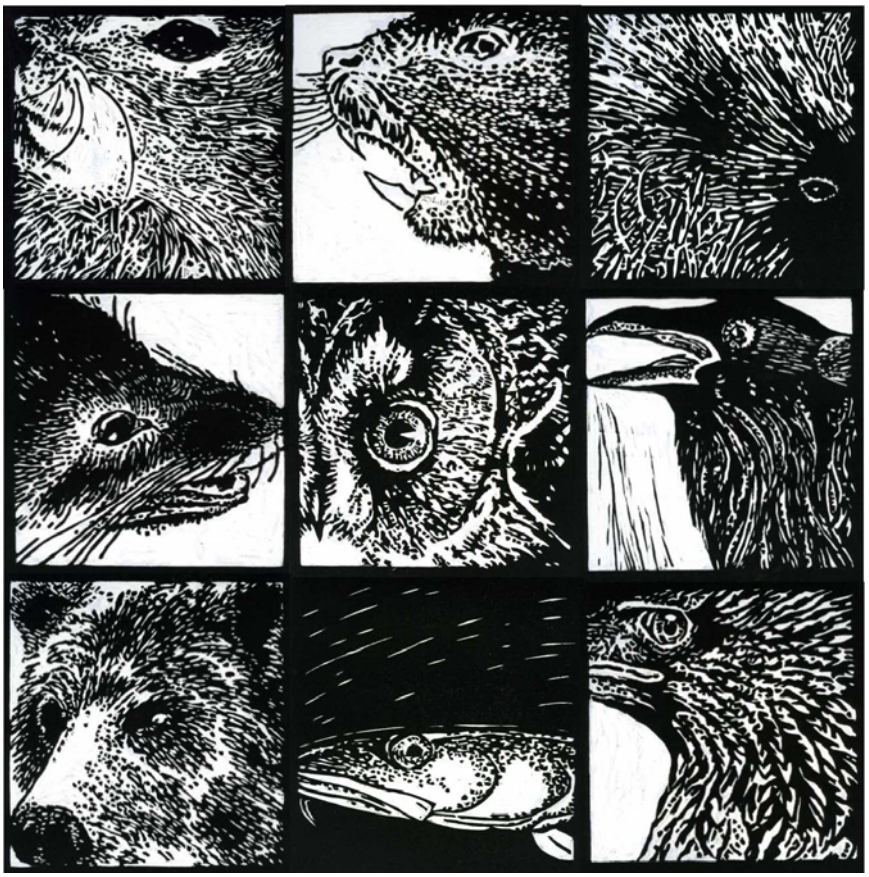
My Old People's Stories

A Legacy for Yukon First Nations

PART II
TAGISH NARRATORS

Catharine McClellan



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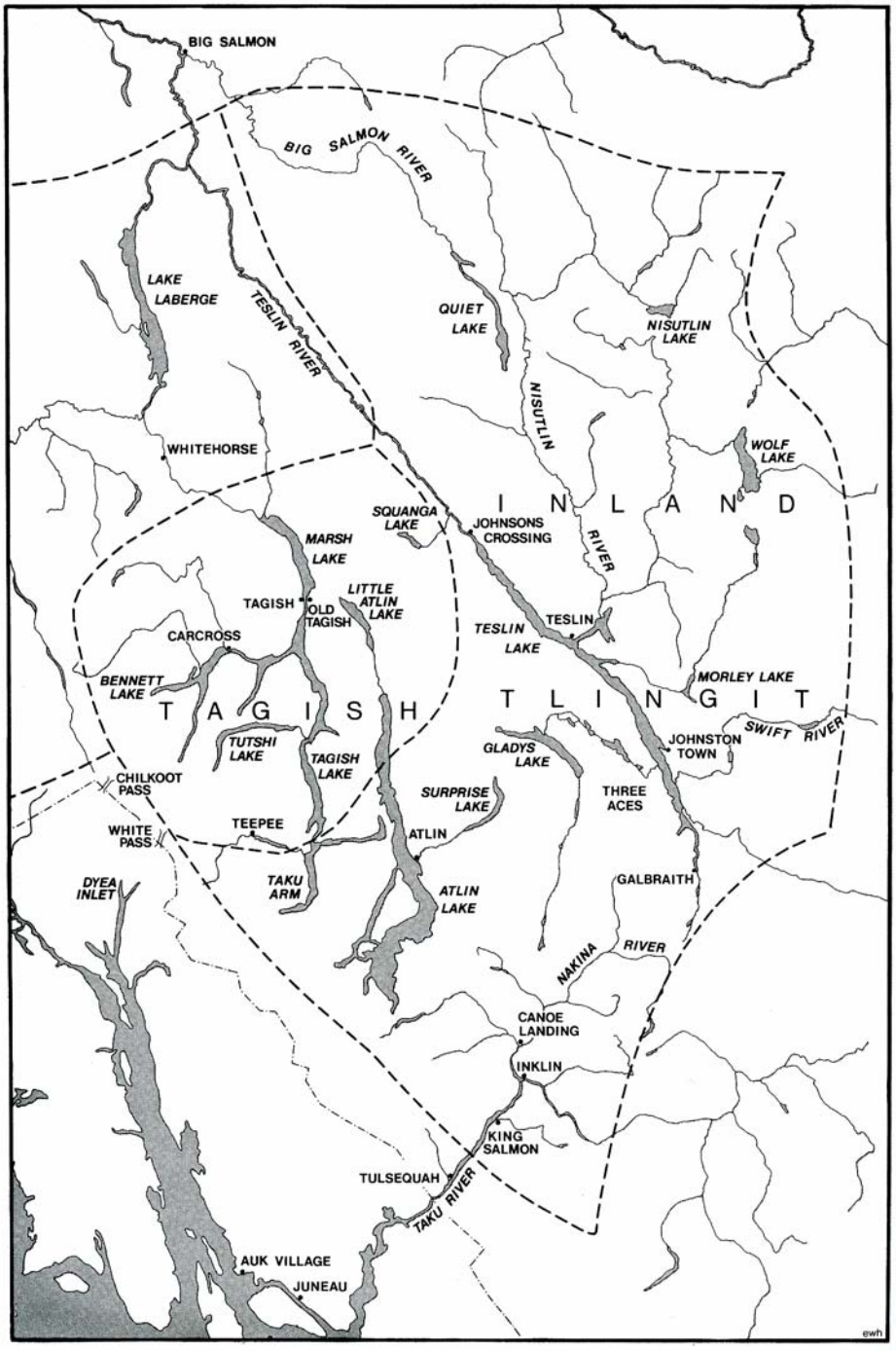


Map 3. Territories of Tagish and Inland Tlingit (adapted from Catharine McClellan, *My Old People Say*, p. 35. Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization).

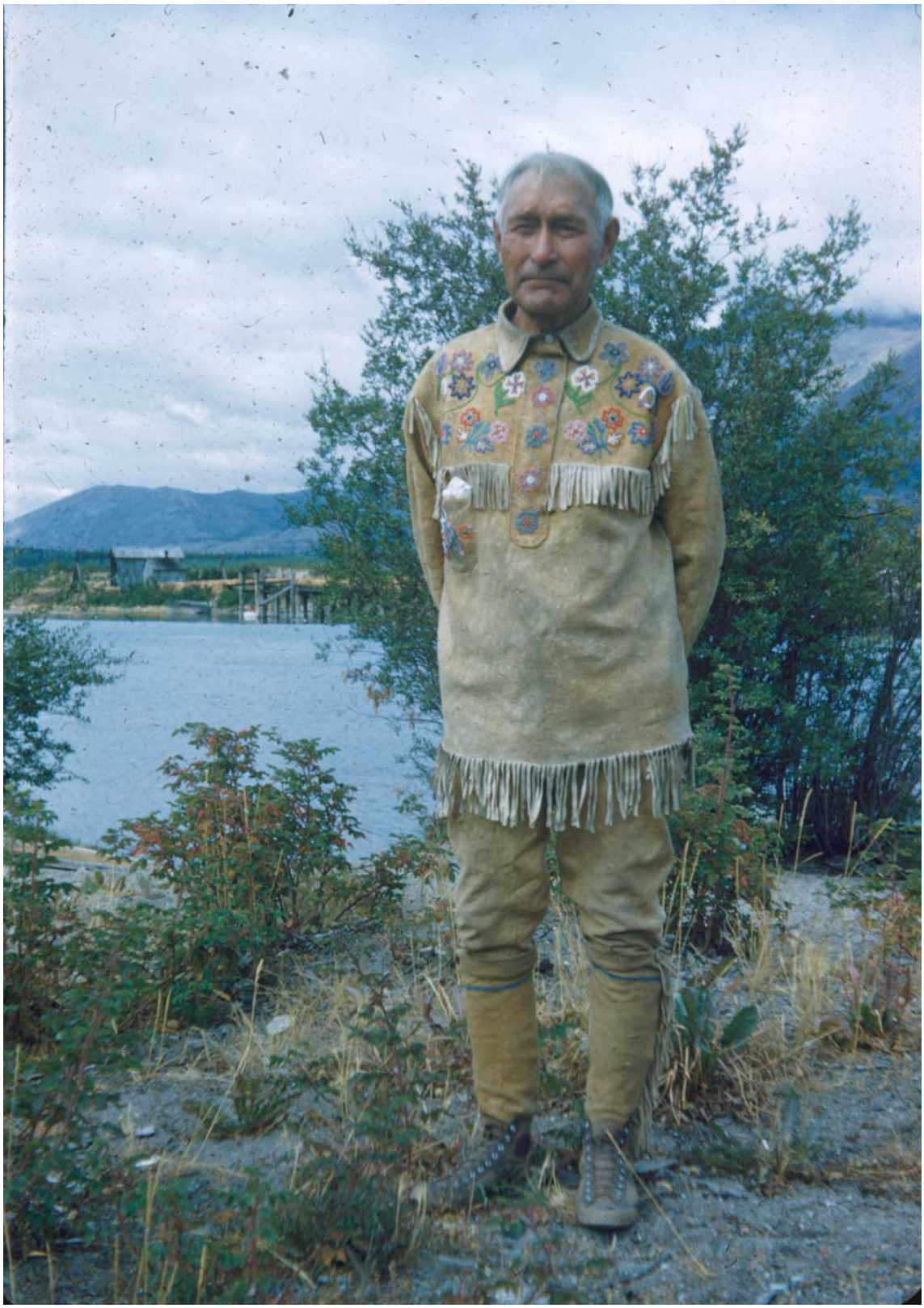


Figure 11. Patsy Henderson, Carcross, Yukon Territory, 1951.

PATSY HENDERSON

Patsy Henderson, Koolseen, was the senior man of the Tagish Dakl'aweidí clan of the Wolf moiety when I met him. He was also one of the Tagish Indians intimately involved in the discovery of the gold that set off the 1896-98 Klondike Gold Rush. He was born, perhaps in 1876, in the vicinity of Tagish where he spent most of his life. His father died when he was a year or two old, and his mother when he was about seven. I do not know just who took care of him as he grew up, but Patsy once explained that the reason he knew so little about Tuk.weidí (as he preferred to call the Deisheetaan clan) traditions, was that his step-mother never talked much to him.[1] Presumably Patsy's father and step-father were both Tuk.weidí clan members.[2]

By 1896, Patsy was a young man travelling about with his maternal uncle, Skookum Jim, whose Tlingit name was Keish, his clan "brother" Dawson Charlie, and his maternal aunt, Kate, who in 1882, had married a white prospector named George Carmack. George had gone down river in 1894, and when he and Kate did not return, Skookum Jim and Dawson Charlie went to look for the missing couple. During that summer George, Skookum Jim, Dawson Charlie and Kate discovered gold on Bonanza Creek, a tributary of the Klondike River. Patsy, however, had been left to dry fish at the mouth of the Klondike River, and as a consequence he registered no gold claim and he got little himself from the strike, although his subsequent life was profoundly affected by it.[3]

In his later years Patsy became something of a professional lecturer on Indian customs and on the Gold Rush and was hired by the White Pass Railway to talk to tourists going through Carcross. One version of his talk was published in a small booklet.[4] Included in Patsy's stories below is a similar account which Dorothy Rainier took down in shorthand in the train station where he was giving his talks in the summer of 1949. During the early part of the century Patsy had a small museum of Indian crafts in the Caribou Hotel in Carcross, where he first gave his 'lectures', but this apparently burned about the time of World War I.

Patsy had as successive wives, two Southern Tutchone sisters from Hutshi, a now abandoned settlement north of Champagne. His second wife, Edith, had a number of children, but only their daughter, Lily, who married Buck Dickson, survived as an adult. She died in 1949, leaving Patsy and his wife to care for two of her younger children. By the 1950s, Yukon government officials often introduced Patsy and Edith as prestigious representatives of the Yukon Indian population to famous persons who passed through the territory.

When I first met Patsy in the summer of 1948, he was already quite old and was becoming blind. During the first few days after Dorothy Rainier and I arrived in Carcross he was, as the head Dakl'aweidí man, busy preparing to conduct a potlatch for his own older sister and for some other clan members who had recently died. When these important duties were finished, he was very helpful, but since we stayed only a few weeks in Carcross, he told relatively few stories during that first visit.

When I returned to Carcross in the fall and winter of 1950-1951, I came to know both Patsy and Edith better. Since I had by then become a kind of adopted member of Angela Sidney's Tuk.weidí family, I always addressed Patsy as súnee (Tl., paternal uncle) and his wife as tlák'w (Tl., maternal aunt), and we all built on this relationship.

In early January 1951 I went with Angela Sidney and her sister Dora Austin (later Mrs. Harold Wedge) and two of Mrs. Sidney's grandsons, aged about six and four, to spend a few days at Little Atlin Lake where Patsy and his wife had been staying most of the winter with their two young grandsons. Angela and Dora were my "older sisters," hence we three stood in the same kin relationships to Patsy and his wife.

We all stayed in Patsy's small cabin a mile or so from the Tagish road, where a truck left us because the cabin could only be reached by foot. We pulled a small toboggan with some food supplies. We also stopped to set some rabbit snares on the way, though the chief purpose of our visit was to net fish. It was quite cold—in the 30°F to minus 40°F. range—and there were few hours of daylight. In fact, the first streak of direct sun following the winter solstice showed on the cabin wall for a only few moments during our stay.

At Little Atlin Lake, we limited our outdoor activity to fishing and checking beaver houses, so we had a good deal of time to talk, tell stories and discuss their significance. Most of the conversation and story telling was in Tlingit or Tagish, and I missed or was uncertain of my understanding of much of it. Angela, who was older than Dora, was an excellent translator and she often translated for Patsy. She also told a good many stories herself. Dora too was a skilled raconteur and translator, but, as was proper, she usually deferred to her older sister.

Patsy was at the time acquiring the spirit powers which sometimes come to the very elderly. He often sang during the nighttime and while he dreamed, his own spirit journeyed about with other spirit powers. At such times we all maintained complete silence, so as not to frighten his own returning spirit. Story telling could take place at any time of the day or night, but occurred most often in the dark afternoon and evening hours, after the children had fallen asleep or were beginning to settle down, and before Patsy slept.

I saw Patsy again in the spring of 1963 when he and his wife and some of her relatives were camped along the Tagish road. By then, he was totally blind and was becoming forgetful, but we had a warm meeting. In 1965 Patsy had a stroke, and he spent the rest of his life in the Whitehorse hospital. That summer I found his wife patiently sitting by his side, but I do not know if he was aware of our presence.

Patsy spoke some English, but in his later years, he preferred to talk to me in Tlingit whenever he could, and he did so increasingly as I began to understand it, although he greatly overestimated my linguistic ability. He rarely used the older Tagish Athapaskan language.

36. Crow Stories

All of the Crow stories that Patsy told were recounted during my stay at his winter fishing cabin. He began with the incident in which Crow gets the Moon, Sun and Daylight, which he narrated the first evening of our stay, shortly after telling the Flood Story (Version Two). He followed it with "Rabbit Mother" rather than with other incidents from the Crow cycle.

On the afternoon of January 11, 1951, he told "The Gambler Who Got Thunderbird Power" and "Animal Mother." Then he asked me what I knew about Crow. I began to outline the story about "Crow and the Whale," as I had heard it in the Coastal Tlingit town of Angoon. Patsy then broke into the middle to continue the tale and then proceeded through various incidents to "Crow and Fish Mother" without interruption. At that point his wife commented in Tlingit that the Crow story was just like the Bible. This remark evidently prompted Patsy's next choice, "Crow Makes the Earth."

Angela Sidney had been interpreting the Crow stories into English for me, but when Patsy had finished, all of the adults in the cabin began to discuss Crow's character—mostly in Tlingit. They pointed out to each other how Crow always got somebody else to do the tough jobs for him—for example, he persuaded the sparrow hawk to get the fire. However, the women also reminded each other that he had been clever enough to get the water through his own efforts. Perhaps it is significant that the women stressed how success followed Crow's own self-reliance, but my Tlingit was not good enough to follow all the points made in the group analysis of Crow's character. There is no doubt that some of his antics amused them; they chuckled repeatedly as they talked about him. At the very end of the discussion Angela referred back to the first Crow story explaining: "They say that's why children are always crying for something. It's because Crow cried for the sun and the moon." This remark may have been prompted by the noisy and sometimes tearful playing of the little boys present, or it may have been meant simply to underscore the etiological importance of the Crow cycle. The sequence of Crow stories that Angela herself recorded later is quite similar to this cycle, although Patsy's stories are much shorter, undoubtedly because of the difficulty of telling them so they could be translated for me.

36 a. Crow Gets the Moon, Sun, and Daylight January 9, 1951, Little Atlin Lake

Another thing—this world, Yéil (Crow/Raven)—he made this world.

I don't know whether it is true or not.

He makes the sun and the stars and the moon and the land.

Do you know [this]?

It was the old people.

A baby was born to a girl who had no husband.

They kept her [secluded] in a bed-room, but she had a baby without any husband.

No boy came in there, but she got the baby herself, just with herself.

That was Crow in the water.

[Because Angela Sidney had told me the story not long before, I gave a skeleton outline of the way that Crow got the Daylight. Fortunately Patsy felt that he might as well match me, so he went on.]

Pretty soon the baby is born.

That baby—it's Crow! [Laughs.]

They called in the oldest people.

"Who does the baby look like?"

One old man came. He's pretty old. He looks at the baby.

"Oh, my grandchild is just like Crow's eyes! My grandchild is just like Crow eyes!"

He guessed good, that old man! [Everybody in the cabin laughed.]

That's the one, he throws up the moon and the sun and the daylight.

Before that, it's dark all the time.

He wants the moon and the sun and the daylight.

He wants to get it.

That's the way he gets it.

36 b. Crow and the Whale January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

[Patsy began this story after Crow had taken up residence inside a whale, surviving on whale meat, an incident which made Dora laugh].

When he had nothing left but the heart [to eat, Crow said], “What’s this still hanging here for?”

He laughed.

Then when the yáy (Tl., whale) was dying.

Crow said, “Drift ashore near a big city!”

Then he made a noise.

“I wish a high person like me would cut me open!”

He had made a fire inside and smoked all the meat black.

That’s why yáy meat is black now. Is that true?

He jumped into yáy through the blow hole to begin with.

36 c. Crow Gets Water January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

Crow watched the water where they fish.

And if it’s an Eagle man [i.e., a man of the Eagle, or Wolf, moiety], he calls him ax súnee (male of my father’s clan, usually a paternal uncle or cousin).

Sam Smith [Patsy’s older “brother”] knows that Yéil story from the beginning. I don’t know which one comes first.

Yéil tries to get the old man away, but he can’t.

Then he says, “Oh gee, uncle! Who do you think is older? You or me?”

His uncle said, “Oh, me, of course!”

“No, I don’t believe it. I think I’m older!”[5]

They were going to prove it on the ocean, and they went out in separate boats.

Ganòok **(**petrel) has got a fog cap.

And Yéil got lost.

And it proves he wasn't the oldest, because he couldn't find his way home.

Still, he is going to beat that man [in order to get the water].

It's winter, and when you defecate, those things freeze.

He brings one in with a stick, and he shoves it close to the old man [i.e., to petrel]. And pretty soon it melts.

And the old man moves around and gets the bottom of his feet messed up.

"Mmm! Mmm! ax súnee (my uncle) What's that smell?

Maybe you have messed yourself up! En! En!"

He doesn't believe it. How could it happen?

He looked at it. Sure enough!

He had to go outside to clean up.

And that's the time Crow drinks up all the water—with the fish in it.

And he goes around and drops the water.

Before he does that—just when Ganòok (petrel) is coming in—Crow says "Gax**.**!"

And he flies up [to the smoke hole].

And the old man tells his *gAn yegi* (fireplace + spirit***)*** to grab him.

Yéil flies, but he gets stuck.

The old man gets pitch wood.

Crow was just like a dove, like in the Bible.

And after that he got all black.

[Dora asked what colour Crow had been before, and Patsy's wife said he had been white.]

After a while Ganòok let him go, and he's black today.

36 d. Crow and Fish Mother January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

Crow, he spanks his wife.

He is mad at t'úh tláa (king salmon mother).

He can't get any fish. He's mad.

He comes back and gets near to her.

He spanks his wife.

She sings and she hollers "Let the tide go down!"

She says, "Let the tide go down" in Tagish way.[6]

Then he went around and got fish.

Then he tells a rock, "Brother, jump up! Lots of fish are spawning!"

There were potholes in the bottom.

The water dries up.

That woman screams and breathes out, and then she breathes in. [Causing the tides to fall and rise]

"Help me," he says to the rock.

He kicks it, "You are too lazy. You sleep."

Crow kicks a drift log, and the drift log just jumps up and is light as a feather.

And Crow tells him to gather s'àx' (ling cod) and yàw (herring).

That's the time he wrings that ling for grease and throws away the liver.

That's why only the liver is good.

36 e. Crow Makes the Earth January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

Crow has sand, and he is the only one who has it.

He steals dry sand, *qon.*

When he throws it in the water, it floats.

And he makes the world.

He swipes the sand, and then he spreads it all over.

That's how come he made the earth.

"Don't sink," he tells the sand.

"Just stay like that so you could be the earth."

The first things that grow up are little buttercup stems.

36 f. Crow Gets Fire January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

A fire flames up way out on an island.

It must have been a volcano.

Crow gathers up all the birds.

One has a long nose, but when he packs fire to the beach, he burns it all short.

That bird did it [got the fire].

Crow had cold feet. [The last phrase evidently was meant in the colloquial sense that Crow was afraid, not that he needed the fire to warm his feet, for Dora Austin commented: Yes, he never tries anything himself, does he?" Immediately following Dora's remark, Angela Sidney picked up the thread of Patsy's story and she went on translating].

36 g. Crow Makes Birds and People January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

Well, he made little birds.

And finally he is the boss around.

And the last thing he does is to make people out of cottonwood bark.

Lots [of people].

And he says, “You are going to be on my side—Crow.

And on the other side of the campfire—you are Wolf people.”

And he makes Crows and Wolves.

And he says, “You marry each other.”

And he makes more Crow women than Wolf women.

Then the Wolf women get mad.

And he grabs one Crow from the other side.

And that’s why there are more Dakl’usháa [women of the Dakl’aweidí clan, whom Angela equated to Wolf women] than anything.

36 h. Crow Retires January 11, 1951

The last thing Crow said, “Well, I’m tired.

Well, I’m going to be Crow!”

37. Rabbit Mother Story

Patsy told this story directly following his synopsis of how "Crow got the Moon, Sun and Daylight." He told it in English so that Angela needed to do little translating. One connection in his mind between the two tales may have been the births of children from mothers who had no husbands, and both tales, of course, have to do with the preparation of the world for Indian humans. This story also seems to be part of, or a variant of "Animal Mother." In fact, Animal Mother and Rabbit Mother may be the same individual, as they are in Maggy Brown's story of Moose Mother (no. 28). On the other hand Rabbit Mother is also close to Jimmy Scotty's story, later in this section, which seems to be about a *boy* who gave birth to rabbits (no. 76). The "rabbits" in question are snowshoe hares.

37. Rabbit Mother Story January 9, 1951, Little Atlin

There was one lady who had no husband.

Well, the lady says, "Make a big blanket for me! Make me a big blanket!"

Then she says, "Fix a bed for me!"

Well, they make a big blanket then.

And she says, "Put two rows of snares around the camp."

Nobody knew about rabbit snares.

That was Rabbit Mama—gúx tláa [Tlingit]

Rabbit Mama fixes the snares.

And she makes a fence all around.

They watch her, and pretty soon she sings:

[Patsy sings a song. I could not get the native words.]

It means, "My brother fixed these snares and fences for me.

And I like them.

And when I get into the snares,

I say, "*qwE*!"

[All of] the rabbits had little horns.

And they ran out from their mother, and they sang.

And they sang when they got in the snares.

Lots of them are born.

When the rabbits spread out, they bred all over.

And Rabbit Mama went away.

And nobody knows where she went.

But the rabbits had little horns on them, not ears.

They played with their little horns like kids.

Rabbit Mama didn't like that.

So she took the horns and threw them away.

Mama took them away.

The rabbits spoiled them too much.[7]

38. Flood Stories

Patsy told the first version of the Flood story one afternoon when Dorothy Rainier was visiting at his cabin; it was the first story he told to either of us. Our notes do not say who else was present or why he chose to tell this particular tale, but it is an important Inland Tlingit Yanyeidí clan tradition which should probably be equated with Patsy's own Dakl'aweidí clan. This story is widely told by Native groups throughout northwestern North America.

There is considerable evidence of past floods owing to ice dams on various northern rivers. Of course, the Yukon Indians who told their flood story knew the Biblical flood story as well, but few commented on parallels between their own texts and the Noah story of the Bible. Patsy said he learned the story from Tagish Jim, his paternal uncle.

In 1951, Patsy told about the flood again when Angela Sidney, Dora Austin and I were visiting him at Little Atlin Lake (Version Two). It was the second day of our visit. Rather unexpectedly the Henderson's son-in-law had arrived by foot at the cabin in the late afternoon because his truck had broken down on the road to Atlin on the far side of Little Atlin Lake. Later in the evening Patsy's wife, the son-in-law and Dora had recrossed the lake by dog team to see if they could start the truck and get to Tagish, leaving Angela, Patsy, the four little boys, and me in the cabin. Most of the time the children were asleep. Patsy, Angela and I lay on our beds alternately talking or keeping quiet. Finally Angela asked Patsy for an "old story," and Patsy chose the one which follows. He spoke sometimes in English, and sometimes in Tlingit with Angela translating.

As noted earlier, Tagish Jim was Patsy's paternal uncle. In its emphasis on availability of food animals and survival after the flood, Patsy's story differs from that of Jake Jackson of Teslin (no. 115), but both narrators stressed how the story validated their long habitation of the local area. There is nothing in Patsy's version, however, of the love story that is the chief focus in Jake Jackson's.

38 a. The Flood Story (Version One) July 9, 1948

Way back, the world got flooded.

Some people made a raft and were saved that way.

We don't know why it flooded. It just got flooded.

Those people that made the raft were safe on that.

I don't know about the others.

I guess some died.

A hunter found one raft about two hundred years ago, I guess.

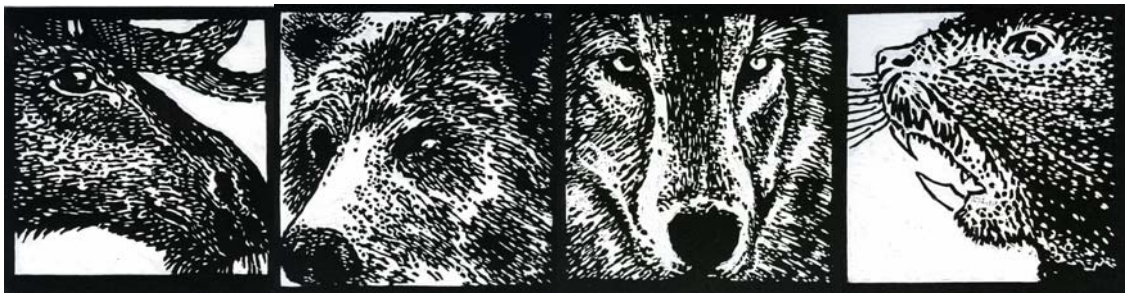
He found it near the top of the highest mountain near Atlin.[8]

The wood was rotten when he tested it.

It is all gone now. It rotted away.

It was just sticking out from under the ground when he saw it.

Later, another raft was found on another high mountain.



38 b. The Flood Story (Version Two) January 9, 1951, Little Atlin

My grandpas way back, maybe a thousand years ago, they said that the world was flooded.

They say they don't know how many days it rained.

And pretty soon all of the Indians moved up to the timberline and made a big raft—lots of different places.

And when they made a raft, they put sand and gravel on it to make a fire there.

And everything flooded.

And some got saved, and some were not saved

Finally the animals came and tried to get on the raft.

And when they tried to get on the raft, it upset.

And everything was swimming—bear, moose and everything.

And lots of people were lost that way.

And pretty soon, all of the animals got drowned—bear, moose and everything.

But not many people were left after the raft got upset.

Then the water began to go, not long [afterwards].

Not many rafts were saved.

Jubilee Mountain showed up. The highest mountain in the Yukon showed up.[9]

All of the rafts went up that way, but maybe there were only five or two. Everything [else] got drowned.

Just a few people got on Jubilee Mountain, *GiyAn* [Thunderbird][10]

The water goes down, and it settles down.

I don't know how many were saved.

When the water dropped, everything was cleaned off—glacier ice and everything.

But the people saved themselves there on that one [Jubilee Mountain].

When everything is okay, there is not much to eat.

The moose are floating around, and bear.

It takes a long time before everything comes back.

They dry fish, but there is no meat.

All the animals drowned.

For two years, those Indians who were saved were on the raft.

Who lived, those Indians, my grandma and grandpa, they told about it.

The people who were saved [were good]. [All those] who went down, were bad ones.

Some rafts got stuck high in the trees and got upset, and the people drowned.

All who were saved when the high water went down were those on the raft that landed on *GiyAn.*

That's an old story.

Well, they tell me that when the water [first] dried up, there was lots to eat—dead moose, bear, everything.

But afterwards there were hard times.

The bear was all rotten.

Pretty soon they fish. The fish hadn't spoiled.

They lived on fish, I guess.

We know this story from way back, but we don't [know how to] read.

We belong in this country for years and years.

We have no books, but we know it.

Tagish Jim died twenty years ago.

He tells me that he has been on the top of Mount Jubilee [*GiyAn*] when he is young.

He was about 10 or 14 years old.

He sees the raft, but he doesn't see it plain.

It has stone axe work. It's rotten.

Just the wood comes out of the ground. It's all rotten.

39. The Gambler Who Got Thunderbird Power

Patsy told this story just after he had finished the long account of Animal Mother, the next story in this volume. It was on the third day of our stay at Little Atlin in 1951. Patsy's wife Edith, Angela Sidney, Dora Austin, and the children were all present. Angela helped out with translation. On a few occasions Patsy broke into Tlingit, but mostly he told the story in English. I have left the Tlingit or Tagish terms and certain phrases which were never translated in the story as they occurred, adding my own translations in parenthesis. Unfortunately, Patsy never completely finished telling this story, because the talk for some reason turned to some witches whom he once saw flying around on the coast.

In general outline and in many details, this story is close to one recorded by Swanton at Wrangell, Alaska which tells of the origin of the GonaqAdet, except that in the Coast Tlingit version the man turns into GonaqAdet, a water monster of sorts, after his wife has his dead body and the loon skin carried back to the edge of the lake.[11] Inland Tlingit of Teslin and Atlin also tell the same tale, as did Angela Sidney, later in this volume. Notably, the heroes of these versions get power from Seagull whom the protagonist addresses as "Grandfather." Seagull is said by some of the Tutchone, as well as by the Ahtna, but not by the Tlingit so far as I know, to be the "grandfather" of the Crow moiety clans or of a moiety equated with it.[12]

The man does not talk directly to his mother-in-law because of the required avoidance, but there is much else in the story that tells of tension between the woman and her son-in-law.

39. The Gambler Who Got Thunderbird Power January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

One man had a young wife.

And his wife's mother too [was with him].

He kept his wife and his wife's mother who had no husband.

He was a young man, and he looked after his wife's mother who was an old lady.

And he used to gamble every night. He would go to the gambling house and gamble.

And every time he gambled he lost.

He lost everything.

They had put up a lot of fish for winter—a lot of fish and a lot of meat for winter.

He gambled, and he lost it.

They had put up grease for winter.

And he gambled, and somebody won it.

Well, they were hungry

And the old lady got mean.

"What are we going to eat in the wintertime?" she asked her daughter.

"Your husband loses all our grub. Somebody won it."

The mother-in-law got tired of that man losing.

So that man got mad.

Every time he came in from gambling in the morning, the old lady said, "He breaks that tree, my son-in-law."

When he came in, she said that all of the time.

She got mean.

"Well, he finally broke that tree down! My son-in-law (did)!"

He didn't know what she meant, but he didn't like it, and he got mad.

And he asked his wife what her mother meant.

He took an old blanket, and he went on the beach.

And he was going to die.

“I am going to die!”

But he didn’t tell his wife.

He takes a blanket, and he goes way on a rocky point where there is deep water.

When he is sleeping, maybe he will drown.

It’s high, way up on a rocky point where he sleeps.

He doesn’t sleep for two or three hours.

As soon as he sleeps then, somebody wakes him up.

He lifts up his blanket and looks. He doesn’t see anybody.

He puts his blanket on his face again and tries to sleep. But he doesn’t.

Pretty soon, after another hour, somebody pushes him.

“Get up! Get up! What are you sleeping here for?”

He looks. There is nobody there.

And he sees kéitlyudee (seagull) swimming around.

Never mind. He sleeps again.

And he makes a little hole in his blanket so he can see the seagull through his blanket.

And the seagull comes ashore.

And as soon as the seagull is going to touch him, the man throws his blanket over it and holds it

“Give me good luck!” he tells the seagull.

It talks back, “What are you sleeping here for?”

“Well, *ax tc’an***,** (my mother-in-law) tells me every time I come in now, she tells me those words.

I don’t like it. I got tired of it. I want to die here.”

“Why does she tell you that?”

“I gamble. I lose everything. And she doesn’t like it.

And I don’t like those words.

I don’t know what they mean. It’s hard to guess.”

“Go home tonight and sleep with your wife.

And when your wife is asleep, go back to the little lake behind where there is a narrow place.

Cut a big tree and make a bridge.

And when you start to do that and are starting to chop with a stone axe, think about me."

So he went home.

It was evening.

His wife was there all right.

They were hungry.

So he slept with his wife.

When she was asleep that man got up and went way back.

And half way, where the lake is narrow, he cuts a big tree on the beach. He starts to cut.

The first time he hit the tree he thinks about the seagull.

"Give me power, grandfather! Help me!"

He chops two or three times,

He hits and breaks the tree right across.

"When you cut the tree, think about me," the seagull had told him.

And he did, and the big tree [fell] right across the lake.

Well, in the middle he cut a big stick—about four feet long—good and strong.

He is going to split the tree up the middle.

And when he splits the tree [he thinks], "Where is my grandfather?"

He cuts a big stick for a brace.

And when he is going to hit the tree, he says, "Where are you, grandfather? Help me!"

And he hits the tree just once, and the big tree splits right in the center.

He braces it right in the center.

Well, he comes back on shore.

"What am I going to do? *gu su* ax léelk'w (come**,** grandfather)."

Then he [the seagull] came.

"What am I going to do with that tree I braced already?"

"Well, you put a hook there, and you watch." [Patsy imitated the gestures of jigging a fish.]

When he hooks something, he pulls it up.

He pulls it up in his tree so that his brace goes out. And he kills that animal.

It looks like a loon, a big one too.

He did that, and [the split tree] came together on his [the loon's] neck and killed it.

Well after a while he thinks, "Come grandfather."

And he comes.

"What am I going to do, grandfather?"

"Well you take him out and skin him, and dry him, and [the big loon's] skin will go on just like a parky.

You get inside the skin when it is dry. When it is dry, you try it.

You take it home. Don't let anybody see it.

"Well, you go and gamble.

And when you gamble, you think "*gu su.* ax léelk'w (come**,** grandfather)," and I am going to be behind you."

He got the skin and went home.

He didn't wear it yet.

He goes gambling, and he wins in the evening.

In the morning a lot of grub comes. He wins fish and dry meat and grease.

Every night [he wins] everything. Lots! Four or five big caches full of grub.

All kinds of meat, dry fish, other things.

The old lady pretty soon says, "sée," (Tl., little daughter), I want a seal. I want fresh meat, a salt water seal."

In the nighttime he goes. And he uses the loon skin shirt.

He gets two seals.

And he holds them and swims ashore. And he leaves them on the beach at camp.

In the morning before he gets up, he tells his wife. "I've got seals here. You tell your mother so she can skin them."

The old lady goes to skin the seals.

Anything, fish, salmon, halibut, everything in the water, the man gets before the crow starts to talk [signaling morning].

And he comes ashore.

He works that way for I don't know how long.

At last the old lady says, "sée (Tl., daughter), I want some yáy *(*Tl., whale)."

Well, he goes out in his shirt.

Before [he goes] he says, “If crow makes a noise, I will never come back any more. You are going to hear me when the sun gets in the middle [of the sky]. Whatever you hear, that will be me.”

Nobody ever heard thunder before.

Whatever he brings—[such as] whales—he holds two.

One is not so bad [is not] so much of a feat.

[Then one time] when he is swimming ashore with the whales, the Crow talks, *“Qax!”*

Then the man’s heart dropped [he died].

And he held two heads of whale.

It was thunderbird [they] took from the water.

And it looked like a loon.

He [the man] had turned into Xeitl (Tl., thunderbird).

I don’t know who owns Xeitl.

[At this point we discussed which clans might have a claim to Xeitl. Patsy definitely did not like my suggestion that the Shangukeidí might own it, as is the general belief among the Southern Tutchone. Possibly he equated Shangukeidí with the Wolf moiety in general or possibly with his own Dakl’aweidí clan that suffered misfortune when a young member kicked a thunderbird feather. Angela Sidney then said: “My father told the story to Uncle Billy when we were at the head of Tagish Lake. I used to beat it to meet Suzy as soon as they came in so I could hear her stories.” Patsy continued:].

[Then] the mother-in-law pretends that she has Indian doctor [power].

She makes a noise.

She tries bringing one first, a small one. Then a big one. Then two.

She brings two or three seals at a time.

She tells everyone, “My doctor does it!”

But the wife knows all about it, because he tells her,

“Some day when your mother wants two whales, if I can’t get them, that’s when I’ll turn into a thunderbird.”

40. Animal Mother

The three following stories—"Animal Mother," "The Dakl'aweidí Migration," and "The Origin of Dakl'aweidí Killer Whales"—tell about important incidents in the past history of that clan. They substantiate Dakl'aweidí claims to the Wolf, to Killer Whale, and to Thunderbird as crests. Each story is punctuated with songs which, as integral parts of the stories themselves, are the treasured possessions of clan members who sing them on all important ceremonial occasions. I believe that all three of the stories are basically accounts of shamanic vision quests.

Patsy told the following Animal Mother story during our visit to Little Atlin immediately after he had finished singing the Rabbit Mother song. As mentioned earlier, Rabbit Mother and Animal Mother seem to be closely linked as characters. After singing the Rabbit Song, Patsy explained that the Dakl'aweidí have the right to the various songs of the animals who danced on Animal Mother's swing, and then he told the story.

At the end of his tale he retuned to the songs, lamenting that some of the younger Dakl'aweidí no longer know them. At a recent memorial potlatch for a Shangukeidí (Wolf moiety) man, he said, a young Dakl'aweidí man was supposed to sing the Wolf Song from the Animal Mother sequence, but he did not know it well enough to do so. The Dakl'aweidí then asked "anyone—even women—to step out and help." Finally a woman of the Crow moiety stood up and sang it, for which the Dakl'aweidí gave her $12 in payment.

"Animal Mother" is one of the Tagish stories par excellence.[13] It was told by relatively few Southern Tutchone (though see Maggie Brown's earlier version, No. 28), but is familiar to both the Inland Tlingit and the Tahltan. I believe its place of origin to be centered in the northern Cordillera. It is not always told as a clan story.

At a structural level, this story can also be interpreted as an initiation story for young hunters. Animal Mother, a female high in the mountains, provides all the essential food animals for the Indians, as well as some of the strongest predators—the bear and the wolf, animals that are powerful helpers of hunters' families. Her role contrasts sharply with that of Otter Woman who gives birth to the malevolent or dangerous mink, otter and other water animals. A fundamental similarity between the two exists, however, in the sense that although women originally gave birth to animals in long ago times,[14] traditional Indian women were hemmed in by various taboos designed to prevent them from spoiling men's hunting and trapping.

40. Animal Mother Story January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

A bunch of people camp there on Lewes Lake.

Lots. I don't know how many.

From there the man went hunting.

His name was Tudech'ade (Duck Cap).

He hunted to Carcross from Lewes Lake, alone.

He went up the mountain, up Grey Mountain, Takaadí T'ooch' (rock/ loose/ black).

He went up on the top. And when he went up, he was hunting sheep.

When he goes on top of the mountain, he sees a string way on top of the mountain.

And one string was on West Arm Mountain.

And another string was from the end to the middle of the lake.

From *t'aJIgula*, there's a string to the middle of the lake.

And [another] to Kaa L'aa Shaayí (nipple/mountain).

And there's one from Carcross mountain, from Goat Mountain. I don't know how they call it in Indian.

There were four strings there.

Way in the middle of the lake a skin was put there.

It looks small from the top of the mountain.

Well pretty soon from the other side a sheep comes out and walks on the string.

And he dances in the middle of the skin.

It looks to Tudech'ade like he dances. And when he has danced, he goes ashore.

That Game Mother is on the other shore.

They call her Tsísk'w Tláa (moose/mother) in Tlingit [language].

When the sheep that danced comes ashore, he goes to the mother.

"Come on, son," and she takes out his teeth. "Don't be mean to your friends!

Don't be mean to your friends! Your brothers!

You stay on the mountains."

So she let him go.

Next caribou dances in the middle of the lake.

He goes ashore, and he goes to Mother.

And she takes his teeth out.

"Don't be mean to your friends!"

And she told him, "Stay in the timber."

She tells the sheep, "All right, keep your horn; don't loose your horn."

But caribou she tells, "You are going to have new horns every year."

Everything came out there.

Wolf came the last.

Next [after caribou] comes the bull moose.

He walks on the string.

And when he is way in the middle, he breaks through.

He can't dance.

It's a caribou skin he breaks through.

And the moose makes a song. That moose song says,

"What have you got for me?

That I go through?

It's too small for me,

Not strong for me!"

Then Animal Mother put a strong moose skin up for him, and he couldn't go through.

Tudech'ade sees that. He sees that game dance.

Well, the moose dances on the moose skin.

And he jumps way high, and he goes ashore.

"Come on son," and she takes his teeth out. "Don't be mean to your friends.

Stay in the timber. And you are going to lose your horns."

And she turns him loose.

The bear—the bear comes now and dances.

He has got a song. I don't know it. The old people, they know every song.

The bear comes ashore.

'Well son, come here. I am going to take your teeth."

"No, Mama, somebody might want to kill me. I want to fight back!"

"No son, come here!"

"No, Mama, I want to keep my teeth in case somebody tries to kill me!"

She lets him go. That's why bear is mean.

Rabbit comes, and he dances just like a feather.

And his mother gives him a song:

"Just like a feather.

He jumps way up and down."

Rabbit dances and comes ashore.

She takes out his teeth.

"Your brothers are going to eat you, and don't you be mean to them!"

Last comes the Wolf and dances.

The north wind blows his tail on his face.

He dances way up. And she gives him a song.

"The point,

Where you are high from a long point,

Water drops."[15]

At the point where the water dropped, Animal Mother gave the song to the wolf.

So he danced good.

And that woman, Animal Mother, was supposed to be Dak̲l'aweidí.

And Tudech'ade, he was Dak̲l'aweidí too.

He sees that game way on the top.

He sleeps two nights, and it's really two months.[16]

He thinks that he is gone only two nights.

The people miss him. They think that something has killed him.

Nobody stays at Lewes Lake. They all move to Tagish when they think Tudech'ade, is gone.

Everything dances.

And when everything is through dancing, she takes the rope out.

And it is just as if Tudech'ade is gone.

Everything dances.

And when everything is through dancing, she takes the rope out.

And it is just as if Tudech'ade wakes up.

And he thinks he'll go home to Lewes Lake.

Nobody is there. Nobody is at Carcross.

So he went to Tagish.

And the whole bunch was there.

Already they had potlatched for him.

They had missed him for two months.

So Tudech'ade, came back.

His young wife was already married. A young boy had married his wife.

He gets his wife back again.

He's a Dakl'aweidí man.

That Game Mother, she pulled in the strings.

She tells the sheep and the goat, "You be on the mountain," and so on.

She tells the wolf, "Don't bother your friends."

He is mean, but he doesn't kill anything.

She is tired, and she is going to leave there.

I don't know where she went.

That's all.

The youngest [animal] is wolf.

"You are going to be my side—the youngest."

And the rest [of the animals are older (?)]

That's why nobody claims them [as clan crest animals], the caribou and all.

But that's why Dakl'aweidí claim the Wolf [crest].

41. The Dakl'aweidí Migrations down the Stikine

Patsy did not tell the second Dakl'aweidí clan story—about that clan's migrations down the Stikine River and overland—until the following July, 1951.[17] Accompanied by Angela Sidney and three of her grandchildren, I had paid a call on Patsy, his wife, and their two grandchildren in their house at Carcross. The children played outside while Patsy told the story at my request, consulting in Tlingit with Angela, who helped him with some of his translations into English. In the meantime his wife Edith looked at photographs of Tagish and Inland Tlingit that I had taken during the previous winter. In August 1951, Patsy recorded the songs from this story on my wire recorder, and added one or two details to the story, as indicated by parentheses. This story substantiates his clan's claims to Thunderbird as a crest. His version of the migration should be compared with the Yanyeidí story told by Mrs. Nyman of Atlin.[18] In some respects it also fits well with Dixon John's account of the K'etlènmbet quarrel and migration (no. 35).

41. The Dakl'aweidí Migration Down the Stikine River

July 30, 1951 and August 22, 1951, Carcross

Suppose we belong to the Tahltan Tagish Indians (sic).

So we had trouble, just ourselves. So the Dakl'aweidí split.

The trouble was over a woman—like two bull moose and one cow.

Both we split out.

Some go down river, Telegraph River, the Stikine.

But there's a glacier there about half way.

And [after they] cross two mountains they go underneath.

Two old men on a raft—no boat that time—go down the river.

They don't know the glacier is there.

They stop the raft at the back of the glacier.

The two old men sing,

"We cannot go further now;

We can only go that far."

Then they let the two old men go under first on the raft, before the rest of the bunch.

They don't know how high the glacier is.

There are about two miles of water underneath it, I know.

They let the two old men go.

They put little green leaves topped with feathers on top of their heads—one on each head.

If the feathers touch the glacier, they will be gone.

They [started to] let [the raft] go, and the two old men said, "You wait. Hold it for a little while.

We are going to sing before we go, like a good-by song. Hold the raft."

They did not know whether they were going to get through or not.

"My people,

If we are gone, the young people are behind us.

We are no good,

Too old—us. Let go!"

Some of the [other] old people went to the lower end of the glacier to see how far the two old men went.

They are all right.

In about half an hour they come down—not messing up the feathers.

The glacier is all right.

When they come through, all the other people around go through the glacier.

So some of the Dakl'aweidí [ancestors] stay on the Stikine, and some split out to part.

One bunch went on and around the Big Salmon way.

The boss man was *qas'nuku*.

And they call a big mountain on this side of the Stikine, *tc'it'el*.

It is a big flat mountain.

And one bunch went across it.

When they were half way across, the people who were walking ahead found a feather.

The boss was walking in the middle.

There was a long fancy feather ahead where the people were.

The first people stopped and didn't go past it.

When the boss came, he said, "What do you stop for?"

"We see the fancy feather, so we want you to see it."

And he saw a fancy feather about that long [three feet].

The boss went near.

"What are you fellows standing there for? Did you never see a feather before?

Why don't you go ahead?"

He went on and kicked that feather, and it exploded.

And all of the people died except those who were behind.

It was the feather of a thunderbird, Xeitl *t'ann* (thunderbird/feather).

Some people behind him were saved, and they went through.

They came to Big Salmon country—T'úh tlein aaní.

qas'nuku got killed.

The people stayed there at Big Salmon for good.

There is a song for that too:

"The old men kicked

The feather of the thunderbird."

We [i.e., the Tagish branch of the Dakl'aweidí] came around Stikine to salt water.

And we came to Dalton Post up from Klukwan, and came around through Klukshu and over to Tagish.

There are no Dakl'aweidí in Atlin or Teslin. None came up the Taku.

They didn't come over the Teslin or Chilkoot ways.

Some stay at Klukwan, some at Dalton Post, and some come to Tagish.

Others went to Big Salmon, way back.

And other Dakl'aweidí went outside. They went to Ketchikan—way outside—way out that way [i.e., south along the coast from the mouth of the Stikine River].

Tagish is a Tlingit word. I don't know what it means.

Jimmy and Pardon Kane and Chief Joe [Kane] are Dakl'aweidí.

All the rest (of the Champagne Tutchone of the Wolf moiety) are Shangukeidí.

[When Patsy recorded the various songs belonging to this story on August 22, 1951 he added the following details to the story:]

When we [our ancestors] landed on the salt water, all the people on the raft camped in one place.

And in the morning when we are going to split on the salt water, one old man says,

"We just go together for the outside" [to the coast].

Some say, "I go this way—Chilkat way." They split again. Maybe some go to Sitka.

Us, we come Chilkat way—to Klukshu from Klukwan.

Some stay and go to Tagish.

That's us.

I am going to sing: "Outside, we go together . ."

42. The Origin of the Dakl'aweidí Killer Whales

The third Dakl'aweidí story, about the origin of the killer whale crest was, I believe, Patsy's favourite of his three clan stories. It was actually the first of the three he told. He volunteered it to Dorothy Rainier and me in August, 1949, just before we were leaving Yukon. I believe that he offered it as a kind of farewell present which also honored his clan. Patsy's half-brother, Billy Smith, told much the same story in the winter of 1950 (no. 49).

Like the other two Dakl'aweidí clan traditions, this story has been previously published, and in commenting upon it I noted that in some ways the killer whale, Kéet, like Beaver Man, is a destroyer of monsters.[19] The familiar themes of the good youngest brother and the jealous brothers-in-law also recur here, although in Patsy's version the youngest boy is killed.

The clan affiliation of the killer whale was variously given as Dakl'aweidí or as Deisheetaan. The Deisheetaan attribution fits with the idea that clans frequently acquire their crests from individuals of the opposite moiety.[20] At the end of this story Patsy is very explicit about the virtues of a truthful storyteller.

42. The Origin of the Dakl'aweidí Killer Whale Crest
August 29, 1949, Carcross

Well, there's a big whale, a big fish—a devil-fish, not a whale, but bigger than a whale, and with sharp teeth.

And it's mean.

We [a Dakl'aweidí ancestor] make it ourself long ago.

We make it of wood, small willow.

When we put it in the water it's a raft, a wooden one.[17]

There was one man.

They take him to an island and let him go.

He had a wife at home. But a friend, somebody mean, put him in a boat.

There were five brothers, you know. They were young men, and they were his brothers-in-law.

He was married to their sister.

They took him to an island. They took him in a boat out to the island.

There was nothing on it—no trees or anything.

They left him there to die.

The five brothers went back.

The youngest one, he liked his brother-in-law, and he said,

"Bring back my brother-in-law."

The other four said, "No."

He didn't know what to do—that fellow [the hero who had been abandoned].

There were lots of seals there.

He stayed there I don't know how long.

He was hungry and he killed a seal with a club. The seals sat on the rocks and he killed them.

And he made a fire with a hand drill.

There was lots of drift wood.

He ate. He cooked the seal meat.

Pretty soon he made a house and lay down.

Pretty soon he didn't know what he was going to do.

He stayed a long time, but he ate well.

He saw a rock and the salt water below, and he wanted to kill himself.

He sat down on the rock, and he thought that he would fall off while he was asleep.

He didn't want to jump off.

He was scared to.

When he was asleep, he heard somebody singing way down below.

It was way down underneath.

The next night he heard it again—way down in the water below.

So he put an old blanket on and rolled down himself. He wanted to roll to the noise.

But he didn't feel the water at all.

And pretty soon he got to the bottom. It was pretty deep.

He came down outside a house.

He didn't feel the water at all.

People were talking inside the big house. He opened the door and went in.

People were sitting all around the house.

One man was sick in bed, and they were all doctoring on him.

There were no clothes on the door.

The man thought about it.

"I could fix that man," he thought.

The man [doctor in the house] asked him, "Can you fix him?"

He was a chief who was going to die.

"Yes, I can fix him."

"We'll give you something, if you fix him."

The man saw four things in the house that looked like bologna [i.e., large intestines].

He thought, "I want the big one."

"Do you want that boat?"

The man didn't know it was a boat.

"That medicine man wants that boat."

The other man could hear what was in his mind.

"Give it to him, if he saves that man."

All right, he went out and doctored.

He washed the sick man all around.

And pretty soon the man felt good. The next day he got up.

The man stayed there, and they fed him.

It was just like a town, but it was in the water.

They gave him a place to sleep and eat, and they gave him the boat.

In two days the sick man got up, and he said, “That man saved me!”

He told the man who had saved him to get inside the gut, and to tie it up good so there was no leak and to float away.

“Think about your country and your home where your wife stays. Just think one way.

Don’t think back when you are inside the gut.”

The man did it.

He tied it up good so there was no leak, and he floated up inside the gut.

And he thought about his home and where his wife stayed.

And he went right up on top of the water. And he pretty nearly made it to his home.

But then he thought back about the gut.

And by God the gut went back again!

“What did you do?” the people asked him.

“Well, I was pretty near home, and I thought back, and the gut came back again.”

They told him again,

“Don’t think back. Just think of the way you are going. Just think one way.

Which way you think, that’s the way you will go.”

All right—he got inside and he thought about his home.

And in twenty minutes he went on shore.

It was nighttime, and he was a little ways behind the town.

Nobody saw the boat. He carried it. It [just] got big when he blew it.

At nighttime he went to see his wife back of the house.

His wife was already asleep.

“Is that you?”

“Yes “

“How come you are back?”

“Some way.

I want to get my tools. I am all right. I have a good living. I want to get my tools.”

He had a little box of tools.

“I’ll be back. I am all right. Don’t feel sorry.”

He went back to the gut and blew it up and made it big.

He tied it up so there were no leaks.

He thought about the island. And he went back to it in a second.

Us—we did that, the Dakl’aweidí did that!

He went back to the island, and he cached his gut in a good place. It was a big island.

He built a drift wood house four or five feet big. And he stayed there killing seals.

He went into the woods and cut a willow.

And he carved the willow into a shape just like a fish with his tools. He made teeth on it too.

He made two fish like devil fish—as big as a whale. [21]

When he was finished, he put them in the water.

And they swam like a fish [literally, “he ride like a fish”].

The wood turned into a fish—turned into Kéet (killer whale).

He had made them of wood.

After the wood turned to fish, the two fish went out in the water and dived in and out for about two hours.

Both came back with a seal in their teeth. They brought two seals—one each.

He took them out of the water again.

Then a big fish came.

And when he put the two little wooden fish into the water, they became big and killed the big fish.

His wife’s five brothers came to look for the man.

They thought that maybe he had starved. It was over a month since they had been gone.

He heard somebody talking. It was daytime and there was no wind.

Somebody was coming. It was his five brothers-in-law.

They landed.

The five boys were in the boat.

He got his little wooden devil fishes and hid them.

When they landed he came out.

“You are still alive yet?”

“Well, come on and take me home now!”

They didn’t wait.

They turned back, and they were going to go home and let him starve.

The youngest brother took the paddle and tried to get to his brother-in-law.

But the others took the paddle and turned away.

He called to them, but they didn’t come in.

He put the wooden devil fish into the water and said,

“Kill those people, but save the youngest boy!”

He put the fish in the water, and they became two big fish.

They went out alongside the boat that the five boys were in.

The boys got scared and tried to go ashore.

The big devil fishes broke the boat in two and tried to chew it up.

The youngest brother—they saved him. He sat on just a little bit of the boat.

The others had died already.

The wood that turned into fish did it.

Pretty soon the youngest boy drowned too.

He sat on half a boat, and they killed him too.

“That’s all I want. That’s good enough. Don’t kill anybody else. Make friends.

We are going to let it go now. Don’t be mean to anybody.

If somebody is hungry, then kill something for me. Then you can do it.

You can kill seals for nothing. Be good. Don’t be mean. Let [the rest] go.”

That was Kéet. They call him a devil fish.

He is as big as a whale, and he is in salt water.

The man took them out of the water and made them wood again.

Then he put them in the water and let them go. At last he let them go.

He can’t get them out anymore.

Then he blew up his gut, and he thought of his wife at home.

Another minute, and he was there. He cached the gut.

And always he could go on top [of the water]—dum-dum-dum—when he went.

The Dakl'aweidí did this.

A Dakl'aweidí man carved the wood that in the water makes kéet. The song is pretty hard:

"Kéet—he cleaned up all the bad snakes,

All the fish and things in the water."

Then the salt water was good."

Before that, there was danger. Kéet cleaned up all the danger.

Kéet went all over the world and cleaned up all the bad animals.

[Patsy sang the kéet song again.]

The Dakl'aweidí own it. It is our song.

[Patsy then explained that Dakl'aweidí are to be found only among the Tagish and the Southern Tutchone, not among the Inland Tlingit. He went on:]

The old style—we have quit it.

These are old stories. I tell the truth.

Grandpa tells the stories. I'm going to save one for the book....

I tell a true story.

A man who tells true has friends, and money comes too.

A liar has no money or friends.

43. The Story of the Gaanaxteidí Snake

In August of 1949 Dorothy Rainier and I arranged to use electricity in the waiting room of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad station at Carcross, so that Patsy and his wife, Edith, could record a mourning song—one which they had used at the recent funeral of their daughter. They had adapted it from a story of the Gaanaxteidí clan of the Crow moiety to which Edith Henderson and her daughter Lily belonged, by substituting "my daughter" for "my son" of the original.

George and Angela Sidney had also come to the recording session, and this was a very moving occasion for us all. As they sang the song, both of the old people broke down in tears. However, Patsy recovered sufficiently to tell the story in which the song is embedded.

The Gaanaxteidí sib is rooted in the Chilkoot-Chilkat divisions of the coastal Tlingit, but Yukon Tutchone and Tagish Indians carefully distinguish this group from the Gaanax.ádi of the Inland Tlingit.

The "snake" in this story is the "woodworm" of the famous carved housepost of the Whale House in Klukwan. The plot of the story clearly parallels that of the Deisheetaan beaver

raised by a girl at Angoon, and Patsy himself not only volunteered how similar the tales are, but went on to tell the Deisheetaan beaver story next. The emphasis on the commanding role of the maternal uncle, the girl's sewing, and the adopted "baby" [the snake], suggest that the tale should be explored among other ways as a statement about the difficult social strains and the expected social behaviour of girls at puberty.[22]

43. The Story of the Gaanaxteidí Snake August 29, 1949, Carcross

A Gaanaxteidí girl raised a snake.

Pretty soon it was big.

This is a long time ago story.

The girl had her own room, and the snake stayed in it.

Nobody knew she raised a snake. Pretty soon it was big and round.

It made a hole in the room and stayed there.

Nobody knew—neither her daddy nor her mama.

But pretty soon the old people heard a noise.

When the girl went out she closed the door. She didn't want anybody to know.

Pretty soon they heard the snake make a noise, "Maa." It was like a baby's cry.

The girl went out, and her mother went in and saw the big snake.

Then the people got scared. It had grown too big.

"lt's a big snake," her mother and father said. "Look, our girl raised a big snake!"

They thought of the danger, and they told the news all around.

They told the girl's [maternal] uncle and brothers.

"Our girl is raising a snake. It's too big. It's pretty dangerous!"

They had to kill that snake.

The uncle called to the girl. "You come to my house tomorrow and sew for me a skin blanket. Make one of marten skin in my house."

She wanted to be in her own place.

She was afraid somebody might touch her snake and kill him. She didn't want to go.

Her mama said she must go.

All right, she went.

They were going to kill the snake so they sent the girl away.

She was sewing. Her uncle gave her fifty marten skins to work.

It was slow to make the blanket and hard to sew.

The girl was listening, and pretty soon she heard some kind of noise at her place.

Her uncle and brothers were digging up the snake to kill him.

When they killed the snake, it made a noise, "Waa!"

The girl couldn't get away.

Her uncle said, "You've got to sew." The girl was crying at the same time.

She knew something was wrong. She was sewing and sewing and crying and crying.

She knew that something was happening to her snake.

Pretty soon she went out, "I have to see my baby."

She wants to see it. She wants to go back.

Somebody has killed the snake already.

The girl cries. She sang this song:

"I hear my baby cry.

I hear him making a noise when they kill him."

Her [the girl's] song is what [my wife] sings. The girl cries,

"I hear that my baby, she cries.

I hear my daughter is gone."

[My wife] holds the snake [as a clan crest].

It was on the coast that the Gaanaxteidí raised the snake.

It was as big round as a stove. I don't know how the girl fed it.

[My wife's] song is the Gaanaxteidí song, not the Gooch [Wolf] or the Dakl'aweidí song.

44. The Story of the Tuk.weidí (Deisheetaan) Beaver

After Patsy and Edith had sung the song about the Gaanaxteidí snake and he had told the story about it, Patsy went on to say that the Gaanaxteidí song was just like Beaver Song of the Tuk.weidí clan. He meant to imply, I think, both that the two songs were clan property, and that the two stories associated with them were similar.

44. The Story of the Tuk.weidí (Deisheetaan) Beaver August 29, 1949, Carcross

A girl raised a beaver too—a small one.

He made a beaver house and grew. He was a big beaver.

And after a while they told her, "It's no good for you to raise it."

Her uncle, who was the chief, said, "You can't keep it in winter; it's too cold. Let it go!"

But the girl said that she wanted to keep it.

The girl liked the beaver.

The people said, "Throw out the beaver. It's no good!"

She didn't want to do it.

The beaver went out of the house and got mean.

The girl understood beaver language.

He went away and came back.

Every night he went out, and then he came back in the morning.

He got mean.

This was outside a long time ago, at some place like Ketchikan.

I think it was at Yakutat.[23]

A river came down. There was a town at the mouth of the river.

There were no white men, just Indians.

When the beaver got mean, the people didn't want him.

The people were staying on a sand point. They had a house there.

Nobody knew that the beaver was digging in the sand.

He dug under the town and made the sand thinner.

Every night he did this. Inside the house nobody knew.

He came back in the morning.

Pretty soon he made a dam in the river, and he had made the ground under the town thin.

He made the dam a little ways above the town.

Then the beaver opened the dam.

And the water came down all over the town and washed it out.

The place where he had made the ground thinner dropped. He drowned all the town.

The beaver made a song after that. He felt bad about it.

He had killed all his uncles and his brothers, and he made a song about it:

"Nobody told me,

'Don't you do that,'

But when I got mean,

That's when I drowned my uncles."

45. Skookum Jim and the Frog

The Klondike gold rush had a profound impact on the lives of all Yukon Indians. More than any other historical event up to that time it brought many aspects of their traditional style of life to a close. It was responsible for the short-lived immigration into Yukon of more than 40,000 whites by 1898 and a short term boom economy in which many Indians were involved. Several accounts comparing Native oral traditions with varied oral and written accounts by newcomers have already been cited.[24]

During our first evening at Patsy's fish camp, Patsy had been telling Angela Sidney and me about some of the first white men he knew. The topic evidently reminded him of the gold rush and the Klondike Indians, whom he called Ayan—known to ethnographers as Han.[25] I then asked Patsy about the frog that helped Skookum Jim find the gold, and Patsy told the following story, but preferred not to have me write it down at that point. Later in the evening I wrote it from memory. I do not think that Patsy would object to its publication so long after his death, for I have since heard the story from several other Yukon Indians and additional versions have also been published. The next evening Patsy recounted other events leading to the discovery of the gold, which are really an integral part of the same story.

45. Skookum Jim and the Frog January 9, 1951, Little Atlin

Skookum Jim was feeling sick and he was staying down in Dyea, with Maria John. He was in a tent near the house, because he had a fever and wanted air. Maria looked after him. His wife and Maria's husband were packing over the Dyea trail for the gold prospectors.

There was a ditch around the house where they had dug out ground.

And Skookum Jim saw a frog in there where it was all dry.

The frog was trying and trying to get out.

Skookum Jim lifted it out.

That night Skookum Jim called Maria, because there was a frog sitting right on his chest.

He called her so that he would have a witness [of the power he was going to have?].

After that he got better, and then later he got gold.

[After hearing this part of the story, I asked whether Skookum Jim had ever dreamed about the frog again. The material below is from notes, but is not completely verbatim.]

Another time the frog showed something to him, like it was something burning up, looking toward Atlin.

It was like the south lighted up, and it was the gold that was discovered out there too, soon.

[A little later this third incident was added. My notes on this are almost verbatim. Angela Sidney was translating for Patsy.]

Skookum Jim once went from Tagish to Carcross.

He thought he slept one night.

When he got to Carcross, he told my mother [i.e., Maria, Angela's mother] he camped there.

And when he got back to Tagish they told him, "You were gone eleven days."

And when he woke up there was two feet of snow.

And that night he dreamed this lady comes to him and says, “You saved my life one time, and I’m going to give you luck.”

So she took him to her father’s castle.

And it was shining—all gold! Chairs and everything.

The first room had some gold.

The second room was all gold.

The third room she don’t show. “That’s my daddy’s. I won’t show it.”

That’s why we [the Tagish Indians] didn’t get the richest creek.

46. Lucky Woman or Tl’anaxéedákw

During our second day at the fish camp all of us were together in the cabin. Angela Sidney, Dora Austin and I had been discussing Tagish place names. Patsy evidently found this boring, for he began to tell the story of “Lucky Woman”—the Tl’anaxéedákw or Wealth Woman of the Coast Indians. The story turned out to be a prelude to his own encounter with Lucky Woman when he was a boy, an event which in Patsy’s mind ultimately led to the Klondike gold rush. Patsy had continued to think of the previous evening’s story about Skookum Jim’s encounter with the frog who became his spirit power and who bestowed the gold on him.

Patsy spoke in English with occasional help from Angela. The story itself is well known in the Yukon. I heard several versions at Aishihik in 1962-63 as well as those published here by various Tagish and Inland Tlingit narrators.[26] The concluding *Ts’Akh’Ats* episode was considered an integral part of this story both by Patsy Henderson and Edgar Sidney, though I do not know why the stress is on a stone axe. The *Ts’Akh’Ats* episode apparently cannot be told separately.

46. Lucky Woman or Tl’anaxéedákw January 10, 1951, Little Atlin

This is a good luck story. It’s true.

Well, if you are walking, and tomorrow a man or a woman is alone and hears that baby crying a little ways away, “*Wa A’n A’nA’n,*” well, we listen and we wish for good luck.

We want to hear some more.

We start then and go a little way and we hear it again, “*Wa A’n A’n A’n.*”

And make up your mind there’s nobody else around, and it’s just yourself.

And take off all your clothing and earrings.

You can’t see a baby if you are wearing them, or a hairpin [any metal?].

And leave everything in one place. [All present smiled at this point.]

And go there where the baby cries.

Just go a little ways, and you will see that a woman packs the baby.

And the baby is looking back.

Well, sneak up behind.

That woman walks slowly and packs the baby.

The man who grabs the baby from her back throws urine—*gEndE naK'u*.[27]

And he gets the baby and runs up a rock or tree.

And she turns back to you, "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!"—like that.

She's got gold fingernails, that woman.

When she touches you with the four fingers it's more luck.

Two fingers, it's not [as] much.

She grabs deep.

Well, the man takes away her baby on top of the windfall or rock.

And she says, "Give me my baby!"

"No! Give me luck! I want five banks."

You tell your wish to her about the money house.

"I wish five banks," you tell that woman.

"If you don't give me luck I don't give you your baby. I'll keep it."

"No! Give me my baby!"

"Well, there's nobody here except me."

Well, she gives you luck.

She sits down and urinates.

"No, I want luck. Well, you defecate for me."[28]

"No, I'm stingy!"

Well, pretty soon she defecates for me.

It's not real. It's round gold.

Sometimes she defecates two.

"No", I say. "I want some more!"

Pretty soon she defecates five.

"That's enough."

And wish for luck all the time.

Wish all about five money houses, all different banks.

Keep on wishing.

When she defecates five, that's all you want, that's enough.

Sometimes four is enough, but two is not enough.

Well, when she defecates that, you give her baby back.

And when I turn around it isn't there any more.

It doesn't walk.

It's just luck to see her.

You pick up the feces,[29] five small pieces of gold, and put them in your money bag.

And you go and bathe in fresh water.

And you throw urine before you go to your clothes.

You hold the gold in your hand, and you bathe all over and put your clothes on. And everything is okay.

Don't tell anybody. Stay by yourself.

Come home to camp and lie down. And don't drink water that day or eat.

When you are thirsty next day take just a little cup of water—only if you are thirsty.

It's better luck that way.

It's bad luck to eat and drink water. It's good luck not to.

If you don't eat for two days or tell anybody, then if you keep the feces—they are real gold! Everything is okay.

And you don't tell as long as you live, and the money comes.

Just luck and the money comes.

If she scratches you with three or four fingers, when it heals, you keep those scabs.

If your son and daughter are poor, then you give them a little bit of these scabs.

Tell them for two or three days not to eat, but to bathe with it.

Don't tell anyone, and it will give you luck.

Just a little, not too much, the money is going to keep coming.

You call that woman Tl'anaxéedákw (Lucky Woman).

Keep it to yourself, and the luck comes. If you tell your friends you won't have luck.

Ts'Akh'Ats (hatchet) is the same way.

You walk around alone, and you hear somebody chopping that way - "o.ukh o.u!"

You go there, and pretty soon you hear it a different way [direction]—this way.

The same way you do as you do for Wealth Woman.

You take off your clothes.

You can't see anybody though, but you see where they are chopping wood.

Where the biggest trees stand, they are chopping way down.

They chop it from the top to the bottom.

And you see a small stone axe *(t'ayis)*.

And all the chips are at the bottom, but you don't see anybody.

You take chips enough, and you do the same way [as with Lucky Woman].

You wash in fresh water before you get into your clothes.

You bathe yourself with the chips, and you keep wishing all the time,

"I want to find my money bank!"

You just wish for good luck—not bad luck.

And you keep those chips as long as you live.

You don't tell anybody about them.

But the same way you [might] tell your son and daughter, and give them a little piece of the chips.

And when you do it, tell them not to drink water or to eat.

47. Patsy Henderson Hears Lucky Woman's Baby

Patsy continued directly on from the preceding story, treating these both as a single story. We all listened intently to Patsy's account of this great event in his life and its consequences. I felt as I had the evening before when he had told of Skookum Jim's acquisition of frog power: Patsy had now begun to think of me as somebody to whom he could begin to teach the more important traditions of his people, rather than as a mere tourist sitting on one of the benches in the White Pass Station "Lecture Room" in Carcross. It was for me a very moving time.

After he had finished his poignant story explaining his own poverty, Angela Sidney told of other persons, including her prosperous older brother, Johnny Johns, who had more recently heard Lucky Woman's baby cry.

47. Patsy Henderson Hears Lucky Woman's Baby January 10, 1951, Little Atlin

And all of the Indians were down at Tagish. Lots of Indians were there.

It was before 1898.

There were three or four hundred people down at Tagish.

It's an old Indian village. All the Indians were there.

We were there too. Me and my brother Charlie and my [maternal] uncle Skookum Jim.

I was just a little kid.

We go hunting out towards Bennett Lake. We take a good dáx (Tl., cottonwood dugout).

The three of us go. I am a kid.

We hunt from Tagish to Bennett[30] on a sheep hunt.

There were lots of sheep at Bennett then.

We are about three days from Tagish. And we row. We got into Bennett there.

Nobody is there.

And there is a big wind. We buck a big wind all the way.

We get cold and wet too.

We land there and gather driftwood.

It is evening.

We make a big fire on the sandy beach, a big driftwood fire.

We are cold, and we make a fire.

It is evening. We warm ourselves.

And we hear a baby cry. At that little lake near the [present-day, 1951] section house.

At Bennett Lake, we hear the baby crying at one end of it.

It is not real [not a human baby], but it sounds like a baby. "Wa An, Wa An!"

Two times we hear it.

We look at each other.

"Do you hear it too?"

We don't know about Tl'anaxéedákw (Lucky Woman) that time.

Pretty soon we hear it again, just half way up the little lake, crying, "Wa An! Wa An!"

We start then. Skookum Jim walks ahead and Charlie is behind him, and I am last.

It is dark and we can't see our way.

If it were daytime we would take a chance, but it is night.

Halfway up the little lake I hear it sound just across the lake.

I hear it plain, '"Wa An! Wa An!" It's like a real baby is crying.

Well, we start on this side and pretty nearly reach the end of the lake.

But I am scared…you understand that I am young.

But Skookum Jim and Charlie want to see what it is.

But I am scared. That is why I am poor [now].

Pretty near to the south end of the lake we hear the sound close to us.

Then I am scared good—like you throw water on my head. I am scared. I start to cry.

But Skookum Jim and Charlie want to see what it is.

I'm scared of money.

I'm poor.

I start to cry, and Skookum Jim is older [than the rest of us], but he never heard of Tl'anaxéedákw before. He never heard of it.

We all get scared when I start to cry.

And we listen, and then we don't hear it anymore.

When we get back in camp on the beach, we make a big fire.

And we don't sleep all night.

Maybe it's bad luck that we heard a baby like that. And we're scared.

Me, I'm scared the most.

We go right back [then].

And when we get back to Tagish, we tell the people that we hear something like a baby cry.

Three times we hear it close to us, but we don't see it.

The old people tell us that's bad luck that we did not see the baby.

And they tell us about Tl'anaxéedákw.

"That's a [good] luck," they tell us.

Well, after two years we do have luck. We find the gold in the Klondike.

Skookum Jim finds the more money than any of us.

Charlie next, and me last.

I get a little money.

I'm scared of money.

Just a little I have.

It was two or three years after [we heard the baby] we find the gold.

48. Patsy Henderson's Lecture to the Tourists on the Discovery of Klondike Gold

Dorothy Rainier took down in shorthand Patsy's regular lecture to the tourists who disembarked from the steam wheeler "Tutshi" in the morning at Carcross after an overnight trip to Ben-My-Cree[31] run by the White Pass Railroad as part of its tourist package. Patsy gave the lecture in the waiting room of the station where he had hung pictures of Skookum Jim and Dawson Charlie, and he demonstrated certain points with models and artifacts prepared for the occasion and laid out on a table. He ended by taking his audience and many of the artifacts outside so they could photograph him drawing a bow and arrow or demonstrating how his models of traps worked. In the meantime local Indian women arranged on station benches their various hand crafts— beaded moccasins, headbands, gloves, mitts and lapel pins—for tourists to purchase.

The White Pass paid Patsy one dollar an hour for his lecturing to the tourists, a fact that was commented upon when I later asked the Hendersons for a story at a time when I was paying twenty-five cents an hour for interviews. Fortunately I did not have to explain personally the discrepancy in rates, because Angela Sidney announced at once to those present that since I was working for the government I couldn't afford to pay more, which was, in fact an accurate assessment of my situation as a student.

In Patsy's account of the discovery of gold, he, like Angela Sidney later, gave as the prime reason for the Tagish Indians' presence in the Dawson area their wish to locate Kate Carmacks, the sister of Skookum Jim. Patsy's account here can be compared with Angela's stories and with the pamphlet prepared by Jennie May Moyer in 1950.[32] Her text is slightly shorter than Dorothy's version, but fills in a few places where Dorothy missed a phrase, and has some added data about netting beaver. Neither text refers to Kate Carmacks.

At the time Patsy gave this talk and during all my early fieldwork, I did not really understand all the messages that the old people were giving about the loss of their land and old ways of life as a consequence of the heavy white contact following the Gold Rush. Though it is not obvious at first, Patsy's lecture is in many ways one of the more poignant statements about this situation.

48. Patsy Henderson's Lecture to the Tourists on the Discovery of Klondike Gold July 1, 1948, Carcross

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to tell you of this trap, fish.

And last I am going to give you story of Klondike.

Because this country belong—this country before white people come—we belong here years and years before white men.

That time we got nothing. No matches. No gun.

But that time, way before now, we snare moose, caribou, bear, that time.

We put up this kind of snare that time [shows ground hog snare].

One, if you don't understand me, please answer me to explain again.

Well, that's a fish trap. [Patsy shows model of a box fish trap.]

We fish that way before white man.

The creek run this way.

We close the whole creek; we close the whole stream.

The fish got to jump.

That's where the fish is going to get stuck, just above the water [demonstrates fish jumping into the cribbed box].

That's where the fish going to get stuck.

Well, the fish go upstream. He got no place to go upstream when they come this end.

They got just enough room to get through.

After a while that kind of fish come.

This first fish come on top. He jump on this box.

He got no where to jump up.

He die there, fifteen minutes. He can't stand it out of water. He die that way—many kind of fish.

We don't go no place.

We get all fish here. He die that way.

But trap, set day and night.

Well just now, this trap against the law. We don't use it no more.

The policeman tell us, "You get all the fish down here, [then] none go through."

Pretty soon, policeman get mean. He take the trap and burn them.

When the policeman go away, we build them again.

Now we don't use them no more.

Moose snare, caribou snare, sheep snare, goat snare, fox snare, net—beaver net—are all against the law. We don't use no more. Don't use no more.

But there are some traps that we use yet.

Well, this trap is a marten trap, marten and mink. We set the trap this way for mink.

And we put a bird there in the sand—fish meat, meat, anything for bait.

When he touch, this cross piece will drop on top of his back and kill him.

This has got to be heavy. No suffer, no hurt the fur, and he die quickly.

And this trap we don't quit yet. We still be use it still—this marten trap.

Well, that's a gopher snare.

We set the snare.

When a gopher get caught. This got to be strong.

The man come close to the run.

When he pull, more choke; when he pull, more choke. This got to be strong.

We need the skin to make a parky.

And we make a blanket. When we hunt, two pounds, the whole blanket!

Wintertime we make a parka. We still be use it. We don't quit yet.

The government says you can still use it.

Well, I see this [man shooting bow and arrow] in a picture.

And they hold this way, up and down. I see the picture.

But us, we don't hold this way. I show you which way we hold, this way, just like a gun.

When we hit the moose, this [detachable arrow head] go out [into the moose].

Moose walk, and he goes in [the arrow head goes deeper] all the time.[33]

One moose and one this [arrow head], he kill him.

One bear, just one [arrow head], he kill him.

This [point] will go inside of this big game.

C. McC. [from audience] "What is it made of?"

P. H. That's moose horn or bone. This is [for] big game. Big game you shoot it.

This [wooden string guard] is put here for .. ..We now pull this [bow string], you know.

That's why it put here for.

If this is not here, if you pull it for the string, cut my finger.[34]

This is just a small one [bow and arrow] to show people. It takes a bigger one to kill game.

When we hunt moose, this is a moose horn.

We carry around this horn. We rub it on a tree. But the moose, he hear this for a long ways.

The moose thinks it's another moose. We fool the moose with his own horn.

The moose—we call this way too: "Anh. Anh." That's the way we call the moose.

We call the fox [makes whining sound with fingers to mouth].

And we call this way for fox.

When the fox, he hear that, he come. The fox, he think about the tree squirrel.

Everything, we call.

We don't work for nobody. We work for ourselves before '98.

Everything we call.

We make fire this way before the matches [demonstrates bow drill].

We make fire here, with a dry wood.

This is top. Press down as hard as you can.

Pretty soon it get hot there and catch fire. When it catches fire there, that's about fifteen minutes.

But that's how we make fire before white men. Flint.

[Patsy demonstrates how a strike-a-light could also be used to make fire.]

[Answering a question about snares], Fox, bear, chew snare—wolf, coyote—need choke-bar.

And the first white man, the first white man he come from outside, way before me.

And that man, when he come, he got everything—knives, matches. Everything—muzzle loader.

One little match for one marten skin for trade!

We got no place to [go?]

He put up [a muzzle loader vertically]. We pile skin from bottom to top.

No market mink that time.

No market muskrat that time

Well, that man he went back again, all set.

He got everything. He got gun.

Long ways, he shoot good.

No money for trade.

Next year that man come back again.

Four or five hundred Indians all around.

Well, that time, that man he bring a muzzle-loader gun with long barrel. Pretty soon ...

Now they pay cash money. No trade.

But before that, [Indians got things] for trade, that's all.

Well, I'll give you the story about the Klondike.

He's the man who found the first gold in the Klondike. [Patsy points to picture of Dawson Charlie.]

His name is Dawson Charlie.

He's my brother. He's partner of this man, Skookum Jim.

"Skookum" mean, "big man", "strong man" [in Chinook jargon].

This man is name George Carmack; this man, he's white man [Kate's husband]..

This is '96, 17 August.

Well, this time all die [who were in on the gold discovery] except me.

Now, I'm an old man now.

Well, I'm going to tell you a little story about this man.

Before '98, no store here. No town here. No Skagway.

This man [Carmack] come from outside. And he stay here among the Indians five years.

And he marry Skookum Jim's sister, my [maternal] aunt.

Pretty soon, two years he stay with the Indians, and he understand [the language].

And we don't work for no money that time.

And George, he like that.

That time, lots of game around here! No hard work. It's pretty easy!

Well, pretty soon, he stay among the Indians for five years. That's five years.

After a while, he went down the river—him and his wife.

When they went down the river—and he never came back in three years—that time [is] before ‘98.

Not many people travel around that time.

Sometimes three or four people come up-river [and we ask if they have seen George].

“No, I don’t know George.”

So we miss him. We go down the river and look for him.

Well, [Dawson] Charlie, this man [is] my brother, and he never come back.

And me and Skookum Jim and Charlie, we went down in a rowboat, pretty good size.

At Dawson, big camp of Indians.

George [Carmack] stay on other side of the river.

Long ways to go for me, but we can’t get back now until winter time, on dog team.

We don’t think about gold. We fish for our dogs.

“Before you fellows come down, one man he come up the river. And that man, he tell me he find gold way up the [Klondike] River at Last Falls.

Let’s go look for him.”

But that man’s name is Bob Henderson. He’s a white man.

So them three men, [George, Charlie and Jim] start out, but I stay home in the camp.

I look after the fish trap. I look after the dogs.

First gold, they find eight miles from camp. And he see the gold on the side, ten-cent nugget.

So he pick it up.

“Well,” George says, “That’s gold!”

So they went up the creek and prospect.

They see gold every time they try. That’s the richest creek.

This creek is named “Bonanza Creek”.

So them three men [go] way back 50 miles from camp.

They find him—Bob Henderson. And he stay there.

They turn back.

Different creek, they see gold again. Well, it looks like gold.

Well, they come down. They don’t find gold place yet.

But a quarter of a mile below this, they stop to take a rest on top of the bank.

Skookum Jim goes down to the creek to drink water.

When [Dorothy missed a bit in here, but Jim saw gold.]

"George, bring down a pan and shovel!"

First pan, fifty cents.

And he tried below, lots of times. He pan gold. Five dollars in fifteen or twenty minutes!

That give name to creek—Bonanza.

The biggest pan was four hundred fifty dollars.

Eight hundred dollars one pan—all later.

One hundred dollars, one pan.

Well, when they come back, three men, they camp on the Klondike.

When I see that gold first, it's just like I don't care.

Now, I like to see gold all the time!

Well, George Carmacks, fifty miles down the river, we call that Forty Mile.

"Let's go down to Forty Mile to get court of claims."

They don't believe us, you know.

Well, I don't stake a claim. I'm too young.

That time, by old law, you got to be twenty-one to stake a claim.

We go back to our own camp on Klondike.

We're going to build a sluice-box.

And we moved the camp up the creek. That time we work there.

We work there in September. Three weeks we work there.

In three weeks time we take out gold—fourteen hundred and fifty dollars gold we take there.

We got to go down to Forty Mile for grub—winter grub.

We took two boats, row boats.

Not one stays—all go that time.

Two years steady—winter, summer—people come all the time.

Winter, dog team. Summer, row-boat.

Well, after two years the big rush start from outside.

Dyea, Chilkoot Pass—Indian trading post. His [the trader's] name, Healy.

No road that time. No train. No store.

When the big rush start in '98 from outside Bennett Lake, one snow slide there.

People went up, and snow come down.

Fifty men, bury. Four, good [escaped].

We pack lots of gold first—got to have money.

But the ground froze, you make fire there.

That's why poor man get rich.

But you can't do it around here. You got to have money.

Well, I give you a little song.

When we dance, we don't dance together.

The man dances himself.

The ladies dance themselves.

Now this time we dance together. Before now, we don't dance together.

And this is dance and song, native dance and song.

[Patsy dances and sings.]

Well, I give another song again.

It's a love song. That's a love song.

[Patsy sings.]

Well, suppose you people want to go some place, anyway.

Question from the audience: "How old were you when you married?"

Answer: "We don't know age. 'You born when first salmon comes,' Mother say."

BILLY SMITH

Billy Smith was about ten years younger than Patsy Henderson. Born in 1886, he was a half-brother or parallel cousin of Patsy's. He lived mostly in Whitehorse during the 1940s and 1950s, and I knew him only slightly. I first met him at a potlatch that Patsy held for his older sister in 1948 in Carcross. In the fall of 1950, Billy came out to Carcross to hunt.

Angela Sidney's brother, Peter Johns, brought him to my cabin to visit and to see photographs which I had brought up from the coastal Tlingit town of Angoon. I had spent the summer there, where both Dakl'aweidí [Wolf] and Deisheetaan [Raven or Crow] clans are strongly rooted.

We had a pleasant evening of conversation and story telling. Peter and Agnes Johns, Angela Sidney and her son Peter Sidney, and Peter's wife were also present. Billy spoke good English, and he talked at length about a number of topics, including shamanism and clan crests. When we got to this last topic, Billy launched into the following story. As an older Tagish male, he chose as his first story one that established his affiliation with a coastal Tlingit clan.

49. The Origin of the Dakl'aweidí Killer Whale Crest

Billy prefaced this story by saying that it explains why the Dakl'aweidí have Killer Whale for a crest. He began with a reference to the Rancheria River spoken in a very low tone, but indicating, I think, that this was the home of the protagonist. George Thornton Emmons recorded a Tahltan version of the story in the early 1900s, as did James Teit, and in each of those account the hero is identified as a Kaska Indian.[35]

Billy's version is somewhat more abbreviated than Patsy's (no. 42) and it differs in some details. He made it explicit that the sick seal had been speared by a human and therefore could not get well until the detachable point was removed from its hip. Evidently animal people cannot see human weapons. Billy did not mention the fifth and youngest, loyal brother that Patsy identified. But Billy did note that the hero did not actually see his wife when he returned for his tool kit. It is intriguing that the hero had to retrieve these implements, which were culturally developed by humans, in order to create the superhuman killer whales. Like Crow, however, he had to try out several woods in order to obtain a living creature.

I wrote this story down from memory immediately after my visitors left, guided only by a few written notes, for I did not want to spoil a social occasion when I had only just met the narrator.

Angela Sidney later volunteered that as she understood it, the original hero was Tu<u>k</u>.weidí (a clan name used interchangeably with Deisheetaan) and that he gave Kéet (Tl., killer whale) to his children, who, like his wife, were Da<u>k</u>l'aweidí. As noted in the discussion of Patsy Henderson's Killer Whale story, this view suggests that many Tlingit crests were reciprocally received from members of the opposite moiety.

49. The Origin of the Da<u>k</u>l'aweidí Killer Whales

October 29, 1950, Carcross (written from memory)

A man married a girl who had four brothers. They were bad fellows. And one time when they had all gone out to hunt seal, they just left this man on a deserted island and went away.

There was no food of any kind, and the man didn't have any matches or anything. There was no food at all on that island.

The man was lying on a ledge one night, and he thought that he heard voices below him coming out of the water. It sounded just like doctors [shamans] were at work.

The next night he heard the same thing. I guess he thought that some kind of power was coming to help him. He just rolled right in the water himself.

When he went in the water, it was just like he was in a big house. There were a lot of people in it. In one corner was a man who was lying on a bed. He was sick. There were a lot of doctors working on him.

The people said to the man, "Are you a doctor?"

Just for fun he said that he was. They asked if he could cure the man. He looked at the sick man. Right at his hip he saw something. Those coast people used to kill seals with a sort of sharp head that came off in the animal. Right there on that man's hip he saw one of those sharp things lying. None of the other people could see it. They were Seal folk.

"Yes, I can cure him," he said.

He looked around, and hanging up he saw a big kind of balloon thing. He didn't know what it was, but he just thought to himself, "If I cure him, I'll ask for that."

As soon as he thought that, the Seal people knew right away what he wanted. And they said, "If you cure that man, we'll give you that."

So the man went to the sick person. And after a while he just reached out and took that point off his hip. Right away that man began to feel all right.

"I feel good now," he said.

Then they gave that man that balloon like thing. They told him to get inside, and he could go wherever he wanted, if he just thought where he wanted to go. So he got in and he wished himself right back on that island. And right away, there he was.

Then he went back to the place where his wife and his brothers-in-law were staying.

But he didn't see his wife, I guess. He just got his tool kit.

After that he went back to the island. And then he took some wood, and he carved that Kéet (killer whale). He put it in the water, but it wouldn't come to life.

He tried spruce first. Then he tried all kinds of wood. But they wouldn't come to life afterward. Finally, he tried another kind of wood that they have on the coast. He put the Kéet in the water, and it swam alive.

So he had two of them. And he sent them out and they would bring back all kinds of food. When they came back, he just took them out of the water and hung them up. And they became wood again.

After a while he saw the four brothers coming. He put the Kéet in the water. And he told them to go out and kill those people. And that's what they did. They swallowed up the boat and the men. Then, when they had done that, he told those Kéet that afterwards they weren't supposed to kill any more humans at all unless they had to. They were just supposed to be in the water. He let them go.

That's why our people claim the Kéet.

ANGELA SIDNEY

50. Crow Stories

Shortly after I arrived in Carcross in the fall of 1950, Angela Sidney and I spent the afternoon of September 27 in my cabin, and she told me several stories. I mentioned that I would also like to hear the stories about Crow sometime, and this prompted her to ask me what I had heard in Angoon during the previous summer. I told her that I knew that Crow had obtained and released daylight, and that I thought that some duck had found land after the flood. Angela responded that Yéil (Raven) had instructed a seal, rather than a duck, to get the land. She offered no more on this subject at that point. Instead, she turned to the story of how Crow got water, and she explained that along with water, he also got the fish. When he dribbled the water from his mouth, he deposited the fish, two at a time, into the various bodies of water he had created.

She went on to ask whether if I knew about the Old Man who controlled water. I replied that I had heard how Crow told him so many stories that the old man had fallen asleep. Angela said that this was not quite right, and she then started a sequence of Crow stories beginning with her version of "How Crow Got Water." She told this story prior to acting as translator for Patsy Henderson's telling (No. 36 c).

In 1950, when Angela referred to "Crow" by his Indian name she always used the Tlingit term Yéil, translated as "Raven" on the coast. In more recent years, she more often used the Tagish term for Crow, "Ch'eshk'ia," as can be seen in her 1982 publication.[36] In 1950 Angela told me these Crow stories sequentially, but over the years she retold individual Crow stories several times, sometimes repeating only one or two episodes, and sometimes most of the cycle.

Like so many narrators, Angela made a direct association between the owner of daylight and God, although at other times she wondered if Crow might not *be* God or Jesus. Her comments about the darkness show her characteristic interest in ordering a plausible sequence of myth time events.[37] In any case, Crow's release of daylight is probably linked to the idea that the animals have their own "daylight," hence their power, during humans' nighttime.

On August 2, 1966, I visited Angela and her husband, George Sidney, taking as a gift a small copy of Haida argillite carving showing a beaver. Accompanying it was a printed version of the Haida myth telling how Raven had tricked the beavers on the Queen

Figure 12. Angela Sidney, Carcross, Yukon Territory, 1951.

Charlotte Islands by making them think that he was an old man. He had then eaten all their food, so the beavers left the Queen Charlotte Islands forever. Raven then flew off with the beavers' lake, but he kept dropping bits of it and releasing two fish each time. At this point in the story (which I was reading aloud), Angela picked up the thread and summarized her second version of the tale, also below. George interrupted to add his bit, but we moved on to a discussion of good fishing places and did not return to Crow. I was not sure whether George interrupted in order to lend authority to the story or to divert Angela from telling the entire story at that time. Nobody else was present.

The stories below are arranged by episode with differing versions numbered sequentially. For instance, Angela told the story of how Crow first obtained and then released daylight as two separate episodes, presented here in parts one and two, but usually told together. Other episodes, she told more than once; for example, she told four versions of the story of "Crow and Fish Mother," and I explain the varying contexts of each telling. Angela's published versions of Crow stories, told more recently, appear in at least three other sources.[38]

50 a (i) How Crow Got Water (Version One) September 27, 1950, Carcross

Crow went outside.

It was the wintertime, and he got some frozen excrement and brought it back inside.

He dropped some under the man [who had the water].

Soon it began to thaw out and smell.

Crow says, "ax súnee (Tl., my uncle, father's clan), what's that smell? Look what you've done. You've done something to yourself!"

The old man says, "How come I did that? Maybe I stepped on it."

So he went outside to clean himself up.

And Crow drank as much water as he could. He almost burst.

When the old man started coming in, Crow flew up through the smokehole.

And Crow always makes a noise when he flies up.

The old man was mad.

He said to his powers of the roof hole, "Grab him!"

So Crow got stuck. He tries to fly, and he can't fly.

The old man gets dry pitch and smokes him. [Angela explained that this dry pitch makes good kindling.]

Finally Crow is almost choked, but he gets away.

Then he drops down a little ways. He is so full, he can't move.

He takes a good rest, and then he starts to fly, and he drips fishes and lakes all over the place.

50 a (ii) How Crow Got Water (Version Two) August 2, 1966, Carcross

[Raven] stole water from Ganòok (Tl., Petrel). He drank it all up—the fish and all.

And after, he took off.

He dropped some here and he dropped it all over—with two fish in every place.

That's why we have fish.

Raven had all the fish at first.

[Here George Sidney interrupted]. Oh…fish in every pond—greyling, whitefish….[He dropped fish] towards Log Cabin [a place high on the White Pass], and at Tagish. People fish there every weekend. [From this point on we discussed fishing.]

50 b (i) Crow Gets Daylight (Part One) September 27, 1950, Carcross

There was a rich man. I guess he was something like God.

He has a daughter, and he keeps her in the bedroom.

A slave brings her water every morning, and feeds her right there.

She stays in there.

Once the slave gave her some water, and she saw a little [spruce] needle in it.

She takes it out and throws it away. She sees it again.

She gets tired of doing it [i.e., throwing it out], so she is going to try and drink.

She tries to drink without getting it, but finally it slips right into her mouth, and she swallows it.

Soon she finds out that she is going to have a baby, so she tells her mother right away. This must have been before the story of the Sun's daughter that I told you **(**no. 53).

Then it was dark on earth, all dark. This man [the girl's father] had the daylight.

She tells her mother that she feels something.

"How come?" asked her mother. "There's no man around."

"I don't know."

Anyway, not long afterwards, she has a baby.

It grows fast, too. It's not like ordinary. The baby starts to come.

They don't have babies in the house then. It's just a one room house.

They have a little camp [for the birth of the baby].

[Angela and I digressed here to talk about the birth huts of former times and the length of time the mother stayed there. Angela then explained that: "They didn't say that part in the story."]

Anyway, when the baby was born, the grandfather asks for it.

They bring it out. They brought the baby out.

It was smart looking already.

The grandfather said to her, "It sure looks like Crow eyes!"

In a few days, in a month or so, the baby starts talking and growing.

It starts crying for the daylight.

It's in a lúkt (Tl., wooden box) with a little cover, and when they lift it up, there's a light in the house.

The little boy just likes it, and he cried for it.

They give it to him.

And after an hour or so, he lost it.

They look high and low, and they can't find it.

And every time, he threw it towards the door.

And it disappears—the sun.

And after he lost the sun, he lost the stars, and then the moon. After he got them all, he just flew out.

C. McC. What did the grandfather say about it?

A. S. He just felt bad. He said, "So that's what you brought, so I could lose all my things!"

50 b (ii) Crow Releases Daylight (Part Two) September 27, 1950, Carcross

Crow began to walk along with all the things.

Pretty soon he came to a big bunch of people.

Animals were like humans. They were talking, up the creek.

It was fall time.

He was way back in the woods.

"Give me some fish!"

"Go catch your own fish!"

Crow says, “Give me a fish.”

“No, you go catch your own. Everybody is fishing!”

He says, “I am going to break daylight on you, you fellows!!”

“Where did you get it? Only one person has it! Only one person has it!”

Crow says that again. Finally he opens it [the box] a little. And they could see it [daylight].

“Oh, oh, he might talk true!” some said. “Give him a fish.”

The others said, “Never mind!”

All of a sudden he broke the cover right open, and he takes the lid off.

“I’ll turn into a wolf,” said one [animal].

“I’ll turn into a lynx!”

“I’ll turn into an otter!”

And so on. They turned into all the kinds of animals that eat fish. And then went in all different directions.

And after that they didn’t talk like humans. And they can see good after Crow threw the daylight. And then afterwards, the sun and the moon, and the stars went.

Then he fished for a while.

Then his grandfather saw the moon coming up. “So that’s what he did!”

50 c. Crow Makes People September 27, 1950, Carcross

He made people out of poplar tree bark.

He made Crow and Wolf [moieties] and made them marry each other.

No, they didn’t work. They were always shy [i.e., avoided each other].

So he grabbed them. “What then?” he said.

And he changed them. So they started to play and talk with each other. And he saw it was good.

And he told them, “I’ll change the other.”

He made one more Crow woman extra. And the Wolves were jealous.

So he grabbed the one Crow girl and put her on the Wolf side.

Now there are always more Wolf women.

50 d. Crow and Fish Mother

Angela told the story of Crow and Fish Mother on four separate occasions, but the contexts of telling varied. In 1950, she included version one in the longer sequence of Crow stories she was telling.

She told version two when she and her husband, George Sidney, came to visit me and the students with whom I was travelling early in June of 1966. We were staying in a rented tourist cabin in Whitehorse where George and Angela were living at the time with their daughter, Ida. They came to see us after supper. We all had refreshments and a general good time getting together and catching up on the news. Angela and George did some singing and story telling as well. Angela told an abbreviated version of “Fish Mother” and its sequel “Crow and the Rock,” which Anne Shinkwin and I wrote down from memory and a very few notes right after the couple left, but I did not record what topic was discussed just before the story was told.

She told version three in 1974, again together with “Crow and Rock” as an integral part of the same story, but since the incidents are sometimes indexed separately, I have used separate headings here.[39]

In summer 1977, Angela told the fourth version of this episode as part of a sequence of Crow stories for Jim Fall, Janice Sheppard and me. We had gone to visit her at Tagish. This was a moment of warm return for me, but Angela had never met the other two, both graduate students who were new to the field at the time. Angela’s friend and helper, Walter, was also there.

We had a most welcoming introductory visit, catching up with the news of Angela’s recent doings. I mentioned her growing fame throughout Canada and Alaska as a storyteller and dance leader. Angela had visited Angoon, on Admiralty Island in southeast Alaska, her Deisheetaan clan’s place of origin. Evidently she heard some Raven stories there, and she volunteered that

Coast Tlingit attributed Crow's antics to the fact that people were hungry, whereas she thought he did what he did "because he was Crow." As if to illustrate the point she went on to tell her fourth version of "Crow and the Fish Mother," this time referring to her as "Fog Mother."

There were several interruptions, and we did not take notes at the time nor fully understand all points in the story. I had pretty well forgotten details of the version that Angela had told me in 1966 (version three). Nor had Fog been mentioned in any of the earlier versions of this story told by Angela, who had called Crow's wife "Fish Mother."

Back in Whitehorse in the evening, Fall, Sheppard and I put our collective memories together to produce this non-verbatim version of what we heard. The result illustrates how vital the art of the narrator is in oral literature as well as the need for the audience to listen carefully and to clarify obscure points at the time if the text is being written down.

Our recollection of the plot conveys very inadequately Angela's artistry as a raconteur, even though we remembered a fair number of her key phrases. Our version should be compared to the verbatim one in her 1982 publication.[40] Angela has given me permission to print this story in order to make the point.

50 d (i) Crow and Fish Mother (Version One) September 27, 1950, Carcross

Crow was married to t'úh kwani **(**Tl., king salmon people**)**. He called his wife T'úh Tláa (Tl., king salmon mother). She had a góox̲ (Tl., slave).

He was going along the beach eating seaweed.

He married her.

And pretty soon—Oh, he goes out all of the time. And his wife never eats anything.

She's got a slave who gets her water every once in a while.

The slave sleeps across the fire all of the time, and the ashes are all on top of him.

And every day he [Crow] goes out eating seaweed.

And finally, one day the slave was just about to starve.

"Go get water," King Salmon Mother said to him.

While he was down getting water, she stuck her little finger up above.

The slave saw a salmon.

So he clubbed it, and brought it back and ate it.

He went back and lay down.

She blew the ashes.

When Crow came back, he noticed that the ashes were not thick on the slave.

"Where have you been?

What have you been doing? The ashes are not thick on you!" [Crow said to the slave.]

He started to jump up and tickle and feel around with the slave.

The slave started to laugh, and when he did that, the Crow could see the fish in his teeth.

"Where did you get it? Quick! I'm going to kill you!"

"I got water for ax s'atée (Tl., my mistress), and I kill and eat a salmon!"

Crow said, "Let me get water, wife!"

It's the same thing. He catches a salmon and cooks and eats it.

He says, "Let me fix a shál" (Tl., a fish trap).

He's the one who fixed the first fish trap—shál. He fixed it, and he put it in the water.

His wife goes above [i.e., upstream] and sticks her feet into the water. She goes up and bathes, and he catches lots of fish every night in his fish trap.

Crow cuts and dries the fish, and the slave cuts his own fish too.

She [his wife] doesn't do anything but weave baskets.

That's all she does.

She doesn't even eat.

Pretty soon the fish begin to dry, so Crow brings up the shál and puts it away.

He walks around and starts eating seaweed again.

Then King Salmon Mother tells the slave, "Put away your fish. Make a cache. Tie it good and strong. He's going to say something to make me mad. And if I start moving, and the water goes out, get a big club and keep it handy all of the time."

So the slave makes a cache and puts all of his fish away.

Crow's fish is still hanging. There is a fire under it all of the time.

Pretty soon Crow is eating seaweed.

And one time he is monkeying around the fire and passing underneath the fish.

And they caught in his hair. And he said something awful to the fish.

"E E! E!," she [Crow's wife, King Salmon Mother] said, "Gosh, you sure can say anything!"

She started reaching for her bag, and she started to go.

"My wife, my wife! I didn't mean to say it!"

No, she started to go.

And all the dry salmon started down the river.

And the slave did what she had told him to.

He started to club the fish that were tied up and that were starting to come to life.

[But] Crow didn't know what to do.

He hit this way, and he hit that way. They went all ways, and he didn't have anything.

He feels bad.

But pretty soon he doesn't care.

"She's not the only woman!"

50 d (ii) Crow and Fish Mother (Version Two) June 14, 1966, Whitehorse

Crow met a beautiful woman.

Crow got hungry and went out to look for food.

A slave there was covered with ashes.

Crow went along the salt water making noises. [Angela made slurping noises.]

He was very hungry.

When he came back he looked at the slave, and saw that the slave didn't have so many ashes on him.

He asked the slave, "Where did you get that fish?"

The slave said, "Ask your wife!"

Crow asked his wife.

His wife put her finger in the water several times and fish appeared. [This incident amused Angela and George Sidney very much, and they both laughed heartily about it.]

They got a lot of fish and hung them up.

[Then Crow insulted his wife.]

The fish came alive and left.

Crow was furious. He went along on the salt water.

He heard somebody imitating him where there was a rock [slurping noises].

He went on by, and then he came back and looked.

It was his wife.

Crow got mad.

His wife was weaving a basket.

Later the fish came back, and they cooked all parts but the liver.

That is why the [ling cod] fish liver still has oil in it.

50 d (iii) Crow and Fish Mother (Version Three) March 19, 1974

Well, the story is, Raven, he travels around by the beach all the time.

He walks around, walks around.

And here he finally comes across a lady.

There was a creek coming down too, quite a river, I guess it is, a salmon river.

Anyway, he falls in love with that woman right away. And he asks her to marry him.

"Oh," she says, "Okay."

So, oh, they stay together, but she don't eat, this woman.

She doesn't eat. He never saw her eat any time.

She's always sitting down, and she weaves the baskets.

She is making baskets all the time. She's making baskets all the time. All the time—every day!

Oh, but he goes out, to feed around by the salt water shore.

He goes out every day and he walks around and comes back.

And here his wife is sitting in the same place weaving that basket the same [way].

And then she's got a slave.

He asks her, "What you got a slave for? You don't do anything," he says.

She says, "Oh, well, he gives me water once in a while," she says.

"I like to drink water, so he gives me water once in a while"

And finally one time these ashes—you know, when the wind blows [the] ashes [are] always on top—he's always laying down sleeping then too, that slave.

That man slave [is always covered with ashes].

And finally one time he comes home, and here he had just hardly any ashes on his blanket. No ashes on his blanket.

And he [Raven] jumps up. He went right over to that slave.

He says, "How come ashes are not thick on your blanket?" he says. "How come?"

And he [Raven] starts tickling him [the slave] or something.

And he [the slave] started to laugh.

He started to laugh. And here he's had fish meat between his teeth.

And he [Raven] started picking on him.

Every time he'd kick a little, he'd pick one out.

"Where did you get that fish?" he said.

"Well," he says, "I went to get water for my boss," he says.

And I saw a salmon down there, and I clubbed it," he says.

"So I brought it up, and I cooked it," he says.

"I eat it."

Boy, he [Raven] runs across the fire again to his wife!

And he says, "Wife, let me get water for you!" he said. "Let me get water for you!"

Anyway, so she did [let him].

"Get water for me," she said.

And when he saw a salmon, he clubbed it. He killed it.

Oh, and then after he cooked it and eats it, he got a different idea.

He says, "Wife," he says, "let me fix a fishtrap," he says.

"And I'll catch some fish; put up fish for the winter."

She said, “O.K.”

He makes a fish trap, shál (Tl., fishtrap). He makes shál.

And then, “Tell me when it’s ready,” she says.

So when it’s ready—he works fast too, I guess all his mind just does it anyway; you know—just that quick, he’s got that shál fixed already.

And then his wife, she went down the beach and she bathed herself.

I think I told you that story? [I replied that I did not remember her telling it, so Angela went on with what was clearly a separate episode of the tale.]

She [Raven’s wife] bathed herself in that creek, I guess it’s quite a river.

Boy, oh, boy, he sure catches lots of fish.

Every day, he’s got lots in his shál.

And he cuts it. He starts cutting [fish].

That slave started to do his own too.

His boss [i.e., Raven’s wife] tells him, “You put up fish too,” she says.

“For yourself, for yourself, for winter.”

She don’t eat, then?

Anyway, he puts up fish; he dries salmon. And he keeps doing it.

And finally, well how long salmon [are] up the creek, well they finally stop, I guess.

No more salmon.

Anyway, they dry the salmon.

A lot is hanging down. Well, some of them are cut with the head on, you know.

And, anyway, he [Raven] dries it.

And when they start [to be] half-dry, he starts doing the same thing again.

Well, I guess he likes something fresh, you know.

He goes down, and he eats seaweed. Seaweed—that’s what he eats.

So he goes down and walks the beaches.

All day long he does that.

And finally, that slave, he tends to his fish and they dry.

His boss tells him, “Put them away,” she says, “Dry [them]. Put them away good.

Tie it [the cache] up tight!" she says. "He's going to say something to make me mad," she says.

"And if he does, and if I start to go away, put them [the dry fish] in a cache!

Build a cache!" she says.

So he [the slave] builds a cache.

And he puts them [the dried fish] in the cache. He ties it up good.

And then she tells him, she says, "Cut a big club," she says, "a club.

Have it along side of you by the cache all the time. And when I start to go away, all you have to do is [to] go up [in] the cache and club them," she says.

"Those fish are going to come back to life if I start to go," she says, "if I start to go away," she says.

Here it was Fish Mother. She's supposed to be Fish Mother.

That's why she doesn't eat any [fish].

Anyway, one time, oh, he [Raven] was walking around the fire there.

He was going to cook something, I guess.

And he jumps across the fire or something, and the salmon teeth catch in his hair [i.e., the teeth of the salmon hanging to dry.]

And here he looks back at it, and swears at it. He swears at that fish.

What did he say now? The mother…the…I don't know.

He swears at her, anyway.

And she heard it, I guess.

"Wheeeee!" [a high wailing voice], she says, "What else are you going to say?"

She started to put away her knitting, her basket. She's going to go away.

[As] soon as she started to move, here those fish started to move, too.

They started dropping down and everything like that.

And here that slave, he jumps up. He went to the cache, him.

The whole cache too, that fish just started—you know.

They're tied up—but they started moving around.

Well, he [the slave] had a club ready and everything.

He just clubbed them, clubbed them, clubbed them, like that!

And [Raven], tried to grab this one. And he tried to grab that one. And he tried to grab that one!

He keeps doing that, and they just slide off of his hands.

All those fish started to come back to life.

While he's still running around between those fish, his wife is gone.

He didn't know where his wife went to.

Anyway, pretty soon the whole bunch of fish, everything—all went back in the water.

All come back to life.

They went back in the water as soon as their Mother is gone.

They call her Fish Mother—(xat tia, "mother fish"). [Tagish?]

She went back in the water.

Now who's going to fix his fish? [Crow is alone again].

No more! The slave [is] gone too!

50 d (iv) Crow and Fish Mother (or Fog Woman) (Version Four)

June 5, 1977, Tagish (from memory)

Crow is hungry. Fog Woman has a gòox **(**Tl., slave), who is covered with ashes.

Fog Woman never eats, but she does a lot of weaving. Fog Woman is beautiful and has red hair.

Crow sees the slave, this time without ashes on him. Crow looks at the slave's teeth and sees bits of fish sticking to them. Crow follows the slave when he goes for water.

Crow made the first fish trap, they say.[41] At the water, Fog Woman puts her finger in the water and fish appear. Fog Woman and Crow and the slave dry a lot of fish. Fog Woman goes into the water. That's why there are so many fish in that stream.

[Fish Mother] says, "Some day he [Crow] is going to insult you, and all the fish [that you have dried] are going to disappear."

Then there is fog all around and Fog Woman disappears.

50 e. Crow and the Rock March 19, 1974, Whitehorse

Everybody's gone.

Anyway, well, Crow goes back to hunting around the beach.

[He] goes back, not the same night, I think, maybe two [or] three days after.

[He has] got nothing to do.

He starts going around the beach and starts eating the seaweed again.

Well, sometimes fish drift ashore or something, you know, dead fish or something.

That's the one he eats, and seaweed.

Finally one time, one day—it was quite a while after, I guess, quite a while after—he comes to a big rock.

He comes close to the big rock.

"Shlooh [whispered slurring noise]," he says, "Shlooh," you know.

He gobbles up those seaweeds. "Shlooh!"—like that, he says.

And finally he comes to that big rock, and he hears "Shlooh, shlooh!" like that.

Every time, it makes a noise [they ?] say.

And he goes past it, and he never hears it again.

So he goes back and forth in front of that rock. Every time he goes closer he could hear it.

Finally, one time, he got mad and he said,

"What is that imitating me or copying me?" he says.

He kicked the rock.

Here a big door is just wide open.

Here, his wife was weaving that basket again.

50 f (i) Crow and the Tide (Version One) March 19, 1974, Whitehorse

And in the meantime he was packing—oh, I left that out—he was packing that devil's club. You know devil's club? [42]

Ah, yes, yes. He was packing it around there.

I guess he had an idea too.

Sometimes he comes across [it].

I guess he thinks he was going to come across this [kind of situation] some time.

That's why he packed that thing around.

And that's what he started spanking her [Fish Mother] with it.

He started spanking with that devil's club. Uh huh, yeah!

[Angela begins to chant] *"Aza! Aza!"*

"What do you mean, *Aza*?" He said.

Say—say, "Water, water, go down!" or something—what did he say now?

"*TcuyÉ*, water go down," he say. "*Tcu di tcE' dini'*!" he says—That's Tagish language, you know.

"Let the water go down!" he said. "Water go down! Water go down!"

So, anyway, he runs out.

And the water started to go down a little bit.

"Some more! Some more!" he says. He keeps begging her and begging her.

Finally her breath just stops.

And the water was way down!

Here he runs down outside. Here was fish here, here, and they are all over.

So he grabs this one, and he kicked, he kicked the stones.

"Brother! Jump up!" he says. "Fish! There's lots of fish for us," he said.

And that rock—"Ahhhhh," he was slooowww—

"Oh," he said, "I'm sleepy," he said.

"Sleep! Then sleep!" he said.

Here he kicks, he kicks a driftwood.

"Brother! Jump up!" he says. "Lots of fish! We've got lots of fish!

xat yawA aha in," he said, "Fish, lots of them!"

Anyway, that driftwood just jumps that far.

You know, it's dry. [It] jumps way up and turns into a person.

He [Crow] says, "Pick up the salmon," he says, "Salmon".

"I'm going pick up the [ling] cod fish," he said.

And he picks up the cod fish, s'à<u>x</u>' (Tl., cod).

He brings it up, brings it up, brings it up.

And, oh, they got a big pile.

Finally, finally the water starts to come.

The water just starts rushing up all over—while he was way out, I guess.

That's why there's tide. That's why the water goes down, you know, and up again.

That's that Fish Mother is doing.

That's the first time the water go down like that.

Anyway, he pretty near got drowned.

The water just comes to his neck.

I guess that's his wife is teasing him too [laughs].

Here her breath comes up.

Well, when her breath comes up, you know, that water starts rushing up again.

Yeah, he pretty near got drowned.

He makes it to shore anyway.

"Oh! Oh! my brother," he says. "Well, I pretty near got drowned," he says.

50 f (ii) Crow and The Tide (Version Two) June 5, 1977, Tagish

So Crow is walking along again.

And he hears a slurping noise.

He asks, "Who is making fun of me?"

He does not see anybody, so he goes back.

He notices that the sound is coming from a rock.

And he sees his wife sitting inside under the rock weaving.

Crow takes a devils club. And rubs her behind.

He says, "Let the water go down!"

And she says, "O.K."

And that's why the water gets low [i.e., why there are tides].

50 g. Crow and the Ling Cod March 19, 1974, Whitehorse

So they started to work—they're going to dry fish.

So, so that codfish—there's just ling cod up here, you know.[43]

They're poor—they haven't got any fat on them. They look like they're poor, no fat on them.

And only the liver, only the liver, is the only one [organ that is fat].

He throws it in the water. "Augh!" he says. He's got enough to eat.

He throws the liver away.

He didn't cook it, or didn't bother it.

That's why the codfish liver is fat.

And the codfish itself—it's just got no fat, no grease in it!

It's dry, you know. Because the Crow—the Raven—cooked it.

He drains all the grease out of it.

But he threw the cod liver away!

That's why the liver is fat.

50 h. Crow Tries to Get His Brother's Fish Grease March 19, 1974, Whitehorse

Anyway, after, they make salmon grease—I don't know what kind—I think it was salmon—the kind of fish that his brother dried.

Him [Crow] he had the codfish.

Anyway, pretty soon they finish everything, and he started to make a scheme.

He thinks how he's going to get it [his brother's grease].

Oh, his brother has got two or three lúkt (Tl., wooden boxes) full of grease, you know, fish.

He makes fish grease, two or three buckets, lúkt full of grease. And he wants to get it.

Him, oh, I forgot—Him [i.e., Crow], he never dried anything.

He just eats what he gets—everything he gets.

But his brother has got lots of dried fish and lots of *dinEt* (Ta. fish grease).

He makes a scheme.

"What shall I do now? What can I do to get those buckets of grease?"

Anyway, he pretends he dreams. Like one night he pretends he dreams.

"Mmmm—mmm—mmm! Mmm—mmm—mmm!" [Angela imitates Crow making falsetto noises in his sleep.]

"Brother Driftwood, he's running up this way," he said.

"I'll run down this way," he says. "Mmm—mmm—mmm."

His [driftwood] brother tells him, "Brother, brother! Wake up! You dream!"[44]

"Haa, haa, I dream bad, bad!" he says. " I dream bad. I dream we had war come upon us.

"War comes upon us!" he says.

"I dreamed like that when my father and mother were alive. Where are they now? All have died.

All my people died!" he said. "I'm just me alone—I'm safe—that's why I'm here," he said.

"I've got no family, no friends—no one."

That's what he tells his brother.

Next night, the same thing again.

He dreams…He dreams. He keeps dreaming.

And he goes away in the daytime. He goes away all the time.

Finally, I don't know how many times he dreams, finally he tells his brother.

He says, "Make a spear," you know. So he makes a spear.

And he [Crow] makes a spear too.

"So when the war comes upon us, we're going to fight for ourselves," he said.

That's what he says, what he tells his brother.

Anyway—how many days—four days, I guess, he's been going out like that.

And finally, on the fifth day, I guess, early in the morning—"Bzhmm!"

A big war comes upon them.

"Haa! Brother, you run up this way!" he says…Just what he said in his dream!

"You run up this way!" he said. "I'll go down towards the water," he said.

[They] run out, and just as soon as his brother went out, here was just—

"Tuh, tuh, tuh!" breathing sounds.

Birds! Birds, you know. That whole world [was] birds!

All kinds of birds just come upon him.

While he was doing that, here he started to drink his brother's grease up.

And he drinks one bucket, and he runs outside.

"I'll poke somebody in the eye!" he said.

He comes in again and drinks another one. He started to drink.

By the time he got through, he keeps running out.

He says, "How many did you kill yet, brother?" he says.

Finally his brother says, "Wheeeee!" he said. "What is that?

I thought you really meant human beings are going to put war on us," he said.

"Here it was birds—birds!"

Anyway, by the time he comes in all his *dinEt* is all gone.

He [Crow] drank them all up.

And as soon as he comes in, he wants to know what it's all about.

Well, the birds flew. They all flew away too, you know [before Driftwood came in the house again].

You know, the birds are like that.

Well after, when they all fly away, well, he's just standing there alone.

So he comes in, and he looks at his grease covers laying here and there.

"Wheeeee!" he says. "What is that?

So that's what he wanted to do. That's what he wanted to do! So he put fish.

He pretends."

So he went back anyway, and says, "I was sleeping fine," he said. "When he woke me up," he said.

He [Driftwood] said, "I'm going to go back to sleep again!"

So he went back to where driftwood was lying. He became a driftwood again.

But I guess he's alone again! [Crow].

50 i. Crow and his Blanket March 19, 1974, Whitehorse

That's the time—that's the time he tries to go on the beach again.

And here, here he finds a nice, nice Chilkat blanket in front of him.

Here he throws away his goatskin blanket. He throws it away.

Oh! [It's] dirty anyway, you know, it got dirty. Black!

He throws it into the water.

[It] drifted out.

And here, here he's got that Chilkat blanket.

Just before the day's over it [the blanket] starts going down, just going down.

Here it was seaweed!

And his wife pretends to put that up, you know.

It looks like blanket to him, but it was the seaweed all the time.

Here it all wears off, dropped down off his back.

That's the time, "What is that?" he says.

"That's her [Crow's wife], who does that to me," he says.

"Here, I throw away my good blanket!" he says.

Anyways, he started to sing [Angela sings in Tagish]

Finally, the south wind started to blow slowly and slowly.

So he just waits, just waits there.

Oh, how long after, here his blanket drifts to shore again.

Boy, he washed it nice and good. And he hung it up.

South wind is blowing. Well, south wind is blowing good.

And his blanket got dried nice and all white again!

Well, that's the end of the story!

51. The Boy Who Turned Into a Land Otter

Angela and her brother Peter's daughter, Clara Johns, aged about 12, came to visit Dorothy Libby and me in our cabin. We had a pleasant sociable evening, talking, among other things, about land-otters. Angela volunteered the following story.[45]

51. The Boy Who Turned Into a Land Otter June 27, 1949, Carcross

A little boy got lost.

The people were hunting.

He had no parents. He was an orphan. His uncle and aunty looked after him.

He went hunting.

And they looked for him for a long time.

But they couldn't find him.

Then his uncle and aunty went away for five years.

They gave up hope. He just had wandered from camp.

Then they left.

And a long time after they couldn't find him, they came back.

And his uncle was older and helpless and couldn't work.

They just stayed a while to bring back old memories.

A boy came.

He was sitting across the fire.[46]

The man tried to talk to him, but he wouldn't talk. He stayed, but he wouldn't talk.

They never tie him up, or anything.

They try to feed him.

He won't take cooked food. They give it to him raw.

He has no clothes. He has otter fur all over. It looks like clothes, but it is all fur.[47]

His face looked like an otter's. He had thick lips.

They were putting up food.

Every morning the boy brings in a big bunch of seals. He brings everything you can think of.

And they put up food of all kinds.

The boy always stays and sleeps on the other side of the fire—on the water side.

He makes signs.

It is winter.

This is the first time he touches anything of the old people's. It is an axe.

He goes into the bush, and he stays a long time. He works every day for a few days.

Everything he touches goes quickly.

One morning he makes signs, "Come back."

In the woods is a house [he built]. They live there until spring.

The old people were tired of it and wanted to go back to town in the springtime.

The boy talked for the first time.

They got in a boat, and they said, "We are going to town."

The boy was going to get off the boat at the point.

He told the old people, "Don't let anybody see me!"

When they go again [leave town], then he'll be picked up again.

He told them, "Let me out, if someone is in camp."

When they got to the point, they forgot. The boy felt somebody looking at him.

The people at the camp saw there were three people [in the boat].

They wondered who it was in the boat.

"I thought I told you not to let anybody see me!" He jumped into the water.

"Now you are going to lose me. I'm going to leave!

I felt sorry for you and helped you, but now I am going to leave you!"

He was ashamed of the way he looked.

He jumped into the water, and they never saw him again.

This is a coast story from Aunty Dora [Angela's younger sister, Aunty Dora to young Clara].

52. Mouldy Head

I have no notes about the circumstances under which this story was told. All evidence suggests, however, that Angela included it in our story-telling session at her house on August 28, 1950. The first paragraph may be my summary from memory when Angela was telling the story. Angela's verbatim account begins in the second paragraph.[48]

The story begins in winter, setting the stage for some kind of interaction between the human and other-than-human worlds. The chief message is that fish, like other members of the animal world, must be shown the proper respect by humans, when they are alive, and their bodies must be properly treated at death. This is a favourite and widely known story both up and down the Northwest Coast and also in the interior.

52. Mouldy Head August 28, 1950, Carcross

It was winter time. And this little boy wanted some food.

So his parents gave him a piece of salmon. But he said it was mouldy.

The t'úh kwani (Tl., King Salmon/people) didn't like this.

The next summer the little boy was snaring sea gulls.

His family told him, "Don't bother it! Don't bother it!"

Just the same he tried to catch it. He set snares.

Finally he caught one. It started flying out to the water, and he started chasing it.

He ran, and he fell into the deep water.

The people couldn't find the boy.

They couldn't find his body. They thought he was lost. They look down the river.

The Salmon People got him.

He had a little brass necklace, something fancy, I guess, for fun.

It was around his neck.

About a year after, they [the King Salmon People] came back.

And they [his parents] caught him and brought him to life again.

Just as quick as he went under water, he was in a different world.

But he knew he was with different people.

It was water all right, but he could walk around as if he was on land.

They were just like humans.

He lived there for a long time—I don't know how long.

Finally he got hungry. He saw fish eggs all around, and he started to eat them.

You can eat whitefish eggs raw, but not salmon eggs. You always cook them.

The kids saw this boy and said, "Look at Shaanatláax (Tl., head/mouldy)!"

This was the same way he had called the t'úh kwani [King Salmon/ people].

"Oh, look, he eats somebody's poop!" Oh gosh, he felt embarrassed.

He didn't eat any more.

The old folks said, "Well, maybe he's hungry. Take him to the point and play with him there. You are going to see a fish there. Club him and cook him.

But make sure no bones or anything fall into the hole where they put the cooking stick.

Put the bones all back in the water!"

"O.K.," they said, "Come on, let's go to the point!"

So they went there. And they began to shove each other around.

And then they said, "Oh look at the fish!"

There was a big fish swimming. Right then they clubbed it and cooked it.

The boy ate it all.

The kids say to him, "Make sure that none of the pieces fall into that hole!"

But a fish eye did fall into the hole.

They noticed after a while that one of the kids was missing.

But when they got through playing, they went home without him.

Not long after, he came back. There was something wrong with his eye.

So they ran back and looked and found the fish eye.

They threw it in the water, and the boy got his eye back.

The boy only ate once while he was there.

Pretty soon it was time to move up river.

"Well, let's go," they said. "Come on, you are going back to your father's country."

They went up the river.

It was like they were in a boat, and it seemed natural to him.

They went, and they went, and they went.

And pretty soon they got to the place where he fell into the water.

His mother used to cut fish.

Pretty soon the fish came swimming by.

She said, "See this fish that always stays close!"

But when they tried to club it, it always swam out.

Finally she told her husband, "Look, husband, you know I see something very queer.

This fish always comes, and then it swims away when we try to club him.

Do you think he's our son?"

"Well, let's try to catch it!"

His father got the gaff hook.

The t'úh kwani (King Salmon people) said to the boy, "Look away, you won't know when they catch you. That's the only way you can get back to your parents."

So they caught him, and took him back to camp.

His mother started cutting him just like a fish.

When she tried to cut the head off, she found the copper necklace.

That's how they found out he was their son.

Then they put him in a white skin with lots of feathers around him and put him way above the doorway where the smoke goes.

And they never ate for eight days.

And an "Íxt' (Tl., shaman) made medicine all the time.

He said, "Yeah, that's your son's spirit. If you never eat for eight days, we might bring him back to life.

If anyone cheats or sleeps with his wife or eats, he'll never come back."

It would have been *lAkas* (Tl., bad luck).

On the eighth day, the feathers all blew up. And they took him down.

And here was his full body.

And it was just like he woke up and told the story.

He came back to life and told the story of the x̲át kwani (Tl., salmon/people).

53. The Man Who Married the Sun's Daughter

Angela and I had spent the morning collecting various medicinal plants and a sample of the kind of sphagnum moss that was formerly used for baby diapers. We were having a late lunch in my cabin when she began to tell this story. Since she did not have time to finish it then, we arranged for her to tell the ending the next morning when I went to her house for lunch. She did so while she sewed moccasins and her three young grandchildren played about.

Angela said that her mother had told her the story when she was a little girl. I had asked her about it, saying that her sister, Dora, had mentioned something the previous evening about a boy who had shot arrows into the sky. Angela explained that it was a married man who had done this, not a boy, and she then launched into the story. I wrote the first part from memory on September 27 immediately after Angela had gone home, but the next day I was able to take notes verbatim. I have filled in a small section missing between the two parts I recorded from Angela's published versions of the same story.[49]

Many familiar themes from northwestern North American folklore are in the tale: the ritually pure youngest brother of eight, the magic ladder, the tree needle capable of impregnating a female, the two sisters, the need to respect all animals—even a mouse, the acquisition of a spirit helper through the act of kindness to an animal, and the awful power in words spoken carelessly. In some ways, however, this story has a faint aura of a European tale; for example, the three spoons, the bell that rings when the two sisters are in danger, and the attempt to boil the suitor in a pot. In this story a human can successfully marry a celestial body, but not if the couple tries to live among humans on earth. Unlike the plot of "The Girl Who Married the Bear." the hero of this story is reunited with the woman he loves. It is a story full of adventure, love, jealousy, revenge and other human emotions, and a rich and marvelous tale entirely suitable for Angela's mother, Maria Johns, to have told to her two young daughters.

53. The Man Who Married the Sun's Daughter

September 27, 1950 and September 28, 1950, Carcross

There were eight brothers. They went out hunting.

And when they were coming home in the evening they were crossing a beaver dam.

And they saw a little mouse come out of the grass.

One of the brothers kicked the mouse into the water.

Whenever the mouse tried to get back to land, the brothers would push it out in the water again.

But the youngest brother said, “Don’t do that!”

And he put the mouse safely on shore.

This man, the youngest brother, was married.

And he and his wife were having trouble all of the time.

She was dirty and untidy, and he didn’t like it.

Finally she said, “Why don’t you marry the Sun’s daughters? They are the only ones clean enough for you!”

So they kept having trouble, and he decided to quit her.

He walked along for a long, long way, and he was getting very tired.

Finally he came to a meadow, and he saw some smoke coming up out of the grass.

He looked to see what it was.

And there was a little hole and a tiny old woman was sitting way, way back in it.

“Come in,” she said. “Come right in. Sit down, grandchild. Just sit down anywhere.”

There was hardly room for him. He almost broke the place down.

And he couldn’t see any place to sit.

But she kept saying, “Just sit any place!” So he did.

He was very sleepy, and soon he fell asleep.

Before he fell asleep, she got just a tiny piece of salmon and half of a dried salmon egg out, and began to cook them. She boiled the fish egg in a tiny little basket.

When he woke up, he found that he was in a big house, and there was a big dish of fish and fish eggs for him to eat.

The old lady asked him, “What’s the matter, grandchild?”

He told her that his wife and he had trouble between them all the time and that he was walking to find the Sun’s daughters.

The old woman said, “That will be very, very hard!

No one can ever get near them.

Not even a tree needle or anything can come close to them. But I’ll try and help you.”

She told the boy to go out and get woods of all kinds and to get the stems of three buttercups.[50]

He was also to get the skin of a camp robber [Canada Jay] and the skin of a humming bird.

He brought back the buttercup stems and all the woods.

While he went to get the bird skins, she made him a bow and two arrows of buttercup stems and arrows of all the other kinds of wood—birch and poplar and so on.

When he came back she told him, “Grandchild, I’ll tell you what to do.

When you go away from here start walking.

And after a while you will come to another big meadow.

Go to the very middle of the meadow and then shoot up the first arrow made of a buttercup stem.

And then the second one.

After that you can shoot all the other arrows. It doesn’t matter which ones.

If you look up and see something hanging down, just put your bow up against it.”

She also told him to put on the bird skins he had when he came to the Sun’s daughters.

First he was to put on the camp robber’s skin and then the humming bird’s skin.

Even if they seemed small, they would fit him, she said.

She gave him a whetstone and a little piece of ice, too, and two tiny pieces of dried fish.

“Whenever you are in trouble, just wish that your grandmother will help you,” she said.

“Before you go, I want to tell you that one time you saved my life when I was very tired and old.” The old woman was the mouse that the boy had saved from the water.

He started out and walked a long way—about a thousand miles.

Finally he came to a big meadow as his grandmother had said that he would.

When he got to the center of it, he shot up one of his buttercup stem arrows first.

Then the other one. After that he shot all the rest of the arrows.

Pretty soon he saw something hanging down.

He reached his bow up, and it all just touched the ground.

It was a ladder, and it looked like an old one because already grass was growing on it.[51]

The man went up the ladder.

He was supposed to pull the ladder right up after him. His grandmother told him to, and he did it.

When he got up there, he could hear a bell ringing.

This was a bell which was attached to a swing that the Sun's daughters used to play on.

This was the first time that people learned about swinging.

The man did what his grandmother had told him before he left her house.

He put on the camp robber's skin even though it looked much too small.

He just tried it on, and suddenly it seemed to fit.

He flew to where the Sun's daughters were swinging.

They didn't like the bird. They cried to it, "Go away you dirty old thing!"

So after he flew around for a while he went away.

Then he put on the humming bird skin and flew again to where the girls were.

When they saw the little bird, they liked it right away and tried to catch it. They wanted to snare it. After a while the youngest girl caught the little bird.

All afternoon the girls played with it, and the bell did not ring.

Finally, it was getting late.

The oldest girl liked the bird very much.

"How much will you sell it for?" she asked her younger sister.

"I'll give you a gold nugget spoon, and a silver spoon."

But the youngest girl wouldn't sell the bird.

Then the oldest girl said, "I'll give you a spoon of *t'Ax'i* (Tl., abalone shell)."

"All right," said the youngest girl. "I have anything, all the other kinds of spoons, but I don't have one of those."

So it was settled before they went home.

When they got to the house they went right into their bedroom.

They didn't want to come out for supper. They wanted to play with the little bird.

First one came out and ate a little bit. Then the other.

Afterwards they went right back into their bedroom.

That night they didn't go to sleep for a long time.

They talked and laughed and played with the bird nearly all night.

But finally the girls fell asleep.

Then the man took off his bird skin and lay and slept between them.

In the morning the oldest sister woke up first and she saw the man there.

Then the other girl woke up.

The man asked, “Which one of you is going to be my wife?”

“Well, I saw you first,” said the youngest sister, “but I sold you to my older sister for a spoon of *t’Ax’i* (Tl., abalone).”

The Sun wondered why his daughters did not come out.

He could hear them playing around inside their bedroom.

And he heard how they laughed and talked all night.

He had a slave.

“Slave,” he said, “get up and build a fire. Go get my daughters.”

When the slave went to call them, he came back and told the Sun,

“They’ve got a man in there.”

The Sun told the slave to go back in and call them out anyway.

They didn’t want to come out because they knew what was going to happen.

The slave came in a second time. And then they went out.

The girls wanted to hide the man, but he said, “It’s no use, I’ll go out.”

The girls said, “He’ll kill you! Lots of other men have tried to marry us, but our father kills them all!” So he went out with them.

The Sun said, “So you want to marry my daughters? Well, go fetch water right away!”

When he was going to get the water, the oldest girl said, “Daddy, I love him!”

The way to get water led by two big birds like eagles.

The man threw down food he had, when he went past.

And he got the water safely while the birds were eating it.

When he came back, the Sun told the slave to put the water in a big pot to boil.

Then he put the man in it and cooked him for a long time.

After a while he took off the lid.

There the man was in his humming bird skin hanging to the center of the lid where the handle came through. And he was shivering all over, because he had the piece of ice!

Then they went out to swing. The swing was a magic one.

[The next section of the story is not in any of my notes, but ultimately the man transported down to earth the older daughter of the Sun to be his wife. Before they left, the Sun gave his daughter a feather. He told her that if her husband were not faithful to her, the feather would get wet. The rest of the text is verbatim from notes.]

They came to a river.

When they camped, he put the boat in the water. And they live like natural people then.

Next morning there was a big boat.

They drifted down the river—I don't know how long—but for days.

Finally they came to a place where the man said, "Here's where my mother and father live."

She stayed in the boat.

His mother and father were there, and they were glad to see him.

His youngest brother and sister were there too.

He told his youngest brother to go get his wife.

He didn't see her, and he came back.

"Where could she go? She must be in the boat!" the man said.

The kid went down there, and they saw a little sunbeam.

"Father and mother are here, so you'd better come up," he said.

They saw a sunbeam move along by his side and right into his house.

And it was always beside him.

For quite a while she was just a sunbeam, until they could finally see her.

They lived a long while [like that].

His other old wife was jealous. She inquired and found out where he used to go for water.

She hid in the road where he got water and grabbed him when he came up.

"Take me back!"

"No, I can't. I'm already married to the Sun's daughter!"

She fights him and scratches him, and tears his clothes.

When he goes back to his wife and gives her the water, the feather [her father had given to her] comes out wet.

"Didn't I tell you not to talk to your wife again?"

She starts moving, and all they saw was a sunbeam.

He tried to follow, and he can't catch her. She goes into the air.

He went home, and wanted to save his people.

He took his youngest brother and sister and got a woman and man for their wife and husband.

When the Sun's daughter came back in the evening, the father said, "Well, I knew it was going to happen!" He didn't say anything until next morning.

He got up very early, and he told his slave to give him his—*leq'*—(Tl., his red paint)—and he painted his legs.

He asked his daughter, "When did you almost roast?"

"At noon."

"All right."

And when he was going out the door, she said, "Daddy, I love my husband."

"Why did you come back?"

At just about nine in the morning the people couldn't stand it on earth.

At twelve, that old wife thought she would save herself.

And she jumped in the water and died. And she was the first one killed.

Just before twelve the whole world burnt up. But there were five people in an undercut—where the earth hangs over by the creek. And they were cool.

And the man's ice came in handy and kept them cool till the fire burned down.

And a long while after, they come out again.

Then he left the others and told them to make their own living and raise several generations.

He went back to the Sun's daughter.

Nobody knows how he got up to her.

54. The Girl Who Married the Sun

After Angela had finished telling the story abut the man who married the Sun's daughter, she went on to this story. She then began to discuss how we could be sure that the stories were true, especially since the various tales about the Sun make it difficult to work out a sequence. Her husband had instructed her to tell me not to write down any stories unless she was sure they were correct. This was one such story, but I wrote up a summary from memory and a few scattered notes. Angela has now[52] given me permission to include it with her other stories, even though she did not remember it completely.

The references to the puberty hood relate to the old custom which prescribed that after her first menses a girl used to wear a large hood for one or two years. The higher her rank, the longer she was likely to remain under her "bonnet."[53]

54. The Girl Who Married the Sun September 29, 1950, Carcross

Once a girl and her mother were staying in a little camp near a village, because the girl was wooweidi (Tl., a menstruant).

At that time they had *xa q'a q'au wUdinaq'*—(Tl., "war that goes on during the night").

The people used to sneak up and kill their enemy when they were asleep at night.

Wasn't that a terrible way to do things—like a coward?

I don't know where this happened.

Anyway this happened.

And all the people in the village were killed during the night.

The next day the mother didn't hear any noise at all. So she went to the village.

And she found that everyone had been killed—her uncles and brothers.

And she lay down and cried.

Then the girl threw down her hood. This isn't in the story—maybe she still wore it.

But she was in the bow of the boat. And her mother paddled her along with just one oar.

Maybe she had been out [of her puberty confinement] long enough so she could take off her hood.[54]

They went along. And the woman heard a voice.

It was a … wolverine, I guess. I can't remember.

Anyway this animal said, "I want to marry your daughter."

"No! No!" said the woman. "What would you do if there were war that goes on during the night?"

"I'd just hit the enemy down with my paws!"

"No," said the woman, "you can't have my daughter."

So all the animals in the woods wanted to marry her daughter.

And she kept saying, "No! No!" I can't remember it all.

Then she heard another voice ask, "Can I marry your daughter?"

And she was looking up to see where the voice came from.

And all of a sudden her daughter just went out of the boat. And she disappeared up in the air.

The woman didn't know what had happened to her daughter.

She just stopped there and went up on the beach and lay down and cried.

She stayed there for a long time—I don't know how long.

One day four boys—young men—came and began to hunt for her.

After a while they began to fix a cabin for her. They were her grandsons.

[Angela implied, but never specifically stated that the girl had married the Sun and these were her children from the Sun.]

When they were putting up the ridge pole[55] they dropped it four times.

Each time it fell it made a clanging noise—like two steel rails hitting each other.

The boys stayed there with the woman then for four years.

Then there was fighting in the night.

And they killed all the enemy that had come and destroyed the village before.

I think they did this four times after every four years, but I'm not sure.

I forget [part of] the story. My father told it, not my mother.

She didn't tell us many, but she tells her grandchildren now.

55. Dog Husband

As part of our discussion about young women, I told Angela that I had heard about a girl at puberty, a *wetedi* (Tl., menstruant), who was supposed to have turned to stone when she looked at her brothers. I had first heard the story at Angoon, Alaska, and was told that the stone was supposed to be at Mitchell Bay. Angela was interested but said that this really happened on the Stikine River. She added, however, that it might have happened several times. She then gave a synopsis of part of the following story, which I wrote down from memory that evening (Version One).

About two months later, she told the whole story (Version Two).[56] When she finished it, I took my pet dog outside for a minute, and on my return I found Angela and Dora discussing the validity of the tale. They decided that although it was a shocking event, it probably had happened. Angela's husband, George, had told the story to Angela and Dora some time during the previous month. As in Version One, Angela had first summarized the end of the story. This time she seemed to be very consciously using the story to instruct Dora's daughter, Annie then in her teens, who had come visiting with her mother. Readers should compare the similarities and differences between this story and various versions of "The Girl Who Married the Bear" that appear in these volumes. The consequences of insults to these two animals, especially by a young female, are disastrous in both cases.

Notable also is the role of sleep—Dog puts his wife to sleep by telling stories. The power of the Dog Husband story is very great in the southern Yukon. I heard it told to great social effect at Aishihik (S. Tutchone) in order to instruct young girls in proper behaviour towards men. Its social meaning in various other northern tribes has been analyzed with much insight by Janice Sheppard.[57]

55 a. Dog Husband (Version One) September 28, 1950, Carcross

This Stikine girl was with her mother, and her brothers were going to go up stream to hunt or catch fish.

The youngest one upset in his canoe or something, and the mother couldn't help it.

She just cried out, "Look at your brother!"

So the girl looked out from under her hood, and right there the brothers turned to stone!

The rocks are sticking up in the river.

Then the girl looked at the little dog and he turned to stone, too.

So she turned to her mother, and she also turned to stone.

Finally she looked at herself.

And she was changing too.

You can see in the rock the way she has her hood held up.

There must have been lots of things turned to stone in the old days.

55 b. Dog Husband (Version Two) December 28, 1950, Carcross

There was this girl, and she used to jump over her father's dog.

And she kicked it.[58]

This dog was a male dog.

They moved camp, and she went back for something.

And she met a young fellow. And he led her different ways from camp.

And he wanted to marry her. She fell in love right away.

And here it was her father's old dog all the time!

She had eight children. You know how long it takes a female [dog]—just two months.

She got onto it, and she killed the dog.

She had the pups after she went home.

And it was cold.

And her mother knew what happened.

The young man fooled her. And all the time it was her father's dog.

They had dried a lot of meat [the girl and the dog].

And he killed moose by setting the string around his neck as a snare.

That's how he killed moose and caribou.

And then he barked [so that the animals went into his snares].

And every once in a while when he was out hunting, she'd hear a dog bark.

And when her husband came back, he'd not have a dog.

And they got grease, and he told her not to burn up the bones or throw them in the creek.

"Just pour it out there a little ways away."

And in the morning it would be less.

And finally she woke up one time during the night and heard a dog chewing a bone for a long time. And she looked around.

Here was her father's old dog chewing a bone!

And she looked around, and her husband's gone.

And she watched him [the dog].

And pretty soon he got up. And he walked a little ways out of sight.

She could hear him shake himself.

And pretty soon in comes her husband. By gosh, she found out her father's dog had fooled her!

Next day she chopped a stick for scraping skin on.[59]

And she left it right close by her bedside.

And when her husband came back he asked, "What you got that thing there for?"

She said, "To scrape a skin on it."

Pretty soon they fell asleep. That man always told her stories, and she couldn't help but fall asleep.

And he always got up and chewed those bones. It happened again.

And she pretended to sleep.

He went out and shook himself. And [a dog] came in and chewed at the bones across the fire.

Finally he was very busy at chewing, and she jumped up and clubbed him.

He called out, “My wife, what are you doing? It’s me! You’re clubbing me!”

She told him, “Well, why did you fool me?!”

She killed him and went home and told what happened.

And he had told her, “After we dry meat, we’re going back to your mother’s.”

That’s why she married him. And about two months after—here she had eight pups!

There were seven boys and one female.

Then she and her mother always went gopher hunting.

They never killed the pups.[60] They just let them live. They were half-human, I guess.

All the time they left the pups at home.

And when they came back, they always saw a bunch of little kids’ tracks around the fireplace, in the ashes.

So they sneaked back home one time after they had pretended to go.

They just hid around the camp.

And not very long after they left they heard those kids just starting to play around the fire.

They were all little human beings, and they had no clothes on.[61]

So her mother and the girl decided, “Let’s make a dress for the little girl and shirts and pants for the boys, and see how it works. We’ll put them on just when they’re turning into human beings.”

So they dressed them, and they turned human beings.

And they grew up quick, like pups. And they were great hunters.

And one of them—I don’t know which—was the craziest one. He did anything.[62]

I don’t know what they did. He was so crazy. He was always leading his brothers the wrong way.

I can’t tell you what happened, but he got killed somehow.

They call that one *Lkayakw* [a Tlingit name].

And finally, one by one they perished. And just one is left — that girl.

They’re human beings now.

They were separated, and the girl went off with her children.

She was away from her parents, and her daughter got *wetedi* (Tl., menstruant).

And she saw a goat or a sheep or something across the river.

And she told the boys, “Look at the goat across the river!” [and they turned to stone].

And that’s the end of the story. You can see it still.

56. The Man Who Married a Groundhog

I had gone to visit Angela in the afternoon at her house. She was baby-sitting her grandchildren. I asked about some hunting observances and she rewarded me with this story. It explains in part how groundhog hunters learned the proper ritual for groundhog hunting. Ritual cleanliness and the proper care and disposal of the groundhog corpses are matters of concern to traditional Tagish, Inland Tlingit, and Kaska Indians, who in the past depended heavily on the fall hunt of groundhogs and marmots. During the 1940s and ‘50s they still liked to have a cache full of dried groundhogs and marmots for winter.

Angela actually told the story in two parts, but we decided to put them together as printed. In this story the youngest brother appears to break the taboo requiring sexual continence prior to hunting although he actually remains “pure.” The parallel with both “The Girl Who Married the Bear” and “Mouldy Head” is striking as Angela herself observed, though she did not discuss the different genders of humans who married animals. The little girl behaves somewhat as Fog Woman’s slave did in Angela’s Crow stories.

When Angela had nearly finished the story, her sister Dora with her daughter Annie arrived from across the river, summoned by a note which Angela had tied to the collar of Dora’s dog. All were delighted by this system of communication. Angela then asked me to read what she had told to Dora and Annie so we could make corrections. I had read about two pages when several additional grandchildren crowded in, followed by Angela’s husband, George. We decided to put off the reading. Angela remarked that Dora really knew more of the old stories than she did. This time she explained that she had married when she was quite young, so she was just beginning to listen to her mother’s tales. [63]

56. The Man Who Married a Groundhog November 25, 1950, Carcross

There is a story about a man who stayed in a groundhog hole.

They say this man was single—he had no wife. She died.

He’s got a daughter.

He went up on the mountains where he used to set deadfalls for groundhogs—a trapline.

He set it up. And day after day he’d go out and run them and never catch anything.

So one time he was out again, and a woman came to see the girl while she was home alone.

And the woman asked the girl, “What are you doing here home alone?”

She said, “My father went out trapping, that’s why I’m waiting here for him to come back.”

She told that little girl, “Well, tell your father that I’m coming back tomorrow at the same time.

And tell your father to clean out the house and brush it with groundhog leaves.”

Groundhog leaves are kuyanée (Tl., mountain leaves).

“And tell your father to clean you up and wash you up from head to foot.”

I forget this place [in the story]….yes, I guess he did clean her up.

And the father cleaned himself, too.

When the woman came, she told him to go to the creek.

She had a long feather. She rubbed the feather down their bodies.

She dipped it in the water and put it by them.

They were clean, but the father was full of lice. She did it two times to the girl and two to the man. And she washed the feather in the creek each time.

She did it until they were all clean.

I guess they had a few [lice] from way back.

And the groundhog people didn’t like them—that’s *lAkas* (Tl., taboo).

“This [lice] is what’s keeping you from killing groundhogs. Now I have come to you [she said]. *Lga xAt’wusu*— (Tl., I’m going to marry you).”

And then he started trapping.

I forgot just what she tells him.

“Tomorrow you run your trap line. And the first one, you lay down here. And the second one here—and so on.”

And she noticed that the kuyanée (Tl., mountain leaves) on the floor were getting all gone.

Every once in a while she told her husband to get fresh ones. Pretty near every day—or every second day, we’ll say.

She always told that little girl, “Pretty soon your father’s going to do something I won’t like. Something’s wrong with me—watch out.

Put away all the dried groundhog good. Take it off the rack and tie it up with a rope.

And bring yourself a big club. And if I start to go, never mind about me or your father.

Just club your groundhogs that are fresh—and the dried ones too.

That's what you'll live on this winter."

The woman would never eat groundhogs.

When the season was over, and it was time to quit, he said something. And the woman didn't like it.

So she said, "Oh why you say such things?" And she started to go.

She was wearing a groundhog robe, and she started to walk out.

And that man said, "Oh, my wife, I love you. Don't go!"

She started to go. He just ran after her.

All the dried groundhogs, and the fresh ones too, started to come back to life.

And the girl went to work and clubbed them all.

She didn't pay any attention to her stepmother and her father.

When he first started to trap, he always came to one big den.

And he saw a big black groundhog that used to sit on the rocks there.

And it would always go in the den.

At that first den where a big groundhog was, there were always two little ones by the big ones.

When the woman came to live with the man, the big groundhog disappeared.

The two little ones were left.

She said, "Whatever you do, don't kill them, these are my children!"

Then one day he killed one of the children when the season was almost over.

And he brought it back.

And that woman said, "I told you not to bother them!"

She just took that one and away she went.

And when she went in the den, it made a noise like a groundhog.

And that man just followed her in that den.

And he stayed all winter with them [the groundhogs]. And he's the one that told the story about what they do when they send the little groundhogs out.[64]

Next year they were going to try to bring the man back.

That girl went home. [Her father] had eight brothers. And she told her uncles.

So they all began *lAkas da xAs ‘ayAdinUqu* (Tl., not to touch their wives all during that time).

It was for eight months—October to May.

And the youngest one of those brothers, he was always sleeping with his wife.

The oldest brother was always kicking him.

“Get up now. You’re sure going to bring your brother luck!”

In the meantime, the younger brother was really the true one.

He put the blanket between him and his wife—and one on top.

The others had been sleeping with their wives on the sly.

And that groundhog people—they [the brothers] don’t know it—but the [groundhogs] see it all the time.

When the time came, they got up in the mountain, in May.

The little girl saw them going, and she showed them where the big den was.

That’s the only den they trapped.

And they were going to get their brother.

So they are all up in the mountains. And they start putting up *yex’* (Tl., deadfall).

The oldest brother tried it first.

Each brother maybe just tried it two or three times and gave up.

Well, it’s the last one’s turn. “You try next. You are going to catch him! You have been sleeping with your wife all winter long!” [Angela delivered these words in a tone full of irony.]

In the meantime, that’s when they [the man and his groundhog wife] tell that youngest groundhog in the den, “Well, you go out and see if that man’s out there.”

When the man first got there in the den, his brothers-in-law [i.e., the other groundhogs] gave him a shirt. It was of groundhog skin, but it looked like a shirt to him.

And he put it on and turned to a groundhog naturally.

The den looked just like a big house to him. There was a big crowd in there.

The young groundhog went out and he said, “There’s nobody there!”

He didn’t see the youngest brother, because he was honest.

O.K., they are going out—the man and his wife.

He was ahead.

By god, they just got [rescued] that one!

He had a copper bracelet on, they said.

57. Star Husband

By 1974 I had become deeply interested in Star Husband as a story—partly because of the interest that folklore scholars like Stith Thompson had shown it,[65] and I asked my folklore classes to work with it as a regular assignment. I had already heard one Tagish version told by Angela's brother, Peter John's, and another told by Jimmy Scotty James, an Inland Tlingit married to a Tagish woman (story no. 90), so I was eager to hear how Angela told it.

When we were alone in my apartment in Whitehorse one morning I asked her if I might record her version of the story. I told her that her niece Clara no longer remembered hearing the story from Mrs. Patsy Henderson. I mentioned only that the tale was about two young girls who looked at the stars at night and wanted to marry them.

Angela then told the story, but she gave a somewhat hurried account because a friend was waiting for her. Note that she omits saying that the girls made leggings as well as mitts, a fact which she includes in her own published version.[66]

When Angela had finished, I asked her if this story was specifically told to young girls as a lesson. She thought not, but she added "Well, I just pass it on. I guess that's all they got to entertain the kids with or something those days. No storybook or anything." Even then, I still had not realized how for Angela every story also is a "lesson" and one that continuously changed and adapted to the current stage of the life cycle and circumstances of every individual to whom she told her tales.

57. Star Husband March 4, 1974, Whitehorse

Well at the beginning I guess, there were two girls.

They went to bed. You know girls are always full of mischief.

And here they're looking up and they say, "Oh, I like that pretty green star," she says.

“I wish I marry that one!” And the other one said, “I wish I marry that red one.”

So they kid [each other].

In the morning when they wake up, they found themselves up there.

Both got [a] man each.

And it took them a long time before they find out what they [the husbands] were, they said.

And here they [the husbands] were good moose killers. They kill moose, caribou.

They bring back caribou.

And they find out it was this red star, and this green star.

They find out, so they start to work now.

They get lonesome. I guess they stayed up there quite a while, but they both never get a child.

Mmm. Funny, huh?

So finally they say, “Look, how can we get down?”

They find out that there was that red star.

“Why you, you want—you wish you would marry me? Well,” he says, “I’m the one.

That’s why I got you. Your wish came out,” he tells her.

And that other one too.

That red one, he’s kind of pinkish like. Pink clothes.

He’s got pink—reddish colour clothes on.

And the other one has kind of green clothes on all the time.

That’s the green star and red star.

So they got to work.

And what they [the Star husbands] bring back—moose, caribou—and they fixed the skin right away. They fix it. They make gloves.

And then they make that string too [motion of twisting babiche between palms].

Babiche, they make it thick, big, I guess. [Indicates thickness of two fingertips—shows middle and second fingers of right hand].

And they got big piles of it [indicates piles of babiche all around the girls].

So—they went to work and started to dig—dig the ground.

They [are] living on the ground, like that. Just like ground.

They started [to] dig, dig, dig [motions].

They dig every day. They try to get through. They dig.

Finally they dig through. They dig [and] get through. They made a big hole through.

Finally they got a big rock, a big long rock.

And they tie the string around it. And they let it go. They let it go.

And whenever it gets short, they tie some more string on to it.

Finally, it stops one place.

And they know it.

They yank it up and down. They could tell that it's landing some place.

And, so, well they make sure it's landing some place.

And the oldest sister says she's gonna go down first.

"And if I make it down there," she said, "I'm going to pull the string."

That's when their husbands go out hunting. Every day they go out hunting.

They bring back something all the time—all the time.

And they [the women] make gloves too, you know, gloves, so their hands wouldn't burn, that string wouldn't burn [their hands].

Here they wear it on top of each other [indicate double layer of gloves, showing backs of hands].

So, so, by the time they get down there, that was the last glove they had on.

So they get down there, and here they got down on the mountain, way on the mountain side. Big tree there; they landed in that.

And here it was [an] animal trail goes by.

Yes, animals go by every day, every day!

Moose, they ask moose. One moose is going by.

"Grandpa! Pack us down!" they say.

[Angela addressed me in a tone of query] Couldn't they climb down?

"I can't walk the tree," he [moose] says, "I don't climb!" He goes by.

Everything goes by.

Finally wolverine was coming last.

They ask, “What’s that?” Gee! They’re silly! [Angela laughs, I join in.]

They start to get silly with it!

And [in a high funny tone of voice], “Huh what’s that? What’s that?” he says.

Here he pees on this, and he pees on that [Angela chuckles].

“Is that one whistle at me?”

Here finally, finally they laugh out, I guess. You know, he’s acting silly like.

Gee, they’re crazy! Ehn?

So, so he packs them down. [He] packs [the] two girls down.

Here he marries them right away! He’s got two girls for wives.

He goes out hunting for them.

When he comes back, oh, they want to go now!

They’re going to try to get away—run away from him.

So they, you know, their garter strings, what they tie their garters up with?[67]

They make, they make snares out of it.

And they told the garters, those strings, “You whistle at him. When he comes back, whistle at him.”

And they make [snares] two or three places.

And each one whistles. Another one, another, whistles like that.

And [Wolverine] keeps running around between them trying to find those girls.

That’s how he lost them.

By that time then they got away.

They come back to their father and mother again.

They say that they found their father and mother again.

And they told their father and mother what happened.

58. The Girl Who Lived with Grizzly Bears

Angela and her sister Dora's young daughter, Annie, came to pay an evening visit in my cabin. Later Dora arrived, too. We had a fine evening of story telling. Angela told this story and also "Dog Husband" (Version 2, no 55 b). She again observed that as a child Dora had more opportunity to learn stories from their mother than she had, so she wanted Dora to check the way I had written the stories. Annie sat listening quietly and was again praised for her modest behaviour.

I did not take notes at the beginning of the tale but it starts, as does "The Girl Who Married the Bear" (see Southern Tutchone stories nos. 3, 25, 30, 34), with a young girl going into the woods for berries. She drops her berries and meets a handsome man. I have no note, however, as to whether the girl had earlier said insulting words to bear droppings. I wrote the beginning from memory as soon as my visitors left. This version blends the 'magic flight' theme, with the better known story of The Girl Who Married the Bear.[68] In both stories we enter once more a realm where nothing is quite what it seems in ordinary life: the inhabitants hang their canines on the wall like knives or make fire from dripping green wood. Note how the man in the boat with so much supernatural power dutifully took care of his "real" wife's parents even after he went back to stay with his own mother, and how the strange wife of the man who saves the girl from the grizzlies eats seals, not frogs and is finally reduced to eating a crab—another food for humans.

Angela's husband, George, had told this story to Angela and Dora just about a year earlier.

58. The Girl Who Lived with Grizzly Bears December 28, 1950, Carcross

She drops berries, and that man came and took her. [He was really a bear.]

She goes with him, and they sleep together.

She meets her aunt who tells her to get some young green trees and other brush.

And the bear told her, "If you wake up in the morning, don't look."

But her aunt, after she met her, told her just to look up. And finally she did.

When she woke up, she looked right up.

And she saw nothing but bears sleeping all around her.

That's when she got busy with those trees her aunty wanted.

That's the only way she was going to get back home.

The other ladies all went fishing—only they were bears.

And they told her not to see the old lady who lived far off [from the rest of the camp].

And she went to see her one time.

And that lady told her, "You better go back or else you'll be like me. I've got lots of children now, and I'm already covered with fur. I happen to be your aunt, doo àt (Tl., father's sister)."

She was missing a long time ago.

"And that's when the Xóots kwani (Tl., bear people) saved me.

And I didn't realize it until I was too far gone. And now I can't do nothing."

And that's how the girl came to get s'úxt' (Tl., devil's club), balsam, spruce and pine trees and little ordinary trees—willows, alders—all thick, like you can't get through, *q'e .cUc* (Tl., a thicket). You can get lost in that easily and can't get out. And all the trees of all kinds.

And last, she told the girl to give her water in a salmon-worm bag. It's something full of air along the back bone that gets worms in it. And she told her to fill it with water.

And the yuyéinah (Tl., whetstone), she gave her two.

And then she made combs out of the willows and all those trees.

And she told her [niece] which tree she's supposed to use first, and what next, and so on.

Her aunt told her, "When you throw the last thing away, make a wish:

"Let my wish come out," "*ax lx' ca. At'nAkA s'u* (Tl., let my wish come true)."

And the girl did that. And that's how her aunt helped her.

"Every time you throw something down, wish that it will help you out."

And she told her, "Whenever you hear them right close behind you, that's when you're going to do it. Run the comb through your hair, and throw it down," she says.

"Then they'll have a hard time getting through!"

The girl went a long way before she heard them coming.

It took time before she started to get ready.

Her aunt told her not to come near her until she was ready to start.

Then, when she was leaving, was when her aunt gave her these things.

It takes time.

The bears fish all night.

By that time, when they missed her, they started hollering around for her.

And she knew to start right away when she heard them.

She started running and running and running until they were almost close.

Then she started to run those stick combs through her hair, one at a time, and throw them back.

“Let it get thickets,” she wishes.

“I wish it would get thick!”—like where your hair gets tangled up, you know.

And then she threw that first water bag away.

And she kept the other for quite a while. And when she threw it behind her, it turned to the big lake. And they had to swim it, and it gives her time to get a long way again.

And when they are catching up with her again, she throws the last one—the [water bag and the] whetstone together.

And it happened the same way again. It became a big lake.

And when she threw the whetstones they became a big rock, a cliff.

And they can’t climb up after her. It’s hard and steep.

And they try to climb up and they fall back in the water.

One by one those bears get lost.

Finally, she came to a salt water lake and saw a man fishing, way out.

And she hollered and hollered and asked him to save her.

And she told him she’ll marry him.

And that man says, “I already got a wife.”

And she says, “All right. I’ll be your slave as long as you save me.

There’s a bunch of bears after me!”

And she kept hollering and hollering at him.

Finally, she could almost hear them now.

Finally she saw the man just lean over and hit the side of the boat.

And it landed right in front of her. And she got in.

And he just shoved the little boat a little ways out—just a little ways out.

She tells him, “Please get out, way far out, get way far out!”

And that man doesn't pay attention to her until she sees the bears come out. Only two are left.

The rest must have perished behind, or else maybe some turned back.

And lots got drowned at that rock cliff.

And they were so mad, they just didn't waste any time.

They jump in the lake. And they were almost grabbing her when that man reached over and hit the boat. And it went way out.

He kept doing that for a while And then when they almost catch up—he waits until then.

He does it two or three times.

Finally he throws his stick.

He hits the boat with his woosánee (Tl., spear). Is that right?[69]

He throws it at them.

And they just act like they were fighting each other for a while.

Then they float up again. And there was blood all around.

And then they sank, I guess because a bear always sinks.

Then he went over and got his stick.

After that he washed it and put it back in the boat.

Then he was fishing—there was something I forgot.

And he fished on for a little while, and he asked her if she was hungry.

And he gave her some dry salmon.

He had this lúkt (Tl., wooden box) in the boat with the lunch in it. And he fished a little while longer.

And then they went home to the point just before the camp, because the Tlingit always camp in a little bay like, to keep away from the wind.

And he left her there.

And when they got home he told her….no. I think they landed on the way going home.

They had tsàh (Tl., seal) in the boat, too.

And he told her, and he said, "Well, I'm in bad fix, too, like yourself.

I'm married to something, I don't know what.

Every time I get a woman like you, she always kills her.

And I've got no way of getting away from her myself. I'm just stuck, I can't do anything.

If I try to get away, well, she'll kill me, too," he said.

"Don't look at her.

If I go out, you just stay asleep all the time I'm gone," he said.

"I can't take you if I go out. If I do, she'll kill the both of us."

So they just landed there, I guess, so he could tell her all that.

And after that they went again.

When they landed at his camp he said, "You wait here in the boat. Wait until I go up."

And when he went up, right away his wife says, "Where have you been?

I can smell human being from you."

He said, "Where would I be near a human being? Don't you know you always kill them?

I'm a human being myself. I guess you smell me."

He had left the girl down there on a point before the camp.

And he sent his mother down after her.

Nobody knows what his wife was. Her nails were long [gestures three to four inches].

The mother sneaked [the girl] back to camp.

And she [the mother] had a little room there where she stayed herself. And she kept her [the girl] hiding there.

He told his mother about her as soon as he landed.

After, he told his wife to go down and get the stuff from the boat.

That's when he told his mother that he had saved a girl down there on the point, and she should go down there and get her and bring her up.

And so she [the mother] brought her [the girl] back and hid her under her own fur blanket in there.

And she kept watching her all the time.

And she [the girl] must have stayed there quite a while.

And she got tired of being hidden.

And every time he goes out hunting, she's got to sleep all the time until he comes back.

And she began to wonder why he told her not to look at his wife when she's eating.

So one time, she's looking at her through a little crack, a hole in the blanket—maybe she tore a hole—maybe it was through a crack.

Here she was swallowing the whole tsàh (Tl., seal)!

And this time the girl was peeping through the crack, and the wife started eating.

And it got stuck in her throat, and she couldn't swallow. And she threw it up again.

She said, and she scratched her back behind her, "What's that looking at me?"

She knew it, I guess, all the time, but she didn't do anything.

She never touched that girl through the wall or anything, yet she scratched both her eyes out and killed her.

The woman had long claws.

Then the man's mother went to meet him when he landed.

[And told him what had happened?]

He said, "This time she's not going to get away with it!"

He's going to kill her too.

So when he came back in the house—after a while the girl must have come out of hiding— after, he asked why she [the girl] never got up.

And the other woman across said, "That your wife! She does nothing but sleep all the time.

She's just sleeping. That's all she does!"

And then he pulled the blanket off the girl's face.

And he saw her eye sockets just full of blood, and her eyes hanging out.

And he just left her like that.

He never brought the tsàh (Tl., seal) up. And he left it in the boat.

And he brought his woosánee (Tl., spear) up.

And he said, "I don't know why I never get anything.

Something is wrong with my woosánee. I'll just mend it."

And he was heating up the woosánee *s'uxti* (Tl., spear handle) and he pretended to try to straighten it. And he was right close to his wife's face across the fire.

I guess she said, "Hey! *ax yAt'gA.s'igu* (Tl., you might hit me on the face)!"

And he got sore and said, "What's gonna happen if I hit you on the face?"

And he stuck it right through her throat, and he killed her.

Then he chopped her up and started throwing her in the water.

And it started turning into s'áw (Tl., crabs).

And he said, "Well, don't grow any bigger than that, so you'll always be food for human beings!"

She was just like a person to him and his mother (sic).

After he killed his [crab] wife, he put the other girl's eyes back.

And she became his real wife—the other one whom he was just looking after.

And he told her to get up, just like he woke her up.

"Get up, wake up now," he told her two or three times.

And she just acted like she was woke up.

And they stayed there for one year.

And finally the girl got kind of lonesome. She always wished to go home.

And this boy knew all the time that she wanted to go home.

And he figured he was going to put up enough food for his mother to live on, and he'll take half for himself and the girl—a boat load.

So he took her home, and they lived amongst people after that.

They landed. She recognized the place.

When they landed, he didn't get out of the boat.

He told her to go up and see if her mother and father were still there.

Sure enough, they still were.

Her kid brother or sister saw her coming and told her mother and father. They came to meet her.

But nobody saw the boat when it landed.

It blinded them.

That's why he never rowed and why he could kill game.

And he got her right straight back home, and he brought her back to life.

And she told them that she had a husband in the boat.

She went back and told him they were there.

And meanwhile they spread out a blanket used for high people—*gAtc* (Tl., blanket or mat), the same as an Indian doctor uses—in the back of the room.

"*di.yi. q'a*! (Tlingit)—Put it there!"

And when she brings him up, they sit right there, I guess.

And they had a big tea or something for her coming back.

She's supposed to be gone. They don't know what happened to her.

I don't know which side [moiety] she was.

They made a potlatch for her coming back. This man had all the sealskins and things.

He gave them to the old folks, just like he buys her.

And all the dried meat and fish.

And he went out often hunting and putting up food.

He was worried about his mother, too. And he wants to bring her, too.

He wanted to go back to his mother for good.

But every once in a while he came back to his wife's parents.

But he put up enough food for them. Every year he went back to see them.

I don't know why he never stayed there for good.

I think they were quite a ways away [from where he lived].

59. Grizzly Bear and Fox

While Angela, Dora, Angela's grandchildren, and I were staying at Little Atlin with Patsy Henderson and his wife in early January, 1951, Angela told a number of stories. After Patsy had finished telling a sequence of Crow stories, with Angela helping to translate, she told this one. She had learned it when her husband told it to her brother Peter. We had a prolonged discussion about whether or not the stories which she and Patsy had told were really "true" and whether or not giants really exist in the world. The validity of the stories was upheld. The episode in which humans are condemned to die is a motif which in various forms spread from northernmost North America to the tip of South America, a fact which Robert Lowie (my teacher at University of

California) never failed to mention when he discussed diffusion of folklore in the 1940s. By the 1970s, Angela told this story as a unified narrative, rather than as one with two distinct 'parts.'[70]

59 a. How the Animals Got Bear's Flint (Part One) January 9, 1951, Little Atlin

Who had ín (Tl., flint) first? Xóots (Tl., grizzly bear) had it.

And they say that all of the animals had gathered together.

And they decided that they are going to steal it from him.

And I forget what bird—I think it was a chickadee—hid the ín (Tl., flint) under his tail.

The bear had the flint where no one could touch it. Just he alone had fire to cook.

And the rest of the animals decided to get the flint.

The chickadee untied it, and he got away. And he flew a little ways and dropped it.

And the next person grabbed it. And when that person got tired, the next one grabbed it.

Finally, at the last, the red fox got it.

And while Xóots was just running one mile, the fox was [already] over two mountains.

At the end, the fox threw [the flint] onto a big rock and said,

"Fly [to pieces] all over the world, so they can get the best ín (flint) all over the world."

You can get ín (flint) on the Windy Arm [of Tagish Lake], on the left side when you go up.

And pretty soon, Xóots follows and follows. And he gets tired and gives up.

And he sleeps some place under a tree.

And the fox backtracks. And he comes to a big bunch of wild rhubarb. It's dry.

Crazy thing! Why does he want to play?

He throws the rhubarb in the lake like this [gesture as if spearing] into the water.

And he says, "Let people be like this!

When they die, let them come back to life like the rhubarb comes up."

59 b. Why Humans Die (Part Two) January 9, 1951, Little Atlin

Two or three times he was doing that.

Xóots (Tl., grizzly bear) hears him good. And he listens.

And then he picks up a big rock. And he throws it in the water.

And he says, "Why don't you say, "Let them be like this—die for good!"

And the fox says, "Oh, is that the way, grandpa?"

Xóots says, "Well, I am going to do it now.

I may as well go to sleep."

60. The Grizzly Bear Who Danced at a Potlatch

Angela came to my cabin for a short visit in the evening. Her daughter, Mabel Baker, and her niece, Doris Johns, both under ten, were with her. She said she always liked to have someone with her. I asked if she would tell us a story and she told the following tale very briefly. Perhaps she was reminded of it by our earlier conversation about a dance she had attended. Although this is not really a sample of Angela's story telling art, I include it, both because it shows the range of her repertoire and because Southern Tutchone people also tell a version. I heard it several times at Aishihik and Haines Junction in 1962-63.

60. The Grizzly Bear Who Danced at a Potlatch August 19, 1951, Carcross

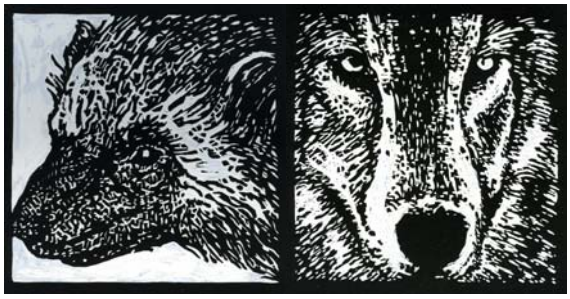
Once a woman raised a grizzly bear for a pet.

And once, when there was a potlatch it began to dance. Just like a man it was.

[Angela pantomimes Tlingit style memorial potlatch dancing.]

The people pointed at it and watched it.

And it began to sing way back in its throat, almost like a man.



61. Wolverine and Wolf

Joan Adams and I stayed briefly in Carcross in July of 1951. I went alone to visit Angela at her house. We had just been discussing the proper terms of address for humans to use towards various animals, which evidently suggested the following story. Nobody else was present. After Angela told the story, I read it back to her so she could make corrections.

Mountain Man, mentioned at the end, is in charge of all the animals on the mountain and is potentially very dangerous to humans,[71] but a strong message running through this story, seems to be the familiar one of the affinal and consanguinial affections and responsibilities that are built up in the ideal brother-sister exchange marriage, whether it be of uterine or classificatory siblings.[72]

61. Wolverine and Wolf July 17, 1951, Carcross

Nóoskw (Tl., wolverine) was married to wolf's sister.

And wolf used to kill game all of the time.

Nóoskw never does.

So finally they come to a canyon. And they see a cache hanging in the canyon.

Wolverine always steals from caches.

Wolf was with him.

And Wolverine said, "Ax kánee (Tl., my brother-in-law), I bet someone could jump [on the cache] and grab the string and swing it towards the rocks and land easy!"

Wolf says, “Ax kánee, you’d better not do it. It looks dangerous. You’d better not.”

Wolverine jumped on it.

And the string was just like hair. And it broke and went down with him.

Just when he knew he was falling, he yelled out, “Ax kánee, I used to love your youngest nephew, kéilk’ (Tl., sister’s son)!”[73]

Wolf says, “That’s why I told you not to steal!”

It was the cache of Mountain Man.

Wolverine died.

62. Owl Woman

Angela volunteered this story in the evening when we were all at Patsy Henderson’s fishing cabin. I had mentioned a Coast Tlingit story from Angoon about a woman who turned into an owl. Angela then remarked, “The same thing that happened on the coast happened here. A woman turned into an owl. They tell it different [up here]. That’s why the owl talks Tagish.”

62. Owl Woman January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

They say it’s a young woman—wooweidi (Tl., girl at puberty; Ta., wetedi).

She has got two husbands. And her husbands went out hunting.

And her mother moved camp.

It was on a side track.

They came across an owl’s nest, and the young owls were there.

And the mother told her to go up there and get some long feathers for snares.

She says, “No, no, I can’t. It’s my Indian doctor—it sings for me.

I almost turn into owl sometimes when it comes on strong.

I don’t know how it’s going to be when I get up on the nest!”

And her mother told her, “Oh, hurry up. Never mind. You won’t get that way.”

And the girl didn’t want to. And her mother coaxed and coaxed.

Finally the girl went up there.

Soon as she climbed a little ways her wooweidi s’áxw (Tl., puberty hood, or “bonnet”), started to fall off.

Her bonnet, her necklace, her dress and all her clothes—all the things she had on her hands—they all dropped off as soon as she got on top of the nest. She just stayed there.

“Come on, come on now,” her mother hollered.

The daughter just made a noise like an owl.

And finally the mother gave up, I guess.

“Now what am I going to tell her husband?” She thinks that way. “What am I going to do now?”

Then she thought, “I’ll pretend to be their wife!”

Ain’t she a silly old lady?

And she got to where they were going and made camp and stayed there.

Pretty soon those two young boys came back. They had got a moose.

And right away they noticed something different.

“Where’s your mother?” they asked her.

“Oh,” she said, “I don’t know.” She made some kind of excuse.

Anyway, down on the trail—the water trail—they always put a stick up high.

And the girl always jumped over that.

The boys told her “Get some water. We’re thirsty.”

She took whatever they use for a bucket and went for water.

She tried to jump and couldn’t make it. The boys watched, too.

She just fell back from there.[74]

She did get the water all right.

And when she cooked that moose stomach—the part of it with the little round marks—they gave some of it to her.

And a young person with sharp teeth just makes a noise when he swallows it.

And when they gave her that one, it never make a noise.

They watched her, and she monkeyed around the fire
And she got coals and put them in the stomach.

And that's the time it started to make a noise.

And they make sure that it wasn't their wife, so they started getting after her.

"What have you done with our wife?"

Finally she told them. "Well, she climbed that owl nest back there, and she turned to owl."

She admitted then and told them exactly what happened.

They went back to the place and asked her [their wife] to come back down.

The youngest climbed up there.

And just when he was going to touch her, she flew away to another tree.

No—she just flies around, flies around.

They can't catch her. They can't do anything. So finally they gave up.

I don't know what they did with the old lady.

They must have left her there to starve or something.

They tried and tried and gave up getting her [their wife] back.

63. Why Tree Squirrels Bring Warm Weather

Angela went right on to tell this story two weeks after she had sung both the Tagish and Tlingit versions of the song that Crow sang to the south wind in order to retrieve the goatskin blanket he had thrown into the ocean (story no. 50i). I had learned early in my field work that a tree squirrel corpse could be used to bring warm weather and that there was also a song about tree squirrels to be sung when performing the ritual. But this was the first time I heard a story accounting for the song.[75] The Ahtna of Copper Center, Alaska, tell much the same kind of story and have much the same ritual. For those who have not wintered in the north, it is worth noting that tree squirrels definitely become much more active on the warmer days of the season.

When I asked for a translation of the song, Angela repeated it in Tagish, but I did not get the translation in English during this visit. It is probably something like the English version of a song I recorded in 1950, which went:

"Squirrel

Run up the tree

While you have a chance!"

As we went on talking about the ritual for bringing the south wind, however, Angela explained that after the people burned the dog excrement, they then sang another song, which refers, I believe, to the dog excrement, since the Tagish word for "dog" begins the second line. She also sang that song on the tape, though again so rapidly I could not transcribe the text accurately.

63. Why the Tree Squirrels Bring Warm Weather March 19, 1974, Whitehorse

Well, there's another story about warm weather.

You tell it—you tell it, I guess, if you want warm weather.

Old people claim it, that you can tell the story and the warm weather comes on.

It's about the tree squirrels.

They say the winter was so long, so long and cold!

And the tree squirrels, when they have their young ones, they always freeze.

Here they always cry, "Aaaaa! I freeze my baby again!" [said in whimpering voice].

Like that. All the time. I don't know how long it keeps up.

Finally somebody told them.

He says to sing south wind song.

Sing, sing a song! [Angela sings the song].

You gather up dog manure. Gather it up.

And then you set fire to it.

And then those tree squirrels dance around the fire.[76]

That's the time they make this song. They sing that tree squirrel song.

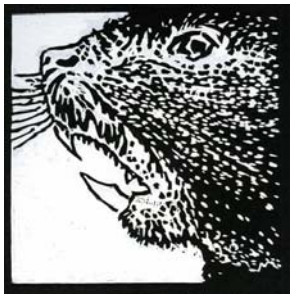
And that—south wind started to blow. And it got warmed up.

Springtime came, and all her babies raised up after that.

That's the one, I guess the human beings, that's the way they make héix̲wah (Tl., magical exercises).

They sing it right together with the squirrel song.

They sing it just right after they get through the squirrel song – they sing that other one.



64. The Tuk.weidí/ Deisheetaan Beaver

As a member of the Deisheetaan clan belonging to the Crow moiety, Angela greatly valued the stories of her clan's origins. When I first knew her, she usually identified her clan as Tuk.weidí. This term refers more particularly to a House group within the clan, derived from *TuqwahIt*, one of the Deisheetaan houses in Angoon, a Tlingit village on Admiralty Island in Alaska. But as we talked more about Angoon where I had spent the summer of 1950, and especially after she and her husband had visited Angoon some years later, she preferred to use the term Deisheetaan.[77]

The following three stories discuss the origins of the Tuk.weidí/ Deisheetaan Beaver crest **(**no. 64**)**, the inland migration made by coastal Tuk.weidí/Deisheetaan sisters (no. 65**),** and the story of Kaax'achgóok (no. 66). Deisheetaan clan members consider these stories to be theirs.

Angela first told this story of the Deisheetaan Beaver at the time when we recorded the Beaver song that is part of her clan history. She and her younger brother, Peter Johns, did the recording in the railway station at Carcross in the evening. Before singing the song itself, Angela made some opening remarks in Tlingit which translated are:

> "Thank you my friends for asking me to sing in this record machine.
>
> We prize this song.
>
> This is our song, our history.
>
> This is the Beaver Song.
>
> I am going to sing the song of the Beaver clan .
>
> That's why I am going to sing it."

She then sang the two verses of the song incorporated in the text below. And after she had finished, she told this story.

64. The Tuk.weidí/Deisheetaan Beaver August 25, 1949, Carcross

Once, at Angoon, I think, our people raised a beaver.

After a while it got bigger.

All the time it was digging tunnels under the house—all under the sandbar where the place was.

Once, when it was real big, it dived under the water. And its tail flapped so that the water ran in all the tunnels. And almost everybody got drowned.

Because it almost killed us, that's why we have the Beaver [as a crest].

[The potlatch song which goes with this story may be freely translated:]

Who was there

To give advice to my uncles,

When they built a city on the sandbar?

The beaver said this, because he was sad after destroying the city.

[The second verse refers to a passing Wolf who saw the Tuk.weidí people drowning:]

Say, oh my Wolf,

You are crying about it.

Are you going to save the Crow?

Angela volunteered further: "This song is never sung in the Tagish style."

65. The Tuk.weidí Girls Who Married Inland

For several days in 1949 Angela had been discussing clan histories with Dorothy Rainier and me. She was, of course, most interested in the past of her own Tuk.weidí (or Deisheetaan) clan. On August 20, in the afternoon, she first began to tell us about the sisters from the coast who had been her ancestors. She added more to the story two days later and again in 1950. Those accounts are presented below as successive versions of one story, each adding additional dimensions.

More recently she organized and published the same story[78] and, until her death in 1989, she often referred back to the sisters and other Deisheetaan traditions in conversation with me. A résumé of the following story appears in my discussions of the Tagish and Inland Tlingit clans.[79] In one of her versions, Angela implies that while many clans split because of quarrels, the Deisheetaan did not. Instead, the geographic spread of that clan followed important marriages, and therefore the Deisheetaan are 'high class' both in the interior and on the coast. The "aunt" from whom Angela thought she learned the story was probably Mary Sheldon Abner, Jéel.aat. I have earlier noted the concern expressed by Tagish people when I told them that in Yakutat,

Alaska, the Beaver is claimed by a clan of the Wolf moiety. Angela was still trying to come to some sort of satisfactory understanding of this when she visited me in Madison, Wisconsin, near the end of her life.

65 a. The Tuk.weidí Girls Who Married Inland (Version One)

August 20, 1949, Carcross

Three women came up the Taku [River].

One married to Tagish. One married to Telegraph.[80] And one to "old Teslin."[81]

This was a long time ago.

These three ladies came from Chilkat. They went around down towards Juneau first.

And then they went up the Taku River.

A great big chief was their father.

He killed a slave for each one of them.

They rang a bell for them all the way till they reached the place where they were going to separate. It was like a church bell.

So we (Tuk.weidí) are high people. We are An yádi (Tl., town/children, nobility).

They started down the Haines River, the Klukwan River.

That's the one. I don't know what their father's name was.

I think it was *koqRe Re*. I only think it. They told me this story when I was a child, and I forget it now.

My aunt, Mrs. Austin's mother, was the one who told me about it, I guess.

One of the three girls was named Sakinyáa.

She came to Tagish.

Aandaax'w went to Teslin. I had a daughter with that name, too.

The third girl, I think, was *Shadusko* or maybe *Ka'ganci* [Angela was uncertain about the name].

I guess nobody but mother [Maria Johns] knows the story now.

That's why we are part Tlingit.

We really belong to the coast. We don't really belong to the country up here.

65 b. The Tuk.weidí Girls Who Married Into the Interior (Version Two)

August 22, 1949, Carcross

The three ladies in the story yesterday belong to the Tuk.weidí, *S'a* (Tl., Beaver).

They came from Angoon. That's where our country is supposed to be first.

The mother of these three had gone to Chilkat.

And then she got the three girls—the ones who married into this country.

Their mother and father were An yádi (Tl., noble). I don't really know their names.

The father was Kaagwaantaan [clan]—That means Eagle-Wolf.

That was the name of his kind of tribe—it's the same as Tuk.weidí [a clan name].

Maybe the mother had boys too, but the girls are the ones I know about.

The girls packed up into this country up the river from Chilkat.

They came around to Juneau and then to the Taku River, and then up the Taku.

Chilkat country is where the Chilkat River is—the big wide river, right between the mountains there.

They came up the river in cedar canoes—yáwk (Tl., canoe) *yEdi* (Tl., cedar [?]). I don't know why they came up.

I guess it must have been like a trading party, how they met in the beginning.

I guess the beating of the gong was just the way they travelled in those days.

They did that when they first started up the Taku.

I guess they had to start out walking. They all went together so I don't know where.

There were probably other people with them, too.

They had slaves. Each girl had a slave. Their father had sent one for each of them.

Sometimes people used to have a man and a woman slave married together—not always, though.

One of the girls married to Teslin. [Angela names some descendents].

The Telegraph Creek girl had children, too. I don't know much about that one.

People did not travel far in the old days.

Some people over there [at Telegraph Creek] use our names, too.

They have [names like] Yéil Shaan (Tl., old crow), Yéil Doogú (Tl., crow skin), and Yéil Naawú (Tl., dead crow). I guess these are her children.

The women brought their names up with them.

The Telegraph Creek people use their names, but they don't talk as much Tlingit as we do.

Sakinyáa came to Tagish. I don't know who she married.

It must have been a Koolseen or somebody.[82] It's too far back for me.

All the Tuk.weidí here now are her descendants.

That's why we belong to Angoon first.

That is where the Beaver House is, the Deisheetaan Hít—"End of the Trail House."

They claim that at Angoon there's a bay.

And when the salt water comes in, it just rushes into the lagoon and into a little lake right behind the sandbar. And then it goes back.

When it goes back, they have a trail there between times.

They have a house there at the end of the trail there.

It was a big house where the people would meet.

That was where Sakinyáa's mother came from. This was the first "End of the Trail House."

The place they call Angoon now, they used to call Xóotsnuwu (Tl., "grizzly bear fort").

This means like a house, I guess, some kind of protection, a shelter.

Just lately they have called it Angoon.[83]

65 c. The Tuk.weidí Girls Who Married Inland (Version Three)

February 5, 1950, Carcross

[On December 5, 1950, when Angela was discussing Dakl'aweidí clan history, she added the following comments. By then she had begun to refer to the Tuk.weidí as 'Deisheetaan'].

It [Dakl'aweidí history] is just like the Yanyeidí. They separated over a woman. Not us [Tuk.weidí] though!

One girl got married to Chilkat, and then her daughters got married to this country.

She has three daughters. One of them got married to Yanyeidí.

They really say it's four [daughters]. I guess it's true. Mrs. K. says it is four women.

[I asked who Mrs. K. was.]

She is Deisheetaan yádi—"child of Deisheetaan" [i.e. her father was Deisheetaan].

Her father used to tell her about it.

The fourth girl went to Pelly. Towards Pelly, they say,

There are some of us there, too. We never met them, but they use our names.[84]

There were four girls, Mrs. K. said, but we only heard about three. They must know better.

66. Kaax'achgóok

This story with its embedded songs always meant a very great deal to Angela. It has been recorded in successive version during the last century. John Swanton recorded two versions – one told by a high ranking Tlingit man from Wrangell named Katishan, and another told at Sitka by Swanton's interpreter Don Cameron, from the Kaagwaantaan clan.[85] The story's significance for Angela emerges in the several versions that I recorded in earlier years, discussed below, and several more recent versions that Julie Cruikshank recorded and analysed.[86]

Angela first told me this story in 1949 when she and Dorothy Rainier and I were discussing and recording clan songs. She explained that people stand up to sing them. "It's like a national anthem." She then referred to the death of a Tagish child during the flu epidemic of the 1920's and moved on to the following song and story.

Angela told the Kaax'achgóok story again two and a half years later (Version Two) when she and her younger sister Dora were visiting in my cabin in the afternoon. Both women sewed while we talked. After a short discussion about various cuts of moose meat, Angela for some reason launched into Kaax'achgóok. Although I have no notes to the effect, she may have thought of telling it because the discussion about moose cuts reminded her once more of the banquet she and her husband had given for her son, Peter, on his return from overseas service in World War II. Angela explained to me again that as soon as she learned that he was on the way home, she told her husband that she wished to celebrate his arrival by having an old-fashioned party, and that it was on this occasion that she asked Patsy Henderson, the highest ranking elder of the Wolf moiety, to tell the Kaax'achgóok story to the guests. She also told me that while she and her clan mates considered the song to be a Tuk.weidí song, some of the guests thought that perhaps it was not. On hearing this, Angela appealed to Mrs. Maggie Kodenaha of Skagway, a L'uknax.ádi clan member, for a judgment. Mrs. Kodenaha then explained that this song really did belong to the Tuk.weidí (Deisheetaan) people, although originally it had belonged to the Kiks.ádi [also a clan of the Raven moiety on the coast]. In her published versions of this story Angela is careful to claim the story and song as a Deisheetaan right because it was given to her clan by the captured brother of Kaax'achgóok.

The second version adds details missing in Version One. It reveals, for example, the traditional avoidance between adult siblings when Kaax'achgóok's older wife is sent to borrow her brother's boat, the relationship between a man and his sororal nephews, and the power of dreams. At another level, the emphasis on the seal skin line as a means of escape is reminiscent of the line used by the sisters in Star Husband (no. 57). In each case a line was necessary to return to earth and to normal human life. This raises many questions. Is it a symbolic "life line" or naval string, in neo-Freudian terms? Note that the hero was away for nine months paralleling the human gestation period. Is a new human being born or reincarnated in this story? In traditional Tlingit belief the soul of a person who dies goes to an island until it is time to be reborn. The action takes us from autumn through winter to spring and then to autumn again and from this world to a non-human world? Is this a shamanic journey? Is Angela's son, Pete, coming back with new powers?

66 a. Kaax'achgóok (Version One) August 26, 1949, Carcross

I'd like to sing a song that my son was welcomed home with from the army.

This song was supposed to be made by some of our people.

He is Tuk.weidí.

His name is Kaax'achgóok.

A boat drifted away with this man one time in November.

And he stayed out about nine months.

And while he was on the island, he dreamed about home.

He was welcomed home [was what he dreamed]

In those days they steered by the sun.

They did not have a compass in those days. He studied out the sun and tried to come home.

He counted the months. He knew where the sun used to be in June at home.

So a little before June he got ready to start out.

This story is from the fall, when he started out.

He told doo kéilk' (Tl., his sororal nephews) to make string of these seal skins—the seal with the spots [harbour seals]. He told them to make string like babiche [semi-tanned line].

They did this. They dried it out.

They did pounds and pounds of it. It stacked up about three feet in the bow of the boat.

That was for the anchor for the boat.

They were just like servants.

When it was good and ready, he told them to cook all they can.

They don't know it was for their lunch. They put it in a seal stomach.

They put cooked stuff in it, meat, for their lunch going back.

And they took lots of water in that thing [seal stomach] too.

They got this from that island where there were big leaves, just like rhubarb.

It's just full of water. It's supposed to be rain water. They just grow near the salt water.

They gathered in the water, and they started off.

He studied the sun.

It started to come out the same place.

He would go out early in the morning to see where the sun came up.

He put in a stick to mark it. In the evening he did the same thing. Then it kept moving back.

And finally it came out the same place for two days.

That's the time he started back. That must have been June the summer solstice.

They must have wintered there too.

He watched where the sun came out.

He could go to the sun place every day. And he put the stick down there.

Finally it came back to the same place. Then the sun started to go back.

And he started back.

That month is always calm too.

It's down the coast near Sitka, I guess.

They say the north wind is what took him out.

The place has a big mountain on one side, and it goes right out to the sea.

The mountain is built something like this great Grey Mountain up here [above Carcross].

In June, the sun came up out of the center of the mountain.

That's how come he started back then.

I forgot how many days he travelled—about a month.

Finally, he saw this mountain in the evening when the sun was going down.

He saw something way off like a seagull floating there. He did not say anything about it.

Next morning it was still there yet. But still he did not say anything.

They anchored the boat when the sun goes down.

The sun goes down right by the stern of the boat.

He followed the sun. He steered by it.

All day he tried to keep in the direction of the sun.

In the morning he would take the reading. And in the evening.

For two days he would watch this [thing like a seagull].

Finally, it got bigger the next night. That seagull looked bigger.

He never said anything about it until the next morning.

They said, “What’s that? Is it a seagull or what?”

They thought it must be a seagull.

When they started to be able to see it at night, they began to travel at night too.

Finally they got back.

He had two wives.

And the youngest one had been married already. The older one waited.

She used to go out to point every morning, about four. She cried, they said.

After she finished crying, she went home.

One time she got there and she saw this boat coming.

She stayed there. She knew how her husband paddled.

She went home and woke up the people and told them the boat was coming—that it looked like her man’s paddling.

How could this be? They got up anyway. They looked.

They [the men in the boat] had all kinds of seals and sea otters.

The boat was packed with skins.

Everybody got rich.

When they [the man and his nephews] found out that there had been a potlatch for them, they just gave away the skins right there.

They had had a hard time you know.

66 b. Kaax'achgóok (Version Two) December 15, 1951, Carcross

Kaax'achgóok is the name of the hero.

He was a man who was a great hunter for seals. He was a great hunter.

He owned a boat and everything—a hunting outfit and a house.

And he had woosánee (Tl., sealing harpoons).

Everybody knew he was a great hunter. And he had a big name.

He made his living out of hunting.

One time he went out again. It was in the fall time.

He just went a little ways—that is, he went out in the evening and camped, so he'd be all ready [to go the next day].

And in the morning, he started out again.

Just when he was going, he heard a baby crying. It sounded just like a baby crying.

There were five nephews and himself.

They were going to some little islands where he usually hunted before because the seals stayed there. So they heard the baby crying.

And he asked his nephews, "Do you hear that?"

And they said, "Yes."

Just when they were all listening good, he heard somebody say, "Stop the baby now.

Don't you know it is Kaax'achgóok's country here? He always goes around [here]!"

He hears this good.

And he asks his nephews whether they heard it good, too.

And they said, "Yes."

So he said, "Well, let's turn back. There couldn't be anybody out here. It's way out in the ocean!"

And the baby was a young seal making that noise.

It sounded like a baby.

It must have been a seal spirit talking. And they hear it plainly.

So they turn back and go home.

When they got home, he tells his nephews to bring up the boat.

He says, “Smash it up!”

It’s because he can’t trust himself. He might go out again.

He knows that what he heard is for bad luck.

That’s why they turned back.

So his nephews packed up the boat and smashed it and all the paddles and woosánee (Tl., sealing harpoons) and everything. And they burnt it up for firewood.

They did that in their main camp, when they came back.

He has two wives—an older and a younger—and a daughter.

So he never went out.

This is early in the fall, in November, when they hear the noise.

He never went out for a whole year.

Next summer he never went out.

Finally, it is coming around November again.

Somebody had killed a tàn (Tl., sea lion). And they brought it back. They made a party out of it.

It must have been a Crow who gave it, because they invited his two wives [who would have been Wolves]. They were foolish.

They should have treated him good.

Kaax’achgóok used to be a great hunter, and he kept the [whole] camp.

When they divided up the meat [at the party], they gave his wives hardly any fat, just plain meat.

So when she came home, he naturally asked his older wife, “Did they serve you any fat?”

She said, “I only got meat.”

So she handed over the *inyu* (Tl., food distributed at the feast).

He just looked at it disgusted. “Is that it there?” he said.

She said, “Yes, that’s it!”

He didn’t touch it. He let it go.

So the next day he told his older wife, “I’m tired [of all this],” he said. “My wife, can’t you ask your brother—he’s wealthy, too—can’t you ask your brother if I can borrow his boat?

I want to borrow a boat.

I’m just going out a little ways. Not very far.”

So she went over to her brother’s house.

And she asked her sister-in-law.

“Sister-in-law,” she says, “your brother-in-law wants to borrow a boat.

He says he is not going out very far, just a little ways. He is tired of staying at home.”

And so the woman told her husband, “Your brother-in-law wants to borrow a boat, he says.” So her husband says it’s all right.

“Okay, they are going to bring it over,” she says.

So she [Kaax’achgóok older wife] visits for a while with her sister-in-law.

And after a while she goes home and tells her husband, “Well, they are going to bring it over.”

Just a few moments after she came home, here comes doo kéilk’ (Tl., his sororal nephews).

Here they were, packing the boat over.

The brother-in-law had just got through fixing that boat. He had just finished it.

He just adzed it all over [Angela pantomimes adzing].

They tell him, “You didn’t borrow it. Your brother-in-law gave it to you!”

It had oars, paddles, even woosánee (Tl., harpoons) in it.

So his wife got him ready that evening—got his camping outfit ready.

So early in the morning, he and his five nephews went out. They went way out.

Well, they started early I guess, and they went a long ways.

And they never see a thing all day.

Pretty soon in the afternoon, the north wind starts to blow.

This was in the fall, somewhere around November again.

It's just about a year after he hears the noise.

He thought his bad luck was changing now. That's why he is trying just a little ways.

That [incident with the meat] makes up his mind to go.

He doesn't like his wife not getting anything but meat.

So the north wind started to blow a little bit.

So since they didn't see anything all morning, and that's the best time to hunt, they decided to go back . Because the north wind had started to blow.

Well, as soon as they started turning back, the north wind started to get worse.

They had paddles.

And they paddled and paddled and paddled.

And pretty soon, the wind was getting stronger and stronger.

And the waves were just as big—as a house!

Pretty soon it gets dark, and they can't see any more. Still they try to get where they are headed.

But pretty soon he just puts his paddle on the bottom of the boat.

They all have blankets, I guess. So they all did it [put their paddles down].

His nephews did the same thing. They all went to bed.

So they slept and slept for a while.

And pretty soon—I don't know how many days it was, but it just seemed like one day— they woke up. And he heard waves just as if they were breaking on shore.

So he looked up.

Sure enough, it was an island with a nice sandy beach.

He made sure it was good [true].

He didn't want to fool his nephews.

"Wake up now!

What's this? Are we on land, or what?" So they jumped up.

"Yes, we're on an island."

"Well, just look around and see if we can find a place where we can make camp."

There were trees on the north end of the island. It might have been the Queen Charlottes for all we know. This happened from Sitka.

My husband says my father told the story, and my aunt, Mrs. Austin.[87]

The boys got out and looked around.

And they found a camping place where there were trees and bushes.

And they got *ti* (Tl., bark). And they made a bark house. And they put it up right away.

They made a comfortable place.

There was a bunch of big leaves. They are round with hollow stems. And they are called xíxch'i (Tl., frog) *koxu* (leaf[?]).

It [grows] big out there, they say.

And those leaves and stems are just full of water. And that's where they get their water from.

It's rain water, you know.

So they cooked. I guess they had some things. They had some lunch baskets full of cooked stuff.

After they stayed there for a day or so, he looked around all over the island.

And on the south side was a long rocky beach way out where there were tsàh (Tl., seal) and *tan* (Tl., sea lion) and yúxwch' (Tl., sea otter).

And he watched them and figured how he was going to get them.

When the tide was low, they just went down and got them.

They clubbed them, and they killed the bunch off.

They did that to the sea otters and the sea lions. It's for the headdress that they want it.[88]

And they clubbed the seals, too.

So he told his nephews to go there and to kill off a bunch [of seals] when the tide is down.

They do this. And they tend the skins. They stretch the sea otter skins.

And they leave the seal skins raw.

Whenever they finished one bunch, they did that again.

In the meanwhile, pretty near half of the winter is gone by now.

Oh, they kept themselves busy!

Then he starts dreaming.

He always dreams that he has come back home—that he was welcome home all the time.

So he starts studying how he is going to get back.

His dreams never lied to him before, so he is going to try it.

The sun starts coming back in February, you know.

The sun is always very high then, you know.

He told his nephews to start making babiche out of ordinary sealskins.

They make it big and twist it.

And they hang it out to dry. And they tie it together.

They don't know what that is for. But they keep doing it.

And then finally, in the middle of May, he had everything ready, I guess. And he knows that between May and June, the ocean is always still.

There is no wind for a month, they say.

So he is going to try it.

He tells his nephews to cook as much seal meat as they can.

And they put water in seals' stomachs that they had blown up and dried.

So when they had everything ready, they tried it.

They had a little large rock, as heavy as could be.

And they tied a rope to it for an anchor.

The coils were about that high [Angela puts her hand about three and a half feet from the floor].

One was in the bow. And one was in the stern.

So they started off early in the morning, when the sun was coming up.

They pointed the head of the boat to where the sun comes up.

So when the sun starts to sink, it sinks just at the end of the stern.

Just when it starts a little way down, he tells them to anchor the boat at both ends.

And they camp.

So early the next morning, before the sun rises, he was up again.

The sun came up again the same way [motions to indicate over the bow].

He tells them to start again. So they set off again.

And the sun comes just right up over the bow. And right over the middle of them. And down the stern again.

When they were two days out to sea, that's the time he started to sing this song.

He sang it, and sang it, and sang it.

His nephews all learned it, but they never sang it.

After ten days, finally, in the evening when the sun was going down, he saw a shadow.

It just looked like a seagull ahead of the boat.

He could just faintly see it.

So in the morning, it was still there yet.

Then, of course, the sun starts to come up right away.

So he couldn't see it any more [he was blinded by the morning sun].

They went all day again.

And then in the evening, when the sun was going down, he saw it again.

It looks a little bit bigger this time.

Well, so he still never says anything about it.

Finally—next morning, I guess—it always disappears when the sun comes up.

I guess it is too light, or something.

Finally, when he can see it in the night, he asks the boys,

"What is that ahead of us? Is that a seagull?"

The boys say, "Yes, that's a seagull."

And they never pay any attention any more. They know it's a seagull.

It's in the evening when he asks them that.

So in the morning he asked them again.

"Is that seagull still there yet?"

"Yes," they say. "It's still there yet."

So he knew that it couldn't be a seagull, since it had stayed three or four days already in the same place.

So they started off again. And they saw it again.

In the evening it was still there yet. Finally they saw it all night long.

So they kept going all night long when they saw it all night long.

There is a mountain near Sitka with snow on the top all the time.

And when he made sure it was not a seagull any more, he said, “Isn’t that *L’ux* (Mt. Edgecombe) over there?”

And the boys said, “Yes, it looks like it!” And I guess it was high.

They said it might have been about four feet out of the water when they first began to travel by night.

“Well, let’s keep a going,” he said.

They took turns resting then. Pretty soon the mountain was coming closer and closer.

Pretty soon, they were at home.

They always camp in a bay—you always hear this in a story.

So his oldest wife gets up early in the morning before sunrise and goes out to the point towards the sea and cries. She never misses—not one morning!

His youngest wife had gotten married already.

And they already had the [memorial] party and everything [all death ceremonies] for him.

And they had separated his stuff and his belongings.

Only his old wife was left. They tried to give her to somebody, only she didn’t want it.

So one morning while she was out there crying at that point, she saw a boat coming.

She knew that there was nobody out hunting or anything so she thought,

“Gee! Is Kaax’achgóok coming back?”

So when it was close, she made sure it was him before she went into the camp.

She told her daughter, “Daughter,” she says, “I see a boat coming. Get up. Get up now!” she says.

“It’s just like Kaax’achgóok! The way he brings out his paddle is no different!”

And somebody says to her, “How do you know? They already perished long ago.”

“No!” she says.

They run out and look at the boat.

And it’s still behind the point.

They tell her, “Where’s the boat? You’re seeing things!”

While they were still standing there, they did see the boat coming around the point.

And sure enough, it was him!

So they told him that they had potlatched for him already long ago.

He said it was quite all right.

His youngest wife was remarried.

So he paid back the people who spent money on him [at the memorial potlatch] with that sea otter and tàn (sea lion) that shukee.út stuff (Tl., ceremonial headdress with sea lion whiskers).

And they asked him if he wanted his [youngest] wife back.

He said, "No." So he let his nephew or whoever had her, keep her.

He only kept his oldest wife from there.

He made three songs at the potlatch [given to celebrate his return].

One was for the time he gave up rowing and threw the oar in the boat:

"I gave myself up, Crow people

Way out where shark mouth is sharp there."

The second song is:

I gave up hope

Yet welcome home I was.

Myself (I) dream.

The third one is the Sun Song. This is from the sun leading him home.

Father sang it different from George [Angela's husband].

All of the songs are Tlingit.

This is a Kiks.ádi song [it once belonged to the Kiks.ádi clan].

The Kiks.ádi and the Deisheetaan had a war.

So when they were all getting peaceful, it happened that they grabbed his brother [Kaax'achgóok's brother] for gowukàn (Tl., literally, deer, peace hostage).

We [Deisheetaan] did that.

And when he wanted his brother back, Kaax'achgóok gave us this song.

We gave him his brother. And so the song is ours.

Doo kéilk' (Tl., his younger brother) *kik it ix' aya kau waci* (in place of / he sang it).

That's why I wasn't embarrassed to use it when my son came back.

The Sun Song is:

"It's coming up, the sun. [repeated]

People, it saves, the sun.

He saw it, the mountain."

It has another verse I don't know.

George asked me, "What are we going to do if Pete comes back?"

We already got an airmail saying, "I'm on the list for Canada. Soon I'm leaving."

I count eleven days. And eleven days later we got a letter from New York saying he landed safely.

I listen to the radio.

We buy a turkey and write everybody and get a bottle of whiskey.

And everybody has a drink.

And I say, "Before I dig it up, I'm going to use the Kaax'achgóok song. I want to treat it like old fashioned" [traditional].

And George never said a word at all when I was talking.

"Well," he said, "You'll have your wish, Old Lady. I never thought you were smart. You're all right!"

We announced it as a Tuk.weidí song at the party.

And Uncle Patsy was telling the people about it.[89]

Someone said, "No, it's not theirs!"

He told mother. "We always understood it was," she said.

67. How Naats Got His Spirit Helper

Angela told me this story not long before I left Carcross after a brief stay in the summer of 1951. We had spent the morning together in my cabin with her daughter, Mabel Baker, and her two young sons, enjoying a visit while I packed. Later in the day when Angela and I were alone

we tried to check some ethnographic points concerning Tagish kinship. This led us to discuss the terms and nature of spirits and souls of animals. Angela explained that the *yAhai* (Tl., spirit) of an animal "goes on for good, and it doesn't come back like the *yA hai* of people." She commented that it must have been the *yA hai* that moved around in the Mouldy Head story she had told earlier (no. 52), saying, "He still thinks he's just natural. He thinks he is still a boy." She explained further that the animals' day is our [humans'] night and our [human] day is their night. "That's why they keep still. In the evening he gets up and walks around the whole night. I think they tell the hunter he should go out before the Crow calls. The animal kwani **(**Tl., people**)** know he is coming. *Naats* said that. Mr. Fox is his son. He used to tell us what his father [a shaman] hears."

It is easy to see how, following this statement—Angela launched into the *Naats* story, which is also a favourite of her husband's Inland Tlingit people in Teslin.

The story explains how the interior Deisheetaan [or Tuk.weidí] clan acquired as a crest the double-limbed beaver pictured on the dance shirt of the Teslin Deishu Hít (Tl., End of the Trail House).[90]

There are several versions of the story and I continue to have questions about it. For example, I do not know whether the *Naats* of the first incident—when he hears the sheep talking—and the *Naats* of the rest of the story are the same individual, although I believe that they are. On August 8, 1951, Angela explained that *Naats* was the name of her husband's mother's father, but that the *Naats* who went into the porcupine den was *Naats* from "way back". She said that the wolverine that watched *Naats'*s sled for the two months when he was in the porcupine den was one of *Naats's* yéik or "doctors". Readers should know too that porcupines, because of their sharp quills, are thought to have the same capacity as sharp thorny brush to repel the spirits of other animals. The fog around the sheep "like smoke" and the nighttime provide a mode of transportation to another spirit world, as do the contrast between night and day.

67. How *Naats* Got His Spirit Helpers August 1, 1951, Carcross

Naats went out hunting.

It was noon. And he heard someone talking. It was foggy just ahead of him.

"Now," [the voice] said, "that's why I wanted to go up high a while ago.

Now," he said, "we can't get out. We can't make it!"

Naats heard it plain, like somebody talking.

Then the fog lifted. And the sheep were right ahead within gun range.

And the sheep were talking to each other:

"That's why, me, I wanted to go up higher. Now we can't make it!"

[And *Naats* shot and killed one sheep.]

After a while doo yéik (Tl., his/ spirit helper or "doctor,") came to him.

The sheep *du hai* (Tl., his/soul**)** came to him. It was going to be *Naats's* yéik (Tl., spirit helper).

That's why he heard it talking.

Naats went out in October, beaver hunting.

He killed all the beaver with a net while the ice was thin.

When he was coming back, he came into a valley. And just when he was passing by, he saw a porcupine trail. And he left his skin toboggan, and he followed the trail.

And he went in. And he made a mistake, *agAna yago laK'Ut'* —this means a mistake (Tl., you have broken a taboo). Something happens to you, and you can't go back.

He followed the porcupine a long ways.

When he got pretty near half way, he said, "Where are you going? To your daddy's house?

Where do you think you are going—to your daddy's house, I guess!"

Not very far from there he came to a porcupine den all right.

It looked like a big hole. He reached in.

Just when he reached, somebody moved back.

Naats crawled back in a little. And the first thing you know, he was way in. And a big door closed behind him!

He saw people sitting down all around him.

Just that quick, it had changed.

That's why they say that animals have *yahai* (Tl., souls).

See that woman who went with Xóots (Tl., grizzly bear)?

He knew he was in a porcupine den. He couldn't get out.

He stayed one night—it seemed like one night.

The little porcupine was a girl.

And she said, "Now you were betting me that I was going to my father's home. See what it looks like?"

He never answered.

And they tried to give him something to eat. And he wouldn't eat it.

If he did, maybe he would turn to porcupine.

He didn't know what to do. He was getting hungry.

But he wouldn't touch any food or talk to anybody.

He saw people going out. It was in the nighttime. It was day for them, too—it is night for us humans.

He wouldn't eat. He didn't know what to do.

He tried two or three times to get out, but he couldn't. He couldn't move. He didn't know what to do.

He thought and he thought. He was already a little bit doctor then.

He thought, "Where has my *"doctor"* (Tl., spirit helper) gone?"

They couldn't come near him.

Pretty soon a little animal with a long nose came.

It was that long [two inches], different from a mouse [shrew].

Naats was just thinking. "I wonder where all my doctors are."

He saw this little shrew come out. And it went like that [Angela whispered, and indicated that the shrew tapped *Naats's* knee].

"What's the matter with you?" the shrew asked.

"Well," *Naats* thought to himself, "I'm in the porcupine den." He didn't say it out loud.

Then the shrew said, "Why can't you think?

Where's your *tadze* (Tl., strike-a-light)?" he asked. "Why can't you use it?"

Oh my, he thought of it!

When everybody came back into the house, he just lit that thing.

And he just burned the porcupine droppings. And they started to make a smell.

"What's that? It smells like smoke. It smells like smoke. That old fellow is going to kill us off!"

And by gosh, they threw him out!

And just when he got out, he found himself sitting in the snow.

He didn't know how he got out there. Anyway, it was the little shrew that helped him.

And after a while it was one of his yéik (Tl., spirit helpers).

And the porcupine, too, again was one of his yéik.

And he started to walk back to his skin toboggan. Oh gee, the snow was deep!

And it seemed like two nights he had been gone. And here it was two months!

And when he got back to his toboggan, here was Nóoskw (Tl., wolverine) sleeping on top of his toboggan.

And all of a sudden the wolverine lifted up his head. And then he ran away.

And that night he dreamt that the wolverine said, "I was just looking after your toboggan."

He never touched anything. That wolverine was *Naats'* doctor too.

Naats, his doctors, just came to him naturally.

And it's just as strong as for people who cut a tongue.[91]

68. The Story of the Gaanaxteidí Woodworm

Angela told me this story on the same day that she told a good many episodes about Crow. I do not know just how we got started on it, although just before Angela told me her version of the story, I had briefly summarized Patsy Henderson's 1949 version. **(**no. 43).

Once more, we see the tragic consequence of careless words that precipitate the action of the story. Also illustrated is the way a clan of one moiety may receive its crest from an encounter with persons of the opposite moiety—in this case the "paternal uncle".[92]

68. The Story of the Gaanaxteidí Woodworm October 27, 1950, Carcross

The girl got the worm from her father's brother—doo súnee (Tl.)

They were cutting wood.

And she was just a little girl playing around.

They split a log, and I guess they found this worm.

They threw it at her and said, "Here's a doll for you!"

Here's your son, your little son."

She took it home and kept it in her own bedroom.

She fed it grease to start with.

Then, after a while, she fed it from her own breasts.

Because she gave the worm her nipple—they say that's why Gaanaxteidí women

have big breasts.

The worm grew and got big.

And after a while she pulled up the floor boards so it could stay there.

It always had its head up by a place where she left the board out.

So she sang a song: "Now it has a face."

The girl would sing this song all the time.

After a while the worm grew to be very big. It was fifty feet long.

The mother heard her singing this song and found out about the worm.

Then the townspeople all met to talk about it. They said that the worm was too big and would kill someone.

So the girl's mother's brother said that she had to come sew a blanket for him.

In the old days girls were afraid of their mother's brothers, you know.

The girl was used to sewing, so it didn't take very long.

She finished a lynx skin blanket very quickly.

She did this while they were making plans how to get the worm out.

Her uncle's camp was quite far from the village, and he told her to make another blanket.

He gave her another one. And this time it was marten skin.

A marten blanket is hard to sew, because you have to use lots of skins, and the fur is short.

So she was sewing.

And then the people snared the worm so that it crawled slowly. And they kept spearing it.

Just the Gaanaxteidí people did this, because the others would have to pay if they killed the worm.

It's like the girl's son.

The girl heard a noise.

It was like someone hitting a steel rail, they say.

It sounded like irons knocking together.

And she got suspicious.

She almost gave up her sewing. She got nervous.

But her uncle's wife said, "Keep quiet and finish it."

Finally they told her that her son was killed.

She said, "My son makes a noise!

Then she sang a song: "He's making a noise, my son."

69. Animal Mother

This is Angela's telling of the Animal Mother story told earlier by Patsy Henderson (story no. 40), during our visit to Little Atlin.[93] I had asked Patsy for the native name of Animal Mother, and he gave the name as Tsísk'w Tláa [Tl., Moose Mother]. Angela volunteered that it was Xóots Tláa (Tl., Grizzly Bear mother) and that she had married a human. She added that she would tell me the full story later, and did so late in the evening when only she and I were awake.

As with other versions of crest stories, this one also begins in the ordinary human world, but when the girl refuses to travel, the snow starts to fall, and the girl stops eating, we know that the characters have entered a superhuman world, and that something out of the ordinary is about to happen. I believe her refusal to fill the snowshoes has something to do with the human "life line".

69. Animal Mother January 11, 1951, Little Atlin

That Animal Mother, to start with, she's just a young woman newly married.

She and two young fellows, oh, they were travelling around together.

And finally she came up to a high mountain and a valley.

But she chose the place herself. It's very nice.

"Oh, let's just stay here," she says. "Let's not go any place."

So they just stay there.

And pretty soon fall comes, and winter.

And they coax her to go on.

And she doesn't want to. She just wants to stay there.

They ask her to go all the time.

Pretty soon it starts to snow. The snow gets deep.

She doesn't seem to eat anything.

And they keep asking her, "Let's go!"

And here, she's going to have a child. And they know it.

And they make snowshoes for her so that she can go.

And then she won't even fill them or touch them.

But the oldest brother fills the snowshoes himself and gives them to her.

"Well, we are going to go tomorrow the first thing."

She lays the snowshoes back here [head of the bed].[94]

And she says to them [the snowshoes], "You just undo yourselves all over."

Next morning, they [the husbands] see nothing but sticks and strings piled up.

Finally each brother makes snowshoes for her.

Two pairs are finished at one time.

And she does the same thing.

They give them to her and tell her, "Here are your snowshoes. I hope we go tomorrow."

She does the same thing.

She starts growing bigger and bigger all the time.

Finally it starts to get towards spring.

It's really spring—in June sometime.

When it gets to the end of May she says, "Well, my husbands, I used to love you both.

Well, there's something wrong with me.

I can't go with you people.

You boys better leave me, because I'm not right.

Something's wrong with me. I'm just different.

If you want to see what happens, you just go up on the mountain and watch me."

They did go up on the mountain. And they watched her and see just what happens.

The rabbit was the first born.

And all those animals keep coming out—sheep, goat, caribou, moose, grizzly bear and wolf.

Wolf is always last, because she is going to claim it.

They say she lived up in that valley one or two years with the animals. And then, when she finally got tired of her children, she put up the swing near Carcross.

And she left, and which way she went, nobody knows.

I never heard her Tagish name.

I guess she had one.[95]

70. Dakl'aweidí Origins

Angela Sidney, one of her grandsons, and a little girl whose father was from Pelly River had lunch with Joan Adams and me in our cabin. Since Joan Adams knew Tahltan people from Telegraph Creek well, some of our talks centered on the area. We had also looked at photographs of Inland Tlingit dance shirts which showed clan crests, so Angela easily slid into summarizing the Dakl'aweidí history that follows. This was the first time that I heard her mention Shàk Hít (Tl., Driftwood House).

70. Dakl'aweidí Origins July 16, 1951, Carcross

The Dakl'aweidí started from Telegraph Creek.

And some went overland to Pelly and Big Salmon, I guess.

And some went down river in big canoes or else rafts, I guess.

And then they camp at Wrangell on a sandy beach.

That's the time they name themselves Dakl'aweidí, from that sandy beach.

And the ones that scattered in Chilkat, on the way going to Chilkat, they picked up a long drift log and put it on a raft—I guess it was a raft.

And when they got to Chilkat and they built a house, they used the log for a ridge pole.

And when they built the house, they called it Shàk Hít, (Tl., Driftwood House).

They all stayed there.

And pretty soon they got to be so many in the house, they built Kéet Hít (Tl., Killer Whale House) after a while.

And Gooch Hít (Tl., Wolf House), maybe.

So when the Dakl'aweidí came up to Tagish, they had Kéet Hít.

But they owned Kéet Hít all the time, and built Shàk Hít new.

It's just like the White House and Buckingham Palace.

That's how come they say "We used to belong to it and moved to a different country."

And the other Dakl'aweidí went down the other way towards Yakutat and built a house.

Once in a while we [Deisheetaan and Dakl'aweidí] meet each other.

They say, "I moved out of Tahltan too!"

71. Tl'anaxéedákw Stories (Lucky Woman)

I have already explained that the story of Tl'anaxéedákw (Tl., Lucky Woman)[96] greatly interests the Tagish because of its intimate association with the discovery of the Klondike gold. On New Year's Eve of 1950, Angela and Annie, the daughter of Angela's younger sister Dora, came to pay me a call "because everybody likes to visit in the holidays." During the evening, I reminded Angela that she had been telling me about several of her relatives' experiences in hearing Tl'anaxéedákw. This prompted her to tell the story of a Tahltan man from Telegraph Creek who had become wealthy after encountering Tl'anaxéedákw, and then the story of Tl'anaxéedákw herself.

Soon after Angela had finished telling that story, Dora also arrived, and Angela asked me to read the stories back to her to be sure they were correct. Angela often deferred to her younger sister's knowledge of traditional stories since she felt that Dora had learned more of them from their mother than had she herself. However in this case, Dora had first heard the story about the fortunate Tahltan man just a year earlier from Angela's husband, George, who had also told Angela the story. George himself had learned it either from his older brother or his stepfather, (both from Teslin), and they, in turn, had heard it from a Tahltan man from Telegraph Creek.

Angela's closing comments about *Taqwats* suggest Edgar Sidney's rueful confession that he himself had once heard *Taqwats* chopping, but did not know what the sound meant or what he was supposed to do in order to obtain wealth, even though his wife immediately sent him back to look for the chips (story no. 170).

Throughout the story telling, Annie sat quietly listening and at the end her mother and aunt each praised her for her modest and quiet deportment.

71 a. Tl'anaxéedákw (Version One) December 30, 1950, Carcross

There was a man in Telegraph Creek who saw that Tl'anaxéedákw.

Well, they say he's just a young boy.

He's young and crazy. And there's no older person [to guide him].

His uncle died and they gave him all his uncle's property, his house and everything.

He gambled with sticks.

So he gambled and gambled and gambled for three or four days.

His father and mother went up to the mountains to dry meat, while he gambled and gambled and lost everything.

Even his gun and his uncle's house—everything that was willed to him.

He lost *everything*! He just had his shirt on—no blanket.

And when he lost the last thing he had, he ran away.

He thought, "This will never do. I might as well go!"

He had told his mother and father he was just going to stay one night over because they walked slow and had to make camp.

It was in the evening, almost late, when he started off.

He was almost up to the timberline when it got dark.

Since he could not walk in the dark, he made a fire and lay down.

He had no blanket and nothing to eat.

In the morning, when it starts to get grey, he jumps up again.

And he thinks he might as well sit for a while before he starts.

So just when he sat up and was getting warm—it was a fall month, September month when it gets cold and dark way high up in the mountains.

And just when he was getting ready to go, all of a sudden he heard something like a baby crying.

"Gee!" he said to himself, "Gee, I must have camped close to mother and father."

Then he thought, and he knew they had nobody with them.

Anyway, he listened. He listened for quite a while.

Then he got up and started to follow the sound of the baby crying.

As soon as he started to follow it, it started to move.

And it started to go fast. And he started to run.

And then he thought all of a sudden, "Oh, it must be Tl'anaxéedákw I hear."

He had heard of it.

So he tore off all his clothes.

And he threw urine after it, in that direction.

He didn't see it.

I don't know why that slows her down.

Finally she started slowing down and coming toward him.

And finally he saw her.

And it seemed like she is moving off the ground so far [Angela indicated about three feet off the floor]. She was not on the ground.

And she has a marten skin blanket worn away up to her knees.

He is supposed to have seen it and told about it.[97]

The boy started wishing she would pass a leaning-over tree. He caught up closer.

And just as she went under the tree, he took the baby off her back.

And he jumped on the leaning over tree and was way up high.

Just then she shouted "Wau!"

And then she reached out with her right hand. [Gesture of throwing hand out and down.]

And right on his back from his neck to his tail [laugh] were four finger marks scratched right to the bone.

And she said, "Give me my baby!"

He said, "No!"

Now this sounds funny, but it's true the way it was.

He says, "Well, you go defecate for me."

And she says, "No!" She didn't want to do it.

She's shy, I guess.

She just sat down doubled up in one place.

She tried to give him everything—like dentalia and every other high thing.

But he said, "No. I want you to defecate for me!"

Finally she did it.

And right from where he was sitting, he saw it looked just like foam.

He said, "No, that's not really what I want."

No, she wouldn't do it.

He waited another long time.

And he said "You won't get your baby unless you really defecate again."

Finally she did it again.

And there were four, I think. I forget how many.

And he said it was just that big and round—like a round little ball. And like brass.

"Well, she said, "That's it!"

He could see it from there—shining in the sun.

In the meantime, while he was up there, he kept pulling dentalium shells from the baby's *tuk* (Tl., cradle).

And that baby's cradle had a carrying string that looked just like brass to him.

And after a while he came down when she had done that—defecated for him.

Then he said, "Yes, that's what I want."

So he got down and gave the baby back to her.

She picked it up and held it and said, "Well, O.K., I'll tell you what I'm going to do now."

She told him to turn around, and she touched the palm of her hand down the scratches.

And it just got better right away, as though it was healing with scabs.

And she said to him, "If you think any of your relations is poor, just scratch some of these scabs off yourself and give them to him. And he will be almost as good as you are."

And she said, "When you catch up with your mother, tell her to clean out the brush house before you come in." And you are not to eat for eight days.

There is a creek running down by your camp.

When you get there, you put a dam across it in eight places.

On the fourth morning—early in the morning before sunrise—go down below the first dam at the lower end and bathe yourself in the creek.

And break the dam and let the water run over you.

And break the dam to the fourth one.

And make a wish each time you break the dam for whatever you want.

And then, when you break the fourth one, you can go home and eat.

Maybe stay there all day.

Then he's not supposed to eat another four days again.

Then he's supposed to repeat that on the eighth day, early in the morning before the sun rises.

And everything is over, and his wish will come true.

The first wish—I forget [most] all of them—he is to wish that it is just like running water, the gambling winnings coming towards him.

At each dam he had to make a different wish.

He was supposed to make money other ways; I don't remember them.

And that is all he did.

He told his mother that they should be going back to the main camp now.

"It's no use hanging around here—we have our luck now.

We'll never starve now!"

So before they went back down the mountain to their home, he let his sister look at his back. And he told his sister to scratch some scab off his back.

And they say she scratched about an inch long.

And he told her to keep it—that it would bring her luck.

"You keep it in a little bag with some down and feathers and something worth money, such as beads or money. It is héixwah (Tl., magic).

And they went home from there.

As soon as he came back to camp, he started gambling.

And he won back everything he lost and maybe more on top of it.

And nobody in the world could ever beat him, they say.

And if he started trapping or doing anything he was always the luckiest person.

And he got very wealthy.

His sister never married, but she got rich.

This was not too long ago.

It was about 1900 or so, maybe a little earlier.

All his people got rich.

[When I asked if this family was still rich, Angela said she did not know.]

71 b. Tl'anaxéedákw (Version Two) December 30, 1950, Carcross

There were two young boys and they both had girl friends.

So every other night they went out to see their girl friends.

And nobody knew who their girl friends were.

One of these boys had the sparks that come through the smoke hole—*gan yAtyati* (Tl., sparks i.e., fire/children)—as his girl friend.

One of these sparks seemed just like a girl to him.

And the second man had as his girl friend Lake Bottom Child, *'at 'a' yAti*, (Tl., bottom/lake/child).

Way back of the village there was a little pond. And there was a little road going up to the pool.

That was his road. Nobody knew about it.

And where this road came out, there was a little point.

And at the end of that point was little willow, or maybe he put it there himself.

Nobody knows.

And he tied hoof bells on to it *'at qwen tli*, (Tl., hoof/ bells).[98]

When he rang the bell, she came floating up, George says.

Her hair was long, and that's what floated up and looked like a rug to him. But it was really her hair.

I don't think she was a frog—George [Angela's husband] says she's not.

Mabel [Angela's daughter] says it was a mermaid.

But it looked like a person to him.

And she had two children.

He had been going down there for a long time. The road was worn.

I don't know where it happened.

Her two children were always swinging back and forth over her hair. They looked like humans.

And they had been doing that for quite awhile, a good long while, I guess.

One time the boy who went up to see the spark said to the other one,

"*Ax yaqawu* (Tl., my honored friend)—Tell me who is your girl friend!"

And he said no, that he would not say. He did not want to tell him about it.

And so he [spark's boy friend] let it go at that, but he made up his mind that he was going to sneak after his friend.

And so they went to see their girl friends again.

And the man who loved Lake Bottom Child went out first, I think.

So the other one followed.

It was after everyone went to bed.

Nobody knew anything about it.

So pretty soon here comes his partner out.

And the first man starts going back in the woods there along that little trail.

And his partner follows him all the way up to that little pond.

And he comes right to that little point there and rings the little bell.

And the second man saw his partner jump up on something and then go down. Towards morning he came up again.

So on the second night the man who loved the spark asked his partner again, "Are you going to see your girl friend tonight?"

And the first man said, "No, not me. Not tonight," he said.

So the second man went out, but instead of going to see his own girl friend, he went up that little road to see his partner's girl friend.

And he did all the things that he saw his partner do the night before.

He came to that little point, and he rang that little bell.

It was hanging there all the time on that little willow.

And he saw the woman coming up and that hair that looked like a *gatc* (Tl., ceremonial mat).

So he jumped on it. And he went right down.

They landed on the bottom in front of a great house.

And she asked him, "What do you come for? What are you doing here?"

And he said, "My partner told me I could go with you."

And she said, "No! He never told you that."

And he kept after her, I guess.

And each time she said, "No! No! No!"

Pretty soon morning is going to come.

And if the crow makes a noise while he is down there, it is going to be no good for him.

He will die.

And so he says, "Well, take me back up there."

And so she starts taking him back.

And when she starts to go up, her two little children always go back and forth over her hair, I guess.

And just when he is going to jump ashore, he grabbed the two of them.

And he jumped ashore with them.

And he didn't get very far with them.

They started scratching him up all over, deep cuts right to the bone all over his body, scratching him up.

So he let them go. And he ran all the way back home.

But he went right to bed when he got home.

Instead of going back home, those two little kids followed him back to the village.

And the first thing they did was to scratch out both of his eyes.

But they left their own father alone.

And then they went to the next house.

And to the next house, and to the next house, and through the whole village. And they took out everybody's eyes except for one woman who happened to have a baby.

And naturally, people always go out [of the main house] to have a baby. After the woman has her baby, they move her back close against the wall of the house where her husband lived.

And pretty soon, towards morning, this woman's baby started crying.

And she was still lying down to feed it when she heard a noise and saw something.

It looked like a little person with his fingers out [Angela makes gesture of crooked fingers]

reaching right for the baby's eye—starting to reach for it.

And the woman hit it with her stick.

You know her *t'saqa* (Tl., staff for setting gopher snares).

And then the other one [brother] will try.

And they even tried to get her own eyes, too.

Each time she hit at them with that stick.

She kept doing it three or four times.

It is morning by then, daylight.

But nobody gets up, and she doesn't hear any noise.

Finally those two little children get tired, I guess, being hit on the hands.

And they move across the fire.

The woman saw them throw something into the fire, and they said, “Somebody’s eyeballs I am going to eat!”

When they said that, then she got suspicious.

And she started hollering for her husband.

The children kept throwing the eyeballs in the fire to scorch them.

And then they pulled them out and ate them.

The woman started knocking against the wall and hollering.

There was no answer.

Finally she got up and got dressed.

And she took her baby along and went into the house.

She saw her husband’s eyes. The sockets were just full of blood.

And the same was true of all the people that were in the house.

So she went to the next house, and to the next house, until she went through the whole village.

And she came to the place of the children’s father [Lake Bottom Child’s boyfriend].

He was sleeping still and covered up, so that he was the only one that was left with his eyes except for herself and the baby.

She told him [about what had happened] and she said,

“What’s this? Two little kids came into my camp there,” she says. “And they start cooking eyes in front of me. And the whole village, these people [in it] have no eyes.

Come and see what’s this!”

So he went with her.

And here were his two little kids.

And he asked them how it came about that they were there.

So his children told him how it happened, and he took his children back.

And after a while, she got good and better.

I guess they did the best they could with those people [disposing of the bodies].

He helped her, I guess.

And after they got through with everything, and she is good and well to travel, she went into her uncle's house and took two marten blankets.

And she put one inside, the fur towards her, and the other with the fur out.

And she put the baby in a brass baby carrier. And she packed the baby.

And she took some dentalia from her uncle's trunk and put them on the baby's carrier.

And she said, "What am I going to do? I am going to be Tl'anaxéedákw!"

And right there she said, "The only person who ever sees me is going to be wealthy."

And she wandered off into the woods.

And that is the Tl'anaxéedákw.

And those children's father said, "I am going to be *Taqwats*."

And he took this little adze.

And he said, "Whoever finds my chips will be wealthy."

George never heard of anyone seeing it, but you can hear him chopping.

He chops the tree right down from the top towards the bottom.

The chips coil right up. You never can see him.

So he went off too, into the woods.

And I never heard of anybody who did find his chips or hear him.

72. The Haines Doctor and the Lost Tlingit Trader

Angela told this story when I was visiting her in the afternoon at her home where she was caring for two of her young grandsons. We had been going over James Teit's notes on Tahltan shamanism. As usual, Angela refers to the shaman as a "doctor." Incorporated in the story is the Tlingit belief that lost humans in distress are often deluded by land otters who appear in the guise of a human rescue party. The man in the story takes the steps traditionally prescribed to deal with the situation. He bites his rescuers' boat to make sure that it is a real one, and he employs metal and tobacco juice as deterrents to the land otters who try to lure him away. By saying that Dyea had not yet become a town Angela meant to imply that the event occurred before the Klondike gold rush of 1898. Dyea, which is near Skagway, is no longer occupied.

72. The Haines Doctor and the Lost Tlingit Trader December 2, 1950, Carcross

In Haines [Alaska] there was a doctor.

One Tlingit man was up here.

I guess he was dealing [trading] with these people, you know.

It starts to get late in the fall and he wants to get back to Haines.

They said, “Don’t try!”

“Oh,” he said. “I’ll make it! I’ll make it!”

I guess those people [Tagish] went with him as far as Bennett. Then they turn back.

He went on.

It was cold and snowy. But he got to Dyea. And he was going to take a boat.

There wasn’t a village at Dyea then. He camped alone.

He went on from there.

They had canoes there.

On the way to Haines—it’s fourteen miles by boat—he got swamped.

A north wind was blowing hard. Everything upset, and his matches got wet.

What’s he going to do?

He can’t do anything!

He got ashore all right and put his snowshoes up crossways in the snow.

And he went up in the bush.

And he found a big tree with lots of thick needles under it.

He packed all his furs up. And he put on all the beaver and bear skins.

And he took off all his clothes and lay down.

He tries his luck!

He just tries his luck!

Pretty soon in Haines an íxt’ (Tl., shaman)—I don’t know which one—sees him wrecked.[99]

He tells the people, and they have to go there.

They find him. He was there ten days.

When the people come, he grabs the boat and chews at it. He was out of his head.

The kasha people (Tl., land otter) try to save him two or three times.[100]

Once they told him his sister was dead, and they were going to burn her.

They told him, “You had better come!”

And he went.

But his hands and feet got cold and frozen.

And he had snuff and a ring. And that saved him. He spit tobacco juice amongst them.

And they ran away.

"We want you!" they said.

No, he never got fooled. They almost got him though when they said that his sister was dead and they were going to burn her.

That íxt' in Haines told them [the Haines people].

"There's a wreck there. The man is dying. Go ahead and find him!"

I guess he went with them too. [In answer to my question, Angela said she did not know the name of the man or his clan affiliation.]

JIMMY SCOTTY JAMES

Jimmy Scotty James, an Inland Tlingit man who was born in the vicinity of Atlin, British Columbia, lived in the southern Yukon when I met him. His native name was Yéilk'idáa ("crow file").[101] In English he was usually called Jimmy Scotty or Jimmy Scotty James. He had married at least two Tagish Indian women, and in 1951 he was living in the Tagish settlement of Carcross, in Yukon Territory. He identified his clan as Gaanaxteidí (Crow moiety), and claimed that his ancestors were members of the Sumdum tribe of Coastal Tlingit. His wife, Lucy (later Lucy Wren) was a Tagish Dakl'aweidí woman of the Wolf moiety .

In the winter of 1950-51, Jimmy was probably then in his early seventies. He and his much younger wife, Lucy, told me one or two stories almost every evening. They always selected the topic themselves, frequently gave a kind of preview of what was to be forthcoming the following evening, usually provided a title, and almost always designated the story as being either a "coastal" (Tlingit) or "inside" (Athapaskan or Tagish). I recorded the stories verbatim. Jimmy's English was somewhat broken and he had particular difficulty with number and person of pronouns, but the general course of events was usually clear. Here, we have altered the style of presentation used in the rest of the volume. Instead of frequent line breaks reflecting speech cadence, we use short paragraphs that may give a clearer idea of which character in the story is actually speaking or acting.

The following sequence of stories takes up two story cycles discussed earlier, Crow and Beaver Man.

73. Crow Stories

Jimmy Scotty's stories about Crow are presented first, with minimal editing.

73 a. Crow's Uncle October 21, 1950, Carcross

There used to be lots of different kinds of animals long time ago.

And one woman asked her uncle—doo súnee (Tl., uncle from her father's lineage)—to teach his nephews [her sons] to make a canoe. "Knock the big tree down and split it in the middle—spread it out and make a canoe. Once it is dug out, anyone can get in [and help]."

Figure 13. Jimmy Scotty James with children and model of a fish spear. Carcross, Yukon Territory, 1951

That man starts working, digs it out and he makes a cross-piece. After that all the nephews helping him work on the canoe got cramps and die. He kills them [people] that way all the time. He finishes them all—the lady's children.

That man has got two wives. And they never lift their hands up—they just keep them down all the time this way. [Scotty demonstrates arms crossed on chest.]

And that woman [their mother] she cries all the time up in the woods and just around the beach. One day she goes out again. After she finishes crying, she just falls to sleep down there. And after, just as she was sleeping, somebody wakes her up. Somebody says, "Wake up".

That woman looks up. She sees nobody. She covers up her head again. And she does the same way again. Finally she looks up again and she just see the loon swim around in front of her.

That woman thinks that loon is doing something, and she makes a hole in her blanket to look at it. Finally that loon comes out to her. As soon as he's going to wake her up again, she just grabs that loon and says, "I see you."

Then she sits up that time and the loon asks her, "What's wrong with you, you sleep here?" And that woman tells all about her children—how their uncle did that.

After that that loon says "You open your mouth." And he got the white rock—quartz—and he says, "That's the one that's going to get even with your uncle. When you go home," the loon told her, "throw it on the fire—this rock. And just as soon as it's red hot, pick it off. And after you take out the red hot rock—don't touch nothing. Just swallow it down."

She doesn't like to do that, that woman. She might kill herself—but she doesn't care. She drops that rock in her wallet (*sic*) and nothing happens to her.

She stayed there and nothing is wrong with her for two months. Another three months—she finds herself funny—in a family way. The loon tells her if she has a little boy to call him Téh *yAtagU* "Hot Rock" (Tl., téh, rock.).

And after that, he is finally born. And then his mother gives him that name the loon gives it to him. And that boy—he just grows fast like a weed—he grows up. After that, when he's big enough, he's going to kill that one who killed his brothers.

That woman's uncle's coming to her. He wants help to dig out that canoe. And that woman doesn't want to make her son go again. That boy wants to go with him. Then the mother tells him [about] all his brothers.

"Well," he said. "Don't be afraid. I'll make things even."

After that he [the uncle] goes out and knocks that big tree down. And he does it the same again—spreads [the sides of the canoe]. And then he tells that Hot Rock to go into the canoe, "Go in and dig it out." And then he knocks the cross pieces out and [the sides close in and] the boy gets cramps again.

And then Hot Rock says, "Open up"—this way his arms. [Jimmy shows pushing with elbows], and he comes right out. He's tough like a rock. He put a cross piece in again, that Hot Rock. He puts a cross piece in and he tells that man to go in there and dig it out.

After, that man [the uncle] went in there and he knocked out that cross piece and he got cramps, him—and he is no more.

And he [Hot Rock] went home and tells his mother he killed that man. And after that he tells his mama he going to go see that man's two wives. He went over and he tries to play with the two ladies there. He wants to try to tickle them under their arms. And they won't do it—it doesn't matter if they die.

He says, "Lift up your arms this way." The ladies won't do it. And then that Hot Rock says, "I'm going to flood you over, I'm going to flood you over."

They don't believe it. The woman says, "Go ahead and do it!"

And the boy [Hot Rock] tells the tide, "Let it come up. Let it come up. Let it come up more." Finally the tide comes right in the house. After that, the tide's coming right above the knee. And he steps up higher—up again.

"I'll make you lift your arms up," he says.

They keep coming, the tides. After that, the water come right over the hip—way high. They stand just the same. Finally it was to the ridge pole and the ladies reach for the pole. And from their under arms the birds fly out—all of them.

That's why nobody can touch under their arms [those wives].

"Now," he said, "I see the birds." And he tells the tide to go down.

That's all my daughter.

73 b. Crow Loses His Nose and Becomes Black October 21, 1950, Carcross

Everyone pretty near starved in the camp.

Crow knows the people put fat put on a halibut hook. And he keeps taking the fat off and eats it all. He takes the bait off—takes the bait off. They don't know what's wrong. One old fellow says something is happening—"It never used to be like that."

One man knows—he knows it. He put his hook down—put the bait on. He ties it on good. And after, that man just holds his line. And he feels a little bit of jerk—just a little bit. I think he unties it with his hands and mouth. And that man starts to give him a good jerk. He knows he caught something and he keeps pulling him up, keeps pulling him up.

That núxw (wooden halibut hook) got onto Yéil's nose. And he come under the canoe. And he doesn't want to be pulled up. And he holds with his hands and feet and all the power he's got. Finally it gave up—his nose gave up and is pulled right off. He's got no nose then.

That man goes home. "I wonder if something happened on the bait. I got some end of an animal's nose." And then that man put it in feathers—eider down. He put that nose in there and wraps it up and put it way up. He thought he'll make good luck of it.

After that Crow's got no way to get his nose back. And he studies all about it all the time. He can't get it back. Finally he thinks about how he's going to make a cottonwood bark nose—thick. He blacked up and put pitch on the end so it stuck on his face. He's going to try to get his nose back again. He comes around on this beach. They see him—somebody's coming. And he asks the man—those people—where he put that funny animal nose.

"That's why I come, to see what it looks like" [Crow says].

Next house, next house—he go to the next house. They say the same again; they say the same again. Next one—just the same. And then he comes into that house and he asks them and they say they have it!

He came in, "I want to see it. Take it down anyway—show it to me."

And then they make fire. He says he can't see, every time [wants a closer look]. And they give it to him. He looks around. He supposes what kind of nose that is.

"I can't see good. I can't see good." He comes around close to the fire. He wants to heat that pitch—that [wooden] beak is going to fall off. After a while that beak starts to fall off.

That's the time Crow gets smoked up. Soon as it [the fake nose] drops off, he just pulls it off quick. He starts to fly up and he say *"q'a'"*. And he flies up.

That Crow, he just flies up in there.

He was white—white as <u>k</u>ogóos' (Tl., cloud).

And after that man says, “Get a pitch wood.” He’s got some of that, and he burns [it] underneath. Crow’s got hard time to fly over that place. He just flies in one place and they smoke him up black. Finally he get tired of it and he got away.

73 c. Crow Gets the Moon, Sun and Daylight October 21, 1950

And after that, that’s the time he travels around.

He goes to that man who lives on the island. That’s the time that that anyúdee (Tl., important person) has got a daughter. That Crow is thinking about how he’s going to get the moon and the sun and the daylight.

And after, that slave packs the water for that man’s daughter to drink. Every spruce needle [that] comes around the island—the slave just pounds them up—pounds them up and throws them in the fire. [Then Crow slips one into her water]. That daughter sees a spruce needle and she tries to brush it off. She gets tired and she drinks it.

And after that, she knows her mother knows something’s wrong. And [the mother] she ask her about it. And that girl says she doesn’t know anybody. And the slave was watching too, just the same.

Finally he’s got to be born. [Crow is born.] And he’s born. And he doesn’t take long, grows, grows, grows up. And when he crawls around, he sees the moon. And he cries—that’s why every kid, they won’t let him see the moon. He see the moon; he would cry. He gets cranky and cries all the time. After, he cry, cry, cry, cry, he gives him anything—his grandpappy. That’s when he [the grandfather] says to him, “It looks just like Crow eyes.”

That kid cries like that—and oh—he can’t stop, he can’t stop. That old fellow gets tired of it. And he tells his slave, “Take it down anyway—that moon. Let him play with it.”

And then they take it down. And then he rolls it around inside the house. And he drops and just holds that moon and sleeps [with it] all the time. And that man thinks it’s all right. [But] after a while he’s going to let it go—that there.

He plays around—rolls it around the house. And after a while he lifts it up, and the moon jumps right into the sky!

He start crying, crying, crying. And again he wants to get another one—the sun.

And he cry; he cry. He [the grandfather] won’t let him have it. He would cry all day long without a rest. Finally that old man gets tired of it and tells them to give it [the sun] again.

“What the hell is this you doing?” he says. “My good stuff I lose it now ‘count of that little kid,” he tell them.

After, he got that sun all right. And he gets that sun and he knows he going to get away with that one. He just rolls it around. After a while he starts to fly up to that fire hole. He flies there, and he beats that man—that old fellow.

And after that he won't let it go—he just keeps it. He wants to have it. This world was just pitch dark all the time.

After that, Yéil hears some fellows got fat about that big—eight inches square—just to throw like a ball in the pitch dark. That Crow just goes in there to mix up with them. They don't know. And he eats all that [fat] full, all the time. And they start to know something happened to that fat. They are missing it—it's getting short.

And Crow thinks about what he can do. He goes round with his big sack full of old dry dog stool. And that [the fellows who] throw the fat around—he throws the dog stool to them, after they were missing the fat. Then after that, they know that Yéil was around!

They talk about it, and Yéil says, "I make daylight on you fellows." When just doing a little playing then—he just touches what looks like a little door. As soon as he starts [to open it] he could see a little daylight all the time. After that he just opens it out wide—all the daylight.

And the people playing with the fat balls, "Well," they say, "I'm going to be that way—some jump in the water, some."

"I going to turn to this one," another says. And some go to the woods and turn to animals.

Crow is left alone. And that's the time he let the sun go—and he can't close [the little door]. They see the sun then.

73 d. Crow Gets Fire October 23, 1950, Carcross

And after that, Crow hears people have no place to make fire with it [no source]. The only place they know fire is in the middle of the ocean. Fire comes right out of the open water. Nothing can go there.

Crow studies how he's going to get fire. And finally he find out what he going to do. And then a little bird—a nice hawk like a little owl—k'úkw (Tl., owl)—he gets that little bird and he tells it to get that fire. "I'm going to send you to get that fire over there. Bite it," he said, "and bring that charcoal."

And then that little bird says “Okay.”

“Don’t mind if you burn your nose. I’ll fix it up pretty good. Just hang on to it.”

And after that he starts to fly after the little bird to the ocean. He stays on the beach and watches. The little bird just gets the charcoal. He bites it. He keeps flying and his nose burns bad. And that little bird yell, “My nose burns bad!”

Crow says, “Hang on; hang on!” And he hangs on.

But finally—right close to the beach he drops it. Then Crow picks it up and leaves it one place. And then he catches the bird and he burned up the little bird’s nose and more. He just rubs it with charcoal, and he says, “Now you got good nose.”

73 e. Crow and the Grizzly Bears October 23, 1950, Carcross

After he got fire, he goes around on the beach.

And after that he found grizzly bear camp—one female, one male. Yéil comes right into there. That grizzly bear’s got nothing to feed him. And that big grizzly bear just takes the knife and cuts along his back and puts it in the fire like that—and by gosh, Crow sees all the grease run off his hand! He puts a little snow in and beats it up like soapberry and gives it to that Crow.

That Crow likes that fat and grease. It tastes good to him and he figures out which way it tastes good. He calls [the female bear] “ax àt’” (Tl., my maternal aunt). And the Crow starts doing the same thing. He cut his hand and holds it by the fire like the bear. Here, nothing but foam comes out. He tried to beat them and he couldn’t do it.

The bear says he can’t get halibut.

That Crow say, “I know which way to get it.”

That grizzly bear has got canoe. He says, “Let’s go out fishing.” By gosh, Yéil sits in the head of the canoe and that grizzly bear is in the stern. Crow puts the hooks down. The grizzly bear didn’t get any—just the Crow.

The bear asks him, “What kind of bait you put on?”

“Oh,” he says, “Some kind of bait.” That Crow gets the best of him and catches the fish. The bear doesn’t get any himself. Then he tells the grizzly bear what he uses for bait [grizzly bear fat?]. And the grizzly bear, he did that and he killed himself. And Crow takes that dead bear onto the beach.

And the bear’s wife, the one he calls his doo àt” (Tl., ‘his maternal aunt’) stayed at home. And Crow comes home. He figures which way he’s going to kill her.

That bear [the husband] had a slave in the boat. Crow knows that slave will talk. He looks around his head and catches a louse and he gives it to the slave. That slave opens his mouth, and Yéil puts it on his tongue. Yéil says, “Go ahead and talk. You used to talk pretty good!”

The slave says, “Mmmmmmm mmmmmm,”it changes his tongue. The slave just says “mmmm” to the bear’s wife. He tries to tell on Crow [but he can’t].

“What’s the matter with that gòox (Tl., slave)? Why can’t he talk?”

“I don’t know that, he caught a fish. That’s why he stayed there.”

Yéil got halibut and he took the guts out and cooked them by the fire. And he gives halibut to his ‘aunt.’ He put hot rocks in that.

And that grizzly bear just swallowed it all down all. “What’s the matter with me? My stomach’s hot?”

“Oh my!” he gives her good cold water. And she starts to cook. She chases around in the house and she died.

He got what he wishes.

73 f. Crow Gets Flint October 23, 1950, Carcross

And after that he goes around.

And he got a bear, another one—he's going do it, going to tackle him. He sees that bear has got flint, ín (Tl., flint). Crow wants to get it, that one. And he tries it and can't get near. He can't get near anyway. Bear has got it tied onto himself [under his tail] all the time—that flint.

Crow tells that chickadee (Tl., katoowóo) which way he's going to get it. He tells him to untie that stuff.

He tries, and the bear won't let him. He say he got lots of lice. That chickadee tries and tries to untie it. The bear is laying down.

And Yéil tells every bird what to do, which one to untie and grab it, and all the animals—fox and everything—wolf. "Well that's the way," he says "you are going to throw it [from animal to animal].

That chickadee first, he untied that thing. After that, that chickadee threw it to the next animal, and then the next, and then to the next, and then to the next. The bear almost catches up.

The old bear is really mad. He chases that chickadee and then after that, he [chickadee] gives it to another kind again. Pretty nearly he gets caught! Another one goes a little ways with it—he throws it—and the bear's just right after him.

Finally—he got it last—the fox. He [Yéil] wanted the fox to get hold of it last. And then pretty near the bear caught it. They throw it to that fox, and that fox gets hold of it. The bear keeps chasing after it. The fox gets over two mountains before the bear gets over one.

Then the fox ran away for good. He beat the bear.

73 g. How Crow Starved the People November 9, 1950, Carcross

Yéil [Crow] talked to the animals—rabbits, moose and everything—caribou, every game, and told them not to go in the snare. So he starved the people. He want people to starve so he can eat them. He's doing it that way all the time. When they starve, after the men [are] gone, he points to the game he wants to eat, and he tells him to get in the snare so he can eat them.

And that Yéil sits on top of the tree all of the time and watches for people to see what they do. He talks like a person. When they go after moose, he calls out to the game, "Look out! Somebody is going to shoot you." And they run away. And he starves them and kills them and eats everything. Not much left over—only bones. He eats their eyes and their fat. The only thing he lets go is bones, they say. And he does that to lots of people that way.

People are having a hard time then getting game—even grouse. [Just when] they are going to hit them with a bow and arrow, and Crow yells, "Look out! Look out! They're going to kill you." And grouse flies away.

Finally, he's done it to everyone like that. The people are all starving, pretty near. And after that—one man has got two wives. And Yéil comes to them after all the people starve, but they're a little too tough.

Yéil told the arrow to go the other way [when the man shoots] and the arrow does what Yéil says. He does the same when the woman tries to catch rabbits or anything, he just keeps doing it.

Finally that man dug a hole in the snow at midnight. When it's pretty near daylight, he dove in the snow. And Yéil thought everybody in the camp is sleeping. He [the man who dug out the arrow] dug under the snow a long way and went [crawled] out. And after that he saw a caribou track—fresh. That man hunts. By gosh, he sees a caribou all right. Before this, as soon as Yéil starts to talk, all the caribou run away. But Yéil missed [was outsmarted by] this man. [Then the man shot the caribou]. And a little way on, that caribou drops.

And [the hunter] comes back in the camp again and sits down. In the morning he chops lots of firewood—a big pile to the side of the women. And then he tells the wives he shot one caribou. He's sure it's going to be dead.

He makes a scheme of which way we get him [Yéil].

That man tells them [his wives], “Cover up my face good with the brushes.” And he says, “You make a fire on the right hand side of my head so it can’t freeze.” And he told them, “Leave my right hand on the open.” [Jimmy demonstrated that he meant palm open and up.]

Well, after this it’s pretty near in the morning. The two women start to cry.

“Now,” they say, “Yéil starve that man. He’s dead. He never gets up. He lies in the brush camp,” they say.

And after that, they put clothes on him and they are going to go. They make a big fire. They leave him—those two ladies. They cry and they leave.

Him, [Yéil] he sits in the tree. That Crow looks at them and laughs. “Now you ladies cry!”

And then soon [they] just go ‘round a little way behind the bushes, the Crow starts to fly down to that man. He goes round, and the Crow says, “I don’t know which I am going eat first.. maybe the fat around the eye.” He is going to eat that first. And then he goes round all over, wants to jump all over [that man].

And finally, he knows that man’s living. He’s kind of afraid.

Crow says, “*Awu Awu*. And it looks like he’s living.” And he jumps away. “Now I’m going to get you two woman’s eyes yet!” And then Crow falls around on top of the man and jumps on top of him—his head. There is too much brush on his [that man’s] face. Pretty near he [Yéil] steps on his hand. Finally he just steps right on the middle of his hand.

And the [man] just grab it quick, and his [Crow’s] foot is caught!

“*Awu Awu*, what’s the matter with my foot! It’s caught in the brushes! Oh, that man grabs my foot!” Crow said. And that man start to move. Then Crow knows.

After he getting up, the man holds Crow good. He keep a good hold on the foot, and with his left hand he takes the brush off himself.

And Yéil says, “Let me go. I won’t do that no more. I’ll be good!”

That man never says nothing.

Crow says, “Damn, dirty women! They cry ‘my husband died’. And they go away just like they’re not lying. And they went away.” And after that he says [to the husband], “Please let me go! Let me go, my nephew, ax kéilk’ (Tl., my sister’s son]. I won’t do that any more.”

And after he gets up, the man ties Crow’s foot to the bushes. And after that, he twists and breaks off one wing.

Crow he hollers. “Don’t do that,” he says. “What way am I going to make my living?” he says. The man broke the two of his wings.

And that man starts to dig in the ashes in the fireplace. He digs in the ashes, and piles wood on top to make it more hot. He’s going show him that time!

That Yéil says, “I don’t know what he’s digging up that place for. Might be he’ll throw me in there.”

And after it got hot, the man untied Crow’s foot. “Now,” he says, “which way I feel you bother me, now I am going to even up with you,” that man says. And then he picks Crow up.

“Oh!” Crow says, “Now he’s going to bury me in that hot ashes!”

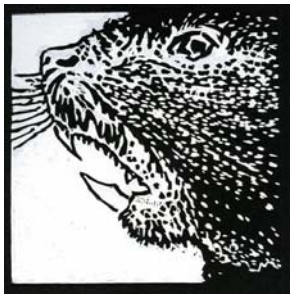
That man never says nothing. And after, he throws Crow in that ashes. And he puts the fire. And Crow keeps talking under the sand.

He says, “My foot’s burning now,” he says. And then, “Look, my mouth starts to close up. Now it’s closed,” he says. No more. That’s the last word he says!

And then the man is watching. He puts the fire all over Crow. And then after quite a while he opened up the fire. And then he sees Crow is all burned up—everything. And he makes more fire.

And after he makes a big fire, he goes after the two wives. And he keeps calling them where he hid the caribou. He sees smoke just a little ways and they find the two women by the caribou.

And that’s all the end. Everybody had good luck.



74. Beaver Man (Smart Man) Stories

Jimmy’s Beaver Man stories follow. Beaver Man is the same Äsuya or “Smart Man” who transformed dangerous giant animals to make the world safe for humans. Jimmy Scotty James begins midway through one of the stories in this series. Beaver Man is trying to rid the world of giant and dangerous animals. Bear has already tricked Beaver Man into marrying his (bear)

daughter. He has just sent this daughter up a hill and Bear is now working on a plan to entrap Beaver Man into shooting at his [bear] wife. The old man in the first sentence is this Bear's 'father-in-law.'

74 a. Beaver Man and the Bears October 22, 1950, Carcross

The old man is busy and he says, "Where did you see it? Did you find a big bear?"

The Beaver Man says, "I never see one."

"No", the father-in-law said, "it's up there. You go tomorrow," he said.

"Next time you go there," the father-in-law tells him, "when you go to that place I go across, don't go below," the old man says. "There is a big bear in there." After that he tells his son-in-law, "Go and run back home and get your mother-in-law's dress."

Well, the Beaver Man runs home. That man want to see what is going to happen.

And then Beaver Man brings the dress back.

The old man tells him, "You've got to watch your arrows, and you must throw that dress below your tracks."

So that [Beaver] Man does it. He throws it down below his tracks, and a big frog jumps out. And he kills it, and they packs it all home afterwards. They don't want to leave any. They just eat it up that night. But a little bit is left and the Beaver Man says, "What will be wrong if I leave some?" The Beaver Man takes a little piece of fat, and he puts it in the brush. And he hangs the meat up good.

Afterwards, in the morning when they get up, that old man just got sore.

"I told you fellows not to leave any cooked meat!"

Nothing but ice was hanging down from the coals.

So they go again, the next time.

And the old man wants to kill his son-in-law [Beaver Man]. He does something, I guess, that man. He goes around. He wants to kill his son-in-law pretty badly.

Afterwards he tells his daughter to get a black stocking! I don't know where she gets a black stocking. [Jimmy laughs.] He says that he is going to give his daughter a bear skin. She doesn't want him to. She likes that Beaver Man [and suspects her father's plan].

[The father evidently tells the daughter to put on the bear skin and walk around]. And afterwards she just walks around. The old man tells his daughter to walk around on the hillside like a bear. She goes there.

The father-in-law is coming along, and he sees a bear." Let's go there", he says. "Let's make arrows with spruce bark heads. Those are the kind I use all of the time." He gives the spruce bark arrows to that [Beaver] Man.

Beaver Man says that he has got holes in his moccasins. "I can't go there."

"Give me your moccasins. I'm going to give them to my daughter, to that woman, to patch them."

After a while he got his moccasins. Beaver Man has long hair. He braids it like a woman, and he takes a bone arrow of his own, and he sticks it through his hair so the old man can't see it. He knows [what is going to happen]—*dE juladE***,** Smart Man, [Beaver Man].

When the Beaver Man is coming, his father-in-law says, "Go below, that's a real bear anyway, that's a black bear."

And the Beaver Man knows it [that there is a trick].

The old man goes, too. Finally they are sneaking closer. "Well, if you want to see it, go and watch." The old man leads his son-in-law. After that he says, "Sit down here. We are going to hit it."

Then before they sit down, the Beaver Man pulls out his bone arrow and puts the point on to it.

The old man shoots at the bear with his arrow. He never touches the bear—the bear just spins around. Finally he lets go all of his arrows.

Then the Beaver Man lets the bear have it with the bone arrow. Then he sees her [breast] come out [so he knows it's a woman]. The bear skin falls apart after he hits her. He can't help it.

"Daddy, he has killed me now!"

Beaver Man kills his wife on account of his father-in-law.

After he sees his daughter die, he is mad at that Beaver Man. And the father-in-law just chases Beaver Man and Bear runs away. The father-in-law chases him around all over.

The man [Beaver Man] keeps running. Finally he gets tired and he is just played out.

The father-in-law is pretty near to catching up to him, and the mother-in-law is chasing him, too.

Beaver Man saw two little lakes with the water running between them. It was narrow in the middle and he came right along side of the lake and stood there. And they were coming close to him, so he jumped right in the water and went out in the middle. And he went around and he went around.

So the old man told his wife, "You go 'round the lake, and I'll go to the narrow part. And I'm going to watch to see if he comes to the narrow part, and I'm going to kill him."

He did that. Beaver Man swam right through the narrows, and on the other side he came out again.

So the father-in-law told his wife, "You run home and get that beaver net. Bring it up and we'll set the net for him. We will show him which way he is smart!" So she did it. And they chased him around.

Beaver Man dived, and when he went through the narrows, he saw a water-logged log beneath. That Beaver Man picked it up and shoved it into the net. And as soon as he shoved it into the net, the net moved.

"Now", he said [to himself], "now be smart!"

The old man told the wife that he got the Beaver Man, and he pulled the net up as fast as he could. It was heavy. And he hung on to the net, and she helped him. Finally they got the net, and the big stump came out.

The father-in-law did like that again [set the net].

And the Beaver Man did it again. He did the same thing again.

"Now", he says [to himself], "You be smart!" he says. That Beaver Man is going to have a good time after that.

The old man gets mad after Beaver Man had done that twice. The old man calls his own íxt' (Tl., spirit helper) to kill his son-in-law.

Then he hollers, "*djudalE' t'u.didjE*!" (Ta., "curlew/water/drink").[102] "By gosh", he says. "Come on and suck the lake up dry, suck the whole lake up". Then he sees it swimming around him, that man sees it. He tells his wife, he tells his old lady, "*djudalE' t'u.didjE* comes!"

It starts at the other end of the lake, dipping and sucking. It's got a horn that long on a pole. If Beaver Man hides underneath a weed, that's the way he thinks he's going to get him.

He [the curlew] drinks all the water, and right around his belly he ties knots in his skin to make it lighter. He drinks, and then he unties the knot so he can drink some more. So he keeps doing it, and he keeps doing it. And pretty soon he dries up the lake.

There is just a little water in there, and Beaver Man doesn't come up any more. He just dives into the weeds and hides.

djudalE' t'u.didjE hunts Beaver Man with a pole all over now. But he never sees him when he's poking around. And then he pretty nearly finds him.

Beaver Man talks to that snipe, the one with the long nose. He calls him his grandpa. And he says, "Pretty nearly they are finding me. You go to that *djudalE* and punch him. Poke his stomach!"

That snipe says, "Prr! Prr!" And he goes out.

djudalE is sleeping over there—he has a big belly, and he can't move around. He says, "What the hell is around me anyway? I am giving my stomach a rest."

"It's me. I'm doing it. I'm just looking around in the weeds", says the snipe. Finally that snipe goes up, and he punches the stomach [of the curlew]. He puts a little hole in his stomach, and then *djudalE* throws up.

That man is in the middle of the lake yet, and finally he tells his wife, "Run away! That *djudalE* is throwing up on us!" They run away, and the little lake fills up just as much as it had been before again.

After that, as soon as the water is a little more, the Beaver Man swims around.

That old fellow gets sick. He gets more mad! Then he tells his wife, "You go to the other side of that tree and climb up, and get a rope in the middle of the tree." And he tells his wife, "Hang yourself!"

The daughter is killed, and the old lady hangs herself. And when he sees the old lady hang herself, he hangs himself too.

And they are both hanging in that tree.

After that the Beaver Man comes out, and he makes sure they are dead, those people. He goes away, then, where he wants to go.

74 b. Beaver Man and the Wicked Mother-in-Law October 22, 1950, Carcross

And here is another one again.

Beaver Man comes across one lady. And she has got a daughter again. That old lady tells Beaver Man to stay with her daughter. And he says, "All right."

And Beaver Man knows that she is a bad old lady. She has got arms from here [her forearms] that are like sharp knives.

And Beaver Man stays with them. And again the old lady wants to kill her son-in-law. But he is too smart, and that's why they never kill him.

And on the second night, that is the time that the old lady is going to kill him. When the man had gone outside, the old lady told her daughter, "Tell him that you hurt yourself on one side and [so] you [want to] sleep on this side."

That man doesn't want to sleep there, but he does sleep there. In the middle of the night when his wife is asleep, he moves on to the other side of his wife. So he moves the old lady's daughter [to the side of the old lady].

Quite a while after that, the old lady wakes up. That is the time that she is going to kill her son-in-law, but her daughter is just sound asleep. Then the old lady gets up.

Beaver Man watches. He just watches. All that time he doesn't sleep.

The mother-in-law just moves her arms up and down this way, and cuts up with them. First she sharpens them with her teeth. Finally she starts, and she just cuts and cuts. She thinks she is cutting her son-in-law, but it is her daughter.

"Mama", she says. "You're doing it to me?"

That [Beaver] man runs away. He runs away for good.

74 c. Beaver Man and the Moon October 22, 1950, Carcross

After that, he is just walking around. And he meets somebody else again. And it doesn't look like a person. It's white—it looks kind of like a ghost.

The person talks to him fine and says, "Sit down quietly, grandchild." And so they were camping together. Beaver Man began to camp with him. He's a pretty good man, but he is going to do something to Beaver Man just the same.

And when they were camping, they were drying their moccasins. They had gotten wet. They were drying everything. Their skin pants were hanging around the fire.

And Beaver Man knew the man was going to do something to him. And before that Beaver Man had gone to sleep, he got up and changed his clothes! He changed that man's moccasins to where his own had been. And he changed his own clothes to where the man had been hanging his.

Now you are going to hear about the Moon. The Moon got up when it was pretty nearly morning time, and he made a fire. And he thinks that he will burn up the clothes [of Beaver Man]. So he grabs his own clothes, and he throws them into the fire and burns them up. Here he burned his own clothes!

And afterwards, when they were getting up, they were looking for their clothes.

"Those are mine," he says. "Those are my clothes." [Moon says to Beaver Man].

“Look at them!” They’re mine! That’s yours you burned” [says Beaver Man].

The Moon says, “By gosh, you’ve got to give me back my clothes! If you don’t, I’m going to burn you up!”

That Beaver Man had some extra clothes, and he gives them to him.

And the man was glad. “Pretty good!” the Moon Man tells the Beaver Man. “Thank you very much, you give me my clothes!” He says, “I’m going to do something for you. I’m going to give you something. When you want the game [meat]”, he told Beaver Man, “just get little spruces where the gum comes out. And you chew it when you’re going through the bush. And you are going to see what I give you!”

Beaver Man takes that short little spruce gum, and he chews it. And he goes just a little ways off when he is chewing the gum. And he sees two lynx right on the spruce standing facing each other. He hits them with his bow and arrow. He puts one arrow into each.

And he [Moon Man?] goes this time. “Don’t take a long one [piece of spruce]”, the man says. He told Beaver Man that when he first gave him the clothes. “Did you ever see me?”

“No, I never saw you.” [Beaver Man says].

“I see you all the time. You see that one at night that all the time is walking this way? That’s me!” he [Moon Man] said.

74 d. Beaver Man and the Cannibal October 22, 1950, Carcross

After that he left again. He goes again. And afterwards he comes across a cannibal. And that fellow chases him and chases him all over.

Finally Beaver Man gets tired, and he finds a mud bluff. He jumps right down to the mud bluff. And he is running along on that mud bluff.

After that the cannibal man says, “I’m going to fix you!”

That Beaver Man is running all the time between the trees. The cannibal man set snares. And he chases that Beaver Man again—he chases him again. And Beaver Man runs on top of that bluff. He sees where cannibal man has set snares. And he has a rotten skin, and he grabs it and he pushes it through that snare. And afterwards he jumps right on to the mud bluff.

The cannibal comes, and he says, “Now you’re smart!” he says. “You pull the snare right down on the bluff.” He tries to pull that Beaver Man up. And he’s hanging on to it and he hangs on to that stump with all the power that he’s got.

Then Beaver Man lets the snare go, and it flies up across his face. And it cuts the cannibal man all up, and the blood is running down his face. He wipes off the blood. He gets more mad and more mad. So he goes around to the open water, and he tells Beaver Man to stand up with him.

"I'm tired now", that Beaver Man says. "Take your clothes off. Put them in the water. Do you see mine?" he says. "Look at my warm mitts. If you kill me you are going to have them all."

It's winter. Then they take off their clothes, their moccasins and everything. And they poke them right under the ice. The cannibal has his own strike-a-light [fire starter]. And the man has his own too.

And the Beaver Man tells that cannibal. He says, "Throw that strike-a-light in the water, too."

The cannibal man doesn't want to do it. He's stingy with it. He has no clothes.

"I'm cold now", he says.

That Beaver Man says, "Look at this spark [tinder]. Look at this strike-a-light. If you kill me, you are going to have this." A big spark comes.

"You try!"

So the cannibal never thinks of it. He just throws his fire-drill light in. He stands there naked then. After a while he starts to come close to him, to Beaver Man again. And Beaver Man runs away.

"I'm pretty nearly frozen now. You stand up!" [the cannibal says]

Then Beaver Man just laughs. He just wants to see how crazy that cannibal is.

After that, the cannibal runs to the open water, and he grabs two big rocks in the water. And he runs away into the woods by a big tree. And he hits those rocks together. He wants a light.

The Beaver Man is in the water far away. There is no spark. The cannibal can't make a fire. He just digs down the spruce. He buries himself down.

And after quite a while, Beaver Man watches it and he goes there where the cannibal is. And he sees that that man is frozen dead like a rock. After that Beaver Man kills the cannibal.

And then he goes.

74 e. Beaver Man and the Otter Woman October 22, 1950, Carcross

After that, the Beaver Man is walking.

I'm not going to tell all the story.[103]

Beaver Man sees a camp. There is a smoke at the other end of the lake, and Beaver Man goes there. He walked all over the world they say, and he killed all the bad animals.

Then he comes close to that camp, and he watches it. He sees there is one woman walking around there. She is tanning skin. And Beaver Man sees that skin. And he doesn't know what kind of skin it was. Here it was a man's skin—that woman killed men and tanned their skins.

As soon as that Beaver Man came she took off that skin. She didn't want Beaver Man to see it, because she wanted to kill him.

And Beaver Man comes to the camp and he says, "What are you doing alone?"

"Yes", she says, "I'm alone."

And then that woman starts to lie down. And that Beaver Man is going to sleep with her.

The Beaver Man sits down. And Beaver Man has some brush. He doesn't sit down [yet]—he has willows there. And before he is moving around, he says, "My that willow wood—something hit it". And he takes it off and sees where it is cut off.

After a while he is walking around, and he brings some hot rocks. And he puts them in the fire and he sits down. And when they are hot enough, he lies down again. And he gives them to that woman. And that animal chews them. And the hot rock is what kills her.

That woman comes back to life again. After quite a while she starts to live again. And she says, "You've got to stay with me!"

"I can't stay with you. I can't stay with that kind of animal you have there", he [Beaver Man] says. "There's no more. They're all killed off!"

The Beaver Man killed them off with hot rocks. [Here Jimmy was too embarrassed to go on.]

That Beaver Man's nickname was *tcA'qwIdja*. That means Smart Beaver in Tagish. He has been all around the world. He doesn't bother good people. It's just who's bad he kills.

75. Animal Mother

Jimmy started this story in the middle and then later told me which parts should follow others. He added the beginning later and told me to be sure to type it from that point. I have a note to the effect that Jimmy seemed preoccupied and more unable than usual to concentrate.

75. Animal Mother Story October 30, 1950, Carcross

That woman was wooweidi (Tl., reached puberty) and two brothers married her, one older and one younger. They stayed with her for quite a while and then winter came. And they started to fix snowshoes for their wife. They fixed snowshoes for everybody—the husbands and their wife, and they filled them [added webbing]. After that, they put their snowshoes behind the brush camp on top of hers. The woman looked out and saw her snowshoes, and by gosh, the filling was good.

Next morning, they saw the snowshoe filling all undone and all piled up [beside them]. Well, she didn't say anything. So after they ate, the husbands started to fill her snowshoes [again]. That woman is going to have a family. And then next morning, the same thing. Again her snowshoes filling was are [taken] apart. He tried it again. And the same thing again. He started again and filled it again. He kept doing it for quite a while. And he

did it the same way again and again—all the time. When he filled it the last time—when he filled it—he says, "This is the last time I'm going to fill it, and if it does it like that again, I'm going to break up the snowshoes in the fire!"

Next day he got up again and it's the same thing again. And he grabbed that snowshoe filling and threw it in the fire. And he broke the snowshoes into the fire.

And then she told her husbands, "You [must] stay away from camp a long way. I don't think I'm a person. It looks to me a whole lot different." [i.e. something strange is happening]. She told her husbands, "After I get through, you come and see me! Go on to your own people," she said. "I'm going to stay here all the time. I don't care if I stay here all the time. I can't have any more to do with you." She loves her husbands, and she can't help it. She is not going to be a person to them again. [She retires under her blanket.]

And they say that after that they heard a noise. And all the animals were born. And they corralled them up in a fence. And then they see—they are watching. All the game came out from her. And the last one [that comes out] they hear a baby crying—a real person.

Animals—this game—used to be like a human beings.

And then another man went out hunting. His name was Tudech'ade. And he was right here in Carcross. That man was sitting there and that man was watching it. He never ate for two summers and one winter, that man. And he just sat and watched it. And that man was out hunting, and he watched that thing. He never feels hunger.

And they got moose skin. They tied it on Grey Mountain—one end. And then all the whole world animals come here watching it. That's the time they were going to name themselves, the animals. They danced on the moose skin. The animals, they sing. They sang about that. And Animal Mother—every game [animal] she put it on. And after a while when she finished, she threw them out, what they were going to be. When they put that swing, their mother's there. That's the way those animals came.

They hung it [the moose swing] from those four mountains at Carcross.

[When] they finished [Animal Mother named all the animals]: "You are going to turn to this animal." [She] threw them off the moose hide swing as she named them]. And caribou had horns and everything. And goat next—and she threw him in the brush. Goat—it didn't suit him in the brushes, so she threw him on the bluff, and it suits him.

Next the mountain sheep, the same way. She tried to throw him in the brush, but it's no good for him. She threw him on the bluff, and again it suits him.

The Indian woman, Animal Mother, sings the songs and teaches [the animals how to behave]. She says, "Well, don't be mean. People are going to eat you."

That man just sat and watched. And then they put bear on it. And he did everything. He had long teeth like tusks, and the Animal Mother says, "Give me that one. Give me the long teeth, you are going to do something [bad with them]."

"What for?" Bear didn't want to give them [back]. "I've got to fight." Mother couldn't get it. And she threw him in there [still with his teeth among the other animals].

And then everything goes on it—Wolf—And she [Animal Mother] tells him, "You are going to live on game." And she told him, "You are going to kill dogs too when you get hungry." That's why he kills dogs.

Someone was crying when he's put on that swing. Someone fell on that dancing skin.

Mother say, "What the hell did you do to your little brother, you make him cry?"

And the moose, he got the last part. The moose get on it. He's pretty heavy." What is good for this to dance?" He just steps right through the skin.

They walked out on a line from the mountain. The man watching could see everything.

He's not even hungry. It's just like three days for him.

And they kill that moose and threw him on the bluff. That moose—it didn't suit him. And then they threw him in the bush and then he could move around and pretty fast. Now they tell him to be moose—that man hears it.

His family people think he's dead [the man who was watching]. Still he's living. And he watched to the finish. They take down that line and everything. All the animals that came to be [were there].

That's the end.

76. How The First Rabbits Came November 3, 1950, Carcross

One lady—she just goes alone, no husband. Nobody— just alone. And she stays there and does anything to live on—what to eat. Oh she's got hard time, hard time. And finally she sits down in her camp at night in her brush camp.

And she hears a baby crying out in the woods. It's winter time. She runs over there and she sees the baby just roll around on the snow there. And she picks the baby up and she runs right home with it. She comes home and she fixes it up good. It was a little boy.

And this is which way the rabbits come in.

She keeps him there and raises him. He grows fast. When he gets a little bigger he talks, and they stay around camp all the time. And after that he tells his mother, he says, "You go up in the meadow and watch there."

And when she was packing him and saw them, then she let him down. And he tells his mother, "You go after game and I'm going to holler at them. And soon as I holler, you just run over to that game and cut his throat."

And they see the caribou in that meadow and that little boy tell her, "Go ahead!"

And he starts to holler at them. And that caribou and calf with her get a cramp. His mother runs over there and cuts their throats. And soon as she cut their throats she comes back to get her son.

And he told his Mama, "Cut it open quick. Give me one bite of the liver and the little sharp piece." And the little boy ate it, just the way it is—raw. And after that his mother skins the caribou. And they stay there and live on it.

After they pretty near finish that meat, he told his mother to goes again. And he goes again and they see another caribou again. And he does the same thing again.

That little kid hollers and the caribou cramps again, and his mother cuts the throat. There's two all the time.

And after, they live on it the same way again.

He's a big boy now that time; he grows up pretty quick, just like a weed. They went out the same way again, and he said, "You are going to see a bunch of caribou." And they see a big bunch. And he tells his mother, "Now this one is going to come as fast as you could cut their throats. And he hollered, and all those caribou, she cut their throats—every one.

Whenever the kid yells, they drop over like dead.

And when he gets his mind back, the two of them whose throats she didn't cut came back. Every time she gives him a liver. And then they take them all home and dry them. He tells his mother—he says, "I am going to sleep for good pretty soon, Mama. You tan the caribou skin soft and leave the hair on it to make blanket."

She tans it and keeps tanning it. When it got big enough she sewed a big blanket of that. When she finishes she gives it to her son.

Then he says, "Now Mama, I am going to sleep. Don't bother me and touch me," he says. And he told his mother, "Get all the sinew off the caribou and twist it and make snares.

He showed his mother which way to make it. [This last was added by Jimmy's wife, Lucy.]

And after, he sleeps. When he sleeps quite a while, his blanket starts getting big—just getting full. She is just watching, just watching her son all the time—what's going to happen? He was just getting big, the blanket. Finally he's got no room now in that blanket of his, and he tells his mama, "Pretty near got no room now." He woke up and he tell his mama, "Go put the snares, rabbit snares all around the bush camp. Put lots of them!"

And after that, they start to run out—the rabbits—from under the blanket. They just got no time. Mama is busy. She just runs around busy taking rabbits out of the snares.

That's how the first rabbits come in the world. The brush camp—nothing left. They eat it all up.

And after that he tell his Mama, "Go and catch some and throw them away so they can run all over the country. That's the way the first rabbits come.

This is inside story. I don't know the names of the boy and his mama. There is a rabbit song:

"My brothers, that's for me [They sing about how they sent snares for me]

For me, they set snares

So we play with it, put your head through."

That song goes with that snare. It's Tagish.

That's all.

77. Porcupine Killer November 3, 1950, Carcross

One man got two wives—sisters.

He has the older one and he marries the younger one too. They go hunting all the time, around all over. Always they have hard time and are hungry. [Jimmy laughed.]

That man hunts all over. Sometimes he's lucky enough to find a porcupine. Then he takes the male porcupine home—and the female, he kills. He camps alone and he eat it [the female porcupine] alone, because it's fat.

The older wife is íxt' (shaman). And she sees what he is doing all the time—coming back with the male porcupine all the time. "What's the idea you bring this?"

"That's all I kill."

After that they went out and move camp again. The two women move camp—he looks for porcupine. He found two and one was a female and fat. And he camped and in the evening he cooked it and he was going to eat it and take the male home.

He turns the porcupine [on the fire]. The head is well-cooked. He starts on the head and he's going to eat around it.

And that older wife tells them—she knows all the time he cooks the female porcupine, "Now he's doing the same thing again," she says. "Well, I'm going to do something to that porcupine. He's going to bring that porcupine home."

And then he start to eat around the head. He's just eating—and the porcupine head—the mouth—bit him! And he can't get it off. The íxt' did that. And then that fellow, he starts to put his moccasins on. And he's going to go home with the porcupine head hanging on his lip. He puts the male in his pack.

"Now" she says, "He's leaving the camp," the íxt' says. And that íxt' is asleep, and she told her sister, "Don't look at him when he comes in. When pretty near he gets right in, look at him."

The man is coming in.

She never looks at him. The íxt' is asleep. After a while he's pretty near in, and the porcupine head is on his mouth. As soon as the íxt' look at him, it drops off. They're happy, and from then on he won't do it again. He brings them all home.

Then the women get tired of it—living on porcupine like that. He can't get good game. Finally they tell him to go again. His wife tells him, "Go this way, close to the end of the mountain, and finally you'll see the big snowslide place. Stay for me."

And she tells his [other] wife to go and take a skin out and spread it on top of the snow. And she's got a horn that look like a chisel [?]. And she tells her, the youngest sister, "When I holler two, three, four times the same way, I going to drop. If you see something come on top of that skin, poke it up. No matter if you cut a big chunk."

All right, she hollers four times and she drops. And that youngest sister way up on the bluff see something roll off there, just like a rock, and fall down. She is watching it and after that it come on top of the skin and just stops right there.

She pokes it, pokes it and to see if it's alive. It was a big ball of tallow.

And they make camp and then wait for the husband to come back. And he comes home. He's got one porcupine. And then they start to cook the porcupine and are going to eat it. They eat it, and it's pretty poor.

And he tell his wife, "Get that grease out anyway. We're going to eat it."

And then they go and take it out. That man is surprised. He doesn't know where they got that grease. He ask where they get it and the younger sister tell him, "My sister hollered and it fell from the mountain."

Next morning they move again and the man go on hunt again. And they get porcupine again. And they see lots of game tracks all over—caribou and everything. And they tell him, "Why you don't get that big game, caribou or any kind?" He tried it. He says he can't make it.

After next, they move, he see the meadow and a little lake. Nothing on that little lake.

It's winter time.

He told his wife, "Try to work fast as you can, doing it [using her powers]. Big animals are going to come out on the lake."

They see caribou coming out—two of them. That íxt' hollers and all the caribou just drop there. They cramp. That younger sister just run over there and pokes them with that horn [chisel] and kills the two of them. And then that older sister comes back alive again—it's like she died—and then she tell her sister, "Let's make camp."

And they make camp, and bring home the meat. They cook the head and everything. And the man comes around with two porcupines. He's just surprised [to see] that much fresh meat around the fire. They stay there till they eat it up—that meat.

They got two caribou again the next place. And after they finish that one, they go again. And he told his younger wife, "We'll go on the little lake now. You going to see nothing but caribou all over the lake." And then they see. They come to little lake, and by gosh caribou just cover it up. He tells his wife, "Now you want to work fast as you can work it to kill the caribou."

Well after that, [at this point there was a long discussion covering the topics of lassoing, squirrels, etc.]. . .that woman hollers till the caribou all got cramps. And the younger lady is just running as fast as she can go. Each caribou she just poke once. She runs through it and just pokes it.

That lady is back alive back again.

[Lucy was nursing Albert on the bed by now.]

They stay there. That man still hunts the porcupine.

That's all.

[When asked if this was coast or interior Jimmy said that this is "a story around here some place."]

78. Abandoned Boy

This third story of the evening, like the first, "How Rabbits First Came" (no.76) has a little boy as the hero, and the boy spends some time under his blanket. It is worth noting that shamans regularly retire "under the blanket" or "under the water" when they wish to get in touch with their spirit helpers. In each case the hero either produces food animals and becomes transformed, or he acquires new power from a spirit helper, just as does Animal Mother in story no. 75 , when she is under her blanket. Perhaps the skin spread out on the snow in this next story is somehow related to the blankets of the other two stories that Jimmy told in the same evening, as well as to Animal Mother. The "Man Who Escaped from Porcupines" (no. 107**)** also gathers his powers under a blanket. In this story about the "Abandoned Boy", the Sun's instructions on how the boy should manipulate the blanket he gives to the boy in trade suggests the rules that Inland Tlingit have for changing blankets on the marriage bed. However, the antics and noise of the children, which reached a crescendo during the telling of this tale, provided vivid background for the story. I retain those references in the text because they demonstrate Jimmy's commitment to completing his stories.

78. Abandoned Boy November 3, 1950, Carcross

These people [in this story, are from] down outside—*djutsqwan* [probably Jimmy's versions of the Tlingit term for Tsimshian, *cq'At 'qwan*].[104] They all talk high. [Jimmy speaks here in a high, squeaky voice]. Some came to Skagway; others went all over. They were not Eskimo. They had a town like this, and they stayed there for the winter all the time.

Finally hard times came, and there was nothing to eat. Then, the big headquarters chief—that an<u>k</u>áwoo (Tl., town chief), if he said to do something, to move, the whole town would move.

And that chief hollered on the outside, "You have to go tomorrow. Everybody must go away so we can get something to eat!"

And things were getting worse and worse. There was no food.

And one child, as big as Paddy I guess [about six years old], had been raised by the chief's mother. She raised her grandchild. And in the nighttime everybody was asleep. The chief had some eulachon grease—That was all he had. Well, the chief's mother took an old wooden spoon, and she gave some grease to her grandchild. He was pretty near all in [dying].

Then in the morning, the chief misses the eulachon grease. And he starts asking all his his slaves about it. Nobody knows. His mother says to him, "I did that. That little kid is all in last night. I did it to save him."

That an<u>k</u>áwoo (Tl., town chief) goes outside and hollered, "Let's all go again! Well," he says, "you have got to throw the kid away!" He got mad at his mother too, "Why did you take that grease? Well," he said, "put the fire out good. Put lots of water on it, so the boy will freeze quickly!"

He is mean, that fellow, that chief.

That an<u>k</u>áwoo had two wives. And he had some big clam shells. And he put sticks in the ground, and he put the shells in. And then he put poles on top—four poles to make a shelter. And they pulled the poles out of the holes in the ground [evidently the travellers carried their shelter poles with them].

Then the oldest of the chief's wives got some clam shells. And before they put out the fire she put some charcoal [embers] inside the clam shells and put them in the post holes for the little boy. The embers were still burning. Then she got a little grease and dried fish, and she put them there, too.

He came close all the time to that woman, that little kid did. She told him, "I got you some fire and some grease and a little bit of fish." She tried to help him." As soon as they go, you run over there," she told him.

Everybody went. That was God who was helping this child.

[At this point the baby, Ralph, fell off the bed. Another child was dancing on the table. Bessie was swinging a rope in circles. Jimmy took the rope and continued with the story.]

Then the little boy ran over to the post and got that clam shell out. And he kept blowing the charcoal, and finally he started a fire with it. He worked at it, and he worked at it.

The grandmother doesn't want to go, but the an<u>k</u>áwoo pulls her into the boat. She goes, and her grandchild stays at the camp. He has a little pet dog with him.

When the people were at the old camp they were picking sinews. And the little boy took some sinew and twisted it and twisted it that long [about 3 feet]. And he took some kind of shell and makes it sharp, so he makes a bow and arrow.

And after that, he kills birds with his bow and arrow. He skins the birds too, and takes out all the sinew from the birds and from everything he kills. He sews together the bird skins and makes a blanket of them. He eats the birds, though. And he just works like that.

And he sees his little dog barking where they were camping by the little creek. There used to be a bark house there. The little boy runs over there and sees a big fish—that big—

in the little creek. The dog barks at it. The little boy can hit it with his arrow. Then he gets his meal. I don't know how many days he lives on it. A little bit, a little bit he eats.

After that then, he hears that little dog barking again way back. He runs over there and sees a marten up in the tree. And he kills him and brings him home and stretches the skin good. When he finds clams, he lives on them. After the marten's skin is dry, he strips it and sews it together with the bird skins. It looks pretty. It looks like stripes. Oh, he makes a big robe!

After that he sleeps on top of the big rock. He keeps his fire going all the time, though. That is the time that God comes to him.

Pretty soon when he has been sleeping on top of that rock, somebody wakes him up and says to him, "Get up! Get up!" That boy looks. There is nobody there. Finally he covers his head again, and he hears a voice again. After that many times it happens.

And the boy watches, somehow, through a hole. He sees somebody's light coming there. He puts his hand out and grabs at it, and catches a man's hand. Then the man asks him why he sleeps there.

The boy tells all about how his grandmother stole the grease for him and how the chief, his uncle left him. He tells all the points against him.

And that man tells him, "By gosh!" he says, "You were sleeping on a birdskin and a marten blanket!" It looks pretty to him, and he says that he wants that blanket given to him.

The boy is stingy about giving him the bird-skin blanket, but the man keeps after him. He wants it.

Finally, that man has a blanket himself and he says, "I'll trade you my blanket for yours."

The boy doesn't want to do it, and he says, "Is that blanket of yours no good?"

The man says what to do, "I'll give you my own blanket. You shake one corner of the blanket, and you will get what it is you wish for—anything." The boy thinks about it, whether he will make the trade.

Finally the man tells him, "Do you sometimes see me when I am walking?"

"No."

"Yes, you see me every day."

"No, I never see you."

Well," the man said, "you see me down there."

The boy looks around, and there wasn't any sun. That man was the sun. Then the boy said, "All right, we will trade."

After they have traded, the man tells everything [about the blanket] to the child.

"If you move this left-hand corner, it is for a dead person. Somebody is going to die when you shake it. Then when you use the right-hand side and shake it, you will get what you wish. Think about a house before you go to sleep tonight and shake the right-hand side of the blanket. Don't look at what makes the noise. Don't look up at night at all, until they have finished the job. Then you look. When you go to sleep they will be starting."

[Several of the young children were crying at this point, so Jimmy had to stop and quiet them.]

The boy just sees what will happen with the blanket. He wishes for the house. As soon as dark comes, he hears lumber being piled up. After that he hears the saw going, and just right after there is hammering. There is hammering the whole night. When it was pretty near daylight, all is quiet. They move around near where he is sleeping, Just the same he doesn't look at them.

As soon as they stop, he looks up and by gosh, there is a house! He was sleeping in it. Everything was finished. And he is glad of it.

And after that he says, "Lukti, lukti" (Tl., wooden boxes). He thinks about them, and he shakes the blanket on the same side. He does it again. And the same thing it happens again.

[At this point, two children, Bessie and Albert had a joint tantrum, but Jimmy proceeded.]

Next morning he gets up after everything is quiet, and he sees that the wooden boxes are already made. "Well," he tells himself, "Think about what you are going to eat. Fish, eulachon, berries. Wish that all the wooden boxes are full of eulachon oil and herring oil and that they all put themselves up, and you are going to see it!"

By gosh, he sees it in the morning!

[Young Frankie came in the house, played dangerously with a large knife and pulled one of the children's hair. Screaming followed. Jimmy continued.]

And then he wants fish. And after a while he tells them [the spirit helpers?] to put the names all over the country where the fish come out. He sees them in the morning. The fish are standing up in the water like this [vertically], the whole bunch of fish. After that he tells the fish their names, and the fish drop over. He wants to know which way they fall over. They just pile up on the beach. He just takes a few of them, that he wanted to eat.

That night he thinks about the wooden boxes being full, and he sees somebody going to work [at filling the boxes].

[At this point, young Ralph hit me with a stone skin scraper, so we had a digression into the Tlingit manufacture and terms for skin scrapers.]

The boy sleeps and he wishes for everything. The fish dry themselves. He was hearing it all night...

[Here Scotty mildly remarked about the children, "I'm going crazy – noise! noise! noise!" He also pumped up the Coleman lantern which had become so dim that I could not see what I was writing. However he continued at once.]

My gosh, he gets up in the morning, and the boy sees the cooking going on! And eulachon are already being dumped out on the beach, and he has got eulachon grease.

The wooden boxes are all full. The scaffold is full of dried fish – lots of them!

[Bessie twangs persistently on the back of my notebook.]

After that he told Yéil (Crow) to come and eat from there. He had eulachon fish strung up right along the beach, And he told that Crow, "I'm sending you with eulachon to my grandmother."

Crow says that he will take it, and the boy gives him one string of eulachon. But just as he gets around the point, he eats it up.

After that the boy tries everything. Finally he tells the seagull. He says, "Do you think I can send eulachon [with you] to my grandmother?"

"Yes." The seagull will take it. The boy gives it to the seagull.

And everybody [who went with the, an<u>k</u>áwoo, chief] is having a hard time still. The boy's grandmother is sitting on the point wondering what her grandchild is doing. And she is crying about her grandchild. And after that she sees a seagull coming, all happy. And she watches the seagull, and wipes the tears off her face. By gosh, he flies about just right above her, and finally a string of eulachon falls down right in front of her. She takes it and goes home with it. And after that she tries to cook some without anybody knowing about it.

But that an<u>k</u>áwoo sees it, and he tries to find out where the grandmother got the eulachon.

That old lady said, "Where you threw away that poor little kid – I saw seagull fly from that way. When I was crying all the time, the seagull flew right above me, and the eulachon fell off from the seagull."

That an<u>k</u>áwoo knows what happened to the kid. He tells two women slaves to go back to see if the boy is dead yet. When he sends back the two women he says, "If he has starved there, just throw him onto the fire."

Those slaves go there, and by gosh it smells funny when they are getting near to that place. As soon as they are coming around the point they see the biggest, nicest, best house and all the things inside that they use. And the little boy feeds those slaves. He feeds them good, giving them eulachon grease.

And he says, “Don’t take any home. Just eat good right here. Just tell my grandmother about it. I want my grandmother. That’s the only one I want. Bring her down here!”

The gòox (Tl., slave) was putting eulachon down here [in her bosom] to take home. That slave has children too, and she wants a little grease. The boy sends some eulachon to his grandmother. “Tell my grandmother to come stay with me,” he says. “Tell her that her grandchild has had good wishes!”

And the slaves went back to the camp.

And the chief asked, “Did you see him?”

“He’s been gone a long time. There are no signs. Something took him away, I guess.”

The grandmother feels bad. She goes to the point and is crying. And the slave goes there and says, “Don’t cry. Your grandchild has got good wishes there. He is ankáwoo (Tl., chief) now, and he wants you to stay with him.”

And that one [not clear whether it is the grandmother or the slave] who cooks the eulachon, she doesn’t want anybody to see. And that slave woman has a little girl like that [points to 3-year old Bessie]. And the slave’s child says, “Give me some more eulachon.”

The slave had put it in here on her bosom.

The ankáwoo hears this. “Where did you get that stuff?” he asks her.

No, the slave doesn’t know. “That is clams and oysters that I picked up and cooked.”

And after that the chief’s mother says to him, “That boy you threw away has got some very good wishes, some good luck. Down in front of his place it is just rotten with eulachon, with dry fish and herring, everything. He has got a good house.”

That chief is hungry. He walks out and hollers to everybody and tells them, “Move the camp back to where the old camp was, to where I threw away the boy. He has got good wishes.”

All the slaves say, “We are going to eat off the beaches!”

That little boy shakes the right corner of his blanket. He wishes the whole place is cleaned off. It is beginning to smell bad.

The next morning he gets up, and nothing is left there. The slaves thought they were going to eat. They were coming. The boy sees the boat coming. The chief is ahead. The boy sees him. And when the boats come close, he goes into the house.

I guess he doesn’t believe it at first. The chief is the first one to go in the house.

That little boy sits up in front of the house.

The chief goes into the house. And that an<u>k</u>áwoo comes in, and the little boy tells the an<u>k</u>áwoo, "You stay right there by the door!" [Traditionally this is where the slaves stayed in the large lineage houses.]

And the chief's two wives come in. The boy says to the oldest wife, the one who gave him the fire, "You come back here and sit by me!" [The back center of the house.] And that chief loses his wife.

And the boy's grandmother comes in, and the same way he tells his grandmother to come to the back. The chief stays by the door with his other wife and with the slaves. The little boy feeds everybody. He has no slaves.

Finally the youngest wife was going to take one of her [own] kids and sell it [to the boy who had luck] for food [i.e., the youngest wife's boy would become a real "dried fish slave."]

That is all.

79. The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River

Jimmy told this story during my first real story-telling session with him in the fall of 1950. I had arrived at about 6:30 p.m. to find him and his wife, Lucy, and their three youngest children sprawled in the large bed. Three other small boys and the oldest girl, Mamie, sat around the table which had a Coleman lantern on it. Mamie was baking biscuits.

Jimmy settled me on one of the few chairs, and later took one himself, although at subsequent story-telling sessions he almost always lay on the bed.

Awed by my presence, the children were moderately quiet. The small ones who cried, were taken outside, given drinks of water and bits of food, and were generally pampered. Mamie took the brunt of the work. Lucy lay on the bed during the entire evening—sometimes nursing young Ralph. Often she seemed to know the stories better than did Jimmy, for she prompted him from time to time.

Jimmy alleged that I would tire of the stories. I countered that I would not, but that he should stop if *he* got tired. Actually I am sure that he enjoyed his role as teacher. At the end of the evening he also sang several songs, rocking back and forth in his chair, his dark eyes sparkling like cut jet.

Before beginning the story which follows, Jimmy gave me a preview of a story he called "The Dog History" which he planned to tell me the next evening. I have included his précis in the introduction to that tale (no. 81). I believe that Jimmy selected the adventure of the two brothers to tell first because his son, young Jimmy, had tried to tell me the story during an evening visit to my cabin with some other children just a few days before. In coastal versions of this story it is the Athapaskans who have small mouths, Caesarian births and the like. The incidents in this story are also frequently incorporated in coastal Tlingit versions of *Lkayakw* or "Dog Husband" story, although Jimmy makes a distinction between the two stories.[105]

Angela Sidney's published version of this story includes most of these episodes.[106] It is also a favourite Inland Tlingit story, with parallels throughout Northwestern America. The story appears to be a symbolic account of young boys reaching maturity, learning how to become effective males. As so often, the oldest brother is the shaman; the youngest is the mischief-maker.

Jimmy began by explaining that he was going to tell me a "fairy story". He spoke slowly enough that I missed very few words.

79. The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River October 19, 1950, Carcross

Two kids play on the ice all the time, everyday, one little dog with them.

Finally they fall asleep close to open water. When they are asleep, the ice breaks off with them. No help for that—they start to float down then.

They float—don't know how many days. They don't know how many days. It never comes close to the shore—the ice. After, the ice [begins to] melt away. And they have that little dog. And they kill that little dog. And they put that little dog's blood around the ice so it can't melt away quick.

Finally they go down [river], they go down [river], and finally they come to the shore. They come to the shore, and they start to go back—back to where they [first] floated down the creek.

They look around for grub—for porcupines, for anything, these two kids.

Finally they come to a man-eater, a big giant cannibal. And they got mixed up with him.

He chased one brother up the tree. And [the other] brother was chased around back on the hill. They hollered and called. Afterwards, [the cannibal tried to chop] down the tree with the kid [in it].

Finally [that boy's] brother is coming. And he tells that cannibal, "Give me your ax, I'll chop it down for you". The ax is dull. And that boy says, "Come close where I'm chopping!" He does it [comes closer]. And the ax slips and cuts his [the cannibal's] face, and the blood runs out. The boy keeps doing it. And he keeps doing it, and he keeps doing it. Finally he hits [the cannibal] on top of his head and kills him.

His brother comes down, and his brother asks him, "What's he got in his head anyway? He acts so crazy!" His brother says he don't know. So finally his younger brother says, "Let's chop it open—his brain—[and see] what's in it."

There were no mosquitoes in the world before that, but after he start chopping [the head] open, all the mosquitoes fly out of his head. That's how mosquitoes come in the world.

After that they went along and saw somebody coming. He has got two faces—double. One is in front, and one is on the back side. And he sees people walk ahead of him and also behind.

They follow the man. He has a big dog. They come to that Two Faces and ask, "Where are the people?" The man says he doesn't like to hear it [to hear the question]. He is carrying rocks in his hands. They don't trust him. After that they come across to a camp, and they miss that old fellow. He called his dog: they killed that man and the dog runs home.

And then they came to people. By gosh, they find good people who treat them good. The people tell the boys, "Don't camp underneath a little hill. Don't camp in the biggest timber, and don't camp in the meadow!" After that they leave from there. The people gave them clothes and moccasins and grub.

After that, they went again. They went up the river all the way.

They come across another people again. Those people have no mouths. In the summertime when they kill anything—meat—they leave it for the fly blows. When after the blows are big, they dry them and live on that.[107]

After that, those kids [act] like small children. They feel around the mouths of the people. And it looks like their lips are stuck together with skin.

The boys knock down [one of] the kids. One boy holds him down, and the other boy tries to open [the kid's] mouth. He makes it, too. He just tears it open. And that little boy talks [then].

And after that kid can talk, he hollers and runs right down to his home. And the two boys follow him down again. Everybody is surprised about it.

After that the people all sit down in a line, and they ask the boys, "What did you do to that boy to make him talk?" And then everybody says, "Go ahead!" So they tear the mouths [open]. Those two boys are busy!

And after, the people are glad of it, and they eat everything—meat—and no more fly blows [maggots].

The boys stay a long time with them. And the same way—[those people] give them lots of things to take home. They appreciate the boys' [help].

[One of] the same people—one woman—has got a camp way back. And she cries. She says she knows they are going to cut some scars open, and it's going to hurt. Her husband sharpens a big knife, and he's going to skin her. The girl is in a family way [pregnant]. They are going to cut every time, every time [that a woman gives birth].

They ask the other women, those two kids, why the other woman was crying. They tell all about it then. The two little boys say, "you leave it to us. We will show you pretty good. That's the way they did up country. "

After that, those two kids dig a hole in the lady's camp. After that, when she got sick, the two boys hold her like their [own] people [did for childbirth]. Finally the baby was born.

All the girls are all dancing. "You showed us! You taught us how!"

And after that, they were going to go the next day, and they give them more clothes again and more grub. And then they leave again. And the first night [after] they leave, the little brother asks the older one, "Why is it that they told us 'Don't camp under big trees?'" The [older] brother doesn't know.

So they made camp in the largest green timber on purpose. After that they hear a big tree squirrel. And it swallows the little brother. And the oldest brother runs back to those people again to get them. And they come back, and they help him kill the big tree squirrel. And they cut open its stomach. And they take that kid out. Already he's nothing but bone.

There is another íxt' [Tl., shaman] with them. And he gives the brother some gloves. "Hit around your brother this way!" And the boy hits him and his brother comes back to life again.

80. A Land Otter Story October 19, 1950, Carcross

Some old-time people mixed up with the Land Otter people (Tl., Kóoshdaa Káa).

They went hunting, and it got to be a bad storm. Finally they upset in their canoe, and the canoe all broke up. And it was too far, they can't get home.

And they had a wooden box (Tl., lúkt) for their food that was floating beside them. And after that they made a little camp, propping up sticks around a tree, and it had a little door. They were looking for people a long time—every day. But nobody finds them.

After that they see Kóoshdaa Káa coming. The others [i.e., the Kóoshdaa Káa] tell the two men to go with them. The one brother says that they won't go. They got short of food. After that they just had a little bit of food. They used it like chewing tobacco for five days.

And the Land Otter people keep after them, but they can't do it. [The brothers will not go with the Land Otter people]. They say that they are going to die right there. Finally one gives up; the other fellow finally gives up. There are two Land Otter men at first, and then there is another. But the two brothers [do not go with him]. They were pretty nearly starving. They tried to get up, but they couldn't do it.

The Land Otter people come again and ask if [the two brothers] will go to see the big chief. "He [the chief] says he just doesn't like you to be starving alongside him. And the chief says that he will make you see your home, where you fellows came from."

The men won't do it. They let the Land Otters go again. They want to starve. They are pretty nearly all in.

And after a while the two Land Otter men come again. In the night they come. They say, "If you stay here—you are just like a shell now, you people. Back of that lake that they call *ya'dea* is where the people are. [If] you fellows go there, you are not going to see your family any more. Tonight or tomorrow—we don't know which—they are going to take you." The an<u>k</u>áwoo (chief) wanted those people to go there.

Next night they came again, and told them the same thing again—that [the chief] wanted them. "Well," the younger brother says, "we might as well get lost [stolen away]. We'll turn to that kind of animal [become otters] anyway. We have suffered enough."

That Land Otter says, "No, no, you are going to be brought back to home." Finally they go with the Land Otter men. After that they come to Y*a'dea* Lake. And the men said that when the Land Otter men were packing them, they said, "When you get to the lake, just put your faces down on our backs, and don't look."

Afterwards the Land Otters tell the men, "Look at the lake!" There were houses on both sides of the lake, and sparks were coming out. And the Land Otter people said, "If you go there, you will never see your people. Just at that minute keep your eyes ahead." And they passed way back of that lake with the men.

And after that they were coming to the chief's place. And the Land Otter men left the brothers lying outside the house. And the chief says, "Where are they? Where are they? Outside the door." And then he says, "Pretty nearly they are going to drop [dead] any time now. It's not good for them. Get my big sack out, and put them in there, and bring them in." [The brothers] sit down against that big pack, and they rest. By gosh, they cannot talk.

And after that chief says, "Where is my water?" And one of the men wanted that water, and he drank it. And he gave it to the other man, too. And when the water was going down, it was just like it helped them out pretty much. And they were feeling good.

And after awhile they cooked and made soup for those men first. Before they were going to drink the soup, "Where is my basin?" the chief said. The men washed their hands and face. And after that the Land Otters gave them soup then.

Oh, they stayed a long time with the Land Otter people. Their relatives had a big party [a funeral potlatch] already. They thought the men were dead, but the lost men were picking up pretty good.

And after that the chief says, "Now", he says, "you people, I am going to send you home." And he can see what those men are thinking. "How come you are sending us back home?" They didn't want to go back so quickly. It was good living where they were.

The chief says, "Two more nights, and you are going." They ate everything—dried meat, dried fish, blueberries, halibut. They were eating pretty good.

And then the chief says, "Look", he says, "do you see that big bag there?"

"Yes." The bag was that big [arms stretched full length, from tip of hand to tip of hand].

"That's the one that you fellows are going to take with you so that you can see your home." And after that the chief says, "All right, you fellows," he says, "you take those two big bags hanging over the door." They took all the grub down.

The next night, they knew it then [understood everything]. They take them out down on the beach. They take the bags, and they put them on top of the grub like a tarpaulin. After that, one man holds each end, and they throw that tarpaulin—like skin into the water, and there it was already like a skin boat (*tca k'o.x*).

And then they put the stuff in. And they leave a place over in the middle for the two men. They had cooked everything for them. And they started to go. In the nighttime they travel. They must get to a beach before daybreak and run away. [They would say], "Pretty soon it will be daylight. Let's get back on shore and take that stuff out!"

They would just sit under the boat, they didn't go away. [Evidently the humans were being paddled by two Land Otter men who could only travel at night]. When it becomes night they do the same thing. They go along again.

Finally they cross a big wide bay. And after that, [the Land Otter men] say, "My gosh, we are getting short of time, we can't make it!" You see, if Crow talks before they get across to the beach, they will die. They were getting pretty near and pretty near, and they don't know whether they can make it. And they put their paddles one ahead and one behind. And the one [Land Otter man] says to his partner, "No more [hope] now! Pretty soon Yéil (Crow) is going to talk. Sing, sing for the tide to go down!"

The other man sings. [Here Jimmy sang a song in Tlingit.] The skin boat just goes on the beach like a speedboat. "*yAndi xAt*"! [Jimmy did not translate, but the implication of the phrase is that the boat should speed towards land.]

Finally that man makes a mistake, and he says, *"dAk' tE xat"* [again Jimmy did not translate the terms which must mean 'seaward'].[108] And they were way out on the water again!

He tries again, "*yAndi xAt*"! And then they just made it to shore.

The Kóoshdaa Káa try to jump out, but they just lie on the beach shaking. The two [human] men don't know what to do. They are sorry. They don't know who could look after the Land Otter men.

The older man says, "Let's get green willows and a little spruce and hit them this way with the brush." And they did it, and by gosh, one Land Otter man came back to his senses again and jumped into the water. Both jumped into the water. The two men took the stuff out and left the boat skin just like the Land Otter men did. And they piled up the food.

When it gets dark, by gosh, the two fellows [Land Otters] come again. And after that, they say, "That's all now. We are going to make it to your house tonight." And this food, the chief had told them, "When you get to your people, you divide this food. Call your people in. Tell them, 'That's [what] I eat.'"

That's so they [the humans] would know what he [the Land Otters] ate. That was why, so they would know what he ate.

And after that they were coming. And the stern [Land Otter] man says, "That's the town now. That is where the people are." He says, "We will go around that little bluff, and put them out," he tells the one in the bow.

The other Land Otter man says, "Look out for the dogs! Look out for the dogs! The dogs are barking!" The dogs had long whiskers. The one Kóoshdaa Káa says to the other, "Pull back the dog's whiskers, so that he can't bark."

They land away from the town, and they put off the pack. And they cover it up with the skin boat. That is the way that everyone knows the skin boat is from there [from Land Otter people's place].

And that Kóoshdaa Káa says, "Don't show yourself, or that will be the end of your life. Your wives are going to find you fellows. When somebody hollers about you fellows, then you can show yourselves and go home!"

And the wife of the older man used to go out to that rocky point. The wife of the younger man had already married someone else, but the older woman came around and cried all the time on the other side of that little bluff. She came and she cried. And she sees something there and she looks at it carefully. "Sure that's my husband", she thinks. "It's the two brothers who got lost." So she never cries there, and she just runs back home and tells the other people.

And then a young fellow runs there. By gosh, he sees the two people there, the ones that got lost. And the young man hollers out, he calls out, “Long time lost persons have come back again!” All the town people ran over there.

81. The Dog History

On the evening of October 19, 1950, my first story-telling session with Jimmy and just before he recounted the “Two Brothers Who Drifted Down the River” (no. 79), he told me a short preview of a story about “a bad little boy related to a dog”. He evidently was reminded of it when we discussed a photograph I had taken the previous summer of a rock outcropping in Mitchell Bay near the coastal Tlingit village of Angoon, Alaska. The rock is supposed to be a *wetedi* (menstruant) who had turned to stone when she raised her puberty hood to look at her brothers and a bear.[109] The stories about this *wetedi* rock which we heard at Angoon and the story told by Jimmy are all obvious variants of the *Lkayakw* story recorded by Swanton at Sitka and Wrangell and by de Laguna at Angoon.[110] Jimmy, in fact, named the hero *Lkayakw*, though his selection of incidents is not very close to those Swanton recorded. Jimmy’s version also incorporates the thunderbird feather motif of the Dakl’aweidí clan (see Patsy Henderson’s story no. 41).

In his preview, which I did not record except for making some notes from memory later in the evening, Jimmy made the point that I must not mind if he sometimes used “bad words”, for, he explained, sometimes “that’s the way the story goes”. I believe that he had in mind the reference to the *wetedi* [Tlingit term for a girl who has reached puberty]. At the time I first visited, most Indians did not freely discuss with non-Indians the cultural practices associated with a *wetedi*, for they knew that whites frequently considered this topic taboo.

On the evening of October 20th Jimmy launched into what he called “The Dog History” almost as soon as I arrived. Before beginning the story he announced its English title and had me write down “half-dog” in Tlingit - i.e. *ketlcuwu.* (from Tl., kèitl). This may have been his Tlingit title for the tale. Jimmy also had me write down the name of the youngest brother, *Lkayakw*, before he began his narration.

My impression is that the story was one of great interest to both Jimmy and others in his family, although two of Jimmy’s young sons continued to play checkers with a homemade set of counters and board. Perhaps the telling of a tale which was patently conceived of as coastal helped to strengthen Jimmy’s identity with the admired coastal Tlingit. It also seems to be a favourite with some of the other Inland Tlingit (see stories nos. 134, 152, 171). One Teslin narrator, Edgar Sidney, even gave me a picture of the girl and her brothers turned to rock. “Dog Husband” as already noted, is told in all Southern Yukon groups to instruct young girls in proper behaviour.

81. The Dog History October 20, 1950, Carcross

There was a young girl who had reached puberty (Tl., *wetedi*).

And her mother had an old dog. This is a real story I am going to tell.

Where the old dog lay down most of the time, that *wetedi* (menstruant) used to jump over that kèitl shaan (Tl., dog, old). She jumped over it all the time, just all the time.

And after awhile, they moved away from where they had been camping. And the old dog had a pack on. And he just went around smelling the camp that they were leaving. And he stayed there and never walked with them.

Finally, the people never came back, and the old dog was there yet. And that *wetedi's* mother told her to go back to the old camp and get that old dog. After that she was just going to the old camp, but before she had reached it, a young man came down the road. And he was carrying a dog pack on one side of his arm. And the man told her that he had just found that dog pack. After that, the young man told her that he wanted to marry her. And then that young girl said, "No!"

But that man kept the girl there for good, and ran away with her. Instead of a man, that was really the old dog. And afterwards, he hunted around the camp. And he was a pretty good hunter. He killed everything.

He did that, and that girl pounded up the bone to get the grease out by boiling it. And the girl noticed that the bones disappeared. She didn't know what happened to them. She asked the man. She said, "I dumped lots of bones in here, but there is nothing left. I don't know where they have gone!"

He said, "That must be me. I turn to a dog!" And after he said that, the *wetedi* thought that [maybe] he did do it. And she pounded the bones again to get grease. And then after that, she kept watching. All the time, watching.

Finally, just when he thought that the woman was asleep, that old dog got up from there and ate the bones. And the woman saw him. It was a dog chewing the bones. And after that, while she was still watching, he came back to sleep again and turned into a man.

And the next time he did the same things to the bones again. And after that, when she dumped the bones again, she cut a big club. She was going to kill him with it.

And the same thing happened again. He got up from along side of her and went to where she had dumped the bones. And he ate the bones again. And after that, that woman got up quietly and took that club, and she hit him on the back of the head. And she killed that dog. Her own mother's dog was lying there, and then she knew what she had been with!

After that she was in a family way, and she had five pups—four male and one female. Then she tried to raise them. And after that the kids are getting about this big [Jimmy pointed to three-year-old Bessie]. They are little pups. And their mother goes down when the tide goes out to get some oysters and clams. And she leaves the pups home.

Finally, she hears the noise of kids playing in the camp. And she sneaks to them.

And one of the little pups had taken his skin off, and he runs around like a little person then.

His little sister tells him, “Look out for your mama! Look out for your mama! We don’t want her to see us like that!” When the pups see their mama coming, they put their skins back on.

After that, they do the same thing again. And after that she got ready. The woman sewed the boys’ clothes and the little girl’s. And she figures she is going to burn those [dog] skins. And then she goes down [on the beach] with her basket and she puts her clothes on some sticks there, and makes it look like she packs around that basket. It looks like her. That’s the time she is going to sneak up on them. She is going to get ready then.

Her brothers tell that little girl, “Look down all the time!” “Mama stays [on the beach] yet. She packs around her basket yet.” They are playing. They put the dog skins in a pile in a hole, so when their mama comes they can just run into them.

After that the mother comes. And she takes charcoal and put it all over her face and ties her hair on top of her head a funny way and put charcoal on her hands. After that she just comes back to her camp, and she asks the little girl, “Where’s your mama?”

“She’s over there yet.”

After that, that woman just jumps over the brush camp. The children never do anything. They just looked at her. She grabs those little dog skins and throws them on the fire. Those kids don’t do anything. They just look.

After a while she catches one and calls him by name and puts the clothes on him. She does the same to all of them and to the little girl. The last one that she puts the clothes on, she gives him a name, too. She calls him *Lkayakw*.

Then they became real persons, every one of them. And then they go around. Those fellows can do everything.

And then they go around and go around, and finally they get to *q’atanAq’*.[111] There is a big animal there, and they cut the head off—those fellows. You can see it now. *Lkayakw* had been with his sister all the time, and making fun out of her. And after that, his mother tells him, “You kill that animal and take the scalp from it, and put the scalp down by your sister!” And then their mother tells [the boys] to go away [and to kill]— *q’atanAq’*.

And after that they went away.

And they came across one old lady [Fog Woman ?]. And the old lady asks them where they are going to go. “Well”, she says, “it’s pretty tough”, she says, “to kill him.” That old lady was going to give them something to eat. But that old lady had nothing. After, she takes a toothpick and she picks around her teeth. And finally she picks a little piece of salmon

from her teeth. Finally she just shakes it and it's a big dried salmon. She puts it around the fire and heats it up good, and then eats it.

After that, she picks around the teeth again, and she picks out one salmon egg. And she does the same thing, shaking it around again, and gets a big amount of salmon.

After that they said they were going to go, and she tells them, that old lady tells them, "You take my old canoe." And that *Lkayakw* runs over there and looks for that canoe. And he sees that old log lying there, moss all over it.

And that old lady asks him, "Did you find it?"

And he says, "No", he says. "I see some moss in a windfall there. Is that the one?" he asks. And then that old lady goes up there to show them that boat. And after that, that old lady gets on that log all covered with moss, and takes the moss off, and that's just a brand new canoe there.

"This boat", she says, "can go just like a gas boat!" [Jimmy laughs]. That old boat just goes like a saw-billed duck flying. And the brothers go down just like a saw-billed duck flying! After that they come upon that *q'atanAq'*. And they killed that big animal.

After that, they went down and they finally got to that point [of land] there. All the time the point goes up. It is called *q'E.cicxiq'a* (?).[112] The old lady had told them about what was going to happen, "As soon as [the point] lifts up, go through underneath!" So they go on the other side, and they go again [on their journey].

When they had gone by that, the old lady had told them, "Next one you see will be a big fire coming out on the lake all the time. Be careful of this one!" she says. And after that, they see that fire in the middle of the lake. And they go there. And that old lady had told them to wait until the fire goes up and then go down in the water, and then just to go across.

So they watched it. And as soon as the fire goes down, they just beat it right across.

Pretty near they make it, when the fire flares in again and touches the point of the old canoe and just burns it right off.

And after that they stay—they are going on the shore now. Over the mountain, they see a feather there. It is a xèitl t'àw (Tl., thunderbird/feather). And they look at it, and one of the brothers says, "That's no good, that stuff, don't touch it!" And *Lkayakw* says he wants to kick it. And his brother tells him, "Don't!"

And after that they went on, but that *Lkayakw* stays back all the time. He wants to kick the feather. He's behind his brothers. He's got the chance, and he kicks that thunder feather. It blows up on him, and it blows him [and two of his brothers] all to pieces.

One brother, the oldest, the íxt' (Tl., shaman) is all right, and he brings them all back to life again. That's the time *Lkayakw* starts to lose some of his hip. And he's lame, and he limps all of the time.

After that those fellows go to dry meat in one place. Everything is covered. There is meat all over. And *Lkayakw* says, “Gee, we have lots of meat. I don’t know who is going to eat it up—so much grub we have!” And after, *Lkayakw* says, “Let’s run outside. We’ve got too much meat, we’ve got to make a party out of it!”

His brothers tell him, “It’s no good. Don’t say that!” They watch him all the time so he can’t say it. But then he runs out and hollers out that they are going to have a party. “Come to the party... I’m going to give for you fellows!”

His brothers say, “What do you say that for?” They know what’s going to come. And then after they [the brothers] sit down, and they are talking and laughing, they hear something in front of the door, something moving around. There it comes—that old skull. And right in here [eye sockets] moss is all growing. His brothers have nothing to say as soon as they see it coming.

And then one brother says, “Go back in the corner there.” That old skull just goes back in the corner there and stays there.

Lkayakw begins to cook for the skull and to feed it. The skull is eating and eating, and *Lkayakw* keeps cooking. The skull eats and eats and never gets full. And pretty soon he eats up pretty near all in the camp.

Lkayakw tells his brothers, he says, “Gee, he eats lots! Let me grab at him and throw him outside!” His brothers say not to do it, but finally *Lkayakw* gets mad. He grabs the skull and throws it outside. And that skull—as soon as he throws it outside—it comes back again.

After that, they stay quite a while there, and they are going to move away from there. And then the oldest brother says, “You are going to hear, they are going to call us to a party. Somebody is going to come!” Finally they see something come that wants to call them to a party. And the oldest brother says, “Now this time, that’s the skull that comes!” It calls them to a party. And they went there.

Finally they see a big house there. They went in, and the planks were about that big and wide and thin [gesturing the size]. They tell those fellows, “Sit on that plank.” And they are sitting there. They are going to cook for them, [the brothers] think. And finally that thick plank explodes with them. All those people got burned to nothing, but not the íxt’ (Tl., shaman). Pretty good—him!

After that, the íxt’ gathered up all the bones and everything and [the brothers] came back to life again. And his brothers tell *Lkayakw*. “You mustn’t say it again, anything that I tell you [not to say]!”

After that they moved from there again. They moved from there, walking and walking. After that they meet a big river. That’s the Stikine river, and they say they are going to swim across. Their mother lives on the other side. And that *wetedi*, her daughter,

stays with her. And those boys can swim across right there. And after they started, they began to float down in the currents.

And that old lady tells her young daughter, "Look, look, your brothers are floating down!" *Lkayakw* is a little further down [than the rest]. When her mother tells her that, the *wetedi* lifts her hood up to look at her brothers. [Jimmy gestures with arm out in front, as though looking out from under a puberty hood.]

And they all turned into rock. *Lkayakw* floats out because he is a bad boy. And the other three stand together. His sister looks up, and you can see it [those rocks]. And they call it *wetedi* Rock [menstruating girl rock].

82. Why Owls Talk Like Humans

The next three stories**,** nos. 82, 83, and 84**,** represent Jimmy's sequence of tales for the evening of November 8, 1956. His emphasis was on malevolent super-human birds and on nameless evil spirits he had himself encountered.

Jimmy was tired, but this did not seem to dampen his ardor as a story-teller. He had spent most of the day sledding provisions down to his winter fish camp about six miles from Carcross and setting a gill net under the ice. Then he had hauled provisions from the store across the river to his house. Jimmy began by generously inviting me to join his family at the fish camp, so for a while we all envisaged the pleasures of ice-fishing, snaring rabbits and moose hunting, and of preparing what we had caught over a camp fire. Lucy presented me with a fresh white fish of the small round type which the Tagish call *u.n* (a type of white fish).

Jimmy lay flat on his back on the bed as he talked, while his wife Lucy and Mamie, his eldest daughter, sat sewing moosehide mittens for all of the children. Ralph and Bessie, the two youngest children, ran endlessly back and forth clowning with a large cowboy hat which belonged to one of their older brothers, but there was less traffic in and out of the house than had been usual during October, because the door facing north had been blocked off with canvas and blankets in an effort to thwart the bitter wind.

In the course of our conversation, he referred to his clan's claims to Crow/Raven, Yéil, as a crest, commenting that the coastal Indians had stolen the large carved crow which once graced his lineage house on the upper Taku river. I do not know whether the mention of Crow turned his

mind to stories about birds, or whether he had already planned the evening's choice of tales. I rather suspect that he and Lucy had already chosen the series of stories about owls.

82. Why Owls Talk Like Humans November 8, 1950, Carcross

There was a girl who was *wetedi* (a menstruant).

And her mother was quite young [literally: "and her mother is the youngest one"].

And those two brothers came around and wanted to marry the daughter. And the mother said, "Okay." And they were married. And whatever they killed, the husbands packed in all the time for their mother-in-law. She liked moose tripe. The mother stayed with them all the time.

Finally the girl sees an owl nest, and she tells her mother that she wants to get those feathers from it to make fancy work for her husband's shirt.[113] And the men don't want her to go up to the nest. She cries many times, but they say that she can't go.

Then the mother makes the girl go. Her mother tells her, "Why don't you climb up, you?"

She starts climbing up. Before she gets to the middle of the tree, her hat [puberty hood] begins falling off. Before she gets to the nest pretty nearly all her clothes are falling off. She is still going up, and when she reaches the nest all her clothes fall off. She gets on top of the nest and then she speaks like an owl, "Wu...Wu...Wu...!"

Now her mother says, "Now I tell you why I don't want you to climb up to the nest. You turn to owl!"

And after that the mother picks up her daughter's clothes, and she goes a little ways and makes a camp. And she puts all her daughter's clothing on herself and makes that camp.

Now the husbands come back. They are coming home. They put the bows and arrows right across [horizontally across the path]. There are two of them.

The girl used to jump over the bows and arrows. Every time they came home, their wife used to jump over the bows. She was doing that all of the time. And when they come home, the husbands say, "Give us some water!"

That old lady [used to have] a camp outside [of the camp of the girl and her husbands]. And the woman made a stump appear to sleep there. She is going to pretend to be married. One of the men told his brother, "What's the matter that she doesn't look like our wife?" And they leave the bow across like that. When she comes back with the water, after she brings the water home, the husbands tell her, "Jump over that!"

She jumps over the first one, but she breaks the second one. Then they know. They pull the bonnet off, and here it was their mother-in-law.

They ask her, "Where is our wife?"

"She was out climbing to that owl nest, and she turned into an owl."

Then those men say, "Show us where she is."

Then the mother shows the husbands, and they see their wife flying around. She has wings. She touches her husbands' heads when she flies around. They try to catch her. They can't. They get mad and hit her with arrows. "Where you hit me it is going to be my sinew bones", the owl said. That's why the owl pretty nearly talks like a person.

Then they got mad, and they watch their mother-in-law, and they choke her with a string. They kill her and hang her up under where her daughter was staying in the tree.

That's all. That's why we claim that the owl (Tagish, *matsix*) talks and tells you anything.

83. An Owl Foretells a Drowning

Jimmy proceeded directly to this next story, pausing only to give me the Tagish and Tlingit names for owl. I include it here to show how Jimmy himself conceptually linked the owl stories together. Note that Jimmy considers it a formal enough tale to use the traditional ending: "That's all".

83. An Owl Foretells a Drowning November 8, 1950, Carcross

There was a man, and his wife drowned and so did his brother (sic) and his sister and his mother.

They [had] left Taku River going to Teslin trading stuff. They were camping. The wife and all her family were staying at home on the Taku river at Nakina'a.[114] Just the men were out trading.

And the women said they would go up the river to get stone berries. They went up all right, and afterwards, when they were coming back home again, they upset the canoe in the river. And all of them were drowned. The husband didn't know about it.

And his little son, a little boy like Frankie, got lost. He got left behind. He was coming late. And that little boy was staying under a tree. And he hears an owl. It was

nighttime. The owl knew that the little boy was under the tree. He sat on top of the tree and he hooted around there. And the boy listened to him.

And after that, the owl started to cry like a person. He was crying just like a person, the little boy said.

"My mother, my poor old mother! My poor little brother and my sister!" The owl was saying all these words and was crying in the tree above him.

After that the little boy asked the owl, "What part of the country did that happen in?"

And all the owl said, "*Xwank*!" [hooted?]. He went away and he didn't answer.

As soon as daylight broke the little boy left there. He went down after his dad.

He came to his dad and told him everything the owl was saying. Then the old man thought about his wife and children, and he told his son, "That is a bad one that the owl tells you, that owl. Your mother is dead".

They kept going more, and then they camped. The next morning they started again. Before dinner somebody followed to tell them the news. They heard a gun fired. Two shots. That was bad news. That old man sat down. "And now", he said, "that is the bad news."

So the man and his son stayed there and waited. Finally somebody came down, and they told that old fellow, "Your wife got drowned and your little son and daughter!"

Then which way the owl cried, they cried the same way too. After that they turned back home, and they found the bodies. That's how we have proved what the owl says.

That's all.

84. An Owl Foretells an Epidemic November 8, 1950, Carcross

The owl is a thermometer. When he talks in the morning, that fellow means that it is going to be warm. If you talk to owls they stop. Just listen to what they say.

A long time ago when owls talked down on the Taku River, a fellow was out on the river looking for grizzly bears. He had a muzzle loader. Every night he went out to get

grizzly bears. He sat by the river and watched the bear trails, and when the bears came out he shot them.

That man was sitting there a little while, and the owl came. That owl sat on top of the tree, and the owl was hooting first. After that the owl said to that man, "You know you people are going to stay under the ground. You are going to sit under the ground!"

And that man beat it home quickly. He got scared. He just got scared. And when he got home he told the people. "The owl tells me bad news, that fellow! He says you people are going to be under the ground!"

After that, some kind of disease came. All those Indians were dying so fast that they just put them under the ground. And after that there were no more people.

85. The Ghost Who Took His Brother

November 9, 1950, Carcross, written from memory

[Jimmy told me to listen to this story first, and then write it down later].

One man's brother was sick. He told his wife's kids to go down to the coast and get clothes [for the funeral] because he didn't have any clothes. I don't know how many days they went before his brother died.

And after, they are going to burn him up [cremate him]. And then, after they burned him up, they left, those people. Even that man's wife went to the other place where they were fishing.

I going to tell you really—his ghost came to him [to his brother]!

And then that man is coming back [as a ghost]. It's a long ways and it was getting dark on him. Well, he keeps going just the same to the camp. Finally he got to it, and it's dark and nobody's there. They'd all left. They put the sign up to show that man's gone—two rings of charcoal on a white stick. They put one ring if it's a child. [The sign was explained after I asked.]

One man is sitting there crying. Here it's his [the dead man's] brother. He was trying to cook something by himself. After he ate, he sat down. Then he went to sleep.

That man [who died] is bad alright. He's going to take his brother with him.

And he [that younger brother] hears a walking stick squeaking on the snow, coming this way. And then he just listens. He thought it's somebody. By gosh, finally he opened the door. That's his older brother coming in. He's dressed up in button blanket [his funeral clothes?]. It's pretty hard to hear what he says.

The man [younger brother], he said, "Now here you sit down, just like you're a kind man."

And that man [older brother] tell him, “Why,” he says, “I just want to get your clothes.” And he stands up on the other side of the fire. And he’s going to sit down. And he says, “Unn,” like he’s tired.

And that man [the younger brother] just gets the life scared out of him because of his brother’s coming. And he gets what his brother asks for. And then he open up his pack. He thought it’s going to be all right. He says, “That’s the stuff, I get it for you.” He threw it all in the fire.[115] Then he sat down again to see if he’s going to see it [the ghost?] again.

That man [younger brother] figures he will follow and go to the other people right away, even if it’s night. He’s scared to stay in camp. Even in the dark he went.

[Lucy said aloud: “I wonder how it would be if he [had] stayed there?” Scotty: “Maybe all right.”]

And finally he heard somebody holler behind him again while he was going: “I thought I come to somebody, and he’s gone away.”

And then he [younger brother] finally come out on a little lake. He went even faster then.

He came to camp. He said, “That’s my brother that one that died—he come to see me in the house down there, in the old camp. After that he follows me. I heard him holler again.” And in just a little while they heard where [the ghost] came out on the lake and he hollered again. He was hollering the same way.

The camp people put out moose snares—they put them on the road and they think they’re going to snare him.

[C. McC.: Is snaring a good way to get ghosts? J.S.J.: They just do that to try to catch it.]

They hid that man behind a pile of blankets. And they hid his little dog too.

Finally he [the ghost] hollered right down to the beach again. And that [ghost] all the time he hollers. He never makes [any other?] noise. They listen by the snares which one is going to catch him. It never does.

After that they say, “Look at that man” [the younger brother]. See, they thought he was sleeping. So they took off the blankets and that man was frozen stiff. He was dead, that little dog was dead too.

That’s all.

His brother took him.

That was down Klukshu way, I heard that story.

[I made a leading remark to the effect that if Jimmy kept on telling this kind of story I would be afraid to go home in the dark.]

J.S.J.: "When they [ghosts] follow you, squeal like a cat.

C. McC. "What if I bark like a dog?"

J.S.J. "That's no good."

86. How the Owl Cleaned up the Kids

November 12, 1950, Carcross

There was the biggest owl. [See "The Man-Eating Owl", told by Jessie Allen, no. 17]

The people were camping and the owl is just watching from way off, looking for the kids.

As soon as a kid finally comes near the owl, he sees it and he comes diving in and catches the kid. All the time he is doing that and the mothers are watching, but just the same he cuts the kids up. Oh, he finishes one, and then he goes and looks for another one again, and another one.

He looks for people who have kids. That's the way he does. He goes all over. He cleans up the kids, and then he goes again.

[Jimmy said here, "This is a short one"—meaning that he was going to tell the story in the shortest possible form.]

It was not very long before an old lady begins to think how to get the owl. And one time the old lady says, "Well, you leave me alone in this camp. Let me stay here. It doesn't matter if the owl kills me. They're not going to miss me much. The owl can eat me up. My grandchildren – all the kids that I loved – the owl has eaten them all up."

And after the people go away the old woman stays alone. And the owl is watching and hooting around. He never follows the other people. He knew that old lady is there. He is going to get her.

That old lady is busy packing the wood in front of him. And she starts to make a big brush camp. She makes one place to go into it. And finally she goes into the woods. She picks out a lot of spruce pitch, until she has a big lot of it. And when she has enough, she goes home with it.

And it starts to be getting evening time, and she starts to eat, I guess. And that owl is hooting around pretty close to her. And she has dug back there where she is going to sleep. It is like a tunnel in the snow. She figures which way she is going to run away.

Then she makes a big fire. And the owl is coming pretty close all the time. That old lady is ready for him. Finally the owl is hooting there right in front of the camp.

And finally the old lady sees the owl. He walks right in. And the old lady has that pitch close by the fire, and she keeps it boiling all of the time. The owl tells the lady that he is going to come in.

And that old lady says, "You wait! Just warm yourself good by the fire. You don't want to kill me. I'm just nothing but bones. What are you going to eat of me?"

"Heu!" says the owl. "Your heart is fat enough!"

The old lady tells the owl, "You just move around, your wings have got frosty. Dry them good, and you can kill me." Then the owl moves around, and the old lady tells him, "You dry your back, too." He just turns around the way she tells him to.

The old lady has the pitch. That wood is full of pitch. She has it handy. The owl goes pretty close to the fire; he is drying his back.

Finally the old lady puts the pitch into the fire, and it makes a great big fire, too. And finally the fire gets onto his feathers. As soon as his feathers dry, it's just like gas burning on him. She grabs the pitch that is boiling, and she dumps it on the back of him.

It all blazes up, and she runs into her tunnel. The owl can't put out the fire. He says, "Where has she gone, that old lady? She's killed me now!" He is just running around. All the brush camp is burning around him. After quite a while everything is getting dark, he is trying to fight. He is all burned.

In the morning, there is no noise, and the old lady sticks her head out of the snow. And there is that big owl, all burned up. So she has killed him.

And she goes out there to look at him. And then when she sees him she is surprised to see how big he is, how big his fingernails are. She tries to lift a nail up. She can't lift it. It is too big. But after that, she cuts off the last finger, the little one. She cut it off.

After she cuts it off, then she eats. And she starts to roll up her bedding. She is going to follow after those people. And she comes down there where the people are on a little lake on the other side. They are staying at the end of it. There are hardly any children left. Where they have made a water hole, she leaves the owl's finger there. She has packed it that far.

And she goes to where those people are camping, and while she is coming, she is singing and dancing and singing. “I evened up for my grandchild! I killed the owl!”

[Jimmy sang the song, which he said was in Tagish.]

And the people don’t believe it. “You think that you can kill the owl when we can’t?” “Well,” she says, “you go up to the waterhole. You’ll see the last little finger that I packed in there. I burn it up. I burned the owl up,” she says.

Afterwards everybody is surprised about it. They bring that finger. How big! Everybody appreciates the old lady for what she did. They give her gopher robes and moccasins, and skins and everything. Lots of things! She has saved all those children that are left.

The men go back for the owl to burn it all up. Well, they go back, and they see how big it was. It sure is big! And they make a big fire around him and finish burning him up. All the feathers that he had make charcoal all around the fire. And as soon as they start another fire, all the pieces of charcoal fly away and say,

“I’m going to be a little owl!”

That’s why owls are small now.

The [Tagish] word for owl is *mAtsix*. It’s almost like Telegraph Creek.

There is a Telegraph Creek íxt’ (Tl., shaman) named *mAtsix*.

87. The Man Who Just Took Animal Skins

On the 13th of November, Jimmy and his family finally went out to their winter fish camp, promising to come for me when the weather was warmer. However, on December 1, 1950, they all came back to town. According to Jimmy this was because Bessie had such a bad cold, although it was young Oscar’s version that they had returned in order to see the show at the Mission School.

Jimmy spent a few days selling his furs, but on December 4 we resumed our story telling sessions. By this time Jimmy’s treatment—force-feeding—had cured Bessie, but Lucy had picked up the cold and was feeling miserable.

After we caught up on the news, Mamie and I made plans for rabbit snaring, so that Lucy could make a rabbit-skin robe. Jimmy told me he had enjoyed the dried fish and seaweed from the coast which I had given to the family, and Lucy negotiated a loan from me. The children ran back and forth steadily, pausing only to help themselves to dried apples. Scotty showed me a “frog” which was actually a knot in a piece of firewood. When I said that it reminded me of a story about the discovery of gold which I had heard at Angoon, Jimmy launched forthwith into story No. 111, about how a frog had helped Skookum Jim find gold. From there, he went on directly to the story below, but I do not know what connection, if any, he made between the

stories. This one is linked to "Animal Mother" (no. 75) and her concern that humans treat her animal children properly.

The last tale of the evening, "Mouldy Head" (no. 88), perhaps followed because it stresses the proper way for humans to treat fish.

87. The Man Who Just Took Animal Skins December 4, 1950, Carcross

There was one man, an Indian, and he was killing lots of game. And he just used to take the skins off the animals and throw them the meat and let it spoil. That man is doing it all the time.

Finally he sees a bull caribou—a great big one comes up to him along the draw.

And the man is waiting at the head of the draw. He is waiting there for that caribou to come to him. And that man watches the caribou come closer.

When he hit him, he said the arrow fell off that caribou each time. That caribou just has nothing but bone all over. And that's the one that is going to eat the man.

The Indian tries to hit him but he can't do it. The caribou puts his horns under the man and picks him up from the ground. And then that caribou starts to walk away to where the sun sets. He keeps on going day and night. The man is on his horns.

I don't know how many days the caribou travels with him. The man runs around on the caribou's back. He walks around, and he feels around all over him to see which way he is going to tell someone to hit the caribou if he sees someone. The caribou has bone all over, but just right in from here [Jimmy pointed to the base of his neck] he's got a hole.

Finally one day the man sees somebody sitting there, peeping out at the caribou.

The man [who was watching] sees him. The caribou keeps walking. And that man is coming closer. And then that man 'tells' [the hunter]: he puts his hand all around [the man gestures] and says that he [the caribou] is just like that [bone] all over. He never tells [the hunter] out loud though, he just motions. Then he tells [indicates through gestures] the man, "Just right here!" He points to the caribou's throat. "Hit him right here!"

And then the man comes close enough, and he hits the caribou. By gosh, he hits him in the right spot, just like a gun shot. And by gosh, he kills that caribou!

And that [hunting] man asks the first man where he has come from, where the caribou has packed him from. "Oh," he says, "a long ways. I'm a long ways from here." And that [second] man tells him, "Come to my camp. I'll give you some grub to get to your home."

So the man goes home with him. And [then] he packs the food home, and he gets home.

And he stays around there for a little while. The other people tell him. "It's no good for you just to take the [animal] skins off. It's bad luck for you!"

And he doesn't listen. He just keeps on doing it. He keeps killing game and [just] taking the skins off.

Finally, I think it was the same woman who came to him, the one who tried to fill the snowshoes, I think that's the one. [Jimmy is referring to "Animal Mother", no.75.] Then the man kills a bunch of sheep, and he just takes the skins off. And he just takes a little meat, just enough to live on. He takes it to his camp, and he camps there alone below.

When it is nighttime and he is going to go to sleep, he looks up where he has killed the sheep. By gosh, he sees a big fire come out of the first sheep, a big light, and then the next one. It goes through every sheep, that big light. Maybe they are burning up.

[Jimmy may have meant to convey that their bodies were being cremated, as was proper for humans. Or did he imply that their souls were leaving for the after world?]

And that man sits down. He has no way to do anything. He is too far from camp. And then, when it gets to the last one, the big fire comes out again. And it starts down towards the man, and he says [to himself?], "That's going to be the end of the ride this time!"

Then he hears somebody talking. "Now here you are, you're sitting down," she says. "You're making my children suffer without their clothes! You take their clothes off!" And that man never says anything. She is just looking at him – that's the way she talks to him. And that woman asks him where his home is.

And that man says, "It's over this way."

"Soon in the morning, you have to go home. And you tell your people which way I tell you!" And then she is gone. He is going to go home.

She has said, "Tell your people when they kill the sheep, tell them to get the meat out of the body!"

And then he tells them all the stories that the woman has told him. But that is all for that. He just falls back then, just like a gunshot. He is dead, that man.

That's all.

88. Mouldy Head

Jimmy's final selection for the evening of December 4, 1950, was the story of the boy who was taken away by the salmon people, a tale widely known on the coast and interior. Jimmy volunteered the locale of the action to be the Taku river. He gave no title to the story, but near the beginning he volunteered that the name of the hero was *canaq' tlax*, which can probably be translated as head [or end?], "mouldy," i.e. Mouldy-Head, the name by which many folklore scholars know the tale.

As stated earlier I believe that Jimmy chose this story to follow the previous one, because both provide humans with guidelines for the proper treatment of animals and fish.

Jimmy's concluding remark about the next story he would tell, "the one about the spider," suggests that he planned his evening repertoire well in advance. (See story no. 106, **"**The Taku Woman Doctor with Spider Power.")

88. Mouldy Head December 4, 1950, Carcross

There is a little kid, a little boy, as big as Oscar, I guess.

That fish takes him. It was down the Taku river way. His name is *canaq' tlax* (Tl., head, mouldy). That is his name, that is a Taku river name [i.e. Tlingit].

The little boy is hungry, and his mother gives him some salmon. And he looks at it, and he throws it away. He does that, and he says that all the time. His mother gives him dry fish, and he throws it away all the time. And he says it is mouldy.

Finally that fish's heart—and the salmon's heart is a big one—he puts a fish heart on the end of his finger. That kid puts one on the end of every finger. That is against his religion.

And that boy is standing on a high rock, a rock about that high [Jimmy gestured about five feet high]. He dances, and he is moving his fingers with the salmon hearts on his hands. And finally, after a while, he begins to think about the sea gulls around there. They get fish. They are getting everything off the beach. And the boy starts to make a hook to catch the sea gulls. And that is the time the salmon take him.

He had run away, I guess some place, the little boy. They holler at him. They say that he was catching sea gulls. My gosh, he is just hollering and running down towards the sea gulls that he wanted to catch. The sea gulls are flying out. They move the target all the time. The little boy runs after them all the time. Pretty near he catches them.

When he is just a little above the knees in the water, that kid disappears. And the salmon take him. The people can see in the water the whole way out, but they can't see the little boy.

Afterwards the kid doesn't know where he is. That kid is somewhere. He sees people moving camp, and he stays with them. The fish are just like people to him. By gosh, he sees that salmon spawn piled up all over! He wants to eat it. That is why he stays out alone. When he is out of sight of the rest of the people, he gets a handful of it [fish eggs]. Afterwards, he puts it in his mouth. As soon as he does, the people holler at him.

[Jimmy did not translate, but judging by other versions, the people cry out that the boy is eating salmon excrement, although Jimmy Scotty James's text is different from that recorded by Swanton in both the Sitka version and in the expurgated Wrangell version.][116]

He was eating it, and then when they found it out [what he was eating] they call him *"canaq' tlax"* (Tl., "Mouldy Head").

He stays with the fish one year. Then next spring the fish come back to the river again with him. The fish are coming up the river. *canaq' tlax* wants to see his mother, and he stays with the salmon. Oh, the salmon are getting pretty nearly worn out. He goes up the river with them.

That's the time his father is getting salmon. After his wife is pretty nearly finished cutting them, she tells her husband, "You hang the fish up." He hangs up the fish, while his wife is cutting the last fish. And then she sees one fish there. He comes close to his mother's foot, and then he goes way out. And then he comes back.

His mother hollers to the boy's father, "What's the matter? Come down here and gaff that fish", she says, "so we can eat it. He's just right here! He comes close to me, and he goes out again!"

That old fellow comes down and takes his gaff hook. And he hooks the fish right back of the fin, and he pulls it out. And here that fish never moves at all!

After that his mother starts cutting the head off. She wants to cook that fish. And then when she starts to cut his head off, she doesn't know whether she can do it. The knife is sharp, all right, but she can't cut off the fish head.

Afterwards she looks at the edge of her knife, and she sees copper. By gosh, she looks at the copper and it is what her sonny boy used to wear on his neck. That fish has that copper on his neck!

After that she hollers about it to the old man. “Look!” she says. “This used to be the way our sonny boy had that copper on his neck!”

That old fellow says, “That’s him!” And he tells that boy’s people to clean out the house, and he makes them put feathers way up on top of the house where it looks pretty near like a scaffold. And he puts the fish there with the feathers [ceremonial down]. And all the people stay under the scaffold and starve themselves for nine days after. They have nothing to eat.

And that is the time that the boy comes back [to his human form]. He begins to make a noise. He becomes a big shaman there.

Next time I’ll tell you about the spider.

89. The Wolverine Who Married the Sisters

I arrived in the evening to find all of the children home except for the oldest boy, Norman. Several neighboring children were also visiting, and most of the youngsters spent the evening playing with paper airplanes, totally ignoring the storytelling. Little Bessie slept. Norman came in a bit later, strummed his guitar quietly for a while and left again.

I asked Jimmy about old-time rabbit drives, which we discussed for a short while, but he was eager to get on with the story telling so he soon launched into “The Taku Woman Doctor with Spider Power” (no. 106), which he had earlier promised to tell me. From this he moved directly to the tale below. His reason for choosing it next was not obvious to me.

The story reveals the reciprocal roles expected of a son-in-law and his wife’s family; the son-in-law’s obligation to provide well both for his wife and her parents; the parents’-in-law obligations to supply successive wives. The discovery of the dreadful perfidy of the wolverine, who pretends to be carrying out his role in ideal fashion while he is actually breaking all social rules, is ample justification for his brothers-in-law killing him.

89. The Wolverine Who Married the Sisters December 5, 1950, Carcross

There was a wolverine, and he married.

One man had lots of daughters. He was an old fellow, and that wolverine wanted to marry the oldest daughter. The old fellow was getting old, and he couldn't do much. He thought that it was all right, and so he lets his oldest daughter go with the wolverine.

And they get there, and that wolverine is killing game all of the time. In the summertime he is killing game all of the time. And he packs some of the meat to the old man [now his father-in-law], and the wife follows. She is just drinking grease all of the time, no water. After that, his wife just rolls around [because she got so fat from eating the grease?].

After that, that wolverine goes down there and digs a hole. And when he has finished, he takes his wife to the hole. And he covers her up—just where she is lying. Maybe he is going to eat her.

And that wolverine puts black on his face, and he cries there. His tears are because his wife died. He kills her after he has buried her [in the hole].

The wolverine goes back to his father-in-law, crying. He says that his wife has choked. So the old man gives him the next daughter, again.

And they go back and [the wolverine] does the same way again. And he follows the wife. It must be that he is eating those bodies. That's why he does it. Just the same way again she begins to roll around. And he digs a hole again. And the same way he does it as with his first wife.

And after he kills her, he goes back to that old man again. Finally, he gets the last daughter. And after that, when she is just rolling around, he does the same thing again. And when he is going to stick her into the hole, then, "No", that woman tells him. "What are you going to do?" And he says, "You're going to stay in that hole until you get thin!"

And his wife says, "I like to hear the little creek running beside me all the time". So she tells him to dig the hole close to the creek. He does that. And she tells him that she wants a sharp stick, sharp at both ends [Jimmy indicated a stick about two feet long]. She says, "It's because I'm scared of mice all the time. I can chase them away." And he gives her a stick. He sharpens it at both ends.

And then he covers her up. He covers her up good. And as soon as there is no noise, the woman just begins working, digging to the creek. [The wolverine] had covered up that hole with timber. And then she is digging and digging, and finally she gets to that little creek water.

Then that wolverine goes back to his father-in-law again. [He says that] his wife is dead.

By gosh, she keeps drinking that water, that woman. And then she thins down quickly. Afterwards she comes out of the hole.

After she digs herself out, she starts home from there to her daddy's home. And she is wondering if that's the way that the wolverine has done to her sisters—if he has killed them. Then that woman beats that wolverine in [to her father's camp]. And the wolverine comes after her and says that his wife had died again.

After that, the old man gets mad, and he tells his boys to kill that wolverine. And when he comes back, they kill him.

That's all.

90. Star Husband

Again, all of the children were in the house, although Norman and Frankie went in and out several times. Mamie and Lucy sewed. The session was rather long, but Jimmy seemed in good form. I began by asking him about the best season for the rabbit drives we had discussed the previous evening, but again he wanted only to go on with the story telling. I think the choice of the story followed the previous evening's story about "The Wolverine Who Married the Sisters" (no. 89) since a wolverine husband appears in this story, too. Here, however, the focus is not so much on the proper social relationships between affinals as it is on the recurring theme of how women who marry non-human husbands manage to cope with the situation. This, in turn, is an aspect of the perplexing confrontation of humans with the world of powerful non-human beings.[117]

Although Jimmy did not stress the matter, I am sure it is significant that he mentioned that the girl's transfer from one world to another takes place when they are asleep at night—a time which is the "day" of animals and probably of other powerful beings of the universe. The crux of the plot is really the difficulty the girls face in returning to the human world. The incident in which the girls make human clothes preparatory to their return perhaps contains more than the sheer need for the girls to protect themselves from rope burn. In other stories of animal-human relationships, the donning of special "clothes" by either humans or animals signifies an important change in social status which one assumes with the clothes. I suspect that the fact that the wolverine feeds the girls rotten wood rather than game—which would require him to kill animals—is likewise part of the pattern in the struggle between humans and non-humans, as is the careful staging of the girl's return to camp.

I have also suggested elsewhere that the general structuring of the animal-human relationships which the story reveals is characteristic of the interior Athapaskans, and in these terms alone I find it altogether in keeping that Jimmy designated that tale as Tagish. The nature of the plot is far more significant than the fact that wolverines are not found on the coast.

90. Star Husband December 6, 1950, Carcross

One time when they are going to sleep in the evening time, [two] girls look at those stars. One is blue, and one is red. One girl says, “I wish I would take the one fellow. I wish he’d marry me.” And the other girl said, “I wish I would take the other one.”

After they say that, they go to sleep. Afterwards, on the next morning, they wake up, and they are in another country. That girl who wished for the red star is with a man who has red hair on him. And the one who was wishing for the blue star, has a man with blue hair on him. And after that, they knew that is the way it happened [that their wishes had come true].

And they are pretty good hunters, too, their men. They kill game and everything. And the women stay with them there for two years.

And then they want to go back to their mother, but those fellows don’t want them to go. The girls know that they are up in heaven. And after a while, the one [girl] tells her partner [the other girl] that when the men kill game, every time they cut up the skin they should make a rope out of it.

And those men ask their wives, “What are you all doing with the skins, anyway?”

“Oh, we burned off the hair and we ate them.” And then they have lots of big piles of string, and they are joining it and joining it together.

And finally the oldest girl says, “Let’s try to dig through down, and see if we can make it.” They start digging. Finally they stick a pole in the hole, and they poke right through. And then they make the hole bigger, so there is a bigger opening. And after that, they tie a big heavy anchor on the end of the string. And they send down that anchor. Where the string is too short, they keep on joining, joining. Finally the rope stops. The rope can’t go any further. It stops and touches the ground.

They start tanning the skin for their clothes, for their dresses and their mitts. And after that the oldest one says that she will go down first. She has pretty thick clothes. You see, if you are going to go down a string, you will wear out the clothes and the gloves.

The older girl says, “When I get down and am touching the ground, then I’m going to move the string.” And then the younger one is watching the string. She’s holding it. Finally the string moves. She knows her sister is on the ground.

And then the younger one comes. She goes down. And she is going down and is going down, and finally she gets down too. She is right on top of a tree. I don't know how it is, but they can't get down [out of the tree].

And then an animal starts to go below them. And they talk to the animal that they see, "Take us down from the tree. If you take us down we'll both marry you!" But that animal says he doesn't know how to climb a tree. Then whenever they see an animal going by, any old animal, a bear or any kind, go underneath, they say, "Pack us down and then you can marry us!"

The last animal comes around; it's a wolverine. And they tell the wolverine, they call to him and they say, "Take us down. Then you're going to marry us!" By gosh, the wolverine is just wishing for that. He jumps right in that tree, and he packs one down. And then he goes back after the other, and he packs down that woman. And he tells them, "Make camp, make camp, make camp!"

And these women say that they are hungry and that they haven't eaten for quite a while, [for] all the time that they were staying in the tree. He doesn't want to go a long way from those women, so he runs out in the woods, and he fills a big pack with rotten wood. And he runs back with it.

And the women tell him, "How are we going to eat this rotten wood?" And those women tell the wolverine, "Go get meat anyway. We're starving now."

So the wolverine runs away again, and he comes across somebody's cache. And he robs that cache. He takes the meat out, and he packs it to the women. And then he brings it to the women. And the women know it's from somebody's cache. They take just a little bit to eat, and what's left over they tell him to take back.

And they tell him, "Look for game anyway, and kill game!" The wolverine tries, but he can't kill game.

Finally the women say, "We've got to run away." First they tell him to go hunt. And after that the women run away. They tell the trees, "Make a noise. [Jimmy pursed his lips and drew his breath inward.] Make a noise when the wolverine comes back!"

Then the wolverine comes back, the two women are gone. And he hunts around, and every tree says like the way I said. Oh, he runs to this tree, and this tree says that. He just runs around. Those trees make him crazy! After that, he gets lost, and that wolverine gives up.

Afterwards the girls come home around the camp, to their own mother's place. And it is a dark night, and they want to come in so nobody can see them. One of their brothers, the youngest brother, runs out and those girls catch him. "You tell your mother, 'My sisters have come back!' "

And the little boy tells his mother, he says, “My sisters are out here, outside.”

“Aw, shut up! Your sisters all died. We don’t know where they are!”

That little fellow, he says, “Sure, those are my sisters who come back”, he says.

And that time when girls are young, they wear on the braids of their hair, in back, a ch’éen (Tl., girl’s hair ornament). It’s made of fine work. It’s of porcupine quills on skin. It’s for *wetedi* (Tl., a girl at puberty). It’s as wide as a hand. It’s about two feet long.

And afterwards that little boy says, “I’m going to bring my sisters’ ch’éen in.” It’s because they don’t believe him. The little boy brings the ch’éen to the mother and shows that it’s true, what he says. So they tell somebody to look down there, and that’s the girls.

Now that’s the end. It’s an inside [inland] story. It’s a Tagish story.

91. The Bad Little Fellow Who Was Swallowed by a Pike

Because of the mention of the ch’éen (girl’s hair ornament) in the previous story, Jimmy explained further about porcupine quills and native dyes, but he quickly moved on to the second selection of the evening, which he also identified it as an “inside”(interior) story. The fact that there are two sisters in it seems to be the only obvious link to the preceding tale. In other versions, though not in this one told by Jimmy Scotty, *‘Edju.nd^{A}’E’* talks from inside the pike (reminiscent of Crow’s talking from inside the whale).

In 1963 Albert Isaac of Aishihik told me a series of stories about *‘adju’indjia*, (S. Tu., has no brains) who is obviously the same character as *‘Edju.nd^{A}’E*. Other Southern Tutchone also told isolated stories about him during that same winter. Watson Smarch, an Inland Tlingit from Teslin, gave me a fragmentary tale which is probably about the same character (no. 146). He attributed the story to the Kaska .

91. The Bad Little Fellow Who Was Swallowed by a Pike

December 6, 1950, Carcross

His name was *‘Edju.nd^{A}’E’*. He was a smart little fellow. He was a bad poison man. He could kill as much as a big man could, and quickly, too. I think he ate the men. I don’t know. And he’s only that big—look! [Jimmy pointed to his son, Albert, age three.] And his bow and arrow are just as long as this [Jimmy indicated wrist to index finger tip].

And you can’t kill him! No matter what you do to him, you cannot kill him. When someone tries to hit him, he’s right there where he was hit. And the big one hits him with an arrow, but he can’t hit the bad little fellow. He dodges it. When he dodges it, he says to himself, “Jump up, *‘Edju.nd^{A}’E*”. (Tagish language). When you hit him with a bow and arrow, he jumps. The arrow goes above or below him. It doesn’t matter how many people go after him with a bow and arrow.

After that he is killing people. He never kills women, though, just men. Every time he keeps doing this way. And after a while the people are talking about it, about how they can't kill him. And somebody kills his mother and his daddy, so they think that *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'* is going to stop. But he gets worse. He is killing and killing. He is killing worse.

He has two sisters. And they had run away when their mother is killed. And he is going around. They don't kill *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'*. And *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'* misses his two sisters. He looks for them. There's nobody where his mother got killed. They are not there. That's why *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'* is looking for them.

'Edju.nd^{A}'E' finds his sisters. They stay all the time up in the woods away from the people. And the sisters tell him, they say, "Don't kill anybody, now, by gosh! You've got to quit doing that now. You have to be a good man now!" *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'* can't stop. He keeps going all the time, killing—all the time killing!

After a while, they are way up by a big lake. They are staying there and catching pike fish. They stay there and live on the fish. And the two sisters are asleep. And *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'*, he sits down. He doesn't want to sleep. He sits up all night. And afterwards *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'* says, "I don't know how I was thinking about it, staying up all night", he says to himself. And his sisters—they get scared of him. They think that he is going to kill them.

And then one sister tells the other, "Let's kill him! Let's throw him in the water!" And her sister says it's all right. And so they grab him. The older sister grabs him. She catches him. He never does anything. He doesn't know what they are going to do to him, I guess.

And that older sister runs down to the beach. And she shoves that *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'* under the ice. By gosh, as soon as he goes a little way, a big pike fish swallows him.

That's how small he is!

The next spring, they catch a fish in the net, a big pike. They kill the fish, and here's *'Edju.nd^{A}'E'* talking in the stomach.

"Cut that fish open, he says, "I'm cold."

The man who catches the fish just got scared and throws that fish back in the lake and kills him. He's scared to hear that fish talk. That's the end of him.

That's an 'inside' (Athapaskan) story.

92. The Blind Man and the Loon

Jimmy's last choice for the evening was the widespread favourite about the blind man whose sight was restored by the loon. His rather short version perhaps reflects the fact that the evening was growing late. His rather mild ending to the story contrasts with Southern Tutchone, Ahtna and Inland Tlingit versions of the tale in which the man either kills his wife or drives her

away. Considering Jimmy's usual penchant for blood and gore, I found his conclusion rather surprising.

92. The Blind Man and the Loon December 6, 1950, Carcross

There is one man who is blind—he can't see anything. His wife leads him around all the time. He can't see. His wife get tired, I guess.

After a while, they are moving the camp. By gosh, they come out on a ridge, and by gosh, there is a big bull caribou coming to them, straight at them. His wife tells the old man, "A caribou is coming!" And by gosh, he takes his arrows out and he says, "You move my hand which way the caribou is, and tell me when to let the arrow go" As soon as the caribou is coming straight to them, she says, "Let her go!"

So he hits the caribou all right, but the caribou runs away. Then that woman gets mad and runs away and leaves that man. He hollers, and he hollers, and he tries to follow. I don't know how many days he's out there, crawling around. After a while he hears a loon hollering. And the loon is his íxt' (Tl., "doctor" or spirit helper).

Finally he finds a little lake down in there, and he goes there. He crawls in there. Every time he hollers, the loon hollers. When he's pretty close to the lake, he hollers again. And he is just walking. He gets his hand into the water, that old blind man, and he stops there.

And that loon, just at that minute, comes to him. And that loon asks him, "What's wrong with you anyway? Where are your people?"

He says, "My wife ran away. I'm blind."

Then the loon says, "You come on my back!" And the loon dives at this end of the lake and he says, "You put your face on the back of my head, and don't look up!" And the loon comes out of the other end of the lake. And then he goes back the same way again. And a third time he goes back again. And then he comes to the other side of the lake again.

And then the loon tells the man, he says, "Look up. Try to look up. See if you can see." By gosh, the man sees the timber a little bit. The loon tells him, "You do it again." And the loon dives to the other end of the lake again to go back for the fourth time. And he comes out this end.

And the loon tells the man, "Look up again. See if you do better."

By gosh, that old fellow is just seeing good. It's just like he is sixteen years of age!

And the loon tells him, he says, "Your wife is just up here a little ways, where you kill the caribou. You go there", he tells him. By gosh, he goes there. He sees the smoke quite a ways.

That woman sees him coming, and just grabs her moccasins. And she tells the man, she says, “I was just going to look for you.”

That’s all.

93. The Other Side of the Horizon

I have very few notes relating to the evening on which Jimmy told this story. It was the only one he told. Our incidental conversation had revolved around the way in which Lucy had almost “died” of a headache during the afternoon. She, like almost everybody else in the village, had a severe cold, but during my visit she sewed steadily on a pair of moccasins.

In this story, as in the one about “The Girls Who Married Stars” told the previous evening, humans visit an upper world of the sky. However, there is little emphasis on the difficulties of the return to earth and human life which had so concerned the two sisters. A coast Tlingit version of a sky visit, which parallels Jimmy’s story in some incidents, makes much more of this problem. Nevertheless, a recurring theme in this story is the contrast between human and non-human beings. The positive statement by the sky dwellers that the human woman had a hip bone, is a nice twist on the more usual statement that various kinds of non-humans lack hip bones.

Jimmy’s English was especially difficult to follow and there are a number of incidents which I really could not understand—most often because of his cavalier handling of English pronouns, so that I was uncertain which characters were actually doing what. For example, I am not sure who shot the arrow on the beach. I believe that the woman’s abductor implied that the arrow was ample payment to the husband for his former wife. Nor do I know what Jimmy meant when he later referred to the way in which the stolen wife “froze” her abductor’s bow and arrow. The sudden introduction of two sons who come and leave their mothers’ camp at different times likewise remains obscure to me. Jimmy made clear, however, the important difference between night and day, in that “nighttime” is more full of active power than is day, because night is the “day” of animals and perhaps of other non-humans. But I am uncertain just how opposites in time work in the opposite worlds of the sky and earth. In any case, the incident has no obvious connection with anything else which happens in the story. What link, if any, Jimmy may have omitted I do not know, for I did not record any other really close parallels to this version of the story. However, Angela Sidney’s published version of this story, “The Stolen Woman” is very similar and includes most of the same elements.[118]

93. The Other Side of the Horizon December 7, 1950, Carcross

There was a man and somebody stole his wife. He lost her.

He was hunting, and that [another] man wanted to steal that woman. So he stole her. That woman doesn’t want to go.

Afterwards they go way down below by a big lake. And that woman has a gopher-skin robe—the kind you know where they join the skins together. And the woman gets tired from hanging on to the willows so that the man couldn’t get her. So she gives up, but she takes

little pieces of her gopher-like robe, and she drops them. She drops them so her husband could track her. The man puts her in a skin boat, and that woman is tied up inside of the skin boat. And the skin boat floats around.

Then her husband comes back from hunting, and his wife is gone. What's wrong? He sees the willows are all broken. After a while no more willows are broken. He sees something was dragging. And he finds the pieces, the little pieces of gopher skin. So he tracks her down again by the gopher skin. Finally he gets to the lake.

And he tells that man, "Give my wife back!" That man is looking for an arrow, and he shoots it right on the beach. "That one I trade for your wife!" he says. After that they go. They are rowing.

And that man [husband] just follows on the beach all the way. Way up there is a big island. Then the people camp there [on the island]. And that man camps on the beach. For so very many days he walks after them. Finally they come close to sky [the horizon], where the sky goes down into the water all of the time, and comes up. And he watches—waiting on this side.

After a while the sky lifts up, and the man [the woman's captor] goes just right underneath onto the other side. The man and the woman go under.

That other man [the husband] can't do anything. Afterwards, he goes back to where he and his wife had a home. He comes home, and he gathers up all of the people, "We're going to have a war going through there." Finally he says, "All right, let's go. If we see those people, we're going to kill them off!"

And they start. Those fellows go after them. That man is leading the way. They make a skin boat just like that man who had stolen his wife, and they go into that place where the sky goes into the water. And they watch the same way as that man had. And as soon as the sky lifts up a little, they see their way in underneath. And finally they get on the other side.

That man's skin boat is in there. It is wintertime. [119] And then they track the man [who stole the woman]. They see a little bit of a track. And finally they come to a little lake. There is smoke there. Two old ladies are staying in there.

Those people came to those old ladies and ask them if they have seen anybody passing, if they have seen a strange woman there. Those old ladies say, "Yes, we saw the strange woman come in," they say. "They left." And the old lady says, "That was a funny woman they brought inside. She had a hip bone on her, she says. Those fellows [beyond the horizon] had no hip bones, you see.

Afterwards when they had given that bunch something to eat and everybody is leaving, the one fellow [the husband] listens behind the brush camp. And [he overheard] that one of the two men (*sic*) who had taken the woman away is the son of one old lady and

the other is the son of the other old lady.[120] Then the one old lady says to the other, "Before daylight my son goes!" "When daylight comes, my son goes," says the other.

And afterwards, the men [rescuers] see smoke way out. And they go out there and came close to the tent. And they hear somebody chopping. And they sneak in there close. And by gosh it is the [stolen] wife of the man. It is she who is chopping wood.

So he [the husband] comes to his wife and tells her, "Your brothers and everybody are starving. Can you do something?" Well, she is going to try, she says. And then she tells her husband to give her his knife, and he gives it to her. She has a stone axe [head] tied on with a string. And she cuts the strings off the stone axe. And she goes home, and she asks the old lady,

"My stone axe string has broken. Give me a string", she asks her.

Then the old lady says, "Go on and cut off half of your husband's [she is referring to the captor-husband's] skin sleigh string." She looks, and she cuts the strings off. And when she looks, she finds some dried meat on that skin sleigh. So she puts it inside herself, and she looks pretty good when she goes away.[121] And that old lady kind of knows [that something is odd].

The woman [stolen wife] goes to get some more wood. And then next time she does the same thing again. She cuts off the string from the stone axe again, because she doesn't have enough meat [for her rescuers]. And she goes home again, and she says, "It broke again, grandma!" she told her.

"Oh", the 'mother-in-law' says, "go look for another", she says. "Cut off another sleigh string again." So then the woman packs some more meat over. But that old lady, she knows. She finds out something's wrong.

And then the woman goes again, but she never comes back again. She is chopping wood. She keeps on chopping wood. Her [original] husband asks what time those people get up. And she says that some get up early and some get up late.

And then the [captor] husband comes back. And he's got a load of big packs on. He has meat. And the woman cooks it and feeds that husband. Afterwards she is hanging the meat out from that husband's pack. And she has a short pole. And she takes that husband's bows and arrows, so they will freeze, and this husband won't be able to fight.

Pretty nearly in the morning—it is after midnight before they go to sleep—the old lady tells those boys, "It's funny", she says. "That woman goes out and two times the string breaks on her axe. And when she goes back, it always looks as if she's got something inside her clothes."

That fellow says, "What could be coming around here? There's nothing but dry lynx's stool around here! Nobody can go past that sky!"

They [the rescuers] had told that woman that pretty near in the morning she should watch out for herself. “Don’t sleep. As soon as you hear a noise just jump out”.

After that, as soon as she heard something start, that woman just grabs the bow and arrow and she just runs out quickly. Well, those men, [i.e. the woman’s first husband and his companions] kill all the people [in the camp]. They kill them off.

And they are going back. And when they are going back, they look for the old ladies. But they are gone from there. They had dug in the snow. They had holes in the snow, and they stay there. The men poke around with a bone on the end of a stick. After a while they see blood on the end of the pole. And they killed those old ladies, too.

They go back home then. It’s all over, everything. And the man gets his old wife back.

That’s all. That’s the end.

94. When the Sky Cracked

When I arrived in the evening I found Jimmy making “snoose”, or “snuff”, by drying tobacco in the oven. Lucy and Mamie were sewing mittens. Lucy was trying to wean little Ralph, and there were frequent interruptions in the story telling while she and Jimmy tried to distract the child whenever he wanted to nurse. The tension was evidently catching, for both Bessie and Ralph began to run around the room in circles at an ever-increasing and dizzying pace. Towards the end of Jimmy’s first story we all stopped in order to try to calm the children down. The older boys were elsewhere.

Continuing with the theme of visits to a world above, Jimmy first chose to tell another short story about how humans once saw the sky crack.

94. When the Sky Cracked December 10, 1950, Carcross

Every Indian doctor says there is a world above. And then the people don’t believe it. They say that the people who are killed go up that way. [That’s what] the people say.

Finally it is daytime, they say. It is daytime, and the people are walking around outside. After a while they hear [a noise] just like ice cracking. Bong! Dummmmmmmmm! They hear it up in the sky. [When] they look up, they see the sky cracking—wide [open] too. They see it just as if the ice is cracking. They look up and see persons coming out—those who have been killed before.

Some have no heads.[122] The men [come out] first. And then I’ll give you the song for what they were singing above: “Why does that crack? The world is cracked!”

Pretty slowly [the world above] goes together. And the people look up at it. But the oldest people look into a canoe. They pour water into a canoe so that they can look into it and see what it looks like above. The water in the boat is the same as a glass mirror to look into.

The men [in the world above?] say, "This is pretty slowly going to close together. Let the women come out and dance. Women!"

And then the women come out. Some have no heads on. They have eyes, though—the ones whose heads have been cut off.

And then [the sky] begins to close together more quickly. And they dance around there. After it begins to close, and closes that way, those people that looked up to see the dancing, begin to die off. They die off as quick as can be. The ones that looked up die off.

[Here there was a long interruption while we all tried to calm Ralph and Bessie.]

The ones that looked down in the shadow of the boat are all safe—those that looked in the water in the boat. That's all. I am going to sing [the song].

Jimmy sang and then gave the name of the land above as *'aqawu* xáts' (Tl., plus/ sky).

95. The Wolverine who Took the Baby

Jimmy's second choice of the evening was a clan story which I have put near the end of his series of stories ("Travelling under the Glacier," no. 104). From that rather solemn story of how the old people once went under a glacier, he moved directly to the story below which he specifically announced would make me laugh. He probably expurgated parts of it, especially at the end, for other versions of the same incident explain that the man cannot burn down the tree in which the wolverine takes refuge because the wolverine urinates on the blaze and puts it out.

When Jimmy finished the story, he went on to volunteer the names of various animals in both Tagish and Inland Tlingit. He did not say so, but I got the distinct impression that he thought of this as an inland story. It is certainly a favourite throughout southern Yukon and among the Ahtna of the Copper river.

95. The Wolverine Who Took the Baby December 11, 1950, Carcross

This story is going to make you laugh.

A man and his wife went into the woods. They were hunting like we do. His wife got in a family way [became pregnant]. Afterwards, when his wife gets sick [was about to give

birth], the man makes a little camp back from his camp so that his wife can be sick in there. And that man helps his wife, and she gets over everything.

So the man goes back to his camp to go to sleep. The woman says that she is all right now. And the man is sleeping. And at midnight this wife hears something. That woman hears something. She looks at it. She gets up. It is a cannibal, a man-eater.

The cannibal throws a snare around that woman's neck and he drags that woman out. And he just drags her and kills her. The cannibal goes a long ways, a long ways. Afterwards, he makes a camp. And he makes a fire.

And pretty nearly in the morning the man hears the baby crying. It never stops. So the man goes to see his wife, and she is gone from her camp. Her husband looks around the camp to see which way she went. Maybe he thinks that his wife dropped some place.

Finally he sees where somebody has been pulling something, and it has big snowshoes on. The man sees the tracks. Then he knows it is a cannibal.

And that man makes a swing [a kind of baby cradle] for that baby, and he puts the baby into the swing, and he goes after the cannibal. He goes the way that the cannibal has dragged his wife. Finally he sees a light, and he goes there. He sneaks up there.

The cannibal has just started the fire pretty good, and he has just started to drag the wife in. He is going to cut up that woman. He is going to cook her titties quick. He is talking to himself how he wants to eat them.

That man sees it. And the cannibal is just grabbing at the titty. How big it was, that titty! "Now", the cannibal says, "tomorrow I'll go back and get that little baby, tender meat!" And the cannibal takes out his knife.

That man [husband] is just on the other side of the fire. He has his bow and arrow all ready for him, that man. He hits the cannibal on his bare skin. That cannibal doesn't understand what is wrong with him.

"Heee, heee, the fire's burning me!"

The man hits the cannibal again, and the same way the cannibal says it again. Then the man hits him again. Finally, the cannibal takes the wood that is burning off and he clubs it around. But after that, he finally knows that somebody is killing him. So the man kills the cannibal.

And then he gets all the wood on the fire. And he throws his wife on top of it, and he burns her up [cremates her]. And then he goes back home. And when he is going home, he has pretty nearly reached home. And he has that swing for his baby. And then the father sees a marten jump out from the baby swing. And that man he just suffers and he hollers and he says,

"That is *wetedi's* matter happened again [his wife had broken her menstrual observances]. What's he doing here, that animal?"

"No", the marten says, "he cries! The baby is crying. That's why I just give it my tongue, so it would shut up." Then the man sees that the baby is all right, and he is glad that the baby is all right. [Here Jimmy conferred with Lucy as to what comes next in the story.]

Then next, the man leaves the baby at home. He goes to get wood or something. And when he comes back, that little baby is gone. That man sure suffers! He looks around the camp to see what is wrong, and he just sees wolverine tracks. Wolverine Man has come (Nóoskw (Tl., wolverine).

As soon as possible, the man goes after Wolverine Man. And [the wolverine] camps on the way, but the man can't catch up with them. And the next time that he sees where the wolverine camps, he sees that Nóoskw has thrown the diapers off, the *ko.n.* (moss diaper).

Then the little baby is growing fast, more fast than wheat. That wolverine is making him do it. The next place he throws off the diapers again. But at the third camp he never throws away the diapers. Or the fourth camp. Four places the man sees the camp, and then he sees little snowshoe tracks. The man can't catch up. He keeps following. At the fifth camp, when he starts off, he sees that the snowshoes are a little bigger. Already that little boy is going around after the game. He has already grown that fast!

The next place that they camp, the man is coming closer to them. And that time he sees that the boy is going around. And the man sees how big he is, a way big boy. He is that big, they say [Jimmy indicates a child about five feet high]. And my gosh, that kid has already got lots of grouse! He kills them with his arrow. And that man has no time to kill game, so he tells the little boy [to whom he has shown himself], "I'm your daddy, me. That is an animal you are with. The cannibal killed your mother, too."

Well, the little boy gives enough grouse for his daddy.

Afterwards in the evening time, the boy is going home. He doesn't have much grouse. The wolverine has a camp fixed already. The little boy says, "I didn't get much game. I was missing all of the time."

[Wolverine says,]"Is that the way I fixed your arrow? You're supposed to hit every shot. I put medicine on it."

Then the man comes close to that Wolverine Man, and he hits him, and he hits him, but he just wounds him.

The wolverine jumps and he says, "What am I going to be? What am I going to be? I'll turn to wolverine!" So he jumps up into the tree. He is climbing up. "Now" he says, "you make me steal from your cache all of the time!"

The man tries to set fire to the tree, but he can't burn that tree.

That's all.

96. The Man Who Married the Groundhog December 12, 1950

Well, there is one man. And he is pretty old—just like me.

And his wife dies. And he has one little daughter. And his wife's people [her clan] own that girl, and her own people want her.

"No!" the old man says, "I just want to keep her." And after that, he went up into the hills, into the mountains. He wants to kill groundhogs and to dry their meat. And the little girl stays down there [in the camp]. And the man tries to hunt. He can't get anything. He tries to get groundhogs. Sometimes he kills ptarmigan birds. That's what they live on. And they keep doing that.

And then he tries to hunt groundhog again. And that old man is way up at the head of the draw. He leaves his daughter home. She sees a medicine woman. And that woman has eagle feathers on her head. And that man comes to her.

And that woman just moves her eagle feathers this way [in the direction of the sun]. It is just like a flood of slime comes out. And she says, "That's why you can't kill any groundhogs!" She is a pretty looking woman too, and that old fellow wants to take her home.

He takes her home all right. And he has a few groundhogs. He has killed a few groundhogs.

After they get home, the next morning the woman says, "Go and clean up inside the place. Clean the place out! Clean the place out," she says.

So he does it. He works at cleaning out the place.

Next after that she says, "Now you go hunting! You must take a club," she says.

That old fellow takes a club, and he comes home just overloaded with groundhogs. He just goes around clubbing them [everywhere].

That woman tells him, "Cut their joints at this place [knee]."

The next day he goes again, and he does the same way again. Afterwards, the next morning when he is going to go, she tells the old fellow, "Right at the head of the draw, you will see two good black groundhogs right there. Don't touch them!"

And he goes to the head of the valley, and he sees the two black groundhogs. And he comes back home again. And he has a load of groundhogs. And he tells that woman, "Gee, I saw those pretty black groundhogs at the head of the draw!"

"Well, don't touch them. They are my brothers!" she says. "Those black ones." Then he knows that woman is a female groundhog.

His place is just about loaded down with groundhogs now—dried ones. And that's the time he thinks that he going to kill those black groundhogs. Finally he sees those black groundhogs come around to play with him, and he clubs both of them. And that woman stays home and just thinks about it.

"Now", she says, "He is doing damage to my brothers!"

And when he is coming home, he puts them way at the bottom of his sack. And that woman looks so sad! The old man comes.

"Did I tell you to do that kind of job? To kill my brothers?" she asks.

And as soon as he puts his pack down that woman gets up and opens up the sack and takes out the two black groundhogs. She puts them in here [her bosom. Jimmy cradled his arms on his chest]. All the groundhogs were pretty nearly dry—as dry as wood.

And as soon as that woman comes to where the door is, she says, "Well, come on you fellows now!" By gosh, as soon as the woman says that, it doesn't matter how dry they are, they just come running down, running off to follow her.

The man tries to club them, but he can't make it. The ones that he had cut the knees off of—the woman had thought how the girl was going to live off of them. That man tries to chase that woman. He tries to catch her. He puts out his arms, but she goes straight through them. He keeps chasing her, and she goes right to where he had killed her brothers.

The little girl is just running right after her old man [father].

Finally they get to where the den is, to where he killed the black ones. And the old man just goes right into the den after the woman.

The little girl goes home again. She marks the den where her daddy had gone in, and she goes home again. And she stays that night [in the camp]. And after that, the next morning, she goes after her uncles—after her daddy's brothers. Then she tells her uncles, "He chased the groundhog woman right to the head of the valley, and he went right into the den with her!"

And after that, they went right there, and they put that kind of thing that looks like a deadfall.[123] The girl shows the first man that place, and he puts that kind of trap for [his brother].

Then the next morning he goes out after him again, and he sees that the trap has fallen down. He sees that there are two groundhogs staying around each other there. Whenever he comes pretty close to them, they go into the den. He tries working on it for two days. And things happen the same way again. The trap is sprung, and the two groundhogs are sitting there again.

So that man gives up, and another man tries it. He puts the deadfall the same way. And in the morning he goes, and it's the same way again. He has lots of brothers, that fellow

[i.e. the man who went with the groundhog woman], and they are trying and trying [to get him]. When one fellow gives up, another one tries again. And he goes there the next time, and it happens the same way again. The next man tries it, and that man gives up again.

Then the last man, the youngest brother, tries. And he takes any kind of stick—the old people make fancy ones. [But] he takes any old kind of stick [to make the deadfall?], and he goes home again. The next morning he goes there.

Only one groundhog stays there. That man goes there. The groundhog goes in [into the den]. And one groundhog—the old man groundhog—is the one that is caught. He catches his last finger (i.e., little finger) [in the trap]. He dies in it.

Then [his brother] takes him out and comes back home. He throws that groundhog to his oldest brother. "That's the groundhog you people never [could] kill!", he says. "That one!" And they clean out the place and make a scaffold. And they put the groundhog on top and put feathers in there, and they leave it there for seven days.

Then they hear a groundhog's noise. That old fellow comes back to life again.

He is a big shot doctor now—an íxt'.

97. The Children Caught by the Rockfall

December 16, 1950, Carcross

This is a kid's story I am going to tell you.

When the kids are playing, they go out far and make a little camp. And at one corner of the village was a little bluff, and it had a hollow in it like a little camp. So the kids play in there all the time. And they tell each other, "Now, you go and get the grub!"

"Now, you!"

They tell each other this all the time. [They say it to] every kid.

One boy has no father, and he has no mother. Only one has a grandmother. That's all. And they tell that boy, "You bring the grub now, you!"

Then he goes home and he tells his grandma. And his grandma gives him some rotten fish-eggs. And that kid brings them in [to the other children in the camp], and all the kids make fun about him. And that kid starts to cry and goes home to his grandma. And he says that all those kids make fun of him.

And that old lady says. "Don't go there again! I wish that rock would drop down in front of them and close them in so they would stay there for good." She doesn't know, that old lady [that it will really happen]. I guess she is some kind of - íxt' (shaman), that old lady.

And he goes down there and plays with them. Finally they hear something drop. And the whole damn rock closes on them, just like a door shuts. He is in there too.

After that [the people] were missing all those kids. Their fathers were looking for them. The [children] were all inside where the bluff had shut them in.

Then the old people tried to work [on opening] the rock. They hit it and tried to break it, but they couldn't make it break. Every day they go out there and try to break a hole through. They can't make it. The people leave. They go away.

One of the children [trapped inside the rock fall] is a big girl. She knows her mother's brother used to be a big doctor. And that man's "doctor" [spirit power] is a woodpecker. The big girl is thinking about that, and all the time she calls on her mother's brother's íxt'- doo kák's [Tl., her mother's brother's] doctor.

Finally they hear something on the rock. It seems just as if something is pecking on it. It is only in the nighttime, I guess, that it flies away. As soon as daylight comes, that thing comes back again and pecks again.

After that, that woodpecker is just making more noise all the time. And next after that, by gosh, that woodpecker just punches a hold through the rock—a hole just the size of a needle! You could see the daylight coming in.

And that bird keeps going, and makes the hole bigger and bigger. It's just big enough for a body to go through. When the hole is just big enough for the woodpecker, he flies away. And the children try, and finally one of them goes out through the hole.

That boy [who brought the rotten fish eggs] tries to go through there too. The other children keep pulling him back all the time. And finally the last kid gets out, and the children tell the rock, "Go on and close on him!" And the rock slowly closes. He tries to run out through the hole, but he can't make it. He can't get through. And one of the children tells him, "Now you stay there and make an echo whenever anybody hollers."

The rock closes, and that boy can't get out any more.

And [the other children] go down on the beach. When the tide goes down, they know where the old camp is. The children come to the camp in the night. They hide outside until somebody sends for them.

[Here Lucy said a long, loud "Gee!" I asked if it would have been bad luck if the children had gone directly into camp after having been away for so long. Jimmy replied: "It's bad for them, if they walk in camp after they been away. But if somebody finds you, it's all right, the Indian doctor says."]

The people see the children and holler out to them. And after they come in [to the camp], that old lady looks for her grandchild. He doesn't come in. They tell her the rock has closed on him. That is a pretty bad one—that!

That's all.

That's why, if you holler, there is an echo in the rock, "I'm saying the same as you".

I think it's a coast story.

98. A Ghost Story December 16, 1950, Carcross

[Before telling this story, Scotty told me how he has to think about what stories he is going to tell me each night. "I tell you honestly—this is true story book, that I give you."]

There is one boy. I guess he's big as Oscar—no—big as Jimmy [about twelve years old] I guess—when the ghost gets him.

On that evening—that kid is crying, crying. They try to stop him, and that old fellow, his daddy, hollered at the owl to come in.

[C. McC.: Why? J.S.J.: It's to scare that boy—to fool the kid].

And the ghost hears it—and that ghost is coming into the camp. He [the ghost] says, "Give me my grandchild." And that kid's scared of it. And his father grabs him. By gosh, that spirit just grabs him. He got the kid and runs away with him .

When he got that kid over there [to the 'other' side], that boy says he's hungry. And that spirit looked in the bag on his back and he got some grub out of there. He got grease and dried meat pounded together—it looks like that to him, that kid. And he [the kid] ate it. He keeps doing that, I don't know how long he stays with him.

Then that ghosts ask him, he say, "What is that?" he says. He see a big bunch of people there. "What's that growing out here?" he say. [Scotty indicates ears.]

And that boy says, "That's the horns they making there."

That ghost asks the kid, "Can you put your horns on?"

That kid says, "Yes, I can do it. All right." And then he tells [the ghost] that everyone makes sharp sticks—just little ones to go in the [ear] holes. That kid is doing it.

Then that ghost tells them [the other spirit/ghosts]. "Put the wood this way" [demonstrating what the boy showed him]. Then he makes the ghosts sleep. He laid out a log and make every ghost put its head on the log. And that ghost tell him he's the first one who is going to do it.

"Watch now," he tell them: "Don't move."

And he [the boy] got two sharp sticks. And he got a rock in his hand. The first one he gets it. He holds that sharp stick against the ear—where there's a little hole. That kid hits the sharp stick in that spirit's ear. And that spirit, he just stretches himself out. That's all. And that kid keeps doing it until the last [ghost?] is killed. He killed them all. That kid watches

them for a little while. After a while, nothing moves, and that kid run back to home. That kid just gets scared of it. He think they're going to follow him, just like flying.

And that kid come and jumps right in his mother's house. His mother is just as happy as she can be. And the mother ask him, "How you get away from there?"

"And that's the way I did it! I drive sharp sticks into their ears."

And as soon as he finished the story about them—about what he did—as soon as that fire heat touched his body, he saw ants coming out of his nose and from his eyes, that kid. They just kept coming out. Those ants ate him, that kid. That's the dried meat and the grease the ghost feeds him—that was the ants.

That woman was happy—she thought her son came back. As soon as he finished this story—she's happy like that. But then he falls back. That's all. He's dead, that kid, just nothing but skin left. All the ants ran out. The ants ate him up.

That's all.

I don't know where they were. I heard this story two times. My grandma told me.

99. The Girl Who Married the Bear

Jimmy told only one story during the evening, because he and Lucy had made some tools I had commissioned for the National Museum, and I wanted to get details about their manufacture and use. However, the tale which he selected is one we know to be of prime importance throughout Yukon and is one which I have analyzed in some detail in another publication, except for this version which I somehow missed.[124]

99. The Girl Who Married the Bear December 21, 1950, Carcross

There are a bunch of women picking berries. And after they are finished, they turn back home. It is getting late; it is pretty dark. And that girl never sees it. She steps on the bear stool, right on top of it, and she slips. And that girl is angry about it.

"Oh my!" she says, "Can't he defecate in any other place, not in my way?" Those are words against the bear's religion.

After that, they are picking stone berries [kinnikinick] and the girl keeps picking stoneberries. It is getting late.

Finally, she hears something come behind her, back on the hill. It just looks like somebody walking. And she sees a man coming. And he grabs her and says, “I want to marry you!” And that girl says, “No, I must ask my mother first before I go home with you.” But that man says, “No, we have to go away from here.” And that girl doesn’t want to go, but that man just grabs her and throws her around on his back and runs away from there.

For quite a long while she camps with him. He looks just like a man to her. And they go around every morning eating berries. That’s the only way they were doing. They eat any kind of berry.

And after that the man tells the girl, “Let’s go down and dry fish.” And the girl watches. She stays home while the man fishes. And the other women collect driftwood, logs floating in the water [that are wet]. The girl collects dry wood.

And the man come home in the evening time. And everybody who comes home takes his [wet] shirt off and shakes it right on the fires made of water soaked wood. And they make big blazes just as though they had put coal oil [on the fire].[125]

The girl’s husband takes his shirt off and shakes the shirt on the fire. And his shirt always catches fire. And that bear gets mad about it. So after that, she does the same way the other women are doing—she gets logs drifting in the water. Then her husband does that again [shakes his shirt]. Well, that wood burns in a bright fire.

Then the man tells [his wife]. He says, “The gopher are getting real fat now! Let’s go up to the timber line.” That woman is surprised that they have never dried any fish or saved any. Then they start off for the timber line. And they hunt gophers and eat them up all the time. And they eat berries. And the woman thinks about what can it mean that they don’t save any of them.

Then after that, she knows it—what she said about that bear stool when she slipped on it— she was being punished for it.

And that man watches her all of the time. Afterwards, when it’s pretty near fall time, that bear says, “It’s going to snow. Let’s fix our camp!” He tells the girl, “You find a big hole in the rock in the mountain.” And they made their home there together.

And she says, “What are we going to eat anyway?”

“You have enough grub for winter,” the bear tells her. But she doesn’t see where the grub is. Then they go there, and she stays there. One month goes by, and it seems just like a day to her.

She tells her husband, “I’m hungry now!” And that bear just looks back, and he takes out what she wants—dry meat, dry fish, berries. He gives her anything she wants. He says, “Now we [can] eat. See, whatever we worked for, that our cache, that we eat now.”

After that the bear says, “Now,” he says, “Spring is coming back now. We’ll go out pretty soon—in April.” And he tells his wife, “Look outside!”

And that girl—that woman—has had two kids from that bear. And she looks outside. By gosh, it is spring everywhere. The snow is sliding off the mountain. And then they come out in front of the den and sit down in the daytime. And the woman knows that this place is where her brothers hunt [bear] in the springtime.

She feels around with her hand, [because] now she knows it’s a bear [she is with]. And she makes a ball of snow with hairs and everything on it. And she rolls it down the hill so her brothers’ dog will find it.

Finally they go into their home. That man says now, “I’m not going to make it this summer. I’m going to get killed.”

Then one morning—about three o’clock in the morning, I guess—they hear a dog barking outside. “Well,” the man tells her, “I’m going to go out.” And finally they hear talking there. And afterwards that bear catches the dog that is barking and throws him back into the den to his wife. And he says, “Hold this one!”

And then he goes out and starts to fight with them [i.e., the girl’s brothers]. And she lets go of the dog. She ties their mitts on the dog’s neck. Those people had thrown them down, and the grizzly bear had thrown them into the den too.

Before he goes out again, the bear asks, “Where’s the dog I threw in?” The woman hides the dog and says, “You just threw the mitts back in.”

And he goes out, and the other men fight the bear. They hit him with the bow and arrow and with spears.

And then she lets the dog go after she has tied the mitts on its neck so her brothers will know. And they [the brothers] kill the grizzly bear, and the dog comes running down, and it has the mitts tied on to its neck. Then the brothers knew too that their sister had been lost. The oldest one told about it. So they told the youngest brother, “Go see that place!”

The girl thought that it was a home like this, and she saw somebody coming to look in the front of the near den. It was her youngest brother, and he knew his sister too. She told her brother, “My clothes are pretty nearly gone.” That girl said, “Tell my mother to bring clothes for me!”

And the next morning that old woman, her mother, went up there. She takes clothes. And her mother comes pretty nearly in front of the den. And then they say she gives her [daughter] the clothes. That girl comes out then, and the two little cubs are with her.

That's the end.

And then they go home with the girl's mother.

That's the end.

And she tells her brothers [after that] which place she sees the bear. She says that the bears have smoke. And she tells her brothers to go there and they will find bears. They do like that, and they kill them [the bears].

And that's all.

100. Gonaakaadet [126] January 6, 1951, Carcross

Gonaakaadet lives in the water.

It looks like a house. It's not good luck.

I tell you the story. My old, old, old, great, great, great grandpa—my people on my mother's side—I hear this from my grandma. She goes down to Sumdum village. She comes back from there, and she lives in this country.

Finally [some people] go across the ocean. [A man] and all his nephews go in his boat. Everybody paddles away.

And after that, they see some canoes behind—two canoes full of people. They come close, and some of the people have hair all curled up, just like Negroes. And after that, they just keep agoing and try to get away from them. [The boats which were following] pretty nearly come to the side [of the first boat], but they disappear. Those fellows in those two boats disappear.

After that [the first] boat can slow down and try to keep going. And then they hear something behind. It is just like a river falling. And they see something coming out of the water. It is big! And they just keep going for the beach—trying the best they can.

Finally [Gonaakaadet] [Jimmy actually said, "they"] comes out. All the salt water is in his throat. That's the time he nearly closes his mouth on the boat and pretty nearly swallows it down.

Finally [the men in the boat] come close. They just go close to the Gonaakaadet all of the time. And after that, a big man who is in the stern throws the paddle into his throat. He says, "Let it go to be swallowed!"

The other fellows are working hard though. [The man in the stern] just grabs his war knife that is tied around his hand so when he fights it can't slip off. That man says, "Let it go anyway! I'm going to cut out that Gonaakaadet stomach anyway!" he says. He just has his knife moving around like this [Jimmy slashes in the air].

That Gonaakaadet is sticking way out here [Jimmy indicates jutting eyebrow ridges]. And the man thinks he is going to jump on there and punch his eyes out. As soon as they see that, everybody in the boat quits [paddling], and they get ready their knives and spears—their *t'AlqAt'*—(Tl., spear)—and everything.

And as soon as everything becomes quiet, that Gonaakaadet gets scared, I guess. As soon as they quit paddling the boat, he stops too, no more sucking the boat in. And then that Gonaakaadet, he gives up, I guess. He is kind of scared. He just goes down in the water like this [gesture of slowly sinking]. It's just like he dives.

And then those fellows go onto the beach. Those fellows get saved.

"That is all, ax sée, my little daughter" (Tl., my daughter).

101. Black Skin

This story, too, is well-known on the North Pacific coast. John Swanton recorded a telling by Deikinaak'w at Sitka in 1904. Frederica de Laguna also published at least one account. Nora Dauenhauer's recording with Frank Johnson, and her extensive analysis of that story with Richard Dauenhauer appears in their volume *Haa Shuká*.[127] Most versions stress the unexpected success of Dukt'ootl' or "Strong Man" who trained quietly until he was able, against great odds, to kill a giant sea lion when others could not.

101. Black Skin August 21, 1951

All the anyúdee (Tl., high class persons/ town children) used to run down and jump into the water—everybody. And the first thing when they run out of that water, they run to that [tree limb and root]. They are just twisting it and twisting it, right into the ground.

That one anyúdee thinks he is powerful. And then he goes to that limb, and with just one hand he breaks that limb off. And he is the one with power. [At least that is what everybody thinks.] That same man [who broke off the limb] is going to split that tàn (Tl., sea lion) out there.

That Dukt'ootl', they call him, "Black Skin," wants to go—just to guide the boat. Nobody wants to take him. He gets that canoe and pulls it out right with everybody in it.

After that they take him. They tell him to bail the boat. They see where that tàn (Tl., sea lion) is.

That anyúdee gets out of the boat. He is going to split the sea lion. He comes to that tàn. As soon as he does, that tàn catches him with its tail, he flaps his tail down, and he kills that anyúdee. That anyúdee can't split that!

That Dukt'ootl' gets up and says, "I'm the one that twisted that limb to the butt! I'm the one who broke off that limb!" And he starts to head onto the beach. And he never steps

on the cross-pieces of the canoe. He never steps over; he just walks right through! And he breaks everything on the way!

And then he just goes and catches that tàn that flapped and killed that *anyúdee*. As soon as he catches him, he rips him right up through the head. He does it to every one—to all of them.

Then they go home, and everybody hollers,

"Anyúdee got killed! Dukt'ootl' is pretty good! He split up the sea lions, tàn—every one of them!" Tleneesh told this story.

102. The Doctor Who Didn't Work for his Grub

August 21, 1951, Carcross

There is one man who is a big doctor.

And that doctor never rustles around for his grub. Never! He stays home. And he has his doctor's mice. That íxt' (Tl., doctor) is living yet.

The reason why he doesn't work for his living is because his mice keep his supplies going. That's why he doesn't need to put up his grub. You see, if someone has some food in the cache out there, puts everything up in it, by gosh, all the mice [seem to] eat up everything. But they [really] take it to the íxt' all the time. The mice do that to everybody's grub. All kinds of food they take over there to the doctor.

Oh, for many years the doctor is doing it like that. After that everybody gets tired of him, because he never works for his grub. And just the same he's got grub. Everybody talks about how they are going to drown that doctor right in the middle of the lake.

Whenever he is going to doctor, he has a belt. He wants his belt. He took that *lut'* (Tl., slug) in the salt water. It's like a bloodsucker, it has no bones. And he has that in his belt. And his [slug] doctor lets him know.

The people say, "We're going to drown you, if you don't stop!"

He says, "That's what I'm glad of! I'm tired of myself! Do it tomorrow. If you fellows want to drown me, go ahead!"

His people take him out. One of them, the youngest one, his kéilk' (Tl., sister's son) doesn't want to drown his kák (Tl., maternal uncle). He cries. He gets into the boat, too, just the same. He wants to see him.

And the people get a hundred pound rock about that long [four feet]. They have two rocks. One they are going to tie to his feet. And one they are going to tie on his neck. The people think that they are going to drown him. And then that kid says that he doesn't want his uncle to get drowned.

The doctor says, "My íxt' doctor says that half of the boat could float onto the shore."

And when they are away out in the middle of the lake, they say, "This is far enough. Drown him now." Well, they stop there. "Tie the string on the rock now," that doctor says.

It spreads out on the water.[128] And they think they are going to drown the íxt'. [He puts on all his clothes.] Then the *Ixt'* stands up in the canoe. And the straw from the raft he makes floats around on top.

And the people think that they are going to drown him. Instead of that, the doctor jumps on top of that knitted straw. He just jumped right there. And as soon as he jumps on it, that straw with the doctor on top just swims down under the water and never shows up again. That is the last the people see of the íxt'—just the way he goes down into the deep water. Then they cannot see him any more. He goes down into the water, and they wait. They think that they are going to see him again.

They wait too long, and finally turn back home. When they are pretty near there, suddenly only part of the canoe keeps going. Nothing happens, but the canoe splits right from the nose. That doctor does that. And those who were going to drown him—they all get drowned up to where his nephew who is crying for him is sitting.

That doctor doesn't want to drown his nephew. The nephew stays on top of the canoe. And a little breeze comes and blows him in front of the town again, that part of the canoe with the boy on it.

He is the only one who gets saved, the one who cries for his uncle.

That's all.

103. The Boy Who Avenged His Uncle's Death

November 9, 1950, Carcross

q'a dAkAnx (Tl., bad little fellow)—that's a Dakl'aweidí name.

The little boys would go with their father's brothers. They took them out hunting. And they kill a great big grizzly bear. And then they cooked it. And afterwards they eat it.[129]

Before they call the kids, they are talking about something. And that little boy is just listening. They thought that he was asleep. He is just a little fellow, just as big as Jimmy [a child]. This little boy's uncle was killed a long time ago, and they talk about it, and he hears them.

After that they called the boys up. That's the way they tell them, but that boy does not want to eat. He wants to go home right away. They tell him to eat that grizzly bear. He wants to go home.

I'm going to tell how that little fellow started a war. They all were going home.

The boy is sleeping in the canoe going back. One old fellow says, “You see now, I think he’s crazy, that kid! That kid heard you talking. You shouldn’t have said that!”

After that, when he comes back home, the boy’s mother and father feed him. He eats then, that kid. He doesn’t care. It is just like he wants his old man [father] to go away some place, but he never says anything.

After a while the father goes to get wood I guess. The boy is just alone with his mother then. He is playing outside. He runs in again, and he asks his mother, “What were they talking about, those fellows down there, when they killed the bear? Did something happen there before?” he asks his mother.

His mother says, “No, nothing.”

“Are you sure? Are you sure? I heard them talking about a man of our people [our lineage]. *wAlAglx*, that is the name of the man they were talking about.”

But his mother doesn’t tell him [that *wAlAglx* was her brother]. Then that kid grabs his father’s muzzle loader. It is already loaded. And he tells his mother, “If you don’t tell me true, I am going to kill you!” He is holding the gun right in her face, so she gives up.

“That is the way my brother got killed down there!” she says. And then his mother starts to cry.

Now he is going to get even with those fellows, he thinks. He made a little súks (Tl., bow and arrow) that long. And he puts little black flint rock in that [for arrow points]. He puts the black flint rock along the edge. He makes two of them.

And after that he goes in the morning, and he jumps into the cold water every morning. He has those two little sticks and he cuts himself up, just as though he has scratched himself with them. He swims all around in the blood. He does this, and when he comes out of the water his father, who is ankáwoo (Tl., chief) doesn’t want his son to cut himself up all the time. He brings all the people into camp, and whatever he has he gives around to all the people just because his son is cut up. That is why he does it. He doesn’t like his son to be cut, so the father gives all of his things away.

Every time [his father] does that, the boy tells his father, “It’s foolish of you to do that, old man! Your stuff will all be gone before I have finished! You had better quit!”

The father says to the boy, “*You* had better quit!”

Finally the boy quits. Only the people are getting a little bit scared. They know that something is wrong.

When he is big enough, the boy begins to fix everything that they use in war—knives and guns. Finally, he already gets hold of one of the men, and he shoots him. Then, they all get scared. And then he says, “Now you can talk about my uncle!” he says. “I am going to clean you fellows up!” After that he kills another man again, and after that another man

again, quick. He just keeps killing them just like they were cattle. After that those people never go around. They stay in their houses, they stay inside.

And then the boy starts to break up their canoes with his hands. That boy is just tough like a rock. He can do anything. He is like a grizzly bear!

And he has some kind of a cap that people used to wear when they went to war. He uses it all the time. It is a shudáh (Tl., war helmet). That war hat is made of wood.

And then, he only has two boats left. One is for his father and one is for doo àt (Tl., father's sister). And the last one that he starts to break up is his aunt's boat. He holds the nose of the boat, and then he puts it down again.

His aunty asks him, "What are you doing to that boat?" she says. "When you were a baby", she says, "I gave you moss diapers. You were frozen cold, and I wondered why you never cried. I wondered if you were going to be that tough."

That boy says, "Who is saying that?"

The aunt says, "It is your own aunty's boat!"

The boy doesn't know that before. And he takes his hat off, and he sees that there is a rock right in front of him. And he breaks up that [war] hat right on that rock. "That's all," he says. "My poor aunty is talking to me then. That is the end of it. Everything is over!"

He couldn't fight any more because his aunty had taken care of him.

[The men] had laughed about which way they had killed his uncle.

That is why the boy had done those things.

104. Travelling Under the Glacier [130] December 10, 1950

A long time ago there are people, and they have no fish coming up. The salmon aren't coming up, and all the Indians are starving. What they do is a true story I am going to tell you.

And the glacier comes right across the river where the salmon used to come up. That's why the salmon can't go through. Below the glacier the salmon are there all the time. But these people don't know then. This happened up in this country.

Then everybody is starving. It was summertime, I guess, but they are talking about it all the time. Everybody says, "You can do something, I guess, to break open that glacier?"

After that there are two old men, and they are going to die anytime soon. "Let's give up our lives for our own people are going under that ice in the boat." So those old men save the little children and help the country. The river goes under the glacier, and the old men put the boat in.

It is going to go under the glacier.

Then in the morning, “Well”, they say, “now, we come.” First the people all bring their clothes and their good stuff for their old people. They dress them up good. Everybody comes around like that to dress them like that. Those [old men] are ready to go that day. Then one old man says, “That’s all.”

They painted their faces good. Now they get into the canoe. One is at the bow and one is at the stern. Then those two old fellows say, “We don’t want you to hold our canoe. Let those little fellows do it. Let the little kids hold the boat.”

And then they had a song for it. [Jimmy sings a song.] They have one song for letting the boat go under the ice. And when it floats out onto salt water, they have another song.

The first song has these words: “This little child is going to take my place after I die.”

[Jimmy pointed to three-year-old Ralph as he sang the song.]

“There’s no more. Let the boat go now,” they say. The two men tie their hair up on top of their head, and they tie the tops of green spruces to their hair. And they sail good under the ice. They just go like a shot. They go under the glacier.

Gosh, they say that they couldn’t see anything! It is just dark. But they keep going just the same. Some places the ice touches one side of the boat. They expect any minute to be the end of their lives.

Finally, just at that minute, daylight comes to them, quick. They get through to the other side, and nothing happens. And they just look down where they have floated. Gee, you can see lots of salmon just below the glacier—red salmon and everything! They eat good now, I guess, those fellows.

And they are way out on the salt water, floating around for quite a while. They are just happy. “Well, let’s have another song again,” one of the men says. “Let’s have another song where we came out here!”

Afterwards, whenever that man’s people have a potlatch, they sing the song every time. They keep this song up in this country all over.

“That boat, it’s coming through, and he sees the world again.

When you come out, You’re glad to see the world again.”

That’s why, whenever they have a big potlatch they sing the song. Everybody sings it, it doesn’t matter who. [I asked which sib claims the song, and Jimmy said that he would ask an elderly Kùkhhittàn[131] woman whether the song belonged to the Kùkhhittàn or to Dakl’aweidí].

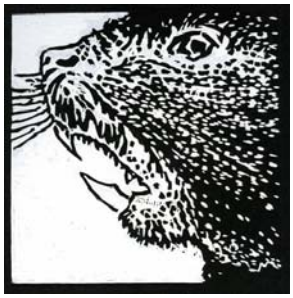
Afterwards, on the same day that they let the two men go through the ice, two young fellows run down on the glacier. It takes them two days to run down. And before they come

there, they see smoke coming out below the glacier. And those young fellows come to the old men there. The two old men have everything there. They are packing up and drying the salmon.

So the young fellows ran back and give the people a bunch of salmon. They dry a little bit of salmon, and the boys took it back for all the little fellows. And the people came back down the next day. They head back down over the ice. They walk there. Everybody goes over the glacier, and they all get there and dry fish, everybody. And after they dry it, they pack the fish back over and bring lots of fish over [the height of land].

After that, in the winter, there is lots of snow in this country. And in the springtime all the waters are running all over. All the rivers are high. And they jam up the glaciers where the salmon used to come up and break through the whole glacier. So after that, after the glacier is broken through, the salmon come right up the river the same way as they did before.

And that is the end of the story.



105. The Beaver Crest of the Tuk.weidí

October 17, 1950, Carcross

The beaver was really a slave to begin with.

His master blames him all the time for being lazy.

The slave is going out every night and digging under the town. That is why he was so tired and slow at doing things in the day. His master really gets mad at him one day. He can't take it any more, and he says that he is going to beat his slave.

The man starts to do it, and then that is when the beaver slaps his tail and floods the town. He goes right into the water and becomes a beaver—s'ugeidée—for all time.

He tells the people that they will be called Tuk.weidí.

106. The Taku Woman Doctor with Spider Power

December 5, 1950, Carcross

One time they had a war on the Taku River.

The coast Indians do that. The *cq'At 'qwan* (Tl., Tsimshian) from Wrangell maybe, are killing off the Taku River people. And they capture the kids and the women for gòox (Tl., slaves). And after everything is finished, they go down the river. They were going back to their own country. After that, they say, there is an old lady among them. And they are going to spread the people there [they are going to disperse the captured Taku people]. And the old lady tells the war chief, "Please let me have my grandchildren for a while before I am separated from them!" The war people are going to spread out—this way, and this way, and this way. That's the way they used to fight. They used to fight from every village.

And after they have killed off the Taku people, the *cq'At 'qwan* (Tl., Tsimshian) people are going back down the river and they are spreading out, going to the different villages.

And that old lady is a Taku River íxt' (Tl., shaman), and she has a spider as her doctor.

[The *cq'At 'qwan* people] have one dead body. The Taku people have killed him, and the *cq'At 'qwan* people are going to take the body back.

That old lady has a louse—a dry louse, too. She picks it out. Nobody sees it. She is going to finish those bad people off with her doctor. They take her grandchildren, too. And that lady has that dried louse, and she keeps wringing it and wringing it and wringing it. She just is wringing it and wringing it. Afterwards you can see just pure human blood coming out of that louse.

After a while the *cq'At 'qwan* see it, and they say, "Look, what's this old lady doing?"

"They cut the head off that man", she says. "I just picked that louse out from him, and that's why I'm wringing it." And they let it go [the Tsimshian didn't do anything about it].

And then they go a little ways from there, way into the middle of the salt water. And one is going to go one way, and one is going to go another way. And that old lady has her grandchildren all mixed up. Some go with one man; some go with another man.

She wants to have all of her children around her before they went. "Please let me have them together," she says. That old woman is powerful. She tells the grandchildren lying on one side of her, she says, "You hang on to my blanket! You hang on to my blanket!" She tells them all the way. "And don't look," she says. "Just put your face against me!" And she blinds the *cq'At 'qwan*, so they can't see what she is going to do.

And after that she gets her spider doctor. She gets it, and it lifts them all out of the boat—the old lady and the grandchildren with her.

And they [Tsimshian] saw them away far up where the arrows can't reach them. That far away the *cq'At 'qwan* saw her and her grandchildren. That old lady just looks at those people. She goes right up like a spider on a string, and all the grandchildren are hanging on to her. She goes right up, way up. Then she swings sidewise over across the mountain to one place that they call ch'ák' loowóo. That means "eagle beak" (Tl. eagle/ ch'ák'; beak/ loowóo). That place looked like an eagle beak, like a bald-headed eagle beak.

That old woman is just swinging over there, and finally while they are watching her, she goes way up the mountain, way up on to an open place. They land on a nice green place. So she gets her grandchildren away from the *cq'At 'qwan*.

After that they are playing around, those children. They are surprised at what that old lady did to the *cq'At 'qwan*. She can kill anybody, just like a gunshot.

And they are watching the *cq'At 'qwan*. Those people start off spreading out, spreading out, spreading away.

Finally the old lady wishes for a big strong south wind. She makes it come. Before they see it, the *cq'At 'qwan* (Tl., Tsimshian) had never gone far from where they began to separate. It is just the same wind that comes on all of them, and not one of them makes it to shore. Everyone drowns.

She does that to them, that old lady.

Afterwards, when she gets home, she takes the grandchildren back to where they were before, to Inklin. She brings all her grandchildren back to that place. And after they have been living there for quite a while, the old lady gets sick.

She says, "Take me back where I used to be, where I landed on the mountain. Take me back below where I landed on the mountain, and put me in there." It's pretty close to the salt water. You can see it from the boat, they say.

When they get back there, they camp there.

The old lady says, "That's the last. Now it's the end of it. I am going to be finished tonight!" And when the people come back at night, she is gone. They put her in a ground cache, just like a coffin.

"That's the way," she says, "you will see how much power I had before. Put a tree at the back of my head," she says, "a green tree, and see what is going to happen, how long it stays there."

The people do it, everything. And outside there, standing up, the tree is actually growing. And for quite a while there is a green tree there. They see it for many years afterwards, when it has become just dry. There is no bark on it, everything is white. But after a few years, when they went by that place, they see that the dry tree has come back to life

again. It is green. That is that way the old lady said—that the tree was going to dry out and then have life again.

That's the end of it.

I don't know that lady's name. My grandmother told me the story. I was little then.

107. The Man Who Escaped from Porcupines

December 16, 1950, Carcross

Why we go pretty strict on the game—I'm going to tell about the porcupines—xuluk'úch' (Tl., porcupine).

One old fellow is a big doctor—the biggest Indian doctor. He was gone on a beaver hunt in the fall time. And then when he was going back, it start to snow. And he went back. He left his family at their fishing place.

And he's got lots of beaver—takes them back home. And he's using skin toboggan. Finally pretty near he's going to camp.

He see a little porcupine track, little one. It is dragging. He goes after that porcupine—just travel. How far he went! And that old man is getting mad at that porcupine. And that old man says, "I wonder where's his father's home. That's where porcupines go. And just a little way he goes and he find the den. He goes in the den. A big bunch of porcupines are there. And he went right in the hole. He goes way back and he see the light—it look like. That old fellow come right in there.

That little porcupine tells him, "Here's my father's house where you tell me to go." And then they [the porcupines] said, "Go on and shut that door on him."

So that man can't go out from there. And he stays there. And every evening the porcupines go out for food. They just crawl on top of him—a big bunch on him.

He had tied a rope around himself when he came in, and he feels his line. He's just way under the rock. He can't get back through. He's too big. He lay down all the time. He's a good doctor, but he can't see which way to help—his doctor.

Quite a while—about one month he stay in the den there. He never eats.

Well, when evening came, they [porcupines] went out to feed again. And his 'doctor' called those little mice—those moles—with big noses. Mole is *ts'udin*. When the porcupines go out, the *tsudin* comes in to him. He says, "What you doing here, my master?" That's his master.

"Well," he says, "they shut the door on me," he says. And that little mole tells tell him, "Can you do anything?"

That man says, "No, I can do nothing."

The *tsudin* says, "They just keep you to starve in here—you going to starve. Think about around yourself. Think about it, any things what you have."

And that Indian doctor look at everything. Finally he think about that flint—*tadzi*. The mice said, "That's the one. That's the one you're going to save yourself." And the mouse tells him, he say, [Here Jimmy paused to cut kindling—drawing the knife towards his chest, as always] "When they all come in, cover up your blanket yourself. And just do it under your blanket [make motions of using strike-a-light/fire starter] and stick [the spark] under porcupine stool, to make a smudge. That's all I can tell you," he says, and he runs out. "Save yourself!"

And he did it. When he got it there—[Scotty indicates a spark]—he blows and he blows enough and he just put it underneath that dry porcupine stool and dry grass. And he keep blowing in there.

And after that, just a little while after—that porcupine smells something.

"What is that smell?" he says. It's pretty bad. And that porcupine told the others, "That old fellow fainted," he says.

And that old porcupines say, "Open the door and throw him out!"

And they open the door and he just walks right out.

After that he came outside. My gosh, he's got four feet of snow over his skin toboggan.

And he see Wolverine get up from on top of his skin toboggan. That wolverine tells him, "I'm watching for your skin toboggan, my master."

And he opens up his skin toboggan. And he's got beaver meat—beaver fat—in it. And he took the beaver out to give it to that wolverine for looking after his toboggan. Oh, that wolverine does everything for that fellow. He can tell everything, that wolverine. He does what the old man says.

When [the man] sets beaver net, the wolverine comes around. When he go over to the beaver house he makes that wolverine scare the beaver out of the house. Soon as the beaver

jumps on the water from the house, that wolverine gets on top of the beaver house and looks at that old man. And soon as the beaver gets in the net, he pulls him out. That wolverine just chases it out from the den. And he kills them all, and that wolverine runs away.

That's all my daughter.

That's Teslin story. That íxt' is named ***jit'q gI ic***. And he's Kúkhhittán [clan] man. I knew that man when I was little like Ralph.

[This is the story for the Beaver Shirt—See Angela Sidney's version (no. 67) and. Jake Jackson's version (no. 130)].

108. The Way the White People First Came [date missing]

Goos'k'ee kwán means "country of the white people"

Well, I just tell you—one woman all her people were killed off in the war. Her, that one and her daughter run away—one woman. And they go round up in the woods—just the two of them all the time. After a while this girl come to *wetedi* [reached puberty].

After they go around, everything—[they] used to believe everything. One man says, "Want me to marry your daughter?"

That old lady say, "What can you do? What can you do?"

He says, "I can do this hunting—do everything—do this."

And she says, "Not for that"—she says. She wants to raise the family to make war on those people that killed her people off.

And another one is coming saying the same way again [asking the same question]. "Oh", she says. It's always like that. And she goes all over around the world with her daughter. And then one time woman comes from the air with an eagle feather. And she goes around the *wetedi* all the time.

And a man comes again, he says, "Let me marry your daughter. Let me marry your daughter."

And she said, "What can you do? Some people killed all my people." And just like that her daughter just went up to the air and she is no more. She watch her daughter just going up, just going up, they say to the sky. That old lady just cried there—stayed there where her daughter gone. And they stay away two years—two years gone by.

And well, by gosh, two little kids were coming to her, and she doesn't know where they come from—different Indians. And the next day they come again. And next day. All the time like that coming. By gosh, those kids grow up fast as just like wheat.

After, they come again. She thinks about how her daughter's gone. Those kids call her "grandma."

And [when] she go back [to their mother], the mother ask all the time, “Did you see grandma?” After that they tell the grandma, “We’re gonna build the house for you, grandma. At night, if you hear anything, don’t look up. When we move around too, don’t matter what noise you hear.”

After, she sleeps early. As soon as she sleeps she hear somebody talking “white man way” [English]. And after a while they move ‘em around. She hears the saw work, and the hammer. Finally, pretty near in the morning, everything quiets down.

Those kids told her, “Everything [will] quiet down after, [and they] you look up that time, grandma.” And when she looks up—that old lady sees the lumber house on top of her.

And the kids come back—daytime. And they tell her, “Now grandma, you are going to get your supplies in, and don’t look up all the time you hear noise.”

And in the morning she look up again. Oh, she’s got everything! All the grub. And still more kids are coming all the time. And then they tell grandma, they say, “Tomorrow my mother and my daddy gonna be coming,” they say. And finally the kids come back and her daughter comes back again, her kids with her. And she tells her mother, “Your son-in-law is outside, your daughter’s husband.

That old lady look there and never sees anything there. He just looks like something shining there. She says, “I can’t see him,” she says, “It’s just like the sun shining there.”

“That’s him,” her daughter tells her. “You tell him, ‘come in.’” By gosh, finally they come in. And after she feeds them, she sees a person. She tells her mother,” Those boys are going to build up the war house and kill off those people.”

They make a noise again, and they finish just the sides—never put up the ridge pole yet. As soon as they put it up, it rolls off again. They put it up again.

That grandma cooks for them all now.

And as soon as [the ridge pole] rolls off, they tell her, “Grandma, it rolled off—now we are going to have war tomorrow or the next day. We’ll call the people who killed our people off. They are going to be here the next day.”

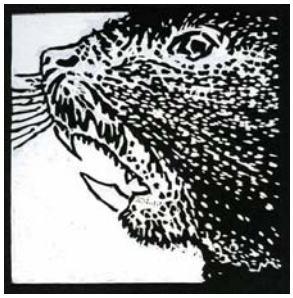
And they fix the roof [and] everything up all right.

Next day, the second day, before noon they hear a big bunch of canoes coming. It was those people. And then those boys walked around the top of the house. And when they had all landed, those fellows started a war. My gosh, those boys are getting the best of it! Finally, the last man, they kill ‘em. And they told their grandma, “We killed them all now, the ones that did that.”

After that her daughter came and see her everyday. And those boys said, “Now grandma, we’re going to stay with you for good.” And that’s the way, pretty nearly talking white way, she heard it.

Those boys talk like us, just the same.

I think God way up in heaven married that daughter.



109. The Arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Taku River

While the Russians were trading out of Sitka, the Hudson's Bay Company was expanding into the northwest both by sea along the Pacific Coast and by the interior waterways up the Mackenzie drainage and finally across to the Pacific streams in what was to become British Columbia, Yukon Territory and Alaska. In 1839 the company had obtained a ten year lease of a strip of coast, ten leagues wide,[132] extending north from latitude 54°40' into Russian territory.

In this process, James Douglas (referred to in this account as "Mr. Daut") played a central role. In June, 1840, after had had conferred with the Russians at Sitka and reached certain agreements about tariffs and exchange of furs, Douglas sailed on to explore the Taku river for the site of a new trading fort which the Russians were permitting him to build. He went thirty-five miles up that broad glacial stream, reporting that at about ten miles from the mouth he passed "an abandoned native village" and that on the next day he reached another "small village" where he frightened away most of the inhabitants.

Douglas found the current too strong for his own boat, and he returned to the coast. He finally built a small fort, usually called Fort Taku (although Douglas had named it Fort Durham), in a bay just south of Taku inlet. On July 12, 1840, he opened trade with the natives. Douglas describes them as very troublesome customers, "most persevering" in their attempts to beat down the prices of the goods. He attributed this to their long contact and trading experience in the islands to the west. He, reports, too that slaves "were the measure of wealth," and that some men had as many as twenty of them. The Haida Indian traders who brought them, were often given "18 or 20 skins a head." A few of these skins the Hudson's Bay Company managed to procure, but mostly they went to Sitka or else to Russian ships which were also cruising the channels of the archipelago. Douglas left the post in charge of Kennedy, with Finlayson as assistant and 18 additional men.

In 1842 Fort Taku was abandoned by the express orders of Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Company, who had visited it the previous year. He felt that the new steamer, the

Beaver, which had first been in northern waters in 1836, could more profitably take care of the trade. Although McLoughlin was in charge of the district, he bitterly opposed the move. For our purposes we need not further pursue the history of the Hudson's Bay Company on the coast but may turn instead to a native account of what must surely have been Douglas's first trip on the Taku River and of the subsequent arrival of the *Beaver*.

109 a. Mr. *Daut* (James Douglas) Arrives at Taku River

October 24, 1950, Carcross

"Long before the whites come—the Taku people lived up river, but used to go down and trade skins for gòox̲ (Tl., slaves). And then [they were] doing it all the time that way. People stay at Nakina'a. And after, finally they see something coming way down and thought it's a big animal.

And they broke that wild rhubarb. They broke down the dry ones to look at that stuff, what is it. Like a telescope—if we are looking through just like that. Old people claims it's bad luck to look at them [with] bare eyes. That dry rhubarb, the old people claim [you] look through with that one.

After, finally they are coming—keep coming. They thought it's a big animal. Finally—he comes a little closer. They see something move on top of the deck—moving all the time. And he sees some men go around. And finally they look like persons.

They came way to the village... at Taku Harbor... and finally they throw the anchor out—the anchor of that sailing boat. And they put the life boat down, and he got going to see the people. What kind of people [is] that? [they wonder].

And then he take *suq'dak'It* (tobacco)—pipe, and matches and tobacco. That's all he takes to visit the Indians. He was that head man—Mr. *Daut*—and then he comes to the camp. The Indians are kind of scare of them.

Mr. *Daut* says, "Come on, come on." They don't understand.

After that, he opens up. He tells everyone to come. He gives the pipe—leaf tobacco and package of matches—every each man. And then he shows him which way to do that tobacco. They used to have clay pipe—he gives them a show, which way to smoke it. And after that, they give them matches. After when they had a smoke, the Indians think it so funny to them.

And Mr. *Daut* says, "You all Indians come into the boat."

Well, everybody [who] got his own canoe goes there. That's the time they see that rice and flour. And no sugar that time, just molasses. And the flour—they call them Indian way—*cIney tsa*. And molasses they call *lInUq' t'A hin* (Tl., sweet water). They eat the flour. And [he gives] it them and shows them which way to cook them.

After that Mr. *Daut* says, he asks them, [to] see the skin—-moose, caribou, any kind—bear—all the furs. The Indians go home and get the furs and the skins they have. And then he trades clothing. And then they see flint gun—and they buy that, trading for fur. They got what they want—the Indians. They cleaned him up—Mr. *Daut*—no more stuff.

And he told those Indians, Mr. *Daut* says, "I'm gonna come back again—just about same time I'm here. I'll bring more stuff to you fellows."

They go back on the Taku river. Everybody so glad to get that flint gun. They not going to be just like bow and arrow. Looks pretty good the way they shoot.

And they went. Mr. *Daut* went back to get some more stuff.

The Indians told him—gonna be springtime— June I guess. They went back over the river. And the Indians do the trapping—get the fur. They know what to get—go after fur more and more stronger.

After they get there next spring they go down again. Everybody used to live in Taku Harbor, but [they] dried salmon at Nakina'a and put it in caches when they got enough. When they got short of grub, they got the fish. After the beaver hunt, everybody comes down to Taku river. Everybody just fixing their canoe. And then they go down the river again to meet Mr. *Daut* again.

Mr. *Daut* doesn't come, and they got to wait down there for him till he comes. Finally they see some Mr. *Daut* coming. He's going to move fast though—faster. They're coming close when he was anchored. All the time he start to blow. He make funny noise—blow! And after that he stop there and put the anchor down. It was steam engine—then.

And the Indians go there, and Mr. *Daut* gives them the grub again—just to appreciate with them. Everything—tobacco, matches. All the Indians went home and eat. They eat at home what Mr. *Daut* give 'em.

After that Mr. *Daut* say, "You coming this time you fellows—who's got a fur?" They are trading again—they get more stuff than before. Each man got good fur—marten, lynx, mink, beaver, bear. And they sold them all again.

After that—they're just getting better, getting better all the time. We got axes, knives, everything. So all the Indians feel good at everything. But they keep doing it all the time there. After that, they're going to go down, they move in the city there—Juneau—it's discovered then.

Then Mr.*Daut* quits and they trade in Juneau. They call him Ned—the storekeeper there. I don't know the last name. I never was a small kid there. They got store there. Next store keeper—Charlie Goldstein, Louis Devine, and then another, they call him Martin, he's got a store.

After that, they go in that place—buy anything. Finally the Indians discover liquor. They hear that they charge too much. And one Indian woman, [she married one white man]. And she tells them [the other Indians], "You are foolish [if] you buy it that much. You can do it yourself." She showed them which way to fix the pipes and cook 'em to get the liquor. Everybody knows it then. They went to Nakina'a to make it [distilled whiskey]—had a good time.

So everybody goes on the Taku. Everybody takes two or three barrels of molasses and brown sugar and yeast cakes.

That's all.

After that my great grandmother, my grandmother—she tells me all about it. My old grandfather's name was *s'tan qwEt* (i.e., Jimmy's mother's father). My great-grandmother saw Mr. *Daut*. Her name was *vAs'q'etc*. She's the mother-in-law of *s'tan qwEt*."

110. Fighting Between the Telegraph Creek and the Taku River People August 16, 1951

A boy swam away. My mother told me this. I don't know his name.

Everybody was fishing one place. They use salmon traps. And they stayed there.

One morning the slaves go over to the shál (Tl., fish trap)—to the fish trap. And that slave hollers out." Here! Here! Something is floating down to the fish trap!" It is a rawhide sandal—like shoes, but with the hair on. People wear them where they are too poor to have moccasins. It is floating in the first trap.

[The slave] brings it, and everybody is excited. They know the Telegraph Creek Indians all the time make trouble. Well, everybody gets scared, and some go quick. They all go down the river. They get scared.

[But] some people say they've got to stay there. They say that there are just kids up there [on the river above where the Inland Tlingit are fishing]. Some people say. "That's just kids [up there]," they say. They stay three days after they find that thing.

Well, after that shoe is found, after that, war starts in the morning of the fifth day. Five days after that, they start the war. Yéilshaan is the Telegraph Creek war chief. He is chief of the Kaach'ádi nation (clan, Raven moiety).

That's the time they killed people. But they catch one woman and the kids for slaves [the Tahltan catch an Inland Tlingit woman]. And after that, that kid runs down to the river.

One boy went away when they found that rawhide shoe in that fish trap. And that boy has no place to run. He doesn't know how to save himself. So he runs down to the river and

jumps right into the river. He swims a little ways. That boy swims a little ways, and he just fools everybody. They think that he has drowned.

That's the time Yéilshaan says, "Now you swim down! You swim down! You are going to live right where you are!" Pretty nearly it looks as if he has drowned. [But] when he gets around the point, he sticks his head up again. Then he starts to go again, and he goes along the other side of the point. Then he can use his power to swim, and he can swim to the beach.

As soon as he gets to the beach, he just picks a trail, and he takes the news to the other people. When he gets to the people, he tells them that the Telegraph Creek people have killed everyone but him.

That's the time that everybody jumps into their clothes. They pick up everything at that time, and they run out. They go again to where the people have been killed off. Another army goes.

That's the time they [the Telegraph Creek Indians] ask the woman [captive], "Is *st'anqwEt* going to talk pretty soon on the top of the hill!" [*st'anqwEt* is a Taku leader].

The woman says, "No. Just keep cooled down!" She knows the boy has made it and has packed down the story already, and the Telegraph Creek man starts to put his gun down. [Jimmy acts out a man aiming a gun.] And he aims.

And *st'anqwEt* [arrives and] says, "Why are you fellows afraid of that gun? The powder is wet."

st'anqwEt goes at him with that tsag̲úl' (Tl., spear) but that's the time he was fooled. That powder is not wet. As soon as he comes near and pretty nearly is going to spear the man, that man snaps off his muzzle loader. And it fires and the bullet hits *st'anqwEt* on the arm, and he gets stunned. It knocks him down, and he goes down floating in the river.

Then the kids put pilings out—just like a fish trap from the shore, from the beach. And that's what saves him. He floats against that piling, and he lies there for quite a while. The people think that *st'anqwEt* is killed too.

After a while *st'anqwEt* hears a buzzing in his ear. He doesn't know what's the matter. He comes to life again. And then he gets up. He gets up. By gosh! He sees that [Telegraph Creek] man is standing there yet. Then *st'anqwEt* finds his tsag̲úl' (spear). It just floats along side him. And he tries to catch it in his left hand. He can't lift his arm up. He is wearing a hide armor—*xAs gAx'e* (Tl., hair animal). He has that on, so the ball [from the muzzle loader] just pressed his arm. And he gets up, and he grabs his tsag̲úl' (spear) in his right hand. And then *st'anqwEt* gets off from there.

That man who is standing up looks fierce there! And (*st'anqwEt*) tries with two hands, but there is no power left in his arm.

And after that, *st'anqwEt* holds his left arm up with his right hand and bites his thumb so he could put his tsagúl' (spear) on his arm to guide it good. Then he swims out. That time he spears that man. The man tries to shoot him again. He can't. His powder got wet on him. And after that, *st'anqwEt* kills him. He is a mean bugger that fellow! A bad one!

Then *st'anqwEt* says, he asks Yéilshaan, "How do you like it, ax súnee?" (Tl., my uncle, man of my father's clan). [*st'anqwEt* is a Wolf; Yéilshaan is a Crow].

Yéilshaan says, "Do you want to say that way again, you who ran away down the Taku river away from your home? How do you feel about it?"

st'anqwEt [had] left because he knew the Telegraph Creek people were coming to look for him. He [had] run away from Nakina'a .

Now this time he says, "Keep your mouth shut, súnee (uncle)! This happening [war] is going to spread more yet! It's going to spread more!" *st'anqwEt* says.

He means he is going to start a war right away.

111. How the Frog Helped Skookum Jim Find Gold

December 4, 1950

That man is awfully sick and I don't know how many months he's been sick. Finally it is getting colder, and they are banking up the house. They are banking up around the house [with sand], and they dig the holes in the sand there.

And that man is almost quitting to eat the grub. That man was Skookum Jim. This happened in Dyea.

And then he goes outside, all the time. One time he hears something around where they are digging. It squeals something awful, pretty near like dying.

And then he looks down and hears a frog. He has just gone kind of dry. There's no water. When he [the frog] tries to climb up, all the sand caves down on him.

And then Skookum Jim he takes a flat stick and puts it underneath the frog. Then he picks it out on top of the hole. He takes it out of the hole and leaves it there. The frog can't

move much. He's all in. And finally he goes home, and he tells somebody to help that frog, to put him in the water. And they do it, they put him in the water.

After four days, when that door is tight [shut] everyplace, he [the frog] comes. That frog visits him where he sits. He comes back. He just looks green. The door is shut, and Skookum Jim's laying like that [very ill]. That frog sits on top of his blanket and looks at him. He thanks him, the frog, for visiting him. And he takes him down to the water again.

After that night he dreams that somebody comes to him. "Now", he [someone in his dream] says, "thank you very much for helping me out. Pretty near I was dying. I am going to help you to get better, too. After that I am going to give you good wishes [power]."

That is the way Skookum Jim dreams when he sleeps. It [the frog] looks like a man. He is just dreaming. And then that [frog] man says, "You come with me, come on and see my father then!" Then they come to the biggest house. And when they come to the first door, they go in.

And there are eight doors, eight doors they go through. They are behind each other. When that frog comes through the eight doors, he stands with him and says, "That's as far as I can take you—eight doors. That's my father's door next now." There are nine doors. His father's in there, he says.

That frog never [yet] tells him what he is going to get for helping him back.

"Now", he says, "that's good enough. I give you a whole lot of big wishes. You will get to be high man in this country. You will get a big name. Thank you for helping me! Pretty near that I was dying. That's why my father is going to give you those wishes."

Skookum Jim never sees the [frog's] father. If he sees [had seen] in there, he would be pretty damn good! And the same day, Skookum Jim gets up in the morning. He has never been eating good, but he eats at dinner time pretty good—fine! And he still goes on getting strong, stronger all the time, picking up.

He's got a nephew who is named Dawson Charlie, a Dakl'aweidí man. And then he tells his wife he is getting tired of staying in Dyea. And his wife says, "Well, let's go back to Tagish again." And he tells his nephew, "let's go back." The nephew stays with him there. Charlie has got his own wife, too. [Jimmy showed me a picture of Dawson Charlie, who drowned.]

And then they buy an outfit from Dyea. They have a trading post there—Wilson and Healy. And the men take the stuff over to Dyea Summit, and finally they come to Lake Lindeman. The lake is open that time. And then they go down to Tagish with the boat. And they stay a few days in Tagish.

That's the one [Skookum Jim] who is going to find that Bonanza Creek. The white people found Dawson before. Which way Skookum Jim went, that frog tells him. The frog puts it in his mind.

Skookum Jim says to Dawson Charlie, "Let's go see Dawson!"

And Dawson Charlie says, "Okay!"

And then they went. They get into Dawson and are looking for work for a living. And they do a little work for the living. And finally Skookum Jim says, "Let's go up in the hills and dry meat."

And Dawson Charlie goes with him. George Carmacks goes with them. The three of them go all together as partners. And they hunt around then pretty near a week. They move around and move around and catch game. They dry it, and pack a little going to Dawson.

Finally they go by a creek. Skookum Jim is thinking he's thirsty for the water. And he goes down then. And then finally he sees the bluff there. And he puts his head in the water there; he's drinking water. Finally he's got pretty near enough water, and he sees something. By gosh, it just lays around all over! He picks some out. He sees that it's the same thing they call gold in Dawson. And he hollers to those two fellows, to Dawson Charlie and George Carmacks to come down, and to the woman [Kate Carmack] and all.

And George Carmacks, as soon as he shows the gold to him, starts to shake. He says, "That's gold, Jim, you've found it!" And they camp there and they are picking it, picking it, that gold that showed up.

After that George Carmacks said, "Let's go down to Dawson so we can stake it up."

And they went to Dawson and stayed down there two days without saying nothing. After that George Carmacks and Skookum Jim, all the three men, go to the government office and show the gold and tell where they discovered it. They tell out everything, and then everybody knows it. They start to go crazy, everybody!

And after that, they go back and stake up all the creek. Well, that's the way Skookum Jim figured he's getting the good wishes from the frog.

He is thankful for it.

His name is Keish, Skookum Jim, Tagish way. He talked Tagish way. After that the coast Indians came, talking different.

C. McC. After he found gold?

J.S.J. Yes. Skookum Jim's sister [Kate Carmacks] is called Shaaw Tláa. She was Lucy's grandmother. It's Mamie's name now. Dawson Charlie was Káa Goox. They came home by Nome [where there are] Eskimo. They got seasick.

[This refers to the return of Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie after a trip to Victoria or Vancouver, though they did not actually return via Nome].

C. McC. Why did Skookum Jim marry down on the coast?

J.S.J. You know how men are. He was down there going to the trading post.

MARIA JOHNS

Maria Johns, La.oos Tláa, a woman of the Deisheetaan clan of the Crow moiety was a very old woman when I met her in 1948. She was born sometime between 1860 and 1870. As a little girl, Maria went northeast with her father to trade with the Kaska Indians at Pelly Banks, and she also traded with the Coast Tlingit who came over the Chilkoot Pass to Tagish from the southwest. In the 1890s she and her family finally crossed to the coast to trade directly at Wilson and Healy's store in Dyea. Later, she lived for some time in Dyea where she and her Dakl'aweidí Tagish husband, Tagish John, had a family of four children. All four died from illnesses brought by the invasion of white "outsiders" participating in the Klondike Gold Rush of 1898.[133]

When the young couple returned to the interior, they had four more children. The oldest son, Johnny Johns (b. 1898), became a big game guide with an international reputation for guiding trophy hunters. Two of the daughters, Angela and Dora, became storytellers as skilled as their mother. The youngest son, Peter, was also an excellent raconteur, but unfortunately I never wrote down any of his tales, although I heard him tell one or two.

Maria's original language was Tagish, but she also knew Tlingit well. She rarely spoke English, though she certainly understood it. When I knew her, she was bed-ridden and blind, but she was still a storyteller and song composer par excellence. She often acted out bits of the story she was telling and changed her voice to suit the character speaking.

I wrote down only two of Maria's stories. She died before I spent the fall and early winter of 1950 in Carcross. One of these tales is perhaps the most important that the Tagish tell "Fox People," while the other story, "The Girl Who Married the Bear" is, in my opinion, one of the great stories of Northwestern North America. A careful reading of her version reveals something of Maria's great powers as a narrator, although there can be no substitute for her oral presentation. [134]

Even though we saw relatively little of each other, and could not even communicate very well without an interpreter, Maria did me the great honor of giving me her Tlingit name, La.oos Tláa**,** (Tl., fun/mother), thus incorporating me into the Deisheetaan clan, whose members I hold in great affection. This was long before I really understood all the implications of her act, and I wish that Maria had lived long enough to realize that I slowly began to realize its full implications. I thank her for all the grandmas and grandpas, aunties and uncles, sisters and brothers, cousins, nephews, nieces and grandchildren, in-laws and other relatives whom I acquired as a consequence of her gift. I only hope that to some extent, publishing these stories, tardy as I have been, will help to fulfill some of the obligations that it also entailed.

Figure 14. Maria Johns wearing a gopher skin robe. Carcross, Yukon Territory, 1948. Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization, J2090.

112. Fox Man

This story was volunteered by Maria. She told it, lying in bed, when I visited her in the afternoon. After she had given a few short sentences in Tagish, her daughter, Dora, translated them into English. I was the only other person present except for Dora's young son and daughter, aged about seven and ten, who ran in and out of the house playing during the story telling.

This story is considered a key event in the history of the Tagish Deisheetaan clan, as Angela Sidney, Maria's daughter, emphasized when she told a longer version of the story to Julie Cruikshank, on November 30, 1978.[135]

Here we encounter the human and animal worlds being divided by the mediating fire, a theme which appears quite frequently in Yukon native mythology. Children—either animal or human—also seem to serve as mediators between adults of the two domains.

112. Fox Man July 4, 1948, Carcross

Once there was man.

He had a family.

They were short of food.

It was winter, and there was lots of snow all around, and it was deep.

The man wore his snowshoes and went out hunting.

He was looking for grouse, birds of any kind, or porcupines.

People used to eat them, and sometimes they still do.

So the man was hunting around and hunting around, because his family was low on food.

He was just walking along.

And pretty soon he saw the track of a woman and two kids.

When he came to this and saw it, he followed it.

He thought those people might have a cache somewhere and were going there.

He followed the tracks and followed them.

Later in the evening he came to a camp.

He saw a big fire burning around it.

There were two little kids there.

They were running around the fire and playing.

They ran up to the man and said, “Grandpa, grandpa, our mother and father have gone up to the cache a little ways.

They will be back soon.

Just make yourself at home, and they will be back.

Camp right here on the other side of the fire.

They are coming home, and they will bring back dried meat and fish.”

So he sat down.

While he was sitting there and warming himself the kids said to him, “Here they come! Here they come!

Daddy and Mother are coming with a big pack of dried meat—groundhog and gophers and everything you can think of!”

When they came in, they were each carrying a big pack.

And they gave him half the man’s pack too.

Then they cooked for him.

They boiled up dry meat and grease and tallow, and he ate it.

And after everyone had eaten, the man who had brought the packs told the hunter, “That’s all we’ve got. Keep this little bit. We haven’t any more ourselves.

After this we’ll all starve.

We are going to leave tomorrow, but you can take all this in the morning.

We are going to leave.”

113. The Girl Who Married the Bear July 16, 1948, Carcross

Once there was a little girl about as big as Annie [about ten years old].

And she used to go pick berries in the summer.

Every summer she would go with her family, and they would pick berries and dry them.

When she used to go with her women folk on the trail, they would see bear droppings on the trail.

In the old days the girls had to be careful about bear droppings.

They shouldn't walk over it.

Men could walk over it, but young girls had to walk around it.

But this girl always did jump over it and kick it.

She would disobey her mother.

All the time she would see it and kick it and step over it.

She kept seeing it all around her. She did this from childhood.

When she was quite big, they were going camping.

They were going to dry fish.

They went out picking berries.

She was just a young girl.

She went out and was picking with her mother and aunts and sisters.

She saw some bear droppings.

She said all kinds of words to it and kicked it and jumped over it.

When they were all coming home, they were all carrying their baskets of berries.

The girl saw some nice berries and stopped to get them.

The others went ahead.

When she had picked the berries and was starting to get up, her berries all spilled out of her basket.

She leaned down and was picking them off the ground.

Soon she saw a young man. He was very good looking. She had never seen him before.

He had red paint on his face.

He stopped and talked to her.

He said, “Those berries you are picking are no good.

They are all full of dirt.

Let’s go up a little ways and fill your basket up. There are some good berries growing up there.

I’ll walk home with you. You needn’t be afraid!”

[Here Dora, the interpreter, stopped to explain: “He was really a bear, only she didn’t know it yet. This is a really old story from way back when there were only a few people. It’s true.”]

After they had gotten the basket half full of berries the man said,

“There is another bunch of berries up there a little ways.

We’ll pick them too.”

When they had picked them all, he said, “It’s time to eat. You must be hungry.”

He made a fire.

[Dora explained that it just looked like a fire; it was not a real one. I am uncertain whether she was translating what Maria actually said, or whether she added this comment herself.]

They cooked gopher, quite a lot of it, and they ate some.

Then the man said, “It’s too late to go home now. We’ll go home tomorrow.

It’s summer, and there’s no need to fix a big camp.”

So they stayed there.

When they went to bed, he said, “Don’t lift your head in the morning and look at me, even if you wake up before I do.”

So they went to bed.

Next morning they woke up.

The man said to her, “We might as well go.

We'll just eat that cold gopher. We needn't make a fire.

Then we'll go pick some berries.

Let's get a basket full."

All the time the girl kept talking about her mother and father.

All the time she wanted to go home, and she kept talking about it.

He said, "Don't be afraid, I'm going home with you."

Then he slapped her right on top of her head, and he put a circle around the girl's head the way the sun goes [clock wise].

He did this so she would forget.

Then she forgot.

She didn't talk about her home any more.

Then they left again. He said, "You're all right. I'll go home with you."

Then after this, she forgot all about going home.

She just went around with him picking berries.

Every time they camped, it seemed like a month to her, but it was really only a day.

They started in May.

They kept travelling and going.

Finally she recognized a place. It looked like a place that she and her family used to dry meat.

Then he stopped there at the timberline and slapped her.

And he made a circle sunwise [on her head], and then another on the ground where she was sitting.

He said, "Wait here. I am going hunting gophers.

We have no meat. Wait 'til I come back.

[Dora explained: "It was a grizzly bear."]

Then he came back with the gophers.

They kept travelling.

Late in the evening they made camp and cooked.

Next morning they got up again.

At last she knew.

They were travelling again, and it was getting near fall.

It was getting late.

And she came to her senses and knew it.

It was cold.

He said, “It’s time to make camp. We must make a home.”

He started making a home. He was digging a den.

She knew he was a bear then.

He got quite a way digging the den, and then he said, “Go get some balsam boughs and brush.”

Then she went and got some.

She broke the branches from as high as she could

She brought the bundle.

He said, “That brush is no good.

You left a mark, and the people will see it and know where we are.

We can’t use that. We can’t stay here.

So they left. They went up to the head of the valley.

She knew her brothers used to go there to hunt and to eat bear.

In the spring , they took the dogs there and they hunted bears in April.

They would send the dogs into the bear den long ago, and then the bear would come out..

That’s where her brothers used to go. She knew it.

He said, We’ll make camp.” He dug a den and sent her our again.

“Get some brush that is just lying on the ground—not from up high.

No one will see where you get it, and it will be covered with snow.”

She got it from the ground and brought it to him, but she bent the branches up high too.

So she let them hang down so her brothers would know .

And she rubbed sand all over herself—all over her body and limbs.

And then she rubbed the tress all around, so the dogs would find where she had left her scent.

Then she went to the den with her bundle of brush. She brought it.

Just when the man was digging, he looked like a bear.

This was the *only* time. The rest of the time, he seemed like a human being.

The girl didn't know how else to stay alive, so she stayed with him as long as he was good to her.

"This is better," he said, when she brought back the brush.

Then he brushed up and fixed the place.

After he fixed the den, the left.

[Dora explained: "The grizzly bear is the last bear to go into his den. They go around in the snow]

They went hunting gophers for winter.

She never saw him do it. She always sat around when he went hunting gophers.

He dug them up like a grizzly bear, and he didn't want her to see him do it.

He never showed her where he kept the gophers.

Nearly every day the hunted gophers and picked berries.

It was quite late in the year. He was just like a human to her.

[Each time that Maria wanted to indicate that the bear looked like a human, she passed her hand from one side of her face to the other].

It was October. It was really late in the fall.

He said, "Well I guess we'll go home now. We have enough food and berries. We'll go down."

So they went home.

Really, they went into the den. They stayed there and slept.

They woke up one a month and got up to eat.

They kept doing it and going back to bed.

Every month, it seemed like another morning, just like another day.

They never really went outside. It just seemed like that.

Soon the girl found that she was carrying a baby.

She had two little babies—one was a girl and one was a boy.

She had them in February in the den.

This is when bears have their cubs. She had hers then.

The bear used to sing in the night. When she woke up, she would hear him.

[Maria sang a short song].

The bear became like a doctor [shaman] when he stated living with the woman.

It just came upon him like a doctor.

[Maria then repeated the song and said this was what should be sung to the skull of a slain bear].

He sang the song twice. She heard it the first time.

The second time the bear made a sound.

"Wuf! Wuf! And she woke up.

"You're my wife and I'm going to leave soon.

It looks like your brothers are going to come up here soon, before the snow is gone.

I want you to know that I am going to do something bad. I am going to fight back!

"Don't do it," she said. "They are my brothers.

If you really love me, you'll love them too.

Don't kill them. Let them kill you! If you really love me, don't fight.

You have treated me good. Why did you live with me if you are going to kill them?"

"Well, all right," he said, "I won't fight, but I want you to know what will happen.

His canines looked like swords to her. "These are what I fight with," he said.

They looked like knives to her.

She kept pleading, "Don't do anything. I'll still have my children if they kill you."

She knew he was a bear then. She really knew.

The went to sleep. She woke up again. He was singing again.

"It's true," he said. "They are coming close.

If they do kill me, I want you to give them my skull—my head, an my tail.

Tell them to give them to you..

Whenever they kill me, build a big fire, and burn my head and tail and sing this song while the head is burning.

Sing it until they are all burnt up! [Maria sang the song again].

So they ate and went to bed and another month went by.

They didn't sleep the whole month.

He kept waking up. “It’s coming close,” he said. “I can’t sleep well.

It’s getting to be bare ground. Look out and see if the snow has melted in front of the den.”

She looked and there was mud and sand.

She grabbed some and made it into a ball and rubbed it all over herself. It was full of her scent. She rolled it down the hill. Then the dogs could smell it.

She came in and said, “There is bare ground all over in some places.”

He asked her why she had made the marks. “Why? Why? Why? They’ll find us easy.”

After they had slept for half a month, they woke, and he was singing again.

“This is the last one,” he said. “You’ll not her me again.

Anytime now, the dogs are coming to the door. They are close.

Well, I’ll fight back. I am going to do something bad.!”

His wife said, “You know they are my brothers. Don’t do it!

Who will look after my children if you kill them? You must think of the kids.

My brothers will help me. If my brothers hunt you, let them be.!”

Then they went to bed for just a little while.

“I can’t sleep good, but we’ll try,” he said. They went to bed for just a little while.

Next morning he said, “Well it’s close! It’s close! Wake up!’

Just when they were getting up, they heard a noise.

[Maria stirred about and knocked on the furniture]. “The dogs are barking.

Well,” he said, “I’ll leave. Where are my knives? I want them.”

He took them down. She saw him putting in his teeth. He was a big bear.

She pleaded with him. “Please don’t fight. If you wanted me, why did you go this far?

Just think of the kids. Don’t hurt my brothers!”

When he went, he shook hands and said, “You’re not going to see me again!”

He went out and growled. He slapped something back into the den.

It was a pet dog, a little pet dog [i.e. a Tahltan bear dog] and also a pair of gloves.

[The gloves do not quite jibe with what follows.]

When he threw the dog in, she grabbed it and shoved it back in the brush under the next. [Maria acted out how she had done this, pretending to hide something under her own gopher-skin robe.]

She put the dog there to hide it.

She sat on it and kept it there so it couldn't get out.

She wanted to keep it for a reason.

For a long time there was no noise.

She went out of the den.

She heard her brothers below. They had already killed the bear.

She felt bad, and she sat down.

She found an arrow and one side of a glove.

She picked it up, and all of the arrows.

Finally she fitted the little dog with a string around his back.

She tied the arrows and the glove into a bundle.

She put them all on the little dog, and he ran to his masters.

The boys were down there dressing the bear.

They knew the dog. They noticed the bundle and took it off.

"It's funny," they said. "No one in a bear dean would tie this on!"

They talked about it.

They decided to send the youngest brother up to the den.

In those days a younger brother could talk to his sister, but an older brother could not.

The older brothers said to the youngest brother, "We lost our sister a year ago in May.

Something could have happened.

A bear might have taken her away.

You are the youngest brother.

Don't be afraid. There is nothing up there but her. You go and see if she is there.

Find out!"

He went.

She was sitting there crying.

The boy came up.

She was sitting and crying.

She cried when she saw him.

She said, “You boys killed your brother-in-law!

I went with him last May.

You killed him, but tell the others to save me the skull and the tail.

Leave it there for me.

When you get home, tell mother to sew a dress for me so I can go home.

Sew a dress for the girl, and pants and a shirt for the boy.

And moccasins.

And tell her to come and see me.”

He left and got down there and told his brothers,

“This is my sister [up there]. She wants the head and tail.”

They did this, and they went home.

They told their mother. She got busy and sewed.

She had a dress and moccasins and clothes for the children.

The next day she went up there.

She came to the place. They dressed the little kids.

Then they went down to where the bear was killed.

The boys had left a big fire.

She burned the head and tail. Then she sang until all was ashes.

Then they went home, but she didn’t go right home.

She said, “Get the boys to build a house. I can’t come right in (to the main camp).

It will be quite a while.

The boys can build a camp right away.”

She stayed there a long time.

Towards fall she came and stayed with her mother.

All winter. The kids grew.

Next spring the boys [her brothers] wanted her to act like a bear.

They wanted to play with her.

They had killed a female bear that had cubs, one male and one female.

They wanted their sister to put on the hide and to act like a bear.

They fixed little arrows.

They pestered her to play with them, and they wanted her two little children to play too.

She didn't want it.

She told her mother, "I can't do it!

Once I do it, I will turn into a bear. I'm half there already.

Hair is already showing on my arms and legs. It is quite long."

If she had stayed there with her bear husband another summer, she would have turned into a bear.

"If I put on bear hide, I'll turn into one!," she said.

They kept telling her to play.

Then the boys sneaked up.

They threw the hides over her and the little ones.

Then she walked off on four legs, and she shook herself just like a bear.

It just happened.

She was a grizzly bear. She couldn't do a thing.

She had to fight against the arrows.

She killed them all off, even her mother.

But she didn't kill her youngest brother, not him.

She couldn't help it.

Tears were running down her face.

Then she went on her own.

She had her two little cubs with her.

That's why they claim that long ago a bear is partly human.

That is why you never eat grizzly bear meat.

Now people eat black bear meat, but they still don't eat grizzly meat, because grizzlies are half human.

Endnotes

[1] This lack of communication of oral traditions between parents or step-parents of either gender and their own or step-children seems to have been a rather widespread pattern in Yukon. I also heard similar complaints from young Tagish and Inland Tlingit men.

[2] See McClellan 1975: 468-474 for a discussion of Tagish clans/sibs of the Crow moiety.

[3] See McClellan, "Wealth Woman and Frogs;" Cruikshank, *Dän Dhá Ts'edenintth'é, Reading Voices*; and Cruikshank, *Social Life of Stories*, 71-97. Angela Sidney's and Kitty Smith's accounts of these events appear in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 57-65 and 186-89 .

[4] Moyer, "Early Days at Caribou Crossing."

[5] This is one of the few Crow stories I heard in which "long ago" characters enact patterns of proper age-appropriate behaviour and establish patterns for southern Yukon Indians.

[6] In this case, I believe that Angela Sidney, who was translating, meant to imply that he said this in Tlingit language—not in an Athapaskan language.

[7] The next day I asked Patsy to give me the words of the Rabbit Mother song. He spoke them rapidly in Tagish, but he did not repeat the text, so I could I not get a good translation. The song is sung in the evenings when one comes home from setting out snares, not when one is actually putting them out.

[8] Patsy Henderson refers here to Jubilee Mountain, in the southern Yukon (60°12' 134°07').

[9] Jubilee is not actually the highest peak in Yukon, but it dominates the vicinity of Carcross and Atlin and is very conspicuous from Little Atlin and Atlin Lakes.

[10] Catharine McClellan transcribed the name for Jubilee Mountain as *GiyAn* which she translated as the Tagish word for Thunderbird, but adds a question mark. Jeff Leer, working with Angela Sidney on a place names project during the 1970s, transcribed this as "K'iyan" and translated this as "Hemlock (growing) at the base." See Sidney, "Place Names of the Tagish Region," number 49.

[11] See Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, 165-69.

[12] McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 174-75.

[13] Patsy's version of "Animal Mother" has already been published once in McClellan 1975: 454-456.

[14] McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 89-92.

[15] Patsy also sang this song August 22, 1951. The meaning was obscure both times.

[16] In a rechecking of the story after he told it, Patsy changed this period to three months.

[17] This story has already been previously published in McClellan 1975: 446-448.

[18] Nyman and Leer, *Gágiwdul.àt*, 10-35.

[19] See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 450-452; and Sidney, *Tagish Tlaagú*, 45-50.

[20] See McClellan 1975: 449-453 for a further discussion of the killer whale crest and associated stories.

[21] On the coast, 'devil fish' is usually associated with octopus.

[22] For another version of this narrative, see Kitty Smith's account in Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 147-48.

[23] Angela Sidney, telling this clan history in 1974, set this story in Angoon; see her account in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 37-38 .

[24] McClellan, "Indian Stories about the First Whites."

[25] Crow and Obley, "Han."

[26] See also a superb version told by Mrs. Elizabeth Nyman, an Inland Tlingit woman from Atlin who also has Tagish roots: Nyman and Leer, *Gágiwdul.àt*, 218-55; see also Sidney, in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 62-63.

[27] This refers to medicine rather than actual urine.

[28] Patsy used the term "go, go."

[29] Patsy used the term “ki ki.”
[30] Patsy is referring here to the railway stop on Bennett Lake—called "Bennett"—where passengers on the White Pass and Yukon Railway were fed a meal served as a part of the train ride between Skagway and Whitehorse.
[31] From 1917 until 1955 the paddle-wheeler SS Tutshi carried tourists between Carcross, Yukon and British Columbia.
[32] See also Sidney, in Cruikshank et al., *Life Live Like a Story*, 63-65; Moyer, “Early Days at Caribou Crossing.”
[33] The barbed bone or antler head works deep into the moose's flesh as he moves and the animal bleeds internally.
[34] Patsy is describing how the wooden guard tied to the bow prevents the bow string from cutting his wrist and hand. This seems to be a unique Northern Athapaskan invention.
[35] Emmons, *The Tahltan Indian,* 16-21; Teit, “Kaska Tales:451-52. See also McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 448-53.
[36] Sidney, Tagish Tlaagú, 1.
[37] McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 72-76.
[38] See Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories are my Wealth*, 1-10: Sidney in Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 59-68; and Sidney, *Tagish Tlaagú*, 1-15.
[39] Angela Sidney also combined these episodes when she told Crow stories to Cruikshank in 1975; See Sidney, *Tagish Tlaagú*, 2-3.
[40] Sidney, *Tagish Tlaagú*, 1-5.
[41] The reason for this statement at this point was not apparent to us when we heard the story. Apparently Crow asks his wife if he himself can get water, as her slave did, so he too can get fish.
[42] I asked if she meant s’úxt’, the Tlingit term for devil’s club, *Oplopanax horridus*, the plant with sharp prickles that grows only on the coast.
[43] The salt water cod differs from the ling cod of the interior.
[44] He is addressing the driftwood he has brought to life as his classificatory brother.
[45] See also her versions in Sidney, *Tagish Tlaagú*, 60-69, and Cruikshank, *Stolen Women*, 94-95.
[46] By sitting across the fire from people, he indicates his temporary ‘other-then-human’ status.
[47] Here Angela and Clara had a discussion. Angela thought that the otter-boy had a tail. Clara thought he hadn’t, and in the end Angela seemed to agree with this.
[48] See also Angela Sidney’s version in Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories Are My Wealth*, 49-52; and in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 75-78.
[49] Sidney, Smith and Dawson, My Stories are my Wealth, 67-72; Cruikshank, Athapaskan Women, 123-27.
[50] I believe that by “buttercups” Angela meant “arctic rose” or Potentilla, since according to traditional Inland Tlingit belief this is a shrub with strong power, and it has yellow blossoms.
[51] The ladder was evidently a tree trunk with notches cut into it, such as was traditionally used to reach tree cache platforms.
[52] The sequence of notes here suggests that Angela granted this permission before McClellan’s *My Old People Say* was published in 1975.
[53] McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 359-66.
[54] I believe that Angela made the comment about the hood, because ordinarily a girl wearing her puberty hood would have to lie on the bottom of the boat. Angela herself remembered being made to do this when she was a new menstruant.
[55] Angela searched for the right word, and questioned me about houses on the coast until we decided on “ridge pole”.
[56] Angela’s published version of this story appear in Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories are my Wealth*, 58-61; in Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 115-17; and in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 102-05.

[57] Sheppard**, "**Dog Husband."
[58] Angela stopped here to tell young Annie never to kick a male dog.
[59] Such sticks are stout pieces of wood about 3 feet high.
[60] Perhaps this story has something to do with the dislike that coastal Tlingit and interior Indians have of killing pups.
[61] Annie at this point asked if they took their puppy skins off. Angela replied that they did and praised Annie for being smart and asking about it.
[62] Angela turned to Dora at this moment and asked, "How come he walks across the sky?"
[63] Other published versions of Angela's story include Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories are my Wealth*, 55-57, and Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 113-14.
[64] Angela is referring to the practice of putting sticks carved in human form by the groundhog deadfall. The smallest groundhog was said to come out and look at them. Evidently, if the sticks were carved properly, the smallest groundhog messenger reported that it was safe for the rest of the groundhogs to go outside.
[65] Thompson, "Star Husband."
[66] Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories are my Wealth*, 73-75; Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 128-30; Cruikshank et al. *Life Lived Like a Story*, 105-07.
[67] She is referring to trousers worn by women in the traditional way.
[68] For Angela's published versions also including this 'magic flight', see Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories are my Wealth*, 62-66, and Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 118-22.
[69] She confirms this with her sister Dora.
[70] Sidney in Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 184-85; and Sidney in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 73-74.
[71] See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 87.
[72] McClellan, *ibid.*, 426-36.
[73] I asked why Wolverine had called out what he did, and Angela explained that he wanted Wolf to be kind to his youngest nephew—that is, to Wolverine's own son who would be of the Wolf moiety.
[74] Her inability to jump confirmed the young men's suspicions that she was not their youthful wife.
[75] McClellan, *ibid.*, 83.
[76] Later Angela explains that people dance around the fire, acting like squirrels.
[77] See also Sidney in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 37-39.
[78] Ibid.
[79] McClellan, My Old People Say, 468-69.
[80] Telegraph Creek is a Tahltan village in northern British Columbia.
[81] Johnstontown is an Inland Tlingit village at the head of Teslin Lake.
[82] Koolseen was the name of the ranking Dakl'aweidí man, Patsy Henderson, and she implies that this women would have married an important member of that clan.
[83] Xóotsnawu often appears on Western maps as Kootznahoo. See de Goldschmidt and Haas, *Haa Aaní*, 67.
[84] Angela then cited several Pelly Indians who had Deisheetaan clan names.
[85] See Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, 225-27, for the version by Katishan, and 321-23 for the version told by Cameron.
[86] Sidney in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 139-45; and Cruikshank, *The Social Life of Stories*, 25-44. Dauenhauer and Dauenhauer, *Haa Shuká*, 82-107, provide a splendid translation of a version told by A. P. Johnson at Sitka, Alaska, in 1972.
[87] Mrs. Austin was a member of the Raven moiety who lived mostly on the coast.
[88] The sea lion whiskers were put on the fronts of the wooden headdresses used on ceremonial occasions.
[89] Patsy Henderson was questioning the right of the Deisheetaan clan to use the song.

[90] McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 471-74.
[91] A person who wanted spirit power could cut an otter's tongue or that of some other animal—a dangerous undertaking. See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 534-536.
[92] This story has already been published in *My Old People Say*, 444-45. For two other versions told by Rachel Dawson and Kitty Smith, see Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories Are My Wealth*, 93-96.
[93] This story was previously published in McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 456-457. Angela's own published versions appear in Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories Are My Wealth*, 90-92; Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 143-145, and in Cruikshank et. al. *Life Lived Like a Story*, 44-48 (where Kitty Smith's version also appears, 183-85).
[94] It may be significant that this is where individuals usually hang their dream bags.
[95] On July 30, 1951 Angela offered this additional comment relating to Animal Mother: "*Ts'lnAt tla* (Tl**.**, strong/sinews/mother*)* calls back the game. The rabbits go back to see her. They claim that they go back to see their mother every four years. I don't know if it's just for rabbits. There have been no moose around here for four years though."
[96] McClellan notes that the Tagish translation is "Lucky Lady", rather than "Wealth Woman", as it is on the coast. Some years later, Angela Sidney was translating this as "Good Luck Lady." For more discussion of the stories, see McClellan "Wealth Woman and Frogs," and *My Old People Say*, 572-73. Angela's published versions of the stories are in Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 134-138; Cruikshank et al., 1990: 62-63, and Sidney, Smith and Dawson 1977: 80-84. For Coast Tlingit versions see Swanton 1909: 173-175; and 292-293. These coastal versions locate the story at Auk, the hometown of Edgar Sidney (see Part III) before he moved inland to Teslin.
[97] Angela added the part about the blanket after I re-read the story to her. She said it was important and should be added at this point.
[98] The "bells" of hollowed out moose hoofs make a clattering sound and are tied to beaver nets. See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 295.
[99] The shaman has a vision of the missing trader, and alerts others to his danger.
[100] Angela uses the term 'save' here to indicate that the land otters were trying to entice him away or 'steal' him. Land otters characteristically do this, so an attentive person is always alert to the possibility that a potential rescuer may be a land otter in disguise. See for example, Sidney, *Tagish Tlaagú*, 60-69, and Angela Sidney's stories in Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 186-87; and *Stolen Woman* 90-92, 94-95. Carrying snuff and tobacco, as in this story, provides some protection.
[101] This spelling and translation of Jimmy Scotty James's name comes from Angela Sidney's book, *Haa Shagóon*, 53.
[102] The next sequence is somewhat confusing because it refers to two distinct birds of the sandpiper family, (*Scolopacidae*): the larger curlew and the smaller snipe. Jimmy Scotty James refers to both of them by a Tagish term which McClellan transcribes as *djudalE'*. But the curlew has a long curved beak and (in this story) an elastic stomach while the smaller snipe has a long straight beak, which he uses to puncture the larger bird's stomach. In Southern Tutchone, the term for curlew is Nts'ilür and for snipe is tádüra. See Workman, *Kwäday Kwändür*, 94.

In Tlingit, the word for curlew is uyuheeyáh, and the word for snipe, is éek lokukées'ee. See Naish and Story, *English-Tlingit dictionary*, 22.

[103] He indicates that some of the material in the longer version of the story is not appropriate for the ears of a young woman. The version he presents is indeed expurgated.
[104] Naish and Story, *English-Tlingit* Dictionary, 67.
[105] Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, 22-25.
[106] Sidney, Smith and Dawson, *My Stories are my Wealth*, 39-44.
[107] In Angela Sidney's version, cited above, the people with no mouths are forced to live on maggots.
[108] Boas, "Grammatical Notes on the language of the Tlingit Indians,"106.

[109] The Tlingit term, wooweit, or wooweidi, and the inland variant *wetedi* are used interchangeably by Jimmy and other inland storytellers. Nora and Richard Dauenhauer translate the coastal term wooweit as 'enrichment', *Haa Shuká*, n. 23, p 412.
[110] Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, Number 3, 22-25; number 31, 99-106, and also de Laguna, *The Story of a Tlingit Community*, 42-43.
[111] This is a high bluff on the east side of the Taku river, somewhere below Tulsequah; see no. 27, Table 5 in McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 63. This is thought to be the petrified head of a monster killed by *Lkayakw*.
[112] See Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, 103, for a different term for this "point-that-moves-up-and-down."
[113] Tagish and Inland Tlingit women used the spines of bird feathers in the same way that they used porcupine quills to decorate clothing.
[114] See no.17, Table 5 in McClellan, *My Old People Say*, 61.
[115] The transformative power of fire means that food or possessions burned transfer directly to the deceased.
[116] See Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, Number 99, 301-310 (from Sitka) and Number 100, 310-320 (from Wrangell).
[117] I have discussed this most fully in connection in *The Girl Who Married the Bear*, 1970.
[118] See Sidney in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 119-125.
[119] Jimmy evidently means that the boat was therefore cached. However, whiteness often seems to be a characteristic of the non-human 'other' world in stories where protagonists move beyond the horizon.
[120] In Angela Sidney's version of "the stolen woman," the woman is stolen by one man but when she reaches the camp she becomes the partner of two brothers, probably in this case parallel cousins since they have two different mothers.
[121] She ties the meat up under her clothing so she can carry it to her husband and his brothers.
[122] McClellan notes here that this is unclear: Jimmy's actual words were: "Someone got no head off ." The context is implied on the following page, with the reference to women whose heads had been cut off.
[123] Jimmy then explained to me the mechanism of a deadfall for groundhogs but he did not mention the carved human figure.
[124] McClellan, *The Girl Who Married the Bear*.
[125] This is one of the clues that regularly turns up in these stories to indicate that they are in a world where things happen differently from one dominated by human expectations. Here, for instance, wet wood makes the best fires and the girl has to learn this.
[126] For coastal versions of this story, see John Swanton's recordings from Wrangell and Sitka, made in 1904 in his *Tlingit Myths and Texts*. He recorded a version of "Origin of the Gonaqade't", Story no. 33, 165-73, told by Katishan, from Wrangell, and No. 34, 173-75, told by an elderly man from Kake whose name Swanton transcribed phonetically as *KAsa'nk!* in his brief introduction, p. 1.
[127] See Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, no. 93, 289-91; De Laguna, *Under Mount Saint Elias*, 890-92; and Nora Marks Dauenhauer and Richard Dauenhauer, *Haa Shuká*, 138-151 and 348-59.
[128] My text is unclear here, but apparently the doctor knitted a raft-like affair out of straw, and put it on top of the water. Literally: "One that square—big as the stone—made up straw. Got tools with him. He knit the straw that big [gesture showing size]".
[129] I expressed surprise that humans were eating grizzly, but Jimmy said that people did and that the meat is good but that it smells pretty strong, like eulachon grease.
[130] See also Angela Sidney's account of the same Dakl'aweidí voyage in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 39-41.
[131] Kùkhhittàn is a clan belonging to the Crow Moiety. The spelling, used several times in this volume, follows Nyman and Lear, *'Gágiwdul.àt': Brought Forth to Reconfirm*, 256.

[132] This “league” refers to a marine league, and the designated ten leagues is equivalent to 55.6 kilometres or 34.5 miles in today’s measures.
[133] Sidney in Cruikshank et al., *Life Lived Like a Story*, 52.
[134] McClellan, *The Girl Who Married the Bear*. Maria Johns’s version of this story appears in that publication, 28-33.
[135] Sidney in Cruikshank et al. *Life Lived Like a Story*, 86-88.