. The big event of the outing, however, was the close sighting of a cougar. This animal, until recently unknown in the immediate area, was already the topic of much interest and considerable fear in the Klukshu camp. Even after we had already crowded into the safety of our carry-all, the women were eager to leave Dalton Post as fast as possible. We heard no story about cougar such as that told by Jake Jackson in Teslin in 1951 (see stories nos. 120 and 121) but during the evening Jessie added to the Crow stories of 1948 and 1949, and also told us about the man-eating Owl and one about a man who killed bears. Both women also recorded some Tlingit and Southern Tutchone songs.

That was the last time that I saw Lily Hume; however, in 1966 Anne Shinkwin, who was then a graduate student,⁴⁷ and I visited with Jessie Allen and her new husband Dixon John at Pine Lake. She referred then to several stories, but each time insisted that Dixon recount the tale. Jessie may have felt shyier than usual when the three male graduate students with whom we were travelling joined us during the visit, but I think it more likely she was deferring to rules that the older male present should tell all stories.



16. *Crow Stories*

Lily Hume told us a short version of Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass during 1949, our second summer at Klukshu. The women had visited us both in the afternoon and evening, because the heavy rain made work outdoors impossible. I believe, although I have no corroborating note, that Lily told the story on the same evening that Johnny Fraser was also visiting us. Like all of the other women in camp, Lily used the Southern Tutchone term for Crow, "Ts'ürk'i".

The next evening Dorothy and I had gone to Jessie Allen's cabin and Jessie told us about Crow's encounter with the Old lady in Charge of the Eulachon (story 16b) and then the story of Crow and the Eulachon Grease (number 16c). Only Jessie's young grandson, Harry was present. Perhaps she chose this incident in order to supplement Susie Pringle's abbreviated Crow stories. We had just been looking at a snapshot of all of us taken on the afternoon in 1948 when Susie Pringle had first told us about Crow. We had also had a taste of eulachon fish a few days earlier at Jessie's house. They were a gift from her acquaintances at Klukwan, and this too might have prompted her choice of the story.

In 1954, Jessie Allen again told about Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass as the first in a sequence of four stories about Crow. I was visiting in her cabin, this time with Frederica de Laguna. Lily Hume and her daughter Jessie (Mrs. Harry) Joe and young Harry Allen, aged about eight, were also present. Jessie volunteered the stories immediately after talking about Big Jim, her father's maternal uncle.

Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (story 16a), told by Lily Hume is a nice example of how the storyteller relied on her own experience to validate the truth of a story, for not until she saw the place with her own eyes could she believe that Crow actually made a hole through the rock simply using his walking stick. In the story about Crow and the Old Lady in Charge of Eulachon (16b), the singing of the old woman and Crow's answer were fully integrated into the story. Jessie Allen's story of how Crow managed to acquire water (16g) demonstrates her great concern to equate Crow with God or Jesus by stressing Crow's 'virgin birth' and his role as the creator of the world. Jessie Allen's version of Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (16d) provides another guide to events on what was also called the "the Old Dalton Trail."

Yet most of the stories in this set emphasize the undesirable qualities of Crow's nature. He has a short temper so he kicks the slave who turns to stone. In fact, he has a propensity for kicking at many things—his physical self-control is limited. He gets angry at the old lady's singing. He fools people by lying to them—telling the old lady he has caught eulachon, saying to his workers that he is going to cut wood for a floor, when all he really does is to take a nap in the

woods. He is lazy—not only doesn't he work, he says he doesn't *want* to! He disguises himself to fool his workers. But in spite of all these undesirable social qualities he always retains the power of his words. When he tells a log to be a boat, it turns into one. When he tells sticks to become workers, they do.

Jessie volunteered specifically that stories numbered 16f , Crow Gets Daylight, and 16h, Crow and the Flood, were Coastal Tlingit tales.

16 a. Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (Version One) (Lily Hume)

August 8, 1949, Klukshu

Ts'ürk'i built a stone house down the mountains—way down [towards the coast].

[It was] the time when the water was all dirt.

Ts'ürk'i went over the mountain and made camp.

He had a wife and a slave.

It looks just like a house there.

They went there.

And next morning he climbed down the hill.

It's steep.

And he falls down.

And he has a walking stick.

It's an iron one.

When he falls down, the iron goes right through to the other side of the mountain.

I could not believe it until I went there.

You can really see it.

It was across the Klehini [River].

It went through the mountain, and it came through the other side.

His walking stick (*tu'kwasu*) went through!

There's a hole yet up there right in the mountain.

You can see the hole on the other side.

The light comes through it.

He thought it was an end, but then it came through the other side.

You have to have a spy-glass to see it from the Highway.

Ts'ürk'i got mad and shoved his slave down,

"Get out!" he told him.

He had no stick.
The slave fell down and did not get up again.
He turned to stone.
He was walking on a different trail — from Boulder Creek.
The slave fell down and stayed there.

16 b. Crow and The Old Lady in Charge of Eulachon (Jessie Allen)

August 9, 1949, Klukshu

Crow made a boat out of wood.
He walks on the shore.
The boat is just a drift log.
He kicks it and he says,
“This is a boat here.”
The boat is coming to him.
He says, kicking the stick,
“That’s my boat,” he says.
Already it was his boat.
He rows along.
He says, “Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah, he, he, eh.”
He sings.
Pretty soon he hears a noise like somebody singing.
“Eh, eh, eh,” [Jessie sings in a high voice.]
Crow doesn’t see anybody, it’s just a rock.
And it’s from here he hears it [the singing].
Crow sings again, “Oh, oh, oh, ah, ah, ah, he, he, eh.”
And his voice is answered, “Eh, oh, eh.”
It sounds just like an old lady [singing].
He gets mad!
He jumps out of the boat and kicks the rock open.
A little old lady is sitting in there by a fire.
Crow says, “Gee, I have been fishing.

I'm cold!

I've got all kinds of fish—eulachon.”

“No,” the old lady says.

It isn't time for a long time [for eulachon to appear].⁴⁸

Crow says, “I do that job already.

That's why I got cold.”

The old lady says, “It's not time.

I don't believe it.”

Ts'ürk'i jumps up and slaps the old lady's back.

The old lady says, “Pretty soon the eulachon are going to come.

Leave me alone please.”

Crow goes outside to see.

He says, “Outside the lakes are all drying up and there is going to be eulachon.”

Crow scratches the old lady on the back.

And sure enough, the lakes all dry up.

The old lady sees all kinds of eulachon.



16 c. Crow and the Eulachon Grease (Jessie Allen) August 9, 1949, Klukshu

Ts'ürk'i gets two sticks and says to them,

“Get up Takwel! Get up!”

[The sticks] are just like working men.

The two men get up and fish for him.

Ts'ürk'i was just like a chief.

He doesn't need to work.

They were putting up little fish and making all kinds of grease.

He makes a big house and fills it up [with eulachon grease].
They boil eulachon and fill up [containers] with grease—all full.
The two men work for him.

He says he is going to get boards for a floor.

He has no floor.

He is going to fool the two men.

He goes into the woods, and he says he is going to chop wood.

“Cook good for me!” he says.

Crow lies down.

He doesn’t want to work.

At dinner [time] he goes home.

He takes moss and he makes a grizzly bear out of himself.

He comes in walking like a bear.

He scares the men.

Away they run!

Crow eats it all up — all the grease!

He throws away the moss and turns like a man.

The men try to make another dinner.

Crow comes in tired.

“Why don’t you cook?”

“There was a grizzly bear!”

“Why didn’t you club him down, hit him?”

Next time you must do it!”

My goodness!

Crow goes back and lies down in the woods.

He does no work.

He rolls around.

He makes himself like a grizzly bear again.

He comes in the house and grabs all [the grease].

They run away.

He eats the grease and everything.

They can't do anything.

After a while the two men find out who it is.

The two men find out.

And they go away, because he cleaned them up.

“Qawx! Qawx!”

He flies around.

And he flies up and sits on a mountain.

The two men are starving.

Crow doesn't care!

16 d. Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (Version Two) (Jessie Allen)

August 29, 1954, Klukshu

Every evening we hear stories from Big Jim, Johnny Fraser's uncle, my father's uncle.

You can see the little hill where the Owl was burned from Dalton Post.

I don't believe it.⁴⁹

At Klukwan Crow fell down.

His stick went right through the mountain.

He got a walking stick with iron,

And he made a hole through [the mountain].

He got a house too, a stone house, Ts'ürk'i [had].

[It was] around Mile 60 or 61 [on the Haines Road].

You can't see it from the road.

It's way high up, on the right side going down.

It's on the other side of Clear Creek.

The old foot trail used by the Chilkat people goes to it.

The old trail is on the other side of the lake here [at Klukshu].

There is a big stone house on the west side.

A big man, he did that.

He camps there.

[It's an] old one, where the Chilkat used to go.

That's [an] old trail, Dalton Trail.

Behind [in time]—way back of ‘98!
It goes right through to Hutshi.



16 e. Crow's Fish Trap (Jessie Allen) August 29, 1954, Klukshu

Yéil koodzee (crow, fish trap) is at Five Finger Rapids [on the Yukon River below Carmacks].

Crow set a fish trap there, just like here at Klukshu.

Carmacks people call it their way.⁵⁰

C.McC: “What happened?”

J.A. “Well, he took it out, I guess.”

That's why Five Fingers closes.

16 f. Crow Gets Daylight (Jessie Allen) August 29, 1954, Klukshu

He [Crow] [has] been all over.

[He] is the Indian God.

Makes everything.

He is born the same way [as Jesus].

When he's a baby, the chief's daughter doesn't go near a man.

Where does he come from?

She gets a baby.

Her mother chases her outside,

“Where did you get that baby?”

That girl doesn't know.

That Crow made himself into some kind of dirt.

And the chief's daughter swallows it.

And it makes a baby.

He starts to walk around.
And he starts to talk.
Here, they used to have no daylight, no moon, no stars.
Dark.
He sees the little box tied up there.
That kid says..., he cries..., "Grandpa! I want that one!
I want that one!"
He cries, and he doesn't eat.
His grandpa said, "Take it out, and give it to that kid."
That's the one, the little Crow, pretty soon he gets big.
And pretty soon, he lets it go.
It's the stars.
It's lots of stars all over.
The next one is the moon.
The moon is big.
He cries for it.
I don't know how long.
His grandpa is stingy with it.
That grandchild, he cries too much,
[So they give him the moon].
He plays around with it like a ball.
"You watch him," the grandpa tells the people.
He lifts the lid.
He lets [the moon] go.
Pretty soon the moon is coming [to the world].
And the grandpa doesn't want him to do that.
[He is] a bad kid.
That's the time that grandpa gives his daughter hell.
"I lost all my things!
Where did you get that kid?"
Then that kid calls for the sun.

The mother cries too.

“You are giving away all my stuff!” [says the grandpa].

The mother and the boy cry.

And afterwards, the grandpa says,

“Go ahead and give it to him.

You watch him, everybody!”

They watch him.

 Pretty soon it’s daylight when he opens the can [box].

When he closes it, it’s dark.

Pretty soon, [when] everybody is watching, then, “Qawx!”

Crow flies right out, and he takes [the daylight] away.

And everybody is surprised.

 That is why we have daylight.

That’s an Alaska story [i.e., Tlingit].

It takes five or six days to tell the story right to the end.⁵¹

16 g. Crow Gets Water (Jessie Allen) August 29, 1954, Klukshu

 And he gets this water.

It used to be all dry.

And one man keeps the water.

He watches it.

He has a big cellar, and he sits on top.

 Crow tells him story, story.

And pretty soon he falls asleep.

Crow wants to get the water.

[And the man] sits on top of it.

 Crow, he gets up and takes dog manure.

He brings it with a stick [and puts it under the man].

 Pretty soon the man smells it.

“Oh, get up! No good! You do something!” [says Crow].

He fools the man.

“Oh, sure enough!”

He runs outdoors and cleans himself.

And Crow drinks water.

Pretty soon, “Qawx!” he says.

Crow [starts to] fly out.

“Close up, there!” the man talks to his smoke hole.

Crow can’t get away.

He drops that water.

He drops a little bit.

Crow used to be white.

The old man put pitch in the fire.

Crow gets black.

That old man is Ganòok (petrel) .

16 h. Crow and the Flood (Jessie Allen) August 29, 1954, Klukshu

Crow makes the ground. I don’t know that one.

C.McC: “Do you know about how he made people?”

J.A.: “I don’t know that one. Nobody told me.”

He makes the ground, just like God made it.

One time, lots of high water is all over every place.

Crow can’t do anything.

He flies away.

He flies just to the Sun.

He has got a nose that looks like a loon’s.

He sticks out his nose and sticks it into the sky.

He is hanging down there from the sky.

He is stuck in there, and he hangs down.

He has got a mama.

She has got a duck skin.

He gives her a duck feather skin.

She swims around in the water.

They call [that duck] yet “Ts’ürk’i *meian*” (Crow’s aunt, mother’s sister).

She puts the skin on and swims around, and they call her that way yet.

It’s a little duck, kind of a fancy one, not a big duck.

The sea comes up.

And he makes the land, they say, the Klukwan people.



17. The Man-Eating Owl

Frederica de Laguna and I spent the evening in Jessie’s house. Lily Hume and young Harry Allen were there too. Harry’s mother had died so Harry had been living with Jessie from the time he was a baby, a situation paralleled in the story itself as Jessie makes clear in several ways. Perhaps because we had also been discussing place names, Jessie volunteered the story about how “Owl Burnt Up Mountain” got its name. Jessie may also have wanted to impress the malevolent nature of owls upon young Harry. If so, she succeeded in her aim, for he was visibly moved by the tale, offering some bravado remarks of his own at the end of the recital. Jessie’s side excursion into the nature of old brush camps clearly shows that she also was trying hard to teach Harry, Frederica de Laguna and me something about old times.

I heard versions of this same story or references to it in 1968 and 1974 at Haines Junction where many people from Champagne and Klukshu had moved. Significantly, it was told more often by older women than by men, perhaps because of the underlying theme in which, through using their brains, an imperiled older woman and her young grandson succeed in a dangerous mission at which stronger individuals had failed. It is set at a time when old people and their young helpers were abandoned in the face of danger.

The potential evil of owls is underscored in this story by mention of their willingness to eat dogs as well as humans; both foods are horrifying to humans. Is this why the wife chokes to death on a dog bone? Note too that Lily is explicit in stating that the man-eating owl looked like a human being himself.

This was also the first time that the narrators explained that the tale was a “long time ago story”, different from accounts of recent happenings.

17. The Man-Eating Owl (Jessie Allen) August 29, 1954, Klukshu

Mädzin’ is the name for owl.

It's a little one [bird] now.

One time way back, old time, it was a big owl round here.

[Used to] eat children.

A hundred years behind.

[This is] a long time ago story—kwadän kwändür (long ago, tell the news).

Long time ago, owl got big snowshoes.

A big pack on his back, he packed around.

He eats people.

He eats dogs.

Everything, he puts in his sack.

Kids too!

Right here in this country.

A long time ago, he comes here.

[There is] a big brush camp here.

I have one, and [here is] the next one, and the next one [indicates a row of brush camps].

Nobody has a tent that time.

No cloth, just fur coats and skin pants.

And wooden spoons and sheep horn spoons.

Not many knives that time.

That's the time they say that some kind of little boy was crying.

He was crying for his mother.

He was about Harry's age.⁵²

If he does something wrong to me, and I slap him, then he is going to run to his grandmother down in her brush camp. [Jessie pretends that she is the little boy's mother.]

The owl sees that [happen].

And in the nighttime he takes the little boy.

And he goes this way [Jessie imitates the owl swooping down on the boy].

And he has a big fire.

And he cooks the boy for himself.

Pretty soon his mama misses the little boy.

"Come on now, we are going to sleep!" she hollers.

Nobody answers.

She goes to her mother's [camp].

"I never saw him!"

In the morning they find the tracks of snowshoes—big! [Jessie stretches her arms as wide as possible.]

"Somebody's tracks!

He went this way!

It could be an owl," they said.

He has got a big stick.

The owl is human that time.

He is big as a tree, I guess.

In the nighttime the owl comes back with his big cane.

He has a wife too.

He says, "Give me another kid! I'm hungry!"

"No, we want our kids," the people say.

"Take this!"

And they give him a dog.

Next day the owls come back, and the next.

And finally all of the dogs are gone.

Then the old owl man came back alone.

"What did you do with your wife?" [The people ask the owl.]

"A dog bone choked her," he says.

Then he said "I am going to eat all of the people now!"

After that, they went down to Noogaayík.

All of the people went down to Noogaayík.

They left behind one old lady and her grandchild.

She can't walk, and his mother is dead.

The old lady's daughter is dead.

Her grandson stays with the old lady.

The owl is going to eat them up.

All of the [rest of] the people went to Noogaayík.

They go way down [the Alsek—now Tatshenshini—River].⁵³

“Bad people! Bad people!

A bad man is going to follow our tracks!” [This is evidently what the humans said referring to the owl man.]

That old woman can’t walk.

She tries to walk.

She is too old.

Her grandson is the same size as Harry.

The people go away.

She digs a cellar, and the kid helps her.

Down there at Noogaayík is a big cellar.

She puts her grandchild down there [in the cellar she dug herself].

They stay there and wait for the owl.

Oh my! They used to have wooden dishes years and years ago,
and the dishes have lots of grease all over, so they [could easily] burn.⁵⁴

She gets ready.

She hides that [wooden dish].

She knows what she is going to do.

In the nighttime she hears “Kwa! kwa!”

[It is the noise of] the owl’s walking stick.

It is winter time [so the stick makes a noise in the snow].

The old lady has made a camp bigger than this [cabin].

It’s a high brush camp—(‘*aDul dji*’, brush shelter)—brush all over!

The owl comes.

“Which way am I going to come in?

Where’s the door?”

The old lady says “Sit down.”

She has a blanket.

And she has the dish handy.

“Warm up good by the fire!” the old lady says.

He comes in.

“I am going to eat you. I’m hungry!”

“No! I’m getting too old. You can’t eat me.

See my hand.”

She puts out her hand, and the skin comes in [is shriveled]. [Jessie demonstrates by pinching her arm]

“No! Your heart is good!” the owl says.

After that he starts.

He turns around by the fire.

[But] the old lady tells him,

“After a while you are going to eat me, but put your tail in [by the fire to get warm first].”

And then she puts that [greasy] plate in the fire.

It blows up just like gas!

And the owl just burned up.

All his feathers burned up.

And the grandson helped [to push the owl into the fire].

“Old lady, my eyes are burning now!

My eyes are closing now!

Where are you, old lady?

My eyes are burning up!”

Pretty soon the brush burns him all over.

In the morning the owl is dead.

He is just like a big mountain!

I’ve seen that place; it’s a little hill.

“That’s the place,” they told me, the old people.

“She burned the owl here.”

The stones stick out like bones.

He had nails like copper on his claws.

The next morning the old lady looks for him.

“My grandchild,” she says, “I’ve burned the big owl!

Come out! It’s O.K.!

Look!”

He's nothing but half-cooked this time.

And afterward she took the owl's hand where there is a copper claw.

She cut the little finger out, and her grandchild packed it around.

After that the old lady and her grandson went on the big trail used by the people who had run away when they heard the owl coming.

Some of them thought that the old lady and her grandchild had already been eaten up.

The old lady and her grandson come pretty soon.

"Look at that! The old lady is coming behind!"

Everybody runs out.

"What's the matter?"

Where is the owl?"

The old lady says, "We killed the owl!"

Oh, nobody believes it!

"You can't do that!"

"All right! I've got the part—My grandchild packs it!"

Gee! Everybody is glad.

Everybody is happy.

They dance.

Everybody goes back to see.

All the men go back, and sure enough, and sure enough, there is a big hill where the owl was burnt up.

It's near Noogaayik, where the ground begins to rise.

There used to be an old foot trail going there.

But now you can't find it, because it is all grown up.

My mother told me.

The trees grow on top now too.

Mädzin' kezunlät (owl burnt up) is the name of the mountain.

C.McC: "Did the old lady stay in the cellar when the owl was burning?"

J.A.: "She cut the ground round with a knife, and she had a string in the middle.

As soon as the line goes in, it closes like a table [a trapdoor-like device].

The boy opens the cellar so his grandma can go in.

Then he closes the door flat.

The owl closes his eyes, and his eyes burn up.

That's why our kids are scared of owls.

[When] they hear the owl, they are scared.

[Harry volunteers]: When you start to shoot an owl, he says "Don't shoot me!"

[Jessie explains]: "Xa un, Xa un!" If [an owl] says it real close, somebody is going to die some place.

I don't pay any attention when they talk [in a different fashion from above].

18. The Flood Story

Lily Hume told this story to Dorothy Rainier and me on August 9, 1949. Parts of the story surely reflect what she and her husband had heard from the many prospectors and geologists who had been in the country, but the bulk of the tale is traditional.

18. Flood Story (Lily Hume) August 9, 1949, Klukshu

A long time ago there was water here, and lots of stones.

The water came, and the water came.

And there was lots of water.

There was lots of water, and you can see the marks on the little creeks.

There were glaciers.

All was water.

Just little bits of mountain stick up.

There was a big raft.

It was a great big one. And the people got on it.

It goes around and stops.

You can see [it] at Alsek [River] on top of the mountain.

There is a stick there.

There was just one raft.

On the mountain that has the name Dhāl Cho (mountain, big), they saw it.

People come up from the coast.

They get on the raft.

The people here all die off, I guess.

No animals were saved — too deep water.

After a while there was a big glacier.

[Then it was] Hot! Hot! Hot!

Big animals like elephants came up here.

Well, when they were looking for gold, they found the bones of mammoth.

It's getting cold again when they find the bones, and that's the time he froze.



19. The Man Who Killed a Lot of Bears

After telling some Crow stories (numbers 16d and 16h), Jessie Allen then went on to tell those of us who were visiting in her cabin this story about bears. We had just had a discussion about old time clubs made of moose or caribou horn.

19. The Man Who Killed a Lot of Bears (Jessie Allen) August 29, 1954, Klukshu

They can kill a man or a bear with it [a horn club].

The men had them.

We never saw them.

We can't tell what shape they were.⁵⁵

A man killed six grizzly bears one night.

A long time ago the Indians say that when you cook gopher in a brush camp, there's lots of grease.

And pretty soon the bear smells it.

And he comes to the camp.

And he wants to kill all the people.

Old times they make lots of gopher grease.

And they fill up all the gopher skins with gopher grease.

But they keep all the gopher grease until the grizzly bear gets fat, like now.

This time the bear is fat too.

Then that man put all the gopher fat on the fire.

He gets ready with a club, and he hides himself too.

He does it when it is nighttime.

After that he just gets ready.

Pretty soon the bear is coming.

The bear smells that gopher grease.

And he digs in the fire place where the grease is all burned.

That same night, I don't know how many bears came.

I don't know how many bears that man killed that night.

Just like dogs [the bears] licked the grease, my husband told me.

That old man killed them with horn clubs—(‘*adji*’ *RA*, horn, club)

No [metal] axes or knives, just stone axes and knives.

JESSIE (MRS. HARRY) JOE

Jessie is a daughter of Lily Hume, whose stories appear in the previous section. Although I first met her in 1948 and saw her briefly again in 1949 and 1962, we did not talk together at any length until the afternoon of July 5, 1966. At that time she was staying in her house at Klukshu making a salmon count for the Department of Fisheries. Her husband and Johnny Fraser had each put a box salmon trap into the small stream that is a branch of the Tatshenshini at Klukshu.⁵⁶

Anne Shinkwin and I spent an hour or so with her while the rest of our party was making an archaeological reconnaissance in the area. We sat in the sun outside the Joe's cabin while several young children played about.

Jessie is a Shangukeidí or (K'etlèmbet) of the Wolf moiety.⁵⁷ Her husband, Harry, is a Gaanaxteidí Crow. Like her mother, Jessie is a very pleasant and knowledgeable person. She told us about the ownership of fish traps both at Klukshu and Neskatahéen and she also described a pack horse trip she and her husband had taken to Noogaayík about ten years earlier. The following three stories all relate to the ownership of clan lands or crests. Jessie's English is quite fluent so we did not have any linguistic misunderstandings, and she later became a valued teacher in the language programs developed by the Yukon Native Language Centre.



20. *Why the Crows Own Klukshu*

This story is another in which the theme revolves around conflicts which may arise in the nuclear family when both clan loyalty and filial, or, in some cases, sibling love are present. The oblique statements of the son and the father are quite characteristic of public negotiation among the Southern Tutchone. Of interest too are what seems to be the presence of a “slave” and the fact that a transfer of clan lands might be accepted in partial settlement for a death. A single—presumably the ranking—individual of a clan could apparently initiate the transfer, but it still had to be publicly validated at a public feast or “party.”

I subsequently heard versions of this particular story from Chief Albert Isaac of Aishihik and Solomon Charlie of Krak-R-Krik (Cracker Creek), who recounted it at Kathleen Lake where we could easily see Game Mountain, Khì Dhāl as we sat around a campfire. The range also looms high at Champagne, the Southern Tutchone village on the Alaska Highway, where it finally ends. That nobody told us this important bit of traditional history during my earlier stays at Klukshu is perhaps because people knew that we were just beginning to learn about clan and moiety, and correctly surmised that we would not understand the story. Another reason may have

been that on the whole, while we were living at Klukshu, we spent more time with and came to know best members of the Wolf rather than the Crow moiety.

Jessie's good command of English meant that we could not always keep up with her, so there are quite a number of phrases in square brackets that we filled in from memory after our visit.

20. Why the Crows Own Klukshu⁵⁸ July 5, 1966, Klukshu

Khì Dhäl is way down at the end of [Dezadeash] lake.

You can see it from Kathleen [Lake].

It runs all right around to Champagne.

[It used to belong to] the Wolf people.

That was the one [Crow man] who went up on the hill and killed all the game before his brother-in-law [Àkh Jiyish, who was a member of the Wolf clan] had a chance.

And he [Àkh Jiyish] went out hunting.

And he killed his brother-in-law for doing that.

And a long time after that [Àkh Jiyish, the Wolf man] had one son there.

And the son, who was a Crow, saw his mother crying all of the time.

And he wanted to find out what his mother was crying about.

So he asked his mother what she was crying about.

And finally she told him.

"Your dad killed your uncle," she told him.

"He killed your uncle!" [i.e., the boy's mother's brother.]

Well, when he had grown up to be—I don't know how big, about seventeen, I don't know, but he's a man—they were at that little place they call Khì Dhäl (Game Mountain).

They were camping out on the mountain there.

Well, they [the men] went out hunting one place, and they got goat and sheep, you know.

It was a big, high, rocky mountain.

The boy figures that he is going to kill his [Wolf] father, because he had killed his [maternal] uncle.

Then, they used to have slaves long time ago.

And the men had a slave with them.

They sat down [Jessie pantomimed the men sitting up on a high promontory and looking for goats down below them].

And there was goat down there.

The boy sits behind his father.

He figures that he is going to kill his father—shove him down the cliff.

And then he sees that his father has gray hair on the back of his head.

And he doesn't feel like killing his father.

So then he gives some kind of word to his father [obliquely phrases a statement so that his father has to infer its real meaning].

“Why don't you go home?

What are you doing around here?”

Then his father knows [understands that his son has learned of his uncle's murder and is ready to revenge his death].

“I'll go home,” the father says, “and that slave can go with you.”

That means that his son should kill the slave [rather than his father].

And then, a long time afterwards, maybe that night, his son comes back.

He has killed that slave.

The son says, “Dad, your slave fell down the hillside!”

Then the father knows right away.

That old man knows what he means.

“That's all right. Let him go.”

So then they went back.

They went right back to where the people were.

So they had a party like the one at Champagne [i.e., a recent memorial potlatch for Mrs. Johnny Fraser].

And the father gave away Dezadeash and Klukshu to pay for that [the uncle's] body.

That is how come Dezadeash and Klukshu belong to the Crows.

First, it belonged to the Wolves, that country.

Àkh Jiyish was the Wolf who owned that place.

He was Little Frank's relative.

21. *The Boy Who Kicked the Thunderbird Feather*

Trying to discover more about Wolf clans associated with the Champagne Tutchone, I had summarized a Shangukeidí clan story that Frederica de Laguna and I had heard from the coastal Tlingit at Yakutat. It tells of a boy who was left behind by his family on the upper Alsek River where people were drying salmon. After the other people had gone he lived because he was befriended by a thunderbird.⁵⁹

In response, Jessie then gave her version of the K'etlèmbet or Dakl'aweidí, clan history about the boy who kicked a thunderbird feather and the origin of that clan's mourning songs. Her story is similar to the one told by Tagish, Inland Tlingit, and Tahltan narrators of the Dakl'aweidí clan, all of whom who think of it as part of their origin history. Although none of them ever used the term K'etlèmbet when talking to me, these Dakl'aweidí clan members also claim to have come from Klukwan, which Jessie identified as the K'etlèmbet place of origin.

21. **The Boy Who Kicked the Thunderbird Feather** July 5, 1966, Klukshu

My mother used to tell about thunderbird a little bit different.

They were walking that time.

They all had a fight, the K'etlèmbet.

Did you hear about that?

C. McC: Just some.

And they all parted and went to so many countries—there and there [gestures in different directions].

And there was this boy—a young man.

And there was a feather, *injUR*, (thunderbird) feather laying there, pointed straight to where they were going.

They tell him not to kick it.

[He kicked it.]

It goes up in pieces.

That's our sad song—[for] K'etlèmbet.

When somebody dies, they tell him not to kick it.⁶⁰

The thunder tears him to pieces.

That's why we have it for our sad song—the K'etlèmbet.

C.McC: Who made up the song?

J.J.: His brother and sister made up the song in Klukwan.

The words of the song are Klukwan [i.e., Tlingit language].

[It says:]

“This man loses his life

Just to kick this feather.”

[We next had a short discussion about kinds of social groupings, then I asked where the people were when the boy kicked the feather]:⁶¹

I don't know where he kicked it.

Jimmy Kane sings the song.

JIMMY KANE

I first met Jimmy Kane, of the Crow moiety*, at Klukshu in the summer of 1948, when he and his brother Bobby came into camp with their horses for a brief period of time. Another brother, Pardon, stayed at Klukshu through most of the summer. I saw both Jimmy and Bobby a number of times subsequently, but I only talked to Jimmy for any length of time in the summer of 1966 and the winter of 1968.

Jimmy had at least two Indian names—Stak’ei and Ch’ädäwu. He was probably born during the 1880s. His slightly younger brother, Bobby, is said to have been born in 1890, but the accuracy of the dates is open to question. When the journalist Glave went through Southern Tutchone country in 1890, he photographed or sketched two small boys.⁶² In the published pictures, the younger one looks very much like Bobby Kane did, even in his old age, and the first part of the name under the sketch, “Jete Joo,” may conceivably be a version of Bobby’s Indian name, Jowat’a. Or it might be a version of Jimmy’s name Ch’ädäwu. In any case, a number of older Southern Tutchone natives who saw the picture, including Bobby himself, believed that the drawing was of Bobby. Others thought that Glave’s picture of the somewhat older boy labeled “Yute kutu” portrayed Jimmy. He, however, denied this, saying that he never had gold earrings of the type which the boy is wearing.

Whether or not Glave sketched him, Jimmy did remember when Glave and Dalton arrived at Neskatahéen in 1890, and he personally knew some of the other Indians pictured by Glave: Kooseney, Ick Ars, War Saine and Isa.⁶³ The latter two were his paternal grandfather and grandmother. His maternal uncle, “Dr. Scotty,” must have been the man whom Glave called Shank.⁶⁴ Jimmy’s own mother was a Tagish woman; his father was Joe Kane.

All of his life, Jimmy hunted, trapped and prospected in the upper Alsek drainage. As a boy he used to go with his family early in the summer down the river to the K’etlèmbet fishing camp, s’idiq, below Noogaayík. Then the family worked its way upstream to Neskatahéen, hunting and fishing on the way. His father was also quite an active trader, transporting further into the interior goods that he had acquired from a Gaanaxteidí trading partner from Frog House (Xixch’i Hít) in Klukwan. Jimmy too had a fair amount of contact with the Coast Tlingit, especially those of the Dakl’aweidí (or K’etlèmbet) Killer Whale (Kéet Hít) lineage house. He helped Paddy Duncan (Q’adesin) build Butterfly House at Neskatahéen, contributing money, blankets and moose skins.

As a young man, Jimmy was in charge of the horses for the Yukon half of the team that surveyed the boundary between British Columbia and Yukon in the early 1900s. Shortly after the boundary line was finished, most of the Dalton Post Indians moved to Champagne because the British Columbia game laws greatly restricted the traditional hunting areas of the Yukon Indians. Also, Jack Dalton had built a trading post at Champagne, called Sha Dhäla (Sunshine Hill), long an important camping place of the Southern Tutchone.

Jimmy then worked for a mining company on Porcupine Creek, fairly near to Dalton Post. He and David Hume, Lily Hume’s son, were trapping and prospecting partners for many years.

* In her notes, Catherine identified Jimmy Kane as a member of Wolf moiety, but this appears to have been a simple transcription error and is corrected here.



Figure 6. Jimmy Kane, Haines Junction, Yukon Territory, 1966.

Jimmy married several times, but in the last years of his life he was a widower. He had at least one adult son, a well-educated man who operated heavy duty mechanical equipment. Jimmy himself could read, and he was much concerned about the modern world and the pressing problems of the Indians, but he was no longer convinced, as he once had been, that education would provide the solution. Thanks to the radio, he kept abreast of current events and was apt to comment on them. In 1966, for example, he observed with respect to space exploration: "I hear that a man goes around the moon only a few weeks ago. What the hell do they want to go to the moon for?" Albert Isaac of Aishihik was also concerned about the moon landing.

In 1968 Jimmy was still a fine looking old man with a shock of white hair, a cheerful smile, and a vigorous bearing which belied his age. He lived in a cabin near Mile 125 on the Haines Road, across from Dezadeash Lake, and had become something of a local celebrity and professional "old time" Indian. To his great delight, an article about him and his account of the U.S. Government's reindeer drive over the Chilkat Pass had recently appeared in an issue of the *Alaska Sportsman*.⁶⁵

Jimmy spoke Southern Tutchone, Tlingit and moderately good English, although if he was excited or tense, as at a recording session, his English sometimes became difficult to follow. When speaking an Indian language he preferred the more prestigious Tlingit for formal occasions such as tape recording. He also expressed definite ideas about the need for a good raconteur to have heard a story more than once before he either accepts it or tells it himself:

"Some Indians don't know what they talk about. I've got to hear the story from lots of men. Not just from one. If one Indian tells me, I don't listen [i.e., don't believe it]. Mr._____, too, sometimes he just starts to tell what he thinks!" [implies that he makes it up].

When we commented that he must have listened to the old stories carefully, he reiterated the same point:

"Yes, I listen. I listen. But one fellow, crazy, I don't take! [It's] got to be [from] a good man. I know too from my old grandfather. I listen good. Maybe another two or three men [tell the same thing], then I take the words."

He cited a coastal Indian, Koox'ach (*kux'atc*) who was a relative of his father's, as the "smartest" Tlingit story teller:

"He tells way back. [If two men tell the story differently], they ask him. Everybody everyday says, 'Let's ask Koox'ash! He lines 'em up good!'" [correlates the various versions of the story].

Actually, Jimmy never told us a traditional story, except for the history of the K'etlèmbet clan split. Once, though, he referred to a story about some ling cod who climbed a tree [which I had heard previously myself], saying rather emphatically, "I don't believe it!" However, when I was staying in Haines Junction in 1968 I twice heard that Jimmy had spent the previous evening telling a large audience of younger Indians about Crow and Āsùya and he had the reputation for being both a good raconteur of old stories and a good singer. That he chose to tell us mostly what he remembered about the early whites suggests that he did not know us well enough to trust us with these more traditional and powerful stories, or perhaps he did not think he had time to tell them properly. Certainly his choice was also prompted in part by the fact that I had asked him to

identify the various Indians pictured by Glave, and to tell too what he remembered about Jack Dalton.

22. *Stories about the First Whites*

In an earlier attempt to analyze the general patterning of Yukon stories about the first whites, I suggested that one characteristic of such stories is the Indians' tendency to depreciate themselves or to make their own behavior at the time of first contact seem foolish or amusing.⁶⁶ Some of the evidence for this conclusion is to be found in the three stories which follow. I have given more background elsewhere for the historical incidents to which the Yukon Indians refer, but the reader needs at least a little historical context.

Jack Dalton, the chief subject of his first story, initially came into the country with the Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper Expedition of 1890, to which I have so frequently referred. He and Glave returned to Yukon the following year, and Dalton stayed on to become a famous entrepreneur. As already noted, he built a trading post a mile upstream from Neskatahéen at Old Dalton Post, and married a number of Indian women. Curiously enough, few Champagne Indians remembered Glave by name, and they said little about him.

However, Jimmy expressed his disapproval of naming after Jack Dalton a trail originally made by Indians. The first part of Jimmy's story about Dalton is best compared to Glave's account in *Frank Leslie Illustrated Newspaper* (in 1890-1891). The middle of the story is reflected in Glave's 1892 articles. The events of the last part have never, to my knowledge, been published.

The next two stories Jimmy told both refer to the reindeer drive sponsored by the U.S. Government which involved driving the deer from Haines, Alaska, through Yukon Territory to Circle, Alaska. The original idea was to use the deer to save the starving prospectors wintering over in interior Alaska in 1897-98. In fact, the herd did not reach Circle until several years later, and by then it was much reduced in size. The deer were accompanied by Lapp (Sami) herdsman, and a Norwegian named Klellemann was in charge.

Jimmy first told Anne Shinkwin and me about Jack Dalton in the summer of 1966, when we visited him in his cabin at Dezadeash Lake. In the winter of 1968 he again repeated most of the account when he found me visiting in the house of his classificatory nephew, Tom Smith, at Haines Junction. On this latter occasion Jimmy was somewhat mellowed by a visit to the beer parlor, and his story was quite repetitious, but it is worth noting how little essential variation there is in the two versions of the reindeer drive. At the Smith's, Jimmy had an attentive audience of younger Indian men, as well as me. Mary (Mrs. Tom) Smith was also there, cooking and serving food to the men. As noted above, the published version of this story had just appeared in the *Alaska Sportsman*, and Jimmy was full of pride over it.

22. **Jack Dalton** July 7, 1966, 'Mile 125,' Haines Road

C. McC.: Tell us about Jack Dalton.

J.K. You know, that's the first time I see a white man—down the Alsek at Boundary River in the first part of June.⁶⁷

We catch fish, go down the first of June and get king salmon.

Lots of Indians.

All the Dalton Post Indians [had] cut just about half the fish we were going to have.

And we see the Indian.

[He was] Atai yäl ('at'ai yAl.).⁶⁸

He finds the white man up at Lake Arkell, and he takes them to Dalton Post.

With Atai yäl [there were] two white men, you know.

They get in Dalton Post.

[Only] some old people there.

So they go down to meet the fish.

Atai yäl takes down the two white men.

They get in that place where people are cutting fish.

That's the first time I see white man.

I was pretty small that time.

I was a little man though.

He finds him [Glave and Dalton] on Lake Arkell, and he guides him through.⁶⁹

He's got a partner, Jack Dalton.

I forgot his name.

C. McC: Glave?

J.K. That's the one, I think [but Jimmy does not seem to recognize the name]

But that time I was big size then too—

I'm not too big.

Then when they got in there, and Jack Dalton wants to go to Dry Bay. Right down!

He hires one dugout and two men.

One man was my dad's brother, Scotty Doctor.⁷⁰

And they drift down to Dry Bay.

And one [man was] Tlingit.

And they drift down to Dry Bay in that dugout.

And he [Jack Dalton] talks about it to the old people.

He [says he is] going to come back next summer, that Chilkat way.

Anyway, through the canyons, they drift down.

And they come back.

They come back.

The [Indian guides] take them just as far as Dry Bay.

And [Dalton] hired some Dry Bay Indians, and they take them to Yakutat.

And the white men get a boat from there.

Then, the two fellows come back again.

They come back again to Dalton Post.⁷¹

Well, I forgot about it, you know.

Next summer—we hear—'round about July we stay at the village [Neskatahéen]—and we hear somebody shooting at [New] Dalton Post.

But nobody stays there yet [i.e., it hadn't been built].

Lots of Indians were cutting fish [at Neskatahéen].

One boy run down, and he say, "Big animals are coming along!

Big packs!"

Two horses they have.

The same partner, he comes back with him.

By and by these two packhorses come in the village.

The two men stay in the village with Scotty Doctor.

He's working for them.

Well, he knows them and he's got a house.

Well, he [Dalton] stays there a long time.

And he says he's going to put up a trading post.

Oh—lots of long story, I'm just going to pass [skip] anyway!

Next summer, same time, in July, the same people come back.

They got four horses.

They are the same partners.

They sell something—light stuff, beads.

So anyway lots of times he has got troubles.

The Chilkat Indians tell him some kinds of stories [i.e., lie].

The storekeeper at Haines, he has got a trading post.

That white man there [on the coast].

That white man was there.

One Chilkat used to come up to buy fur from us, and he took the furs back down to him [the white trader.]

He [the trader] got jealous of Jack Dalton.

By and by [there is] trouble.

By golly, Jack Dalton kills that man.

Jack Dalton, he got twelve years for it.

Somebody got his stuff.

After twelve years, he comes back and starts right through.

Maybe [it was] two, three, four years before he came with horses.

He started with wagons.

He built a wagon trail.

First he builds a wagon road to Pleasant Camp.

And from there on [he had] a pack train to Dalton Post.

Maybe in 1886 he gets—no, in 1885 (sic)—he gets in there to Dalton Post with it.

And he starts to do business.

And he builds a log cabin—trading post there.

In the fall time, he fills up the store and the warehouse too.

And anyway, he used to trade there.

By and by, '98 comes.

Well, we use tickets that long [indicates a fingers length].

We never see any cash.

I think one dollar is yellow; fifty cents, red; “two bits” [25 cents], blue; “six bits” was kind of green. No ten cents.

Two bits was the lowest money.

That was lowest money.

In '98 when there was the Dawson Rush, Jack Dalton came back from outside.

He's got a storekeeper.

Well, in '98, he brings money.

Well, some old people got five hundred dollars in tickets, and Jack Dalton buys them back with money—the tickets.

I don't see any bills—just gold and silver pieces.

No paper money, just gold pieces.

A twenty dollar gold piece is the biggest I see.

Ten dollars, five dollars and two and half [dollar] gold pieces — that's all I see.

Then we use those things.

Then the cattle go through—thousands of cattle, thousands of cattle!

Go through Dalton Post.

[Jimmy then went on to tell about the reindeer going through, in the following story].

23 a. The Reindeer Drive from Alaska (Version One)

July 7, 1966, Mile 125, Haines Road

In 1899 we see the reindeer go through.

They are smaller than caribou.

A whole bunch of Indians, tall, and just one white man [was with them].

Four or five hundred reindeer go right through the mountains.

They don't go by trail, you know.

They go right across the mountains.

I think they follow the caribou moss.

I just see them once or twice.

One time we go hunting back from Dalton Post to get caribou.

On the other side is good caribou country.

I go along with my Dad and my oldest brother and two or three different people.

It's about August, I think.

By golly, we see an Indian camp.

Big tall Indians—don't speak much English.

That's the real Indians.

We are real Indians, but they not as bad as us [sic].

They just eat meat, I think.

Shoot wild caribou.

The caribou mix up with the reindeer, and they shoot the caribou.

Each man has a little pack—grub from white man [in that].

C.McC. How were they dressed?

J.K. Some wear buckskin shirt and pants, and a big knife hangs right here [indicates chest] in a buckskin case.

Well, next year, oh, around March, I think, I hear that on the other side of Aishihik they see those reindeer yet.

[They stay] the whole winter.

Next March at Selkirk, they see them.

Maybe there are five hundred reindeer.

They are smaller than caribou or horses—little—[but] just shaped like caribou.

C.McC: How did they move around in the snow?

J.K. I don't see these people in the snow.

I heard about them before, when the ship come in.

They cut that coast tree—

Caribou moss hangs down.

And when the tree falls on the ground, they pull [it] apart and feed the moss to the reindeer.

And they got a little sleigh apiece, just like a little boat.

And one leader goes and follows the trail and they string [out along the trail] as far as you could see.

Every place they camp out, they cut coast tree moss.

When they get in the mountains, it's different.

[The deer] can dig out the moss from the drifts.

I hear the sleighs are all piled up and falling to pieces—those little boats, those reindeer sleighs.

On this side of Rainy Hollow, I've heard.

I've never seen them—a big pile of sleighs way over the mountains.

They don't follow the trails, just follow the feed, I think.

They've got a load.

After that snow is gone, they leave the sleds, and they start to pack.

I don't know how many exactly of these Indians there were.

Oh, quite a few!

They had ropes around the necks of the reindeer.

They dragged them around.

The rope is maybe hard to handle [seems to be describing lassoing of reindeer].

23 b. The Reindeer Drive from Alaska (Version Two)

February 5, 1968, Haines Junction

[I did not start taking notes when Jimmy first began to tell his story, but because he covered most of his points at least twice so nobody in the audience would miss them, I was able to fill in a good deal from memory.]

I saw the sleds in a big pile, on the left [i.e., south] side of the Dalton Post road.

In October, we go back to Dalton Post.

My daddy is with me.

We go back there, back to Dalton Post.

We see the same people, just as many [as we saw] going there.

They have little ropes around the reindeers' necks.

And they drag those reindeer.

Those Indians [i.e., Lapps] kill a caribou.⁷²

They want marrow [Jimmy pantomimes taking a knife from around his neck and cracking a leg bone with it for marrow].

They cut it up.

Those people who eat the deer are not Eskimos.

Eskimos are not very tall.

They are Indians.

You know how much they get, those people, and the white man with them?

It takes three years to go through to the Pacific.⁷³

Do you know how much they get for three years?

Nine hundred dollars a piece.⁷⁴

The Eskimos are short of food, and that's why Uncle Sam was giving them what we call "caribou."

C. McC. What kind of caps were the Indians wearing? [Jimmy ignored the question and answers instead]:

The first time I see the reindeer is down in Haines.

It's about the first of April.

They cut down big trees for the caribou moss.

They cut the moss off.

They eat it.

I see that.

When I see them again, it's on this side [of the Chilkat Pass].

They start to use the sleigh—just little bits of sleighs.

They pile them up in a pile as big as a house.

They are just like boats, you know.

Each deer pulls one.

They have harnesses.

The deer have horns, you know, but the caribou shed them.

My dad tells me, "That's funny, those caribou have horns!"

[A young man comes in, and Jimmy discusses with him how he will sing his father's song on Tom Smith's recording machine. He then picks up the thread of the reindeer story again.]

I'm just a little kid [indicates he was about four feet high].

That caribou looks good.

The Indians are big Indians.

I am as big as my grandchild [points to a child of about ten].

I'm small then.

They cut the bones [re-enacts cutting the bones for marrow].

All the time, the caribou eat moss from the trees.

They can't eat hay.

The caribou moss is in the trees, you know. [The young men encourage Jimmy, responding with the affirmation, "An".]

There are three reindeer, and the Indians follow behind.

I see them when they pass Klukwan.

They don't stop; they just go along.

So the next time, we go down and get our grub at Haines, Alaska, I pack a box myself.

My daddy is packing.

He thinks, "That's caribou."

We call the deer "caribou" ourselves, you know.

I tell in English for the white lady [i.e., for my benefit].

At Goose Lake.

[I ask the Indian name of the lake.]

At *xu'xa män* (goose lake).

On this side of Rainy Hollow, you can see the trail yet.

At Clay Lake there was a big town there, lots of tents—lots of little tents.

The deer were eating caribou moss.

It was a comical thing!

Oh, you ought to see it! [Laughs]

They were coming.

They look pretty good.

The white man tells [the Lapps] to cook.

They are big tall Indians.

I don't know who they were.

They looked to me like Cree, you know — big tall men!

Their knives hang down in front, and they cut the meat...

[Jimmy pauses, and says: "I don't like to make my aunt there tired." He was referring to Mary (Mrs. Tom) Smith, who has been busy feeding some of the young men. Probably he wanted to eat too, but he went right on:]

It's an old story.

So we see everything there on the first of May—those sleighs.

They were piled up three sleighs high.

They were like little boats.

C. McC: How were the sleds pulled?

J.K. One deer, one sled. Three Indians walk behind. They don't tell the deer to mush [i.e., give verbal directions, as to a dog team].

They just go [themselves].

They don't tell them to mush.

So one time my daddy always goes on long hunts.

His name was Joe Kane, my dad's.

So he said, "Let's go get caribou."

We were back at Dalton Post in October.

That's the time we see those reindeer again, on a hill on the other side, just over there.

We see the tents.

My dad knows that white man.

“Hello, Joe Kane!” he says.

The Indians are cooking a big front quarter of caribou.⁷⁵

The big Indians don’t talk to us.

I don’t know what kind they are. Maybe they come down from...[Jimmy fumbles for a word. Point Barrow is again suggested by one of the young men].

Not Eskimo though!

Eskimo are small!

Altogether there are about nine of them.

They are pretty big tall men.

They cook caribou ribs too, right by the fire.

Well, my daddy comes in.

He [the white man] does with his hands, you know [beckons Joe to come in].

“Do you want to eat?”

I think my daddy is scared.

“You see that marrow?” [Jimmy checks again for the word, and pantomimes—knocking a bone three times with his knife.]

[For some reason I comment that three years is a long time to drive deer. Perhaps I misunderstood the three knocks at first.]

They see them down at Hutshi.

My grandfather, no—my uncle—Hutshi Frank, he saw them after two years.

On the Hutshi Range.

Three years, three years is too long.

[Jimmy goes back to the way the Lapps got at the marrow. I comment: “Hit it three times!” Jimmy laughs and says he doesn’t know if it was always three times.]

We watch it though.

And they have that front quarter of a caribou.

I know it doesn’t come from a reindeer.

The ribs too.

There is just one white man with them.

He just eats white man’s grub, I think.

[Comment from a younger man: “They go to Point Barrow”.]

They go to the Specific [i.e., Pacific].

[Jimmy stops to explain that Tom Smith is just like a son to him, and moves on to say that the Dalton Trail had been made by the Indians, not Jack Dalton. It makes him “ashamed” to have the trail his grandfathers had made named for Jack Dalton.]

BETTY KANE

In 1948, Betty Kane was a young girl about ten years old, belonging to the Gaanaxteidí clan of the Crow moiety. She was the daughter of Pardon Kane, a younger brother of Jimmy and Bobby. She and Johnny Fraser's daughter, Polly, and some of the other young girls in camp often visited us in our cabin, and sometimes we went fishing with them. Betty also led us down the Klukshu Creek to show us the platform blinds that men used for killing grizzlies who also came to fish.

Although she obviously enjoyed our company, Betty was, like most of the young girls, rather shy. She volunteered the following story when we were having supper in our cabin and nobody else was present. She had learned it from her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Joe Kane. In 1950 another young girl, Lillyan Rudolph, who was Inland Tlingit, chose this same incident from the Crow cycle to write up for her teacher in Teslin, and she later retold the story to us (see story no. 139). No adult ever included this segment in Crow stories they told us.



24. How Crow Lost His Eye August 24, 1948, Klukshu

Ts'ür'kí was out picking berries.

He put one eye on top of the boat.

He told it to holler to him when [another] boat came.

Then the eye hollered for him.

It said, "A boat is coming!"

But it wasn't a boat; it was a big log.

Then a boat really came.

Lots of people were in it.

They took Crow's eye and put it in a box.

Then Crow doesn't say anything.

He puts a berry in where his eye was gone.



Figure 7. Betty Kane dragging salmon by a willow branch stuck through the gills. Klukshu, Yukon Territory, 1948. Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization, J2302.

Then he came to lots of people and said, "What kind of eye did you find?"

They show it to him.

They were looking the other way.

He took it.

He went out the smoke hole.

"Look! It was Crow's eye we found!"

MAGGIE JIM

Maggie Jim was a fine looking older woman of great dignity. When I knew her, she lived with Mary Smith, one of her married daughters, at Haines Junction on the Alaska Highway. Her birth date is recorded as 1879, and she remembered very well most of the people sketched by Glave. Maggie saw his arrival with Dalton at Neskatahéen and later watched Dalton build his trading post nearby. She referred sadly to an epidemic that killed many Dalton Post Indians at the time of the Gold Rush. When she and her husband were living near Otter Lake, they too saw the reindeer herd described by Jimmy Kane.

Maggie's maternal grandmother was a real or classificatory sister of Ick Ars (*'IxhAs'*), the Wolf chief at Neskatahéen mentioned in earlier sections, and it was in his 'old style' house there that she spent much of her childhood. She regarded any question as to where she was actually born as slightly ridiculous, always countering queries with the statement that "The Dalton Post people walk around all the time!" Nevertheless she seemed to feel that her roots were really in an Ägunda (Wolf) moiety fishing camp she identified as *dalat* which was evidently close to Noogaayik and which she claimed was the original headquarters of Äkh Jiyish, the Wolf man who "found" Klukshu, but who later gave it away to the Crows (see Jessie Joe's version, story number 20).⁷⁶ One of her grandsons is named Äkh Jiyish.

Maggie's brother, Frank Stick, was the "chief" or head of the Ägunda lineage Thunderbird House (*'InjAR kun*) built at Champagne. Jimmy and Bobby Kane are classificatory brothers, the sons of two of her parallel cousins or "sisters," although she asserted her primary identification with Ägunda (Wolf moiety) while the Kane brothers preferred to identify as members of K'etlèmbet (clan). It would appear from other sources that *dalat* people split off from the K'etlèmbet some time during the nineteenth century.⁷⁷

Maggie had at least two husbands. The first was Little Jim, while the second was the ranking *Gaanaxteidí* chief, Big Jim, a "grandfather" or uncle of Little Jim, and a son of Ick Ars. When I knew her, only three of her children were still living—two daughters and a son—and Maggie was a widow.

I first met Maggie in the summer of 1966 when Anne Shinkwin and I visited her about a dozen times, finding her gracious but restrained in answering any questions we asked. She was incurably industrious, spending most of her waking hours sitting on her bed, legs stretched straight out in front of her, sewing beautifully designed and crafted moccasins or mukluks.

From time to time, she rested her eyes by looking out of the window beside her bed. Through it she could see a patch of small cottonwoods, some fireweed, and sometimes her grandchildren or others arriving at the house by the back entrance. She was somewhat hesitant about speaking English, and her utterances tended to be short, interspersed with Southern Tutchone phrases and rather long periods of comfortable silence.

Maggie probably remembered more genealogy of the old Indians of the Champagne band than did anybody else at Haines Junction. If she could not remember a name at first, she persisted in thinking about it until it finally came to her. If we asked about something one day for which she could not supply the information, she often triumphantly produced it a day or two later.



Figure 8. Maggie Jim with Anne Shinkwin, Haines Junction, Yukon Territory, 1966.

It was probably because of her reluctance to use English and also perhaps because she had not known us very long that Maggie never volunteered any stories. When I returned to Haines Junction alone in the winter of 1968, I specifically asked her to tell the two which follow. Her command of English was adequate for both occasions, although the difficulty of expressing herself in English may have caused her to cut short stories that, in her own language, would have been longer. Maggie and I were alone in the house when she told both stories, so she could not call on an interpreter for help as she sometimes did when we were discussing other topics.



25. The Girl Who Married the Bear

As I have argued elsewhere, I believe this particular story to be one of the great psychological and social dramas of the Southern Yukon Indians, and I have already published Maggie's version of it once.⁷⁸ When I asked her to tell it to me, she at first said that her English was not good enough, but I tried to encourage her. After several minutes of silence, she began in very low muttered phrases, but soon she herself became carried away by the tale. Her delivery grew stronger, and it was easy to conclude that she regarded this as an important and exciting narrative. How I should have liked to be able to discuss with her the symbolic significance of the berries, and what the story really meant to her!

25. The Girl Who Married the Bear February 6, 1968, Haines Junction

They were hunting berries.

Lots of people too were walking around.

A young girl lost her berries.

She picked them up.

Three times one lady did that.

Why does she want to throw away the berries?

The others wanted to go home.

She said, "I'll come back quick, as soon as I pick up the berries."

That's the time a nice looking man came to her.

He was a nice looking man, that one.

"Do you want to come with me? Do you want to come with me?"

She says, "No."

"Come with me!"

"Yes."

Oh, she stays a long time with him after she goes with him.

He's a nice looking man, Indian.

That time they walk around, walk around a long way.

They go on the mountain and stay there.

They eat gophers.

They sleep.

And in the morning she wakes.

He is holding her that way. [Maggie pantomimed the bear hugging the girl in his arms.]

It's a bear!

She can't move at all.

She sleeps; she sleeps.

The bear sleeps too.

The bear comes back to Indian again.

He gets up.

"Don't scare me!" that girl tells him.

"Don't scare me!"

Oh, in the fall time they go around.

"Which place are we going to stay?"

"Which place do you want?"

Well, her brothers hunt in there.

That's the place she tells the bear she wants to go.

"Right here."

They stay there.

They have a hole.

They stay inside.

Oh yes, she has two kids, yes!

That's the time he shows her.

"Somebody walks around here.

That's why you want to be here!" [at the place her brothers hunt]

[Maggie was silent for about four minutes while she put away her beads and perhaps thought about the story. I said nothing.]

Well, the brothers go hunting.

They go hunting.

The dog is coming.

He's coming.

Her brother's dog is coming now.

The bear goes outside.

They kill him down there.

C.McC: Do you mean the bear killed the dog?

M.J.: No, that lady holds the dog.

He comes in, and she puts him here [Maggie pantomimed the girl putting the dog behind herself].

She knows that dog.

It's her brother's dog.

Her brothers kill the bear.

Well, she sends the dog back.

She says to her brothers, "That's your brother-in-law you killed.

[Keep] your brother-in-law's head."

Well, they want to kill her too, that girl.

But the youngest brother doesn't want it.

Just in time he helps her.

"Why do you want to kill her?"

That's when she tells him, "You tell my mama to bring my clothes."

She tells her brother that.

Well, they skin the bear.

They go back home.

They say, "A bear has married that girl who has been missing a long time.

She is talking in there [in the bear den].

She wants her mother to come back and bring her clothes.

Take her clothes.”

She goes out and she walks.

“I have two kids here.

You give me clothes for them too.”

The mother takes the little children’s clothes.

She [the bear’s wife] walks around.

She has one little boy and one little girl.

Well, her mother gives her the clothes.

She puts on all her clothes.

The children dress too.

She walks around.

She comes back home.

She stays there a long time.

It’s fall time.

Then, I don’t know why, her youngest brother tells her,

“How do you do it?

How do you do it when you walk around in the summertime and hunt gopher?”

He wants to see.

The youngest brother says he wants to see how.

She says “No!”

That boy wants to see her in a bear skin.

He gives her a bear skin, and he wants her to put it on.

And he wants her to walk around.

“Why? I don’t want to do that!”

She has started already to turn to bear, you know.

She is going to turn to bear now.

She kills her younger brother.

“I’m going now. I want to go!”

The young kids turn to bear too.

Already they walk on the mountainside.

They go now.

C.McC: Why did her brother say that?

M.J. I don't know why he says that!

She walks, and she never comes back.

My mama told me that story.

It happened down among Coast Indians, I think.

26. The Loon Who Cured a Man Wounded in the “Alaska-Yukon War”

Maggie told me this story after I had asked her if she had ever heard of a man named *Cuwant ta* who had been healed by a frog—an incident that had also been briefly mentioned in 1966 by Jessie (Mrs. Harry) Joe.

Maggie began by correcting my pronunciation of the man's name, and then went on with the rest of the tale. She told this incident as a part of the saga of the feuding between the Dalton Post and the Snag Indians, widely referred to by the Southern Tutchone as the “War between Alaska and Canada” (see story no. 8) but the patterning of this story also suggests the widespread tale of the Loon Who Cured the Blind Man.

26. The Loon Who Cured a Man Wounded in the “Alaska-Yukon War”

February 6, 1968, Haines Junction

Shuwän Tà (*Cuwant ta*) stays at Klukshu.

The Beaver Creek [i.e., Snag] people come down there to Dezadeash Lake.

They come.

All the people get killed—the Klukshu people.

That's the time [other Southern Tutchone people] miss Shuwän Tà

He ran [away].

They cut him all up; cut him [Maggie pantomimes how he was cut all over his body.]

Arms, breast.

That's the time they look for him, down to the lake.

An Indian doctor looks for him.

For a long time they didn't find him.

Lots of people look for him.

[They thought the Snag Indians had] killed him.

Somebody walks around and hears him down at the lake singing.

That's the place they find him.

[Maggie paused here for about two minutes of silence, then resumed.]

They saw that all of his clothes were cut all over there.

Well, they don't see any marks [on Shuwän Tà].

Nothing!

C.McC: How had his cuts healed?

M.J. What you call chusay? (loon, *tcu sai*) [I supply the English term, "loon".].

Yes, loon. That's the one that helps him, helps that man.

Well, he goes under the water, and he helps him some place.

Chusay helps him.

He takes him in the water.

He washes all the cuts.

That chusay takes him.

C.McC. How could the loon help?

M.J. He helps; loon helps because he is like *ya* (a doctor or shaman) himself.

Shuwän Tà was Wolf.

MAGGIE BROWN

Maggie Brown (*MANlat*) was another Southern Tutchone woman who grew up in the Neskatahéen area. The records in the Office of the Indian Agent assigned her birth date as 1901, but with a query. Maggie, in fact, said she was a “big girl” when Jack Dalton came through and she could not understand his language. She recalled how some of the people, frightened by the horses and cattle he brought with him, ran into the bush to hide, but she herself hid in her grandfather’s big house, because she was sure the “white man” would never go there! That grandfather was her mother’s father, Old Ring John, said to be a powerful shaman.

According to Maggie, her (maternal?) grandmother and Big Jim’s mother, (whom Glave sketched as “Kooseney”) were among the first of the “Jack Dalton Post” Indians to move up to the country around present day Haines Junction, because they had seen so many sheep and moose in the vicinity. Perhaps this was because a lake in the area had only recently dried up⁷⁹ She spoke too of “grandparents” who stayed at present Canyon Creek, on the Alaska Highway, when they were “about a hundred years old”. Her mother and father, Lily and Moose John also stayed there, as did she and her husband and their young children.

When I knew her, Maggie lived with her granddaughter, Sharon Shadow, in a small, immaculately kept house at Haines Junction. She had moved there from Champagne so that her granddaughter could go to school. Maggie also had other siblings and relatives at Burwash Landing, Kloo Lake, Haines Junction and at the Experimental Farm just north of Haines Junction.

Anne Shinkwin and I first met Maggie Brown in the summer of 1966, and I renewed my friendship with her in 1968. That was when she told the following stories. Like her aunt, Maggie Jim, she was somewhat reserved in her manner, but very friendly. She had a good command of English, perhaps because she spent some time in the hospital in Edmonton and was also a member of the Anglican Church. Yet she chose to tell her tales in Southern Tutchone and have her niece, Mary Billy (Mrs. Tom) Smith translate them to English.



27. Crow Stories

Maggie told the following two Crow stories on a Saturday afternoon when she had gone to visit Mary Billy Smith who lived in a house next to hers. I had earlier been at Maggie’s to arrange taking some photographs of Sharon holding a stick of gopher snares and a slab of rock for making skin scrappers. When I then went to the Smith’s house I found both Maggie and Mary laughing at the Crow story that Maggie had been telling. Mary was a particularly appreciative

audience. She declared that she had never before heard how Crow persuaded Petrel to go out to clean himself up from the melting dog excrement Crow had put under him. Both women returned to the incident again in the course of the afternoon, laughing heartily each time at how Crow fooled Petrel.

After finishing the first Crow story, Maggie went on to tell the story of Animal Mother and at the end of the afternoon she told the story of Crow and Halibut. Evidently the fact that Crow and Animal Mother were both creators linked these stories in her mind. Parts of the story about Crow's relationship with Halibut were obscure to me, but they seem to reflect some of the incidents in Tlingit Raven stories recorded at Sitka and Wrangell early in the twentieth century by John Swanton, Aurel Krause and others.⁸⁰ Maggie's concern with the moiety affiliation of Ganòok (Petrel), the water keeper, is of interest although it may well have reflected my own persistent questions about the moiety affiliations of local individuals. Mary's suggestion that Crow might have used fish eggs instead of female fish to stock the lakes underscores the active involvement of the audience with the narrator, making clear that in 1968, Crow stories were not received as unalterable tradition. The etiological aspect of the Crow cycle is also strong in the women's discussion about how Crow provided specific fish for specific bodies of water.

As mentioned, Maggie told her stories in Southern Tutchone, only occasionally breaking into English phrases. Mary Smith was an excellent translator, except for a few times when she became so intrigued by what Maggie was telling her that she forgot to translate at all. I sometimes tried to prompt her to begin again by asking a question myself.

During part of the afternoon Elsie Smith (Mrs. Alex Smith) came to visit and Mary Smith busily sewed moccasins throughout the entire time. This was clearly not a formal story telling session but a relaxed afternoon among friends when stories could be freely enjoyed and discussed while I was taught more about how the Indian world came to be created and ordered.

27a. Crow Gets Water February 18, 1968, Haines Junction

Ganòok (Petrel) [was the old man's name].⁸¹

He's Ägunda [Wolf moiety] I guess.

Crow bothers him for water.

All the world is dry.

Ganòok thinks that he goes to the bathroom, I guess.

Crow tells him to go outdoors.

[The two women confer in Tlingit and chuckle again.]

Crow gets frozen shit [and puts it under Ganòok].

Crow drinks all the water [guarded by Ganòok].

And he flies all over the world and drops the water.

Ganòok smells his hands.

[Crow] wants him to go outside.

[Mary Smith comments: “Gee, funny thing. I almost die laughing.”]

It is kwäday kwändür (old story).

C. McC: What else happened?

As soon as Ganòok went outside, Crow goes up the smoke hole.

“You catch him!” Ganòok tells smoke hole doctor, his *ya* (‘doctor’, shamanic power)

And his *ya*, he catches Crow.

And he was white before that.

And he gets stuck [in the smoke hole and becomes black].

“Pretty soon you do that!”

After Crow steals the water he makes the lakes and the Yukon River and all the world—the Champagne river.

When he makes the rivers first, they are in a straight line, and they dried up. So then he made them all crooked [Maggie demonstrated the patterns on the table top with her sewing awl].

After he makes all the lakes, he puts the fish in.

He drops in two fish [in every body of water].

[Mary suggests: “Maybe one egg fish and one male fish.”]

Crow flies all around.

Q) What kind of fish?

A) [Mary answered] All different kinds of fish.

[Then she consulted Maggie, who explained:] Crow brings the fish.

He brings the fish to Klukshu.

Everybody goes there.

Whitefish, trout, any kind of fish—grayling.

And those for Dawson—the king salmon.

Crow makes it that way, that’s why.

Crow, he does that.

He puts the fish—that’s why they are there.

[Maggie then went on to tell Animal Mother Story (No. 28) after which she told Crow and the Halibut (No. 27b)].

27 b. Crow and the Halibut February 18, 1968

They took away Crow's wife.

It's down on salt water.

Yeh, I think it's Cháatl (halibut). [Maggie gestures, making an up and down swimming motion with her hand].⁸²

Cháatl takes away Crow's wife.

Crow's wife sits on Cháatl's back.

Crow can't do anything.

That *Ins'o* (wild celery) that people eat, grandma eats it at Klukshu.⁸³

Crow lifts up the water with the wild celery. [Maggie demonstrated by poking her walking stick under Mary's table cloth and raising it up. Mary commented "Gee, pretty strong doctor—that one!"]

"Who takes away my wife? Did you see her?" Crow asks the muskrat.

The axe broke when Crow came.

The rats [muskrats] were using it.

Crow tells them he is going to fix it for them.

He wants them to show him where his wife is.

He spits and he does like that.

[Maggie pretends to spit on the two halves of an axe head and to stick the pieces together.]

He fixes it.

[Mary did not translate the next part of the story which is obscure as it stands.]⁸⁴

Crow goes back.

When the cháatl (halibut) sees the water spill into the fire, he is scared.

Crow tells a story [lie] to the muskrat. [Later she says that Crow lied to the ducks. Crow then says something about his wife.]

Then the water goes "Sh, sh, sh".

It makes a noise, and he puts in pitch.

He makes the ducks fancy—puts white marks on the ducks.

Crow does that.

The ducks are coming.

"Do you see them? I make the ducks like that.

Oh, I'm going to make the cháatl like that."

[Really] he is going to kill the cháatl.

He tells them to lie like that [flat].

He's going to make them pretty. [Maggie laughs.]

He puts gum in their eyes. [Maggie imitates halibuts trying to open their eyes.]

Gee, blind!

[Then Maggie imitates Crow sticking a knife into the head of each of the lined-up halibuts.]

On the top! [of the heads]

[Mary comments, "Gee whiz!"]

Half he kills.

Ts'ürk'i puts pitch in the eyes of all of them.

He goes away. So he takes away his wife.

He doesn't put pitch in his wife's eyes.

He pokes in their heads when they all lie down side by side, you know?

He gets his wife back.

Crow teases Cháatl, so Cháatl steals his wife.

Crow tells the ducks he's going to make them pretty, not the muskrat.

"You turn to ducks!" he says... "People are going to eat you!"

[Mary commented: "Gee, he sure can think of lots of things, Crow, they say.

Gee, maybe he's Half Jesus!" She then went on to talk about Moose Mother, in the following story.]



28. *Animal Mother (Moose Mother)*

This is a version of one of the most important Tagish stories, but it is known to many narrators throughout southern Yukon, by some Tahltan, and has similarities to a Bella Coola story as well. Structurally speaking, it may well be a kind of initiation myth for males who will become hunters. It is also claimed by Tagish Dakl'aweidí as their clan story. Maggie included in

her story details that I had not heard from either the Tagish or Inland Tlingit. I was surprised when she told it, for I had previously asked a good many Southern Tutchone about the role of Animal Mother, and all denied knowing about her. I probably did not know just how to ask the question. I was further surprised that Maggie's niece and translator, Mary Smith, did not know the story, for although her mother was a white woman, she had been raised among Southern Tutchone at Marsh Lake with whom the Tagish had close connections. I had also been told that Mary herself could speak Tagish, but I never could confirm this. Mary's comments, which are included below, show that she was much taken by the tale.

Maggie began to tell it as soon as she had finished explaining how Crow put different kinds of fish into the rivers and lakes (story 27a). I had then asked who made the animals. More than any other version that I heard, Maggie stressed not only how Moose (Animal) Mother not only gave different animals their names, but also taught people the best ways to catch them. Her story shows too how strongly she thought of both Crow and Moose Mother as ordering the world for humans and how easily those who were well acquainted with native traditions could also equate Crow and Animal Mother with a Christian God or Jesus.



28. Animal Mother (Moose Mother) February 18, 1968, Haines Junction

C. McC: Who put the animals on earth?

M. B.: God makes them—Moose, fox, lynx, wolverine. God—he makes them. Rabbits, grouse. [Maggie then starts to talk to Mary in Southern Tutchone, although she began with an English phrase: “No game – nothing. Rabbit, grouse, nothing!” She then named a whole series of animals in Southern Tutchone, after which Mary began to translate].

A long time ago two sisters stay together with one man.

And one of them has babies.

First start to be born is kanday (moose).

Then caribou.

All the animals, young ones, are born from that woman.

The bull moose is born first, then the cow moose.

Before that time there was nothing

Bull caribou comes; then the female caribou.

Then nbay [*nImb'oi*]*—the sheep and the ewe.*

Lots of rabbits!

When they were first born [however], there were two.

My grandmother told about it.

[Mary commented: “This is the first time I knew about it.”]

The girl’s sister waits for her.

She wants her to come.

She [Moose Mother] turns to moose herself.

Before that there was no moose, no game, no sheep—nothing!

The girl’s sister and husband think that she is going to come back home.

They stay and wait for her to come back to the busy camp.

And [at first] the rabbits had horns.

And they [people] were going to snare them.

But they can’t catch them because they have horns.

So their mother took their horns off, because they couldn’t catch them in snares.

They [people] cut trees down and put snares in them.

[Maggie pretends to make an old fashion toss-pole snare.]

Their mother calls the animals by name—Kanday (moose), Mädzi (caribou), *amboi* (goat).

And it’s not very long after [their births] she tells them their names.

That’s the way they got their names; otherwise they wouldn’t know their names.

To catch the moose she says, “Cut down trees like a corral. And put a snare in each hole.” [Maggie demonstrated an old style moose fence with snares set at intervals in the openings.]

They used to catch moose that way long ago.

Moose Mother told them to do that because there were no guns.

C. McC.: Did Moose Mother tell the Indians to set the snares?

M. S.: Yes, she told Dän (people). Gee! Good story! I never hear it before:

Lots to eat now!

After a while, lots!

They breed themselves – the moose.

Some people starve before that.

No rifle, no fishnet.

That fish trap too.

Moose Mother—no, Crow [makes it].

Kanday Ma' ['Moose Mother'] is her name.

That's good too.

Crow makes the water and the salt water.

And Crow is going to make the fish and put all of the fish in this Yukon too.

All kinds of fish.

[And some of the things she makes] are pretty mean!

That bear is mean!

Kanday Ma' makes the bear—and the otter and the mink.

That same Moose Mother makes them.

And Nagay (*nagoi*) (wolverine).

That same Moose Mother, makes them.

Anything, when she sends it away, she gives it a name.

NuOi [Nthi]—"Fox" she names.

And lynx.

And when she names it she lets it go.

She calls wolverine by name and lets him go.

And *nut'cin* (fisher), he's bigger than otter.

And *t'O'e du' gill*, (tthidugil, "he shakes his head")—weasel.⁸⁵

His head goes this way [back and forth].

Crow does that.

Everybody copies [Crow].

Moose Mother had birds too - grouse, ptarmigan - all kinds of game.⁸⁶

Rabbits all gone, porcupines all gone, moose too. [Maggie rapped her finger on the table for each animal named, then Mary then began to translate:]

[That's when] Moose Mother brings them into her house. That's the time you can't get rabbit, moose or caribou.

The rabbit are all short [scarce].

Animal Mother has them.

God makes [them], and she does it.

When she lets them go, that's the time there are lots of rabbits.

[Mary exclaims again, "That's the first I knew of it!"]

See, there are no more grouse.

There used to be lots, now they are gone.

Ptarmigan too—just one or two on the mountain now.

[Maggie continues the story and Mary begins translating.]

[It's] May.

One man goes hunting.

He found her.

He was hunting around for moose or caribou or something.

He sits down there.

Fall time comes and then he thinks about where he sits.

The leaves are all like that. [Maggie shows that they have fallen down all around him.]

He has eaten nothing.

He doesn't feel it.

So he watches that thing.

He sees Moose Mother send the animals away.

She sends them away and this man watches.

And she sings—three more, I guess [Four songs in all. Maggie does not sing them.]

It's at salt water place—up that way—on an island. [Maggie gestures toward the coast with her walking stick.]

That man got mad at the moose.

He tries to kill it.

The moose runs.

When the moose was going to go to his mother's place, he runs across a stick. [Maggie puts out her stick horizontally.]

His toes go like this [one toe on each side of the stick, i.e., the moose gets a cloven hoof].

And the Mother calls the moose.

The man has been following, and he sits down.

He can't go back.

He has nothing to eat.

For three or four months he doesn't eat. He doesn't feel like it.

Just like right now he eats [i.e., he feels as though he has been eating right along].

No water.

Gee whiz! He dries up where he sits!

[C. McC: "What does he watch?"]

It's just like a show—what he watches. Lots of fun, I think.

They call that man Chäts ts'ät t'a [*TcAts ts'At t'a*]—"Duck Hat Daddy"

[When Mary finished her translation, she made some additional comments on Moose Mother, expressing again her opinion that she must be "Half Jesus".]

That's the first time I hear about that Moose Mother.

That man sits there three months and looks at the animals.

And Mama calls them [by their names]—ägay [wolf].

That's how come they know their names now, I think.

And that's how he comes back and tells the other people the same way.

Mama sings it, they say, as they go away.

And he watches it—Gee whiz, funny!

Lots of fun, the Crow [comment on a visitor to the village].

That's why [moose's] feet are split - because he walks across the stick.

Must have been across a canyon, I guess.

LILY BIRCKEL

Lily Birckel, a handsome woman in her late fifties when I knew her, was born at Champagne to a Southern Tutchone mother who became a shaman at the time of Lily's birth. Her father was an Ahtna Indian from Copper Center, Alaska, who had come to Yukon attracted by the copper rushes of the early twentieth century. He soon took his family north to the centre of mining activity in the White River and Burwash Landing country. Lily married a Frenchman, Mr. Birckel, who came to help the Alsatian Jacquot brothers with their big game hunting enterprises at Burwash Landing on Kluane Lake.⁸⁷

Although I had met Lily in 1966, my few real visits with her were in 1968. She spent most of one afternoon telling the two stories that follow. Since she was baby-sitting for her grandchildren, and her young married daughter was also present for part of the time, there were a good many interruptions, but Lily was a splendid storyteller. She also spoke excellent English. As she told the story we sat around her kitchen table, while Lily fondled a small chihuahua dog on her lap or paused to comfort various small children who experienced difficulties and needed her warm love.



29. Crow Gets the Sun, Moon and Daylight

Lily volunteered this story soon after I arrived at her house in the afternoon. We had just been looking at Glave's pictures of Indians at Neskatahéen and Noogaayik, and she may have been prompted to begin the narrative by my remark that Jimmy Kane had spent the previous evening telling old stories to the Tom Smith family and that I wished I had been there. I had also mentioned that Albert Isaac of Aishihik had told me a lot of Äsùya stories. Lily said that she knew that cycle herself, but that it took too long to tell. She then launched at once into the Crow story below. The end of her version is notably close to the way that the incident is developed by the Ahtna of the Copper River Valley with the taunting emphasis on Crow's three toes and his placement of the sun, moon and daybreak in the sky, so it is not surprising that Lily designated her Ahtna father as the one who first told the story to her. No other Yukon Native gave me a version of a Crow story that was similar to this one, which has numerous parallels to coastal Tlingit tales about Raven. Lily is the only narrator who designated Crow's mother as the Sun's daughter even though Crow steals the sun—"the day moon"—from his grandfather.⁸⁸

29. Crow Gets the Sun, Moon and Daylight February 15, 1968, Haines Junction

Crow tries to get that sun and that moon and that daylight.

He tries to get them all.

Lots of people had tried to get the sun and the moon and the morning light.

They can't get them.

Crow says, "Which way am I going to get them?"

The people say to him, "You have three toes!

Do you think that woman is going to like you?"

So he gets mad, I guess.

A little creek goes down, and a woman stays inside there.

It is like a little brush camp.

So Crow prays outside in the bush.

He sits down, and he makes himself into a little piece of dirt [gesture of picking up a tiny pinch of earth].

[Crow thinks to himself]. "I want the Sun's daughter.

I want her to go down to the creek!"

And there was one boy, I guess, who looked after the girl, and her mama and dad too.

So the dad says, "That boy is getting tired packing water.

Every time [the boy brings it] there is a little dirt in it."

[Finally the girl has to] go down herself to the creek.

They had some kind of skin which used to be high price around here—marten skins.

They just put them down like a blanket [to make a path to] the river.

The Sun's daughter walks on top of the marten skins to the creek.

And she drinks that water.

The same way—that little dirt is in the water!

The girl throws it out.

Then she gets mad.

She drinks it, dirt and all.

And after that—in about one month, I guess—she is going to have a baby.

Pretty soon she is getting bigger and bigger. [Lily indicates a bulging stomach].

Finally, they try to put marten skins under her.

But no, that baby won't be born.

It won't be born at all!

So finally her mom got grass.
That grass is o.k.
Then he is born!
C. McC: Why won't he be born on the marten skins?⁸⁹
L. B. I don't know.
His grandpa is happy, and he sure looks after his grandchild.
The boy starts to get big. [Lily stretches her hand out, palm down, to indicate he is about four feet tall.]
He's that big.
It was not like this house [a well built lumber structure].
It's a brush camp.
The smoke goes out this way, I guess. [Lily makes a conical shape with her fingers and indicates the smoke rising from the apex.]
So then he wants to get the [day] moon.
It's a big one.
It hangs, I guess, in the brush camp. [Lily indicates the (day) moon hanging up on the wall.]
Finally his grandpa says, "Take it down!"
He gets tired.
[Crow] plays [with the day moon].
For two days I guess.
Finally, he puts it under somewhere. [Lily pretends to tuck something under her arm inside her shirt.]
That sun—that [day] moon—is gone!
They can't find it.
He cries for another one—that night moon.
Three days steady he cried, I guess.
Finally his grandpa gets tired.
[He says] "Give it to him!"
That one too—he plays around with it.
Finally he puts it in his pocket.
That one is gone too!

His grandpa says, "Where did he come from, that boy there?
He is wasting all my stuff!" he says.

Then in the morning, you know, there is daylight just like a string, I guess.⁹⁰

He cries for it.

"Oh," his grandpa says, "Give it to him!"

So he plays around [gestures of pulling a string along].

So his grandpa says that they have to close the top of the house where the smoke goes up.

So they close it.

And then Crow wishes that a little hole would show up there big enough for him to go through.

He plays around. [Gestures of rolling a hoop or ball.]

After a while, "Gak!"

And he went out.

So he comes back to those people there.

He shows it to them.

My gosh, that's daylight!

Used to be dark!

"Gee. You told me I had three toes!

[But] I got the sun and the moon and the morning light!

Go ahead, you people, put them way up in the sky!"

They can't do it.

When they throw them up, they fall down.

So that Crow takes them.

"T'ux! t'ux!" He spits [gesture of spitting on hands].

He throws up the sun and the moon and the light in the morning too—just like that.

And the day-break stays there.

And when the light comes, then everybody hunts then.

They say that Crow too, he made the world.

C. McC: What is the word for Crow?

L. B. *Ts'arani*. That is the way my daddy called Crow.⁹¹

It's Dad's-country story.



30. The Girl Who Married the Bear

After Lily had finished telling about Crow, we discussed some matters of kinship terminology. I then asked her to tell me about the Girl Who Married the Bear, one of only two times I ever specifically asked for a story. As I have explained elsewhere, I had become caught up in this particular tale because it seemed to be such a universal favourite among southern Yukon Indians. Lily knew the story well and seemed to enjoy telling it, although she probably cut her narration somewhat short so that she would have time to prepare her husband's supper. She spoke rather rapidly, but she was too skilled a raconteur to omit telling detail.

This story too she learned from her Ahtna father, and as I suggested in the earlier publication, it is probably for this reason that she alone of all the Yukon story tellers credited the girl with three cubs, for three and six are ceremonial numbers among the Ahtna.⁹²

30. The Girl Who Married the Bear February 15, 1968, Haines Junction

They say that she was a young girl too, I guess.

She always goes way up in the mountain to get some berries.

And that bear always poops on the road there.

[The girl says], "You always poop right there!"

And she jumps over it all the time.

Finally, later on, she gets some more berries, I guess.

And all the people had gone down.

And she spills her berries.

And they had started down long ago.

And she picks up the berries, I guess.

The people are gone.

Then a young, very pretty young boy comes there.

That bear comes and turns into a man.

And after that he tells her, "Let's get married!"

So they get married, I guess.

So in the fall they go around.

And they eat gophers all summer.

So after that, the girl is going to have a baby.

So way up on the hill like that [points], they dig a hole for the winter.

Then after, in the summertime, that bear goes out at nighttime.

And finally, he comes back.

C. McC: Does he look like a bear?

L. B: That girl wakes up and sees a real grizzly bear sleeping along side her. [Lily acts out the girl looking down beside her and discovering herself in the arms of the grizzly.]

After that they wake up in the morning.

And the bear turns into a man.

The girl asks, “Why did you fool me?”

“What for did you jump over my poop?” he asks her.

That’s why I did it.”

So she knows he’s a bear.

So they have a den, and they sleep in the wintertime.

It seems like one night—one month—I guess.

So after that, he tells her to go out in the wintertime just like a bear goes out.

And he tells his wife, “Go outside and look and see if the snow really melts.”

So she makes a snowball and rolls it down from the den.

So that bear goes back in there and sleeps again.

And that bear says he dreams about that.

“What for did you make a mark like that?

Did you do something out there?”

“Yes,” she said, “I made a snowball.”

“My brothers-in-law are going to kill me,” he says.

Then she has three little bears in there.

There is fur on them.

[Lily indicates fur on the top of the hands.]

Feet [another gesture].

Three.

Then after that the bear's wife knows that her three brothers always go there to hunt sheep.

They [the bears] make the den there.

The bear says, "It looks like somebody goes back and forth right here.

Why did you say, 'I like it here for a den?'"

So there are a lot of those marks.

She has three brothers who go way up for sheep.

And they see the marks there.

So they have a little dog, a small little dog that gets after the bears all the time [Lily points to the small dog in her lap].

They have some kind of dog.

"Four Eyes is coming out!" the bear says.

He dreams that morning.

He is not going to do anything.

"I am going to go out, and they are going to kill me!" he says.

C. McC: What does he mean by "Four Eyes?"

L. B. [Lily explained that this refers to a dog with white marks above each eye.]

Afterward, the dog comes and barks and barks.

After that, he has teeth you know, like a.... rifle.

[Lily is puzzled by the best word to use and by how to explain that the bear could take his teeth out and hang them up.]

Like a rifle I guess.

He gave them to his wife [gesture of removing canines].

"I am going out. They are going to kill me," he says.

So he goes out, and they kill him.

They shoot three arrows inside his den.

Their sister ties them together and puts them right in front of the den.

The youngest brother—I guess they tell him to go get the bow and arrows.

The other two skin the bear.

So he goes back and sees the bow and arrows tied together in front of the den.

Gee! He got so scared!

She is in there, and she has no clothes on.
And she asks from way in there, “Are you my brother?”
Her youngest brother says he is.
“That’s your brother-in-law, the one you killed!
When you cut his head off, make a big fire.
Throw it in the fire!
And then tell my mom to make her grandchildren three sets of clothes.
And make one for me.
And come tomorrow morning and give me the clothes!

He comes back and tells his brothers, “Gee! That’s our own brother-in-law we killed!
Our sister is in the den—the one we lost long ago.
She wants my mother to go up there and get her grandchildren.”
The two brothers just sit there and have nothing to say.
Just like this time they eat the bear.

Her mother comes up, and she brings the clothes.
And so she [the bear’s wife] stays away from those people [at her home].
It’s pretty hard for her.

After that in the springtime, oh, her younger brother bothers her all the time.
“Come on sister! Make yourself like a bear!
Let’s play around!”
He bothers her.

Finally she gets tired.
“O.K. I’ll turn to a bear,” she says “if I act like a bear!”
O.K., he has a little bow and arrow.
And he thinks he is going to play with his sister.
And his sister turns to a bear, and the three little cubs [too].
And they just play around in the willows.
And she kills her brother.
They can’t do anything.
They let her go.
And she goes with her three little cubs.

That's the end of the story.

It's a good story, that one there!

My dad told that story; he told all of the stories.

MARY JACQUOT

Mary Jacquot, Nach'ädnch'ea,⁹³ was a distinguished looking woman with magnificent carriage, whom Dorothy Libby and I met when we visited Burwash Landing in the summer of 1948. She was the widow of Louis Jacquot, a Frenchman from Alsace-Lorraine, who with his brother, Eugene, built up the settlement at Burwash Landing from which they ran their big game hunting business.

Mary was born in 1900. Her mother was a woman of the Dakl'aweidí clan of the Wolf moiety and her father was Copper George Joe (Dhāldatà, "mountain daddy") of the Wolf moiety. He in turn was the son of the famous Copper Chief whose headquarters were on the upper Copper River and the upper White River. Sometime during the nineteenth century this chief seems to have expanded into Southern Tutchone country that he and his sons came to dominate through control of the copper trade. The copper came from raw nuggets found in the Scolai Pass area.⁹⁴

Mary grew up as a "Favoured Child," one who was socially recognized by her dress and in other ways, but when her mother died she had to look out for her younger sister, Jessie, who was a small baby. In order to get adequate nourishment for little Jessie, the father and his daughters moved south to Burwash Landing from Lynx City, which was then a copper prospecting center on the upper White River drainage. Copper Joe became a leader of the Burwash Indians.

Only during the last decades have I gradually learned additional bits about Mary's family history and ties with Copper Center Ahtna and Upper Tanana Indians from Northway. I understood them very poorly in 1948 and 1949, because at that time I had not myself been in Copper River country. In 1954, however, Dr. Frederica de Laguna and I began field work with the Ahtna, spending the summers of 1954 and 1958 with them. We also made brief visits with Upper Tanana living near the Alaska-Yukon border. In 1960 I suggested that Dr. de Laguna and her student Marie Françoise Guédon, who were on their way to Copper Center, try to meet Mary at Burwash Landing. One result was that Mary sent a tape recorded song to her Ahtna relatives. Later she herself began to go to potlatches at Northway, an Upper Tanana village in Alaska. Her meetings with the Ahtna and Upper Tanana continued to increase and in 1995 a whole group of Ahtna and Upper Tanana Indians travelled over to Whitehorse to celebrate their mutual ties.

Mary was a forceful storyteller, often acting out the most dramatic moments in her narratives. Her English was very good and her knowledge of oral history was probably extensive, to judge by the number of songs that she also knew. In my brief stays at Burwash Landing I could spend relatively little time with her, but the seven stories which follow represent a period of more than twenty years of friendship.



Figure 9. Mary Jacquot in dance jacket, Elders' Conference, Champagne, Yukon Territory. June 27, 1977. Photo: Jan Sheppard

31. The Man Who Killed His Brother-in-Law

Mary told this story to Dorothy Rainier and me in the afternoon, during our first visit to her house in 1948. We had been in Burwash for only a few days and were the only persons present when she told the tale. I do not know why it was her first choice. It is a version of “Why the Crows Own Klukshu,” also told by Jessie (Mrs. Harry) Joe (story no. 20).

Historically, the tale sheds light on the critical relationships between the coastal and interior peoples, and particularly on the conflicts of loyalty engendered by the unilineal clan system, though I did not fully understand this at the time Mary told us the tale. The chief characters involved are the principles in a brother-sister exchange marriage between coast and interior pairs of siblings. The plot capitalizes on the social enormity of brothers-in-law who do violence to each other, as well as on the strength of the bonds between maternal uncle and sororal nephew, even two who have never even seen each other.

As recorded, the text does not actually say whether the “uncles” with whom the boy went hunting and whom he later killed were paternal uncles, and since this was my first season of fieldwork, I did not think to ask. Considering the usual rules of revenge, however, one would suppose them to be “brothers” of the boy’s father, hence of the opposite moiety from the boy. Certainly the boy’s threat to kill himself if his mother does not tell him the truth about how his father died, is in keeping with a common Southern Tutchone and Tagish motive for suicide—inability properly to avenge the death of a consanguineal kinsman.⁹⁵

The stress on the use of copper arrows by both the boy and his father, underscores the fact that native peoples of this area had access to copper from the White River country and, perhaps even more, Mary’s personal association with copper through her grandfather, the Copper Chief.



31. The Man Who Killed His Brother-in-Law

August 16, 1948, Burwash Landing

A Coast Indian was visiting his brother-in-law. [Evidently this was in the upper Alsek drainage.]

The Coast man was visiting his sister’s husband, to whose sister he himself was married.

He went to his brother-in-law’s place.

And he killed a bear that had been taking fish.

The man put something on top of the fish rack, like grease.

The bear stopped there for the grease.

The [Coast] man killed the bear with his bow and arrow and took it home.⁹⁶

He should have asked his brother-in-law whether he could have used the place.

The Coast Indian went home.

His brother-in-law did not catch anything.

Next time the Coast man came up, they watched him,

And his brother-in-law shot him in the back with his bow and arrow.

[The Coast man] did not tell his wife.

She was carrying his bow and arrow.

He asked her to get his sister.

He thought that he was going to die that night.

They used to burn a person a long time ago when he died.

They had no way to bury them.

He told his sister to look through his ashes.

So she looked through the ashes and saw a copper arrow.

And she knew that her own husband had killed his brother-in-law [i.e., her own brother].

The sister had a boy.

She looked into the ashes [of the Coast man, her brother].

And she kept the arrow and did not tell anyone.

When the boy was about 14 years old, he heard something [some gossip about former events].

He wanted to go with his daddy and [paternal] uncles.

His mother did not want him to go with them.

They were at the place where the Coast man had killed the bear.

One of the boy's [paternal] uncles [or possibly the boy's father] started to tell about how they had killed the boy's uncle [i.e., the coastal man, his maternal uncle].

The boy heard.

He pretended that he was asleep.

His daddy woke him.

The boy wanted to go home.

He did not want to eat with them.

He told his mother, and asked her to tell about it.

“They talk about killing people out there,” the boy said.

His mother didn’t want to tell him about it.

He didn’t say anything for a long time.

Then he went back with them [father and paternal uncles] there again.

For a long time.

That man talked about it [the killing] again.

After breakfast that boy heard it again.

He thought that his mother was fooling him, and he got mad at his mother.

He did not eat up there again.

He went to camp and told his mother,

“If you don’t tell me, I’ll kill you, and then I’ll kill myself!”

His mother cried and showed the arrow to the boy.

She told him what happened before he was born.

“Your uncle went up that way.

Your father went up the same time.

Your uncle came back crippled.”

The boy took the arrow.

And he made four new ones.

He had four [paternal] uncles.

When he finished [making the arrows], he went out with his dad.

At nighttime when the rest were sleeping, his dad was looking for bears at the fish rack.

The boy shot his dad with the bow and arrow.

He didn’t make any noise.

He went back to camp and he shot two [or three (?)] of his [paternal] uncles.

The youngest uncle ran away down to the camp.

He let him go, and he went down behind him.

The uncle went into the house.

Nobody could stop him.

The boy called the uncle to come out.

He didn't come.

Then the boy killed him.

Only the boy and his mother were left [of that household].

People were scared of him.

They would not come after him.

He gave purses to all of the people, to all of his cousins.

Then they forget about it.

32. A Tagish Story About a Man Who Killed His Brother-in-Law

Mary continued directly from the previous story to this tale which is also about a man who killed his brother-in-law. She said that she had learned the story from Patsy Henderson, the ranking Dakl'aweidí man among the Tagish. The same social strains between brothers-in-law which appear in the previous story are again evident although, if I have correctly understood the kin ties of the individuals concerned, the avenging nephew shoots his maternal aunt who is married to the murderer of his uncle. Again, at the time Mary told the story, I did not clarify how maternal or paternal kin were involved.

Embedded in the tale are Native ideas about ownership of trapping rights, particularly as they relate to beaver. The concern with beaver and the mention of the beaded coat and guns suggest a relatively modern setting for the story as it is told, but these may, of course, be recently added details. Specific mention of high rank probably reflects Mary's own interest in this subject. In her view, until they developed intense trade relations with the coast Indians, the Southern Tutchone and Tagish people were egalitarian. As she put it on another occasion, "There were not supposed to be high-tone people around here that time,"— that time being before guns became available through trade.

32. A Tagish Story About a Man Who Killed His Brother-in-Law

August 16, 1948, Burwash Landing

It was spring time.

The people were hunting beaver.

They had a trap line.

Different people were [travelling] in different directions.

One man went down there by himself for beaver.

His nephew [sister's son] went down there close to him.

The first man's brother-in-law also went down there.

He had two dogs.

The boy's uncle got killed.

He had a red coat with beads on it.

He was a high person, the one who got killed.

His brother-in-law killed the man who wore the red coat.

He took the coat and all of the beaver skins.

He thought nobody was going to find out.

At nighttime he cut his brother-in-law's head off and threw him in the river.

The man's body got caught in the roots.

And it stayed there until the people saw him.

About ten days later they came back there and found him.

His nephew looked for his uncle, and he found the other man [his uncle's murderer] in camp.

The boy thought that it was his uncle's coat [that the man wore].

He went to the camp.

The man's two wives, the boy's aunts [mother's sisters] were there.

They didn't say anything about it.

The two wives heard a shot and they ran away.

The man told the boy, "Before your uncle left, I bought this coat from him."

Well, the boy doesn't think anything of it [doesn't believe him].

He comes back from the beaver hunt.

"Oh my, I had a bad dream!" the uncle says before the boy.

The boy was married too.

"The last time I killed a beaver and threw its liver into the fire, it talked to me like a person.

It gave me bad news!"⁹⁷

The boy thought he was crazy.

Nighttime came.

He started to go to bed.

He couldn't go away either.

He was scared to go away.

When the man went to bed, he put the shotgun too close to him.

The boy thought this was funny [odd behavior].

He watched him.

The boy has two aunts [mother's sisters] there, but they don't say anything to him.

I guess that they don't have a chance.

The boy starts to go to bed.

He puts his gun close to himself too.

The two men watch each other all night.

In the morning after they all eat, the man says, "I saw four beaver this way.

Let's kill them!"

He wants to kill the boy too.

The man says, "You go first."

"Well," the boy says, "You know where the beaver are. I don't know.

You go first."

The man is going to try to kill him, you see.

This man looks for two trees to put the gun in to kill him.

The boy knows something is wrong.

He goes between the trees there.

They had blankets around their shoulders when they went out.

The gun trigger of the man in front snapped.

The boy behind shot the man when he heard this.

The boy went back to camp.

One woman ran away.

One woman stayed.

She was his aunt [mother's sister].

She says, "What is the matter with that man?"

The boy killed that woman.

He looked for the other aunt too.

After a while he goes back to the camp where his wife is.

And he doesn't tell her anything.

The wife of the boy's uncle who had been killed came to him and said that his uncle had been gone too long.

“Maybe something happened to him!” [she said].

The boy knew then what had happened.

His uncle was a chief.

Everybody looked for him.

They couldn’t find him for a long time.

Then they saw something red down there [in the water].

The water was getting low.

They looked, and they found him down in the water.

Then the boy told about what had happened to him.

[He said that the murderer] had taken his uncle’s shirt too.

The boy wanted to be sure.

He asked if his uncle had sold his shirt.

He hadn’t.

Nobody knew where the aunt who ran away was.

She was way out that way.

She had lots of kids, Patsy said.⁹⁸

She was the sister of the aunt who was killed.

Funny people, this fighting all the time.

The Coast people and the [interior] Indians are all fighting all of the time!

33. The Flood and its Consequences

In the summer of 1966 when I visited the Southern Tutchone in company with four graduate student archaeologists,⁹⁹ we found Mary Jacquot and her younger sister, Jessie Joe, visiting their older sister Mrs. Bill Jamison at Canyon Creek (on the Alaska Highway south of Haines Junction). After we had described some of the archaeological finds they had been making on a hill above the Jamison’s camp, Mary volunteered that her deceased husband, Louis Jacquot, had found some sheep horns buried under fifty feet of silt. This topic led Mary to tell us a series of events related to the flood.

She began with an account of the flood itself, and then went on to include the consequences of the flood up to modern times. The distinction she makes between salmon fishing and whitefish netting is of interest, since the Tutchone speaking people of southern Yukon sometimes distinguish themselves as being either Fish People or Meat People depending on whether or not they rely on salmon as a staple.¹⁰⁰

The story of how the Aishihik survivors of the flood were found by the two Dalton Post boys is a variation on the coastal Tlingit accounts of how they travelled inland and ‘discovered’,

then used their superior knowledge to teach the inlanders things they did not know.¹⁰¹ In Mary Jacquot's version, though, the interior rather than the people with coastal connections are the knowledgeable teachers, not the learners.¹⁰² In each case, contrasting modes of fishing are key parts of the story. An underlying theme of all Mary's stories is how people who are strangers came to meet each other in the past. Had this become increasingly important in Mary's mind as she saw more and more strange people coming through or coming to stay in Yukon?¹⁰³

Mary's concluding speculations with respect to the scattering of the various interior Indians were entirely her own, unprompted by any remark or query on our part.

While Mary told these stories her younger sister, Jessie, and two young children of her brother listened quietly. We were all sitting outside by a campfire. Mrs. Jamison, who was sewing moccasins, showed us her bone-handled awl, explaining that young men usually made them for their wives. Other than that she said practically nothing, for her English was more limited than that of her two sisters, but as the eldest, she was clearly recognized as the leader of the group.

33 a. The Flood July 14, 1966, Canyon Creek

The Indians say [there was] a flood all over.

One fellow was hunting up there in Bear Creek.¹⁰⁴

There is a big mountain, a high mountain.

The Indians had made a raft.

I guess they had to.

They had to save themselves.

The water was coming up.

And anyway, Little Shorty, he found that raft.

He found the rotten wood on top of the mountain, on top of Nàday gän dhäl (*nadei gAn*, "Dry Lynx Tail Mountain") on the other side of Bear Creek [now Decoeli Mountain].¹⁰⁵

So then they say that everything was flooded.

There was nothing, no game, nothing!

I don't know how they lived.

C. McC: Were there any mountains that the water didn't cover?

M.J: Niziyat, white man's way—that's 'at' *ayAt* .

Then *nadei gAn*;; (Nàday gän, "on the other side of Bear Creek").

Then *na'aya'*, a mountain below Aishihik.

The highest mountains, I guess; that's what they say.

That's where those Indians saved themselves, on the highest mountains.

Everything [else] drowned.

Nothing survived that time.

C. McC: Were there lots of rafts?

M.J: I don't know how many rafts.

So then, I don't know how the people lived.

Maybe some sheep or goats or [other] animals went up on the mountain, I guess.

Finally everything washed out.

They had no wood.

So then, anyway, everything began to grow—trees, and I guess [other things] like that.

Some people found one another, you see.

They were camped near Aishihik.

They didn't know where [other] people were living.

33 b. The Dalton Post People Find the Champagne People

July 14 1966, Canyon Creek

One time, the Dalton Post people are down there [at Neskatahéen or Old Dalton Post] by themselves.

And those Indians live there.

And these Indians [the ones who were near Aishihik after the flood (?)] went down to Klukshu to fish.

Anyway, two boys were hunting from Dalton Post, and they came this way [towards Klukshu and Canyon Creek].

It was in the fall time.

They lived by salmon then.

They didn't even know about whitefish, those people [at Neskatahéen].

The two young boys hunted from Dalton Post.

And they killed a moose.

They went on top of the mountain and took a short cut.

And they were taking a rest at the end of the lake.

And they saw some kind of smoke down by that Cafe.¹⁰⁶

And all of the Indians were fishing here in the fall time.

The [white] fish were running.

Everybody had come in there.

They had sinew nets.

Gee! Those Dalton Post boys look down and think, “That’s smoke!”

They think that’s something.

They don’t know these people exist.

“Oh, that’s surely smoke.

We’d better go down and see—see if somebody is there.”

So they did.

They walked down.

And they walked down on the flat.

And, sure enough, they saw Indian tracks.

They followed those tracks into camp.

Oh, the strangest men [are] coming [the people fishing at Dezadeash Lake thought].

So they looked at [each other.]

[Those two boys] were gone about a week.

I don’t know how long [they stayed with the new found people].

The Dalton Post people worry.

These Dalton Post boys see these different people, how they do that fishing under the ice.

They never saw a fish net before.

They think it’s funny.

Finally they say, “Well, we are going to go back.

We are going to tell our people that we found [new] people.”

Well, when they get home, they have a big story!

“You know we thought we were the only people, but [we found] lots of people, different people.

You ought to see the way they fish under the ice!”

So the old grandma says to those boys—you know they used to set rabbit snares of sinew, with hooks — and she was setting snares.

[And she said]. “Grandchild, did they have a little hook for that snare?”

[The boys said], “Gee, you musn’t be silly!

How the heck are you going to put that hook under water?”¹⁰⁷ [Mary laughs].

So they [the boys] told how the new people put in the lines, and how they run the nets [the boys describe gill netting].

Those people over there [at Dalton Post], wanted to see the different people [who were fishing at Dezadeash].

“Gee whiz, we have to go see too what kind of news these boys bring!

Well, we’d better go see!”

They go over.

They all meet together then.

The Dalton Post people make a trail over there and went to see.

C. McC: Did the Dalton Post people stay at Dezadeash then?

M. J.: No, they never came out. They stayed there [at Dalton Post]; that’s home.

33 c. The Coast Indians and the Whites Find the Interior Indians

July 14, 1966, Canyon Creek

Then finally the Coast Indians knew these Indians too.

They get a little stuff, and they bring it in.

And they sell it to these Indians.

And the white man, Jack Dalton, is coming.

And he has some kind of stuff.

So those [Coast] Indians come in and sell big stuff.

And then [these] Indians rustle for furs.

These Indians go clear to White River.

My grandpa [who was the Copper Chief] saw one old man there [from the coast] who travels with his uncle when he is sixteen years old.

He said, “From here to Klukwan, [it takes us] one month to go down and one month to come home.”

So these people [Coast Tlingit] have a powerful chief, who maybe has a dozen men or ten men packing for him.

They call him “chief.”

They sold chewing tobacco to start.

They had no wine or no beer that time, just chewing tobacco.

Then a little more.

Then the white man brings some kind of stuff and sells it.

There was another [group of people] down there at Aishihik.

They [the Coast Tlingit (?)] found those people down there too.

How did these people come like that? [How did they get to be scattered about the country with no knowledge of each other?]

Maybe after this flood, then one people land there.

And another one there, and another one there.

That's the way I figure.

Oh, those people were having a hard time after the flood.

Little Shorty finds a raft on Nàday gän (*nadei gAn*) "Dry Lynx" Mountain.

[In answer to my subsequent query, Mary said that it is all right to point at the mountain where the raft was found, in contrast to the Coast Tlingit idea that bad weather will follow such an action.]



34. *The Girl Who Married the Bear*

Mary Jacquot's version of this story has already been published, along with ten other versions.¹⁰⁸ As I explain in that publication, after telling us the story of the Flood, Mary went on to describe the old time annual cycle, and the way in which food used to be stored in caches. She next told at length how a bear had once destroyed a lot of Indian caches in the White River area and finally had severely mauled an old man who had secretly returned to one of the caches. After the Indians had hunted down the bear, they killed him with their copper spears, cut its throat, cut off his legs, and evidently slashed the body to pieces. In the bear's teeth they found gray human hair. This meant he had eaten an Indian, so nobody would touch the flesh.

I then asked if, since it was old times, anything special had been done to the bear's head. Mary said that she didn't know what had happened on that occasion, but she immediately began to tell the story of "The Girl Who Married the Bear," which, among other things, Yukon Indians also tell to explain the ritual treatment of bears.

Like Lily Birckel, whose story appears earlier in this volume, Mary said that the girl had three rather than two cubs, and in this case too, I believe that the choice of the number can be traced to Mary's paternal ties with the Ahtna and upper Tanana Indians for whom "three" and "six" are the significant ritual numbers in contrast to the "two" and the "four" of most Southern Tutchone.

Upon finishing the story, Mary turned us over to her younger sister Jessie who then told us about “The Bears Who Held a Peace Ceremony.” Jessie did not want us to write that story down, perhaps, because she was somewhat uncertain of herself in the presence of her older sisters. However, Albert Isaac of Aishihik told me a version of the story in the winter of 1963, which I hope to publish in a volume of Aishihik stories.

34. The Girl Who Married the Bear July 14, 1966, Canyon Creek

Old, old times, they do all kinds of stuff [observed a bear ritual].

A young girl like you [points to Anne Shinkwin] always kicks the bear manure.

She jumps over it and says, “Oh, you dirty thing on the trail!”

[The people say to her], “Don’t! Don’t do that!

Don’t do that!”

And then, something happened.

They go after berries—that’s what they said.

So pretty soon this girl was gone.

Nobody knew where she went.

The bear had turned to a man and had got this girl.

That’s what was the matter.

They go around camping.

The girl thinks she is with a nice looking man.

They camp and hunt.

He is a good hunting man.

They went some place, and were camping.

And then—I don’t know—then finally she is going to have some babies.

Oh, she thinks she wants to go back to her mama and have the babies.

It was fall.

They were camping.

And finally her husband puts his hand like that [pantomimes laying it on the girl’s breasts], when she was sleeping.

He put his hand there.

And she looks and sees bear claws.

And pretty soon she is scared.

This bear asks her, “What’s the matter with you?

Why are you scared of me now?"

She says nothing.

She is scared.

He says, "Why do you laugh at me all the time? You get it this time!

[He is asking why she used to laugh at him and say bad things about his droppings.]

She doesn't know what to do.

She has nothing in the den.

It is just like a home to her.

She starts to change herself [to take on the bear-like qualities].

She gives up.

She can't do anything.

She is going to have babies too.

The bear says, "Well, we had better make a home for winter."

She wants to go.

She says, "I am going to show you where we'll stay.

I am going to stay there.

I am going to show you where I want to stay for winter."

She knows where her brothers always used to go to hunt sheep, near a creek.

The bear says, "Well, okay then, we'll go in there."

So he makes a home down in the rocks.

He makes a den.

And he tells [her], he says, "Why do you want to stay in here?

You know that everybody comes in here all the time!

I don't like to stay here.

But just the same, I'll make the house too!"

So spring time comes—March.

It's sunny.

She knows her brothers are coming.

She takes snow, and she takes some of her nest, and she makes a ball.

The nest smells.

And she throws the ball.

And it rolls right down the creek where her brothers have their hunting dogs.

That bear there, he wakes up in the nighttime.

“Gee! Somebody has found us.

I’ll get killed,” he says.

She has three little cubs.

So then he says, “I’ll get killed, but you [all] won’t.”

C. McC: How did he know he would be killed?

M. J. I don’t know. He dreams it, I guess.

He dreams he’ll be killed.

Then, sure enough, the dogs found that snowball that rolled down.

And they follow up the creek and bark in front of the door.

[The bear says], “Didn’t I tell you?”

He has all kinds of stuff in there [in that den], to kill with.

Those teeth—the best teeth—he has.

He puts in his teeth [indicates his canines].

She looks [out] for her brothers.

“Don’t take these ones; they are all your brothers-in-law!” she told the bear.

Okay, he throws his teeth back [in the den].

He goes out there.

And the brothers had lots of bows and arrows.

The bear rolls and yells like everything [when they shoot him].

They don’t think anything of it, and they skin him.

The brothers skin the bear.

And they tell the youngest brother, “Go back up for the arrows.”

So she had picked up all the arrows, you know, and tied them up together.

And she put them right in front of the cave door.

And the boy ran up there, and he was kind of scared.

Gee! He saw the bows and arrows tied up together.

And he grabbed them.

He wanted to run back.

She started to call her brother.

“My brother! I’m the one whose gone.

There’s little kids in there!

You know, the one you just killed is your brother-in-law!

Just the same, you get his head, and fix it, and put it away good!

You tell mama to make clothes, a dress, for the kids and me.”

That boy went back down to his brothers.

He ran.

“Gee whiz!” he told his brothers.

“I’m going to tell you something surprising! Yes!

Our sister said that’s our brother-in-law we killed!”

She said, ‘Use him up, but not the head.

Fix the head up good!’”.

So afterwards, the older brother said, “Let’s go back up and get rid of her!”

He got kind of mad.

The younger brother said, “Sometimes she might be handy, a woman like that.

Don’t talk like that!”

So they went home.¹⁰⁹

And they told their mother what had happened.

And she started sewing, sewing.

The girl didn’t like to stay too close to a human person.

She had hair on the back of her hands and arms, and on her back.

And the kids too.

So she dressed them all up.

The mother went out and dressed the kids and the girl.

And took them all home.

She gave them all the stuff, but they stayed out in camp.

The girl said, “It will take a long time before you can come close.

The Indians stink like everything!”

She doesn’t want to smell them.

Well, she was just like a moose, I guess.

But finally, she came close.¹¹⁰

“Gee!” She used to point. “There’s a woman over there.
Somebody’s camped over there in the bear den.
Go ahead and kill them!”

In the springtime she said, “Some time I [might] turn into a bear.
You must be careful of me, not tease me, or I [might] turn into a bear!”

So her kids are like that [Mary points to her niece who is about ten years old].
They go out hunting gophers.
And the brothers make little bows and arrows.
The oldest brother—one of the older brothers—says, “Make yourself into a bear, and we will shoot you.
We’ll just play!”
And she says, “Don’t! Don’t bother me!
Remember, I might turn into a bear!”

Finally she got mad.
And she went up the hill a little ways.
She took off her dress, and she put on a fur coat.
And I don’t know where she got it.
She threw everything away.
And then she tore them all up.
She killed her brothers too, except one.
He’s away, I guess.

Her brothers had teased her [saying] “Come on.
Make yourself into a bear for us!”
And nobody ever saw her any more again.
That’s why people are careful with bear skulls, and put them away [ritually].
They told us that if there’s a little baby in camp, don’t bring the bear skin into camp.
It will make the kid cranky.¹¹¹

DIXON JOHN

Dixon John, (*cak'an ta'*), was born at Lake Laberge. According to official records this was in 1909, but the date is a guess. His father, who was also from the Lake Laberge area, died when Dixon was a small child. His mother was from Dalton Post and she evidently spoke Tlingit, though I do not know if it was her first language.

Dixon identified himself as a Crow, but he did not give himself a specific clan affiliation when we first met him. His first wife was an older sister of Jessie Allen, whose stories appear earlier in this volume with those of Lily Hume. Then he married a woman from Lake Laberge, and finally Jessie herself, who had been widowed.

For most of his life, Dixon was an active hunter and trapper, and in general he stayed in the southwestern corner of Yukon. His mother's father hunted and camped in the vicinity of Bear Creek and around Pine Lake, near Haines Junction, and so did Dixon. He showed us the remains of an old caribou fence into which people used to drive the caribou off the ice of Pine Lake in late winter.

Dixon and Jessie also had a log house at Champagne. In front of it he displayed an old wooden dugout made of cottonwood, but when Anne Shinkwin and I met Dixon for the first time in the summer of 1966, he was living with Jessie in his cabin near Pine Lake at what was then 'Mile 1011' (just east of Haines Junction) on the Alaska Highway. His son, Louie, Louie's wife Daisy, and their five young children lived in tents nearby. This was before the Pine Lake Territorial Campground had been extended to Pine Lake itself and several other summer cabins had already been built on its shores.

Anne Shinkwin and I visited Dixon and Jessie several times in 1966, finding the older couple and Louie all to be very helpful in recording vocabulary, and telling us about other things as we sat outside in the dappled sunlight under the pines. Jessie was usually sewing by a small campfire. In contrast, however, to her earlier behavior at Klukshu when she was a widow living alone or with young Henry Allen, Jessie told us no stories, always deferring to Dixon, whatever the matter under discussion.

I saw both Jessie and Dixon again briefly in the winter of 1968 when they came to Haines Junction for groceries. They were then living in a tent on the road a few miles further to the east, and when the thermometer dropped to minus 72° F (minus 58° C) they complained about the cold. This time I heard no stories, but in 1977 I returned briefly to Haines Junction with Jim Fall and Janice Sheppard, who were then collecting material for our book, *Part of the Land, Part of the Water*. They remained at the Junction for several weeks and found Dixon to be a fine raconteur; they recorded several more of his stories.

Dixon said that he himself knew English, Southern Tutchone and Tlingit but could not really speak the latter. At one period in his life, Dixon spent some months in the hospital in Edmonton and as a consequence his English was good, but Anne and I did not see enough of him in 1966 to learn much more of his background or to hear him tell any story other than the one which follows.



Figure 10. Dixon John showing Anne Shinkwin an old caribou fence. Pine Lake, Yukon Territory, 1966.

35. *Why the K'etlèmbet Split Up*

Anne and I spent the morning at the Dixon John camp. His wife, Jessie [Allen], John's daughter-in-law, and her children were near by, but only Jessie and Dixon talked with us. As already noted, Jessie deferred to all that Dixon had to say, explaining that he was “the boss.” She expressed the opinion at the end of this story, however, that perhaps he should not have told it, though she did not say why. We had earlier been discussing a Coast Tlingit attack on a Southern Tutchone camp near Lake Lebarge, and I had then asked Dixon if he knew how the K'etlèmbet were related to other Wolf clans. During the summer Jimmy Kane had summarized, but did not want taped, a story of the K'etlèmbet split. Since this was the first time that I had heard a Southern Tutchone mention this particular clan name, I was eager to find out all I could about it.

Dixon told us that both of his sons from Jessie's older sister, and also Jessie were members of the K'etlèmbet clan, though in earlier years Jessie had always identified herself as Shangukeidí. Perhaps Jessie thought Dixon should not have told the story because he himself was a Crow, or perhaps her admonition was related to a general caution in telling stories about dissension and feuding among clan segments or coast and interior peoples, lest this risk stirring up old enmities.

35. **Why the K'etlèmbet Split Up** June 6, 1966, Pine Lake, Alaska Highway

There are no *Dakl'aweidí* here.

Ägunda and Crow are here.

Dakl'aweidí is the ‘outside’ name for K'etlèmbet.¹¹²

There was one town near Haines, at the salt water.

They fight at this town, at the salt water place.

One old chief had a young wife.

Another man tried to take that woman.

A young fellow fell in love with her.

After a while that chief found out.

And he doesn't say anything when he finds out.

He wants to kill that man, so he doesn't say anything.

Do you see that worm shell on the shore, *tuqwa tc'At* (dentalium).

Those shells from the salt water—there are lots on the shore.

The first night he knows it [he doesn't do anything].

The second night he has a sack of shells.

He puts the shells long side his wife, so he could listen.

And he hears somebody walk on the shells.

He hears the man sneaking in.

He wants to kill him.

He waits about an hour to give him a chance.

He figures he'll kill him.

Then he takes his butcher knife.

And that young fellow is sleeping by his wife.

No fire.

He just goes easy.

The old man cuts the young man's head off.

Then he hangs it up on the ridge pole inside the house.

Maybe he kills his wife too; he should have!

I don't know about that.

Then in the morning, that young fellow comes up to get fire, so he can make fire in his house.

He's a relation and friend of the [first] young fellow, about twenty years old.

So he thinks he's missing his partner.

In the morning he doesn't come back.

He just wants to find out.

He knows [where] his friend goes and that the woman is his girl friend.

He figures something is wrong.

So he sees blood on the floor, but he doesn't look up there.

He turns around and looks up and sees the head.

Then he goes back and tells about his friend.

And then they fight all together—maybe the same relations, brothers and uncles [i.e., men of the same clan].

All the same people fight.

War!

Then when they finish fighting, they can't stay together any more.

They have to split.

Part of them came up to Bear Creek.

About thirty people came in.

And they went on the Dalton Post road and around to Carcross too.

And to Atlin too, and Teslin.

They all split out, and that's why there are so many all around.

Before that in Yukon they only have Ägunda (Southern Tutchone, Wolf moiety) and Kajit (Southern Tutchone, Crow moiety).

Dakl'aweidí is 'outside' language [Tlingit, coastal language]

K'etlèmbet is 'inside' language.

Endnotes

¹ Angela Sidney et al., *My Stories Are My Wealth*.

² In my ethnography *My Old People Say* (especially 439-79), I used the terms 'clan' and 'sib' interchangeably, but because clan is now the term more customarily used, I follow that usage in these volumes.

³ See McClellan, "Inland Tlingit"; "Southern Tutchone", and "Tagish" in *Handbook of North American Indians*, Vol. 6: Subarctic.

⁴ As noted in the Preface to this volume, standard spellings from linguists' published works have been substituted where they match McClellan's phonetic transcriptions.

⁵ See Angela Sidney, *Haa Shagoon*, 53.

⁶ See Moore and Tlen, "Conceptualizing Place and Identity: the Language Work of Elijah Smith," (manuscript under review).

⁷ For a discussion of Southern Tutchone moieties and clans, see McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 440-45.

⁸ Glave, "Our Alaska Expedition," 27 December 1890, 396-97. Glave recorded their guide's name as "Shank". For an overview of this trip, see Cruikshank, *Do Glaciers Listen?* 179-190.

⁹ Glave's sketches of Ick Ars and Kooseney appear in "Our Alaska Expedition," 13 December, 1890, 352. McClellan, *My Old People Say*, p. 28, identifies Ick Ars as a "Wolf chief"; his wife, Kooseney would have been Crow. See also McClellan's Plate XIV in that ethnography.

¹⁰ McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 17, 34.

¹¹ McClellan learned that some Southern Tutchone disputed the right of the Neskatahéen Gaanaxteidí to this door, saying that they never fully paid for it and that by rights it belonged to the Lost River people who paid the Tlingit traders the full amount for it. According to Goldschmidt and Haas, *Haa Aaní*, p. 48, Lost River was once a village on the first stream south of Yakutat.

¹² Wright, "Porcupine Placer District, Alaska," 11.

¹³ McClellan, "Intercultural Relations."

¹⁴ Formerly, both the Alaska Highway from Fort St. John, British Columbia, to Fairbanks, Alaska, and the Haines Highway linking the Alaska Highway with Lynn Canal on the Pacific coast were marked by 'mileposts' placed along the entire length of each road. Mileposts were commonly used to identify locations along each road and came to be used as informal place names. With the subsequent straightening of the highway, and the conversion to metric measurement (kilometres) in Canada, these identifiers have disappeared and are now largely unknown except by 'old-timers.' Johnny Fraser regularly identifies locations with reference to mileposts.

¹⁵ McClellan notes that there was much laughter at this point and that all versions of this story were apparently expurgated.

¹⁶ Johnny Fraser's reference point here was the site of the Canadian Customs post in 1948, now moved.

¹⁷ Thomas W. Thornton, editor of Goldschmidt and Haas's volume *Haa Aaní*, 51, provides this spelling.

¹⁸ See de Laguna, *Under Mount Saint Elias*, 87.

¹⁹ McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 149.

²⁰ McClellan, *The Girl Who Married the Bear*.

²¹ In response to Catharine McClellan's question about whether it was bad luck to touch these rafts, Johnny Fraser responded, "No. It's not bad luck to touch [such rafts]." McClellan also asked him whether he knew about "stone nests" that some Tagish people mention. He replied that he knew of no such stone nests.

²² Recently, Patrick Moore and Daniel Tlen have analyzed this story in their paper, "Conceptualizing Place and Identity: the Language Work of Elijah Smith."

²³ McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 186-87.

²⁴ De Laguna, *Under Mount Saint Elias*, 255.

²⁵ McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 469-71; Sidney, in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 37-39.

²⁶ The clan owner of beaver crest would sing this at a potlatch.

²⁷ See also McClellan, “Wealth Woman and Frogs,” and Sidney, in Cruikshank et al. *Life Lived like a Story*, 62-3.

²⁸ For discussion of some of other versions in the Yukon, see McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 518-19, McClellan et al., *Part of the Land*, 285-89; Slobodin, “Without Fire,”; Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 108-10, 119-25, 241-45, 340-44.

²⁹ Elsewhere, McClellan discusses likely dates of smallpox epidemics on the Alsek River system; see McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 24.

³⁰ Catharine McClellan’s original notes identify this woman as Nelly Pringle, but contemporary relatives say that she must have been referring to Susie Pringle, so we have adopted this throughout.

³¹ See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, Plate XIV.

³² McClellan gives two different phonetic spellings for this name in the manuscript.

³³ McClellan is writing here in the present tense, from visits in 1948 and 1954. See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 442-43.

³⁴ See Glave, “Our Alaska Expedition,” 1890-91; Glave, “Pioneer Packhorses in Alaska: 1. The Advance,” and “Pioneer Packhorses in Alaska: 2. The Return.”

³⁵ Much laughter here, suggesting again that this version, told to two young female anthropologists, was expurgated.

³⁶ Frank follows a custom here of using the same kinship term to refer to “grandfather” and “father-in-law” and in fact the two were sometimes the same person.

³⁷ This would be the same “Ick Ars” referred to in Johnny Fraser’s and Nelly Pringle’s accounts, sketched in Glave, “Our Alaska Expedition,” 352. See also McClellan, *My Old People Say*, Plate XIV.

³⁸ The man was using toss-pole snares which spring the rabbits high off the ground so that foxes and wolves can’t get them. This method was still practiced at Aishihik in the 1960s.

³⁹ The stars in the constellation are evidently part of Ursa Major.

⁴⁰ McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 335-36. The coastal Tlingit story of *Kaakex’wtí* appears in Swanton, *Tlingit Myths*, 154-60, 334, and in Dauenhauer and Dauenhauer, *Haa Shuká*, 152-165.

⁴¹ Frank’s version also appears in McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 553-56.

⁴² See also Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 48-49; Cruikshank, *Do Glaciers Listen?* 80-91.

⁴³ McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 335-36.

⁴⁴ See de Laguna, *Under Mount Saint Elias*, 350-52; Cruikshank, *Social Life of Stories*, 116-37.

⁴⁵ As noted above, this would be the man Glave sketched as “Ick Ars.”

⁴⁶ K’etlèmbet is a Wolf clan, and McClellan notes that in the past this name was sometimes used interchangeably with *Dakl’aweidí*, another Wolf clan (*My Old People Say*, 442). Apparently some Shangukeidí clan members on the upper Tatshenshini also used the clan name K’etlèmbet interchangeably with Shangukeidí; see also Jessie Joe’s accounts in the following section.

⁴⁷ John Cook (head of the party), Pete Ramsdan, William Workman and Anne Shinkwin invited Catharine McClellan to join their archaeological survey work in Yukon Territory and Alaska in the summer of 1966.

⁴⁸ Eulachon run in coastal waters during early spring.

⁴⁹ Like Lily Hume (in her version, no.16a), Jessie Allen is saying that she needed to see this hole in the rock herself before she could believe that Crow made it.

⁵⁰ Jessie had just given a Tlingit term for this place. She indicates here that Carmacks people would refer to Five Finger Rapids by a Tutchone term.

⁵¹ Jessie did not explain at this point how Crow finally escapes from the smoke hole but becomes sooty black in the process. The end of the following episode explains what happened.

⁵² Jessie’s grandson, Harry, had been taking in the story, his eyes growing round with excitement, especially at this juncture.

⁵³ Southern Tutchone people living along this river used the name “Alsek” or “Alsekh” or “Alsegh” for the river now officially named “Tatshenshini” (a tributary of the larger river now named “Alsek”) so the names are often used interchangeably.

⁵⁴ Jessie interrupted her story to show a low rectangular enamel dish. She explained that it was like the old time dishes used for eating, which became soaked with grease.

⁵⁵ This was probably basically a shaft with a tine made from antler.

⁵⁶ For details of the kinds of salmon traps used at Klukshu, see McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 186-88. A photograph of a Klukshu trap appears in Volume 1, Plate XI.

⁵⁷ As noted, K'etlèmbet is also a clan name sometimes used interchangeably with the Wolf clan *Dakl'aweidí* although here Jessie Joe identifies her connection with Shangukeidí, also a Wolf clan.

⁵⁸ Catharine McClellan also recorded a version of this story in 1948 with Mary Jacquot (story no. 31) this volume. We thank Patrick Moore and Daniel Tlen for assistance with spelling of Southern Tutchone words in this story: for a version in Southern Tutchone, see their manuscript, "Conceptualizing Place and Identity."

⁵⁹ See de Laguna, *Under Mount Saint Elias*, 249-51; McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 175; Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 40-41.

⁶⁰ The feather exploded when the boy kicked it, and he died. Jessie explains that the formal mourning song of the K'etlèmbet clan refers to this incident.

⁶¹ The Tagish, Inland Tlingit and Tahltan usually locate this event on the upper Taku or Stikine Rivers. See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 175.

⁶² Glave, "Our Alaska Expedition," 352.

⁶³ Glave, "Our Alaska Expedition," 328, 352. See also McClellan, *My Old People Say*, Plate XIV.

⁶⁴ Glave, "Our Alaska Expedition," 332.

⁶⁵ Waddington, "Jimmy Kane."

⁶⁶ McClellan, "Indian Stories about the first Whites."

⁶⁷ Jimmy Kane is referring to Edward Glave's and Jack Dalton's first trip to the Tatshenshini River, in 1890.

⁶⁸ Glave identified this man by as "Koonack Sal"; see also Cruikshank, *Do Glaciers Listen?* 184-190 for a summary of this trip.

⁶⁹ Glave and Dalton separated from the rest of their party at Kusawa Lake [also known as 'Lake Arkell']. From there, they travelled west to Frederick Lake where the family of Atai yäl (Glave's "Koonack Sal") found them and led them to Dalton Post.

⁷⁰ Glave, *Our Alaska Expedition*, 1890: 310, 333, identifies this man as "Shank."

⁷¹ Just as Jimmy Kane says, Glave and Dalton returned again with horses in 1891 and went directly to what later became Dalton Post.

⁷² Jimmy is still concerned about the identity of the herders. He ignores the suggestion of a young boy that they are "Lapps."

⁷³ One of the young men listening suggests "Point Barrow" and "Inuvik" but Jimmy sticks to "Pacific".

⁷⁴ The audience all agrees in one way or another that these are low wages.

⁷⁵ Jimmy had already explained that the herders shot and ate the wild caribou attracted to the herd, rather than eating the reindeer themselves.

⁷⁶ Elsewhere, in *Girl Who Married the Bear*, p. 48, McClellan notes that Maggie Jim was sometimes identified with a Southern Tutchone group known as the *dalt'uwAt'can* (Hill People) who once lived along the flanks of the Saint Elias mountains.

⁷⁷ In an early version of her manuscript, "My Old Peoples' Stories", Catharine McClellan gives the phonetic transcription *dalat*, to refer to a group that may have split off from Noogaayik sometime in the nineteenth century. Her notes are not entirely clear about whether the term is used to refer to a location or a clan affiliation (undated, typed manuscript, p. 165).

⁷⁸ McClellan, *Girl Who Married the Bear*, 48-49.

⁷⁹ Neoglacial Lake Alsek formed when the Lowell Glacier surged and blocked a section of the upper Alsek River in the mid 1800s. The resulting lake stretched north to the present-day site of Haines Junction. When the dam burst in approximately 1852, the lake drained rapidly but probably took some years to dry up. See Cruikshank, *Do Glaciers Listen?* 43-45, 104-09.

⁸⁰ See Krause, *The Tlingit Indians*, 178-79; Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, 4.

⁸¹ Swanton, *ibid.*, 4

⁸² The two women had an animated exchange about the English name of cháatl [a Tlingit word] but reached no decision other than that the fish lives in salt water. I knew this to be the Tlingit name for halibut, but I did not want to suggest it at this point.

⁸³ The women didn't know how to translate this term either, but agreed, when asked, that it is the Southern Tutchone word for "wild celery."

⁸⁴ There appear to be some parallels with Swanton's recording of "The Halibut People," *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, 38-40.

⁸⁵ We paused in the story to discuss the use of weasel skins as amulets. To explain the name of weasel in Southern Tutchone, Maggie shook her head back and forth as a weasel does when it sits up.

⁸⁶ Maggie then explained in Southern Tutchone that when there is a scarcity of animals it is because Moose Mother has called them back to her. Mary never fully translated this part of the story but I caught the gist of it because I knew enough from other versions to supplement it from Maggie's gestures and my limited knowledge of Southern Tutchone.

⁸⁷ McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 30-31.

⁸⁸ Her 'day moon' refers the first streaks of dawn.

⁸⁹ Being 'born on marten skins' implies a prestigious birth.

⁹⁰ Again, this refers to daybreak.

⁹¹ This term for Crow is, I believe, actually in an Upper Tanana dialect of Athapaskan. The Ahtna of Copper Center almost always called Crow *SaRani Gayi* (Crow, little).

⁹² See McClellan, *The Girl Who Married the Bear*, 53-55.

⁹³ McClellan transcribed Mary Jacquot's name phonetically as 'nstAnjia' in 1948. The spelling used here, as well as Mary Jacquot's birth date are provided by Margaret Workman, *Kwäday Kwändür*, 11.

⁹⁴ See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 30-31. Workman, *Kwäday Kwändür*.

⁹⁵ McClellan, *ibid.*, 336. See also Moore and Tlen, "Conceptualizing Place and Identity."

⁹⁶ At Klukshu and Neskatehén the men built blinds of brush in the tall trees by the fish drying racks so they could shoot the bears who came into the camp at night. See McClellan, *ibid.*, 490.

⁹⁷ See McClellan, *ibid.* 148-49 for a discussion of the power of beaver liver to foretell the future.

⁹⁸ Mary is referring here to Patsy Henderson (see Volume II).

⁹⁹ As noted, the archaeologists included John Cook, Pete Ramsdan, William Workman and Anne Shinkwin.

¹⁰⁰ See McClellan, *ibid.*, 15.

¹⁰¹ See Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, 326-46; Dauenhauer and Dauenhauer, *Haa Shuká, Our Ancestors*, 152-165; Cruikshank, *Do Glaciers Listen?* 37-39.

¹⁰² See also Ned, in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 280, for her similar perspective on how inland people helped out coastal Tlingit who "had nothing" and were helpless when they first came inland.

¹⁰³ This emphasis on encounters with strangers is also a key theme in stories Angela Sidney, Kitty Smith and Annie Ned told in the 1970s. Accounts written by late nineteenth century travellers to the Yukon also emphasize encounters with unfamiliar people, but from a different perspective; see Cruikshank, *Do Glaciers Listen?*

¹⁰⁴ Terraces of former Lake are very evident at Bear Creek.

¹⁰⁵ This 'Dry Lynx Tail' mountain, now officially named Mount Decoeli and visible from the Alaska Highway, is known as a 'weather vane' because clouds cling to its peak and leave a trail (or tail) showing the direction of the wind.

¹⁰⁶ Mary agreed that she was referring to Yardley's Café. In 1966, it stood on the edge of Dezadeash Lake at Mile 125 on the Haines Road.

¹⁰⁷ The boys laugh at the old woman who thinks that inland people catch fish by setting rabbit snares with toggles under the water.

¹⁰⁸ McClellan, *The Girl Who Married the Bear*, 50-52.

¹⁰⁹ She moved into the camp to live with humans.

¹¹⁰ The girl had the power to locate bears in their dens, and led her brothers to their prey.

¹¹¹ This is an Ahtna belief and phrasing. I never heard it expressed explicitly by the Southern Tutchone specifically in relation to babies, though they did not bring bear skins into camp.

¹¹² Dixon John explained that K'etlèmbet, rather than Dakl'aweidí was the dominant Wolf (Ägunda) clan found around the upper Tatshenshini drainage and that Dakl'aweidí is an "outside" (meaning outside the Yukon--Alaska, in this case) clan name. See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 442.