My Old People's Stories

A Legacy for Yukon First Nations

PART III
INLAND TLINGIT NARRATORS

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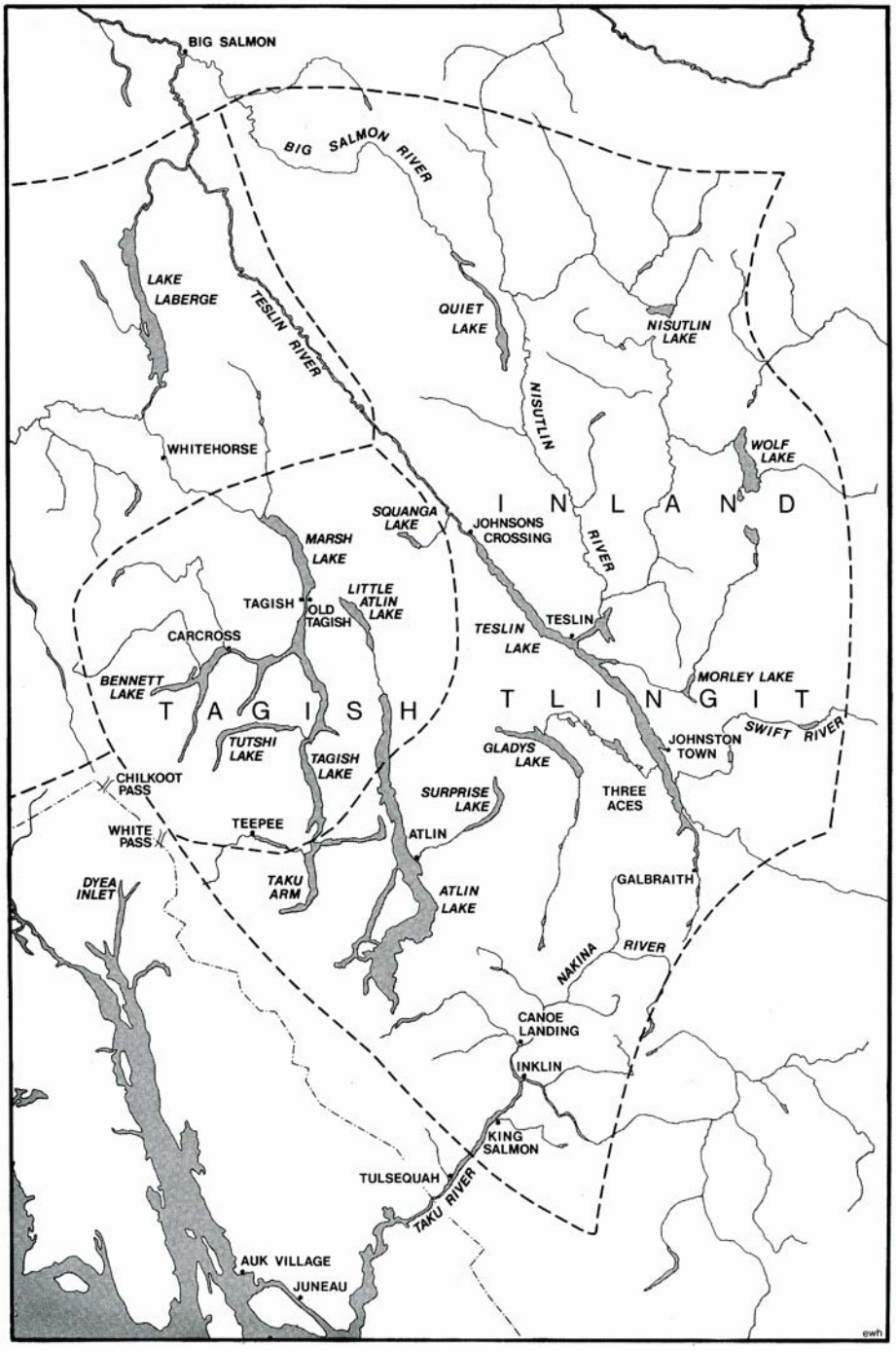


Map 3. Territories of Tagish and Inland Tlingit (from C. McClellan, *My Old People Say*, p. 35. Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization).

JAKE JACKSON

When I met him in 1948, Jake was the ranking man of the Deisheetaan clan in Teslin. He was also a recognized shaman. As he explains in his version of the Flood Story, his mother died when he was about a year and a half old, and he was raised by S<u>k</u>waan, the son of Tleina.

Evidently he was born in the interior, and during most of his life he travelled on the rivers and lakes near the Yukon river headwaters. As a boy, he made trading trips down the Taku River and he also lived and worked on the coast. He said that he first went to Juneau when he was fourteen years old and that he stayed until he was about twenty.

After arriving in Juneau, Jake worked in the mines "two years steady". He remembered Juneau at that time as a tent city only. "There used to be good strikes…Money was just like sand that time!"

For the next four years Jake was a deckhand on a steamer plying the Pacific coast between Vancouver and Juneau. He reported that sometimes when there was a big wind he became seasick, but he soon found out that "for seasickness, you drink a little bit of rum."

Jake said he also worked on another ship when he was "about twenty-five" and that he got sick for more than a month with strange bumps that hurt and itched and came out all over his body. This time he also cured himself by drinking Hudson's Bay rum.

Jake also explained that his grandfather also "used to stay in Juneau", but I did not learn what his name was or whether it was his paternal or maternal grandfather. This grandfather, he said, would just go to Juneau for trading purposes and would only stay for a month or so at any given time. Once his grandfather bought a young boy as a slave. He treated the boy as his son, referring to him by the proper kin term. The boy was purchased from a member of the Ishkeetaan clan, part of the Crow moiety.

In the Yukon, Jake excelled in hunting and trapping. He several times regaled me with tales of his prowess and his accompanying financial success. His wife, Mary, proudly showed me a large blanket made from only the ears of lynx that he had trapped. His peak year was in l922 when Jake's whole family helped him with his hunting. Apparently he had no fixed trapline that he visited year after year. Instead he and his family used to "go all over", but by 1949 he said that he had not trapped for thirteen years.

Some of Jake's hunting and trapping took him up to Wolf Lake and over into the headwaters of the Liard River and towards Ross River. Both his maternal and paternal grandparents had feuded as well as intermarried with the Tahltan. It is not surprising then that Jake's stories reflect both coastal and interior oral traditions.

Because his powers of expression in English were somewhat limited, I think I did not realize at the time what an excellent narrator Jake was. Nor did I catch a significant underlying theme that bound many of his stories together - that of romantic love. He was still a powerful figure when I knew him.

Figure 15. Jake and Mary Jackson, and Annie Geddes in dance shirts. Teslin, Yukon Territory, 1951.

114. Crow Stories

Although I have positioned the few Crow Stories first in the sequence of stories Jake Jackson told, he only began telling them to me near the end of my third stay at Teslin. Perhaps he felt me unprepared to hear and profit from them earlier, or I may have diverted his efforts by saying that I already knew them. When he finally did tell some Crow incidents, he had come to my cabin after supper. He had been away from the village for several days on a fishing trip and had just returned the previous evening. The trip had left him troubled, because, even though he had seen plenty of fish, he had been unable to catch any. He did not say so then, but I am quite certain that he attributed his failure to witchcraft. In fact, the evening soon became quite tense when the spouse of the presumed witch and some other people also arrived at my cabin. Jake refused to go on with the stories and soon left to find his wife who had promised to record some songs. After his departure one of the newcomers remarked that some people didn't really know the old stories, just "make them up", but there was no direct reference to Jake. He returned before too long, bringing his wife, Mary, who sang while he drummed. Everybody had another round of tea, and social relationships which where actually quite strained continued to appear on the surface to be both harmonious and relaxed.

114 a. Crow Makes People April 23, 1951, Teslin

Crow—Yéil—made the people.

And at first they died off right away.

And when they kept dying off, that was the time he tried again to make people.

He worked at it in rock—he made them, all right,

But the people never worked quick enough the way people do at this time. They were slow.

They were too heavy. That was why they were slow.

And Crow got mad at his people.

They never did anything.

But they were getting hungry all the time even though they never worked.

So he tried to make them [people] out of leaves—in the fall time they drop and they dry.

It's the same way people are now.

That is why we die sometime now. And that is why we are fast.

But they kept [being] hungry all the time, because Yéil owned everything.

That's why his people kept asking him what he is going to try.

They always asked him what he is going to do.

114 b. Crow and the Set Hooks April 23, 1951, Teslin

And after a while one of Crow's friends, the richest man, died.

And Crow wants to make a table for the dead man, for feasting.

And he didn't have enough to feed more than his own people.

So Yéil was thinking he wished he had plenty of food from his friends.

But no, they were all the same [without food].

And after a while he watches which way the people are fishing.

And after a while he wants to find out about their set hooks.

So Yéil goes under the water.

He looks at what kind of set hooks they are using.

They are just made of sticks this way.

And every time the man puts his hook in the water, the man watches his seal stomach float attached to it.

Sometimes he sees it moving.

So Crow is going to try to do the same way as the man that has the hooks.

And after a while he makes a fire right straight on the back of his fish line (sic).

He ties it right onto his boat.

And after a while he sees it moving.

So he takes off the line, and he ties it right on the rock.

And he's rowing easy, right over to his hook.

And he holds the rope. And he feels it all right.

It's moving, and not too hard. Just enough to feel it.

And after a while he is thinking how he is going to know what that is.

And then when he feels it, he pulls the line up.

And he tries to catch it.

And he feels something, all right. And it's loose.

When he pulls it in the boat, he sees something on the point of his hook.

It looks like somebody's nose.

When he gets that he turns right back home.

And when he comes home, he tells his wife to clean up his house.

It's a brush camp. They used to tie up the straight willows to sweep with.

She starts to clean it.

He says, "I got something, but I didn't get any fish. I got that thing [nose], I think," he says.

115. The Flood

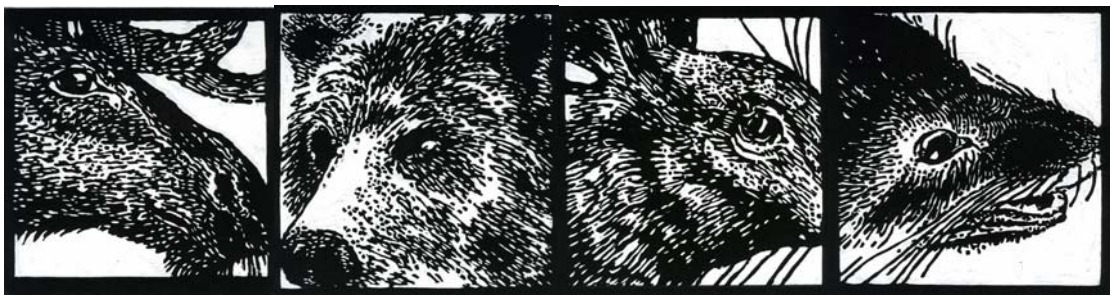
Jake came to my cabin in the evening, tired from cutting wood all day. He evidently had two reasons for his visit. First, he wished to retrieve his spit can—a tin can lined with paper into which he spat the juice from the snoose that he chewed. Some non-Indians are sensitive to having these cans about, so Jake first apologized, "I made a big mistake last night." I assured him that he was welcome to leave his can in my cabin any time he wished and also presented him with a can of Big Ben chewing plugs.

Second, we had spoken the previous night about the Indian land claims problem. Now he wanted to explain clearly how long his ancestors had been in the vicinity of Teslin by telling the Flood Story. Before beginning, however, he checked again to find out for whom I was writing the stories, for he wanted to be sure that the "big boss" and other "big shots" would see it. Indeed he suggested that it would be far better if the big boss could come and hear for himself.[1]

His mind was set on recounting the Flood Story even though, as he explained, it is a long one and he was going to have to use some of the "best" short cuts. My pleas for the "long" version were of no avail. Even with the "short cuts" [which he did not indicate] Jake was able to tell only the first part of the story that evening, because the wife of the local trader came to visit soon after we had started writing it down, and he stopped telling it.

The next morning Jake arrived again at about 9 a.m. He said he was going to go on telling about the flood without any short cuts. I expressed my pleasure at this. Before I began writing down the additional text for the Flood Story, Jake asked me if I knew the Animal Mother story. I said that I knew part of it and asked him if there were a name for Animal Mother. At first he denied it, but then went on to give a name (*kux yEk*) and also to talk about The Three Aces (the Dawson Peaks) where Animal Mother had her nest. I then read the Flood Story as far as we had gone the previous evening, and we proceeded with the rest undisturbed. We had coffee, and he left.

As Jake told it, the Flood Story is much more than a document to support a political point, it is also a romance.



115. The Flood March 13, 1951 and March 14, 1951, Teslin

This story is about over ten thousand years ago.

This story is about the time our father's grandfather stayed in the country and were supposed to own it—this country.

One thing I am sorry about myself—these people, white people, ask us how long we have stayed in this country, but we have stayed here all our lives.

We have stayed here since before I can remember my grandpas, ten or fifteen back grandpas.

That's why I think we own this country.

Now I know this story.

I am going to give you this story as a present just the way I know it. There are no mistakes in this story, dear friend.

I am sorry that I am [going to have] to tell you about the way we have a hard time to save ourselves. Now I am going to start the story.

When first the ocean starts to come to this country, my father's grandpas had already been staying here before.

They had no [metal] axes, only stone axes, little mattocks.

And that's what he uses to chop timber that is two feet across.

With a stone axe he chops those big trees about 80 feet long, so he can make a raft.

He makes a raft of the whole length [of the trees].

And that's the one I'm going to tell you about.

When he starts to cut the timber he tells his wife to split spruce roots and to braid them like a rope—for an anchor rope.

When she has finished that, he tells his wife again “Get willow bark, and take the stiff top skin off it, the black [part].

Peel it.

And from just the inside make a rope—from braiding that inside part.”

And when he finishes, he puts the raft in the water.

When he gets it in the water, all the other people come to look at it.

When somebody comes, he begs the person to build a raft too.

No, they never do it just like that old man!

Everybody says that he’s crazy.

“How can the ocean come into this country? Crow made it! [the country].

I don’t think anything can happen”

That’s what the people said to him

When they finish the raft, [the man and his wife] go to dry meat, dry fish, berries, everything.

Before the man finishes the raft he has worked four years on it.

The man’s name was Yéil S’íx’ (Tl., crow, dish).

The woman’s name was Kux yEk (Animal Mother).

[The rest of the story was told on the morning of March 14.]

After he finishes working for four years, he makes a kind of box for a fireplace.

He fits logs together to make an eight foot square.

After he puts it together, he puts rocks on the bottom of the box.

And when he fits them all together in the bottom, then he puts mud on top of the rocks and on the sides of the box where the heat of the fire will hit.

He puts mud all around the box.

And when he finishes he makes a woodpile.

He fills up the raft with any kind of wood.

Then he puts holes through the cracks in the logs and puts up logs on each side.

And then he puts a ridge pole.

Then he puts spruce bark on the four sides to make walls.

After he finishes it, he names it loonée hít (Tl., bark house).

After he names the house, he calls his wife.

"Ax̲ yéet tláa (Tl., my son's mother)" he says to his wife, "I am going to try to have you stay longer.

This ocean is going to come for us.

And I am going to hold you, ax̲ yéet tláa, when the ocean wants to take you from me.

I am going to try to hold myself too, and I am going to hold you.

If I don't see you, I am going into the water myself too, the time I lose you.

So I'm wishing we can save ourselves when the ocean is over the country.

I think we are going to save ourselves safely the way I have fixed this *yAn xat tla cAt*', "safe holding place " (Tl.).

You do the same way that I tell you.

Don't think that you are going to be left!

I am going to save you I think, ax̲ yéet tláa.

Pretty soon now you are going to see it.

It is going to be different, the world.

It is going to be pretty soon now.

You are going to see the world changing any time now.

And you keep a-going yourself too.

Do anything you think of for when the water is going to come around you.

You are going to [be able to] go out again.

So you try the best you can to finish quick.

Any time now I think it's going to begin, ax̲ yéet tláa.

I am pretty sure that the world is going to be different.

You keep watching any time when the bigger things are different in this world from what you have known before.

You watch when there is a big wind. You know what a strong wind was like before—it's going to be different!

It's going to be stronger.

Or rain. There's going to be strong rain.

You count if anything happens eight times.

And it's going to be stronger each time.

If anything is different and stronger eight times, on the ninth time the ocean is going to start to come."

When he got that far he stopped his work and told his wife, "ax yéet tláa, there's one thing, a thing that is going to save us, that I never got, ax yéet tláa, a pole to push this raft. I forgot it!"

When he gets it, he shakes hands with his wife and says to her,

"I 'm trying to save you, ax yéet tláa, yet how did I think I was going to move this raft if I never got this [pole] before?

Now I'll try to save you.

I was crazy before, ax yéet tláa, when I told you I was going to save you.

I wish you had pointed to what you thought was going to save us, ax yéet tláa!

How do you think I was going to save you, ax yéet tláa?

[You should have said] 'How do you think you are going to make it on to the top of the Three Aces? You don't have a pole, but all the same you are going to save your son's mother?

Now I think you are going to save your son's mother!'" Yéil S'íx' says.

"Now I finish, ax yéet tláa. I finish.

I am just going to listen for how it's going to start.

It will happen any time now, my son's mother.

We are going to feel something pretty soon now.

It's pretty close!"

Now that is the time it starts.

Well, afterwards, this woman watches everything around the raft.

She thinks she herself is the best to watch around her.

She thinks her husband never watches well.

And when it starts at first, it starts to rain and be windy—both rain and wind.

And they get in their bark house.

Well, they stay in there.

And any time he asks his wife, "Are you hungry, ax yéet tláa?"

When she answers, "Yes!", he puts a little fire into the center of the fire box.

He cooks something for his wife.

"Don't sorrow, my son's mother, I am going to die with you. And don't leave me!

If you should die, wish that I can follow you.

But the thing that I made to save you, I think that I made it good, my son's mother."

It rains and rains.

It rains for about four moons steady.

And there was wind.

After eight moons there started to be water all around.

The first thing [that happens] the man gets up in the morning, and he sees it.

He goes outside and he hollers to his wife,

"My son's mother, I see something different!

Water—it's a foot high around us.

It rises up to a foot!"

In the evening they feel it rise—the raft.

In the morning, they already float.

The raft is swimming.

It moves off.

They put out their anchor.

It's a big rock, you know; it's long.

Well, he is feeling bad, but all the same he asks his wife if she can eat something.

The woman says, "No, do you think I'm hungry, the way I see different waters?"

And Yéil S'íx' says, "Don't, my son's mother, I'm your Crow. I'm going to die with you.

I'm just like your [other] half.

I have a good flag [clan crest] myself.

Don't be sorry when I die.

I am going to work to try to save you all the same, so don't be sorry.

But one thing—whenever I die, don't miss me.

Watch me when I am dying.

Hold my hand so you are not going to miss me.

You are going to live after me.

I tell you truly I want to save you, so you can tell the story, the way I worked on this raft before

the ocean started [to rise].

Tell everybody you see that there was all ready this raft."

It's moving.

When it starts to move, maybe hundreds of people run up to where the man made the raft.

They all run away when they see the water starting to rise.

Everybody is going to get out in the high hills some place.

And they start to float up after they had already been anchored for four days.

The raft moves now.

And they try to use their poles to row.

They see the Three Aces.

They have poles, you know.

And the anchor is hanging in the water behind the raft, so when the wind blows, it doesn't float away too quickly and go too much off course.

The man tries to get over to the Three Aces.

There are four peaks in the Aces.

He tries for the middle [sic] one.

But he can't make it.

He hits the last one.

A south wind is blowing.

When he gets there he feels the anchor beginning to drag.

Well, he watches.

He gets off onto the mountain when they first get on to the mountain.

And he drags the anchor to a good place.

The man and his wife drag their anchor to a good place between the rocks and fix it up good.

They lever it good.

And he puts another one out.

There are two anchors on the raft so that no wind can move it sideways.

So they make it straight over to hit that point, driving the raft into the south wind.

They anchor it up that way—one anchor ahead of them and the other anchor dragging on the north side.

They tie the anchors.

When they finish working with the anchors, the man shakes hands with his wife and says,

"I've saved you, my son's mother.

I've saved you!"

And after that, the water was all around them, half way up the mountain, you know.

It was as if they were staying [up in the mountains] in autumn, you know.

They see things like loose sticks in the water, and different things swimming—bear, moose, caribou, sheep—things like that.

And after that—when they float up higher—well the raft is there just like ground, you know.

Anything that sees it from a long ways off swims to it.

There was one thing, the grizzly bear—he was just like a dog.

When he grabs on to the raft, he won't let go at all.

He wants to get on top of the raft when he grabs on to it.

They hit his hands where he holds it.

They never kill any game at all because they don't want to have too much of a load on the raft.

When the water stays at one level he says to his wife,

"Well, my son's mother, I think the ocean is high enough.

It stays in one place.

Wait one more day and I am going to kill something for you, my son's mother."

After the water stays in one place for four days, the first thing coming to the raft is a sheep.

When he sees it coming he tells his wife,

"Now, my son's mother, I have something to kill for you.

A sheep is coming.

I'm going to kill it for you, my son's mother."

Well, the sheep is coming onto the raft.

He has a string.

He snares [the sheep] with a babiche string.

He ties the snare up on cross poles and puts it under the raft.

The sheep put his neck in the snare and dies quickly.

After he snares the sheep, he fixes it and cuts it up.

He cooks something for his wife.

When he has already cooked and fed his wife, he tells her,

"Now this mountain, my son's mother, they are going to call this mountain "One Sheep Mountain"—*tlEnakt tawE* (Tl.).

When you meet any of your cousins, your friends, your relations, you tell them good how I call it.

Well, after that he said, "Now other things are going to go on. I don't know just where this is going to happen.

It is going to be after this.

I don't know when after this.

Fire—a big fire—is going to happen.

But I never hear [that this will happen] this time."

And then the water, it drops off quite bit.

Now when it drops, they have no way to take out their anchors.

The raft starts falling over.

So then they just loosen out the anchor rope on one side and they push the raft out.

They keep on doing that way.

Skwaan tells me [this story].

I stayed with him when my mother died.

He raised me.

My mother died when I was one and a half years old.

Skwaan's father was Tleina.

He was my father's uncle - doo kák (Tl., mother's brother).

Skwaan's father knew Yéil S'íx', about how he made the raft in his time, and how he put his anchors on the Three Aces.

[He found] the right place where he used to see it.

They left their anchors.

Maybe he knew the right place and that's why he went looking for it.

Well, after this everybody says the same way.

They have all seen the anchor on the point [peak] of the Three Aces. That's Yéil S'íx's anchor…shuyéinah is "anchor."

Now this story has no mistakes.

It's just the way I used to hear it from the old people who saw the man named Yéil S'íx' after the ocean flooded.

That's why I know so much.

If there are any mistakes, they are not very bad. Because I know it.

I am going to give you this story.

And you just look at my story, mister.

I do not feel bashful about your looking at it.

That is the way we have lived in this country.

We own this country, mister.

We are not ashamed about the way we own it.

This time when any white people see us and ask us how long we have been in this country and what we own—this is how we own it—just to the end of our lives.

Good-bye, mister.

My name is Jake Jackson. I am 75 years old.

I do not think I have made mistakes in this story.

Good-bye, dear friend, this story is not going to die for you.

I make you a present of it.

Good-bye.

116. The Beaver and the Porcupine

When Jake had asked me if I knew the Animal Mother Story, just before he told me about the Flood (no. 115), I acknowledged that I knew a part of it. The subject of Animal Mother had actually come up because I had inquired how the clouds hanging over the Three Aces [Dawson Peaks] could foretell the weather. This led him to say that Animal Mother's nest was on the Three Aces. Jake did not, however, choose to tell the story then—maybe because I said that I was already familiar with it. Instead he summarized the story of "The Beaver and the Porcupine", perhaps because of my query about the weather. Jake said that we would write down the full text another time, so I just listened to his short synopsis, which I wrote down from memory on the next day (presented in standard paragraph style below to distinguish it from stories copied down verbatim). Jake never did tell me the full story.

116. The Beaver and the Porcupine March 14, 1951, Teslin

The porcupine asked the beaver how long winter would be. Beaver was getting willows for food. He was foolish then. He showed porcupine the top side of his tail with all the spots [sic] on it. And he said that winter would be that long. Then he showed the under side of this tail, which doesn't have so many spots. And he said that summer would be *that* long.

Porcupine said," My goodness! You'll starve to death! See all those trees up there along the timber line? That's my grub for winter. But look what you have."

Then porcupine bit off his thumb. And that is why porcupine only has four fingers and winter is only four months long.

Beaver and porcupine call each other *a<u>x</u> ya qawu* (Tl., my honorable trading partner).

117. Wooshkaduha

As explained in the introductory note to story no.123, below, “Water from the Rock”, Version 1, I did not write this story down when Jake told it on the evening of March 1, l951, thus missing a splendid chance to record a classic Tlingit story. I wrote this version from memory on the evening of March 4, 1951 (see also story no. 123).

Jake got started on the tale because he thought that another person had incorrectly told me that Mouldy Head had acquired the name *Wooshkaduha* after his return from the Salmon People. According to Jake, it was a poor man at Chilkat, rather than Mouldy Head, who acquired the name. Swanton’s versions of Mouldy Head do not give the name *Wooshkaduha*, but in Angoon, on Admiralty Island, Alaska, Frederica de Laguna and I heard a story about *Wooshkaduha* which was quite like that of Jake’s, but localized at Hood Bay where *Wooshkaduha* became a famous shaman.[2] The name was said to mean “bringing things together.” Here, as in the story of Skookum Jim’s discovery of gold, an Indian man helps a non-human creature and becomes wealthy. Possibly the fish’s scales—unmentioned, but implicit in the story—have the same symbolic value as the frog’s eyes in some versions of the “gold discovery” tale, both foreshadowing the gold pieces to come.

117. *Wooshkaduha* March 1, 1951, Teslin; written from memory, March 4.

Wooshkaduha was a poor man who lived at Chilkat. Though he was poor, he was of a good family. One time he went out walking. He was going along by the river hunting, as he often did.

And as usual, he was not getting anything.

This time he heard someone calling, “*Wooshkaduha*!” He thought it was some human person. But then he realized no human would be living out among the willows on the sand and gravel bars.

He walked on, and he heard the voice again. Finally he discovered that it seemed to be coming from an old salmon that a crow had pulled out of the bank. It was just a skin full of maggots.

The fish said, “Help me!” The man put his coat down and gathered up the fish skin and all the maggots. And he carried that thing down to the river bank. There he washed out

all of the maggots. Then he cried out, “Heyu! Heyu! Heyu! Heyu! “ He called out four times, and he threw it in the water.

That salmon just jumped four times in the river. And after that, the man “just can’t keep money away” [v*erbatim* note]. He became very rich. In addition to his own house he had two houses just for his slaves.

118. The Girl Who Married the Bear

This story has already appeared in my monograph, *The Girl Who Married the Bear*, pages 15-23, along with a brief biography of Jake and an introduction to the story. The first, and longest part was told to me and my companion, Dorothy Rainier, in our cabin on the afternoon of July 11, l949. This was our second short visit to Teslin, and this was the second story that Jake told us that day. He asked each of us to record it, and then asked me to read back the version I had written. He also asked us to put the text into grammatically correct English and to give him a typed copy for himself and his family, which I did.

As an introduction to the story, he explained how difficult it was to select a tale suitably short to tell to an audience like ourselves, since most traditional stories are told over a period of two or three days. As Jake demonstrated with his hands, stories all fit together like intertwined fingers. He said he was cutting even this story short so he could tell it in the course of an afternoon. In fact, Jake’s is the longest of the fourteen versions of this story that I recorded in Yukon and it took him most of the afternoon to tell it.

He had stayed at our cabin until after 10:30 the previous evening and apparently came back again so soon both to continue our education and because, owing to rainy weather, he was unable to paint his boat as he had planned. Jake was also suffering from acute conjunctivitis which seemed to grow worse during the afternoon, but characteristically, he tried to pursue the story to the end.

I have no record of the topic of our conversation just before he told it for the first time in July, l949. What seemed to be on his mind was the rules and songs that the girl’s bear husband had given her for handling a bear after it has been killed. One song is sung while the head is being cooked and the bear’s skin is being stretched out and to face the east. The second song is sung to the bear’s knee bones when people are hungry. First a rock is heated in the fire. Then

you put the bear's right knee bone on it, and it jumps as if it were dancing. The bone is supposed to point in the direction where either game or another bear can be found.

Jake had additional material to add to the story the next day, primarily to explain further the proper ritual to be observed by those who killed bears. It was his first topic when he arrived at my cabin early the next evening for a marathon story telling session that went on until 1:30 in the morning and would have continued longer except that one of his daughters summoned him home to greet a visitor from Lower Post, B. C. Jake expanded the end very slightly during an afternoon visit to my cabin on April 10, 1951. On that occasion, we had already spent some time talking about Taku River geography and the location of old fish camps in both British Columbia and Yukon, and this led to Jake saying he had some "bear stories" he wanted to tell me.

Jake's wife, Mary, to whom I sent a copy of my original brief text, wrote me a thank-you letter which I treasure. In it she said that she thought Jake's version of the story was the "best". Certainly his version has the kind of power that only an older and skilled narrator could bring to it. It is full of vivid detail, for example, about how cold, wet, and dark it was when the berry pickers were returning home. This is the only version I heard in which the girl is said to be married. In this story, as in the Flood Story, Jake's clear interest in romantic love is an important theme. It is perhaps worth noting that here again the young girl gets home through her wits, not with the help of any supernatural aid, but the tragedy is that she is unable to outwit her determined brothers.

118. The Girl Who Married the Bear July 11, 1949 and April 10, 1951, Teslin

Some people had been staying one day at the mouth of the river.

And they were putting up dry fish—salmon.

Well, they finished.

They dried the salmon and stored it.

And they were ready to go off and get berries.

The women, just about ten of them together, went out to get berries.

One young girl goes with them.

There are ten women, and she is young.

She fills up a basket that big [gesture].

She fills up two baskets.

Fifty pounds, she has.

And she puts the baskets together, one on top of the other.

When they were coming down to the camp, it was all dark.

The young woman was tired of packing so much.

And after a while she slipped on something.

She slipped down.

And she spilled all the berries from the top basket.

Then she wanted to know what it was she slipped on.

That's where the bear goes out [defecates].

And the girl wants to know what was on her foot.

It was where the bear goes out.

You know, like down on the salt water where they eat berries and [leave droppings]—it's big.

That big [gesture]!

That's what she slipped on.

She got mad at the bear.

"Where this dirty bear went out, I fell on it myself!"

And she called that bear bad names because of it.

And maybe that bear heard it.

So she takes the berries again that she had spilled from her basket.

And some of the other ladies helped her put them back in the basket.

When they had finished, she packed [carried] the baskets again.

She goes along packing the baskets one on top of the other.

And after a while the pack-strap across her shoulders broke.

And both baskets fell onto the ground, and the berries spilled out.

That was because the bear wished it.

But the ladies came in to help her put the berries back again.

One [basket] was just about half empty.

The other is full again.

And she was about half-crying.

She put the berries back again, and all the ladies went again.

It's dark.

It's in the fall time.

Everybody goes again.

They had gone a little ways, and then the strap broke again on both sides.

And then all the other ladies were kind of cold.

And it's raining—raining hard.

And the old ladies are getting cold.

So one old woman said, "I'm going to go home now."

And pretty soon all the other ladies want to go.

And they left her alone to stay and pick up all those berries by herself.

She had a husband at home.

And when the last woman left her, she told her to tell her husband to come and meet her.

When the young woman [finally] started for home, she had just gone a short little way when she saw somebody coming.

He had a little bearskin on his back.

It was a man.

She thought he was her husband.

He used to wear a bearskin on his back when it was raining.

And she kept crying.

And when he was coming, he said, "What are you crying for? I'm here."

He wiped her eyes. "Quit crying! Let's go now."

The [man she thought was her] husband was packing the berries.

And they kept on going and going.

That is a bear taking her away now.

They go and they go.

And after a while he tells that young woman to walk quick.

"It's getting dark on us!"

And after a while she sees a big windfall about five feet high.

You know, down on the coast there are big trees.

He goes under it.

That's really a mountain.

The lady thinks it's a windfall.

But that bear knows it's a mountain and he goes under.

And then they go and go.

And after a while they go under again.

She thought it was another windfall.

And they go under again.

And after a while, they go on the side of a mountain.

And they camp there.

"We're lost ", he says.

"We go the wrong way", he tells the lady.

Next morning she wakes up.

She sleeps all right, but in the morning early, just before the man wakes up, she wakes up.

And she knows it [i.e., what has happened—that she has been taken by the bear].

She is sleeping on the ground, but in the evening she thought she was in a house, her own house.

But in the morning when she wakes up and opens her eyes, she knows it's a camp around her.

And that morning she sees bear claws on her neck.

Then after a while the bear wakes up.

And that lady shuts her eyes.

She doesn't want to move.

When the bear gets up, she looks at him.

And it looks like her husband walking around.

And he makes a fire and cooks.

And when he finishes cooking, she gets up and eats.

She doesn't see it [the cooking?].

Lunch too.

But all the same the man cooks.

She doesn't see where he does it.

In the morning after they have their breakfast, the man says, “I’m going to hunt for groundhog.

You stay home and make fire,” he tells her.

He goes.

In the evening time he comes back home.

He packs a big sack full of groundhogs and gophers.

He cooks it.

And when they are going to leave, he packs it.

When he comes back in the evening, he goes to bed again.

And in the night the lady wakes up again and wants to know for good what’s wrong here.

Then she knows it’s a grizzly bear that sleeps with her.

And then she is quiet again and goes to sleep.

Next morning she wakes up again.

In the evening time he had packed home what he had gotten—groundhogs.

But there is nothing left.

They are all gone.

And she doesn’t say anything.

She doesn’t see anything around, but all the same the man is cooking something.

And when he puts it down, it is groundhog that is cooked already. And she takes it and eats it again.

When they are through eating in the morning, he told her to stay home again and get lots of wood.

“I’m going to kill groundhogs.”

And when he came back in the evening he had a big pack again full of groundhogs and gophers and things like that.

And he did the cooking in the same way.

And they stayed there about a month and did things that way.

And they didn’t save anything at all.

In the fall, late in the fall, the man says,

“We’re going to be late in having a winter camp, a winter home.

Let's go look now for where we are going to stay in the wintertime to make a home."

And then they go.

And they have a big pack with dry groundhogs.

She never sees it when they stop.

And she never sees him drying them at all.

But when they walk off from the camp, her husband has a big pack of dried groundhogs just the same.

They camp in four camps in four days.

They were on a high mountain.

It's near a big river, on the Alaska side at Chilkat.

It's called *tsu.m.* It's the highest one.

You see where the mud comes down from the mountain?

That's the place the bear found on the mountain—where all the rocks wash down and spread out in the valley below.

That's where the bear dug a hole.

As soon as he finished digging the hole, he told his wife to get boughs.

"Don't get them where the wind blows the boughs and the brush," he told her.

"Get them down low."

So the girl goes out to get the brush.

And she breaks the trees up high.

She breaks the boughs off way up high.

She brings the brush back and throws it down by her husband.

The bear comes out and smells that brush and tells his wife,

"Why did you break the brush up high?

Somebody is going to find us!" he says.

She breaks off the brush too high, so they are going to see it.

Bears break their brush over and under their arms.

People break brush by turning it down.

Then he is mad.

The man gets mad and slaps his wife.

And he goes himself to get the brush.

And he gets the brush and something like roots for putting on the ground.

He brings the brush and everything together for the ground.

The ground is icy.

And he throws roots and brush into the hole and breaks it up.

That way he finishes the hole.

When he comes in the evening time he wants something to eat.

He cooks something.

It's groundhog meat and gopher, but the woman never sees the groundhog.

All the same the man cooks some.

Then they camp three nights.

It seems as though it is three nights, but really it is three months... The man told her "Feel outside how soft the snow is."

The woman is going to put up [a mark] on the door place.

Because she is getting used to staying with the bear, the woman has begun to carry a baby.

It seemed like it was only three months [since they had been in the cave?] but the baby seemed like six months.

She feels the baby already.

That's because the bear has babies quicker than people.

She has a big body showing she is having a baby.

After a while, when she is going to feel the snow outside, first she feels her husband all around his body, like she is loving him.

She hugs her husband and strokes his fur all over.

Then she moved outdoors and felt the snow.

Then it's soft.

She makes a big snowball with her hands, and she knows the snowball will slide down.

She knows that the den is high above a snowslide.

She throws the ball down to the bottom of the hill to the creek.

The girl has four brothers staying at the mouth of the river.

After a while, in April, when the fourth month comes, the girl feels sick because she is going to have a baby.

In the middle of the night, which was really half a month, two little baby boys are born to her.

In three and a half month she has babies.

When they are born, the palms of their hands are like a person's [indicates smooth skin], but the backs are all hairy.

It is all hairy on their backs too.

But their stomachs are like humans'.

Their feet were the same way.

In April, when there first began to be crust on the snow, is the time when the brothers would want to go hunting bear with their dogs.

The oldest brother has two dogs, bear dogs—big dogs—good hunting dogs.

For a long time her brothers had known that the girl was really taken by a bear when she was out berrying.

The four brothers went out together.

The youngest one was only a kid.

The other brother had wives.

The oldest brother tries first, but he never gets any bear.

Next time the second oldest tries to get the bear.

He comes back home in the evening, and he has got nothing.

The next day the third one tries it. He doesn't get anything.

The youngest kid is always sleeping.

When the oldest brother comes back and his kid brother is sleeping yet, he says,

"You're no good!

Do you think you are going to get your sister?"

Well he [the youngest brother] just wished to himself that he would try it.

He knows he is going to get his sister.

So the third brother tries.

And that day the youngest boy never sleeps.

After a while he puts his moccasins on.

And he goes and keeps on straight to the high mountain.

He keeps on to where they used to go in the summer.

And he has those two dogs with him.

After a while he sees that snowball.

And the dogs get into the place and smell the bear.

And he follows them to where the snowball came down.

And the two dogs run up the mountain.

And after a while he hears the dogs barking up there.

And he walks up and up.

And after a while he sees there is a bear.

He sees the hole, and the dogs are in it.

He sees the two dog tails in it.

They are barking and barking.

He has no way to hit the bear.

He has a bow and arrow, but he has no way to shoot it, because the dogs are in the way.

He tries to pull them out.

And after a while he hears somebody talking inside that hole. The voice was talking to the dogs.

One dog's name was *calsq^{w}a* (Tlingit).

The other's name was *kusdago ic* (Tl., otter father).

The person said, "You ought to keep quiet now! You can never quit barking!"

She knew her brother's dogs.

She was inside.

And then the dogs go out

And the man told his wife, "Those are your brothers.

They are going to kill me.

But when they do kill me, see that you get my skull!

Get my whole head.

You go get it.

When they stretch my skin, make a fire right along where they are stretching it, and put my head in the fire and burn it up!"

That day when the [youngest] brother came to kill him, he did not fight back.

He never threw him down the creek.

He never rolled down.

He just lay there quietly.

The three brothers came to meet the fourth one, because they heard the dogs barking up the mountain.

They went to meet their youngest brother.

When they were skinning the bear, the oldest brother told the youngest one to go into the cave and get the arrow he had shot in there.

When he went into the bear hole, the girl was way in the back holding her two babies—one on each side.

She tells her brother,

"You skin the bear good!

That's your brother-in-law, your kánee (Tl., brother-in-law).

Treat him good.

It's good to use to eat," she said.

When they skinned him, they cut out one side of the ribs to roast it.

When they finish, the sister is sitting on the bear nest.[3]

When the youngest brother saw his sister inside the den, he came out.

He tells his oldest brother, "I see my sister in the bear hole."

And they don't believe him.

"You're no good. You're no good to your sister!"

"I know I see her good!

She has two babies.

On both sides she has a baby. I see it!"

So the oldest brother says, "Let's go look at them!

All right, go ahead!"

Then they go fast.

The first thing the youngest brother looks in the back of the bear hole.

And then he starts to cry when he sees his sister.

He cries and cries.

And his sister sits still.

Then she says, “Keep quiet, brother.

I am not going to be lost much longer!”

Then the man stops crying.

And the girl says to him, “When you go back home, younger brother, kéek’, (Tl., younger brother), tell my mother to come meet me and bring snowshoes for me.”

So just as though it’s nothing, they go back home without packing anything.

They want to get home quick.

Just as soon as they see camp they holler out, “We got our dlàk’ (Tl., man’s sister, younger or older)!”

Nobody believes them.

They tell their mother, “Ax̲ dlàk’ (Tl., my sister, (man speaking), she calls for you to come with snowshoes.”

Their mother doesn’t believe them either.

When they say that, she too doesn’t believe them.

All the same, she puts on her moccasins and goes.

And she packs an extra pair of snowshoes.

And she walks and goes to where her daughter is.

When the girl starts to walk out, she starts to cry and cry to be back home.

She tells them, “Someone can fix a camp for me, out of the way, way out from where the townspeople stay.”

She wants to camp alone.

And they fixed the camp there already.

She came home and stayed in there.

That same spring she tells her youngest brother who got her that she wants to have a good time bear hunting.

She tells her brother, “I see smoke, a<u>x</u> éek’(Tl., my brother, woman speaking), bear smoke!”

“Where?” her brother asks.

“Out there. You see that tree standing up?

Right there.

You go there and look for it!’

He goes there and he sees a bear every time she says that.

Any time when he is lonesome, he asks his sister,

“Can you see any bear smoke?”

“Wait,” she says, “I’ll see some.”

Then she looks across at the hill.

And after a while she sees some.

And she tells her brother, “There’s a bear there!”

She can tell how many bears there are too.

Just the woman can see the smoke.

Nobody else can see it.

She tells them to look by the tree.[4]

Then after [heating the knee bones], that girl looks around where they point.

And after a while, that girl sees where they point.

And she tells her brothers, “You go up there, to that place up there. That’s where they point.

There’s a good bear camp in there—maybe two or three [bears? or bear dens?].”

[In answer to my question:] “Yes, she sees the smoke of the xóots <u>k</u>wáani (Tl., bear people)”.

After a while it is summer again, and they fish again.

And after a while in the fall, they go to get berries again.

And they hunt bear again in the fall time.

They see three grizzly bears coming out on the side of the mountain—a family.

There is a female with two cubs about a year and a half old.

She sees them first, and she tells her brother,

“There are more bears up there,” she says. “There are three of them.

First thing when you clean them up, [kill them], don't fool with them!" she tells them.

"If you fool with them when you kill them, they are going to take me away," she said.

And then they go up there and they kill the bears—all three of them.

And they skin them.

And they bring the feet and the skin [back home].

And they eat some in the evening.

Before the sun goes down, they finish their eating somewhere.

Then they tell their mama, "Mama, can you tell our sister let's play with her?

We want her to put on the big bear skin, and the cub skins are for our sister's sons."

And the mother starts crying and crying.

And they keep on telling her they want to play with their sister.

After a while the mother goes to the daughter and tells her, "Your brothers tell me they want to play with you.

You put on that bear skin and walk just like a bear coming on the side of the mountain."

And the girl starts to cry.

And she gets mad and sore, and she says,

"How can they talk that way?

I am going to be a bear forever now!" she says.

And the girl is crying and crying.

And after a while the men folk come themselves.

They tell her, "Dlàk*'* (Tl., sister, man speaking), we want to play with you!

We want you to put this bear skin on.

And these here are for our nephews"

"What do you say that for?

I used to tell you not to fool with those bears!

Now I am going to put the skin on.

You come quick and see us in the mountain!"

She takes the bear skins with her.

And she takes one of the little skins, and she shakes it on one child.

She turns the little kid around this way and puts the bear skin on the baby's back.

She puts it on four times that way.

And then it fits right on.

She grabs the other kid and does the same way again.

And a real bear comes out again.

Then she picks up the big skin and puts it on herself that way and walks out.

She's a bear.

The oldest brother told his sister, *"*Dlàk*',* (Tl., sister, man speaking) we are going to shoot our bows and arrows.

But we are going to use spruce bark for the arrow heads instead of iron points."

When the brothers were sneaking up to where their sister was eating berries like a bear, the youngest brother looked at her.

And it didn't look like a person, but just like a bear.

When he saw that his sister looked just like a bear, he took off the spruce arrowhead and put a bone point on.

A strong one too.

When he saw her, the oldest brother hit her first.

She goes right behind a tree.

The other two watch.

The youngest brother has a good arrow.

When they shot their bows and arrows, the bear turned around and just grabbed the three [older]

brothers.

And those young bears come behind and just tear them up—the three brothers.

The youngest brother that is behind, he hits his bear sister good—right in the throat.

He does it because his sister has turned into a bear.

The arrow goes through and stays in the bear's collar bone—just as big as a finger.

That is where the youngest brother shot the bear.

Then the bears went away from their home forever.

They never came back to the [human] camp any more.

They had killed the three brothers.

Only the youngest brother was left.

He was all right.

This is the end of the story.

119. Taboo Mountain

Jake had just finished telling me about early conflicts between Tahltan and Teslin people. This had apparently started him thinking of geography in relation to the movements of raiders during those times, and he began to list some of the prominent physical features in the vicinity of Teslin Lake. He described a trail across the height of land between the drainages of the Yukon and Taku Rivers and told this story about one of the mountains on that route.

Jake assumed that I already knew about girls' puberty observances—how the girl is expected to stay silently at the place where she first notices her menstrual blood, waiting until her female relatives come to find her. In this story a number of important taboos are broken. Men, rather than the girl's mother, find her. The girl "hollers out", and so on. The whole story underscores traditional Inland Tlingit beliefs about the close association between the behavior of menstruants, weather, and rocks. I am uncertain just what Jake meant by the sentence in which the girl calls the rock rabbits [pikas], but the Inland Tlingit make a strong association between pikas and rain.[5]

The story is another example of the way in which the entire landscape is contextualized in oral tradition.

119. Taboo Mountain January 25, 1951, Teslin

There is one little mountain like a round ball on the Taku trail. The name of this mountain is "Taboo Mountain"—Lagaas shàh (Tl.).

If you go around that mountain any time, you are not supposed to move any rocks that you see.

If you fall, it will rain on you for two or three days.

It will be bad luck.

Once a young girl got lost on that mountain just when she is turning to woman [reaching puberty].

This young girl goes out from the camp, and she gets that way [begins to menstruate].

She has not told anybody that she is going out.

And she gets tired [waiting for somebody to find her].

And so about noon she tries to crawl home.

But she can’t see where to go.

And she never hollers.

But after a while she begins to holler and holler.

And nobody hollers back to her.

Then after a while her mother and father go out to look for her.

But before she hears her mother hollering, she hears the menfolk hollering for her.

And when the men find her, that’s the time they laugh at her about the way she gets lost.

But she never says anything.

That man who asks her why she gets lost, makes her cry.

And that is why if anybody is fooling around in that place, it will rain and snow that way.

That girl calls the rock rabbits. “Grandpa,” she calls them.

And when they all come back in the house and stay there, I don’t know for how long, it rains and rains.

It rains after they come back home.

And after a while they ask that girl, “Can you try to stop the rain? Everybody is starving!”

That girl says, “Why did you tease me?” she asks.

And then she put her hands out in the world.

She moves them from right to left, and then from left to right.

And then, down and up. [Jake extended his hands with the palms up to illustrate the girl’s motions.]

“Be a good day!” she says.

And after a while, in the nighttime, it begins to clear.

There are no clouds.

And next morning, it is sunshine like this today.

That’s all.

120. ‘Ena’yee’ta and the Cougar

Jake came to my cabin one morning and we talked first about various celestial phenomena. He told of a local man who once heard a sharp clang—like tin against tin—at the same time he saw a falling star. Mentioning this noise evidently reminded Jake of the screech made by a

cougar, or mountain lion. The sound is believed to be so awful that it paralyzes people with fright.

In the early 1950s cougars had just begun to move north and west into the Yukon drainage. By 1958 I saw one myself near Dalton Post far to the west of Teslin, and cougars had also begun to move along the Alaska Highway into Alaska. Wherever they were seen by native people they were a cause of great concern.[6] Yukon men always expressed great interest in the pictures of cougars shown in hunting magazines or on calendars.

The Tlingit term most often given to this animal was hada g̲òoch, (Tl.) literally "all around wolf ", sometimes translated as "wolf around the world". Jake himself referred to "hada g̲òochee kèitl**"**, meaning "around wolf dog" (Tl.), though Jake's own free translation was "tiger animal wolf".

In this story it is possible that the kind of bear that *'Ena'yee'ta* first mistakes for a cougar was an "ice bear"— an old bear that has not denned up in the fall because he has not succeeded in getting enough food. Such bears are said to wander around all winter trying to kill enough animals or find enough carrion to stay alive. The coats of these bears get matted with snow and ice, hence the name "ice bear". I had not heard of these animals in 1951, so did not ask Jake about them, though local people consider them to be very dangerous. In any case, even though Jake speaks of "winter", and the two hunting partners initially walk on river ice, they end in a place where there is no snow and the body of the cougar dams up the river water. This may symbolize a move from an "other" or spirit world of winter, where spirit powers are supreme, to the human world. The Indian doctor returns to this human world with some of the power derived from the hada g̲òochee he has finally been able to kill. The "red" hair of the animal presages a bad or unusual kind of animal with special kinds of power.

With this story we seem to move into chronologically more recent times although the plot combines superhuman with historical events. Thus, the protagonist is named and incorporated into a known genealogy [though Jake undoubtedly included the explanation of kin terms for my benefit]. The protagonist also has a muzzle loader. The narration pays considerable attention to such details of hunting as checking the beaver spleen and stalking the animal, and also explores animal behavior, suggesting that hada g̲òochee smells the beaver in the water of the stream. There are, nevertheless, "myth-like" qualities to the story which is basically an account of how an Indian doctor got one of his powers. The inability of *'Ena'yee'ta* to grab his gun case, for example, and the emphasis on the distorted stretching of the hada g̲oochee's body across the river both suggest motor and visual distortions such as one might experience in a vision quest or in some other encounter with the spirit world. When *'Ena'yee'ta* throws the cougar's hair at his brother-in-law, he could be following the rules of behavior for informing one's hunting partner that one has located a grizzly's den and is inviting him to join in the hunt. Or this may be an indication that he had already killed the animal in the same way that one quietly slips a few bear hairs to the partner so that the others in camp do not notice. In this case, however, the brother-in-law has gone against all proper behavior by failing to look for his partner when he hears all the shooting. When *'Ena'yee'ta* throws the cougar's hair at his brother-in-law, causing him to cramp, this is perhaps a justifiable way for him both to express his irritation and also to show his

doctor powers. It may also be significant that he carries the hair in his left rather than in his right hand.

Since Jake himself was an "Indian doctor," the story probably had special meaning for him, especially since the action takes place in the Liard drainage. As noted earlier, Jake's own trapping grounds at Wolf Lake were on the height of land between the Yukon and Liard drainages, and he sometimes met Liard Kaska people there.

Midway through this story, Jake broke into a second story, also about cougars (see no. 121). However, he returned to finish this one before he left. In fact, so absorbed was Jake in his story telling that he declined offers of tea or other refreshments during the course of his visit which lasted about four hours.

120. *'Ena'yee'ta* and the Cougar April 1, 1951, Teslin

One good íxt' (Tl., Indian doctor), was named *'Ena'yee'ta*, ("mountain look father"). This is in Liard talk [Kaska language]. [Jake also suggested "you see good father" as a translation]. This Indian doctor killed one of those animals.

He had a brother-in-law who was about fifteen or sixteen years old.

They camp. They start on the beaver hunt going up the Liard River from Liard Post.

The first thing they see is a beaver, and the brother-in-law kills the beaver.

And when he skins it, something like meat is stuck on the outside of the beaver's stomach.[7]

And the beaver is telling the people [what their luck will be].

The man cuts the *cuhu* [Tl. spleen] out. And when he sees that thing, he says, "My goodness! My goodness!"

When he says that, *'Ena'yee'ta* tells his brother-in-law, "You are going to have bad luck, brother-in-law!" he tells his brother-in-law.

He says that because he sees that his brother-in-law is going to see that animal [cougar].

'Ena'yee'ta is a big doctor himself.

He has been that way since the time that he was young.

And they keep walking on that river all the time, on the ice.

And when they first find another beaver place, there is no beaver in there.

In the beaver house there is a hole.

It looks just like a shot has come out through the top, right there.

There is ice on it, frozen on the house.[8]

And a little ways along they find another beaver house.

And the same thing has happened to it.

The beaver house is cut open, right clean to the water.

And they find other beaver houses, but they never see any beaver. They see no beaver any place.

[At this point Jake stopped to tell the story, "The Doctor Who Killed a Cougar" which follows as no. 121 in this volume. Then he returned to this story]:

And after a while they come to a place where the snow is gone, down by the river side.

Thinking about what has happened [to the beaver houses], they think that a grizzly bear did it.

It looks like grizzly bear work where the beaver houses are torn down.

They can see the claws where he has been working in the frozen ground.

So they are watching all the time.

And then they see a track, just a little bigger than a black bear track.

The track looks like a bear track on a sand bar.

And then they see where there is a beaver house on the side of the river where they are.

And it is torn right down, and all the beaver have been cleaned out.

So they are watching there.

And in the evening time *'Ena'yee'ta* is going out on the river to look for beaver.

He asks his brother-in-law, "Do you want to go with me? Let's go hunting on the river looking for beaver."

And his brother-in-law says, "Yes, I will go with you."

And *'Ena'yee'ta* has his gun case way back in the bush camp. And he goes to get it.

When he tries to grab that gun case, he cannot grab it.

It just goes through his hand.

He never feels it.

So *'Ena'yee'ta* tells his brother-in-law, "I don't know what's wrong with me. When I try to catch my gun case, I can never catch it!

I'm going to go without my gun case.

You sit down in the house."

And he walks up the Liard River.

And he walks and walks.

And after a while he sees something walking up stream above him, way back.

And then he turns, because he wants to get ahead.

He walks back a little bit, because the wind is coming up stream.

He runs into the woods about a mile and a half, and then he comes down on the river bank.

And there that animal is standing.

The man looks.

And he sees that thing down below coming up. It walks like a bear—like a grizzly bear.

And when it had come right across the bar, it sits down.

The man hides himself where he can see the animal.

He just wants to see him.

And it is as though the animal sees *him* [the man] .

And that animal watches pretty closely where that man has sat down and hidden himself.

Just the same, the man keeps watching and watching.

And the animal keeps watching the man.

Sometimes it just stands in one place and watches where the man is, just as if it sees something.

And that man is very sorry that that animal has gotten all those beaver ahead of him.

The animal has cleaned out about nineteen places.

So the man thinks that he has a good chance to see that animal—that bear.

And he says to himself—in his mind, you understand—"Now I see you, I am going to fix you up. I wonder if you are going to kill off any more of my beaver ahead of me."

Then that animal comes right straight across towards him.

And the man takes his gun up.

The animal stands right close to the water, and he smells the water for a long time. Maybe that's the way he found the beaver up above him.

When the animal comes right straight across to the man, and when the man thinks he is smelling the water, that is the time that he points at the animal with his gun.

He thinks the animal will fall into the water when he shoots it.

But when he shoots the animal, it never moves, although the man hits it all right.

And then he loads his gun again.

It is a muzzle loader, like the kind they had long ago.

The man finishes loading it, and the animal just stands in one place.

The animal never moves.

It never does anything at all.

So the man is taking a pointing to shoot again.

He shoots it.

It never moves. [Then] it steps in the water and wants to come swimming across the river.

It steps into the water two times, right into the water.

And when it had stepped into the water two times, my goodness, that man thinks that animal is different looking again!

That bear is getting bigger looking to him, the way he is looking at him!

So the man loads his gun and shoots again.

The animal walks another two steps to meet him. The hind legs don't move at all.

Its hind legs just stay in one place, and it only moves its front legs.

And quick enough, *'Ena'yee'ta* wants to shoot again.

He shoots.

The animal never moves.

Then it makes another step.

And my goodness, it comes about twenty feet out of the water!

It is coming into the water now.

That many times the animal has stepped into the water.

'Ena'yee'ta shoots and shoots.

And after a while, the animal steps quick enough that way.

'Ena'yee'ta hits him, all right, but the animal never falls.

After while, when that animal has come half way out into the river, out into the river where the water is up to here [Jake indicates as high as his shoulder], it is still standing in one place.

The water above it rises just like a dam.

And after a while, although the bear's hind leg is way back on dry land, yet all the same its head is pretty near across on this side of the river. [*'Ena'yee'ta* continues to mistake the cougar for a bear].

And pretty soon the water is up to here [Jake indicates his neck]. It is pretty near in the water now.

So the bear wants to step quickly to get the man.

The man shoots all the time, and he hits the animal good. [But] when he sees it is moving quick, stepping up like that, *'Ena'yee'ta* runs away.

He runs away.

And that bear has already come out on land on this side, although its hind leg is still on the other side.

And when its two front legs are coming on the side, the man runs away.

The animal comes up slowly, and the man shoots down again at its left side. He shoots him, but it still never moves.

And after a while, when the animal is coming out on this side and following him, it tries hard to come quick and catch the man.

It jumps and comes fast after *'Ena'yee'ta.*

So there is nothing *'Ena'yee'ta* can do.

And he is running, because the animal wants to get him.

So that animal, it's pretty near caught up with him.

It has come out of the water on this side of the river.

The man jumps into the water to cross the river again. And he pretty near falls down, but he goes on across the river.

[Then] the man shoots that animal in the back, and that thing comes out of the water.

That is *hada gòochee*, "Wolf Around the World", you know.

But he never makes any noise though. [So *'Ena'yee'ta* doesn't know what kind of animal he is shooting at.]

And that man keeps shooting and shooting and shooting.

He doesn't know just what it is that he is shooting, so he comes down by the river and walks on along the side.

He is going to walk across the river to meet the animal to get him.

Now that animal does the same thing that it has done before.

When the man comes down, its foot stays on one side of the river, but its hand [paw] is on the other side of the river, he is so big, that thing!

So *'Ena'yee'ta* runs up stream himself.

And he runs way up and looks across the river on the other side. And he sees that animal walking up to follow him.

Just before the animal is going to see him, he runs back up the river bank.

And then that animal stays on the other side when it sees *'Ena'yee'ta*. But then it tries to walk across to him.

The man shoots and shoots. And after a while that animal just wants to get at *'Ena'yee'ta* very badly. It is getting mad!

And in just a minute, it walks right into the water, and it comes out on the other side. It does that when *'Ena'yee'ta* shoots at him next.

Just as soon as the man starts to shoot, the bear (*sic*) jumps into the water. It doesn't step many times before it is already on the other side.

And after while *'Ena'yee'ta* himself knows that that animal is that *hada gòochee* that is showing itself that time.

And there are pretty near no more bullets for his gun.

And when the animal is coming faster, *'Ena'yee'ta* himself begins getting his doctor [power] now.

As soon as the animal gets half way across to him, *'Ena'yee'ta* runs across the river himself too. He runs just like the ducks do—on top of the water. That *'Ena'yee'ta*, it must be his skookum [big, Chinook jargon] power!

He keeps on shooting, and after a while there are pretty near no more bullets, but the animal never gets wounded just the same.

He shoots him that way many times, but all the same he never hits that animal down yet.

So when *'Ena'yee'ta* has his doctor, he sees something all right.

And he has four more bullets. And this fourth one he makes into a medicine for himself—with his mouth, you understand.

He puts it in his mouth.

I don't know what kind of medicine it was.

All four bullets, he makes them into medicine.

And he loads them into his gun.

Just as soon as the animal walks out, he is ready to meet it.

He wants to shoot at it from behind. But before the animal comes completely out onto the shore, it runs back into the water.

And *'Ena'yee'ta* wants to shoot at the animal's hind foot.

And the foot is about that big [length of outstretched arms].

And it is about as far away from him as that window there [the cabin window—about twelve feet away].

And the man is behind. And when he sees the animal just that far away, he shoots it right on the left side where the tail comes out, where the meat is good. And he thinks he hits it right in the center. And my goodness, just as soon as he hits that animal, it falls down, because the hind legs fold up!

And *'Ena'yee'ta* has three more bullets.

And all the front part of the animal is in the water. When the animal falls, it begins to grow.

And its rear end goes way up in the back and gets bigger.

And its body begins to dam that river, and the water rises up.

And *'Ena'yee'ta* is just waiting.

He thinks he has killed that animal.

And after a while, he thinks he has got him.

He has got him under the tail.

The hair of that animal is maybe that long [two arm's length]. He cuts some out that is that long and maybe this big around [a finger's circumference].

He cuts them that big with a knife, and ties them right up in the center (*sic*) to take home to his brother-in-law.

That brother-in-law has heard all of the shooting, but just the same he never comes down to look for *'Ena'yee'ta*. So the first thing when he gets home, *'Ena'yee'ta* gives his brother-in-law that hair.

He has it in the hand on the side he uses to pack [carry] his gun, on this side [left].

When *'Ena'yee'ta* gets back, he throws the hair at his brother-in-law and says, "I killed a grizzly bear for you, brother-in-law!" And his brother-in-law cramps up close.

As soon as he gets the hair and looks at it, he already cramps up.

That man just laughs at him.

I see that man [presumably, *'Ena'yee'ta*].

I think he is of the Deisheetaan nation [clan].

I think he is in Whitehorse.

He is Liard Tom's kák (Tl., maternal uncle).

Liard Tom lives in Lower Post [a Kaska settlement], but sometimes visits in Teslin.

I think he's my kák too. Liard Tom is my cousin-brother [parallel cousin].

Liard Tom calls me "ax̲ hónx̲w" (Tl., my older brother). And I call him "ax̲ kéek'" (Tl., my younger brother).

And then *'Ena'yee'ta* fixes his brother-in-law.

He gets his mitts out and he hits his kánee (Tl., brother-in-law) that way.[9]

And *'Ena'yee'ta* keeps that hair as long as he lives.

I don't know what he did with it.

He thought he might see an animal like that again sometime.[10]

So it was good to have it [the hair].

He got more power from killing that animal.

Look at the first one I told you about.

He called the north wind, and it blew when he called [Jake, too, could call the north wind].

And then they go off on the beaver hunt the next day, way up the river, packing. And the first thing, they see a beaver. And they catch it and fix it and are skinning it.

They look at the beaver's *cuhu* (spleen).

It is all right.

So *'Ena'yee'ta* tells his brother-in-law, "We'll be all right, brother-in-law! We'll be all right! We won't just see beaver signs for nothing now.

We are going to get our beavers all the way!"

And then you know, Skwaan, he was there at the head of the Liard River.

He came over from the head of the Teslin River.

And he was on the Liard making a canvas boat.

And then he went down the Liard River.

And one place, right where *'Ena'yee'ta* got that thing, Skwaan sees something.

It is right on the bank of the river.

It looks different, just like bones.

There are three or four more boats behind him, all coming down the river.

And when Skwaan sees those two or three boats behind him, he hollers, "Come around! Come in here! There is some kind of bones in here"

This bone in here [scapula], I think they see that shoulder blade.

And where the arm works with that shoulder blade [i.e., the humerus], maybe the whole thing was that big [two arms length]. And Skwaan shows it to the people.

The ice had drifted way back when the river broke.

And maybe that animal rotted, and the ice pushed that shoulder blade back on top

to dry ground on top of the river bank.

That's the place it was, just like something hanging there.

That's the way those people saw it.

It was way down below from where *'Ena'yee'ta* killed it.

And that's the last I know about this.

Those men were pretty good — those men who were in my nation [i.e., the Deisheetaan clan] who killed this game before me. I saw that old man [*'Ena'yee'ta*], and I saw the other one [*Skwaan*].

Skwaan is my older brother, so I believe that it is true about how that man killed the animal.

Now that much I show you through my story.

My name is Jake Jackson from Teslin.

121. The Liard Doctor Who Killed the Cougar

As noted in the introduction to Story no. 120, Jake interrupted that story to tell this one. Both revolve around dueling between an Indian doctor and the powerful cougar or *hada g̲òochee*. The *hada g̲òochee* makes its presence known by appearing as a Northern Light to which babies in particular are sensitized. The doctor who defeats the *hada g̲òochee* knows that his powers are about to be called upon when he is unable to get his food into his mouth. As part of his equipment he has swan's down and mittens. Both of these items seem to be a standard part of the traditional shaman's equipment. The dish, knotted string and beaver net appear to be his special medicines. When he is full of power, like other shamans, he walks in the air. The prolonged dueling between *hada g̲òochee* and Nastlani keep the audience in suspense, especially when it is uncertain whether Nastlani himself will become like the *hada g̲òochee*. The section explaining the need for humans to go sunwise because Animal Mother showed both people and animals how to do so was probably added by Jake for my benefit.

121. The Liard Doctor Who Killed the Cougar April 1, 1951, Teslin

When *hada g̲òochee* (Tl., cougar) hollers, the people who hear it just stay where they are. Everybody gets into a cramp.

Well, one time when it was winter, about some time in March, the people went down the Liard River.

Since summer they had supposed there was somebody down across the Liard River. There was a man who had been up in the mountain hunting for meat, for groundhog and other food for his winter outfit.

He had two caches in there up on the mountain.

And then in the winter, the people come down the Liard River to go close to where their meat cache is.

Everybody is getting hungry.

Nothing to eat.

So the man went out to bring in the meat. And when he comes to the first cache, there is nothing in there. He sees the cache rocks, and they have just been pushed way down.

It was a big cache, and he had piled green brush on it too.

But the meat is all cleaned out of it.

So he goes to the next cache again.

He gets his meat out of it all right.

It is a dry meat cache. That one is all right. He gets some meat out to go back home with — just enough so he camp for two days—he takes that much.

And that man has got a wife, and she has got a baby.

And they are coming down after the people in the nightime, and it grows dark on them.

And as she is packing [carrying] it down, that baby begins to cry just like something is poking into him.

He cries and cries and cries and cries.

And after a while the mother takes the baby off [her back] and gives it some milk and sits down with it.

And then after a while she starts to pack the baby again.

And she begins to go again.

And just then it cries and cries.

She sits down to feed him.

And she keeps doing that and doing that.

And after a while that baby just never stops crying.

She just holds him that way and feeds him this way.

And after a while her arms get tired, and she sits down facing across to the mountain and feeds her baby. And just as soon as the baby is going to start to cry, the mother shakes the baby like that, before it begins to cry.

She does that to her baby, and she looks around across the mountain.

And after a while she sees something there, just like a Northern Light (Tl., gees'óok).

She sees something just like that, and that's the time that the baby starts to cry again. And she sits down quietly in one place, and she watches across there where she sees something different.

And then the baby starts shaking again, just like it does before it is going to cry.

And she sees the same way again on the mountain.

And when she sees it, she starts to follow those people.

She goes and walks and walks.

And after a while, not very long afterwards, she can feel the baby on her back begin to shake.

So she takes it off her back again and holds it.

And she watches the same place on the mountain, and she sees that something is different there. And just as soon as the baby starts to cry, she sees it again on the mountain.

It looks the same as gees'óok (Tl., Northern Lights), so she knows it is something.

She has heard about that thing before— *hada gòochee*.

And she walks and keeps walking, holding that baby. That baby cries.

She holds it up and walks all the same.

And after a while, she sees the firelight up in the trees. And she comes home all right.

And her husband has come and cooked the meat.

He is just waiting for her to eat.

And when she comes, she says, "I saw something. I saw something that is different!"

And just as soon as it was about to show—it was all the same as the Northern Lights—this baby started to cry and to shake!"

And they were starting to eat.

And they were going to feed one of the boys.

That boy was just about nineteen, and he was a good doctor, but nobody knew it.

He had a long wooden dish, s'íx' (Tlingit), and he had a small beaver net. And he had four pieces of braided sinew with down feathers woven into it and covered with red face paint. The four pieces were all braided together about two arms' length, and then they split off and there was a loop on each end [of the four strands].

And that boy had a swan's head with small feathers [down]. He kept all of those things

in a bag, and nobody knew what he had.

The boys uncle, doo kák, (Tl., his mother's brother) was the one who had the meat cache.

Just when his uncle's wife came in was the time when the boy looked differently at

her and everybody.

He looked different, just as though he minded something, and as though he minded the way people were looking at him.

And when his uncle's wife comes, the boy tries to eat.

They cut meat for everybody, and they give him some in a pan.

And that boy tries to eat.

He cuts the first bite out and puts it in his hand and tries to get it into his mouth. But he puts it right there [by his right ear].

And his uncle watches him, and he sees what happens the first time.

His uncle thinks, “I wonder how it is going to be. Look at ax̲ kéilk’ (Tl., my sister’s child, i.e., nephew) when he is eating.”

His uncle watches his kéilk’ while he works.

His nephew looks different, not like before.

That’s why his uncle watches him.

Then the nephew puts [meat] on his plate and cuts some more out. He takes it from this (left) side.

And he tries to put it in his mouth, but he puts it in here [his ear] again, on the left side.

And he leaves it in the pan, and he pushes the pan away, and he says to the people,

“You hurry up and eat! Pretty soon something is going to come—that *hada g̲òochee*!

That is why that baby is hollering and crying.

That is what my uncle’s wife saw!” he told them. “When you are going to hear something holler, then you won’t be able to lift yourselves.

When you think that you want to go some place from here, you will stay quiet. When you hear that, every one of you people are going to cramp up, so that you will have no way to get away!”

Just as soon as they have eaten and finished, they hear something holler. Everybody, some people who are standing, and all of them, fall down into a cramp—*everybody*—the kids and all!

And only [the nephew] himself is different. He does not cramp.

And then they hear it some more.

And as soon as they hear something holler, they cramp.

But the boy is all right.

That boy takes up his mittens and puts them around the fire and warms them up.

That boy does not feel cramped, so he goes to his uncle, and he hits his uncle’s head with his mittens.

And after that he goes around to everybody, hitting them on the backsides of their hands.

And everybody comes back to have feeling again.

And just as soon as he has finished waking up the people again, they hear some more noise. And just the moment before they are going to hear that noise, the boy says, "Watch out! You are going to hear it!"

So they listen.

And as soon as they hear it, it is closer to camp.

And the boy says, "Now it's coming closer! I am going to go!"

And the nephew tells his uncle, "You are the one who is going to stay behind and care for these people.

You are going to do the same way with my mittens when you hear the noise.

You do just the way I did.

Do it that way after I have to go.

I am going to meet him right away, and you are going to watch after the camp.

And when you are all of you, every one of you, all right, don't go away. Stay all the time in camp.

You are going to hear it then.

But if you freeze up [cramp up] when you hear him, and you are in the woods—if the people want to get away—you will freeze in the woods forever, if you go from camp.

But what I was doing, you just watched me sometimes to see what I was

doing. I was going to save you some time. That's why I stayed quiet in the camp. [Now] you must stay quiet in the camp when I go back to meet him. You watch the people.

When it hollers, you are going to hear me.

I am going to holler at him. If my holler is longer than his, then you can think you are saved for a second.

Listen carefully if it is that way.

If mine is that way, if it is long, then you can think we might be saved."

And when he goes at first, [the nephew] has just gone a little ways.

And he meets [the animal] coming.

The boy walks with snowshoes.

And he has a blanket on, tied around his waist.

And he's got snowshoes on.

As soon as he was leaving the camp, he told his uncle,

"You keep watching the people. I am going to go now.

If I'm killed (?) [literally: "If I'm gone"], you are not going to be saved, not one of you.

You are going to die. So you listen good if my holler is longer than his.

Then if it is, believe me that you will be all right for some time."

Then the boy starts back to meet it.

He just goes a little while, and he hears it not very far away. When they meet

together, the boy tells *hada g̲òochee*, "What do you want to come for? I'm alone too. I am here at the camp."

And the *hada g̲òochee* says, "You are alone? What's that track around the trail? That's kids' tracks! Those are the ones I want to eat for fresh meat!"

"You are not going to see any kids!" that man says.

"I want some!" he says.

And that is the word when he starts to holler.

And they both holler, that Lingit (Tl., person) and that *hada g̲òochee*, 'Wolf around the World.'

And they holler at the same time.

And the Indian says, "*Tleik' das'ei*, nothing!"

And that *hada g̲òochee* says he wants fresh meat, "I want fresh meat!"

"No!" the boy himself says.

And they are watching at the camp.

They listen.

And that man on their side hollers the longest.

And everybody gets cramped when they come closer.

The children, all the others but the uncle [get cramped].

The uncle is all right.

The boy's uncle's name is *Tci's'eiya* in Liard language (Kaska). And it is *Toot Lingiti* (high hill person) in our language.

And that boy's name is *Nastlani*, Liard way. It means "many fingers".

The uncle fixes everyone the way his nephew has done before, and all the people come back to life.

And he [*hada g̲òochee*] just hollers one time.

That boy has taken that long wooden plate when he goes out to meet *hada g̲òochee*, and that four point string.

He takes just these two things.

And when he gives this plate and that four point string to that animal, the animal says, "Is that all you are going to give me, do you think? I'm hungry!"

And when the boy gives this plate and that string [to that animal], he puts the plate right across the trail. And he ties one end of that long string on the right side of the trail, the way he hears *hada g̲òochee* coming, and puts it across the trail in front of the dish.

And when *hada g̲òochee* walks over to the dish, his head and neck hit that string.

He tells that animal, "You stand here. Wait for me. I am going to go back home. I am going to give you something again, so you wait for me!"

And he asks that animal, "Are you going to wait for me until I come back?"

And that animal says, "Yes."

And so the boy goes back.

When he goes back, his uncle is watching in camp for him.

And when he is coming, everybody hears a noise like the wind coming. And his uncle, *Tci's'eiya*, says, "My nephew is coming. Now watch when he comes. You set your eyes looking for him. Don't look at him when he comes."

So they watch.

And soon [the nephew] comes to the door of the house.

He walks outside. His feet are about that high [four feet] off the ground. He never walks, you know.

It is just like he is blowing out with the wind.

Now the first thing when *Nastlani* comes, his uncle runs out of the camp by the other door from where *Nastlani* is coming.[11]

Natslani does not come in.

He goes around the camp the way the sun goes [clockwise].

His feet are that high off the ground.

Right here [by the back door of the camp ?] his uncle holds out his arms to stop him.

But *Natslani* goes right through and runs around the camp again. His uncle tries to catch him by the front door, but he loses him and never catches him again.

Then his uncle goes into the camp and heats his nephew's mittens by the fire.

And he comes out with his nephew's mittens. And this time he catches his nephew.

Then, when he catches him, all the people were cramped together.

That *Nastlani* has no clothes on—no blanket, no shirt—just bare skin.

He just comes back in his pants, that's all, and his moccasins.

It is just about fifty degrees below zero that time.

And when he has come home, he says, "I want something!" he says.

And as soon as the people see him, everybody just goes hard stiff like that.

And then he calls [for] his feathers [shamanic down?].

And he takes out his feathers and his beaver net. When he takes them out, he puts some out, big. [They expanded in size or number].

He gives his uncle some feathers and tells him, "When you hear me—as soon as you hear me—take off some of those feathers and throw them into the fire.

And then you go ahead and get ready to start off tonight.

All of you go ahead just as quick as you can.

He wants to come.

He wants to come, but I am going to hold him in the same place.

I am going to wait.

And after I think you have gone for a long way, then I am going to come back.

I am going right off to follow you people. You go across the mountain just as quick as you can for tonight."

So everybody starts, and he goes back.

When he sees the animal, it was standing up in the same place.
And he puts up that beaver net behind that plate and that string.

The last thing on his side is that beaver net across the trail.

So that animal hollers to him, "What are you doing? What are you doing again?

And the boy says, "I am giving my beaver net to you," he says.

And that time, the animal hollers longer than he does!

And just as soon as the people in the camp start off, the boy and the *hada g̲òochee* holler together.

And everybody falls into the snow that time.

And *Tci'sei'ya* is following.

And when the people hear that holler, everybody in front just falls down in their tracks.

And then *Tci'sei'ya* walks out to the leader.

And he breaks the top points from four little trees.

And he holds his nephew's mittens on this [left] side.

And on this [right] side, he holds that brush, those tree tips, à*s yadi* (Tl., spruce child).

And then when he hits the first man, the leader, two times, already the man begins to get up.

And he does it; he does it; does it.

And just as soon as a man gets up and he walks out, then another one walks out that way. [He hits another and another] until he makes everyone get up.

And all the same that animal says to *Nastlani*. He tells him, "I want to go to that camp!"

And he asks him, "What do you want to go in there for?"

He says he wants fresh meat, soft meat. "I want soft meat!"

He means he wants young kids.

And *Nastlani* tells that animal, "You wait. You are going to come with me."

"Maybe they are going," he says.

"If they have gone, you could come and follow me. I am going to go back too.

If you want to go, come and follow after me, if you want to go!"

And he has told the people to go ahead of him.

He says, "Any place where you cross the mountain, any place down below, not very far down, where you see a good camping place, fix up a camp and stay there." He tells them that before he is going back for the last [meeting with the animal].

So when he thinks those people have gone for a long way, *Nastlani* asks that animal, "Do you want to see that camp?"

He says, "Yes!"

So he pulls the net out. And [the animal] goes right across the plate and string and net that are across the trail.

That plate is maybe ten feet long.

And he gets that string, and he tries to break that beaver net.

But he can't break it.

He walks on it to do it, but he can't [break it].

The boy takes off that plate and net and string and takes them with him, himself.

And when they are going to start off, he tells that animal, *Nastlani* says, "You are going to have a hard time, léelk'w, (Tl., grandfather).

There is a big snow way up on the mountain, and they have crossed the mountain already.

All your duchxún (Tl., grandchildren) have already crossed the mountain.

And I am going to make you freeze.

Go back from here to where you camp!" he tells him.

All the same, that animal wants to follow.

He wants to see the kids now, he tells the boy.

"I'm going to freeze you, léelk'w (Tl., grandfather)!

I'm bad, just as bad as you! Why I tell you to go back is so that you can stay alive.

If you follow me, I'm going to freeze you!"

And he starts back himself.

He tells that animal, "If you come along, follow me quickly. Walk quick! I'm going to go quick myself!"

And then he walks back.

Nastlani has no snowshoes. He has taken his snowshoes back to the people.

He gives them his snowshoes.

He just walks as though on air. He just walks.

He follows the trail, and that animal follows along with him all right.

As soon as he starts on the way back, he listens to see if that animal is coming.

He goes just a little while, and then he listens.

And it is coming all right, so he starts off again.

And he doesn't talk any more to him.

As soon as he thinks he has come up above the timberline from where he is going to walk down in the mountain, he waits for that animal to come.

They say *Nastlani* was on the top of the mountain already and he could have gone faster, but he is waiting for the animal to come.

And where he is going to go down from the top ridge on the mountain, up on the top there, he hollers.

He calls the north wind.

He hollers for it eight times

That animal waits for the wind to blow on him.

That mountain is *'Es'ootces'zani* [Kaska language?].

And when he has come on top of that mountain, *Nastlani* does not feel the wind any time. He is standing on top of the mountain himself.

And as soon as he sees that animal coming on top of the mountain right after him and walking out, *Nastlani* starts a big wind.

And the animal can't see any where at all because the north wind is blowing so.

But that man just seems to be flying in the air!

And when he comes home, they try to catch him.

They grab him, but he just slips right through them.

Four times they never get him.

He just goes around the camp this way [clockwise].

Then they send for the women. And they tell them, "You come out and try to catch him!"

And just as soon as they go out to watch for him and everybody is going to try to catch him, everybody falls down in a cramp.

Nobody could do anything about it.

And then his uncle does something. When he has tried six times and then the seventh time, maybe one more time he'll try to catch him.

If he doesn't catch him by the eighth time, then Many Fingers will turn into an animal like *hada g̲òochee*.

Tci'sei'ya catches him on the seventh (sic) time.

Tci'sei'ya has some kind of power himself. I don't know what it was.

I think he has young wolverines. He just had the skins, one from a male and one from a female.

And he puts the skins on.

First he makes a big fire. And then he puts one skin on, and then the other one. The big fire is because he is making doctor, because he himself has got a power.

And he is able to come in close to the fire and not feel it.

He dried out his skins in there, and the hair starts to burn.

Outside, *Nastlani* is going around the camp, higher every time, like he is going up in the air. His uncle hits him with the wolverine skin.

The first time he hits him on the right hand side.

And the second one he hits on his nephew's back, because that's the way a man walks.[12]

And he makes him fall down.

He does it four different times, sunwise or starways.

He gets him.

If an animal goes against the sun, it will be caught right away, because Animal Mother walked across the whole world.

She knows which way the world works.

The moon and the stars and the sun all go that way.

It's just like that.

That's why the animals know it.

If one doctor makes another doctor scared so that he goes against the sun, then it is bad luck.

And if a nukws'atée (Tl., witch) scares someone so that he goes that way [counter sunwise], the person will not live long either.

For about four days the north wind blows steadily.

When the four days are gone, the nephew sends his uncle up on the timberline on this side of the mountain to look to see if he could see anything at the timberline.

So the uncle goes up to the timberline, and he searches around on the

timberline of the mountain.

Now finally he sees it—some kind of long hair.

That is animal's hair.

That is the hair of *hada g̲òochee*.

It is all broken up, and the hair has just shaken out of that animal.

He has died that way.

I know this mountain. It is not *lagas* (Tl., bad luck or taboo) to see it.

When his uncle sees some kind of hair, he just pulls it out where there is a snowdrift.

There is hair all over along the side of the mountain. He pulls out some hair and takes it home.

When he takes it home, as soon as he shows it to the people everybody gets cramped up. *Nastlani* fixes them up, and he fixes himself up too.

His uncle's wife and his grandmother make a smoke under him. [I asked why they did this and Jake explained: It's because he smells so strong like that animal.]

They smoked him like you smoke a new skin.

They do it, and they do it and they do it!

And at the same time, *Nastlani* himself never eats for about a month.

He drinks no water.

He must have been tough, eh?

Well, when he gets through with the one month, then he is much different from the way he has been at first.

And at the same time he tells everything about that big animal, how it had been saying that it wanted to eat up all the people.

And he had said to the animal, "These are my people.

What would I feel like if I saw you eating my people—my mother, my father, my grandpa,

my grandma, my brothers and my sisters?

How would you feel like that?

If I let you do this, you are going to bite me.[13] And that is why I want to keep my people [safe]."

He tells the people what he said when he was going to take the animal across the mountain how he told the animal, "If you want to come to see my people, come with me and walk quickly.

You are going to see why I tell you to go back from here.

And you are going to see what happens when you get up on the timberline.

Watch out that you don't freeze yourself.

You are going to freeze, if you walk slowly.

But if you walk quickly, you will be all right."

He told him that because he was going to do what he did with the north

wind.

When he saw that he was coming into the timberline, and he saw that animal standing up on the top of the mountain, he hollered to him,

"Grandpa, grandpa, Hurry up! Walk quick. The north wind is going to blow!"

That's me, old Jake Jackson.

I am not shy to say a good story for you, mister, just because I am thinking that I might surprise you.

Excuse me that I tell this much animal story for you. It is from before, way long before. Goodbye! Goodbye!

122. The Killer Whales Who Danced

Jake came to see Dorothy Rainier and me in the schoolhouse where we had been living and volunteered to tell the following story. We had visited him and his family earlier in the day at their home and had seen the fine dance shirts belonging to his own Deisheetaan clan as well as those of his wife's Yanyeidí clan. Jake's son, Johnny, had worn one on Sports Day, July 1, 1949. The shirt shows a split killer whale, worked out in pearl buttons, and it had belonged to Johnny's mother's maternal uncle. Jake wanted us to understand that in earlier days, people would not wear such shirts "for fun"—as at a Sports Day celebration, but only on important and serious occasions such as memorial feast [or "potlatch"]. He offered the story specifically to explain the claim of the Yanyeidí to the Killer Whale crest, but his story differs from the more commonly told Dakl'aweidí story of their claims to the killer whale. After Jake told us the story, we promised to put it into good English and to send him a typed copy of it, which we did.

Before beginning, Jake explained to us that he should properly begin it by saying "*heh De'kena 'iqawu*", a phrase which he did not translate except to say that it refers to the people on the coast known as *De'kana* (Tl., Deikeenah, for Haida Indians), and that whenever he was going "to talk big words for relations outside, I am going to say, **'*Iqawu heh de'kana*.'"**

Jake also explained that the proper Tlingit word to end the story is "*deuwa*".

Though a clan crest story, the events are set in the immediate past at the time of a smallpox epidemic, perhaps the one during the 1830s that so devastated the coastal native populations. The opening incident poignantly conveys how greatly the members of small local groups depend on each other for human companionship as well as the physical necessities of life. Particularly telling is the phrase referring to the silent camp after the man and his wife have disposed of all of the dead—"There is no noise at all." Again Jake seems to pay special attention to the love which a husband and wife have for each other.

It is perhaps also worth mentioning that the northern Coastal Tlingit, at any rate, ordinarily fear killer whales. They are thought to be the counterparts of the wolves in the interior.

122. The Killer Whales Who Danced July 10, 1949, Teslin

One man goes from Juneau way down to Wrangell some place.

It is pretty close to Ketchikan.

Some sickness comes in the early spring to his folks in Juneau.

I don't know what kind of sickness it is—maybe smallpox. Today a man is sick, and by tomorrow he is finished in this world.

And all the folks of that man, and his wife's folks, they just die in a week or so.

So many of them die!

Just he and his wife are left together.

It is in a camp like this place, but there were not so many people as in this place [Teslin, population 150]. All of those people are gone [have died].

When the man and his wife fix up the dead all that they could, then they have nothing to do.

They are awfully lonesome for the ones who died, and there is no noise at all.

The wife and the husband talk to each other, and after a while they guess that they have some of their folks down in Ketchikan. That man is awfully sorry for his wife.

She keeps on crying and never eats.

The man keeps thinking of a way to get her over it. So he says, "I am going to go some place tomorrow, mother of my son."

When they go down to visit these people near Ketchikan, they stay all summer. And after a while they want to fix up things to go back to camp at the mouth of the Taku.

This was about forty or fifty years ago.

A boy owned some stuff to make moonshine out of.

They buy some.

And after a while they finish making it.

They boil it all up and put it in bottles.

And after a while they see their country this way from the Taku—the country of his uncle and family.

And they are way out on the ocean.

The man takes out a bottle to have a drink.

He is alone in a boat with his wife.

He does not give his wife any.

After a while he sees this thing.[14]

He sees these killer whales, and he goes slow.

After he sees them, he talks to them.

And these things hear, just like they are persons.

When he talks to them, he says," I am feeling lonesome. I wish I could see somebody to help me, so I could talk to them as though they were my friends."

And those things, they follow along—every one of them.

Half of their bodies are out of the water on both sides of the man's boat.

His boat is right in the middle, and he is rowing right between them.

He doesn't care if those things turn him over.

He is way out in the water.

And he begins to talk to his wife.

"You feel tough, my wife, my son's mother. You are feeling tough.

We are going to die any time, but if we die this time we are not going to feel sick all of the time.

We are just going to turn over.

Nobody is going to see our bodies.

Maybe it's going to be good, my son's mother."

The woman says, "It is all right. We are going to die any time, my son's father.

So long as we are going to die together."

Then the man thinks about those things and about what his wife has told him.

And after a while he begins to think he will give a treat with his drink.

He has a frying pan right in his boat.

He pulls that pan out.

He gets a bottle and pours some whiskey into the frying pan.

And he puts it out.

When he is first going to do this, he talks to the killer whales.

"Now my friends, I like seeing something.

I like the way I see you.

I hope I am going to come to my home all right.

My wife is afraid of you.

She thought we are going to be bumped up, but I am going to give you some little drink that I have, my friend." He talks to them, and he dumps the whiskey into the water.

And those killer whales—they just quiet down.

And he gives another one a drink, and another one.

On this side and on that side he is just talking the same way.

And he dumps out the whiskey, and then he rows again.

He rows again, and he drinks some himself.

He is going along and he goes right through all of those killer whales.

And after a while he looks, and those things are quiet, as if they have gone under water.

There is nothing there.

And after a while they come out right close to him on both sides again—right close to him.

When they come out, he quits rowing.

And the killer whales come out the same way as before.

The same ones float up again.

They call for some more.

That first drink is gone.

His wife has some [more?] there in the boat.

He says, "My son's mother, give me one bottle!"

So she takes one bottle out and gives it to her husband.

He takes it out, and he says what people say (sic),

"Ha, ha, my friends! You come following me!

That's the way I want it.

I am going to give you some more drink!"

And he pours some [into the frying pan], and dumps it into the water.

On both sides he dumps it in.

He says, "I want to go quick on the shore.

Come with me! I want to go quick, quick!

I want to go quickly rowing, fast towards the shore!"

And those things there go just like that [gestures the diving and rising of the killer whales].

And he is going slow, paddling.

And then—my goodness—after a while [although] he does not feel it, he could just

hear the water in front of the boat running fast.

He sees the shore a long way off.

And those things beside him are just going alongside him like that too.

They go a long way.

And then that man's wife gets some more bottles out for him.

"Well, my friends, when I feel like drinking, I use the frying pan. That's why I use it for giving drinks to you people.

I am going to give you some more.

I am going to go on shore now.

I'm hungry.

You make me feel good the way you treat me!"

The man pours some more drinks on both sides.

He rows on slowly, [but] he just goes quickly.

Then he gets to shore.

When he gets close to where he is going to camp, the killer whales come right close to the sides of the boat.

They bring him the whole way to shore.

It is facing to the south wind.

It is a good place with a sandbar.

And that is where they take him.

The man gets everything out and fixes up the camp.

And those things there come out on the shore in front of him and look at him.

So he gives them some more drink

And all the time he is working himself.

He fixes the fire.

And his wife helps too, you know.

And when they get on shore, that's the time the man says, "My son's mother, you'd better take one drink for me. We are safe now!"

So the woman says, "All right."

And she drinks some.

When she is feeling good, that woman talks to those things.

She calls them "Ax̲ súnee" (Tl., my father's brother).

That woman calls those things "ax̲ súnee *has*," (Tl., my paternal uncles, i.e., my father's people).

"I was feeling sorry before, but this time I see that you have taken me.

And you have saved me!

When we were so far out on the ocean that I could not see any shore, you brought me here.

I have got a little drunk.

I want to see if you can make me feel good.

I wish you would dance with me so it would look good!"

She just looked like that, sidewise.

Then those big things all do this.

They look one way, and then they look the other direction.

She takes the bottle.

The water is deep close to shore.

The woman comes around and goes in front, right in front of each thing.

And she has that bottle. For each one she has a cup, and she pours a cup of whiskey for each one. She dumps it on the ground in front of each fish.

And for every one of them, she puts it there.

And when she has finished, she comes back.

She pulls out a bottle again.

When she has poured it in a cup like that, she talks to those things down there.

"Now I am going to give you a drink for my husband, ax̲ súnee, because I want to see my husband and you dance against each other."

And those things, they move just like that again.

Then she gives some whiskey to her husband, and that man says, "Thank you, my son's mother! Thank you! I am going to make you happy looking at me!"

That man says to that thing down there," That's our friends! You keep going!"

When he is drunk, he gets up, and he sings and dances. The man does it because he feels good.

The wife sits down and looks at him and laughs. And she feels good.

"Kéet" (Tl., killer whale) is the name of that thing. They danced.

When he finishes, he sits down and he says, "Now I am going to look at you, ax̲ xoonée (Tl., my friend, relation). You keep going, and don't get lonesome.

And we won't get lonesome, if we look at you good!"

Those things there, just move that way first.

And then the other way.

And then all of them in one way.

They just move sideways.

And they move as quick as that!

Every one of them moves sideways.

In the nightime, it is dark in the fall time.

They say that they were talking.

They had no way to say, "Goodbye" that time.

He says, "*Hootchawa*", "that's all".

It's dark all over, ax̲ súnee *has*, (Tl., my father's people).

No more dancing! I'm tired!"

And those things there, at the last word, they just back away. Then they all turn on one side at one time all together.

They go away then.

Their tails were upright, like fish tails.

Nothing different.

This story goes with Johnny's shirt. [Johnny is Jake's son.]

That man belongs to Wolf people.

His wife was Crow.

123. Water from a Rock

Jake told a brief version of this story when he came to my cabin at about noon. He was bringing back a pair of snowshoes that I had asked him to repair only a few hours earlier. He was evidently set to spend the afternoon, bursting with things he wanted to tell me. I noted in my journal that I only wrote down a few words of "Water from a Rock" because I wanted to recover from our lengthy session the previous evening before undertaking a full new session. I now realize that at the time I failed to appreciate Jake's great desire to record all the oral literature of which he was a master, so that it might be read by officials in Ottawa. That I did not proceed to write the story on the spot probably saddened him. As a consequence, I also missed the chance to take down verbatim both this story and no. 117, *Wooshkaduha***.** I did not even write down a memory version of the following tale until the evening of March 4th. However, I persuaded Jake to tell the story "Water from a Rock" again on the afternoon of April 9th. This follows, as Version Two.

The story of a shaman getting water from a rock has parallels on the coast, but there is a special inland emphasis on the universal inland use of walking sticks. Version Two makes clear, however, that the Indian doctor must empower her stick by warming it at the fire and by singing. Even more importantly from the Inland Tlingit viewpoint, the story provides another lesson in geography of the landscape. It provides preparatory instruction for those who might later cross the height of land to the Taku drainage, giving important practical information about where water may be found in the mountain pass and again linking a major topographic feature to Animal Mother.

123 a. Water From a Rock (Version One)

March 1, 1951, Teslin, from memory March 4.

If you and I go on a trip down the Taku [which we had talked about doing], we will see a mountain called *s'oonwa tlen*. This means "white quartz mountain".[15]

There is a story about it. There was a young girl just come to woman. And she stays with her two old grandmas. You know they are not supposed to drink water, those *weiteidi* (Tl., menstruants), but this young girl just cries and hollers for water.

The two old women take her high up where there are no creeks, just rocks. But that girl just cries for water. The two old women ask her how they should get it. They weren't near any streams or lakes.

Finally one of the old ladies who was íxt' (Tl., Indian doctor) took her walking stick.

Everybody had walking sticks in those days. And she just puts her walking stick against the base of a rock. After a while she pulls it out, and they hear a noise.[16] And then they hear the noise again. And out of that rock comes water. It's still running today.

123 b. Water From a Rock (Version Two)

This version was recorded verbatim April 9, 1951.

Animal Mother camped at *s'oonwa tlen* mountain.

[She] camped.

When she goes on the timberline of the mountain there is no water there. [It's] only rocky.

And underground (? sic) you could see the rocks and clay too.

And that girl is awfully thirsty for water.

And she has got no way to get water.

That woman is *íxt*' (Tl., an Indian doctor).

And after a while, she is very sorry for her daughter.

She has got no way to get water for her.

So she gets her cane—her walking stick.

And she takes it off in the nighttime, and she is singing.

And she stands that walking stick next to the fire and she warms it up.

And after a while, she sticks it right at the foot of the rock, that walking stick.

And she starts to do it.

She lets it go. And it sticks.

It stays there.

And after a while, she does the same way.

And she puts her hand on the end of the walking stick.

And she says, "Bbbbbbbbb, Bbbbbbbbb" [Jake vibrates his lips in a kind of cheer].

And she pushes it in.

And it goes in the rock.

Just enough sticks out to hold it.

She leaves it that way.

She sings.

And after a while, she pulls it out.

And she sings the same way again [Jake again vibrates his lips].

She pulls the stick out and the water comes out.

It's just like you open the key on a pail of water!

The water just runs out.

And she tells her daughter, "Now you go ahead!

You drink water—all you want. I want to see if you can drink it all up!"

That's the way she tells her.

And ever since that time, the people know about it and camp there.

Even if evening is coming, you can't stop to camp until you get to that place.

After the people know there is water there, they camp there, no matter if the sun is high [and they could go on].

It is pretty near eight miles before you get to Silver Salmon, that first water from that place.

And this time it's there yet, summer and winter.

It doesn't freeze in winter; there's trees around.

Keiyoom doo eesh sheeya goon is the name of the spring. (Tlingit)

124. The Groundhog Hunters Who Got Power

This story has already been published once,[17] but following the ethical policy of "protecting" informants that was customary during the 1950s, Jake is not named as narrator. In this version I have made some further revisions, changing most of the verbs to the present tense and making more paragraph breaks.

Jake told the story late in my 1951 stay at Teslin. We had spent a rather moving morning recording songs on a wire recorder as a kind of farewell occasion and I had also photographed him and his wife and daughters in the afternoon. Our friendship had grown, and Jake had told me that he was now really ready to try the Crow ["Raven"] cycle. When he arrived at my cabin in

the evening, however, he decided that it would take too long to tell, and, wanting to let me know more about shamanism, I think, he decided to tell about how his "old people had good luck".

Jake arrived about eight in the evening, still wearing his blue pin-striped "business suit" in which I had earlier photographed him. We worked until ten, but had not yet finished. Then, since I was staying a mile or so away with the school teacher, and because I expected the Anglican missionary to arrive at any minute to take possession of the mission cabin which I used as a village base during the daytime, we decided to continue the story on the following day. The break is indicated in the text below.

Jake had actually told me the story earlier in the month, but had not let me write it down then. It is one about which he felt deeply. As an Indian doctor himself, he evidently wanted me to know how doctors acquired and used their powers. His own father and Jake and his three brothers used to sing and beat on a sounding board when they were 'doctoring', just as the brothers in the story did.

There is some confusion in Jake's various accounts as to the actual number of brothers involved in the groundhog hunt and in the cult which resulted from their encounter with Jesus. When Jake first told the story to me, he said that there were eight brothers. When he began the present story so I could write it he said there were five, but he immediately changed the number to eight, when I reminded him of his earlier statement. Later, however, he reverted to five. This seems to have been the number actually hunting groundhogs, but he names eight brothers in the initial genealogical section.

124. The Groundhog Hunters Who Got Power

May 7, 1951 and May 8, 1951, Teslin.

Well, I am going to tell a story about the way my old people had that good luck.

I don't know what the name of the luck is—we call it "Horrible Spirit of the Groundhog", *s'Ax catoowu.* Everybody knows this word.

That time there were eight brothers and one sister.

They were Deisheetaan.

The name of the oldest one was *Naahoo*.

The next one was *Kuyeik* wà<u>k</u>, "Camprobber Eyes".

The next one was *Canakw*.

The next one was Yéil Doogú, "Crow Skin".

The next one was Yéil Naawú, "Crow Dead".

The next one was *<u>K</u>adjuk*. Nobody has that name now.

My [maternal] uncle used to have that name.

The next one was *Naatee*.

The next one was *Sk̲waan*.

And La.oos [Mischief] was the sister.

The mother was K̲aax̲'anshee.

The father was Tleina (Tl., big).

Well, these brothers were at the head of Teslin Lake.

And they went up in the mountains to hunt meat in the summertime.

And that time—when those five were going to see that man—when the sun came up in the morning, it was so bright it was just like noon.

And it was as hot as can be, early in the morning!

That is why I think it was Jesus [whom they saw].

And then they are getting meat all right.

They are just getting groundhogs and gophers [ground squirrels].

They got everything, and they just expected to camp two more times where they had stopped.

And they walk out to get to their traplines.

They used to use deadfalls.

It was only two more days before they were going to pull out their deadfalls.

And when they come home in the evening, they have caught lots of groundhogs in their deadfalls.

They never skin the groundhogs.

They just leave them in the skin and all.

They are waiting for the next morning.

And the next day they are up early in the morning.

When one of them gets up, the sun is still way behind the mountain. Just the same, there's sunshine right alongside of him.

He never sees the sun, but just the same, he sees his picture [shadow] in the sunlight.

When he makes a fire, then he tells his brothers, "Get up! Quick! All of you get up.

Let's work!"

So they all get up.

There are five of those brothers together.

And Yéil Naawú is all alone.

And he is moving up those groundhogs from where they had piled them together the evening before.

Only four of them [the brothers] are standing up right around the fire inside the camp.

And it is just as bright as the sun coming through inside the camp.

The oldest brother is standing near the door. And after a while he says,

"Look at this thing!"

And just as soon as he says this and the other one is looking at it, the first brother, *Naahoo*, falls down.

The second one, when he looks, he falls down.

And another one looks at it—the third one.

And as soon as he looks, he too falls down.

And the next one over tries to look. And as soon as he sees it, he falls down.

And when each of the four look at it, they each of them fall down.

[In the first, unrecorded, account of this story, Jake described the source of the light as a man standing in the door with pointed copper ornaments sticking out like the sun's rays around his head.]

And Yéil Naawú gets up.

He takes about two steps.

And then he begins thinking about it, "I just don't know.

Maybe this is good luck or something like that.

Maybe this is *not* good!

Maybe it will not be good for us if I look at this thing myself too. Maybe I will fall down too!"

Then he thinks they will all die if he falls down, and there will be nobody at all to look after the five of them.

So he just keeps quiet and stays in one place.

Only the other four of his brothers are lying right down on the ground.

And after a while, it seems as if there is a shadow on the brightness of that sun as it used to be.

So Yéil Naawú thinks that it is better to look at that thing himself too.

And he wishes Jesus will help him not to fall back down himself.

So he looks outside, and he doesn't see anything.

And that is the first time he tries to lift up his first brother.

He puts him right up against the wall.

He sits him up like that with his feet straight out.

And he does it to all four of them, [putting them] right close together.

And he puts a groundhog robe on top of them.

And then he has a swan's head of feathers.

And he puts all of that down all over his four brothers.

Then he starts to clean all over inside of the house.

He uses willows like a broom.

And he puts fresh boughs all over inside the house.

And the groundhog meat that they had packed in the day before he puts outside.

He leaves it that way. He never sees anything.

Then he walks outside.

And wherever he goes, he always prays to Jesus.

He wants Jesus' help so he won't fall down himself too.

And when he prays he says, "Jesus, if you want to help me, don't let me fall down too.

I want to watch these people.

Were you thinking maybe that you are going to help us, Jesus, and that is why we are this way?

Well, I am going to try to help my brothers.

But help me, so that I won't get stuck for anything.

I want to help you as best I can for my people."

And that is the way he is saying all the time before he begins to fix anything.

And when he is going to cut wood, he is always praying too.

And he is not shy either.

He says he is asking help for anything he is going to do.

That power is right there with him whenever he does anything. Whatever he does, it is as though he doesn't work on it, maybe because Jesus is helping him.

That is why he never gets tired.

He does anything that he wants, and Jesus is right there.

He prays first before he is going to start to work.

He is afraid that he is going to fall down himself too.

That is why he prays any time that he is going to go walking outside.

He prays, and he never looks out for a long way.

Just whatever he does, he watches for Him.

And when there is nothing wrong with him just the same, that is the time that is just like he knows it.

And that is why he believes that Jesus is going to help him—because he is behaving that way.

So he is never shy to ask Jesus whenever he is going to do anything.

He is right there to pray to before he is going to start anything.

That is the way that he knows that it is Jesus.

He watches the people for seven nights.

After seven nights, when it is the eighth night, about after twelve o'clock in the nighttime, the first one that has fallen down starts to move.

And when he is moving, he makes a noise just like singing.

And he keeps on doing that way.

And after a while Yéil Naawú is figuring that he himself will be a doctor after a while.

He says that he is going to sing.

And he cuts a dry balsam tree and splits it right in the center.

And he braces it on one side.

Maybe the two pieces are about that thick [four inches in diameter].

Then he makes a stick like a drum hitter.

And he makes eight pieces [as drum sticks].

Then the first brother who had begun to move starts to get up. When he has gotten up, he starts to sing hard.

And then he tries to help the second brother.

He tries to help him.

And Yéil Naawú tells him, “Put this towel in water!”

He tells his brother to put it in the water and to make it wet.

And he warms it up against the fire.

And when he has warmed it up, he throws it on the face of the second man who

was the one next to him who had fallen down.

And just as soon as he puts the towel on his brother’s face, it is as though he jumps.

And he says, “Heeee...!” he says.

And then he [too] starts singing what his brothers are singing.

And then, when he stands up, he gives the towel to wake up to *Kuyeik* Wà<u>k</u>.

And he does the same thing.

And then he throws the towel on the next one, *Shaa Naakw*.

And *Shaa Naakw* does the same thing that the oldest brother has been doing.

When he has started singing good, that is the time they use the towel again on *Naahoo.*

And when *Naahoo* is singing, then they put that towel in the water and they do the same thing to

Yéil Naawú.

And that is the time that Yéil Naawú thinks that he himself saw the man that the other brothers have seen before.

He tells them, saying himself what the man looks like.

And that is the time that *Naahoo* asks Yéil Naawú what it looked like to him.

Naahoo asks, “Can you tell us yourself what the man looks like, do you think?”

And then Yéil Naawú says, “There is something on his head,” he says.

All of those four who are standing near him say, “Yes!”

“And his eyebrows, they are coloured just like this ring here [gold].

And so are his moustache and his hair and his fingernails and his teeth”.

And when Yéil Naawú tells them about it, they are singing and singing until they have enough [power], I think.

And after a while, when they have quit, *Naahoo* says he wants something [to eat?].

And Yéil Naawú has to cook .

And he cooks lots, and they eat that time.

When they have stayed four days after this, then they start to work.

And they know how to call the days.

When seven days have come, the seventh day, they call it "Bad Luck Day", *lakas' 'iyakyi*, [Tl.].

And Yéil Naawú tells his brothers not to work.

"This Saturday," he says, "You mustn't work too hard on this Saturday night"

And they called that day, "Little Sunday", *gatsk'w*.

When Monday comes, he tells his brothers to work hard—when Monday arrives.

They are working at starting to cache all the meat that they got.

They start on Monday, and in just one day they finish fixing their cache.

When they finish their cache, they figure on going down to see their oldest brother at the head of Teslin Lake.

The brother stays at Kingfisher Fort, *Tlu<u>x</u>uneis' Noowoo*

They camp for three nights.

You see, they work on Monday and Tuesday.

And on Wednesday, they go down to where their oldest brother is.

When they come to Kingfisher Fort, they know there is somebody down there.

When they come behind the camp, they stay there.

And they send Yéil Naawú to the house.

The brothers tell Yéil Naawú what to say:

"You tell the people in camp that we have had luck.

'We got some luck from heaven. We saw somebody. That is why we never came down long before.'

And you tell the people to clean up the camp good.

Then we are going to come into camp tonight."

When he [Yéil Naawú], has said this, then everybody is getting busy cleaning the house.

They clean all the insides of the camp.

And they put new brush down.

And they have lots of wood.

And the first thing, as soon as they have finished, Yéil Naawú goes back to get his brothers.

And just before they are going to come home, they leave their packs outside the house.

And they go around the house four times this way [clockwise, i.e., “sunwise”] singing and dancing.

Then they go in the door.

And they go around the fire four times the same way.

And then they sit down.

Yéil Naawú is always the last one

In the evening time, they are going to sing.

And they take their hands and make a cross on their foreheads just as the people do in church today.

And they say, “Father [touching forehead], give us [touching chest] a heart [touching right arm]”.

And everybody watches them doing that way when they are singing, because they are all doing it.

The people have never seen a strange thing like that.

And some people don’t believe what they are talking about.

The brothers can see who doesn’t believe them.

So they put the towel in the water when somebody doesn’t believe them.

Then they take it out and warm it on the fire—whether it is a man or a woman.

The people who don’t believe are sitting on the ground just like they themselves had before.

And they throw that towel on their faces.

And just as soon as those people feel that wet towel they say “Haa..!”

And they begin to sing what the others are singing, louder than any of them.

And besides that, they dance more than any other people.

Well, after this, when they have stayed a while, they are figuring that they will go to the Taku River.

And wherever they see a camp as they go down, they are always singing.

Those four stay together all the time with the oldest brother.

They have two more brothers down on the Taku.

And when they see the two brothers, they do just the same with that towel for those two.

They want them to be just like they themselves were, so that they will never get stuck when they are singing.

It is just like one man singing when the seven of them are singing.

From here, they clean up all the way down to Juneau that summer.

And everybody knows the way that they are doing.

I don't know what they call the places down there.

They went to Wrangell at the mouth of the Stikine River—there—and to Taku and Juneau.

I don't know how many camps there are like this before you get to Wrangell.

That many camps know all about this in no time.

It didn't happen long ago—this story—so I'm not afraid to tell you this story, because so many people know it.

Because I know for sure that it happened.

Because I saw those people.

The time when I saw them, they were all of them pretty old.

And their power was not so strong as it was at the time when they were young.

That is why I am not bashful to tell you it.

And then I am going to give my name to you, because that was my nation and I used to call those brothers, "Brothers".

And I got my name, *Naahoo*, from them.

Well, I am sure that I know all about them, and that it is right.

Well, good-by to you, and don't be ashamed to hear about it.

This is the way we lived before.

This is Jake Jackson.

The song they sang was this:

"Jesus, I am going over to see the people."

MARY JACKSON

Mary Jackson, Jake's wife, came to visit in my cabin in the afternoon on March 17, 1951. We talked about the efficacy of spruce pitch as medicine (I was soaking an infected leg at the time), and about her own health and other family matters. Mary then volunteered both "The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River (story no. 125) and the following one, "Orphan Helped by Rainbow," (no. 126).

Mary expressed the view that her husband saw her as a rival storyteller. Even more than Jake, she disliked any direct questions and always handled the direction of conversation and choice of topics herself. Like her husband, Mary preferred first to tell the story "short", asking me *not* to write it down. Then she was likely to talk for half an hour or more before she would let me take any notes. In the end, she let me write down both of the versions here verbatim.

Mary's version of "The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River" is more extensive than the one told by Jimmy Scotty James at Carcross (no. 79) but less elaborate than the one told by Mabel Johnson (no. 135).[18] Mary, like her sister Annie Geddes, was an experienced midwife and this is probably reflected in the rather detailed way in which the boys show their maggot-eating hostesses an alternative to Caesarian birth. This is the only version I know that suggests the reason people had to eat maggots was because their mouths had not been sufficiently cleaned out at birth to enable them to open widely.

125. The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River

March 17, 1951, Teslin

I think this story happened, but I don't know if it was at the foot of the lake.

I can't tell you.

This is the way it happened one place.

There was a family.

The two boys had a mother and a grandmother.

And the two boys used to play on the ice all of the time.

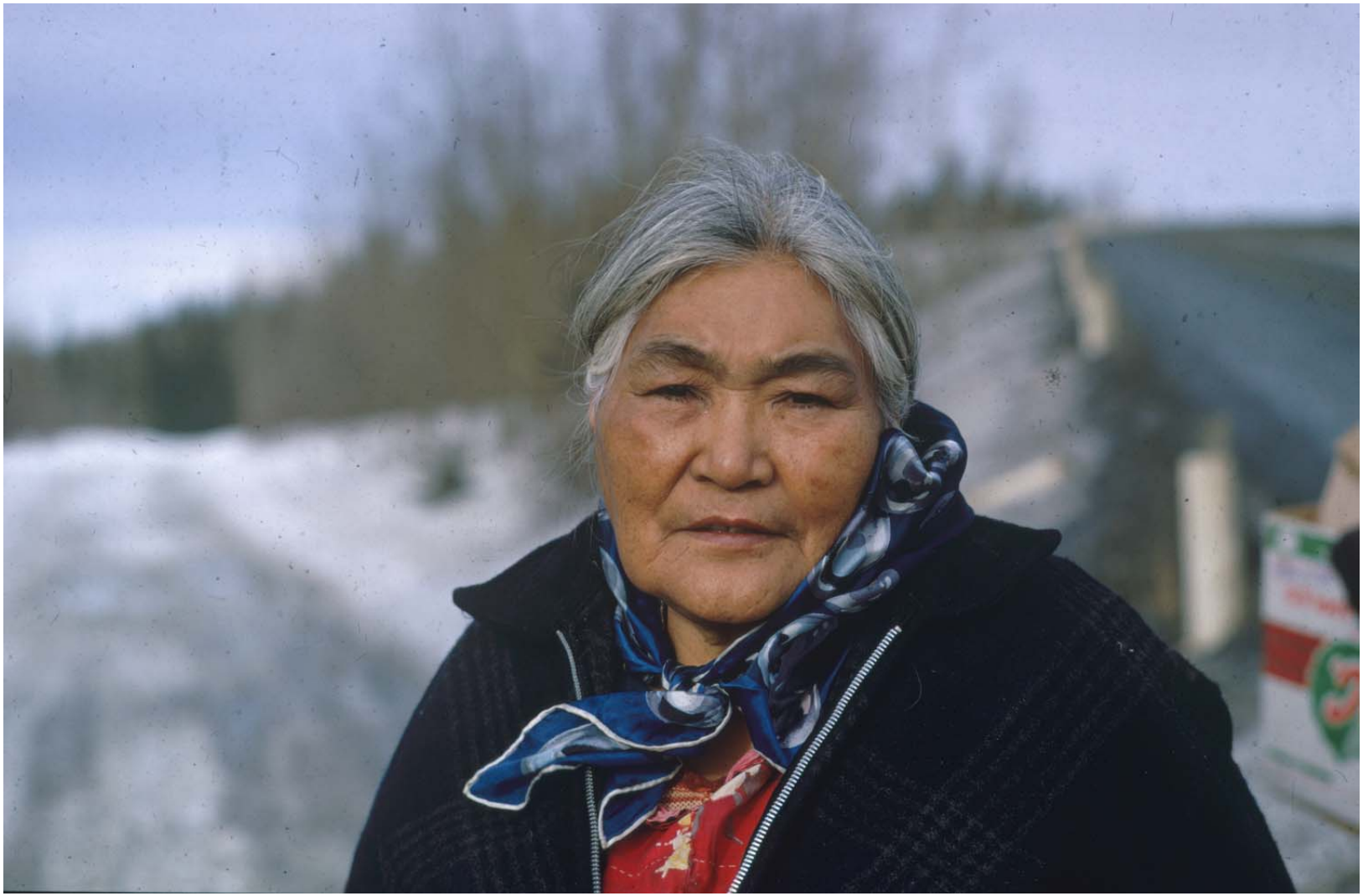


Figure 16. Mary Jackson, Ten Mile, Yukon Territory, 1968.

Their granny told them not to play on the ice because the ice was bad.

Still they play on the ice all the time with their grandmother's little dog.

Those two boys and that dog had that thing people used to pack with a long time ago. It's like a pack strap—*xiya'awu* (Tl.).

My aunty used it old time like this [indicates tump strap across the forehead].

These two kids get hold of their granny's pack strap and their granny's walking stick (Tl., *wutsaxa*).[19]

And they are playing on the ice.

And then they don't know that the ice begins drifting down with them.

All at once the youngest brother tells the older brother, "We are drifting away from home!"

The oldest boy looks at it and sees that it is true.

They are at the foot of the lake.

There is nothing they can do.

They cry.

The older brother holds his younger brother and his granny's dog on his lap.

He stops his younger brother from crying.

And before they had gone on the ice, their grandmother gives them grease and a piece of dried meat and *ehtlei.yoo*, (Tl., grease in a gut).

So they are drifting down.

And the older brother stops his younger brother from crying.

He tells him not to cry.

And they are drifting and drifting.

And finally the ice is getting rotten.

They think how to keep it from melting.

Finally, the oldest brother tells the younger brother, "Let's try to stick the nose of our granny's dog, so if we get blood out of his nose we can poke our fingers into the blood.

We can put the blood around the edge of the ice so the ice doesn't melt."

So they did that.

And the ice—it is safe.

And they keep drifting down the river.

And finally they came to the shore, close to the salt water, I think.

The youngest brother—I don't know for sure—jumps on the shore.

No, the oldest one, I think.

He jumps off with the kid.

And he ties the little dog with the pack strap.

And just as soon as they begin to drift towards the shore, the older brother jumps.

And he tells his brother to throw the dog on land.

They are very short [of food].

And every once in a while they eat some dried meat and a piece of grease.

And [then] they feel all right.

They go down stream first, I think.

And in just a little ways they find the foot trail to an old camp.

And they look around there, and they see the camp.

And they know there are people living there.

They look around, and finally they see a porcupine sitting in the tree.

The leaves are just starting to grow when they land in that place.

The older brother tells his younger brother, "Let's kill that porcupine!"

They kill it and they cook it.

And they surely feel all right when they eat good.

And they look around to see which way people have gone from camp.

The people go up the river, and the two boys follow the trail.

They want to make sure that they come to the people.

They have their granny's dog, and it keeps barking at porcupines all the time.

And when they are walking behind the people, they see a porcupine that has a pack on it, just like a dog pack.

Then they look at it, and they go right on.

And finally they come to an old lady who is looking for her dog that has gone some place.

And she asks those boys where they came from.

They can't understand what the old lady is saying.

Still she asks about it.

[The boys say] “We just saw a porcupine with a pack on.”

“That’s the one,” she tells the boys.

And then they tell her all their troubles and how they got there.

And she feels sorry for them.

They call her “léelk’w” (Tl., grandmother).

They ask the old lady what the people live off of.

And they come to the camp.

And they see lots of porcupine skins covered all over with maggots.

And this lady can’t talk very good. It is just lucky they hear [understand] her.

She points with her fingers, and they catch on.

They ask the old lady what [the people] eat.

And she says nothing but maggots.

So [the boys] try to help these people.

They kill a porcupine.

And they singe it and cook it.

Then they try to feed it [to the people], but they can’t eat it.

They have got no mouths.

They have just a *little* mouth!

They can’t put anything in their mouths, but they can talk though.

No, they just want the soup of the porcupine.

And the boys give the soup away.

[The people] can’t eat anything hard.

[The boys] live on porcupine.

And one time when they come to camp, they all take their packs out.

And they have Dutch ovens.

Every one of the people [has a Dutch oven].

And they cook supper—just maggots—a Dutch oven full of maggots.

And they eat it.

And this old lady tells the boys to kill some porcupines.

And they did.

They run away from the camp and kill one and eat it.

And when they finish, they come home.

They have got their granny's walking cane.

They couldn't lose it.

And the little dog packs for them all the time.

They come one time to a woman, a girl who is going to have a baby.

She cries all the time.

They don't know for what.

One time those boys ask her why she is crying.

And she tells them they are going to cut her open to get the baby.

Those boys tell her, "Us people, we live a different way.

We are going to help you like grandma helped mother.

And you people do wrong to eat maggots.

And you do the wrong way with your babies too.

Don't cry!

Any time you feel the pain, let us know quick!"

So that old lady camps again.

She always used the cane if they are going to camp.

Whatever way the cane points, they always go.

Nothing is wrong.

It's all right.

Everything is nice.

Then one morning towards daylight, the old lady comes to them.

She says that the woman is sick, because she is going to have a baby.

And they both get up.

And they make a camp for the woman to have her baby.

And they tell the lady to lie down and just what to do.

And she does it.

She lies down, and the baby comes.

They make a cane [stick] for the lady and drive it into the ground.

And she holds it when the baby comes.

And so they do the same thing for the foot too.

She kicks the cane, so she would have the power to push [out] the baby.

They do everything good.

The younger boy sits at the head of the pillow, and the older boy gets the baby.

And the first thing when he gets the baby, he shoves his hand into its mouth and cleans out under the tongue.

He cleans it out good, so the mouth is open.

And the baby cries good.

After the baby is born, they tie a piece of skin to make a belt for the woman.

The [girl's] mother just watches the boys to see what they are doing to her daughter.

Then, when they have done everything, they tell the mother too, "Let's tear your mouth open too, so you can talk to us."

And the woman says all right, she would like that.

So they do it. And the woman talks.

And she likes it.

So they do it to the old lady too.

And they could talk and eat porcupine meat.

They do it to every one of the people like that.

Those people all can talk.

And no more do they eat those maggots.

And they tell the people to use the porcupine dogs—that they are grub for dogs.

That's grub.

Then everyone who has dogs cooks [porcupines].

After they get their mouths, they all kill their porcupine dogs.

And there are no more porcupines.

And the boys are going to leave from there.

And they ask the old lady, “What are we going to do, Granny?

We would like to get home to where we left our mother!”

The old lady tells them, “Well, you helped us this much, so we are going to help you back too.”

She puts *le<u>k</u>* (Tl., red paint) around the cane for them, so that will be the thing that is going to watch after them and show them the way home good.

There used to be a lot of dangerous game around the country then, and the cane would show them good.

And the last thing when they are going to leave, she tells them, “Watch where you are going to make your camp.

Don’t camp around a squirrel house.

That is a dangerous place for you, if you are going to camp.

But if you *do* camp in that kind of place, if you hear something [strange], be sure to burn some kind of rag.

Don’t let the fire go out. The fire will protect you!”

And one time the younger brother tells his older brother, “Let’s prove it” [whether it is true]. Let’s camp where they told us not to camp!”

So they try to camp near a squirrel house.

And before the middle of the night, the older brother makes a cache [in a tree].

So he lies down on it.

And he takes his old blanket.

And he leaves a stump in the blanket.

And he watches from the tree.

And he calls his younger brother to sleep with him.

But he [the younger brother] doesn’t want to do what his brother tells him.

And he cries when his older bother goes away.

And then he camps right there.

And [his older brother] watches and listens.

His younger brother sleeps by the fire, and he leaves the cane by the fire.

And when he shoves the cane into the ground, it points back to where they have come from.

The older brother knows that that cane would not bluff them.

And that is why he tells his younger brother to stay with him up in the cache.

Finally a big squirrel makes a noise in the middle of the night.

And the squirrel swallows the younger boy.

And when he climbs in the tree, he grabs at the older.

And he hits him [the squirrel] with his bow and arrow.

And he cuts the big squirrel open, and he pulls his younger brother out.

And there is no hair left on him when he gets him out.

The older brother dries all his clothes again, and brings his younger brother back to life.

Then they go again.

And they pull out the cane and take it with them again.

I think they had given their dog to the people [with little mouths].

I don't know this part.

And they had told the boys not to camp around a place where there are snakes, *tluk'oo*, [but they did].

And from there the older brother lost his younger brother for good.

The older brother goes on from there alone.

And he makes it home all right.

They are having a funeral party on the boys when he comes home.

And when the older boy sees some of his people, he tells them, "I'm the one that the ice drifted away with, along with Granny's dog and the cane."

The cane was pretty near worn out by the time the boy came back.

And they don't believe the boy at all.

They ask him what has happened to his younger brother.

Then he tells them all that has happened.

He tells them not to feel sorry, because he has done the best he could for his younger brother.

But they don't believe [him].

And that's why he lost it [him] right on the way some place.

He shows his granny's cane and her pack strap to the people. And his granny is just waving her hand at that boy.

Now that's the end of it.

My mother's mother told this story.

126. Orphan Helped by Rainbow

Mary's next choice was a story about a young boy who was left on his own by his family. In contrast with the previous tale which seems strongly rooted in the interior, this is a coastal story in which an abandoned or rejected child prospers.

It is just possible that Mary selected these stories—which both centre on young boys—to tell that afternoon, because she was concerned about her own son's future. However, I suspect that the prime reason for the choice may have been because her daughter was about to give birth to her first child. Jimmy Scotty James also told a version of this story (no. 78).

126. Orphan Helped by Rainbow March 17, 1951, Teslin

It happened in Juneau, I think.

There is a boy who has got no mother or father either.

Well, this man is just like a chief in the town—he's ankawoo (Tl., town person)—the head man.

And the man's mother, she's living. And his mother takes care of the little boy.

The boy is supposed to be the man's nephew.

Well, this boy [and the other people], they are all hungry.

The north wind is blowing.

It's some place around Juneau, and they can't get any game.

And they are starving.

And this old lady [the chief's mother] takes some dried salmon.

It is the side of a dried salmon's tail—ut koowóo (Tl., its tail).

She tears off a piece about this big [as big as Mary's rather small hand], while the people are sleeping.

This old man misses that little bit of fish.

And he gets after his mother about it.

He says, "I think you took that little piece of fish for that little boy, Mother!" he tells her.

"That was you who did it!"

“It’s true, I did that for that little boy!”

And that man [the chief] has got two wives.

One is an old woman, and one is a young girl.

The next morning, just as soon as everybody there has eaten, the chief sends the word, because he’s got a house in the middle of the town.

He sends a gòox, (Tl., slave) out to the right of his house.

And he sends another one out to the left.

He tells all the people to move away because his mother has taken that piece of

fish for the boy.

So they all get into a boat.

And the oldest wife of his uncle is crying for that boy from the beginning.

But the youngest wife—she doesn’t care for the boy.

So the people take off.

And they go away.

But before they go away, the oldest wife goes to just where the house posts for the ridge pole were.

She drops a little bit of fire in there.

The older wife does that.

And she tells the little boy, “Just as soon as every one goes from here, you dig that fire out,” she tells him.

And he does it, just as soon as they go from there.

Then he makes a fire, because that man [his uncle] has thrown him away.

And he has got his youngest uncle’s knife—that *ceen yek*[20] and yuyéinah (Tl., whetstone).

He makes a nice building.

And he puts back together what they have thrown down.

He puts it up together just like a house.

And he brings a lot of old stumps and makes a fire so the fire won’t go out.

And he just keeps doing that.

And he eats something from the water—clams and so on.

He cooks it by the fire, and he lives off that.

And finally one day he makes a bow and arrows to kill birds with.

And that old lady has dropped something into the hole [too]—grease and dried fish.

Every once in a while he eats a little bit, and it helps him.

When he has finished that bow and arrow, he kills lots of birds.

And he sews the bird skins together for a robe.

And finally it is big enough to cover him.

He keeps doing it.

He eats the bird meat.

And he keeps the fire going all the time.

And there is nothing wrong with him at all.

And he is so lonesome.

And it is so windy.

When he lies down, he lies down just close to the shoreline.

And something is coming to him.

And [it seems] just as if it moves him with its foot.

It tells him, "What are you sleeping here for? What are you sleeping here for?

Wake up!"

And so he looks around.

And there is nobody around.

He just sees a rainbow, xéitl dás'ah (Tl., thunder bird snare).

It is right on the water line.

And then he sleeps again.

And it tells him the same thing—to wake up.

Finally, the third one, it tells him the same thing.

He thinks about it, what makes him that way.

Finally, he looks through his bird blanket and sees what it is talking to him.

He watches, and that rainbow is the only thing he sees.

And he sees a man just coming from where the rainbow is.

It’s a man coming with a cane.

Before the man touches him, the boy tells the man, “I see you!

I see you!”

The man asks the boy why he is lying there.

And he tells the man.

He says, “Well, I lie down here just because my uncle threw me away on account of the dried fish my granny gave me.”

And he asks this thing to help him out.

And that man never says anything.

And he tells the boy to give him his blanket.

And that boy thinks [to himself], “Why just this blanket helps me. I’ve got nothing except it.”

And that man knows what he is thinking.

And he says, “I’m going to give you a better thing, if you give me this blanket.”

The boy wonders why the man tells him that.

And he never wants to give his blanket to the man.

And that man laughs, and he puts his hand around [the boy’s] head, on the right side [twice].

Then [he does the same thing] again two times on the left side.

And he tells that boy, “You surely are a lucky boy to have met me!

I, myself, am going to help you as much as I can too. I am going to give up my cane to help you.

Is there anything you wish?” that man asks the boy.

“What you wish for first, you tell me!”

The boy says that he would like to make a house first.

And that man tells him, “All right, but don’t look at me!

And put your face down to the ground.”

And the boy does that.

And this man makes a house for him with his cane.

And then the man tells him, “Look at the house!” he tells him.

The boy looks up, and he sees a wonderful house in his land.

And [the man] just laughs again, and he asks the boy what he wishes to have.

The boy wishes to have something to eat.

And that boy never talks [out loud].

He just wishes it in his mind.

And that man knows it right away.

And he just moves his stick and makes a lot of grub for that boy.

And when the boy gets up, he wishes for another thing.

He wishes for a boat after he gets the grub.

And then he gets his boat.

And the fourth time the man tells him, “What do you wish to have again?

What do you wish to have again?”

And the boy wishes that he has got lots of money and dry goods and clothes and everything that we use now.

And he sure got that many things!

After that, the man tells the boy, “That’s right that I was helping you.

But you are not going to tell anybody.

That’s the time I help you.

And don’t feel sorry that you gave your blanket to me!

I am giving you something better—a cane. And I give you what you [?] get too.”

And he gives the boy another blanket and a cane.

And any time the boy wishes for something, he is to close his eyes and shake the cane on the right side for clothes, and on the left side for money.

And the boy surely thanks the man for that!

And afterwards, the man tells that little boy that he should wish that his uncle’s people would starve.

After that, the man tells him, “You are going to show [your uncle] what powers you got from me.”

That boy’s granny is crying all the time.

Before the year goes by, all the people with his uncle are starving.

It is his mother’s brother, doo kák (Tl.).

And that boy's grandmother used to go to the salt water, to the shoreline.

She would go to the water that they crossed to leave him [the boy]. His grandmother goes to watch for him all the time.

She cries all the time.

And one time this boy wishes to send something to his uncle's people.

He tries using all the game as messengers.

But they can't carry anything to his grandmother.

And finally, just like white people used to fill a basket for their friends, he put all kinds of stuff [in a basket].

And he tries to send all kinds of game to take it to his grandmother.

But something eats it up on the way every time.

Finally the little boy tries a sea gull.

He gives the basket to a sea gull.

And then he tells the sea gull, "Be sure to take this thing right to my grandma and drop it right beside her!"

That sea gull surely does it for the boy!

One day the old lady is crying.

And she sees a sea gull hopping and making a noise.

It comes and circles around her for four times.

She sees this thing drop down from that sea gull.

And she picks it up.

And she sees that it is a basket full of all kinds of grub.

And she takes this thing to her son.

And she asks that man "What is that?

Watch for your nephew," she says.

"That seagull has been watching over your nephew where we left him.

It was from there that the sea gull came when he dropped that thing!"

That old woman divides everything with the rest of the people.

And she tells her boy, "I think that the boy has surely had good luck somehow, and that this thing comes from him!"

And he, [the uncle], surely believes that is what has happened.

And he wants to go back to where they had left the boy right away.

And he tells all the people to get in the boat.

He wants to go back to the boy.

And the old lady is so happy, she doesn't know what to do.

And that oldest wife of his uncle has never changed her clothes. But the youngest wife thinks that she is the prettiest girl in the world—and she dresses up so nice!

And they all go back towards that boy.

From half way there [the chief] sends the people to that place to see if the boy is living there yet.

And then when they come close to shore, the boy sees a boat coming towards him.

And he tells the men to go back—not to land in his yard. And they just go back and never land.

Just as soon as they come back to the other people, they tell them, "That's right!

There is a big house just where you used to have your house!" they tell the uncle.

And that man wants to go right away.

And everybody goes towards the boy.

And he sees the boats coming towards him.

He watches the people from his outpost.

And he sees that his uncle's boat is coming ahead of the other people.

And then they all land below him.

And just the gòox (Tl., slave) people come towards him.

And they never come close to him.

And he tells them, "Go back from where you are!"

And they go back to the boat and tell the boy's uncle that he doesn't want anybody around his yard.

And his uncle tells him that he and his two wives are going to be slaves of the nephew.

And the boy just calls for his grandmother and for the old wife who had left him the fire.

And he takes his uncle's oldest wife for his own wife.

And he calls his grandmother too.

And he tells his grandmother just what has happened and who has helped him.

And the boy keeps his uncle for a slave, and his uncle's youngest wife too,

and all of the other people who had left him there, for slaves.

And he tells his grandmother, "It was not just a cheap thing that helped me, Granny!

I think it was God that helped me!"

That's the end.

127. Whetstone Boy

Mary first told me this story on the same afternoon, March 17, after she had allowed me to write down the two previous stories— "The Boys Who Drifted Down River," and "Orphan Helped by Rainbow." She began with a version of **"**Sun's Daughter", but she told me just to listen and not to write it down. She explained once more that Jake was jealous of her story telling and that *he* wanted to tell these two tales. On the other hand, he was "shy", Mary said, to explain to me what the Indian doctor called 'Whetstone Boy' meant by asking the boys, "Who can keep my animals?", meaning that he wanted to know which of the boys was sexually pure. Mary said she could tell me this part without embarrassment, since we were both women together.

About a month later, during a rather long visit to her house, she told "Whetstone Boy" again. Although she was talking very rapidly, I managed to record a large part of it verbatim. Other people who were in the house when she was talking to me and telling stories on that occasion were her oldest daughter, Dorothy, who had just had a new baby, held from time to time by Mary. Most of the time Dorothy herself moved around the large room alternately playing on the guitar or banjo. Mary's youngest daughter, Pansy, was also in the house, and her youngest son, Harry, came in while she was telling the end of the story. Pansy left during the story telling, however.

Mary volunteered the story immediately after she had been describing the proper way to handle groundhogs. The tale reflects much of Inland Tlingit morality, especially as it relates to proper attitudes towards food. Not only is the aunt stingy with food that she should willingly share with others—especially a close affinal relative of the opposite moiety, notably her husband's sister's son whose confidante she should be—she is herself a glutton. The Tlingit ideal, emphasized in this story, is moderation in all things.

The aunt also violates menstrual taboos relating to the animal world, thereby putting everybody in jeopardy. Game animals offended in this manner refuse to be caught, and starvation is certain to follow. The aunt richly deserves her temporary death which also enables her nephew to display his own superhuman powers and his human magnanimity. This is a thoroughly satisfactory Tlingit plot.

Perhaps we see here something of the tension between maternal uncle and sororal nephew, also a major theme of the previous story, “Orphan Helped by Rainbow.” Here, however, the uncle atones at once for his wife’s misbehavior.

As in “Orphan Helped by Rainbow,” the nephew does not inherit his spirit powers directly from his uncle. In each story, the child acquires social power over his elder maternal relative through superhuman help. He would customarily expect to inherit his maternal uncle’s wife after that uncle’s death, and also to share her while the uncle is alive. Ordinarily, though, she would not be in the position of a wife-slave while his uncle was still alive, as she is in this story.

Finally, we learn again in this story how an abandoned young boy may acquire spirit powers, about the paraphernalia required if he is going to practice as a doctor, and the ritual care with which his kit must be prepared. The story also makes it clear that the new doctor must establish his credentials through a public demonstration of his power.

127. Whetstone Boy March 17, 1951 and April 27, 1951, Teslin

At Jil<u>k</u>aat [Chilkat, on the coast] it happened.

A little boy lived with his kák (Tl., uncle, mother’s brother) and doo kák shút (Tl., his uncle’s wife).

He gets along good with his aunt all of the time.

But when they hang fat around the camp, the little boy always eats the fat.

And that lady doesn’t like it. And she gets mad with the little boy.

And that lady reaches into the little boy’s mouth.

And she throws the fat in the fire.

And she scratches the little boy’s mouth.

And that little boy is crying. And he goes away.

And he doesn’t know what to do.

His uncle is not at home. He is away hunting.

Finally the little boy looks among his uncle’s tools.

And he finds that grease and that knife and that yuyéinah (Tl., whetstone) and <u>x</u>’wál’ (Tl., down, feathers).

And he goes away.

He takes his old bedding, and he goes away.

He just doesn’t know what to do.

And he likes his uncle so much that he can’t kill himself.

He goes to where people used to go past all the time.

And he knows that his uncle will look there.

That is why he goes to [a place] his uncle knows.

He climbs up in the hills by the mountain.

And he lies down there.

And finally his uncle comes back home.

And he asks his wife what she has done to the boy and where he has gone.

The wife can't say quick.

She says, "That boy is somewhere around camp."

His uncle misses the boy, and he gets mad.

He asks his wife why the boy has left home.

Then that lady says," Well, he always bothers the meat when I hang it up.

He always eats around it.

I got mad at him, and I pulled the fat out of his mouth. So I think he went away," she tells her husband.

And it is true that the boy has gone away.

Finally, that boy stays at one place where he can lie down—just like he makes a hole under a dry rock, kutóok (Tl., cave). He lies down there.

And there is nothing wrong with him—he never even feels anything or thinks that he is going to have íxt' (Tl., doctor power).

Finally, one morning, after four nights, he chews off some of that fat and grease.

And he oils his hair and hands.

He puts his uncle's grindstone right by his head.

And before morning the yéik (Tl., spirit power) comes to him.

And he just doesn't know what has happened.

Finally all the íxt' (Tl., doctors) come to him.

And from there on, he knows it—that he is going to have that íxt'.

And he is all right.

He is not even hungry or thirsty.

The animals that are coming to him for that íxt' [doctor power] are just coming steadily.

He has got every animal—all the kinds of game in the country—for his yéik (Tl., spirit power helpers).

And finally his uncle sees that the game is coming [towards where the boy's] body is lying.

Swans and geese and sea gulls are all circling around.

Kóon (Tl., flickers) are going up and down.

From this, his uncle knows that his kéilk' (Tl., nephew, i.e., sister's child) is up there on the hill.

And then he knows it, so he goes looking for him.

And he knows that just towards evening the game—the mountain sheep, goats, every animal—goes right to where that boy is lying down.

So he goes over there.

And when he comes in there, he hears the boy.

The boy is doctoring (Tl., literally "he's in the doctor"). And his yéik (Tl., spirit power helpers) are all around.

Right away that boy knows that his uncle is coming.

And he tells the game to watch.

"My uncle is coming! Move out of my uncle's way!"

He tells his uncle to go to the center of the house, in the back—to *deeyee dex,* to the best seat in the back.

It is as if *anyudee* (Tl., a noble person) sits down.

And right away this boy tells his uncle not to worry about him.

"I have all the game now, uncle," he tells him.

"Don't you worry any more about what my aunt did to me!

I'll get even with her.

Don't be sorry that you find me right here!"

So the uncle is surely glad to see doo kéilk' (Tl., his nephew) right here.

He is so happy that doo kéilk' is singing all the íxt' songs.

The boy calls for a drum from his uncle.

And a sheishóox (Tl., rattle). And a x'ós' (Tl., club).

And he tells him not to eat when he is making them and to make them away from camp so nobody would come up upon him with *kex' u tlakas tshee.*[21]

He doesn't want that thing [unclean person?] around.

And he tells his uncle to go away from the camp to make his drum.

So his uncle does that.

Finally, when he is ready, he tells his uncle to make a house.

In a certain place he wants it.

And [his uncle] makes it.

He never tells his wife that he has found his nephew.

He just stops crying about it.

And then the uncle makes the house just the way his nephew tells him.

And so he [the nephew] moves in.

And so he will let the people see his íxt' (doctors' powers)—all that are helping him.

Anything, any kind of game that his uncle wants out of his íxt', his nephew tells him to kill and eat it.

The uncle always does it with that club. He kills and eats it.

He is so happy. He never feels sorry any more.

Afterwards, when his uncle has made everything ready, then everybody moves up there, even his uncle's wife.

And when that boy comes home, his uncle treats him nice, and he [the nephew] doesn't feel sorry any more.

He gets all the help he wants.

After a while, some crazy boys tell the nephew, "What's the matter that you can't show off your íxt' (Tl., doctoring power).

We want to see what you can do with your íxt'!"

And the nephew always asks those boys, "Who is going to take care of the game? *Gusa yax wunatlee atdixa*?" [22]

That's all he says—he never says anything else afterwards again.

Those crazy boys always say, "We are going to do it!"

And once more his uncle asks him, "Could you do anything to show off to the people what you can do? People are laughing at you too much," he says.

And then the boy tells his uncle, “Well, if you want to see me, let everybody not eat all today. And as soon as night comes, you are going to see all the game coming in,” he says.

Then the young boy says, “Who is going to take care of the íxt?[23]

Those boys say, “Us! We are going to do it!”

When everyone comes in, those two old women come in too.

That boy íxt’ never tells them to sit down, but they sit down on each side of the door that the game is going to come in.

Those boys who used to say that they are going to look after the game—when the first game comes in, they just run away behind the house.

It’s too strong for them!

And just the two old ladies take their old blankets off their shoulders and reach around the game.

And they say, “Go right into the center of the house!”

So after a while, all of the doctors [spirit] powers were there.

And they hear the two old ladies say, “*Deeyin dei nayat’*. Go right to the center of the house!”

And every one goes there.

All the males go to one side.

And all the females go to the other side, until they have all come in. And that’s why that *shih tshanwet* was on.[24]

When all the game is at the end, the last one, the buffalo comes in.

Xaas (Tl. wood buffalo) comes in.

And that is the time that all of the people are scared.

He [the boy] does that [i.e., calls in the scary animals].

And when the grizzly bear comes in, that’s the time the two old ladies have power from the doctor.

They are surprised at what they can do.

They can surely lead the game where they want it.

And after the last one [game] is in, they spill grease on top of the fire.

When all of the game has come in, the two old ladies say, “All the game has come in!”

And that boy calls his uncle, “Where is my uncle to claim all the game?

Hurry up before I do something wrong! I want all the game killed off!"

And he surely does it. He kills all the game.

And from there on, they start cooking.

And all of the game comes, and they cook it

Just because his uncle's wife used to scratch around his mouth for that little fat, [the nephew] shows off what a poor boy can do.

The aunt is *ligaas* (Tl., taboo, i.e., menstruating).

But just the same she eats the game.

The boy knows it, but he just leaves her alone.

He tells the people that he has hired to feed his uncle's wife, "When she calls for water, to just give her grease".

She did something wrong to his doctor powers, his uncle's wife did.

She eats and she eats until she bursts her stomach.

It just bursts her stomach, and afterwards, she dies.

[Then] the boy tells his uncle.

Until that time, he has never told his uncle what his wife did to him.

"Your wife used to scratch my mouth, so I have gotten even with her now.

Don't blame me. I am going to make her come back to life again to show what I can do."

He sings a song for that wife.

And he squeezes the stomach on both sides, and he shapes her body back together again.

And she lives again.[25]

And the boy keeps her for his wife.

The boy's uncle gives her to him for a wife. And she is going to be like a slave for the nephew.

Hootshaa waa, that is all (Tl.).

128. The Talking Ling Fish

Mary first told this story on March 17, 1951 and then retold it on May 27 so that I could write it down. Most of our conversation on that second afternoon was about proper ways to mention the names of animals and to treat their corpses. Mary also explained various animal relationships, such as those between beaver and porcupine or rabbits and gophers (ground squirrels). Immediately before she volunteered the ling story she gave me the terms for several man-eating monsters. I am uncertain whether I asked her to do this or whether it was her idea.

Mary followed the ling fish story with a discussion of the kinds of special observances related to the taking of first salmon and other kinds of first game each season. She told me that all members of her own family consider the gall of the ling to be taboo. They cut it out and throw it away. Other people sometimes make a dye from it.

In this story we discover that, like humans, ling fish have "head doctors", individuals who prognosticate events on the basis of sensations they feel in their heads. Again we have the motif in which the inability to get food into one's mouth foretells an event involving spirit power.

I include with the story Mary's additional comments about the proper treatment of ling. Her comments show how behavior towards creatures in the universe is integral to Tlingit thinking and how these concepts are manifested in Tlingit repertoires of oral literature.

128. The Talking Ling Fish May 27, 1951, Teslin

These people five generations ahead of us are hunting in October.

It isn't quite November. They hunt around in the low hills.

That's the kind of place people hunt porcupines.

And when one of the men has killed a porcupine, he is coming home.

And it is quite early when he is going home, and he sees something [go out] from the water—just like a trout—go into the trees!

And the man leaves his pack there, and all of his things.

And he puts rotten wood right across the [fish's] trail.

When he plugs the trail, [it is because] he knows something is wrong.

He makes sure to close the trail.

He sees signs [*sic*].

He sneaks around where there is a squirrel's house.

And he hears somebody talking in the trees.

He listens…These fish are talking.

There are two different [kinds of] cod fish.

One kind of ling cod is called ish<u>k</u>èen s'à<u>x</u>' (Tl., black cod).

The other kind is called s'à<u>x</u>' [used here to refer to "ling"].[26]

This man just listens.

These fish are up in the tree eating mushrooms. They eat up in a tree.

The man hears them.

Finally one of them [one of the cod] says, "*A<u>x</u> yu<u>k</u>aawu* (Tl., my honored partner), my head is talking![27]

We should hurry back!"

The *gatl* (Tl., mushroom) that he is eating—he just pushes it into his ear [instead of his mouth].

This means that something is going to happen.

First it goes into his right, and then into his left ear.

It tells him that something is going to happen.

He tells his partner they should hurry back.

That partner says, "I don't hear anything!"

"No, says the s'à<u>x</u>', "No, *a<u>x</u> yu<u>k</u>aawu*, (my honored partner) I feel it good!

It is just like we are going to see a person who is going to kill us, I feel!"

After he says that, the man wants to know what [is going on].

And he says, “What is that doing here?”

Both [literally “all the”] fishes jump out of the tree and go down the trail to the water.

They hit where the man has dammed up the trail.

Then, when the fish can’t get over the dam, that man hammered those fish heads into the ground.

And that is why s’àx̲’ (ling) have flat heads.

That’s why this time they tell the people, “Pack fish!

You have so much fish to live off of!”

Now every fall, I don’t know in what month, the s’àx̲’ (ling) spawn in there.

They take them out with a sheep horn spoon.

That’s so far as I know.

[Mary’s added these comments about the proper treatment of ling:

Some ling have yellow skin, and it looks like a fancy mark on their backs. They are the kindest s’àx̲’ (ling) in this country [that is, they are not harmful to humans]. But in the deep water [are the kind of ling cod] called ishk̲èen (Tl. black cod). We have to treat them right. It’s just like chátl (Tl., halibut).

If you put a set line for a ling cod, you talk to the hook so he’ll be glad about it.

And when you make a hole in the ice, put a nákw (Tl., medicine) from fallen spruce spills or charcoal. Sprinkle it around the hole so he can’t see. *Ligaas ‘yet*, it’s taboo, you know. [i.e., the nákw acts to deter bad luck from a tabooed or dangerous thing].

And when you first bring in a fresh cod, if you are lucky with the set line, you have to put ashes around its nose, so he can’t smell it. After the first catch, you can do any way you want.

And you can’t cook the guts without opening the fish. You have to hang the [first] fish [caught] up and dry it. After that, you can cook a ling cod without splitting the fish. You can do it all the time when you are catching the fish. You can eat the head. They call the place where the man found the fish “*ayu gwadoolee’et geeya*”, is called “the place he saw the fish in the trees”.

It is some place in the hills to the southwest.

129. The First Wolf People

On a thawing morning in February, 1968, sixteen years after I had stayed in Teslin for any length of time, I was able to get a ride to Teslin with an officer from the Department of Indian Affairs and in Whitehorse. To my great pleasure I found that Mary Jackson, whom I had not seen for more than a decade, was a fellow passenger. She and her son Johnny were then living at their old homestead at Brooks Brook, a short way off the Alaska Highway and several kilometers north of Teslin. We talked about many things, including the recent death of her son, Danny, in the Whitehorse hospital and how his money had been stolen at the time. This somehow led to a discussion of Wolf clan claims on the Taku River, and as a consequence Mary volunteered the following story.

Because of the rough road, I could take relatively few notes, and I sometimes could not hear all that Mary was saying, so there are a number of gaps and unclear sections in the text that follows. My transcription of the Tlingit names is open to even greater than usual doubt.

After she had finished her story, Mary then told me that "Wolves are against people," and went on to give me a number of recent incidents in which people she knew lost moose or lynx to wolves, or got lost themselves because they did not treat wolves properly. She moved on to talk about correct ways of snaring game, treating the corpses well, and disposing of them in the proper manner. She added, "Now this time lots of girls just grow up and run around, [but] that's why old timers last." She meant that she and her peers had learned the rules, and the stories that explained the rules, for the relationship between humans and animals.

Mary concluded this part of our conversation by referring to the character *Lkayakw* (see also stories no. 134, 152, 171): "He used to never do good, and he turns to stone. Did you hear? How can [it be] that people don't believe this time, dear? That's what makes me surprised!"

Another story that Mary told in the course of our car ride, I did not record at all. Its plot was essentially that of "The Girl Who Married the Bear," except that in this tale the girl married a wolf. I wrote it from memory later, as follows.

129. The First Wolf People February 27, 1968, Teslin; written from memory

[This is an] old story. [They] used to name wolf [like human children].

One time, they name the [wolf] baby, "*Tsa xooy̲ag*". And the second one, they call "*YadInja*" (Tl., "when snow flies in his face"). And the second one [i.e., the one following, the third] they call "*Kakwan*"—when he chases something, "he's got a big frost on his face".

The fourth one, the oldest one is *"Koo ginteen*". He is the boss. When they go around and circle the moose, [he tells them how to do it]. But the youngest one [*Tsa xooy̲ag*] has power, the most. [His name means] "he chews the bone, right down to it".

That's the way the wolves come to the country in the first beginning. The girls, they made a mistake. And the wolf gets them away. The wolf people know [the girls] have done wrong. And they take the two ladies away. And they take them for four years.

But those girls, after they know that [their husbands] are wolves that got them.

That's the time they run away. [A section is missing here because of the bumpy car ride]

And the youngest one killed and paid the wolf people. And then her grandmother gives her water. So [the wolf] people call her. And she throws water, the bladder [her grandmother had given her]. [There was] a little lake, and it turns into salt water.

And afterwards, that wolf wants to get her again. And the grandmother has given the girl little tree tops. And she throws them back [behind her]. And that's why there are trees in the country. And she breaks brush and willows [and escapes].

130. The Teslin Deisheetaan Beaver Crest

February 20, 1951, told by Jake and Mary Jackson

My father's father, *Naats*, pulled out that beaver way long ago [Jake is speaking here].[28]

The beaver had four feet and four hands and two tails.

On the north side of the Three Aces mountain [Dawson Peaks], there is a lake about a hundred feet wide and a quarter of a mile long.

The Lake is called Old Rock, Téh (Tl. rock).

The beaver named it that way. That is where the beaver stayed.

When *Naats* got the beaver, he had already been out for two weeks. And he hadn't caught anything.

He sets his beaver net.

And he knows a beaver is coming to it and pulling it, but he never catches the beaver.

Naats has seen a beaver house at the lake. And he knows there are beaver there.

It is late in the evening when he sees the beaver house, so he waits until morning.

In the night when he is asleep he dreams that he sees somebody standing right close to him.

He tells him, "When you set your net, set it below the beaver dam. Then you will see something."

So in the morning, he gets up and sets his net just that way.

As soon as he has finished setting it, he sees a wolverine walk on top of the beaver house.

Naats talks to the wolverine and tells him, "Go ahead. You choose one!"

That wolverine circles four times on top of the beaver house.

Then he jumps four times and holds his hands like this [palms out, held above the head—a dance gesture].

Naats doesn't do anything. He just watches.

Then he sees something is in the net, and he starts to pull it.

When he starts pulling it out it is heavy.

He sees that just a hand is holding the net mesh, so he doesn't pull the net out of the water.

He just looks. He holds the net though.

And when he sees there is something different from other animals in it, he pulls it up.

He sees a beaver face that looks like a man's face.

He has a moustache all of red copper. And his eyebrows and eyes are the colour of gold.

Naats just watches him.

When he has looked at him carefully, he [*Naats*] begins talking to him,

"I'm starving now! I'm starving now! You give me good luck!

The beaver are hard for me to get. I want you to help me have good luck!"

And the beaver just starts rolling his eyes this way [side to side].

And when *Naats* has spoken, he pulls the beaver up some more.

He wants a good look at it.

He pulls it up as far as its waist.

And he sees two tails and four hands and four feet. But there is just one head.

And when *Naats* has looked at it, he lets it go.

It goes down by itself.

Then he sets the beaver net again.

And the wolverine stays out on the beaver house.

He puts the net in the same place again.

And when he has finished, he tells the wolverine, “I’m all ready.

You chase the beaver out again!”

The wolverine stands up.

And he puts up his hands and jumps three times.

Naats watches, and he sees his net go down.

He pulls it out. And he does not have a hard time even though the net is full.

He takes the beavers out and clubs them.

When he has finished, he talks to the wolverine again, “Do the same way!”

And when the beaver come out of the water, the wolverine always watches.

They catch all of the beaver. And then they go back to camp.

When he has caught all of the beaver, he takes them into the house.

He has not eaten anything for I don’t know how long.

The first thing he does is to chop lots of wood and make a fire.

And he skins a beaver and cuts it open to cook for himself and the wolverine together.

When he has finished cooking, he puts the tops of willows by the fire.

And he cuts up the cooked beaver on the willow.

When he has finished eating, he calls the wolverine to come and eat.

The wolverine eats, and when he has finished, he goes away.

And *Naats* tells the wolverine, “You were with me all the time I was hunting beaver.

Come and help me any time you see me!

I will feed you all the time like this!”

The wolverine goes away in the night.

But any time *Naats* is hunting beaver, he always comes to help.

When *Naats* has finished the beaver hunt, he tells the wolverine that he is going back home.

And he takes two big beaver skins and puts them together.

And he puts the fat inside — like a toboggan.

There are about two feet of snow.

And when he is crossing Old Rock Lake, he sees a porcupine track going across the lake.

So he leaves his guide string on top of his sled [sic], and he follows after the porcupine.

So he follows the porcupine.

And it looks like it is just a little way to the timber line.

But no matter how far he seems to walk, the mountain always stays the same distance away.

After a while, he becomes angry.

And he turns around to go back to his sled.

But he is angry, so he turns around again.

And he says to the porcupine, “I wonder if you are going to your father’s house!

Just go on, and keep going!”

Then he begins to follow again.

And in just a little while he sees where the porcupine stays.

There are many porcupines in it. It is a great big hole like a cave.

And as soon as he goes in the hole, he looks back out.

And he can’t see anything.

He has taken his snowshoes off, and he has left them outside the door.

He is dressed in robes like the old timers.

When he gets into the porcupine hole, close to the back of it he sees the porcupines all sitting in a circle.

The little one he has been following is sitting right in the center.

When that porcupine sees *Naats* coming he makes a noise, “En! En!”

The porcupine turns his face from [sic] *Naats* and says, “You see me now in my father’s house!

You didn’t believe I could get into my father’s house!”

Then another porcupine says, “Go ahead and close the door on him!”

They close it.

And he hears the rock falling down. And he can’t see any more.

As soon as he hears the rock, he walks back and feels for the door.

But he can find no hole. He pushes out, but he can’t move the rock. He has to stay inside.

He can’t find any place to get out.

After a while he is feeling sleepy, so he fixes up a place to lie down right along the wall on the side of the cave.

He can feel the porcupines walking out by him.

And he tries to get out, himself too. But he never can see any way.

So he goes back and lies down. And then he sleeps.

And that time when he falls asleep, he thinks that he has slept only two nights.

He sleeps one night and wakes up.

He sleeps a second night and wakes up.

He can’t think of anything to do.

He tries to. He is a big Indian doctor. All the same, nothing can help him.

But after a while, after the second time that he wakes up, he feels something right beside his hair.

He puts out his hand and tries to feel what it is.

It is a little thing that big [gesture of closing hand around something small].

It is a mouse.

He seizes the mouse and asks him, “What are you doing here?

The porcupines have shut me up in their house.”

The mouse asks him, “Don’t you have anything?”

“No.”

“Yes, you have something to get out of here!”

He tries to think. He can’t figure out what he has.

But after a while, he remembers that he has his smoking bag.

He has shavings in his blanket. And he has a strike-a-light.

So he begins to feel everywhere.

And after a while he feels inside his blanket, and he feels something on his back.

It is his smoking bag.

And as soon as he feels it, he says, “En!”

And he takes it out.

And there are dried porcupine droppings all around.

And he scratches all the good ones together and makes a fire.

As soon as he lights it and it begins to burn, the porcupines begin to smell it.

And the little porcupine says, “Mmm, Mmm! What do I smell?”

Pretty soon all of the porcupines are saying it, “Mmmm! Mmmm! What’s he doing, that human? What’s the smell?”

When he has burned lots, the porcupines say “Open up the door for him! Open up for him!”

And one of them runs over and opens the door.

And he can hear it when it is opened.

And it is just like gun powder going off.

He can see right over to the door.

And when he is going to get up, he clears his throat, “Mmm.”

And he feels his body. He feels weak in his legs.

He has been sleeping for two months.

When he goes outside, he looks for his snowshoes.

There are about three feet of snow on top of them.

He thinks he has only spent two nights!

When he goes down to the lake where he has left his sled, nothing is in sight.

He can’t find where he has put it.

But he knows it should be in the center of the lake.

He walks right towards it [the center of the lake].

And after a while, he sees two ears sticking up.

It is the wolverine that used to help him with the beaver net.

As soon as he walks close, the wolverine begins to walk away.

He tries to shake the snow off his shoulders, but he falls down into the deep snow.

The man pulls some beaver fat out from the top of the sled where the wolverine has jumped off.

He leaves it on the snow for the wolverine.

And that wolverine comes around for something to eat.

The wolverine tries to sing, but he can't make much sound.

He is starving.

So *Naats* tries to help him.

And as soon as he has helped him, the wolverine is feeling different.

He is feeling stronger.

So after a while the wolverine jumps up and begins to sing.

Naats too—he begins to feel stronger.

And he dances just like the wolverine.

And they sing the song:

"What's that? What's that? I chew on this one.

My teeth bite it. That's something—this one."

I got the beaver [crest] from my grandparents.

And so the song that I am going to sing now, I got from the beaver.

It is a wolverine spirit song.

The words in the song are just the way a doctor sings. It is in another language.

There are no Tlingit words. It is *gunana* (Tl., foreign, inland people).

The wolverine talks *gunana* like our grandfather [Kaska].

And after this happens, *Naats* has a walking cane that he uses in winter.

And if people camp any place and are out of food *Naats* tells them to warm his walking stick close to the fire.

Then he sticks it in the fire.

And when his doctors come to him, he begins to sing.

And after he has circled the fire four times, he grabs his cane and tries to kill things by

pushing with it.

It means bad luck if he can't push his walking stick down into the ground.

If he *can* push it down, "He! He!" he would say,

"That means good luck!"

The next morning at daylight he gets up, and he points the gun and tells the people, "There's luck there!"

And they would get the game.

If he can't push down the cane, he tells the people that they will have bad luck.

But they would try anyway.

He used to name what they are going to get.

Sometimes it is caribou. Sometimes, moose.

DANNY JACKSON

Danny was the third son of Jake and Mary Jackson. I met him in Teslin in the summer of 1950 and came to know him quite well later in the winter of 1951 when I lived in Teslin, although Danny never told me any stories in the village.

131. The Two Boys Captured by Kots'èen

Danny told this story on the steamboat "Nasutlin" making its last run between Whitehorse and Dawson City in 1950. He and his older brother, George, had been working for the Telegraph Company between Selkirk and Stewart River during the summer, Danny as the cook. With three other young Indian men, Danny came aboard the "Nasutlin" at Stewart River and we began a long conversation in the boat's pilot house. Danny had previously spent eleven months at Fort Norman, where he said people talked so fast it was "like Chinese". He also said that you had to be careful if you lived there, because there were a great many Indian doctors, and "It's bad, if you do something they don't like!" Danny was still single and told me about his one relationship that had ended badly. He stated that he was now looking for a "good honest girl".

Danny knew that I was learning Indian history and had consulted his parents during the summers of 1948 and 1949. He was also pleased that I tried out some halting Tlingit when I spoke with him. Both he and George were very interested in the photographs of the Tlingit coastal village of Angoon that I had with me. Later, when I was typing in the purser's office, Danny came in to get a coke. I said I was typing a story about Yéil, and Danny immediately offered to tell a story too—a "good one".

We were interrupted by "night lunch" at that moment, but afterwards he still wanted to tell me the story. He told it very slowly, word by word, watching to see that I had finished writing the previous phrase before he began another, so that the text is absolutely verbatim.[29]

I think Danny did not actually speak a great deal of Tlingit at this point, although he introduced a few Tlingit words into his story. He said he had trouble understanding his mother when she spoke Tlingit and that he did not know the meaning of some Tlingit words. He glossed kots'èen as "a thing that gets small and big when it wants to - a living animal that nobody ever saw before", though the usual translation is "rat", and Danny himself used "mice" in the context of the story.

131. The Two Boys Captured by Kots'èen November 1, 1950, Stewart River

That first time, the mice used to live in holes in the rocks, shàh (Tl., mountain) hole.

Those two Indians, they got a small boat, and they were hunting seals.

It's old times, and they say not to go by that rock cliff.

So those two boys want to prove if this is true.

There was supposed to be two big animals living in the shàh hole.

Finally, that boat went through there and straight out from the shàh hole.

Finally, they see something coming up from the water. And they wondered what was that.

And soon they know that was some kind of animal.

They knew it was a mouse tail—kots'èen (Tl., rat).

The tail looped over the boat and snared it.

Slowly the boat went down.

And those two animals ask them, "Why [do] you want to tease me?"

And then they disappeared.

And those two men got drowned.

Then, after, they decided to get them out.

And they [kots'èen] bring them back to life.

That was a male and a female animal.

Finally, they stay there for a long time. The animals were feeding them.

And every morning the male goes out to get some [food].

And so long after, she goes out after him.

And the two boys was keep track how long they go.

And the male goes about half an hour.

And fifteen minutes later she goes after him.

And then them two boys decided to try to get out through that hole.

And one boy did get out.

And he had a *gwutla* (Tl., dagger).[30]

And he went back quick.

And finally the male comes back.

And as soon as he came out of the water, they killed him with a club—x'ós'. (Tl.)

And later, she knew that her husband got killed, and she came back quickly.

And just as soon as she came out of the water, they clubbed her too—same as the male.

Then these animals they killed, grow big after they're dead.

And they [the two boys] take something out of the animals, and it gave them power. And they got out of that hole.

JIM FOX

"Old Fox" (Jim Fox), a ranking man of the Old Yanyeidí* clan at Teslin was widely respected for his wisdom, good humor and leadership. Unfortunately I never knew him well, although my original intent in 1950-51 was to spend the winter with his family on his trapline up the Nisutlin River. I had visited him and his wife in Teslin in the summers of 1948, 1949 and 1951, but our acquaintances were always limited. Neither he nor his wife were at ease with English, quite in contrast to their daughter, Mabel Johnson, whom I came to know well.

132. Iron Finder

Old Fox told this story in Tlingit to his "grandson" (and son-in-law) Andy Smith who summarized it for me.

We had gone to the Fox cabin specially to find out about Yanyeidí clan history. After we discussed that for a bit, Old Fox started to describe the early methods of cooking by stone boiling. I do not know whether he chose this subject because he thought I was not old or wise enough to learn about clan history, or because the circumstances for its transmission were unsuitable, or because he really was more interested in telling a white female about traditional cooking methods. At any rate, he moved directly from his account of stone boiling into the story of how the Indians found iron—perhaps because of the shift from birch bark and woven baskets to metal cooking utensils.

This story makes it very clear that the greatest power is abroad at night. All acts or héix̲wah carried out in the hope of acquiring power should ideally be carried out befoe the Crow calls.

132. Iron Finder August 9, 1951, Teslin

The first time they found iron in the land, it was from the sea.

They raised two eagles from when they were small, and these two birds were great hunters.

And they hunt in the midnight only.

* Jim Fox is also remembered as a member of the Dak̲l'aweidí clan. The Old Yanyeidí designation may have come from an earlier time before that clan split sometime during his lifetime (Ingrid Johnson, personal communication).

Figure 17. Jim Fox wearing grizzly bear ears and beaded dance shirt showing two young eagles. Killer whale on button-decorated dance blanket. Wolf-skin crest. Teslin, Yukon Territory, 1954.

And they saw this thing floating, so they thought it was a dead animal.

So they started swimming it ashore.

Just before the crow came along, and it killed off the eagles.

And they hung on to it, and they hung on to it.

And they found it floating, and the first iron was found.

Maybe it was an outside ship that crashed.

It was good luck for the people.

They started to take it apart and make it into tools.

And the man who owned the birds got to be a very rich man.

He was a Deisheetaan man. *Kajook'*.

MABEL JOHNSON

Mabel Johnson, daughter of Jim Fox, was living in a pleasant house across from the Mounted Police barracks on the main road to the Teslin trading post when Dorothy Rainier and I first met her in July 1949.

She was born in 1906 and grew up in and around Teslin. She told us that that her earliest memories were of camping up the Nisutlin River with her grandmother and her brother. Since then she had lived in various parts of the upper Liard and the upper Yukon River drainages, often in quite isolated areas. She was always extremely capable in the bush, knowing how to trap and mine. At Atlin she built herself a cabin and ran a trapline.

Mabel was also an excellent housewife and mother. She had married twice, first to a Mr. Rudolf and then to her husband when I met her, Mr. Johnson. She had eight children—six girls and two boys. She declared that she "spoiled" the boys. I can attest that she also "spoiled" her visitors—plying us with tea or coffee, delicious baked bread or cookies, good conversation and wonderful stories. While she talked, she often sewed on moccasins, for she was a gifted skin tanner and needle woman as well, or she darned and mended or made new clothes for her family.

Mabel's command of English was excellent and her vocabulary wide ranging. More than most raconteurs she used the past tense, however, it is noticeable that at the most exciting points of the story she usually switched to the present tense, adding an air of urgency to the tale.

133. Animal Mother

Mabel told this story when I visited her in the afternoon. She was patching some of her children's clothes when I first arrived, and we spent some time looking over old dresses and other materials to choose what would make a good shirt for her young son, Albert. She had also thoughtfully saved me a piece of her young daughter's birthday cake, so we had tea. While we enjoyed it, she asked me why I was taking notes on the old ways and writing down stories. She suggested that some of the things that were told me might not all be true. But she added that she herself might sometimes make mistakes because she had left home to be married when she was only fifteen.

Figure 18. Mabel Johnson with fish in gill net on spring ice. Teslin, Yukon Territory, 1951

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Although “Animal Mother” was one of the last stories that Mabel told me, I put it first in the sequence in accordance with the general scheme of arrangement which I have followed throughout. We did not actually get to this story until she had completed telling “The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River,” and “The Sun’s Daughter” the same day. Then Mabel asked me if I knew the story about Animal Mother, and I briefly outlined part of it, thus spoiling a chance to hear her complete version. What is recorded below amplifies only a few events. It does not tell the whole story or do justice to Mabel’s great story telling skills. This is the only version I heard that introduces a sister-in-law into the tale.

133. Animal Mother May 6, 1951

The girl’s sister-in-law loved her.

And when they made snowshoes, they made them of spruce and put them to dry.

And they found four little spruce trees there the next morning.

And then the next ones are birch.

And they found four little birch trees the next morning.[31]

She couldn’t walk on snowshoes.

They wanted to move. But she said “No!”, that she was too heavy.

So they made a sweathouse—*x̲wex’ hide* (Tl.)—like for an Indian doctor.

The business that she’s doing now is for the earth, or for the country.

She told the boys to go on, but her sister-in-law loved her so, and she stayed on for a while until it was too much for her.

So then she had all the animals.

The chipmunk was first.

And two and two and two—male and female.

And the moose had sharp teeth like a bear. People were really sorry about that.

She warned him not to fight. He just kept on.

She put rocks in his mouth and never gave him upper teeth, just lower.

And she fixed him so he'd run away when he got the smell of people. And he'd never fight anyone.

Rabbit had horns. And people wondered why.

They can't catch him in snares. So she took them [the horns] off.

134. Lkayakw (Dog Husband)

I went to visit Mabel in the afternoon of February 7, 1951, hoping to discuss moccasin patterns. She was mixing bread which she soon set aside to rise. Little Olga was excited at the prospect of her coming birthday, but the baby, Ingrid, was somewhat unhappy because she was being weaned. Small Albert skylarked about, and Mr. Johnson was in and out and very talkative. Mabel's older daughter, Lillyan, arrived home from school and we all had tea until she went to fetch kindling and water from the ice hole. I had the greatest admiration for the way that Mabel, as hostess, managed to juggle us all so skillfully, quietly meeting everybody's demands. She was, however, somewhat distracted by my questions, so I soon stopped asking and things settled as she told stories to the delight of all.

Mabel began the *Lkayakw* story right after we had been discussing the clan affiliations of various people from Lower Post and from the Upper Pelly River (story no. 134a).

On February 19, when I again stopped in for a late afternoon cup of tea, she added to the story as indicated (no. 134b and 134c), though I am uncertain whether the section about the old man who just ate once a year is meant to be part of the *Lkayakw* story or is a separate one. We were again discussing clan reciprocities and history. On this occasion Mabel said that you are not really supposed to tell the *Lkayakw* story in winter, because it makes cold weather, just as does playing cat's cradle.

The story is also popular on the coast. John Swanton recorded a version of it at Sitka.[32] In that version, which is not very close to Mabel's, the brothers own an Athapaskan dog, but Inland Tlingit narrators usually put some other incidents, such as meeting with the little mouthed people who could only eat maggots, into their story of "The Two Brothers Who Drifted Down River" (see no. 125).[33] Swanton's Sitka informant identified the little mouthed people as Athapaskans, saying that *Lkayakw* wanted to be among them so he could get Athapaskan bows and arrows.

Much closer to Mabel's version is a section of the Raven cycle that Swanton recorded at Wrangell.[34] It includes the initial key incident about the birth of the dog children and the encounter with the one-legged man. In the coast version, the old person who helps the boys is addressed as "Grandfather", and Swanton translates the name as "He Who Knows Everything That Happens". Swanton's third version of the story, recorded in Tlingit at Sitka, has little overtly in common with Mabel's story except the title.[35]

The opening incidents in Mabel's version are paralleled not only by the opening of the Raven cycle, but also in the many versions of Dog Husband told in the interior.[36] Mabel was very specific that the main actor in the story, *Lkayakw* always "got in trouble". He is a boaster and a coward.

134 a. *Lkayakw* February 7, 1951, Teslin

His name is *Lkayakw*.

When his mother had babies, this man [her husband] was a bad fellow.

And he did not want the kids to eat his meat and stuff.

And he always killed it when there was a new child [born].

She [the mother] did not know what to do.

He had a big dog.[37]

The woman had something to do with it, and she had nothing but pups [born to her].

And that is how *Lkayakw* and his four brothers and one sister were born.

They all looked like dogs.

Then the husband used to go fishing.

And she dug a hole in the floor and kept them [the dog children] in there.

And she let them out when he was away.

She was real fond of them.

It looked funny all right—because they were part dog, they could do too much.

They barked and howled and took things down to eat.

He would come home and ask, "What made all that noise and mess here?"

She smoothed it out, "That big dog got loose again.

It bothered and ate up everything when I was down on the beach!"

He would believe her.

And finally, she didn't know what to do.

"I wish they'd turn into real humans!" she thought, because they were doing so much damage when she let them out.

Pretty soon, she used to go on the beach and let them out [while she was away on the beach].

They got scared of their mother all the time.

They used to tell *Lkayakw* to stand out and tell them if their mother was coming.

“No, she’s still down there!”

The woman made a bundle of clothes and put it on the beach.

They [the dog children] would take off their clothes and dance around the fire like children, and have fire dances.

This time she is going to catch them.

She sneaks around the back way.

They had a fire. And she sneaked down and ran in and threw their skins in the fire.

And they stayed human.

She burnt their dog skins.

And she told them, “I raised you boys up to get away from my husband, because he is always mean.

He killed all my other children off!”

He [the husband] had a long tail, and he was always mean.

He turned into an animal too when he got really mad.

This time, the children played and made damage around.

And he got wise to it.

And when he got home, he blamed his wife for it.

And they all jumped in a boat and took off away.

And he could swim.

And he was swimming after them.

They rowed and rowed and tried to get away.

They shoot at him with arrows and hit him all over.

And still he won’t die.

And *Lkayakw* asked his mother, “Did you ever know where his heart was?”

She said, “I’d hate to give that away!”

And she started to cry.

When she was through crying, “All right,” she said.

“Shoot him on the inside of his hand or the end of his tail.

That is where he keeps it when he gets hard pressed.”

When they hit him there, they got him.

And he floated up.

And this time they kept on going.

And they went all over the coast.

They left that place and took their mother and sister.

And the boys wanted to breed with their sister.

I don't like to tell you this, but they were part dog, and you know how dogs are.

And their mother didn't want that.

And she had an awful time.

Finally she got mad and said, "Can't you leave your sister alone when she is veiled up?"

The girl was *weteidee* [she had reached puberty and was wearing a menstruant's hood].

"Why don't you do something great for her instead?

Go get this *kax kendooa* skin and veil her up with it!"[38]

"Oh, that's mother! She's really calling us down! Let's go get it!"

So they went after it.

And they were going after it, and they found an old woman.

And she was magic.

She was like the old woman that Crow licked up.[39]

They hunted for her, and they found her.

There was a little smoke coming out of a little hay.

Lkayakw came along and kicked it.

And the door came open, and here she was inside!

Her name was "Little Old Woman Who Knows Everything" (*Tleewa tuwageegee*).[40]

They questioned her where this big animal was, so they could get the skin to veil their sister with.

So she laughs and she says, "How ever could you boys get the idea to do that?"

They coax her to tell them.

"First, that boat that you have is no good!

You won't be able to manage it in the big waves.

Go over to the beach, and you'll find my boat. I can lend that to you."

But in the first place, she made supper.

Lkayakw always got in trouble!

They had to travel a long ways to get that animal, and he made fun of the supper.

The old woman just got a high bush cranberry out of her tooth on one side.

And she put it in a basket.

From the other side, she took a salmon egg out, and a little piece of dried salmon.

And she put them in different cooking pots.

Lkayakw says, "How are we going to eat on such a little bit?"

The old lady got mad!

Pretty soon they were all filled up. The boys kept on eating.

Lkayakw filled up and lay down, he had eaten so much!

Then she told the boys to get her boat from down behind on the beach.

There was an old, old thing lying in the bush in a brush pile.

They picked it up and brought it over to the beach

"How do you expect us to get into a boat this way?"

The Old Lady Who Knows Everything laughed and went down and touched it.

And a big carved boat came out, with carved paddles!

"Now start out in this boat, and row around the point this way! And if you see some birds fly up, try to keep up with them!"

They saw some fish ducks.

And they went so fast that they beat the fish ducks!

They came back and told her, "Well, grandma, your boat is much better than ours!"

"Yes," she says. "You take that with you.

And on the way," she says, "you are going to find a point [of land] that is going up and down."

And she told them to have some *weteidee* (menstruant's) ashes.

And, she said, "You throw some of that on this point, and it will stop long enough for you to get around."[41]

They start.

So, and they come around [the point].

"And pretty soon then," she said, "before you come to this big animal, you'll see his hair".

And that's the seaweed and kelp.

"And you'll keep on pulling it into the boat until you see the animal. And then you are going to kill him!"

Lkayakw was always the first!

"I'm the bravest! I'm going to get that!"

They kept pulling, and pretty soon they see the animal.

It has big eyes.

And *Lkayakw* starts to run back in the boat to cache [hide] himself!

The next boy tried.

And the third boy threw ashes, and it [the big animal] stopped!

And they cut the head off and put it in the boat.

Then a big wind comes up.

And the boys skin it.

And when they get through, they throw the head over.

And there is a mountain!

It looks like a head.

You can see timber growing here [Mabel points to her eyebrows].

It is called *k'a k'indoo shah*, ("Head of the Monster Mountain").

So they got the skin to veil their sister up with.

And they kept agoing from there.

There was one Indian doctor in among these boys, not *Lkayakw*.

And they were going along, and it was winter time.

But they come to a big feather.

The oldest boy said, "Let's go 'round. Don't touch it! Maybe it's bad!"

Lkayakw said, "No, let's run across it!

What is going to happen from an old feather?"

He went across.

And a big wind came up.

And they all got frozen except the doctor.

And then he made such good medicine, he brought them all to life again—*Lkayakw's* mother and brothers and sister.

And they told *Lkayakw* not to do such a thing again.

They came to a river, and they met an old fellow fishing.

"Well, gee whiz! You've got a good hook there! How can you get it [one like it]?"

Lkayakw thought he would get it.

He puts a fish skin on his head, and he swims under [the water].

The old man pokes at him.

And *Lkayakw* had a knife.

And he cuts the deenáh (Tl., harpoon head) off and swims away.

The old man knows [what has happened].

And when the boys come close, he says "What's the matter with my hook?

It looks like it was cut off!"

All the boys were hiding in a big hollow tree.

He [the old man] just had one leg.

And he said "Ho! Ho! Hee! Hee! Hee!"

They called him "Footless"—*tle lakoshee*.

And he comes along, and he looks up in the tree.

"Give me my deenáh (Tl., harpoon head)! I want it!

I'm going to turn this tree into a rock.

You'll never get out!"

He coaxed *Lkayakw* to give it to him.

No, he kept it! He stayed a long time.

But finally he got hungry, and he gave it back.

I can't remember all. They killed some other dangerous [creatures] too.

But their sister was still veiled up.

And she can't look at anything.

They came to the Stikine River.

And his little dog stands on the head of *Lkayakw* [as he crosses the river].

And the women were left on the beach.

Just then, one of the boys slipped, and he started to float away.

And his mother says, “Your brother is floating away!”

And the girl looked.

And then they all turned into rock.

And the little rock on the beach behind is the sister.

134 b. *Lkayakw* February 19, 1951, Teslin

You are not supposed to tell the *Lkayakw* story in winter, because it makes cold weather.

And you are not supposed to play cat’s cradle in winter either.

On the way to the Little Old Woman’s it was fall.

And they [*Lkayakw* and his brothers] had put up a lot of food.

And they were so proud.

They said, “We wish we could invite someone to come to a potlatch!”

Lkayakw says it so much that an old skull rolled right in the door.

So they took it on, just like it was a visitor.

And they told it to come into the back [i.e., the place of honor].

He [the skull] sits on the bedding.

So they all start cooking for it. And it ate ‘til all the food was all gone.

And there was all the food gone.

And *Lkayakw* got mad and threw it [the skull] out.

And they got a big storm up after that.

And before they got to the Old Lady [Who Knows Everything], there was an animal called “*Lkakeendooa*”.

134 c. ***Lkayakw*** February 19, 1951, Teslin [42]

The old man just hunted once a year.

And he ate enough to do him all year until he hunted next fall.

His name was *Ta'teil tlut*.

The folks used to go in the mountains and put up their winter food.

He used to go along with the others, but he'd sleep all the time.

Every once in a while [when] they are up in the mountains, he asks one of the

women, "Let me have a look at your gopher."

He wants to look and see how prime they are getting.

At the time when they look good enough to him, he takes his bow and arrows and goes out hunting, out on the mountain side where there are a lot of bears.

He finds the bears and the cubs and kills them.

And he makes a big fire and burns the hair off and roasts them.

And then he takes one side of his roast and fills it with moss and berries.

And he has a big pan of birch bark.

And he lets the grease leak into it from the bear where he is roasting it.

When he is turning his roasts over, he jumps over the fire and asks,

"Who am I cooking for?"

Sometimes the men went to see what he is doing.

And they sneak up on him, and they answer him, "You are cooking for us!"

And then he empties his pan and packs up and goes.

And he gets so mad!

Then he has to hunt another one again.

And when he finds more, he does the same.

He roasts and he eats. He eats the whole thing.

And then he goes to bed for the rest of the year.

Anyway, they said too, that when his stomach was empty, he tied it in bundles!

Father used to say that when he was eating, he “cut the string.”

135. The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River

Mabel started this story almost immediately after we had added some changes to “The Beaver and the Porcupine”, which appears a few pages further on. My notes break off shortly after the beginning, but I neglected to write down why. On the morning of February 21, I asked her to continue the story of “The Two Boys”, which she did. However, I did not write down then the section of the tale about the porcupine dogs and the little old lady with them, nor did we manage to finish the story. We finally completed it on the afternoon of May 6, again at my request.

Mabel was the only narrator who included in the cycle the incident of the giant and the little boy and their contrasting oppositions. There is once more a strong emphasis on food and ways of cooking it.

135. The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River

February 19, 1951, February 21, 1951 and May 6, 1951, Teslin

There were two boys.

And they had a dog, and they went to sleep on the ice.

And the little dog lay down with them.

And when they woke up, they were floating.

And they didn’t know where they were.

The oldest boy thought that he would kill the dog and put the blood around the ice to hold it together.

[This is where we stopped on February 19. We began again on February 21, but at first I did not write down the section where the boys see a porcupine wearing a dog pack and

then meet a little old woman who says it is her dog that has been missing. They all go to the little old woman's camp.]

When they came to the camp, all of the people had little tiny mouths.

She [the little old lady] had too.

And the boys stayed there with the people.

And then they went out to play with one of the children.

And when they [the two boys] were eating meat, he [the boy from the camp] tried to eat some, but he couldn't eat it.

And then the boys opened his mouth.

He started to cry, but they gave him some meat.

So they all went home.

And the boy showed the people [his newly opened mouth].

The people went around telling about it to each other. [And then the boys opened their mouths too.]

And they gave the boys all sorts of good things.

They were glad because they had opened their mouths.

And then, when the women were getting sick, when they were pregnant,

they would cry. And these people used to operate on the mothers and take the

baby out that way.

One time when a woman was crying, the boys asked her what was the matter.

She told them. And they told her to wait.

So she waited and she had the baby [naturally].

Then they potlatched the boys for helping the people.

Finally those two boys asked the people which was the best way to go home.

And they told what happened to them on the way.

There was a little snow on the ground. And they tracked a porcupine up to where there was a den.

The oldest boy went inside…The boys were hungry.

The little boy stayed outside.

And a big man came.

He was a giant.

And he coaxed the little boy to come with him.

The little boy was scared, and he ran into the cave.

The giant told the boys that he needed them to help get his wife back. Another giant had taken her away.

He got mad [when the boys said they didn't want to come].

And he said that he would wish them bad luck, and that a big rock was going to come [and block the cave entrance], and they would never get out.

The youngest one said, "We'd better go! He's going to make bad luck for us!"

Finally, the oldest boy came out.

And the giant wished the little [youngest] boy bad luck. And he made him stay in the cave.

And lots of rocks fell down [over the opening]. And that little boy answering is the echo today.

His name is *Etus'um s'iyax*, "rock echo."

He is still in there today!

The giant coaxed the oldest one away.

And the boy went with him.

And on the way the giant said to the boy, "There's some moose tracks around here, grandson. You had better try to get them!"

The little boy said, "That's rabbit!"

"No, that's moose. Be quiet! Oh, I am going after it with my bow and arrow."

"That's a rabbit!"

The giant said to the little boy, "You stay here. Wait for the moose. I am going to run him down to you!"

The little boy waited on the rabbit trail quite a while.

Pretty soon he heard a pounding of sticks high up in the hills.

A rabbit came along, and the little boy shot him. Another one came, and he caught him too.

Pretty soon the old man himself came down.

"Huh! That's a big moose!"

The little boy said, "That's a rabbit, grandpa!"

The giant said, “I’m going to skin him now.”

“Oh, no! We don’t want to camp now! It’s too early!” The little boy picked up the two rabbits and put the heads in his belt.

And when they made camp, they roasted the rabbits.

The little boy gave a head to the giant.

He just ate the jaw and put the rest away! It was too much to eat.

The little boy ate quite a bit, and he put [the rest] away.

And the next morning, he ate the rest.

When the giant left the next day, he still had the rabbit.

The next day they saw moose tracks.

The giant said, “It’s a rabbit!”

The boy said, “I’m going to run it down!”

And the moose came close.

And the giant went “*T’ook*!”—and he snapped his fingers at the moose and killed it.

He killed two of them!

The little boy came down.

He went to the biggest moose, and he started to shovel snow with his snowshoes, so he could butcher it [in a place where the snow had been cleared off].

The old man laughed and put the two [moose] in his belt and started to walk ahead on his snowshoes.

When they made camp, the little boy ate part of the head.

He had meat for two or three days.

But the giant ate all his up.

The little boy stayed with the giant all winter.

And then, towards spring, the giant said that he was going to the other giant’s place, but that he would have to kill a beaver first for an axe.

They were going along to a place where he knew there were beavers.

And he came there.

And the giant sent the little boy to get a stick to poke a hole in the beaver house.

They call the stick *kudei ka* (spear head).

The boy brought one so big around [about 3 inches] and so long [4 feet].

The old man laughed, “Grandson, you must think we are going to play!”

The giant put on his snowshoes and took the biggest spruce tree he could find.

He broke off the limbs with his hands, and the roots.

Then he knocked the beaver house open.

And he took out the big ones and some little ones in their first year.

They took them to the camp.

The giant always told the boy to stay on the other side of the fire and not to sleep too close to him.

“In my sleep, my arm might crush you,” he said.

They made camp and they skinned the beaver.

They were so big that the little fellow couldn’t do anything that the old fellow did.

The giant told the boy to take the tails and throw them into the river.

The little boy wanted to eat them.

They napped in the afternoon, and before they slept he told the boy,

“Anything you see around me, tell it to come to me!”

The little boy sat by the fire.

And he saw a muskrat and told him, “Come to my grandpa! Come to my grandpa!”

The muskrat started to run across the giant’s face.

And the giant told him [the little boy] that it was a louse.

He picked him off with a finger and bit him and threw him away.

And he told the little boy, “That’s my flea [sic]!”

When the old man went to sleep, the little boy went down and fished out the beaver tail and started to roast it. The old man smelled it and wanted some.

He told the little boy to cut a long stick. “Put it on the end and put it in my mouth! I might swallow you if you use your hand!” he said.

“We’ll get all the beaver tails out and eat them. It’s real good!”

Then the giant was working and sharpening the [beaver] teeth. We use a file to do it. And he cleaned the tooth all off, and he told the little boy to lift the big tooth.

The little boy couldn’t lift it.

It was too heavy.

Then he told the little boy to lift the medium one. And he could just do it.

But he could lift the little one.

And he [the old man] tied a handle on it like an axe, and he sharpened it good, and he took it along. [Mabel stopped to say that in the old days beaver teeth were used as knives to make holes in snowshoe frames.]

And they went so far.

They came across a big lake across from the Three Aces [Dawson Peaks].

And the old man told the little boy to crawl up on him as the water was

rising.

And he climbed up on his shoulder and almost fell off when the giant said he stepped on a big whale fish.

Then in the winter they came to a high hill. And he told the little boy to climb up a high tree and to look on the lake where the other giant used to camp.

The little boy stood in the tree, and he said, "I see an island out there and a big stick. That's all."

Oh, that's him fishing out there!"

And the giant started to laugh.

He told the little boy to get down. And he said, "I'm going to go down the trail to his camp.

When you think that I am down there, you go to the end of the lake and you bark like a fox!

He is very scared of fox!"

It is bad luck—*ligaas*—to hear a fox bark near camp. He barks to tell you that bad luck is coming.

And the old giant got up from where he was fishing and went home to tell his wife. The little boy started back to his grandpa.

And just as he came off the lake, that giant got into a fight with the other giant.

The first giant killed the second one.

And then he went to the second giant's camp and found his wife.

She threw her breast right up over the giant's shoulder and held him down that way, weighted him down!

Then the giant told the little boy to climb up and cut them off.

And he did this and the giant's wife died.

[After telling this Mabel asked if I thought we should write it down. I said that I thought we should, that it is part of a good story.]

Then the giant went over to the baby's swing.

And there were twins there.

And he snapped his fingers at them twice and killed them.

The daughter was back in the camp. And she was *weteidi*—a menstruant. And the giant took her for his wife.

Then the giant told the little boy that he should go home.

But the boy didn't know which way to go.

The grandfather made a walking stick for the little boy to go home.

And he told him to pick up his walking stick whenever he made camp and to follow the course [that it pointed out] in the morning.

And he told the little boy to take the big dog with him.

And the dog was a grizzly bear.

And as soon as the little boy got away from the giant, the grizzly bear began

to growl.

And they didn't get along at all!

So the little boy took the grizzly bear back. And then the giant told him to take the black bear.

He said, "When you get out of meat, you can kill that dog, and you can dry the meat.

And that will get you home.

Keep one shoulder blade with the meat on it until the last.

On the way home, you are going to meet up with a big person!"

The boy had a bark boat. And [the big man who the boy met] said to the boat, "Tip over! Tip over! Tip over!" And the boy said, "Grandpa's here! Grandpa's here!"

That's what the giant told him to say.

So, when the boy did leave, he took that dog.

And he kept going.

And he put that walking stick down every time he camped.

He stuck the stick in the ground, and in the morning it would point ahead.

And he took the course that it pointed, and he followed it.

He kept following the stick, and he ate the bear meat.

And the giant had told him to save the shoulder blade.

He ate the meat off of it.

And the giant told him that when he had done it to put it under his pillow—in the morning there would be meat on it.

He ate it all day, and he did the same [put it under his pillow again].

At the last camp the little boy made, he put his walking stick down, and it pointed a little way back.

He had already passed the camp [of his parents].

He followed the stick not very far, and he got home to his father and mother.

That's the end.

136. The Sun's Daughter

After Mabel had finished telling "The Two Brothers Who Drifted Down River", she asked me what other stories I had heard and whether I knew the one about the sun's daughter. I said that I had heard part of it from Angela Sidney in Carcross, but that I would like to write down a full version.

Mabel's selection of the story is interesting, since the opening section where the gambler is challenged so closely parallels the mother's challenge to *Lkayakw* and his brothers (no**.** 134*)*. Here again we also meet the Little Old Lady whose presence is made known by the smoke which marks the transit of a human to the superhuman world. Here, too, is the ice—symbol of power from the non-human world, and the whetstone that anchors humans to immortality.

136. The Sun's Daughter May 6, 1951, Teslin

A man gambled all the time.

So he came home one day, and he had lost everything that he had.

His wife was crying and was real cross and told him, "Why don't you marry the sun's daughter?

And then you could have lots to gamble with!"

He was kind of down-hearted.

He kept walking along and wondering how to get along.

He was wondering, and then he saw a little smoke come out of the grass.

He kicked it over, and there was a big door.

And there was a big house.

And inside was a little old woman.

And her name was *Tleewa tuwageegee*, (Little Old Woman Who Knows Everything (Tl.)).

She looked up and asked the man, "What do you want to know? What can I do for you, grandchild?"

"I had trouble with my wife. She told me to go marry the sun's daughter!"

So The Little Old Woman got busy and told him to go get some birds.

The last one [he was to get] is fancy.

He was to get a camp robber, *kooyex* (Tl., Canada jay).

And a little mosquito hawk with yellow spots—the kind that eats blowflies, *jiwa' sasee*, (?).

[Here I fell behind in note taking, but the last bird must have been a humming bird, to judge from other versions of the story.]

And he took [her] the *kuyex doogoo* (Tl., camp robber skin) [as well as the skins of the other birds].

The Old Woman gave the skins to him.

And also a little chunk of ice.

And a little stone so big, yuyéinah (Tl., whetstone).

And eight arrows and a súks (Tl., bow).

And she says, "Take these with you, and when you need them, use them.

First you'll hear the noise of the girls laughing overhead, like they were up in the clouds.

You shoot your arrows up there and climb up!"

So he went along, and all of a sudden he heard nice laughing.

So he shot up his arrows and shot the arrows so that they all joined and he could climb up [to the sky].

He got up there, and he sees the girls.

And so he puts on the camp robber skin.

And then the girls were swinging in a big swing.

He flew right up to the swing and landed.

“En, en, en! Get away! That dirty bird!”

The girls were scared of it.

Then the man put on a real tiny skin, a fancy one.

And he flew and landed on the swing.

And the youngest girl caught it.

And she said, “Look! Look! I caught a little bird!”

So she took the bird [a humming bird].

And they took it home.

And they hid it from their folks.

They went to bed, and the girl had it in her clothes.

In the morning they woke up, and there was a man sleeping with them.

The old man [the girls’ father] was real cross about it.

For a test—to see if the man was a good man and could stand the same things the sun can—he took the man out with him.

It was hot.

But the man kept that little chunk of ice in his mouth.

In the rocky place, in the hard hot place, he put that stone in his mouth.

They came back.

And that old man, the sun, was tired.

But the young fellow was not.

“Well, you can have my daughter, but don’t ever look at or speak to your old wife and flirt behind my daughter’s back!”

So the man took his new wife, the sun’s daughter, home.

They stayed in the village.

And [before she left] the sun told his daughter to send her husband every morning to get water.

And he gave her a long feather.

The girl sent her husband down [for water] every morning.

And this time he went, and here his old wife was waiting for him.

She gets jealous.

And she starts to quarrel.

“You think that you really have got something now!

You’ve got the sun’s daughter, and you won’t even look at me!”

All the man said was “Leave me alone!”

The man took the water home and set it in front of his wife.

She always took the long feather and put it through the water like this.

This time it was all slimy!

And she packed up all her good belongings and went back to the sun and quit him [her husband]. She went back, all crying.

And she got to her father and mother.

And her father was very put out about it.

And he started to put on his hard words.

He was really going to do something.

So he asked his daughter when it was hottest when she was down on earth.

She said, “It was just when you had a few scattered clouds around you, Daddy. That’s when it was hottest!”

The sun went out [into the sky].

And the water started to boil, and everything on earth was burning up.

Even the people that the sun’s daughter had gone away from got cooked—the old wife—everybody but the husband.

He sat with frost coming out of his nose.

He had that ice and the whetstone in his mouth.

And he was the only one alive!

And he went back to the sun’s daughter.

He deserved that woman.

That’s the end.

137. The Beaver and the Porcupine

Mabel told this story to Dorothy Libby and me on the afternoon of our first visit to her. We had met her in the morning and she had invited us to come with her. In the house were three of her daughters, Lillyan, Olga and baby Ingrid, and a two year old son, Albert.

Mabel knew that we were interested in old traditions, and she volunteered this story. Although it is not absolutely clear from my notes, I believe that she gave us the title of the story, but she did not sing the songs that accompany it.

137. The Beaver and the Porcupine July 7, 1949, Teslin

It's a going-to-bed story, like what we tell the children when we put them to bed.

It's one our mother told us.

The beaver and the porcupine were partners.

They got into an argument one day.

The beaver said he wanted the winter months to be as many as the marks that were on his tail.

So the porcupine said, "No! You have too many marks! It will be too long. It's supposed to be four months!"

Porcupine said that it would be too many.

So they argued about that.

So the porcupine said, "All right, it's going to be four months!"

And he cut off one of his toe nails.

And now he has just got four toe nails.

So he won that.

And then the beaver was mad!

When they were first arguing, the porcupine said, "Look at my food on the mountain!

I have caches up there, but if winter were *that* long, there would not be food enough to last that long!"

Beaver was mad at him.

He took him across to an island and left him.

[Porcupine] stayed a long time and ate all the food that was there.

Soon he ate up all the spruce trees.

He wished and he wished that it would turn cold.

He wished for cold weather, so the lake would freeze up, and he could come across on it.

Cold weather finally came, and the lake froze up.

And porcupine came across the ice.

He hunted up his partner again and took him up a tree and left him there.

The beaver did not know what to do.

He stayed up there a long time, but he could not eat spruce.

He started to come down from there and he hit one of his toe nails. This is what makes them double-like.

That is why the porcupine has got four fingers and the beaver has a funny toe nail.

My mother told me this story when father was away from us on long evenings. I think this story belongs up here, not on the coast, because of the porcupine and the lakes and things like that.

138. Kuyeik and Her Spider Power (no record of date)

In my dad's time, when they saw the boat [the trading vessel that came to Teslin every summer], they would take [buy] everything in the boat [if they planned to give a potlatch], and there wouldn't be a thing in the store!

They put $2000 on the boat bow for the mother of *Dandatlatch*. Her name was *Kuyeik*.

She was a great medicine woman.

And she got her name from an old woman who told them there was going to be war.

She told them "Let's go back in the woods!"

And nobody listens, because she is so old.

She has a spider [as a spirit helper].

She told them, “We’ll all be killed, and they’ll take us as slaves!”

And sure enough, [Tahltan] warriors did come, and they took them as slaves.

She told her grandson when they got in the boat, “Put your back up close to mine!”

They [the Tahltan warriors] were singing victory songs.

And they told her to bail.

And they threw their gloves at her and told her to wring them out.

And she put them out over the boat, and she was wringing blood out of the gloves.

One young boy saw it and said, “Oh, look what she’s doing! She’s wringing blood out!”

As soon as he spotted it—he was a person in another boat—she started to lift up with this spider thread.

And she took the little boy with her.

And she got the name “*Kuyeik”*.

LILLYAN RUDOLF (USHER)

Lillyan was Mabel Johnson's oldest daughter still at home during my stays in Teslin. A very friendly and capable girl, she helped her mother greatly with daily chores and often looked after the younger children. She later married Len Usher, who ultimately became owner of the local McCleery Trading Post, or general store. Lillyan helped there and also cared for her family.

When I last saw Lillyan, on a short visit to Teslin in 1984, her kitchen was fragrant with the smell of newly baked bread, just as her mother's had been twenty-three years earlier. She was looking forward to the baptismal ceremony of her first grandchild. She and her husband showed me an album of photographs of a camping trip on the beautiful upper Liard River that they had taken the previous summer. Her mother had gone on the trip too, back to the country which she knew so well.

In 1951, Lillyan was finishing her last year at school. As one of her assignments, she wrote down a story about Crow that her mother had told her. The teacher, Mary Clancey, let me to make a copy of the story, and Lillyan's family has allowed me to publish it.

139. Old Crow Loses His Eye May, 1951, Teslin

Once upon a time there was a proud old crow that lived near the ocean. He was very hungry, and he wanted something to eat, so he went back in the woods to look for berries. He found some big blueberries, and he began to eat and eat.

Soon he got tired of eating just berries, and he wanted something else, some meat or fish or fat. So he went down to the beach and took out his eye and laid it on a rock and told it to watch for a boat. The old crow went back to eat more berries.

Soon the crow's eye began to holler. "A boat is coming! A boat is coming!", said the crow's eye. "A boat is coming!"

The old crow ran down to the beach and looked out on the ocean. All he saw was a drift log drifting down.

"Aw, what are you talking about?" said the old crow. "That is just an old drift log! Shame on you," he said. "Never try to fool me again!"

So the crow went back in the woods to eat some more berries.

It was not long before the eye began to yell again, “Boat coming! Boat coming!”

The old crow went down to the beach and looked out just as before.

“You bad eye,” he said. “You fooled me again!” said the old crow. And he picked up the eye and bounced it and gave it a good licking. He went back into the woods.

Not long after, the eye began to yell, “Boat coming!”

It was true. A big boat really was coming, and the people in the boat heard the eye yelling and came to where all the yelling was coming from.

All they found was the eye lying on the rock, and they thought that they found something magic. The old crow never paid any attention, as he was so mad.

The eye kept hollering, and a man came and took the eye in a bag of feathers, and away they went in a big boat.

The old crow heard the eye saying, “The boat has landed and the people are taking me away. Help! Help!”

The old crow heard the eye saying “Help! Help!” and ran down to the beach and looked on the rock. And the eye was gone, and the boat was going around the bend, and the crow could hardly hear the eye hollering.

The crow sat down and cried and cried.

Soon he got up and started to walk along the long beach until he reached the people’s camp. So he went into their camp and went and sat down beside a camp fire and asked an old lady if she had heard of the great eye.

“Yes, yes,” she said. “Those people in that camp over there, they are well off.” And she pointed to a tent.

The old crow walked over and asked a man.

“Sure, sure,” said the man. And he took a bag of feathers down and showed the crow the eye.

The old crow took the eye and stuck it in the right place and flew up the hole where the smoke comes through.

There were some strings where they hang the clothes, and he got tangled up in them and got smoked up. That is why every crow is this day, black.

ANDY SMITH

Andy Smith and his daughter Doris came to my cabin one evening about 7:15 and stayed until 10:30. We talked about as number of topics and I made notes. But when he told me about his memories of the Nistulin River, he spoke slowly and the only written part here is verbatim, read it back to him while we were having tea. Andy had been keeping diary of his hunting activity for about five years. His comment that "I am a man that doesn't trap by pencil" and the contrast he makes with those (white) trappers who "mark down grounds [even though] they've never even been in there" convey the importance of movement through the land expressed in so many of these stories.

140. History of the Nisutlin River April 14, 1951, Teslin

All they used to like is happy life.

I notice a lot of guys never even been in the country, yet they own the grounds and they claim a lot of it.

Seems like just to make trouble with one another.

Never even cut trail, never even go to see what the country is like.

All this country around the Nisutlin to the mouth, I know the names on the creeks by white and by Indian [names], the way my uncles used to call them.

[I know] every one, because my grandfather told me.

I have been travelling on it from the head to the mouth and I am a man that doesn't trap by pencil.

I go in the country and camp out in brush camps or tents or cabins.

Some feels that it's pretty hard.

But I notice that some people, like these trappers, they mark down grounds [even though] they've never even been in there—just to hold the country and make trouble for the rest.

We need to stay sometimes at Eagle Bay, sometimes at *Saukayi* and sometimes at *Agw^{u} k'À'*. That's the open mouth of the river—this point at McCleery's.

This was for the spring fishing, there were no stores.

This was just wild country.

The first white men here were Charlie Cole, Sandy Brown, Jim Thompson, Charlie Kraft and Angus Ross.

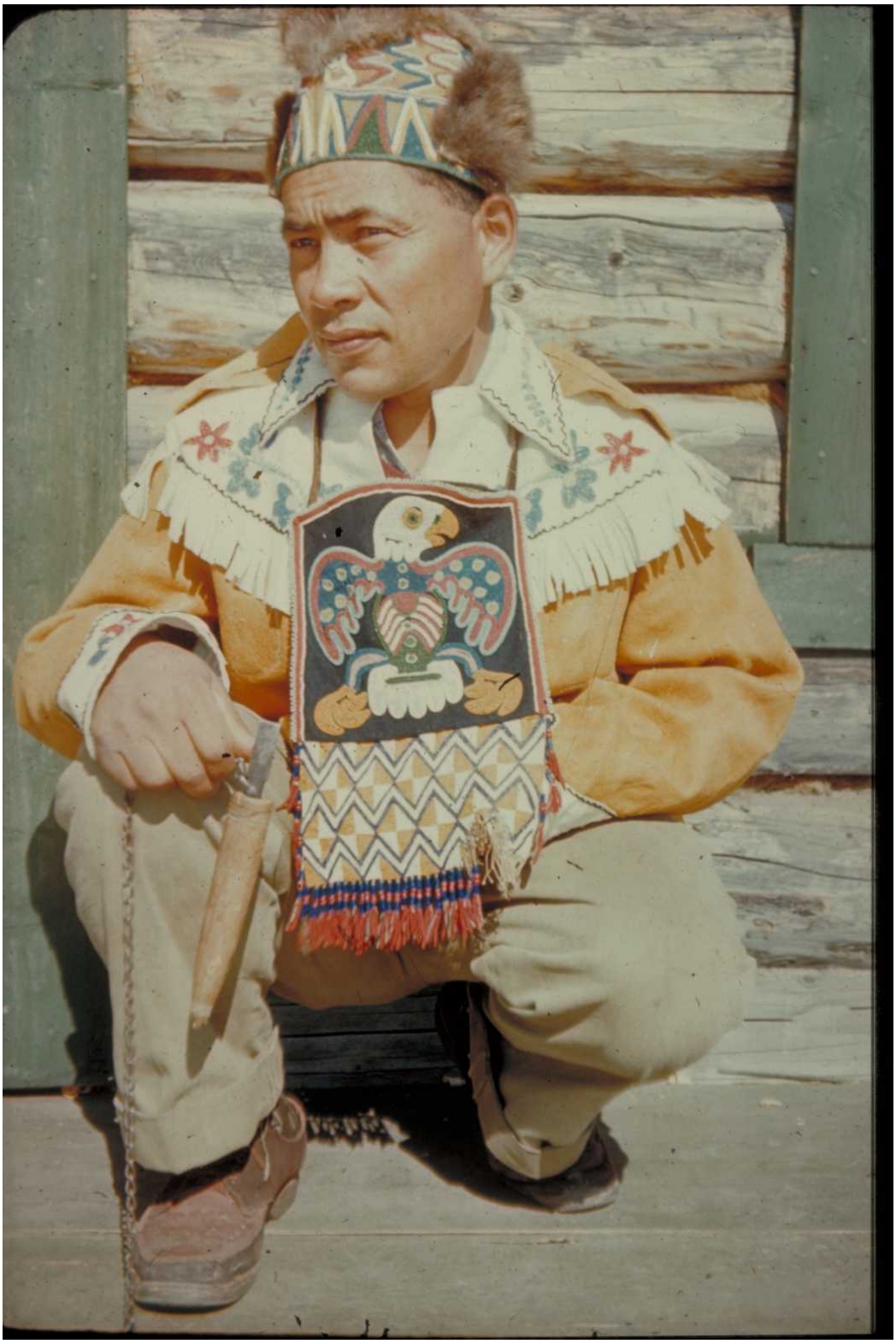


Figure 19. Andy Smith wearing beaded eagle crest. Teslin, Yukon Territory, 1949.
Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization, S71-954.

They were prospectors and trappers.

They named Dr. Ben “doctor”, because he really cured people.

FRANK JOHNSTON

Frank Johnston was the eldest and highest ranking male of the New Yanyeidí clan,[43] in the Wolf moiety and a respected elder when I first arrived in Teslin. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, he and his younger half-brother George lived with Frank's wife in one of the larger houses in the village, close to other New Yanyeidí homes. As young men, both had visited the coast and had gone to potlatches there. They also engaged in trade with Coastal Tlingit and ran a small store themselves in Teslin. When I returned to Teslin in 1951, they had replaced their older store with a new white clapboard one opposite their home.

During my longest winter stay at Teslin, I had relatively little contact with the Johnstons, for they were on their trapline on the Morley River and at Morley Bay for most of the winter and spring. Frank knew a great many old stories and was very well versed in clan histories, but I had no chance to get to know him well. I think he would have liked to instruct me in some detail when he discovered that I was serious about learning these histories and that I had spent the summer at Angoon. When the family came in for a brief period from the trapline, he visited me in my cabin, arriving late in the afternoon and staying for about four hours. He brought with him a flour sack of stone artifacts to show me, and also a photograph of Animal Mother's nest which he later gave me.

Frank really wanted to start the afternoon by telling me the story of *S'eenatla* [Animal Mother], but unfortunately I kept asking him about clan histories instead. I shall always regret not hearing Frank's version of Animal Mother!

Frank did give me the term for Animal Mother's nest in both Tlingit and "Liard way" [Kaska], so that I could properly identify the photograph he had brought. Frank assumed that I could understand far more Tlingit than I did, and he always talked very rapidly in both English and Tlingit. If he used a Tlingit phrase, he rarely paused to translate. The stories are consequently less detailed than if he had been able to tell them in Tlingit.

141. The Flood

During my short return visit to Teslin in the summer of 1951 I went to visit Frank and his wife at their house in the afternoon. After we had discussed Yanyeidí clan history, Frank told this brief story of the flood. More than any other Inland Tlingit narrator, Frank included songs as part of his storytelling performances. In telling his version of the story, Frank, like Jake Jackson, wanted to validate the Inland Tlingit claims to their lands from time immemorial.

141. The Flood August 9, 1951, Teslin

We are born in this country—our forefathers.

We don't know the other end.

All over the mountains, it sinks down, but just on one, *Tleinax*.

Figure 20. Frank Johnston. Teslin, Yukon Territory 1951. Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization, S71-949.

T'awei [Dawson peaks], just the part [was covered with water].

People think we come [in this country] just when the white folks come, but we are here from the beginning.

One íxt' [Tl., doctor], when there is going to be a flood, he says there is going to be one.

"[There's] going to be *k'ees*' (Tl., high tide)!"

And that time he says, "You make a raft.

And have a door.

And put like a fence around it.

And have an anchor, a rock!"

So they do it.

And when the high tide comes, all that raft [is what saves the people].

And it's flooded forty-two days when the high tide is on.

142. Brief Clan Stories

Just before Frank told this first story, I asked him the name of a mountain near Tenakee, Alaska, since a few days earlier I had shown slides of Frederica de Laguna's summer's work at Angoon in which I had participated. This particular account refers to one of the slides that I showed of Gaanax Sháa Nòow (Tl., Gaanax.ádi Ladies Fort) at Angoon, Alaska. The name of the mountain is *Taal Ganaxwku* Sháa. This led us into a series of briefly told clan histories, beginning with a Gaanax.ádi story and continuing in the order that follows below.

Right after Frank had told the first story, I mentioned that there was a carved stone bear at Angoon, so Frank began a second, about Kaagwaantaan. Sheiks was the great Kaagwaantaan head man at Wrangell.

He gave a third account, this time of Yanyeidí history, when I visited him at home the morning of April 11, 1951. George Johnston, his half-brother, was also there as was Mary Johnson, Frank's wife. George's daughter, Polly, was in the kitchen or bedroom most of the time. The two men did not talk to each other directly, although both talked to me, sometimes interrupting each other. Mary sewed moccasins steadily during my rather long visit. Frank told this history after he had been explaining about snares and fish traps. I may have asked him a question about the clan histories he had been telling me the day before. This Yanyeidí story should be compared with that told by Elizabeth Neiman to Jeff Leer in their volume *Gágiwdul.àt: Brought Forth to Reconfirm.*[44]

142 a. A Gaanax.ádi Story April 10, 1951, Teslin

One man, his name *kas'ukw*, [and] his brothers, eight brothers—all [were] married.

So all this eight brothers went up to the mouth of the Taku River and never been back.[45]

It gets late, gets late, don't see anything, not anything.

And all their wives, eight ladies— Gaanax Sháa, maybe four, L'uknax.ádi, about four.

Well, [the husbands were] gone.

And then that lady says, "I don't want to live, myself! I want to die too!"

And they went all in that place, Gaanax Sháa Nòow, (Tl., Gaanax.ádi Ladies Fort).

They slept right on top.

And they packed rocks on top.

And they sleep and they fall right in the water.

Those four L'uknax.ádi about died right there.

As soon as one throws rocks in the water, they float up.

That's why they call it Gaanax Sháa nóow.

142 b. A Kaagwaantaan Story April 10, 1951, Teslin

Sheiks—he's the one has a bear on his tomb.

This nation [clan] of Sheiks was Kaagwaantaan.

It used to be a war on xóots (Tl., grizzly bear).

It (xóots) starts the war on them, right at the beginning [at] one of these camps for fishing.

When they dry fish, that xóots comes right up on top of the roof and grabs all the halibut off it.

One of the old ladies comes. *"Dau'*, she says. [Frank continued in Tlingit which I recorded too poorly to try to translate.]

And she had a little club,

And she hit it right on the grizzly's fist.

He dropped all the halibuts.

And down he does and goes away.

As soon as daylight opens, that xóots, he'll come up!

He'll just crush down those *tcash* hít (Tl., brush house).

[If] somebody comes up, he just grabs his head.

He'll kill lots of them!

And they know which place he has a den.

The Kaagwaantaan did it.

The chief says, "Better make war open it!"

They try to kill that grizzly.

The bear stays up all winter—never goes in his den.

That grizzly, they call it "*'Ankaan daxani xóots*"—(Tl. "let's make war grizzly bear").

They do it too.

Lots of those people stand up.

And they have their spears ready anytime—long ones.

And it's [called] tsagúl' (Tl., spear).

It's about three feet long.

And they use it for a spear and tie a handle on.

Long ago, they just stick arrows in the caribou.

The Kaagwaantaan try to kill the xóots (Tl., grizzly bear).

But they can't.

They hit [him] under the arm, but they can't kill him.

And one man—good education—he stays in the mouth of the Taku River.

And they make it just like *kowukan* (Tl., deer hostage).

And the *kowakan* [they] take him in that place.[46]

And he says, "Make a good, strong, heavy moose skin blanket.

And sew good strong strings right here."

They have a belt on him.

And they don't make the spear handle too long—just one or two yards, not quite [two yards].

They take him in that place.

And they say [he] stands up, just like this door.

And they call him, [that] xóots (Tl., grizzly bear).

It's ready for him.

As soon as he comes out, he [literally "they"] points it.

That's the man down there at the end.

That man sits down on the ground with the spear.

And he yells "*Xox*!"

And he moves the spear.

And he hits right there in the throat.

And he puts the [end of] the spear handle on the hide.

And he says, "*Xa! Xa!* Why don't you do this way?"

After, he kills him.

The Kaagwaantaan skin the bear.

All the ribs were just like a table—all solid, so the spear can't go through.

And then they dry that grizzly bear hide, the whole thing.

And they put a head on it.

So the Kaagwaantaan use it.

[A man] gets inside [and wears the skin on ceremonial occasions].

In 1898, I come up here and Jack Morris stays in Juneau.

And they make a big party in Sitka.

And my brother saw that old grizzly bear skin.

[Frank explained the next day that the man who actually killed the bear was Dakl'aweidí hired by the Kaagwaantaan, and that his name was *x'eit.*]

142 c. A Yanyeidí Clan Story April 11, 1951, Teslin

Down Alaska people, one [woman] of our nation, married a Kaach.ádi in Telegraph Creek.

That man's name was *Nex'w*. He's Kaach.ádi [clan].

And then she bore two girls. They had two girls.

When they are growing of an age to marry, one married [a person of] this place people.

One married here.

One Yanyeidí girl married here.

And one married down in Alaska again.

And I am one [from the girl] who married here.

We are all raised in this country here.

That's why we [the Yanyeidí] are not just one [group]

And then one of our [Yanyeidí] nation was married from here to Liard, another girl from this place, of the Yanyeidí nation.

MARY and FRANK SIDNEY

Mary and Frank Sidney were an elderly couple living in a small house by Teslin Lake's edge near several of their married children. Their youngest son, Frank, still lived with them. I did not visit them very often, but always enjoyed my visits. By the time I saw Frank for the last time, he had become the head man of the Old Yenyeidí clan members at Teslin. His wife, Mary, was a Deisheetaan woman. She was an excellent singer and storyteller, doubtless very well versed in clan traditions, as was her daughter, Daisy, whom I knew better.

Frank often translated Mary's stories to English.

143. The Man Who Trained a Wolf to Hunt

Mary told this story in Tlingit and her husband Frank translated the story, but there are some gaps. Mary later identified the man who raised the wolf as an "uncle of Joe Skwaan", saying that Joe referred to his "uncle's wolf" in a potlatch speech.

The story seems primarily to underscore the rules for treating one's spirit helper properly. The man in this story treats his brother-in-law as he should, albeit with some reluctance, but the brother-in-law spoils things by not behaving properly to the Wolf helper. The tale also seems to suggest that a man should not hunt alone, as the old man did after receiving the eagle quill. It is better to hunt with one's partner—usually one's brother-in-law. Here is another tale in which a human pays a visit to the animal world—again a den dweller.

143. Man Who Trained a Wolf to Hunt April 19, 1951, Teslin

This man that captured the wolf was from the Crow tribe [moiety].

And he was walking around, and he saw this bunch of young wolves.

And he thought about how he would capture one, and so he did.

And he looked after it and taught the little wolf what to do.

And he talked to it like a person.

In a short time the wolf started to learn, and it didn't take much time till he started to learn.

And then, he was soon full gown.

And then when he went out hunting, the man took him along as usual.

By this time the man was getting old.

He came to a bunch of sheep. He spotted them.

He talked to the wolf,

"There it is, over there. There is sheep.

That's what I raised you for, to help me get my meat.

Now it's over there," he said, "Look!"

The wolf looked and spotted the sheep.

And this man told that wolf to go after them.

The wolf went up the mountain. He did as the old man told him.

He killed the first sheep.

It slid down the mountain.[47]

Pretty soon the whole bunch came down.

And after he killed all those sheep, the man dressed them.

And he took all his arrows from his quiver, his *choogwel.*

And he spread them out and put fat on them.

And he fed that wolf good!

And they went back.

And the people were wondering how that man got those sheep so easily in his old age.

So this time his brother-in-law came to visit, to borrow the wolf.

"I don't lend that wolf to anybody, because I treat that wolf as good as my son."

And finally he gave up, and he lent that wolf away.

And he showed his brother-in-law how to treat that wolf.

And he told him what to do after the wolf killed the game and how he fed the wolf before he came home.

So this man [the brother-in-law] took the wolf out.

And he spotted the sheep.

And he told the wolf he wanted those sheep.

The man watched the wolf going up.

After the first one came, he started to work to dress it.

And the wolf got the whole herd.

The man was dressing the sheep.

And he took out the liver, and he threw it to the wolf.

And he said, “Here! This is the kind of grub a dog like you eats!”

And he threw it right on to the wolf’s face.

And the wolf didn’t eat it.

But he wiped the blood out of his face.

Going home, the man stooped down to take a drink.

He was thirsty.

He noticed the wolf was close behind him.

The wolf jumped on him and killed him.

Then the wolf went home alone.

Pretty soon, at the camp, the people saw the wolf coming.

The man who owned the wolf got up and tried to call the wolf in.

He wouldn’t come. He stayed around the camp wild.

The wolf started out into the country.

He was no more a tame wolf. He got wild.

He kept on agoing.

The owner man was right behind him.

Sometimes he came right close.

He just kept an eye on him.

As soon as he entered the den, he was hypnotized, I think.

And he was like in a big house.

And there he saw a man and a woman.

And they asked the man, “What have you come for?”

He said, “I followed my son!”

“No”, they said, “He’s our son!”

So the man told them.

He said “That’s my son, and that’s who I’m living on.

He had to kill my sheep and my caribou for me!”

So he kept talking to them and trying to make them believe that he was the true father.

So this man [in the den] told him, he said, “We’re going to give you another thing for him!”

So that man called for a sack that was hanging on the wall.

And out of the bag he took the quill of an eagle.

He said, “Here, take this one instead!”

And then that other man [the den dweller] asked the owner man, “Open your mouth!”

And so he did.

And this man took the quill and moved it around in the man’s mouth this way, sun way.

And he took the slime out.

And then he gave it [the quill] to him.

And he said, “When you see game, you are going to put the point of the quill in your mouth like this.

And when you see game, move it around with the sun, and it will disappear!”

So the man took it [the quill].

And he was going home, still crying for the wolf.

Soon he came near to his camp where he had come from.

And he saw a bunch of caribou.

Then he tried the quill, and it worked.

After he came to where the bunch of caribou was killed, on the last one that the feather had killed, it was lying right on top of the caribou.

And he came home.

And by that time his brother-in-law was already buried.

So the man went hunting again.

And he got a bunch of sheep.

The people of the tribe were surprised.

And they wondered how he was getting his sheep in his old age.

So every time when he was coming home, he hid the quill away. But by this time the people were catching on how he was doing it.

So they kept an eye on him.

And they saw where he cached the quill in a tree.

So he went out again.

And he took no notice of it, that somebody was at it.

He spotted a bunch of sheep.

He did as he was told, and he put the quill in his mouth.

And he tried to send it.

But the thing would not work.

The man tried, and he couldn't make it work any more.

And so he went out in the world.

And nobody saw him any more, or knew where he went or where he died.

It was in Yukon where it started.

It's a Tlingit story, not a *Goonanaa* [Athapaskan].

144. A Man-Eater Story

Mary also told this story during my afternoon visit. Again she told it in Tlingit and her husband, Frank, translated. Frank was considerably more embarrassed in trying to translate this tale than any of the others. At several points he tells me that the text was "too hard to explain" and he also says that he "never swears in front of a lady". This version is—not surprisingly—very close to the same story told me by Mary's daughter, Daisy Sheldon (no. 148). (See also Watson Smarch, no. 145 and Jimmy Scotty James, no. 95)

The audience hearing this story knows, as soon as it hears that the mink has been letting the baby suck its tongue, that the baby will have great powers, for the traditional way in which a shaman gains power is through the animal spirit helper's tongue. It is no surprise that he, like Crow, grows up so rapidly. What is more puzzling is that he does not survive.

144. A Man-Eater Story April 19, 1951, Teslin

There was a woman and her husband.

And they were out hunting or trapping.

And this woman was just about to have a baby.

There was lots of snow on the ground, so when the time came for the baby to come, the husband put up a little camp a little ways off from his camp.

And the woman had the baby.

The second night afterwards, this man-eater, this *kosuxa xaka* (Tl., man-eater) came along.

And he broke through the woman's camp and snared that woman.

And he dragged her out through the wall.

He kept adragging her for miles.

And then he came to where he was going to settle his camp for the night.

And he started to cut wood.

And every time that he was going to pack wood, he would bring a roasting stick along.

And he named just what part of the woman's body was going to go on each stick.

So her husband woke up at night, and he heard the baby crying.

And he called to his wife, but there was no answer.

He called again several times.

This time he got up and looked.

And he saw that baby was just lying in the camp uncovered.

So he knew right away what had happened.

He took the baby and put clothes on it and put it in a cradle.

And off he went after the man-eater.

So he followed that man-eater up as fast as he could go.

He had gone so far, and then he heard chopping.

So he speeded up.

He didn't want any knife cuts around the body of his wife!

Soon the man-eater settled the camp.

By this time the man [husband] was right across the fire ready to fire his first arrow.

The man-eater tore the clothes off the woman and was ready to butcher her.

So the man shot the first arrow.

And he hit the man-eater on the left side.

The man-eater had no feeling, and he thought it was the fire burning him.

He turned around.

Then the man hit him again, on the right side.

And that just finished the man-eater!

He fell just along side the fire.

So the man burned [cremated] his wife's body there.

And then he went back to his own camp.

By this time it was daybreak.

When he came home, he saw a mink in the baby's cradle.

And the man hollered.

And he said, "My son, what is going to happen next!"

Then the little mink looked at him and turned around and said, "No Grandpa, I was just giving him a suck with my tongue!"

So the man went back to the bunch of people.

And he packed his little boy around to the people who were giving suck to their children. [The nursing women in the village fed the baby].

Then once, late in the evening, a young girl came in to where the boy was.

And she said, "His dad wants him now. He is going to bed."

So they gave the girl the baby to pack home to his dad.

But he had never come home yet.

When he did [not come], he started to look for his boy.

And they told him that somebody had already packed the boy home.

The man looked through all those camps.

He didn't find the boy that night.

That man had hardly any sleep that night.

In the morning he made a circle around the camp to see if he could find any fresh snowshoe tracks.

He didn't find any.

But he saw the fresh tracks of one wolverine going out from the center of the camp.

And he followed them.

He went so far, and there by a stump he found some baby moss [used for diapers].

And from there, he speeded up!

He went so far again, and there he found the first camp.

There too he found another piece of baby moss.

Next—at the third camp—he found a bunch of shavings.

And he saw this little boy was walking alongside this wolverine on a small pair of snowshoes.

And at the fourth camp, he was a full grown person, walking around with a big pair of snowshoes.

And the wolverine made the boy a big bow and arrows.

And when the wolverine was making the arrows, he talked to them, telling them not to miss,

"You've got to be a sure shot and kill for sure!"

So at the fourth camp, the boy's dad started to catch up with his son.

He never ate anything at all since he left his own camp

As soon as he heard the bow string striking [when the boy was out hunting], he came to this boy.

And he introduced himself to his own son who'd been lost only four days ago!

He said, "I am your father!

Something has killed your mother.

I am here starving behind you!"

The boy believed this, and he gave him two grouse out of his packsack.

And he followed the wolverine to the camp.

In the evening that man came along, and he shot that wolverine. As soon as he shot, the boy jumped over the fire towards his dad.

The wolverine made a quick move to grab the boy.

But he wasn't fast enough.

So the wolverine jumped up the tree, and he said, "I was wolverine, so I'll be wolverine again!"

So they started back, the man and the boy, to the village where they came from.

They stayed in with the bunch of people for a while.

Afterwards, they went out alone again.

And it was pretty late in winter.

And this little boy wanted to hunt porcupine, but his dad didn't allow him to.

So day after day he would ask his dad for a hunt.

So finally he said, "You can go!"

And the man said, "It's a female porcupine that drags her tail.

And it's a male that lifts his tail when he's walking, so that he leaves no mark in the snow."

And he warned the boy not to go after where there was a man-eater's track.

So the boy set off the next day.

He found a porcupine track, and he went right across it.

Then he came to where there was a [porcupine's] track.

And another one again.

And he went right across it.

Then he came to where there was a man-eater's track.

And he followed that!

Soon he caught up with a man-eater.

And he started to play with it.

Two or three times he pulled on the toboggan that the man-eater was pulling.

And pretty soon the man-eater spotted him.

He asked the boy what he was doing there.

And then the boy started to go ahead with the giant.

The giant said, “When you get cold, you tell me!”

So the boy said, “O.K., grandpa, I will!”

So they walked a little ways on.

And then the boy said, “Grandpa, I’m cold!”

And he turned around to him, and the man-eater started to warm him up.

Then the man-eater started to pull...[the sentence was never finished] [48]

And so the cannibal killed the boy and put him on his toboggan.

And then he pulled him to the nearest man-eater village.

And just outside the village, there were two old man-eater women living together.

And the father caught up to where the man-eater had killed his son.

And he followed that man-eater there to the camp.

He came to those two old women and asked if they had seen his son lately.

They said, “No, but he gave us two legs of a person which we didn’t touch, but we cooked them.”

The two legs were lying besides the fire cooking.

So then the man asked those two old women, he said,

“Grandma, where do the people hang their war weapons?”

And those two women pointed up towards the mountain.

“Up there on a tree!” they said.

So the man looked.

And he saw a tree full of knives and flint.

And he went up there.

And he threw all those flints into the snow.

Then he went back.

And he made a circle around the camp so the man-eaters would get his scent going by.

Sure enough!

They got his wind and they shouted, “Fresh meat has come into the camp!”

So the man started climbing the mountain to the timber line.

And he got an old stump.

And he packed it across the mountain to the other side.

Then he threw this stump down in the roughest place he could find.

Then he got down to the bottom quickly by another way.

And he made a little fire by the stump that he threw down.

The first man-eater came out and asked, “Which way did you come down, my grandson?”

The man said, “Straight down the mountain!”

And the man-eater quickly threw his walking stick down the slide. And he got half way down.

And he got wrecked and killed.

The whole bunch of man-eaters came out.

And they all kept sliding down!

And they were all killed!

The man started back home.

And he was just going down the timber line on the other side when he met the two old women whom he had first met at the camp.

And he told them, “Grandma, I killed lots of meat for you!”

And so the man went by.

And pretty late in the spring time he made a trip there again where he had killed off those people.

And he found those two old women that were talking together.

And he listened.

They said, “We want fresh meat, auntie, and that man’s going to come around again for sure.

Now, as soon as he comes in, you throw yourself back, and I’m going to kill him with a club!”

And so this man stepped into the brush camp.

He looked all through the camp.

And he found lots of dried meat and grease made out of dead bodies.

He killed those two ladies.

And he went back home.

WATSON SMARCH

Watson Smarch was a member of the Deisheetaan clan and a younger brother of Jack Smarch with whom he often lived and whose wife and children he looked after when Jack was on the trap line. After the death of Tommy Peters, Jack became the *lingit tlen* (Tl.) or senior man of the clan. Following Jack's death, Watson became the head man and the steward of the double-limbed beaver shirt.

Watson was a skilled hunter and trapper and had considerable experience guiding big game hunters. In the winter of 1950-51 he was teaching his nephew, Harold Sidney, how to run a trapline which they shared in the Flat Creek area across the lake from Teslin village. At the suggestion of several people, he also took me out on the trapline for about a week in the spring, so I could learn something about what is involved in trapping. I remember clearly when we encountered a band of wolves killing a moose. They had killed a moose and after we brought some of the meat back, the wolves came later that night to our tent to try to retrieve it.

The two stories Watson tells are fragments of longer tales and are included because they refer to longer versions told by other narrators.

145. A Man-Eater Story

During our trapping trip, Watson summarized several stories for me, but I could not easily write them down. He hoped that his mother, Mary Sidney would some day be able to tell me the full versions. Indeed, a few weeks later she did tell me a Man-eater story, which her husband Frank translated into English (no. 144). Mary did not include the incident about the man putting a moose bladder on his head, nor did she sing the song of which Watson spoke. Perhaps Frank did not think the bladder incident suitable for translation.

145. A Man-Eater Story April 1, 1951, Flat Creek

There is a good story about the man who killed the cannibals [i.e., man-eaters]. And he came back later, and he killed the old ladies, because they were planning to kill him when he came back.

And there is a cannibal song. Edgar (Sidney), or Jake (Jackson), or aunty Maggie (Sidney) know it. It's real good.

They call a cannibal *k U' sAq a qa*.[49]

...No, I never heard of eating the fat or something of a man who was killed.

Toward the end of the story, the man lost his son. He chops his head open. The man puts a moose bladder on his head and stands still on the ridge. Finally he hears the cannibal coming.

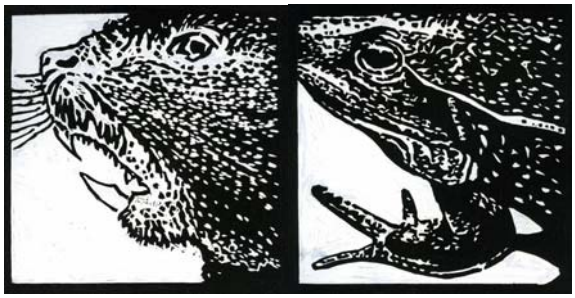
Figure 21. Watson Smarch holding wolverine at base camp, Flint Creek, Yukon Territory, 1951.

He is coming and talking to himself, “What is it?”

The fellow wouldn’t move. The cannibal takes a stone axe and pretends to chop it…

146. Two Indian Doctors

Watson volunteered this story immediately after we had recorded Tlingit terms for male and female beavers of various ages. After he had given the term for “beaver stomach skin” (Tl., s’ugeidée *gai*), Watson volunteered that the beaver has no fat on its back. He then went on with this explanatory story.



146. Two Indian Doctors May 15, 1951, Teslin

And there was an Indian doctor, a little fellow, just about as big as Carl [Watson’s four year old nephew, son of his brother Jack]. There was just one.

His name was *Es’tsu sAni sa* —that means “my grandfather” in Stick Indian [probably Kaska in this case].

His uncle used to kill all the beaver.

And the beaver used to have fat all over them.

And the little fellow rubbed his hands all over the beavers and took the fat off.

He sat up towards the fire, and he cooked the fat under his finger nails.

And finally his mother caught him at it and told him to stop.

But he never got the fat off the belly.

He got to be a big Indian doctor

And he doctored with another big person beside him.

He played with that man’s outfit.

That man was big.

When he [the big man] set his nets under the ice.

Every time the little Indian doctor pushed the stick under the water.[50]

Then this other big Indian doctor found that someone was playing with the net sticks.

He asked the little fellow, “What are you doing?”

That other big Indian doctor was called “Biggest”, *DikuEsta* (?).

Es’tsu sAni sa said, “I never bother the net sticks”.

But he bothered the net sticks [really] so many times, that this man figured he was going to kill him with his doctor [power].

When he [*Est’tsu sAni sa*] came there, this man started to doctor.

Est’tsu sAni sa coughed, and he took out something for this man to swallow.

It was a water bug.

DikuEsta was the biggest [doctor] in the world.

But this little fellow killed him.

He coughed, and he coughed out a frog.

And he told *DikuEsta* to swallow it.

And five minutes later, the frog turned around in his stomach.

And he grew and grew and grew until he killed him.

DAISY SHELDON

Daisy Sheldon is a daughter of Mary and Frank Sidney and a sister of the Smarch brothers, Jack and Watson, hence a member of the Deisheetaan clan. She married Geoff Sheldon, the son of Johnny Joe. Pansy Bailey and Daisy were close friends and often came together to visit me. Daisy had a number of children and was very skilled in the ways of living off the land. She had a beautiful smile and was good company, always willing to tell one or another of the many stories she knew.

147. Beaver Man (Smart Man)

Daisy visited my cabin in the evening when the trader's wife, Mrs. McCleery, was also there. After we had all had tea and Mrs. McCleery had gone home, I asked about Beaver Man, since Daisy had earlier told me that the story was a very good one.

When she had finished her narration, I asked Daisy which of her stories her children liked best. She said that would be the *Lkayakw* story, and she asked if I had ever seen his tracks in the sky [the milky way]. I said that I had. She then went on to say that her son Steven, liked Smart Man—Beaver Man—best, not *Lkayakw*.

In this story the youngest brother is the smartest of a set of brothers rather than the most foolhardy as in some other versions. The story also clearly shows how the wife communicates between father and son-in-law who never have direct speech with each other. The male hero of the tale accomplishes his aims both with superhuman help and through his own cleverness. Thus a mouse "grandpa" enables him to get the buffalo sinew, but he is able to figure out on his own a strategy to outwit the frog keeper of the "greenstone" or flint (Tl., ín).

Figure 22. Daisy Sheldon with her baby in a netted hammock. Teslin, Yukon Territory, 1951.

147. Beaver Man (Smart Man) February 23, 1951, Teslin

One man had a daughter.

And when another man came to ask whether he could marry the daughter, that first man asks,

"Where do you get the birch for the bow and arrow?"

That is in the morning.

And the father tells his daughter that he will take the man outside and will say that the birch is over there a certain place.

But the first thing when he goes there, that man never shows up any more.

A big animal got him.

And the next time a brother of the first man comes.

In those days if a woman's husband has a brother, if something happened to the husband, then the woman would stay with her husband's brother.

And they used to keep it up that way until the woman had married the last brother.[51]

When that second brother came, he asked,

"Where's my brother? What happened?"

And the father tells the man,

"He went for a bow and arrow, but he never comes back."

And the same thing happened.

And the second brother never showed up again.

The next brother—the same thing got him.

There were six brothers in all, I guess.[52]

And the third man came.

And in the same way the girl asked the father,

“Daddy, my husband asks you where he can get the bow and arrow”.

And then the man would show him the place.

But the husband would never show up again.

When the men went there, something killed them.

It was a big animal.

And finally, the last one, the youngest brother, came last.

They say that he was the smartest one.

He thought about what had happened to his brothers and where they had gone.

And so he says to his wife, “Go over there and ask your daddy where he gets that bow and arrow!”

That man couldn’t talk to his father-in-law even before he married that girl and when he was just working for the man.[53]

That boy is pretty wise.

“Come on!” he tells that girl.

The father-in-law shows the boy the place where that animal is.

But as soon as the boy leaves camp, he just watches closely.

Just as he is coming to the place that the man has showed him, he sneaks in really quietly.

That boy just starts to sneak.

And he sees the carcasses of all those people that the animal has killed—just a big pile of people!

I don’t know what animal it was.

The boy killed him. He did something to him.

And he got the birch.

And towards evening time the girl’s father says,

“Your husband’s not coming yet?”

The girl says, “No.”

Pretty soon, when it is a little later, the boy comes.

And the girl tells her father, “Daddy,” she says, “He’s coming!”

The father says, “What do you say? You say that he’s coming?”

His daughter says, “Yes!”

Then the man [husband] fixes up a bow and arrow. He fixes it up.

And he tells his wife the next morning,

“Go over there and ask your daddy where he gets that sinew to put in his bow and arrow.”

So the girl goes over to her father and she asks him.

And the father-in-law says,

“It’s way over there in that meadow where the buffalo lies down.

I just cut the sinew off his back when he lies down.”

And that boy—every time his father-in-law shows him something like that—he watches pretty closely, because all of his brothers are gone.

So he is sneaking along. All the way he goes sneaking.

And pretty soon he sees a great big thing lying there, right in the middle of the meadow.

The boy just sits down and watches.

He can’t do anything. That buffalo is so big he can’t get to it.

And in those days animals used to talk, mother says.

So he is just sitting down and worrying about what he can do.

And he makes his mind up to do something.

And pretty soon he sees a mouse.

It has a short pointy nose [possibly a vole].

It’s called *sud.in*. (Tl.) They call him “grandpa”.

That mouse tells him,

“What are you doing in here, my grandchild?” he asks that boy.

And the boy says, “Well, I want to get sinew for my bow and arrow, and I can’t do anything about that big animal, Grandpa”, he tells him.

And they say that that mouse answers the boy back,

“Just wait here, I’ll do something for you.”

And he just goes right out and runs into the grass from where that man sat down.

And that man is standing there.

And here that mouse, right from where the man was sitting down, digs a hole through the ground big enough for the man to get in.

And when he digs right under where that buffalo is asleep there, he digs a hole back this way again, quite a ways.

And right in here—right under his arm—that mouse is plucking the hair off so that man could hit the buffalo in there with his bow and arrow.

And then that buffalo asks the mouse,

"What are you doing?" he asks. "Get out of here! Don't bother me!"

That little mouse says,

"No, grandpa! My little ones are almost frozen! That's why I'm trying to get some hair."

And the buffalo says, "Well get back! If you want to pluck some hair, go back and pluck some off my tail!"

So that mouse goes back and just pretends as though he plucks off some hair from his tail.

"No, Grandpa, it's too tough! The only place I can pluck it is from under your arm!

It's soft [there]."

After he has finished, he runs back to where that man is sitting.

That man has a sharp pointed spear—tsagúl' (Tl.).

And that mouse tells the man, "Go ahead, Grandchild! Let's go! You can follow me," he tells him.

The man keeps following and following.

The mouse shows the man to right where he is going to hit the buffalo.

And he shows the man which way he should run when the buffalo jumps up.

And you know that you can hear when that buffalo's heart is moving.

So that man just comes right up and pokes him right in the heart.

And that buffalo jumps right up.

And he says, "Where's that little thing that used to bother me?

He made a bad wish for me!"

And when the buffalo is killed, the man comes out and goes to work and cuts up that sinew.

And he tells that little mouse,

"I appreciate what you did for me, Grandpa!

Some day I'll help you," he tells him.

So then he goes home.

Every time when her husband goes out the girl's father asks her, "Are you sure your husband is not coming yet?"

And she says, "No."

And just about when the sun is setting she sees him a long way off in the direction that he has gone.

And she tells her father, "Daddy", she says,

"Daddy, he's coming, Daddy!" she says.

And then the daddy knows that his son-in-law is a smart man.

He comes home.

And the girl asks her husband, "My daddy asked me what you did."

"Just the way your daddy told me.

I just walked up and cut it out."

And then the man tells his wife the next morning when they get up,

"Go there and ask your daddy where they get that greenstone [flint] (Tl., ín) to put on an arrow shaft to make it sharp, to put a good head on."

So the father takes the daughter out and shows her the place.

"There's a big frog living in there," he says. "But I never do anything. I just walk right up."

And every time that man just sneaks around.

And he can see that there is a great big den on the hillside.

There is a draw right up ahead, and that is where the frog has the den.

And that man is just sneaking along there.

And he can see the greenstone about that long [fingertip to middle of forearm].

There are lots of pieces of it.

And he is thinking about how he can get around and get some.

So pretty soon he picks up a good size rock.

And he rubs it around in his hands.

And he rolls the rock right down on the top of the den.

And he sneaks right close to the den, right on top of it.

And it was the biggest animal in the den!

It must be as big as this house.

And there are just bunches of carcasses of the people that he'd killed.

And he [the frog] comes out when the man rolled that rock down.

And then the man just runs down there and grabs a whole bunch of that greenstone.

And he runs up on top and runs away.

And the father is always asking his daughter,

"Is your husband not coming yet?" he says.

The girl says, "Daddy, he's coming!" she says.

And the father knows his son-in-law is pretty wise from there.

The husband tells that woman,

"Go down and ask that man where they get those feathers to put on the arrow", he asks.

So the girl asks her father.

And he goes and says, "It's over there.

There's a great big bald eagle, ch'ák' (Tl.). There are two big ones."

In those days eagles used to eat human beings.

But that man is pretty wise.

And he is always sneaking around because all of his brothers are gone.

And when he goes there, there are three little, young eagles, I think.

Only they are quite big, though.

And all under that tree where their nest is are just dead people.

There is just a whole pile of bones.

And those three young ones are just sitting on that nest.

And then the man starts to climb up the tree, just slowly.

And he has a club.

He has cut a green stick.

And then the little eagles start to get mad at him,

"What do you want? Get out of here! My daddy doesn't want anybody here!"

And the man says, "No, grandpa [*sic*]. It's just your feathers that fall off.

That's just what I want to pick up for my arrow."

And he tells them to sit down—I think there were only *two* little eagles.

And the oldest of the eagles tells that man,

"Take some feathers off from under my wing."

And he pulls some.

And then he says, "Turn around!"

And then that man has the club ready. And he hits the little eagle and kills him.

And he falls down.

And the other one, that other little eagle sure likes that man!

His mother and dad are out.

And so the man asks the little eagle, "What does your daddy look like when he's coming home?"

And the little eagle tells him—in those days those things talked like people—and he says,

"When my daddy is coming", he says, "he comes with a great big wind," he says.

"And when my mother's coming, she comes with the dark."

That meant that it was just like after sunset when the mother comes home.

And that little young eagle is really brave.

He sticks up for that man.

And he tells him, he says, "When you feel that wind, just hold on good!

We pretty nearly blow out of the nest when he comes!"

And that little young one, he says—before his daddy comes, he tells that man—

"If my daddy asks me for my sister, I am going to tell him that my sister had a headache and fell off that nest," he says.

And he tells that man.

He says, "When my daddy comes," he says, "He always brings a dead body so they can eat it.

And I am going to tell him to turn around that way to eat that body when he comes.

And then you will have a chance to hit him," he says.

Pretty soon the father eagle comes.

He asks the little eagle, he says, "Where's your sister?"

The little eagle says, "She got a headache, and she fell down from the nest," he says.

And the father eagle tells him, he says,

“Hey, there are somebody’s eye marks on you!” he says.

And the little eagle says,

“No daddy, it’s just that person you brought in that makes me like that” he says.

And the little eagle says he wants to get rid of the marks before his mother comes.

And so he tells his daddy,

“Turn around the other way more,” he says.

“Maybe I will get a headache like my sister!” he says.

So the big eagle turns around.

And here that man clubs him to death!

And not very long after, the mother eagle is coming.

And just as soon as she comes she asks the little eagle for his daddy and his sister.

“They got headaches and fell down from the nest,” the little eagle says.

And then in the same way the mother eagle tells the little eagle, “You have got eye marks on you!” she says.

“No,” the little eagle says, “That’s just the person that you brought.

He looks like he is alive to me.

Maybe you had better turn around the other way to eat.

Maybe I am getting a headache,” he said.

And that is the last one.

That man kills that mother eagle too.

And that man takes up the little young one.

And he gets down out of the tree.

And he has a whole bunch of feathers.

And while he is walking on the way home, he finds a creek.

And there are lots of fish, lots of graylings, in the creek.

And he talks to that little eagle when he comes to the creek and sees the fish.

He puts the little eagle in a tree by the creek.

And he tells him to sit up there.

And the man goes way up above, and he dirties the water up, makes it all muddy.

And he told that eagle, “When you see the fish, try to catch them!”

And the eagle does catch two fish.

Then the man comes down and tells the little eagle,

“That’s the kind of food you are going to live on”, he says.

“Don’t ever eat human beings like your mother did.

It’s not good to eat those things!” he told him.

And he left the little eagle there.

That’s the last one.

The man goes home, and his father-in-law can’t do anything more. His son-in-law has gotten everything at the places where the animals were killing the people off.

That’s all I know.

148. A Man-Eater Story

Daisy was visiting in my cabin when quite a few other people also arrived to visit and have tea. Daisy and Pansy Bailey, however, stayed after the others had left, telling me stories until well after midnight. They discussed each one in Tlingit before beginning the tale in English. Daisy then gave me the texts in a very slow, deliberate English, waiting until I looked up from my writing before she began the next sentence. Pansy sometimes prompted her or filled in, always going much faster. As a consequence the transcription from Daisy is almost verbatim, while that from Pansy is not quite so accurate. This tale was their first choice of the evening. Both women referred to the man-eater as a “cannibal” as did Daisy’s mother, Mary Sidney. In fact there is a striking—and expectable—similarity in the story as told by Mary and her daughter, Daisy.

Comparisons of some of the incidents in this story may be found in characterizations of giants and man-eaters or “cannibals”, alternatively identified wolverines in stories recorded by James Teit in 1917 and 1919.[54] In some variations of this story, when the man-eater is burned, or his head is chopped open, the first mosquitoes come into the world just like the sparks of the fire.

As noted in the introduction to Mary and Frank Sidney’s story no. 144, a local audience knows that the little boy was destined to have superhuman power as soon as they hear that he has sucked a mink’s tongue. Shamans traditionally received the power from sucking tongues of the animals who become their spirit helpers. Similarly they would know that when the baby’s clothes were left behind in a heap, that the action is moving from the ordinary human world to that of the animals. It is a kind of reversal of incidents in such stories as “The Girl Who Married the Bear” and others in which humans who have been transformed into animals re-enter the human world through donning human clothes. The rapid growth of the little boy, paralleling that of Crow, is also characteristic of the superhuman animal world.

The incident involving the “eye marks” on the boy’s body is similar to that in Daisy’s previous Smart Man Story and occurs in other stories as well. What is noticeable is that even though children were taught never to lie in real life, it is apparently all right for the young people or animals in stories to fib about the cause of the eye marks or in other situations where prevarication might help the victim out of a tight spot. Furthermore, the villain of the piece always seems to believe the explanation offered.

148. A Man-Eater Story February 27, 1951, Teslin

One man was living alone, just him and his wife.

And his wife expected a baby any time.

And then his wife, she had a baby.

And those days they never stayed in the house [to have a baby]. She went outside to the outside brush house (Tl., *gan tcac hIt).*

And his wife had a baby, and that man, he’s sleeping inside.

And he could hear when the baby was crying.

And then he got up to see how his wife was making out when he heard that baby crying.

The last time he went there, his wife was gone.

She hollered, and just while he was getting up to dress, she disappeared.

And he thought that lady just made a noise, so he went back to sleep.

And that baby wouldn’t stop crying.

So he got up and he got dressed.

And he went over there, and his wife was gone.

Someone had broken through the brush at the head of her pillow.

And the baby was crying all alone.

And when he saw the baby, he picked up the baby.

And he brought it inside the brush house.

And he put up a swing for it.[55]

And he cut a little piece of moose fat and gave it to the baby so the baby could suck it.

And when he did that, he got ready and he put his snowshoes on.

And he tracked up where the man had dragged his wife along.

They call that cannibal "he eats human men" (Tl., *qu saxa* xa).

And the man caught up with that cannibal when he was looking at the lady, looking at which part he was going to eat up.

He could see that she had just had a baby.

And he wished that he had eaten the tender baby first!

And while he was doing that, the man just thought, "I don't want him to cut her up!"

So he put an arrow into his bow.

And he shot at the cannibal.

And the cannibal said, "What's that hit me?

It felt just like a spark out of the fire!"

He said it out loud, and the man could hear him.

He was behind the big stump, watching on the other side of the fire.

The man kept doing that until he finally killed the cannibal.

The cannibal turned to the fire and quarreled with it and said,

"What do you want to fight with me for?"

Then he just fell right on top of the fire.

The man had killed him by shooting him right in the chest.

Then the man took his wife's body and burnt it right there too.

Then he went back to the baby.

And when he came into the house, he saw something jump out of the swing.

And he said, "I wonder what's that bothering me again with the baby", he said.

And then that thing told him that he was mink.

And he answered the man and said,

"I never did anything to that baby, grandpa.

I just made him suck my tongue so he wouldn't cry!"

And so the man just lived around, and he looked after the baby.

He went and looked for a bunch of people where they were living to see who could nurse the baby.

They nursed the baby for him, but he called for it every night.

He would change people.

Whoever could feed the baby, who had one of her own too, fed it.

But the man would bring the baby home to sleep at night.

One night he went to the first camp, and he asked for the baby where he had left it.

And they told him,

"You already came for him!" they told him.

And the man said, "I never took him!"

And the man went all through the camp.

Nobody had the baby.

He was gone!

Then the man circled the village looking for tracks.

And he found snowshoe tracks that were going away from the camp.

He followed the snowshoe tracks.

And not very far from the camp where he was tracking, he found the baby's clothes all there.

And he came to the camp where the wolverine had stolen the baby. It was the wolverine who stole the baby.

And at that camp he found moss for diapers.

And at the second camp, he saw shavings by the campfire there. The wolverine had made a bow and arrow for the little boy.

He made eight arrows and he said,

"You won't miss with any."

He made a wish that he would get a grouse with every arrow.

And from there the man kept following.

He came to the third camp again.

And when he came to the third camp, there was nothing there.

And when they left that third camp, he saw the tracks of the little boy's snowshoes following the wolverine.

And he left that wolverine and went around hunting.

And he was coming to the fourth camp.

And that was the time when the little boy had gone off the road hunting chicken

[grouse].

And the wolverine could hear that thing [little boy] make a noise when he was shooting his bow and arrow at the grouse.

The wolverine could tell which direction he went.

And the father followed the little boy's tracks all the time, not those of the wolverine.

And he saw the little boy shooting at grouse with his bow and arrow.

He sneaked right up to him.

And the little boy was scared and started to run away.

And the man told him,

"I am your father.

There is something that stole you away when you were a baby."

He told the little boy all about what had been happening.

And the little boy believed it.

And he talked to his daddy there for a little while.

And he said, "We're going to camp in a little ways now."

"When you camp, put up a little gopher blanket by the fire.

And if that man asks you why you do it, tell him it's because the smoke blows in your face.

And you stay opposite him", he told the little boy.

And when the little boy got home, he had a packsack.

And he gave two grouse to his daddy.

He took them out.

And the wolverine knew how many times he had shot with the bow and arrow.

And there were two missing out of it.

And when the little boy was taking out the grouse, the wolverine said,

"Mmmmm, *di yAdi* (Tl., my child), I told you not to miss one when I fixed up that bow!"

The little boy told that wolverine that he broke two of his arrows.

After he pulled the grouse out, the wolverine said to him,

"Somebody came to you and looked at your body.

There are eyemarks (Tl., *qa wak^{u} iti*) all over you!"

And when that wolverine said "Somebody has been looking at you!", that little boy said,

"No, I guess it's just that grouse when he looked at me. That's why it looks that way to you," he said.

And they cooked.

And the little boy put up a little gopher blanket across from the fire.

And the wolverine said, "Why do you put up the blanket that way? You look like you expect someone all the time," he told that little boy.

And that little boy picked up his dish and he went across from the fire.

He just pretended the smoke was blowing in his face.

Then his daddy sneaked up behind that gopher blanket.

And while he was hanging up the blanket, the little boy tore a hole in the blanket so he could peek through it.

The wolverine kept sitting across the fire. His back was to the little boy.

And while he was sitting like that, the little boy's daddy shot him with his bow and arrow.

When he shot him at first, the wolverine turned to the little boy, and he said,

"I never told you to fib to save anyone!"

And the little boy just ran behind that blanket the first time his daddy shot.

And the second time his daddy shot, the wolverine tried to look for the little boy.

And the wolverine ran up the tree.

And that second time he said when he was running up [the tree], and he was talking to that boy's daddy,

"What can I be?

I'm going to be just like I was before.

I am going to be wolverine!"

And that man kept shooting at that wolverine with his bow and arrow until he killed it.

And he killed that wolverine.

And he made a big fire. And he threw that wolverine in the fire.

The boy was big, that boy, because they claim that when you stay with an animal you grow fast.

And after the man had burned that wolverine, he went back.

And he took the boy back to his home.

And when they got home, all the people were glad that he got the little boy back.

And they never recognized the little boy because he was tall and grew so fast.

And afterwards, when he had gotten home, that little boy wouldn't stay at home.

He wanted to get out and to hunt porcupine every day.

And his daddy tried to stop him, because he didn't want any more bad things to happen to him, because he was the only kid he had.

Every time that he would go hunting his father would tell him,

"Don't follow anybody!

There is that cannibal. They have [made] a wide trail like a skin toboggan.

And don't you ever go on that trail!"

He tried to make the boy understand.

And this day the little boy didn't come back again.

And he was gone for good.

And his father went to track that little boy up.

And in just a little while he struck the cannibal's tracks.

That little boy had found the cannibal's trail.

Pretty soon he could see where the little boy had dug his heels down, just to tease that cannibal.

The little boy was running behind the trees and hiding away from the cannibal.

And after a while he held him back hard, and he sat down.

And the cannibal turned around quick and saw him.

And there was nothing the little boy could do.

"What are you doing my child?"

He was just talking kind to him so he could steal that little boy.

The cannibal said, "Come on and walk ahead of me.

And any time you get cold you tell me, and I'll warm whatever is cold on you!"

And then the little boy said, "My foot is cold!"

And then the little boy was walking ahead, and the cannibal just took him and killed him by squeezing him to death.

The father could see where the little boy walked behind and then ahead.

And then he didn't know what happened after that.

And his daddy just saw where the cannibal was pulling the toboggan.

And the little boy's daddy kept following.

And right at the foot of a big high mountain there was a camp there. All the cannibals were staying there—nothing but cannibals.

And at the first camp that man came to there were just two old ladies at the camp fire.

They were living by the camp fire.

And that old lady said, "What are your doing, my Grandchild?", she asked that man.

"Oh" he said, "I lost my little boy. His tracks came right to this camp."

He was just trying to ask if they could tell him anything.

And that old lady said, "Maybe that's him that they gave us both of his feet," they told him.

They had cooked and eaten them already.

And then the old ladies told him to go up this way.

Then the old lady told the man where the cannibals kept the spears and bows and arrows and whatever they used for killing.

The men never kept them near the camp.

And the man took all those spears and weapons away from there and threw them in the snow.

And while he was going up there where the bows and arrows were one of the old ladies went around the village.

And the cannibals were saying, "We smell a person!"

The old lady said, "Don't, don't!

It's not a person. We smelled it too. It's just that little boy you brought in, I think."

She was trying to make excuses so the man could take those things away.

After the man had thrown away all those weapons there, he went back to the two old ladies.

And one old lady told him, “Go up this way where the wind is blowing down on the village!”

He had to go the way the wind was blowing.

He went with them so the cannibals could smell him. He didn’t care.

He had hidden those things so he could get even with the cannibals because of his little boy.

Pretty soon then a bunch of cannibals started to chase him.

A whole bunch of them were ganging up on him.

When they smelled him they said, “Mmmmm! Fresh meat (Tl., *tutc xas’a*)!”

They were all coming behind him.

It was a really high mountain where the people were camping underneath.

And the man was just about all in from running.

And while that man was coming down to that really steep cliff, just as he was running along, he broke a really big stump off.

And he looked for a bad place where the rocks are really sharp.

And then he threw that stump down.

And the stump rolled down the mountain side.

And when he had pushed that stump down, he ran another way quickly, right down to where the stump rolled.

And he was standing there.

And one person came up there and they asked him, “How did you get down there, Grandchild?” He talked to him good.

And that man said, “That’s the way. I slid down there, Grandpa!”

They believed him.

And so that man slid down and he got killed on the sharp rocks.

And they kept coming until they all got killed on those sharp rocks except the two old ladies.

And the man cleaned up all those people except the two old ladies.

He said to them, “I got even with that bunch because they killed my little boy.

And he was the only one I had!” that man told the old ladies.

“Come on over here, Grandma. I have killed all those people!”

So they could eat each other [the dead people].

And they stayed right there.

But that man went home to his parents.

ANNIE GEDDES

Annie Geddes was the eldest of three Teslin sisters—Mary Jackson, and Kitty Henry being her younger siblings. As adults all three were very handsome, but rather stout, and when they asked me to take their picture together, one of them jocularly referred to their group as the “three barrels”.

Annie was married to a prospector, George Geddes, who had come into the country during the gold rush. The couple had three daughters and a son whom they raised quite strictly. All became well respected in their communities. Annie was, in fact, so noted for her skills as a midwife, that a doctor from California came to Yukon specially to study her techniques.

Since Annie spent most of her time at Twelve Mile, a homestead on a point of land east of Teslin, I saw relatively little of her. Like her sisters and daughters, she was a wonderful raconteur, and it is our misfortune that I was unable to take down more of her stories.

149. The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River

Dorothy Rainier and I, along with Dr. Douglas Leechman of the National Museum of Man, went to visit Annie Geddes at her home at Twelve Mile in summer 1949. Annie and her daughter, Pansy Bailey, were just finishing tanning a large moose hide, a process which Dr. Leechman photographed with a movie camera and Dorothy and I with our still cameras. In the course of this long day’s visit, Annie told us the following story. I believe that she volunteered it because we had been questioning her about the history of the Teslin people and their relationship to other Inland Tlingit and to the Tahltan—or “Telegraph” [Creek] people . The specific story may also have been prompted because of our interest in the little Tahltan bear dog that was her constant companion. This is a special breed of small dog trained for bear hunting. Since Annie was also well known as a midwife, it is perhaps no accident that her story ends with the incident in which the two boys who drifted down the river teach the strange women they met how to have babies through vaginal rather than Caesarian delivery. However, we were dependent on a ride with her son-in-law to get back to Teslin, and left soon after this incident was recounted. It is likely that she knew a much longer version of the story, as did her sister Mary Jackson (see story no. 125).

Figure 23. Annie Geddes sharpening stone skin scraper with a hammer. Ten Mile, Yukon Territory, 1949.

149. The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River July 18, 1949, Twelve Mile

Some people went down river and drifted away down far below.

The kids were out playing in the lake, and they drifted away.

They had no way to get ashore.

And they had a little Tahltan bear dog.

And they drifted away.

This is an old story.

Then the little boys made the little dog's nose bleed.

And they put the blood around the edge of the iceberg they were on.

[If you do that] then it will come ashore.

The boys landed, and they didn't know where they were.

They met another people down river.

Those down river people had their mouths grown together so they couldn't eat anything.[56]

They would kill something and lay it out [so it rotted].

And they could just eat the cooked maggots.

And the boys were lost.

And the ice cake that they were on came up to the camp of those people.

The boys walked in anyways when they got on shore.

Grandma says they came to what just seemed like a camp on the trail.

The boy and his brother come along, and what do you think they saw?

It was a *little* porcupine with a pack on his back.

"What can we do?"

"We'll kill it. We've got to eat something!"

They killed it and cooked it.

They hung the porcupine's pack up on a limb.

Then they went on again, and they came to the people.

They mumbled, because they couldn't open their mouths.

An old woman with a walking stick was there.

She asked, "Did you see my dog?"

Then the boys realized that the porcupine was the old woman's dog.

So they said, "We hung his pack up."

They went and got it, and after that, they came to the camp.

There was a whole gang there.

And there were porcupines all over the camp, in the trees eating.

The people started cooking.

They were stone boiling in a basket, and they cooked the maggots that way.

And then they would have to shove them in their little mouths with their fingers.

They would split the meat like strings and shove it through the holes.

And the women were crying all the time.

The boys saw it.

The boys used to go out in the bush to play with the kids.

They went way out in the bush and played.

And they told the boys who couldn't speak,

"Let's see it!" [Annie points to her mouth.]

"We can eat all things," said the two boys.

Then they shoved their fingers into the mouths [of the boys who could not talk].

And finally they forced them open.

There was nothing wrong.

The boys were just scared to open them.

So the boys said, "Talk!"

And they spoke, and it came out fine!

So every person turned around and did the same thing.

And then after a week, a woman was in pain and was crying,

"Oh, I'm going to be cut again! [This meant that she was going to have a Caesarean birth.]

That was how those people had babies.

The boys said, "No, just sit down and lean over.

Kneel and cross your arms and hang on to something."

The woman did this.

And the boys said, "Watch out that the baby doesn't get hurt!

Don't drop it.

Hold it off the ground!"

The mother and father did this.

The woman tried what the boys told her.

And everything was O.K.; she grabbed the child.

"Thank you for showing me!

You saved me from suffering, because they always cut the same place.

There was nothing like it!

I don't want any kids.

I got cut six times in the same place!"

From then on, the women there had their babies that way, the way the boys told them.

Now, in the hospital, they lie down to have babies.

Maybe they used to do this in Juneau too. I don't know just when it started.

PANSY BAILEY

Pansy Bailey was the second daughter of Annie Geddes. She had lived some of her young adult years in Carcross. When I met her, her husband, Frank Bailey, was a fire and game warden for the Teslin area. The family lived in the warden's house, one of a cluster of houses a little east of the main Inland Tlingit village. Scattered nearby were the school teacher's house where visiting health personnel also stayed when they visited Teslin, the houses of independent trappers, and homes of staff associated with the local air strip and of the road maintenance divisions of the Canadian Army. When I first knew her, Pansy had three children—a daughter of about twelve, a younger son, and a baby boy. She was a capable, very hospitable and friendly young woman whom we often visited and who came to see us in the village.

150. Smart Man

Dorothy Rainier and I had been testing our wire recording machine in Whitehorse by reading a Peel River Gwich'in story of A-ta-tco-kai-yo from Cornelius Osgood's *Contributions to the Ethnography of the Kutchin.* We played this recording back on the afternoon that we first met Pansy. Joan Adams, the school teacher, had introduced us to her the day before and we had invited her to visit us in the school house where we were staying ourselves. When she arrived, several men associated with the Hudson Bay Prospecting Company were also visiting. We had tea and general conversation before playing the recording. Pansy listened to the story without comment, but after the other visitors had gone she remarked that the narrator of the Gwich'in story had put two tales together.[57]

Pansy went on to recommend several elderly people as ideal narrators in contrast to others who would "tell you something, but would stop before it was finished and would not tell you all the details."

We next discussed a number of other themes connecting Indian women—sewing moccasins, berrying and menstrual taboos—but Pansy returned to the story we had just played and gave us her own version. Before beginning, she said that she had not heard the story in her own house—probably because her father, Mr. Geddes, was not Native. She may have learned it from Old Fox who was the head man of her Dakl'aweidí clan.

Figure 24. Pansy Bailey and furs. Teslin, Yukon Territory, 1951

Relatively little of Pansy's version resembles the Gwich'in tale, which contains episodes more likely to be developed in the Southern Tutchone 'Smart Man' cycle. Her narrative is very similar to 'Wolverine' or 'Man-Eater' stories that appear throughout these volumes (see for example Jimmy Scotty James, story no. 95; Mary and Frank Sidney, story no. 144; and Daisy Sheldon, story no. 148). Pansy's title 'Smart Man,' however, signals that her version is told from the point of view of a determined protagonist who struggles to subvert the man-eater's schemes. She takes it for granted that her audience will know that that all these superhuman events are taking place in a winter world. Only at the end of the story is the snow actually mentioned, although the snowshoe tracks of the little boy appear several times earlier.

150. Smart Man July 2, 1949, Teslin

I like to be reminded of this.

It was not [told] in my house, but I have heard it.

Up to the rabbit snare [the Osgood version] was true.

Camp robber and Crow are pretty near the same in Indian.[58]

The man went out back to see his wife.

I guess she was in her period, and she must have been staying alone.

Well—the giant could see that there was just one man's tracks going around the place.

The man would pack food for her and talk to her under the back [of her menstrual hut].

One night when the man came the baby was crying.

And he hollered to his wife to feed the baby.

There was no answer.

He hollered again.

No answer.

And then when there was still no answer and the baby kept crying, he went out back and looked.

He looked under the back of her hut.

She was gone.

She had been snared by the giant and dragged away.

The man saw this when he went to look for his wife.

He followed where the giant had pulled her and choked her.

He just dragged her; he wouldn't carry her.

I guess the giant had come when her husband was out cutting wood.

The man tracked the giant, and finally he saw a fire.

It was where the giant had taken his wife.

He was cutting the sharp sticks and saying,

"Now this one is for the head.

And this one is for the arms!"

The man crept up to the place and shot the giant across the fire.

The giant didn't see him and thought that the fire was biting at him. He said, "Gee, that fire's hot! It burnt me!"

Then the man shot him again.

And the giant grabbed the fire.

He started to fight with the fire.

"Oh, you have it in for me—just because I have something good to eat!"

Finally the giant died because that man just kept shooting at him until he was dead.

Then the man put his wife's body on the fire and burned it up.

And then he went home again.

When he got home he saw a mink in the little hammock with the baby.

The man said, "Don't bother me! I've got enough troubles!"

The mink said he wouldn't bother the man.

He was just giving the little baby his tongue to keep the baby quiet.

The man put the baby on his back and set out.

He tried to find another woman with a baby to feed it—they did that then.

The women in camp would take turns feeding the baby [if the baby's mother had died].

Finally he found one [who would nurse the baby].

She would keep it during the day and feed it while he hunted.

And then the man would take care of it at night.

One day the man was hunting.

And when he came back he went home and made a fire and cooked some food.

And then he was going to get the baby.

The woman said, “You have already come for the baby!”

He said, “No, I never took him.”

She said, “Someone with the same clothes was here before you,” she told him,

“Someone with your clothes and the way you speak!”

The man went home and couldn’t find the baby anywhere.

He went around the village and tried to see who took it.

He went all around the village to see the tracks.

All he could see on the outside of the village was wolverine tracks. The wolverine had packed the baby away.

The baby was still in a crib [i.e., baby carrier].

The man followed them all that fall and winter.

And finally he came to a place where they made a camp.

People used to use baby’s moss for diapers. And the man found it [i.e., the moss the wolverine used for the baby].

I don’t see how they sit on that moss; it’s so hard!

The man kept on going after the wolverine.

With an animal, the young grow fast.

The man saw the tracks.

The little boy grows fast too.

Pretty soon he is running around.

At the next camp the man saw where the little boy was on snowshoes hunting grouse, and so on.

The man was catching up.

Finally he got just a day behind.

The next time [he was so near] that they had just left the camp.

So he took off after the little boy's tracks.

He caught up to him.

He said, "I'm your real father.

The other person is just a wolverine."

The little boy said, "No, that's my father!"

The man finally persuaded him. "That's just a wolverine.

You'd better follow me."

"If I follow you, he might kill me."

The man said, "You follow him now.

When you come to camp tonight, put up a blanket that he had for you.

Put a little hole in the blanket, and I'll shoot him across the fire."

The boy followed the wolverine.

Before he caught up to him, the animal stopped and said,

"Don't come closer! Tell me from there. You saw somebody.

There's somebody's eye marks all over you!"

The boy says, "No, I never saw anybody.

A red squirrel—he just looked and looked at me! It's his eye marks that you see."

The wolverine felt better right away when the boy told him that.

They made a camp.

And the little boy made a hole in the blanket.

And his father shot the wolverine across the fire.

He killed him.

And the little boy went home with his father.

He knew how to hunt and so on. He was crazy about hunting—the boy.

His father told him to stay and play with the other children.

One day the father told the boy to look out.

"There's a giant living in the valley! I have seen his tracks!"

The little boy got curious.

When he got a chance, he took off after the giant's tracks.

When he found them, he followed them until he saw the giant.

The giant was pulling a skin toboggan full of meat.

And every time he came to a hill, the little boy pulled back on the toboggan.

And the giant had a hard time getting it up the hill.

He had such trouble with the toboggan!

He looked back.

And he saw it was caught on a tree stump where the little boy placed it.

The giant saw the little boy too.

He said, "Well, here's my little grandson! Have you been there all the time?

Have you been playing tricks on me?"

The boy said, "No, I just came!"

The giant said, "Walk ahead of me."

The little boy was afraid. He walked a long ways ahead.

The giant said, "Just tell me when you're cold, and we'll stop."

The giant kept asking him.

And every time the giant asked him if he was cold, the little boy said, "No."

He thought it was some trick.

Finally they were getting close to camp.

The little boy thought he would see if he could find out if there was some way to get away.

Finally he said he was cold when the giant asked him.

So he stood back to see what would happen.

And the giant killed him!

A person's body is like eating candy for giants, I guess.

When the boy didn't come back, the father was worried about him. He tracked him.

And he found the giant's camp.

He came to some old ladies first.

And he asked them what direction the men put their weapons.

The men always put their weapons a little way from camp with the wind blowing in the right direction to keep them from being harmed by the women.

The guns and so on are put any way that the wind doesn't blow on their [guns and bows] and arrows.

This place has to be about a half a mile away from camp.

All their arrows and fighting equipment were there.

The man asked these two old ladies about it [i.e., where the men's weapons were kept].

They were so old, it didn't matter if they knew.

The man said, "Hello, Granny!"

The old lady said, "Hello. What are you doing?"

He said, "I am looking for my little boy."

The ladies were afraid of him. They thought he was going to kill them.

They whispered.

Finally one lady said, "I bet that was him they gave me the arm of; they give me it for supper."

The man asked, "Which way did they put their arrows?"

Those ladies were so old they didn't get that way any more [i.e., they no longer menstruated].

The man asked, "Which direction do they go to put their arrows?"

When they told him, he sneaked around.

The wind was blowing just right.

The giants can smell people, but the wind was right. And they did not smell him.

He got to the giants' arrows, and he packed them away.

He packed them on his back.

Then he ran so the wind [with his odor] would blow into camp.

The giants smelled this fresh meat.

And they ran to kill him. They ran out of the camp.

The man ran until he came to a bluff.

And he threw the pack of arrows over the bluff.

Then he ran down himself.

And he fixed the arrows at the bottom of the bluff so that they pointed up.

Then the giants came to the top of the bluff and said,

"Oh, there you are, down there! Here we were looking for you up here!"

The man said, "No, I'm down here!"

They said, "How did you get there?"

He said, "Oh, I just slid down from there."

And he had fixed the arrows pointed up, so they would kill the giants.

They are heavier than men, so they went deeper in the snow.

And it killed them all [when they fell on] the arrows.

There were a lot of giants.

After the man killed the giants, he went back to the old women who could not get out to make their own living.

He told them they could go over and eat the giants he had killed.

The women were so old they couldn't get their living by themselves any more.

151. Black Skin

In this story, the theme of the supportive paternal aunt trying to shield her nephew from his cruel maternal uncle is made very explicit. The "fish" in this story are seals or sea lions in coastal versions of the tale.[59]

151. Black Skin July 24, 1949, Teslin

I told the kids a story about a young Indian boy.

His mother had died, and his father too.

And he was living with his [paternal] aunt.

And his aunt had great faith in this boy.

The boy never mixed with the other kids.

They would pick on him.

His aunt would always give the boy advice.

The people used to sit in the water in the fall then, in order to toughen themselves.

All of the little kids would go too.

They had a stick, the kind that grows out of the root of a tree.

It is called às *li tli*—às (Tl., spruce, “evergreen”), *li tli* (root?).

It is hard to break it.

All the people try to break it when they come out of the water.

This little boy, he would go into the water in the nighttime.

He would leave just before the other people came.

They would come about daybreak, just when it was getting light.

The people used to pick up the snow at the place where the people urinated.

He would put it under his arms in order to toughen himself.

He smelled awful. It made a stink.

One day the boy was sitting in the water.

He saw a little baby.

The baby was called “Faith”.

It was just a little baby as big as Marian [Pansy’s six year old daughter].

“What are you doing there?

You think you are tough, don’t you? Well, come on out and wrestle with me!”

The baby sounded annoyed.

The little kid started to wrestle with him.

He tried, and he couldn’t spill him.

The baby said, “That’s enough. Now let me try!”

He tripped the boy over, and down he went.

The baby waited for the little boy to get up.

“See, you thought you were tough! Do you want to be?”

“I sure would like to be,” said the boy. “I have no mother and father.”

So the baby said, “Put your hand down my back, side and side, front and back, along my belly and back.”

So the boy did this.

“Now try and knock me over!”

The boy did.

“Now you’re really strong!” the little fellow says.

“Your name is Dukt’ootl’, Black Skin, (Tl., skin, black).

Now run up and try to break the stick!”

So the little boy did. He broke the stick.

He put it back together again with all the joints in it, so that the break wouldn’t show.

Then he went back to bed.

In the morning his uncle woke him up and kicked him,

“All the rest are out toughening up!” he said. “What are you doing?”

But his aunt knew different. She always had a heart for him.

Soon they heard a holler.

“He broke it! He broke it!” they yelled.

This strong guy had broken it, they thought, although the kid had already done it.

After that they planned a fishing trip.

The fish would come out on the big sheets of ice.

They were whales and you had to drag them by the tails and split them down from each side of the tail.

The boy wanted to go—the one who never washed.

His aunt made him a new suit of clothes.

“Not you, Pee-in-the-Bed! You’d stink us out!” said the people.

“I could bail in the boat” he said. “I could bail the boat all the way over!”

His uncle said, “I suppose you wouldn’t do it coming back!”

“Yes, I’ll do it coming back!” he said.

“Oh, come on then!”

All of the men tried to get a fish. They couldn’t.

The boy wanted to try.

His uncle said, “The fish would smell you before you get there, but go on over and see what you can do.”

The boy went.

As soon as he got to the first fish, he split it in two. The next one too. He split six.

Then he turned to the others.

They were coming towards him.

They couldn't believe it.

His uncle never said a word.

He gave the boy his own buckskin shirt.

"You are a better man than I thought!"

"No, you never knew me. My name is Black Skin," said the boy.

152. The Dog Husband (Lkayakw)

Soon after my arrival in Teslin in midwinter, 1951, we had a severe cold snap. The temperature plunged into the minus 60°F., relatively rare in Teslin—considered to be in the Yukon "banana belt". During a visit to my cabin the next day Pansy told me that some of the native people attributed the cold to my showing slides in my cabin the previous evening of petroglyphs from the old site of Sitkoh Bay on the south shore of Chichagof Island, Alaska.[60] I had explained that we had to pull the moss off of some of them in order to see the carvings plainly. Several of the audience assumed that bad weather must have followed this act on the coast and believed that it had happened again when I showed the pictures in Teslin. They identified the petroglyphs as carvings of the misfortune of Dog Boy, after he had turned to stone as is told in the following story. The "crow manure" referred to towards the end of the tale was actually white paint that some unknown person had put on some of the coastal petroglyphs to make the carvings show up more plainly.

I did not take down the story when Pansy was telling it to me, but wrote it from memory directly after she left.

152. The Dog Husband *(Lkayakw)*
January 29, 1951, Teslin, written from memory

A man and a woman took their only child, a girl of about thirteen, away from the other people when she turned to woman [reached puberty]. They loved her very much, since she as the only child they had and they couldn't have any more.

The man also had a dog. And the dog was a great pet. He would carry wood and do whatever they said.

The girl used to go out along the beach to urinate. She would go right along the edge of the tide. And the dog would go with her. They would play together, for she had no other playmates. They would get clams and go after berries.

The man noticed his daughter began to get big. One night when he came in from sea hunting he asked his wife, “What’s the matter with our daughter? Don’t you notice anything different with her? I thought we brought her up out here away from anyone.”

Then the wife said, “I noticed it too. But I was afraid to say anything.”

The man’s dog was lying there listening. When the girl and the dog would go out for berries or something in the woods, the dog used to run away out of sight the way dogs do. And then a young man would come to the girl. She didn’t know that it was really the dog who was looking like a person.

Then this time the young man said, “Let’s run away. Your parents know all about it. I heard your father say he is going to kill you!”

The girl wondered how he heard this.

So they went high up where they could dry meat and things. And after a while the girl gave birth to this baby. But it wasn’t a baby. They were puppies—four boys and three girls, I think.

She was very much ashamed. But she fed them and named them. I’ve forgotten the Tlingit names—one was “Red” and one was “Black”, I think.

The couple stayed way far back in the mountains. And they were drying meat. The girl could hear a dog barking out of whatever direction her husband was hunting. And the bones that she used to make soup were always disturbed in the morning—as if a dog had been chewing at them. Then she knew her husband was a dog.

He used to wait until she was asleep and then go out. And then, when he got up and turned into a dog and was chewing on the bones, she hit him on the head with a club. And she beat him to death.

The girl stayed there alone then taking care of the pups. Sometimes she would come in from getting berries or groundhogs, and she would hear a noise, just like children playing. So she peeked through the woods, and saw children playing—just bare-skinned, like human beings.

And their dog skins were just scattered about. The misfortune boy was watching to see when their mother came back.

Then the girl got to work and started to sew. She made little dresses for the girls and shirts and pants for the boys. When everything was ready, she cleared everything away from in front of the camp for a big, wide space. Then she told the pups, who could understand her, “I am going to be away for a long time today. Don’t go away from the camp!”

She made a circle away from the camp. And then she came back and watched them from the brush. After a while they began to come out of the tent one by one, just like human beings. They started to play. When they were playing around real hard, she suddenly dashed into camp. And she began to pick up the dog skins and to throw them into the fire. The skins were just lying everywhere, the way that children leave clothes.

In her excitement she missed the one belonging to the boy who kept watch. He was beginning to get into it. And she pulled it half off. But the rest had begun to grow right on to him. There was nothing she could do. He was half dog.

So the girl went back to her parents with the children and the half dog boy. He was a great shame to her. And the children would tease him all the time.

Finally one day he couldn't stand it any longer. And he said, "I am going to turn into stone!" And he did. And that is the rock cliff that you showed [in the slide show the previous evening]. G... and I both saw the dog boy's profile very plainly when you were showing the picture, and we would have said something, but [a white man] was there.

The boy's mother was heartbroken. They got Crow Mother, the mother of all the Crows, to make a picture on the rock. And that white part we saw was crow manure.

Aunt Mary and mother said it must have rained terribly after you pulled the moss off too, because the Dog Boy said that he was going to grow moss all over himself to hide himself. And he said that nobody should tear it off. Because you pulled the moss off and showed the rocks up here, that's why we had cold weather when you came.

But the people aren't mad [at you].

153. Eye-Eater, or How the People Died Off

Pansy told this story in the course of a long day that I spent at her house. We talked about many topics, ranging from varieties of fur, to shamans, to the proper treatment of animals. She told this story in response to my account of an earlier population that I had been told once lived along the Alsek River, people the Southern Tutchone say died off in the nineteenth century. She suggested that maybe her story explains what happened to the Alsek River people. That incident frequently serves to introduce Tl'anaxéedakw or "Lucky Woman" stories (see Angela Sidney's story no. 71 b (version 2). Pansy talked too quickly for me to take the story down verbatim.

153. Eye-Eater or How the People Died Off February 17, 1951, Teslin, written from memory

According to the old, old Indians, the Indians didn't come right from the coast, but before that they came from back inland, from the northeast, I would think.

Then this Indian girl, you know, she had to be put away [in menstrual seclusion]. They were just living there. And she stayed just by herself way back in the woods. I don't know how long; it used to be for two years.

She stayed, and her mother never came. But she used to get out of her hood. And it was springtime. She went out and gathered sticks and made a fire and put coals together. She didn't know what happened to her mother.

Finally she went to the camp to see where her mother was. She knew that her mother would stay at the end of the camp because it's taboo for her mother to go through town when she is visiting her girl. She [a woman tending a menstruant] can't go through her people. The girl knew her mother's path would be there. And after some days she went to see what happened.

And when she got there, she called her mother several times. And nobody answered. Everything was quiet.

The girl knew about wars, but not in her time. And when she finally called out, she went to her camp and stayed. Then she came back again the next day. And she went into the brush house to see what happened. And in there, they were still lying in the blankets.

And she went to the next house. And they were still in bed. She thought that she was crazy. And she didn't want anybody to see her. So she went back to her [family's] tent and pulled the blanket off.

She had a little brother that she thought the world of. And she hadn't seen him. And when she looked, his eyes were gone. And the eyes were gone out of all of her family. And in all the town it was the same with everyone.

She knew that there was a place that the people would go back to when the people split. And that was the place where they always met in the fall. Her father and brother would always come and meet them. So she walked all summer. And she took different things from the camp.

When she got there she met her [paternal] uncle. And she told him about it—what had happened. And she told him about the eyes. So her uncle went back to the camp with her.

And she wanted her mother and father burnt [cremated]. And she wanted her brother to be burned. There was too much to do, so they just burned the mother and the father and the brother.

And when he came, he looked to see what really had killed them. He didn't know what it was. It was somebody or something *kutsin'Et*, ("something alive"), just like the worm that the girl raised.[61] They would call something like that. They think that it's *kutsIn*, that it was one of them that killed the people off. And they had to leave the rest of the camp

there. Maybe it's connected with the people that died down the Alsek River. A whole bunch died off.

154. The Man Who Took His Brother to Death

Pansy and her husband had been having supper with me. After the meal we discussed a number of topics, including avoidance patterns, the renaming of the dead, and memorial potlatch observances. The latter two topics are both incorporated in the following story. Pansy told it immediately after she had been explaining the need to feed the fire at a memorial potlatch.

154. The Man Who Took His Brother to Death February 21, 1951, Teslin

Qatugu told me this story.

It was up at Carmacks it happened.

They were on the Dalton trail.

She [*Qatugu*] died about nine years ago.

And a man was sick.

And he told his brother that he'd get well if he could eat salmon.

So his brother went back down to Carmacks.

And when he came back, there was nobody in the brush camp.

He came at night.

And the people had a left a sign [meaning that somebody in the camp had died].

And the man built a fire where his brother used to stay, in the same brush house.

He was roasting some dried salmon.

And then it was cold outside, and he could hear a walking stick following.

And he could hear his brother sigh outside. He recognized his voice.

Then he came in and went on the other side of the fire.

They never speak to each other then, you know.

And he just disappeared into the ground!

Then that man ran from there after that bunch that had left.

And he got to them that same night.

And as soon as he got there, he was puffing and so on.

And he said that his brother had come to him in the camp, and something must have happened because he disappeared right into the ground.

And the people told him, “Didn’t you see the sign that we left you?”

And the man told them to hide him.

And you know they rolled up blankets. And they hid him behind them.

And they pushed them over him.

And they waited and waited for his brother to show up.

But he didn’t.

And after a while they were ready for bed.

And they told the man that his brother didn’t come.

They told him to get up from there. But he didn’t

He was already dead.

155. Mountain Man

Pansy Bailey and Daisy Sheldon had come to visit in my cabin in the evening. For some reason I did not write down the beginning of this tale, so in August I asked Pansy to fill in the gap, but—as indicated—there still remains an unrecorded portion. As she points out, people still observed the taboo on using an animal bone to get at the marrow in a game animal’s bone. I was told to use a stick and warned not to use a fresh bone when we cooked a moose leg for its marrow.

155. Mountain Man March 29, 1951 and August 9, 1951

This girl went out to go to the back [i.e., to relieve herself].

She can’t go close to the house.

On the way back, some fat was lying on top of the snow, and she picked it up and put it inside [her clothing].

Everyone was starving, and she put it inside her clothes.

And when she got home, she showed it to her husband.

She showed it to him. And it was belly fat.

And he grabbed it up and threw it into the fire.

And he said, “Yes, tell me some more lies!

One of your sweethearts gave it to you!”

The girl denied it, but he wouldn’t believe her.

And he thought maybe she was hiding warriors.

So he threw all her clothes and things away in the fire.

And he took the fire away, and she was left all alone.

He put out all the fires.

And then one of the girl's in-laws group took coals where they put the post up [for the camp], and she threw it in the hole there where he [the girl's husband] couldn't see it. And the sister-in-law was crying when she left.

And she said, "Look where we put the camp up. I put a coal in one of the holes."[62]

It was a man that came. And he asked, "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I found a piece of fat lying on the snow there, and my husband said it was my sweetheart that left it there."

And she told him all about the clothes, how they were torn off

The man told her, "That was me who left the fat for you, and that moose skin in the stump. I went there to do that for you."

And then he told her, "You're going to go with me from there on."

The woman stayed with him, and he went out hunting.

And every time he would bring something in, he would bring the whole thing in and never leave anything behind.

He would tie the hooves together and bring in the game like it was a coyote or lynx or fox.

It was light for him.

He had some kind of plant (kuyanée, Tl. leaves) for his straps, a weed from the mountain—*gijook k'exi gwatli* (Tl., golden eagle's twine).

It's a weed on the mountain, and it's tough. It makes a very hot fire, burns like gas.

It doesn't spark.

It's a low, green, moss-like plant.

He used this to tie up the animals' legs together.

They got along good.

They went up in the mountains to put up grease and to dry meat and all kinds of stuff like that—groundhog, gopher, and so on in the fall.

She was going to have a baby.

And they put up five caches.

Each time when they were going to leave the cache for another mountain, he would reach over and pull the mountain down over it to hide his cache.

She had a little boy. And it was starting to get springtime. And they got back beside a lake where it was easy to get to the caches, right in the center [of the ring of caches].

And the man told her, “Gee! It feels like your people are going to come back,” he said.

And they had a lot of meat in the cache.

And he told his wife, “When they come back, don’t let anybody break the one with the other to get at the marrow!”

And he told her not to do it herself. And it’s still true [i.e. people still observe this taboo] .

He was out hunting when the people came to her. And as soon as they came — gee, they saw all kinds of meat!

They were starving, and they all ran and grabbed and cooked and roasted that meat.

The woman’s old husband grabbed some bones from the cache.

She told him, “Don’t! Eat the meat and fat, but don’t touch the bones!”

They were breaking all the bones, they were so hungry.

Just the men did it.

And then her [second] husband never showed up.

She wouldn’t eat, herself.

She had her little boy.

And towards afternoon he was coming. And he went around and he saw everybody there, and he said, “Didn’t I tell you not to break those bones when I was gone? That’s what you were doing!” he told them. “My pack string kept breaking all the way home!”

He had brought in a caribou.

“I had one terrible time to get it here!”

And he told her, “Make me a pair of moccasins, quick!”

And she started to sew the moccasins right away.

And he told her, “Right on the bottom of my moccasins, put red paint.”

And he did.

And he told her, “I’m going to lift all those mountains off my caches so that you and the little boy won’t starve.” And he lifted them up while they were at a distance [from them?].

Then he started to go.

She told her sister-in-law where the caches were. She told them, "Go over there! Go on over. I don't want to live any more after he's gone. I want to follow him."

So she followed him.

She could do it on account of the red paint.

And she followed to where he went on top of the mountain, along with the little boy.

And he went right down the cliff, and she couldn't get there.

So she just lay there on the edge of the cliff to die.

Finally, she felt like someone was trying to wake her.

And there was just a big trail, right in the center of the mountain.

There were all her people—her mother and her sister and her brother, and her husband, and her husband's mother.

That's why it's red in the steep places today. She stayed in there right with him.

Mountain Man Shàh *tu qawoo*, (Tl., mountain man), it was.

156. Why People Came to Teslin

This story dramatizes the consequences, in the past, when closely related members of the same clan married. Elders tell such stories to stress that such unions were formerly considered incestuous and punishable by banishment or death.

156. Why People Came to Teslin March 9, 1951, Teslin

One woman stayed right with that man [her cousin] and they had children.

Just think—no salt. Old Jenny Snakey would never touch anything with salt.

And they were trapping. They had deadfalls.

He was getting fur to pay his shame back—they were cousins.

He was an aunt's, tl'ákw's (Tl. mother's sister's) son and she was that tl'ákw's daughter.

And then they went away to the head of the Nisultin River and way up the MacMillan.

And they had caches all the way clear to the mouth of the river here.

His people and her people were all one people anyway, but it caused shame.

Like if Andy Smith and I were like that—we're first cousins.

Or if a person like old Jake married to another sister—their children and Aunt Kitty's and that kák's (uncle's, mother's brother's) shame would hang on all of them.

Therefore they got together and hunted them down like animals.

They didn't catch them for years and they couldn't find them.

He never had a chance to get down to the ocean again.

He had all his furs and dried groundhogs and meat and they were going back after the beaver hunt that spring.

But they caught them up at the head of Crawford Creek at Crawford Lake near Round Mountain—this side.

She went out to dig roots in the spring. By that time she had six kids.

They taught us this ever since we were small.

Little Harry Jackson knows all about it.

And they saw her and recognized her and they asked her where he was.

And she told them,

"Don't do anything to him. He'll pay you back in full. We know we have caused you shame."

And they never said a word to her, just asked where their camp was.

And she had two of the kids with her.

And they went right up the creek and saw all their winter signs.

That's how they found them there.

And that man was laying down in the house and they chased him.

As soon as he heard them he ran out. They tried to stab him.

But he had nothing on his feet. It was slushy and he had taken off his moccasins.

They chased him around the lake.

They chased him till the cones [cut his feet]— the dog's feet can't even stand them—they are sharp as a knife—you can't put your hands on them.

He ran till the bottom of his feet wore off and all the sinews were out.

He couldn't run off the lake, it was too deep snow.

"Well, he said, I've given you a run for my life. But don't let those caches go to waste. Use them and don't hurt my children nor their mother."

And they killed him there.

That's how they first came up here.

Old Man Fox said that he saw some of that man's caches.

One was at the mouth of the river over here at that time.

He built high caches and put their fur in it.

That's why they stick to the Nisultin now. Any one on our side when they are having a potlatch always gives a high name for the Nisultin.

yiłAts'i.n is really the *nAlatsin*—the name [for that river] means "he hid in it."

He had seven caches of nothing but fur.

Old Man Fox could point out every cache.

He came up after that. He remembers them as a young boy.

157. Skookum Jim Finds Gold

Pansy went to school at Chooutla School, the Anglican residential school near Carcross, and she lived in Carcross for a time. I told her I had heard that before he found gold, Skookum Jim had seen a frog – in Skagway in one version and at Dawson in another. Her version of what happened is quite different from that of Patsy Henderson's and the other Tagish storytellers. In telling the story, Pansy spoke faster than usual, so this is not verbatim.

157. Skookum Jim Finds Gold March 19, 1951, Teslin, written from memory

It was in Skagway, and they had a basement. They just built a few places there with a basement—it was just a cellar. There was no house on top. And Skookum Jim happened to go by. They went down there [to the coast] for seafood, you know.

And a frog was jumping all over trying to get out. It was such a high wall he couldn't climb it. Skookum Jim went down. He climbed down a ladder. He brought the frog out of there. And he walked way over and put it in the water where it could live. Before he put it down, he said, "I hope you'll bring me some good luck some day! I hope you'll save my life the way I'm saving yours!" Then he forgot it.

And at times he dreamed he saw a lady, and he didn't know who the lady was, but he'd always tell one of his nephews, Billy Smith or Patsy [Henderson]. He used to be a

solemn old fellow. He'd get up in the morning, and after breakfast he'd say, "I dreamt about a girl. I dreamt a lady." And they'd josh and kid him because he was their uncle: "She's one of your old sweethearts," they'd say.

"Oh no," he'd say, "She's fair. She has shining hair, not black like ours." They never had seen a white woman.

And then they were really hard up, no moose, no meat, nothing at Tagish. And they were all starving. And the whole tribe went together. They used to do it at Teslin. They went down the river. They wanted to prove what down river was like because people get along better down there. [George] Carmack was with him. He was married to Jim's sister [Kate]. They went hunting and they left the women on the banks of the river. They were getting salmon, I think. The men went back in the mountains to try to get meat. When they got up in the mountains, they didn't see anything. There were not even tracks.

Then he dreamt that woman that night again. He dreamt that she put her arms around him and she was hugging him. That's what he dreamt. And she told him,

"Just over there. Don't eat anything. Go without eating. Just around this hill, you're going to kill your moose. Don't shoot it while it is lying down. Be sure it gets up first."

Next morning when he got up his arms were like he was still hugging her. And he could feel where she was on his chest. And he looked at his arms, and he felt something cold on his chest. And he reached out, and there was a frog. And without eating he got up and went to the creek with the frog. And he took his beads from his glove to put with the frog. He dreamt that same lady all the time.

And Patsy was with him, and Jim told him, "I don't know, I dreamt I was going to kill a moose. I'm going to shoot it. Don't you try for it. I'm the one who's going to kill it."

Old George Carmack was with them, and he didn't believe it. "Well, it won't be long and we are going to have moose ribs for breakfast!" And they all started out together without eating. George Carmack made fun of them, and old Skookum Jim was solemn.

Skookum Jim did go right over to the cliff, and he hunted where he never expected to see a moose. He hunted where the woman told him that he was going to see it. And sure enough—that moose was just lying there sleeping! And he walked right up to it, and he had to holler at it. It was a fat one—a cow. And it was the fall time, in August.

And then they started packing the meat down to the women where they were getting salmon and cutting it. And Skookum Jim was ahead, leading them down the river. And he had a big pack on his back. And they rested several places, because they were packing meat. And they rested one time on top of a rock bench. And Skookum Jim took out his tobacco. He had just a little—enough for two pipes. And every one was talking, and he left his tobacco behind him.

They got up and went again. And when they had gone a long ways over, they rested again. And he was going to smoke the last of his tobacco. And he reached in his pocket, and it wasn't there. He looked all over for it, and then he remembered that he had left it behind.

He told Patsy or Dawson Charlie to go back for it, because they were younger, you know. No—nobody wanted to go back.

Then finally he went back himself. They disobeyed. And he got it, and on his way back he wanted a drink of water. And he bent down and saw that shining thing right on top of the water. And he saw it lying on the rock. Carmack was with him.

He got back and showed this thing because it was shining and pretty. He thought it was íxt' (Tl., shaman power), and he'd better show it to his nephews. The Pelly Indians claim that there's a place where yéik [Tl., spirit powers] come from. And they claim it's gold. Dad used to say it in '98. Dad packed meat from Frances Lake to Dawson.

Skookum Jim showed the gold, and they looked at it. And they thought that it was a falling star. They thought the whites would know about, and he showed it to Carmacks.

"Oh, that's nothing!" he said. But Skookum Jim kept the biggest for himself.

And then Carmacks said *he'd* found the gold. And then by night they all took off. And Skookum Jim didn't know what had happened. But somebody came running and asked where he'd found that valuable thing. But he wouldn't tell them.

Then some white men who took a shine to him—they told him [of the value of gold]. I think there were three white men. And they staked claims. The others didn't tell him but skirted right around behind his back.

Then the white men told Skookum Jim, "You know, that's gold!"

When Skookum Jim showed it to them, they asked if he had really found it.

"Did you find any more?"

"Yes, but the others took off."

They staked it, but not where he found it. He wouldn't tell. The whites helped him out, put stakes in for him and helped him.

And that fall and spring the whites came in. The news got outside before he knew. The [Anglican] Church is well off now from that.[63] If it wasn't for him, the Church would have really been left out!

I heard this from Charlie Kraft, a white man who has been in this country for a long time, and he would tell it true: The frog told Skookum Jim, "Any time you look for gold, it's never where the water freezes. It won't freeze until you take all the gold out." And it's true. But it did freeze later. "It's us [frogs] that keep the gold warm." Skookum Jim and everybody—even us—treat the frog with great respect.

KITTY HENRY

Kitty was the younger sister of Mary Jackson and Annie Geddes. She had just moved back to Teslin after we arrived. We didn't see her very often, but she was well versed in the old stories. Most of her stories we heard at the time she was putting up her daughter's grave fence.

158. Animal Mother

Kitty told this story when Dorothy Rainier and I stopped to visit with her in the morning. Mostly we had talked about native medicines, because she had just been checking a patient whom she had been treating with a pine pitch poultice. She did, however, tell us this brief version of Animal Mother when we were discussing geography and had asked her for the native name of the Dawson Peaks, known locally in English as The Three Aces. Kitty was the only narrator of this story to mention the small size of the animals when they were born.

158. Animal Mother July 9, 1949, Teslin

The name for The Three Aces mountains [Dawson Peaks] is *tlenak tawe*

There is a story that they tell about the mountain.

In the old days and early times there was no game in the country, no nothing.

One lady was carrying a baby. She had become pregnant.

When the time came to have the baby, they came to be animals, [i.e., the woman gave birth to animals rather than to a human baby]. The animals were just little ones—two or three inches tall. [Kitty indicated the size with her hands.]

There was a pair of each kind.

When the people [with whom the she was travelling] were coming through from way down [the Yukon River] and going south, they were coming through here.

They camped on the mountain with all of the animal children,

On the very top of The Three Aces.

It's just flat there.

The last peak this way [towards Teslin] leaning right out on top—it's just like a tub,

Just like a basin.

They camped there.

Before going from there, she tells all her children to come around that place and remember it.

There are all kinds of animals in these parts—all kinds are over the mountains.

There are bear, groundhog, sheep, goat, moose, caribou, ptarmigan, willow grouse, and blue grouse.

159. People-Eater or How Mosquitoes Came to Be

We were outdoors and the mosquitoes were thick. We all slapped at them constantly and Dorothy and I wondered out loud how there ever got to be so many. Kitty promptly volunteered the story which follows.

159. People-Eater or How Mosquitoes Came to Be July 9, 1949, Teslin

There was a bad man.

He eats people—how do you call them?

[We suggested "cannibal" but she often substituted "animal" or "thing"].

There was a cannibal who used to be.

One boy and his brother walk around.

They wonder what kind of people are so crazy [as to eat humans].

The [younger] boy wants to follow the tracks.

His brother says "No!"

Finally he goes. The boy goes to follow this thing.

Then [the older brother] finds where his [younger] brother is, up a tree.

He wondered which way his brother went.

He followed where his younger brother had found the animal walking. He heard his brother hollering.

"Let me help you!" says the cannibal.

"What's that?"

The other man was there below chopping away.

The brother whose younger brother was in the tree got a chance to knock the chopper.

The cannibal didn't know that somebody else was coming.

The [older] brother hit him from behind with an axe.

He chopped his head and pounded it in and killed him.

He clubbed him to death.

The other [younger] brother came down from the tree.

After a while they wondered why the cannibal was so crazy.

They looked at that man who had fallen down.

They felt his head and it sounded like it was empty.

"Let's cut it open! Let's chop it open and see what's in it, why he's so crazy."

They chopped it open.

Out came mosquitoes.

That is why mosquitoes eat people.

TOMMY PETERS

Tom Peters, a senior man of the Deisheetaan clan, became local head of that clan and inherited Jake Jackson's ceremonial regalia. When I knew him in 1951, he was less interested than Jake in his group's ties to the coast and had closer relationships with inland Kaska people at Pelly River and Ross River. Tommy told me the following story on my first visit to his home, and it was the first story he told me that day. He and his wife were on the point of going out when I arrived but they welcomed me warmly and proceeded to tell me stories for about three hours. His wife and daughters were present when he told this tale and a number of young children sky-larked around. This version was previously published in my monograph, *The Girl Who Married the Bear*. Nora and Richard Dauenhauer also recorded Tom Peters telling this story in Tlingit and published a bi-lingual version in their volume *Haa Shuká.*[64]

160. The Girl Who Married the Bear February 9, 1951

Old timers say the bear feels good about being called xóots (Tl., grizzly bear). A woman stayed with a bear for one year.

One woman walked out and stepped on bear manure.

And she was the one who never spoke the right way.

People used to be pretty strict about never saying anything against animals. And she just walked right away from where she had stepped on that stuff.

And then she met a young man.

And the young man asked her to go with him. And so she did.

And they just went a little ways, and then they stepped over a windfall.

They went right over two places, and they were mountains.

But the woman never knew it—they seemed just like windfalls to her.

And [when they had gone over] the third one, that's where he makes his den.

Figure 25. Tommy Peters wearing Beaver crest shirt. Teslin, Yukon Territory, 1968.

They come to a place where people are living.

And she never knows that they are bears.

These people seemed to look like [real] people to her when she looks at them.

And they were making a place to dry fish the way people used to.

And finally one morning she pulled off her blanket under which she had been sleeping.

It was early in the morning, and she looked at the people there.

And there were some people sleeping right across the fire there in one place.

Her husband had told her not to ever try to get up in the morning at any time.

So when she looked across at the people, she saw that there was nothing but bears lying all around that fire.

As soon as morning came—early, just when the day breaks—the real headman in the camp hollered to the young fellows, you know.

He told the young folk to get up and make fire.

So when they got up, the woman started to get up too.

And then when she looked all around, all those bears had turned to humans.

Finally they went up in the mountains where they were going to put a den.

And this bear was making a den, you know.

And this woman is supposed to be the wife of that bear.

So he tells his wife there to go get brush. And so this woman goes down to get the brush.

And this bear tells her, “If you break brush, get that under the balsams, close to the ground.”

And so this woman goes out and breaks this brush way up high, so somebody might find her some time.

And then this bear takes the brush and holds it out.

He looks at it and says, “You put a mark on us,” he says.

And so they move out of that place again.

And they are not very far from there, and they make another den.

And so that man himself, he goes out to get the brush. And then they have a place to stay.

And when he starts to dig out the den, it seems to this woman like a real place, like a house in which to live.

They have all kinds of grub, just like real people—groundhogs, gophers, black berries.

And then this woman has a piece of rock about this big—two of them.

And she starts in March when it begins to turn to spring.

Whenever she eats, she rubs her food around on these rocks, you know.

She greases them. And she keeps on doing that way at every meal.

And so that woman had four brothers.

And these four boys are making kuyanée [employing magical leaves].

And if a person makes that thing and he has a wife, he should stay by himself for one month [remain continent].

And all the four boys had wives, the youngest brother [too].

All four make leaves. They were going to try to hunt bear.

They had seen that a woman was travelling with a bear.

So when the time comes, the oldest brother goes first.

He takes his dogs but he gets nothing. *calsqwa* is the dog's name.

And the last one to go is the youngest brother.

And so when springtime comes, the bear puts his hand out and feels outside to see if the snow is starting to thaw where the sun hits it.

And when there starts to be a crust on the snow, this woman comes out there.

And she has the two rocks in her hands—the ones she had put grease around.

And she rolls them down from the mountain. And there used to be a snow slide in there.

And those rocks went way down, pretty near down to the bottom.

Way before that, the bear saw what his brothers-in-law were doing and what the first one, his oldest brother-in-law has.

Before he [the brother-in-law] starts out, the bear tells his wife, "Your oldest brother is coming after us!"

The bear knows when he leaves home.

And when the brother was coming closer, he has something in his mind just like a flashlight.

And the bear just gets ahold of it and he shoves that thing out.

He did that with three of those boys.

qatugu is the mind of a person [also the Tlingit word for 'chickadee'].

And finally the bear tells his wife, “The younger of your brothers is going to go this morning, and it looks as if he is going to get us,” he said.

And so then this woman tells her husband, she says, “Be good to your brothers-in-law!” she says, “Don’t hurt any of them!”

And the bear says, he tells his wife, “I’m going to play with my brothers-in-law!” he says.

And he has a spear—tsagúl’—in there up on the roof. And that thing there is [really] the teeth of the bear that he has up there.

And not very long after that, that man’s mind comes.

The bear shoves the young man’s mind out [of the cave].

But not very long after, it comes again.

He tries it three times, and he can’t make it. The third time that mind comes inside that place there, the bear never shoves that person’s mind out.

That’s the time that bear takes that tsagúl’ out of there.

And that woman talks good to her husband about her brothers, that he shouldn’t hurt them any.

And not very long after that, those dogs come to that snow slide place.

Those dogs there smell the rocks at the place where the woman rolled them down, you know.

And they started to follow [the scent].

Then way up there they heard the dogs barking.

When they came up there, they got around the den.

And that man gets on top of it.

He sees that the bear has his paw out of the den.

Finally the bear gets hold of one of the dogs and throws it to his wife back there.

And that bear wouldn’t come out.

The man just sees his hand every once in a while.

He throws everything down right in front of the den—his mittens.

And at last he throws his hat over there.

The bear catches everything.

He gets ahold of it in front of his den, and he always throws it back to his wife.

And just one dog is barking at the bear.

And finally the bear tells his wife, “Well, I’m going to go!”

And he starts to run out of the den.

And as soon as he runs out, they [i.e., the younger brother?] kill the bear.

And finally that dog keeps barking inside of the den.

And finally a person is talking inside of the den and telling the dog, “I wonder if you are going to get tired of barking!”

And then he sees his sister come out of there with two kids.

And they have hair just right on top of their hands there, right from here [wrists].

Then she starts to talk to her brother.

“Well, brother,” she tells him, “Work good on your brother-in-law’s body,” she tells him. “And give me his skin.”

This brother takes her right home from there.

And she takes her husband’s skin and keeps it.

That’s the time the bear had told his wife how to treat bears.

If anybody kills a bear, put a pole up between [*sic*] the skin.

And leave the head. Put it where the sun goes down facing west. Even black bear.

And get a point of willows and put it on top of the bear, the butt ends pointed out to mark where the sun goes down.

And sing two songs that this woman learned from her husband.

When you kill the bear, you have to sing them, and the bear feels good about it.

Then they went home.

This is the song. [Tommy sings]. The second song is about how the brothers-in-law are going to hunt the bear with leaves.

And that woman stays with her mother and father.

And in the fall time, if anybody goes up in the mountains, they say that this woman goes, too, to get gophers.

The brothers always go with their wives, you know.

And as soon as that woman starts to go from camp, you see, she puts a bearskin on, and she just shakes herself there and turns into a bear.

Those two kids do it too.

And the same day, they say, they went out to the place where they were eating berries on the side of the mountain.

She did that all the time.

As soon as she left camp, she would put a bearskin on, and those two kids did the same.

And one time those four brothers told their mother, “Well, mother,” they said, “tell our sister to go up on the side of the mountain just the way a bear does all of the time, so we can have fun with her!”

And they had bows and arrows, you know.

And right on the arrows they put some kind of stick.

They never used iron, so she won’t get hurt.

And they tell her so many times.

And that woman tells her mother, “Tell my brothers not to tell me to do like that all the time.

I’m nearly turning to a bear for good myself!”

And so one day, they say, they tell their mother again.

They tell her two or three different times.

And so this woman tells her mother, “Well,” she says, “I am going to go!”

And she puts that bearskin on herself and on the two kids.

And as soon as she started to walk from her home, she looked different altogether.

And when they started to go, the youngest brother took a real bow and arrow, but the other three never do it.

They think they are going to play for fun.

And those four brothers start to go after her.

And when they come close, she doesn’t look good to the youngest brother.

She acts different.

And they just come right close to her, and they hit her with that bow and arrow.

Then she just turns around and gets after her brothers.

And she had a real fight with those brothers of hers.

Even the woman’s sons fight. They are as big as their mother.

They killed all the three brothers.

The youngest one though, he’s saved.

He hit her with that bow and arrow but he never killed that bear.

That woman starts to go up in the mountains from that place where she fights her brothers.

They all come to be grizzly bears for good.

161. The Man Who Went With the Caribou

August 13, 1951, Teslin[65]

Once a man had the caribou for his yéik (Tl., spirit helper).

And he went with his caribou. He was following some.

And all of a sudden he met two young girls.

And he forgot all about the caribou. He forgot about the caribou he was hunting.

And he began to go with the girls.

A long time afterwards, it was like he woke up.

He found that he really was with the caribou, and that he was digging away the snow and pulling up grass to eat just like a caribou.

When he realized that he was going around with a caribou out in the bush, he wanted to get away.

But he didn't know how to do it.

He had another yéik. It was an eagle.

And after a while he began to think about it all the time.

Pretty soon a big eagle flew over the herd.

When it went low it whispered to the man to be ready the next time.

Those two girls must have guessed that the man was trying to get away.

They stuck close to the man, one on each side.

But when the eagle flew over again, it managed to get that man and fly away with him.

He went back near his home.

But for a whole year he didn't going into his camp.

When a man has been with the animals like that, nothing is worse than a woman.

It is the worst thing for him, they say.

Sometimes the wind blew so that he could smell the women in his camp.

And the odor made him so sick, he almost could not stand it.

They say that he had hair on his arms and legs, just about like a caribou.

This is a true story.

It happened to a man down the river. A man from that place told me.

And he told me about the hair on the man's arms and legs.

I guess it was because that man tried to get too strong a caribou yéik (Tl., spirit helper) that the caribou took him.

162. Caribou-Killer

The first part of this story was written down from memory on August 13, 1951, and the second section was also finished from memory on August 20.

162. Caribou-Killer August 13, 1951 and August 20, 1951, Teslin, written from memory

Once there was a man who was getting very hungry. He'd walk all day long, trying to kill some animal. He couldn't ever get anything. The caribou would just go away from him, over the mountain. Finally that man just about gave up, because he couldn't get anything at all.

Then all of a sudden he heard something following him. And he looked around. And there was a young man. It looked like a young man who was wearing something like feathers on the top of his head.

And the man looked ahead, and there was a dead caribou. And then there was another.

And then there was another, another. That man just said, "I killed all those game for you." He told the man to skin all those animals while he was making camp. It was late in the day and he was busy making camp. The man was roasting some ribs on the bow of the strange young man.

And the bow fell into the fire. And the string was burned.

That stranger didn't say anything. He just went on making camp. But the man could see the tears rolling down his cheeks, because he felt so badly about the birch bow.

The strange young man sat on the opposite side of the fire from the old man. And after a while they lay down to sleep. In the morning when he woke up, the [old] man looked across the fire. There was nobody there. There wasn't even a camp at all, just a mark in the snow like the one that a wolf makes when he has been curled up sleeping.

But he left his snowshoes behind. They were the big round toed ones. Before that, people just had the pointed toe ones. After that they had the round toed ones, too.

163. Killer Whale and Wolf August 13, 1951, Teslin

Killer Whale and Wolf used to be friends too.

One time Wolf went down to the coast.

And he and Killer Whale decided to go out hunting.

Wolf asked Killer Whale,

"What kind of weather do you like best for hunting a<u>x</u> yu<u>k</u>áwoo?" (Tl., my respected partner).

"Well, a<u>x</u> yu<u>k</u>áwoo**,** I like it best for hunting when there's just little riffles from the wind on the water."

"All right," said the wolf.

And the weather was like that.

So they went out hunting.

And the wolf was sitting in the bow of the canoe.

They were hunting seals.

Wolf saw three of them there, lying on their backs in the water like this [Tommy indicates flippers up].

He didn't say anything because he wanted to see how good a hunter his partner was.

After a while the seals saw them, and began to dive down.

The Killer Whale saw them.

The first two got away already, but they got the third.

The Killer Whale says, “Well, ax yukáwoo, what kind of weather do you like best for hunting?”

“Well,” said the wolf, “I like it best when there’s just a little fog on the mountains.”

“All right,” said Killer Whale.

And the wind was like that.

So they went out.

They were going around for a while, and then the wolf said,

“All right, now. Stop the boat. There’s some game up there.”

They looked up, and it was all foggy.

Killer Whale said he couldn’t see anything.

But pretty soon those mountain sheep began to drop right out of the mountain down into the water.

“Well, ax yukáwoo, you’re a better hunter than I am!” said Killer Whale.

“I used to think I was a good hunter, but you are a better hunter than I am!”

164. The Dwarf With Swans

When he finished the following story, Tommy asked me if I knew of any little people in the world. When I told about the pygmies, forest peoples in sub-Saharan Africa now known as Mbuti, Efe, Twa and others known for their diminutive size (150 cm. for males, 140 cm. for females), he was much interested, and commented that the story he had just told “must surely be true.”

164. The Dwarf with Swans August 12, 1951, Teslin

It gets all mud flats at the mouth of the Nisutlin River.

In the fall long ago, swans covered all the place.

And one bunch landed in the middle of the mud flats.

And the people went after them.

And before they come close, the swans take off.

And the people see a black spot where the swans take off.

And it was a little man about this high. He was fully grown and he had whiskers.[66]

The people were so surprised.

They kept coming out and looking at him.

The people tried to keep him alive, and they gave him cooked things.

He can't eat.

And he only eats raw things and he never talks.

He can't understand people.

The people crowded in all the time just to look.

And they stay about a month, and he was dead.

He got something like a swan skin, too— and his feet.

And he had a little bow and arrow just that big, they say.

165. Sun's Medicine

This story is perhaps based on an incident in which part of a comet fell into a Yukon or British Columbia Lake. The description of the falling object parallels in part a number of documented accounts of comets in other parts of North America.

165. Sun's Medicine February 9, 1951, Teslin

Llku or *yAncoxa* were the names of William Johnston's mother's father.[67]

Our people claimed the country at the head of Teslin Lake.

Nisutlin country belongs to our people (i.e., the Tuk.weidí or Deisheetaan clan).

That's the time, they say, early in the morning that the three brothers go up in the mountains as soon as the daylight breaks—early in the fall.

It is foggy, and they can hardly see anything.

Finally, they say that they hear something way up in the air like black ducks making

a big noise, like the wind.

And the thing is making a noise around like this, but they can't see anything.

It is foggy.

And the three brothers don't know what it is.

And where they are standing, there is a little pond in there.

And they can see that water is just as clear.

And they can even see the bottom.

And finally the thing making that noise comes closer and closer all the time.

And just all at once they hear that thing drop into the water there, just like in front of them.

It sounds like when a real hot iron is on the stove and you put it in water.

It makes a noise like that.

And they see that thing out there, just making a shine in the water, just like a light.

And this youngest one of the boys, he runs over there and tries to take that thing out.

As soon as it is fallen into the water, the fog clears up, just like that.

Then when that boy tries to pick up that thing there, he is not able to pick it up.

But the oldest one, he uses his head about it.

The oldest one is named *Liku*.

He takes off all his clothes, and he does the same way that they do to Tl'anaxéedákw (Wealth woman).[68]

And he walks out there and takes those things out of the water.

There were eight of them. They look like gold.

And afterwards, when he gets those things here, he does the same thing.

He never eats for that many days [eight].

Well, a long time ago they called that thing gugàn *xAtli* (sun's excrement).

They say that it is manure out of the sun.

166. Lucky Woman or Tl'anaxéedákw February 9, 1951, Teslin

NAs'Al was the name of the Telegraph Creek man who saw Tl'anaxéedákw.

He was Kaach'ádi, a Frog, the same as Jimmy Fox [of Juneau].

There aren't any Kaach'ádi here, but they used to come here.

Well this man, he's not a fully grown man at all.

His father was a rich man.

And all at once his father says he is going to go up in the mountains somewhere, in the month of August, to get food for the winter.

And the boy tells his mother and father that he is going to follow after them in the same way.

And the people are playing with gambling sticks.

And finally, you know, they start to beat the boy.

They were playing there for two days and two nights.

And this boy tries to win back all of the things that he lost.

This boy doesn't have a wife.

He lost everything, even his rifle, his knife and his axe.

And finally he takes his shirt off.

And when he takes his shirt off, he lost that one, [too].

And then he quits gambling.

And he just hates to open his father's house, too.

Then he starts to run after his father and mother.

[It has been] two days ago since they had left—his mother and his father.

And they had an old time trail right up to the mountain there.

He starts to run up it.

And he comes pretty close to that mountain already, where his father stays.

That is the time, that he hears some baby crying just ahead of him.

He thought that it was his father and mother camping over there.

And so he just keeps on going, running.

And he never comes close to them.

Then just all at once he thought about it.

His father used to tell him, you know.

And he thought to himself that he is sure that's Tl'anaxéedákw.

And he takes all his clothes off.

Because if a person has his clothes on, he cannot come close to her.

I don't know how that will be in the winter time.

And the boy starts to go after her again.

And he hears [the crying] just the same distance away.

And people used to use earrings, even the men folk.

Just all at once the boy thought about it, [about the need] to take that thing off.

Then he just runs a little ways.

And he sees that woman.

And he was very quiet.

And he runs right behind her. And he just comes close to her.

And he catches the baby from there. And he takes it away from the mother.

And just a little ways from there a tree is lying like that [on its side].

They say it was kind of standing.

And this boy runs up in the tree with the baby.

And this woman starts to bawl when the man takes this baby out.[69]

She tries to catch the baby, and instead she scratches eight lines down the boy's back.

And while the man stays up in that tree, the woman calls for that baby.[70]

And the man tells that woman,

"I am not going to give you this baby until you give me something."

And this woman, she says, "That's the one [you want] you've got on your back now!"[71]

"No," he says, "This is not the one. I would like to see with my own eyes what you are going to give me that I want."

And so this went on for a long time.

He makes her tired, I think, that woman.

And the woman sit down in there [and defecates].

And afterwards, when she gets up, there is nothing but foam in there.

And so this woman says, "This is the one down here that I give to you."

"No," he says, "This is not the one!"

And so the woman said,

"You come down there and move that foam out of there!" she says.

And when he comes down there, he just does it with his hand like that.

He takes that foam off.

And there are eight pieces there, like gold.

And afterwards, when he takes up that thing there, this woman, she tells this man,

"Any one of your people, if he is a real poor man, you show your back," she said. "The place where I scratched it."

And then that woman went away from there.

He gave her the baby.

And he starts to go up where his father and mother live up in the mountains.

When he catches up with his father and mother there, they try to give him something to eat.

And he doesn't want to eat.

That woman told him not to eat for eight days.

And when the father and mother see the boy, he looks different altogether, even though he never says a word to his mother and father.

And so his dad, he says,

"My son, I think something happened to him. Don't say anything to him any more.

Just leave him the way he is."

The people can't understand. He just eats a very little in the morning, and [drinks] a little water.

And the next day this boy goes to the creek there.

And he dams it up at eight places.

He dams that little creek which is just about a foot wide.

Every day he breaks a little dam, you know.

And when he breaks out a dam, he just speaks out what kind of luck he wishes.

After the eight days are up, well, they say he is free then.

And he has got through everything.

And so he went down there to Telegraph Creek again.

And he starts to gamble with the man that has beaten him.

And that man there, he beats the [other] man out of everything.

He wins everything back, and on top if it, pretty nearly all of the things that the man have.

And he is a rich man, too. And that is [the time that] the person knows that the thing is for luck.

And not very long afterwards, that man is the richest man in Telegraph Creek.

And at that time there were lots of slaves.

And he has got nearly twenty slaves in a house right outside of his own place.

And whenever he sees some of his friends or sisters or brothers or uncles, when one of them is real poor, that man would call his friend there and show him that back.

And [he would] cut a little piece out of that old wound on his back—just a very little.

And he gives it to his friend.

That scab never comes off of his back.

And that's the way that he gives his luck to his friends.

That is a true story. My father saw this other old man from Atlin, and he told the people about it.

167. Kushee eesh Goes to Heaven February 10, 1951, Teslin

Kushee eesh is the Ross River shaman who saw God.

He went up to heaven when there were not many whites.

He cannot talk English.

Kushee eesh, well, he was just a common medicine man, you know.

He had a wife and children, and he was very much a gentleman.

He was kind to the people.

He had an oldest daughter about twenty or twenty-five years old.

One time he told his daughter that some spirit had come, and that he was going to die.

He did not even know himself just what was going to happen to him.

He told his daughter, "I don't know if I am going for good or if I'll come back to you again."

So the next morning the girl went inside his tent.

Sure enough he was dead.

She left him on the bed there, just the way he used to lie.

He was not breathing at all.

The next morning the girl went in and felt about his body.

That man used to be a widower.

He had lost his wife.

His daughter felt his hands and all around his face.

It was not even cold any place and hardly stiff anywhere.

So she just left her father the way he was.

He stayed that way and never changed.

When one week was up, sure enough, he came back to life.

And after he had come back to life, he started to tell the story.

He said that he didn't know that he was dead.

And he said that all during the seven days, all the game in the country came out and started to play with him.

Caribou and moose and [other animals].

It was as though they had taken the soul out of his body to some place.

He didn't know that he was dead.

After a while he went way down to the ocean someplace and kept on going even farther.

He saw a church one time, too. He heard the bell.

But when they rang the bell he didn't know what it meant.

All at once all of the animals left him way out at sea, on top of a drift log.

He could see the big waves. The waves were all around the drift log.

But he hung on to it for two days.

He nearly drowned.

Finally he heard siomething up in the air.

He didn't know what it was. It sounded like the wind, but the sea all calmed down.

That was the time that he heard something up in the air.

He said that he looked up there. But he couldn't see anything.

Then just all at once he saw something coming down right beside him.

The way he described it, it looked like a kind of cage.

There was a string at each corner just as big as this [tip of a pencil point]

They joined together about ten feet up.

And he said that in those days he did not even speak one word of the white man's language.

And this man started to speak to him in English.

As soon as the person started speaking, he seemed to hear it just as plain.

He heard it just as plain as his own language.

And this person told *Kushee eesh* to get inside of that thing.

And that was the time *Kushee eesh* thought to himself,

"How in the world am I going to step on that thing when that string up in the air is so small it can't hold anything at all?"

And it was just as though the man knew just what *Kushee eesh* was thinking.

So the man told him.

He said to him, "Don't think that way!

Get inside that. I am coming down for you."

So *Kushee eesh* stepped inside that thing there.

Then he started to go up.

And then it was not very long before he went right up to heaven.

And he said that there were a lot of people in heaven.

They put him out right in a really big house.

It had a cross on the top like this church here.

That was the one they called *k'Anestso hit* (Tl., cross, house).

And he went inside there.

And the man told him, "This is the way you are going to go."

And just during the first day there, he saw a man standing over there beside the door.

The man asked *Kushee eesh*, "Where are you going?"

Kushee eesh never said anything.

That was the time, he thought, "I would like to see that God."

He was thinking that way.

And whatever way he thought, it was as though they knew it, you understand.

Finally they show him a paper like a map—a white sheet.

And they showed him another black one.

They were for the work of the people there, you know.

If men [on earth] did good work, it wrote itself right there on that white board, *Kushee eesh* said.

If they did bad work, it wrote itself right on the black board.

When *Kushee eesh* came in there, that man told him, "You read on that board there."

And *Kushee eesh* thought, “I don’t know how in the world I am going to read that, because I don’t know anything about how to read.”

But that man told him,

“Don’t think that way,” he said. “You go over there and read it.”

And as soon as he said it, that man was right.

Kushee eesh could see himself all that writing and what it meant, you know.

He could read all that the black board said—all the bad words that he had said.

And he could read all of the trouble that he had made right from the time he was fifteen years old —all the things, the worst things.

And he could read all the things he had lost—his watch or knife or anything like that.

Even those lost things he could see them on the black board, all the things that he had lost.

From there he went to the next door.

That was the most beautiful place that he had ever seen.

The man told him to go back and see the other door behind that.

And when he got to the third door, that door just opened by itself.

And just when he came in front of that door, he saw inside the room.

And he felt just as if he didn’t want to step inside that door.

There was something so strong, you know.

But that man told *Kushee eesh* to walk in just the same.

Then they sent him into the fourth room.

The people were higher in each room that he went into.

When he went into the fourth room, they had a chair there.

And he said that the chair was nothing but gold.

And *Kushee eesh* thought, he wondered what to do.

“I don’t have good clothes on to sit in that kind of place.”

But the man told him “You sit there. Don’t think that way.”

And when he was sitting there he thought,

“I wish that I would see the one they call God.”

He was thinking that way.

This man told him—he said, “You can’t see God.

I am the second God," he told him.

That was the time that he showed *Kushee eesh* everything—all that he was not supposed to do, and everything he was working.

He had a real room for it.

It was the place for showing the things to people, you know.

He took *Kushee eesh* over there.

The first thing which he showed him was the game.

There had been two mistakes [about game] when they showed *Kushee eesh* the black board.

But the man told him, "Because you didn't know this before, we will give you an excuse for all of the bad work that you have done."

Then he told that there is all kinds of game all over the place, but that the game comes from heaven.

Kushee eesh used to put a picture on his drum, you know.

It showed the way the game travelled—the caribou, the sheep, the moose—things like that.

The game itself is just going around like that all of the time [motion in a sunwise direction].

Then the soul rises up again.

That is why we can't get short of game.

Now the man said, "You shouldn't burn the bones from game.

It is the hardest thing to make the game up again out of ashes.

If you burn the leg or something, then we have nothing to use [to make a new leg]."

And they say about persons—it's just about the same, burning people.

You know long time ago they used to gather together all of the bones of the persons they burned up.

And they put all the bones together again.

As soon as they put all the bones together, the person comes back to life.

And there are lots of things from a person's body—

all his bones, you know, and they burn up into ashes.

They can't make the person come back to life again the same way as if a person was buried in the body[72].

They have a hard time making up the person [who is burned] in that place again.

And then he showed *Kushee eesh* the medicine people.

He told him, “Do you see those people there?”

He took *Kushee eesh* outside of the house the time he showed the medicine people to him.

And he told them about the medicine people.

And that is the time he told *Kushee eesh*,

“There are still some of them carrying around what they used to use to make medicine—a long bone.

It looks just like grease is soaked into the bone.

That’s what those people used to use to kill one another.

Well, those people there that you see, they are going to stay right down in the place that they are now.

They are not going to go up to heaven as long as the world lasts—till the end of the world.”

That was the time that he saw some of those people crying.

And it was because they were punishing them, *Kushee eesh* said.

That was the time when they showed him just where they punished the people.

One place where they punished the people, they said that they had dead bodies leading way up to heaven there (sic).

They had two or three different places where they punished people.

Those who were liars—they put a hot iron through their tongues.

After that, they showed them the place where the dead people come up.

After they are dead you know, they go to heaven.

A person who is dead never had any trouble to go up there.

“But this is the one place,” he said, “you people have got to work for it before you die.”

The people who come up there to heaven have a place just as wide as from here to the stove—just two steps.

And they say that the edge of it is just sharp like a knife.

And the real good people, they walk right across that.

And they never get hurt.

The bad people just step right over and go straight down.

And they have a fire going down there all the time.

And the real bad person just falls down there and never comes out again.

Some people just about win, and then they fall into the fire.

They say that you have no way to stop.

You just have to go through.

There is a real big man right behind you.

You just have to go across.

And if you can't go across, well, they shove you out.

And after that was the time that they showed *Kushee eesh* all the birds.

They had strings around their feet, you know.

And they hung them upside down from the top of a pole there.

There are some ducks that they call *t'E'u'etlugu*—butterball ducks.

They have white spots on the sides of their heads (i.e., buffle-head ducks).

They say that they are supposed to be the very best ducks up in heaven.

Kushee eesh never said there's anything the matter wrong with them.

He used to take the feathers out of that kind of duck and give them to those friends of his—just for luck and for hunting and trapping around.

But all the bad birds, *Kushee eesh* could see something coming out of their mouths.

He said that it looked like worms.

But all the good birds had nothing coming from their mouths.

I used to see the picture [of all this] on the drum.

K.T. [a Teslin chief of the Deisheetaan sib], when he came back from there.

He drew the picture.

It was nothing different from a church.

And that was the time when people were surprised.

The picture was not on *Kushee eesh's* drum.

K.T. was *Kushee eesh's* best friend, and he drew that picture for him.

He was in this country here about sixty years ago.

Bosun and Andy Smith used to have a store in Ross River.

And that was the time that *Kushee eesh* was there.

And this man, he never spoke English at any time.

And on the other side of Ross River, straight up from where the village is, there hardly used to be any trees or willows there for four or five miles.

And they used to call that hill Birch Hill.

And that man said that it used to be the center of the world, right there at Ross River.

And they used to give names to dogs using white man's language

They used to call one of them "Sandy" and one of them they called "Shoot".

And one they called "Ducks", and the last one they called "Ruby."

And *Kushee eesh* used to have something there.

It was a babiche string twisted up with feathers.

And there was a fifty cent piece on each end.

And whenever he was putting out his prayers, if he ever saw a poor man who couldn't make money, he would put the babiche around the man's neck.

That is the way he used to give a little luck to people.

He went through all this.

For seven days, for all that time, the body of the man never changed at all.

And they say that when he came back to his body, he saw his body.

He took his hands back that time.

A long time ago—when there were real old timers—when a real big medicine man died,

they used to take all his feathers and cover him all over with them.

They did that same thing this time.

And just in the morning they heard him starting to sing in that tent there.

And in those days the people never used to know about Sunday, or even about the week.

And he told the people how many days there were in the week between Sundays.

That Sunday, he used to call a "big day."

And on the seventh day, he said, it was not right for a person to work.

And he used to pray every Sunday.

They asked *Kushee eesh* which way he wanted to pray—in his own language or in the English language.

But he said that he liked to pray in his own language.

They had a name for this white man at Ross River—Meji.

He used to know a lot of songs.

Before he started to pray, he used to beat his drum.

He drummed on it like they ring church bells.

He told them that when some people started to pray, some prayers wouldn't go very far.

They stop.

And when some of the people really started to pray, their prayers went straight to heaven.

Kushee eesh told the people, "That's what we live for—to pray to God. That's the only way to get there."

That man used to know everything that was going to happen, way before the time it really happened.

And that Devil—they call him the Devil—didn't like that.

But in our language, he [either *Kushee eesh* or the Devil] says we have to call him *'at'Avi anqawu* (Tl., under the highest chief).

Kushee eesh was a Crow man.

Charlie Bob's mother and father never had a child.

His mother and a whole bunch of people went to Ross River one time.

And *Kushee eesh* was there.

And he surprised the people with all the stories he told.

He told them all about the coast.

He surprised the people who had really been there, for *Kushee eesh* never had been [to the coast].

And he said that if a person dies and goes up to heaven, they make them up again and send them back into the world like a little child.

Kushee eesh said that when they send a person down again, they slap their behind and they get those purple spots.

Therefore, he said, any woman who has a child or a baby is not to slap it again, because it has already been slapped once.

If they do it again, it is the same as sending the child back again.

"They are pretty strict about that," they say.

And so Charlie Bob's mother and father asked *Kushee eesh* if he can pray for them to have a child.

Kushee eesh says, "Sure I can pray for you to have a child."

They tell him they want to have a boy.

Kushee eesh tells them, he says, "They mean you to be without a child or boy as you live, and now you ask me to get a child for you.

And any way you like, if you want to live or [to] have a child, if I get this child for you that's going to be the end of your life for both of you."

They were young then. I knew them—Bob Jackson.

And so the mother says, "Oh well, get the boy."

Kushee eesh says, "Okay, I will pray for you two to get this boy.

If this baby is born, the people will have to look after him good.

And that is the worst of it—dirt.

Up in heaven, they don't like t see dirt.

They like to see people pure, with good clothes, you know.

I am going to get this boy myself for you people.

So if this boy is raised up the way I tell you, when he grows to be a man, he is going to get half my power."

And not quite a year after, those two persons who never had a child, had a child.

And that is Charlie Bob.

And when he was not quite two years old his mother and father dies, just like *Kushee eesh* told.

"…and the Tender, the highest thing in heaven, he looks over the ground all the time."

Kushee eesh says that up in heaven, they have a place for thunder.

When winter comes, the Tender puts it in a place where he can leave it until spring.

EDGAR SIDNEY

When I first met Edgar Sidney he was living alone in a small house in Teslin. He was an older, rather slight man with silvery grey hair and a kindly smile. His command of English was excellent, and he got along easily with visitors to his community. Not only did he come to see Dorothy Rainier and me soon after we arrived in Teslin in 1948, he also often entertained me in his cabin during the winter of 1951. He kept his home scrupulously clean and tidy and delighted in serving a good cup of tea. In my album of pictures from my first trip to Teslin, I wrote, "Edgar Sidney - born in Juneau - always a real gentleman, Crow-Crow."

Edgar was born in the Auk village near Juneau and he belonged to the coastal Gaanax̲.ádi clan. His father (whose clan affiliation I do not know) died when Edgar was 10 days old, and Edgar lived first in the household of his mother's brother, and then in his maternal grandmother's house. He told me that this grandmother was the one who taught him to be "honest."

Edgar received his most honorific Tlingit name—*Néltayin* (Tl., "inside it looks") from his paternal grandfather *'Analahac*, who I believe was the senior Gaanax̲.ádi man of the Tlingit families living at Auk. Edgar's name commemorates the turning inward of one of the house posts of his grandfather's house, when it was rebuilt in Juneau early in the century. A slave was freed to celebrate the occasion. Edgar claimed that the picture of a coastal chief in Diamond Jenness's *Indians of Canada*, page 77, shows his uncle in the same blanket and headdress that he gave to the president of the United States in 1905.[73] According to Edgar, the blanket cost $600 and the headdress $700. *'Analahac* told his people not to be "sorry" that he was giving away such highly valued and honored clan paraphernalia. In return, he said, the President sent *'Analahac* a uniform of some sort and made him "chief policeman" for the Auk Indians.

Edgar's original English name was Joseph Aron, but when he went to school in Sitka, the teachers, following missionary practice, gave him instead the name of a "good and pious lad" who had recently died in Pennsylvania. So he became "Edgar Sidney."

As a young boy he spoke only Tlingit and Chinook jargon. He worked for a while sweeping up and doing other chores in a hotel run by a white man named Billy Biggers. Billy liked Edgar's quickness and honesty, which he once tested by leaving a gold piece lying where Edgar would find it. Edgar turned the money in to Billy who grew quite attached to the boy. When Edgar said he wanted to go to school, Billy outfitted him with suitable clothes and sent him off to Sitka with some pocket money. Edgar's brother was already in school.

Edgar said that he first went to school in 1895 and that there were 140 boys, 125 girls and twenty-eight teachers. He was probably describing the Sheldon Jackson Institute. He stayed in Sitka for five years, learning the shoemakers' trade.

In 1904 Edgar was baptized in the Russian church in Juneau, and he always remained emotionally tied to the Russian Church, as did several other older Teslin Indians. However, when he finally settled in Teslin, Edgar became interpreter for the Roman Catholic Oblates. There was no Russian Orthodox church in the interior, and members of the Russian clergy rarely came up the Taku River.

Figure 26. Edgar Sidney, Teslin, Yukon Territory, 1948. Copyright Canadian Museum of Civilization, J2310.

Soon after he returned to Juneau from Sitka Edgar took his first trip to the interior, making his way up to Skagway and Dyea. He apparently first became involved in packing goods from Dyea over the pass at some time during the Gold Rush of '98. Perhaps he first crossed the divide in 1900, but he returned to visit his brothers and sisters on the coast in 1904, 1907 and 1919. For a while after his return from one of his inland trips, Edgar gave up packing to become a court interpreter in Juneau. After 1919 Edgar never returned to Juneau. This was evidently because his siblings, especially an older sister, were pressuring him to marry a girl he did not care to wed. For a while, he told me, he was also heavy drinker, but by 1919 he was "off whiskey".

I believe that Edgar's first wife was from Juneau. He told me how once when she was ill in Juneau, his wife's brothers and sisters called in a shaman to care for her. The shaman was "súnee" to him (a "father's brother" or a man of his father's lineage). In fact, several of his "uncles" (paternal uncles)—were shamans. According to Edgar, these uncles once dueled with two Chilkat shamans, whom they managed to kill.

During the gold strikes at Atlin after the turn of the century, he was a shoemaker there. He also worked on boats and scows for the Taylor and Drury trading company in various capacities from deckhand to fireman. As he travelled up the Stewart and Ross rivers, he managed to carry on a lively trade of his own with the upstream people. From 1921 to 1929 he was "straw boss" of a railroad crew working from Carcross.

Some years after Edgar first came into the interior, he married a woman from the Old Yanyeidí clan. At least three children from that marriage were still living in 1951. Edgar's accounts of how his wife helped him learn to live the hard life of the interior are most amusing—or anyway he always told them with the intent to amuse. It was through this wife that Edgar became affiliated with the people in Atlin and Teslin.

Teslin grew up around a trading post established in 1904. Prior to that, the Hudson's Bay Company had established a small post at the very head of the lake. When the post manager, George Adsit, travelled to Telegraph Creek one time to get supplies, he was detained there by authorities for a few months. During his absence Edgar kept the Hudson's Bay Company books for Adsit. I believe that I saw the ledger Edgar kept in the Hudson's Bay Company Archives in London when I visited in 1949.

Edgar told me that at that when he was keeping the Company store record, there were seven members of the Teslin band named "George." Since both Edgar and George Adsit found it hard to keep track of them, Edgar gave them all numbers. Later, however, he and George called all the "Georges" together and gave them last names as well. His own last name Sidney (acquired at school), he gave to his brother-in-law George Sidney, Angela Sidney's husband.

After the death of his first wife from the interior, her clan wanted to give him another girl from Teslin. They would not let Edgar "visit my friends" at either Atlin or Carcross, which, as Edgar put it, "struck at my heart". He thought about it at night as he tried to sleep. However, the girl selected for him refused the marriage, saying that Edgar was too old. Edgar was relieved—and even made up a song about it.

In fact Edgar prided himself on his abilities as a composer of songs. He had made another song when he was travelling up to the head of the Nisultin River in country claimed by his wife's Old Yanyeidí clan, which has the wolf as a crest. Feeling lonely in a strange place, Edgar sat down by the river listening to the water murmur as it divided down either side of the pole that held his boat close to shore. The gist of the song which he addressed to his wife is:

"You Wolf people cry when you hear wolves in your own country,

Don't you think that a Crow cries for his country too?"

Edgar always thought of himself as an American citizen. Once when a number of Teslin people were in my cabin, Edgar picked up a starfish I had brought from the coast and asked the assembled guests, "Are you an American? That's your flag!" He also asked me to send an American flag to him so it could be buried with him, and it was.

In spite of his pride in his American origins and his knowledge of the coastal clan traditions, Edgar was always eager to learn the stories and traditions of his wife's inland people. He explained how the elected chief of the Teslin band used sometimes to ask his help in legal matters because of his experience as a court interpreter in Juneau. It was apparently from this man that Edgar began to learn some of the Inland Tlingit stories:

"…and he sat down and asked me about the laws. He said he wanted to help the people. I asked him, 'Are you the chief?'

He said, 'Yes, I am.'

I said, 'Don't you think I get hungry sometimes?'

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

As late as 1947 Edgar still held a variety of jobs. That summer he was bull cook for a party of ten. He must have been in his late sixties. In 1951, he was said to be suffering from tuberculosis, but he always was spry and cheerful, taking very seriously his role as a storyteller. Usually I was the only other person in his cabin when he told these stories. More often than any other narrator—with the possible exception of Angela Sidney of Carcross—Edgar questioned the logic of some sequences in the stories he told. How could Crow travel in a canoe before he had gotten water? How could Animal Mother's make snowshoes before there were any willows to use for the frames? These were the kinds of questions that often preoccupied him during our conversations.

168. Crow Stories

168 a. Crow Makes the Earth August 29, 1948, Teslin

I was a little boy when I heard this.

That was the first thing. The Crow was the one who made the world first.

That is an old story.

My grandfather used to tell it.

It used to take some five days for him to finish from the beginning to the end.

I have forgotten lots now because I was in school.

Crow made the world out of deer.

There are lots of deer down on the coast. Crow took one for his partner.

Crow is the one who goes around.

There was no water, but he went around in a canoe.

Crow had a canoe.

What water did he have it on? I don't know.

Crow got to the shore.

He hollered out for a partner, for someone, for a sidekicker.

He goes on.

So he hollers to someone so that he can go with him.

Well, in the first place out comes a porcupine.

Well, Crow didn't want him because he had such sharp quills.

Crow goes around again and out comes a lynx.

Crow asks, "What can you do?"

Lynx says, "I can't do very much."

“Well, it’s no use for you to be my partner.”

So Crow goes on again.

Then he hollers for a partner.

And deer comes out.

“What can you do?”

Deer says, “I can’t do very much, but I can run fast.”

Deer says, “I’m dry. I want a drink of water.”

Crow was pointing on the side of the canoe, and he says,

“There’s water right there.”

It was salt water.

Deer says, “It’s too salty. I can’t drink it.”

Well, they keep on then and they see a stream coming down.

Then deer told his partner, “Here I want to drink water.”

The deer started to drink water.

In the meantime Crow goes up the creek and sees a canyon.

“I went up the hill and found a canyon.”

Crow takes long straws and joins them together like this. [Small end shoved into the big end.]

Then he reaches the straws right across [the canyon].

He gets on his mind that he can kill deer and eat him.

Deer says, “It will break.”

Crow said, “I can do it.”

Crow used his wings at the same time so not much of his weight came on the straw as he crossed the canyon safely.

So deer stepped on it.

Deer has a split foot. The first step deer put on the straw, he just tottered.

The straw is between his split foot.

Deer went right over into the canyon.

Crow began to eat. He ate it, and he threw parts of it all over.

He formed the earth and everything.

The white rock is the fat.

The black rock is the meat.

168 b (i) Crow Gets Water (Version One) August 29, 1948, Teslin

Then he went down.

He kept on going. And he can do anything at all.

Well, they say he found out that somebody had water.

Crow wanted the water.

So he went on and took his canoe.

He came to the place where he met somebody else in a canoe.

Crow called him his brother-in-law.

They met right together in the ocean.

It was the first time Crow had seen him.

So he asked this man, "How long do you live?" [i.e., how old are you?]

The man said, "Before I was in this place."

Crow says, "Oh, just a little while ago.

I was born a long time before you."

We don't know how Crow came in the world.

This man said to him, "If you were living before I was, I'm going to see."

The man put on his hat and it was foggy all over.

He did this to show Crow his power.

Crow couldn't find him. He paddled all over.

Well, this man was in the world before Crow.

"Brother-in-law, how did you live before me?"

His brother-in-law took his hat off. It was clear all over.

And there he was, right next to Crow.

168 b (ii) Crow Gets Water and Becomes Black (Version Two)

This version of how Crow gets water and becomes black seems to conflate two commonly told stories: how Crow fools Petrel into thinking he has defecated inside the house and how, with the help of small birds pretending to be warriors, he gets the grease from his partner. Perhaps Edgar thought that the story of Petrel and the excrement was not suitable for me to hear.

168 b (ii) Crow Gets Water and Becomes Black (Version Two)
August 29, 1948, Teslin

They went along.

They come to the camp where the man was. He's got up all the birds.

They were small birds, chickadees and all those small ones. They were for his servants.

The man told his brother-in-law, Crow, to come inside.

And Crow saw the water right away, right there.

The rocks were right there.

This was way down on the coast, down past Wrangell—my own brother-in-law has seen this place.

The rocks are just like a box. And water comes out from the bottom.

Crow and the man were together for a little time.

Crow came to get the water.

Crow said he wanted to go out back.

The man had all his servants in the woods.

Crow told this man, "The war is on!" he told this man.

A long time ago the Indians used to fight for slaves.

They would fight with the people. They take the young people for the slaves.

That's all they fight for. Not for the country at all.

I just saw one war in my life, at Wrangell. I was just a small boy.

It was out of doors.

They had a war with the Killisnoo Indians in front of my door.

The Sitka and Juneau Indians had a war on.

Crow says, "Go on. I'm going to follow you!"

This man went up. He took a spear and ran out.

Crow took a stick and ran behind his brother-in-law.

The birds flew away.

As soon as the man was in the woods, Crow ran back and drank all the water he can.

His brother-in-law came back, and Crow flew up in the hole to get away from him.

He wanted to get away.

This man hollered for him to stop.

So he stopped.

Something holds him there. He couldn't get away.

Then the man made a brush fire.

He started to smoke him. Crow was all white before this.

The man smoked him good. He made him all black.

168 b (iii) Crow Puts Water in the World (Version Three)

August 29, 1948, Teslin

Finally crow got away.

He keeps on going and every river. He gives the name to the river.

Then he pours some water for the lakes.

When it's all gone, it comes right through from here.

And it gets sour—you know that the ocean is bitter.

168 c. Crow Steals Daylight

Edgar's efforts to try to reconcile the "old stories" with Bible stories comes through very clearly here. This is the only version of "Crow Gets Daylight" that I know of in which the Virgin Mary is incorporated into the main text of the story: "Mary had a child like this and she didn't know where it comes from." However, other Tlingit narrators in their commentaries have drawn the parallel between the birth of Jesus and the birth of Crow.

168 c. Crow Steals Daylight August 29, 1948, Teslin

He keeps on going.

Well, he comes to a place. It's dark. He can't see anything.

He finds out that this man has got the moon, and the daylight, the sun and the stars.

Crow has no way to get it.

He comes to the people who ask if that man has that.

It was dark all of the time.

This man had a slave.

The man had the sun and the moon, the stars and the daylight up there in a box in the house.

Crow saw the slave coming.

It was a woman slave, going down to get water for her master.

“Who are you getting water for?”

“For my master’s daughter.”

So Crow takes a needle off a pine tree and throws it in the girl’s bucket.

And he goes into the bucket with it.

Before he jumps in, he says to the slave, “You give this bucket to the girl.”

The slave doesn’t see this [pine needle], so she gives the bucket to the master.

There is a partition in the back [of the house]. And the girl stays there.

The slave gives it to the girl, and she drinks it.

And Crow is in it.

Just a few days after that and they don’t know how the girl got in a family way [pregnant].

Whenever she goes out, a slave has to go with her.

They don’t know how she got that way.

Then the girl got sick.

They don’t know what happened.

Then they put down everything—robes, fox robes for the baby to be born on.

Everything soft. Only rich people do this.

Well, they can’t do anything.

The baby never comes.

The girl was pretty sick.

They take the robes away.

Then they take a marten robe for the baby to come on.

No baby comes. It can’t make it.

Well, they say it takes a long time for her to get through her trouble. She suffers.

They send word to the old man over at the end of the village that they don’t know what to do.

He says, “If you take all that stuff out and use moss off of the bush and put it under her, she’ll make it.”

So this man came back and told about it.

And they put moss under the girl.

And the baby was born then.

It was a high man who was the girl's father.

Crow can't get the things yet. But it doesn't take Crow very long for him to start to grow up.

That man watches him.

He says, "My grandson looks like Crow's eyes. That baby looks like Crow's eyes."

The man found out himself.

Crow doesn't mind about this.

He starts to cry. The mother doesn't have much milk.

None of them understand how he grows so fast.

His grandfather doesn't know what's the matter.

They ask that girl where she got this baby from. She doesn't know.

So the grandfather asks, "What's the matter with him?"

Crow starts to look and starts to cry for the things.

They have to stop him.

He starts to cry.

Well, that high man, the grandfather, said, "Well, give him one."

The man has the sun, the moon and the stars.

To stop him from crying, this high man, the grandfather, gave him one of those things.

He gave him a box with the moon and stars.

That's the first one he got.

Crow starts to roll the moon around the floor.

He called behind, "Mary had a child like this, and she didn't know where it comes from."

It's just the opposite of it. Crow is the one who caused this.

It's just an old story.

When Crow started to run after the moon, after a while he picked it up.

And he threw it up. And it went into the sky, the stars and the moon.

Then he starts to cry.

He wants to get it back, but he can't get it.

He meant to throw it up, but he was just crying for it.

So he was crying for another one.

He wants to get some more. They have to do something for him.

They have to give him that light, that sun. It's in a box.

He starts to move the box around.

He just keeps on moving it. He doesn't want to open it.

He flew right up with it, and he got caught in the smoke hole. They smoke him again.

Well, right at the end of his breath, he got away again!

168 d. Crow Changes People Into Animals August 29, 1948, Teslin

Well, he keeps on going.

And finally he gets to the people. He finds the people on the shore getting halibut.

He hears the people fishing for halibut. He sees canoes out there.

He hollers, "Give me some fish!"

The people say, "We have no fish."

Everybody is hollering there.

He tells the people, "I'm going to open that light if you don't get fish for me."

Some had tubs—seal, bear, groundhog, gopher.

He said, "I'm going to get that light on you if you don't give me food."

Daylight comes, and the sun was up in the sky.

The seals jumped in the water and became seals.

The same happened for all the other animals.

They all just turned into what kind of tub they were in.

168 e. Crow Loses His Nose August 29, 1948, Teslin

Crow walked away again.

And he wanted to get a fish again.

He lifted up the edge of the water and went inside.

He got to where the people were and where the hooks were.

He untied the bait. He ate it.

The people couldn't catch everything. They couldn't feel it.

Two brothers knew how to feel things.

So Crow came out again when he was full.

When he was hungry, he did the same thing again.

These two brothers put nice things on their hook and held them on.

So Crow lifted up the water again.

And he was about to untie the bait. And then they started to pull him up.

The hook got caught in his nose.

And they pulled him up.

They marked a line, so they knew when they were near the end of the line.

As soon as they got to his nose, they saw Crow.

And they clicked it on the bottom of the canoe. And the nose broke off.

And he sank right down.

They went ashore and hung the nose up.

Crow fastened a bark nose with pitch.

He said, “I hear somebody caught some kind of nose.”

Well, the people up at the end [of the town], they said,

“We hear about it, but those people up there, they haven’t [heard].”

He comes to the next house. He holds his nose this way.

They tell him the next place, and the next place.

He keeps on going until he finds it.

One place they say, “We have something.”

“Let me see.”

They give it to him. He looks at it.

That’s a crow’s nose, all right. He sticks it right on.

And he heals it up quickly and flies up in the hole again.

And they smoke him again.

168 f. Crow Gets Seal Fat August 29, 1948 , Teslin

And then he keeps on going.

Then he finds out where the boys are playing with seal fat.

They play like balls. He sees them playing outside.

They take the fat and throw it to one another.

He said, “Throw it over here.”

When Crow gets it, he swallows it.

And he takes rotten sticks and throws them back.

169. Animal Mother[74]

Edgar introduced the Animal mother story to me with the words: ‘Now I’ll put some brains in your head! I’ll tell you the Grizzly bear story. It is short.” He then told the Animal Mother story in fair detail, but I did not let me write it down the first time (story 169a). They he repeated it with minor variations while I did write it (169b).

169 a. Animal Mother (Version One) January 30, 1951, from memory

At’tla (Mother of Everything), she wants to move. She had two brothers she was staying with, and she had a mother-in-law. And the mother-in-law was old herself.

At'tla gets into a family way. A long time after, she told her husbands that she wanted to move. She wanted to get a pair of snowshoes to go with. Then they brought some small trees and fixed them up. When that was finished, they got ready to go.

When they had packed up everything, she got on the snowshoes and the snowshoes broke. And then she put them outside behind the camp, and they made another bigger pair to start. And the snowshoes broke again when she got on them. She put the snowshoes outside by the others and let them stand there. Then they had to stay there. They have no way to go.

And she told her husbands, "Husbands, that's for my people's benefit I get that way [pregnant]. You can go.

Then she starts to be sick. The old mother-in-law can't do anything to help her. *At'tla* told her, "That's alright."

A few days later, At'tla was sick with the babies. There comes chipmunk (Tl., *k'una'yE*).

Then comes squirrel (Tl. kunaks'ák). Then comes weasel (Tl. dáh). And from there all the animals started to come. All that are in the ground come. Birds.

Then, when they grow up, they tied some skin [75] The first thing, the moose gets on the swing. As soon as he starts to jump, that thing broke on one side and the moose fell off.

All those animals that go on four feet got on one at a time. Next, bear got on and fell on the ground. Next, caribou got on and fell on the ground—he is not fit to go on the rocky place.

Then mountain goat gets on, and he drops in the middle, in the centre. And the more he drops down, the more he goes up in the air. Then the mountain sheep got on. Those two were alright. They stayed on the swing.

She told the grouse to get on. Instead of getting on, the grouse went up in the tree. Blue grouse did the same way, and then he started to go out [fly away].

And the rabbits had horns and looked like caribou. And At'tla took them [the horns] out and told the rabbit not to bite anybody. People were going to eat them. And she named them, all the animals, after the dancing was done. She told them their names: Your name is going to be chipmunk (*k'una'yE*). Next one weasel (kunaks'ák). Next one weasel (dáh). The bear is *a'ik*.

All the animals she gave birth to, she gave them names. Everybody is born a pair together, male and female, two of them.

Then she told the bear not to growl at anybody, not to fight with the Indians. Then she saw the moose had long teeth. She took the horn of the grizzly and put it on the moose. She took the tooth out of the moose and the grizzly bear took it. And the upper jaw of the moose, she put her hand this way and rubbed it so he wouldn't have any upper teeth.

Then she told the animals what they are going to live on. She told the grizzly not to eat people but they disobeyed her anyway. They kill men and eat them up. The wolf and porcupine, she told them what to eat. She told the moose, “In the fall time you are going to lose your horns and [in the spring] they’re going to grow again.

And she took all those children with her when she moved. She stayed over across Teslin Lake on a rock. And then they moved from there up to the Three Aces. Her husbands and mother-in-law are with her. They went up there and stayed.

Then she told her husbands and her mother-in-law, “People are going to bother me here.”

And she went on, and I don’t know how far she went. When she got there, she told her husbands and mother-in-law, “When you get old, come over and see me.” Right today they are living, those two boys and their mother.

That’s the end.

I don’t know how far they went. I didn’t go with them.

It’s a Dakl’aweidí Shagoon story.

I don’t know if there is a Tagish word for Animal Mother. I heard this story up here. I never heard it on the coast.

169 b. Animal Mother (Version Two) January 30, 1951

A long time ago there was a woman who was married to two brothers.

This is about the bears and all of the animals.

This woman married two brothers.

She had a mother-in-law.

And then she came to be in a family way [pregnant].

The Indian mother-in-law asked her “How long ago?”

How many months [do] you have, [before the baby is born]?

And this woman said, “You don’t have to ask me. It will come by the time!”

So her mother-in-law is anxious to hear when her grandchild is going to come.

So after about nine months, these two brothers went out hunting with the bow and arrow.

So when the boys came back, they hadn’t killed anything but grouse—spruce grouse.

When the woman was in a family way [pregnant], they [her husbands] make a pair of snowshoes for her.

When she got on these snowshoes, they broke.

She threw them away, and birch trees came up there.

So the woman starts to get sick.

Well, the mother-in-law says to her two sons to go away.

So they went away.

Next day the baby comes.

It was a chipmunk, the first one.

The next one comes, and it is a squirrel.

Then the next one comes. It is a weasel.

[Then] all kinds of animals, that she eats [sic].

There was nothing at all [no animals] before this.

So the next comes mountain sheep, the two together, the female and the buck.

So next came mountain goat.

Next one that comes is a moose. Next one that came is the bear—black bear.

And then comes the grizzly.

Then comes the groundhog.

I don’t know where the porcupine came from, though.

And the mother-in-law sees the blanket move up when she was lying down.

The blanket was moving up and down.

[The mother-in-law] doesn’t think it is a baby.

She asks the daughter if it was a baby.

And the woman said, “You are going to see it, but don’t get scared of it!”

The mother-in-law wants to see it.

So she lifts up the blanket, and she sees all the animals inside.

When she sees it, the daughter-in-law tells her not to be afraid of it.

"It's for the people's sake. That's what all those people are going to eat.

Keep your mind straight, and don't think [anything] wrong about it!"

So when she got this thing to grow, it did not take very long [i.e., the animal children grew up very quickly?].

The moose had long buck teeth.

The rabbits came, too.

It is no good then.

She does not know what to do.

When they are big; she sees that the rabbits have horns on them.

She says, "It's no use to have horns. People want to kill them. They can't snare them."

So she pulls the horns out of the rabbits, and gives them to the caribou.

And rabbits have no horns.

Rabbit wanted horns, but did not get them.

Then she said that the moose had got big teeth on him.

She takes the teeth out of the moose.

And then the grizzly bear takes them away from the mother.

She says, "No!" But grizzly wants to keep them to protect himself with.

This is why he is mean.

Then she makes a moose skin swing between four trees.

She strings the skin up with babiche. Then the sheep gets on.

[Edgar sang the sheep's song.]

It doesn't know it. It gets on and it goes up more high and more high.

The sheep falls down, and it goes even higher. The sheep gets the best of it.

Then the mountain goat gets on, and goes up higher than sheep.

Then the moose gets on.

And then two of the strings broke.

And [that's why] the moose can't get up rocky places at all, up on the mountain sides.

Then the woman starts to go away.

She camps right across the lake [Teslin Lake], up on top of a big rock.

I have seen it myself, right along the shore.

The rock is made like a basket on top.

It's like someone pressed down where she way lying.

Then she gets over to Three Aces [Dawson Peaks].

Over the top there is only one mountain.

It was like in the forty days and forty nights flood.

That shows up [during the flood], over by Atlin –"Joe Blow Mountain," too.

And another one shows up over by the salt water north of Juneau. Only those three [showed during the flood].

And that woman is living yet, they claim.

The two husbands do not stay with her anymore, [but] when they get too old so that they cannot walk, they go over to the wife.

And she makes them young again.

And so with the mother-in-law, she makes her young again.

They claim that Patsy Henderson of Carcross is a relation of this woman [because he is of the Dakl'aweidí clan].

170. Tl'anaxéedákw

For other versions of the Tl'anaxéedákw (sometimes called "Wealth Woman" or "Lucky Lady", see Patsy Henderson, story no. 46 and 47; Angela Sidney, no. 71 a and 71 b; Tommy Peters, no. 166, and the related story by Pansy Bailey, no. 153.

170. Tl'anaxéedákw [76] February 9, 1951

In the first beginning, it was near close to my home town, Auk Bay.

There is a bay on the way to Juneau. And right behind there is a small lake.

And they had a town of their own there before the white people founded Juneau.

The Auk People had the town.

And right inside that lake there is some kind of animal. They say it is a woman.

She lives right in the water. She has got a place there to live, I guess.

And then these two men—one of them goes up in there [the lake] to see her.

The woman is his girl friend, I guess.

And the older man, his sidekicker [partner], has a girl friend way up in the smokehole—way up in the *yan yEtld* (Tl., smokehole).

That other man has a spark as his girl friend.

She lives up in there [in the smokehole].

The men sleep close together.

And one of them asks his sidekicker if he is going [to visit his girl friend].

And he says, "Yes."

And so they [each] went.

The one man went right around the shore to Auk [village].

And the other one goes right up on top of the roof and stays there for the night.

In the morning they come back at the same time. And they meet together in the doorway.

I suppose that the one man is watching for his sidekicker to come. Just before they [the people] woke up, they come right inside and sleep again.

And then they want to get up. They want to eat.

And there is something lying before them that they can eat.

It comes from the smokehole.

They call it *yuc'gyn* (Tl., spark).[77] He gets that food from that one [the spark].

They never see it when it comes down, but it [the food brought by the spark] lies right there before the two of them.

When they are through eating, all those things [to eat] disappear, and then some more good comes down again.

They never see it when it's coming down, but it lies there in front of them.

And then he [the man who goes up on the roof] asks his sidekicker again if he is going [out for the night].

And he says, "Yes".

And [the second man] says, "I am going too".

He had a silly heart then, that fellow who goes out on top of the roof.

When the two of them go out, the one who goes up on the roof sees his sidekicker walk around the shore.

And he makes up his mind that he is going to do the same.

He wants to find out to what place he [his partner] goes.

And then he sees his partner go around the point.

And just when he goes out of sight, the man comes down, and he runs after his sidekicker.

He wants to find out where he goes.

Then he takes a shortcut over the point, right after his sidekicker.

And then when he comes out, he looks, and he sees him go around the shore again.

And he watches him. That man ahead of him never looks back.

Just when he goes out of sight, he [the second man] starts to run again.

And he runs as fast as he can.

The last time he takes a shortcut, his partner has never comes through yet.

He is still coming.

So he [the second man] hides. And then the other man comes and passes him.

From there the second man watches. He stands in there and looks.

It's not very far from there, that his partner goes right into the woods towards that little lake.

Then the second man starts to run after his partner and goes right to the place where his partner is going into the woods.

Before he comes in there he hears something, some kind of bells that the Indians call *'at'qwKli,* moose hoof bells, and they tie them on beaver nets.

So he watches what his partner does.

He catches hold of that thing [the bells] and shakes them to make a noise.

And he jumps up and down right on the lake shore.

The man sneaks real close to see what his partner is doing.

Then that woman [who lives in the lake] comes right up with two children.

And the man runs right across and stops right on her breast.

And the woman goes down [under the water with the man].

Then he [the second man] starts to walk back [home].

He has already found out [what his partner does]. And he thinks that he is going to do the same.

And [thinking (?)] that way he gets home and lies down and sleeps.

When his partner comes back, he sleeps on his side.

He never sleeps with him. They sleep separate.

When they get up in the morning, there's nothing for them in the morning.

No breakfast.

Well, they can't get anything to eat. They don't know what to do.

Some of the Indians give them something to eat.

The night after that, he [the man who goes on the roof], asks his sidekicker if he is going [out for the night] again.

And he says, "No."

He [the first man] says, "I am going."

He says, "I won't go,"—the man who loved *At'avAti* "Lake Child."

Then he [the partner who had been spying] starts to run over to the lake.

He runs as fast as he can make it.

When he sees it [the right place,] he comes on there, on the lake shore.

He does the same thing that his partner was doing.

He shakes that thing standing there [i.e., the stick with the moose hoof bells].

And he kicks down on the grass.

At'avAdi (Lake child) comes up, and he jumps right on her breast, and she goes down with him.

And then towards morning, before daylight comes, *At'avAdi* comes up with him.

And he makes up his mind to catch hold of one of the children that belong to *At'avAdi*.

And when they come up, he grabs one and jumps ashore.

He runs away with it.

And when he keeps on going, it [the child] scratches him all over.

And then it tries to pull out his eye.

Then the man gets tired of the child.

And he throws it away when he is pretty close to the camp.

He goes into the house, and he lies down.

And he sleeps.

And there is a woman right close behind the house [in a shelter] right up against the house.

She had just borne a baby, and she is not quite well [ritually clean].

Oh, she is all right; she is better, but she cannot move inside the house yet.

She is looking after her own baby.

And then she sees something—a little child comes that belongs to *At'avAdi*.

That little child tries to get hold of the eyes of that baby.

She [the mother] slaps that little kid's hand.

And she doesn't know what it is. It looks like a person, all right, that kid.

And that child throws some people's eyes into the fire.

And just as he throws them into the fire he brings them out with a stick.

The kid says, "Somebody's eyes got cooked!"

And the child eats the eyes.

At'avAdi makes everybody go fast asleep.

That is her power.

She does it for that little child.

And that woman [in the birth house] hits the wall on the back side of the house and calls her husband.

She tells him, "Come out and see this kid!"

There is no noise—no answer at all.

Before daylight comes the kid disappears.

It goes back to his mother.

And the woman outside stays in there with her baby.

She is all right. She is the only one that was not bothered. And her baby too [was not bothered].

And when the child had gone and daylight comes, she gets up and takes the baby and looks inside the house.

She opens the door.

Everybody's eyes are all filled with blood.

They have no eyes, everyone inside the house.

And she tries calling them by name to see if they are alive.

Nobody—they are all dead!

She goes on to the next house. It was all the same.

She goes all through the camp. Nobody has eyes. All are dead.

And she doesn't know what to do.

And then she starts to walk to her [maternal] uncle's place.

And then she opens the Indian box [wooden chest].

And she takes out a robe from that place that is made out of marten.

[She takes a] marten robe and a fox robe and teenáh (Tl., copper shield).[78]

It is worth about five slaves.

I have never seen one. I don't know how big it is.

So she ties it right behind the baby.

And then she says, "What am I going to be?

I am going to be Tl'anaxéedákw!" [Lucky Woman or Wealth Woman].

That is the beginning of that Tl'anaxéedákw story.

And then she starts to walk toward that *djI'lqat*—Chilkat.

This is why they claim that the Chilkat Indians, they were well off people.

From there on she goes all over. She has got no home.

Sometimes somebody hears the baby cry. And they just go for it.

Before they go for it, they take all their clothes off.

They are just in the bare body.

[It is] a lucky man who hears that, who hears the baby cry.

When he sees her, he comes right behind her.

She makes a noise to stop that baby crying. And then the man pulls that baby out.

He never runs away with it.

He stays right there. That is for his good luck.

And she says, "Aaa.", just as though she's scared of something.

And the man that has got the baby in his hand turns around.

He has his back towards her.

When she says, “Aaa.”, she scratches the man’s back.

Then the man makes her promise what luck he is going to have.

She asks for the baby, [but] the man won’t give it to her.

“You have to promise me some luck first, before I give it to you!”

When she promises she says,

“When that on your back starts to get healed up, take one of your poor friends, a very poor one.

‘You take all of that dried blood [scabs] and keep it.

That’s your luck. You are going to have lots of slaves.

Wish for all that you want’.”

There is no money at that time.

Nobody knows about the dollar or five cents.

[And Wealth Woman tells him,] “Wish to be a high man.”

171. Lkayakw

Edgar Sidney told two versions of the Animal Mother Story (no. 169) on the same afternoon—the first for careful listening and secondly a version for writing down. This was also his method when he told two versions of *Lkayak*, sometimes called the ‘Dog Husband’ story. The two stories were actually told on two successive afternoons suggesting that this was a careful teaching strategy Edgar was using. The first version is told from memory and the second

171 a. ***Lkayakw*** **(Version One)** January 29, 1951, Teslin, written from memory

This is a story about the snowshoes’ sign in the sky and about the Northern Lights.

There was a man. He had a sister and a mother. And his sister was turning to a woman [was a menstruant]. They had her right up against the wall [of the house], and they had a curtain.

She stays behind there. They [the Inland Tlingit] did that up here. I’ve seen this. They say it brings bad weather when she comes out. They stay one, two, three months. Then they get married. And then they come right out and go home. Everyone did this.

Three young fellows, her brothers, they took that curtain off. The mother told them, “If you are going to do that all the time, get something so I can put it in front of her!” The boys killed an animal. They put the scalp in front of her.

They wanted to go some place. The mother and the sister and the three young fellows all went together. They went from Sitka and landed right at the Taku River and went over

towards Telegraph Creek. They went on and they came to the big river, the Stikine River. And they all wait. And they want to see what they are going to do.

The three young fellows went out across the river. Then the mother and the sister holler out.

One of the boys drifts away. Then the girl wants to see how far he went. She lifts up her scalp. And the two boys turned to a rock. She was not supposed to look at anything. One drifts quite a way off. And the other went right up in the sky. He had snowshoes on.

If a big wind is going to come, then you can see it. When it's blue sky in the nighttime, then you can see it. It goes only two tracks. The front [of the snowshoe] is always that way—to the south and west. It looks like they are going that way. [Edgar gestures with his two hands, putting one in front of the other]. Just like on snowshoes.

And then he gets through with that. He gets to the other side and comes down to the world again. The sister turned to a rock, too.

I see that rock when I came up the Stikine River. My brother was a pilot on a gas boat, and I lost my brother and his wife. They were both drowned. We looked for him. Six canoes, five men at six dollars a day. The captain said that they would look for him. I see the place. They call it "The Three Sisters" where it is [really] two brothers and one sister. The other brother got away.

I don't know what happened to the mother. I see only the three.

171 b. *Lkayakw* (Version Two) January 29, 1951,Teslin

This is an old Indian story.

It is a story about *Lkayakw*.

His father's name was *tlAkidjAney*.

This man had a wife who was the mother of *Lkayakw*.

And then any time that woman had a baby, when the baby cries, the man goes out and gets a halibut.

There is a frill all around the halibut, fat on both sides.

And then the woman is working and the baby starts to cry.

She cuts off a piece of fat and feeds the baby.

And then when *tlAkidjAney* comes in, he looks at it [the fat]. And he asks his wife who eats some of that.

And she told him. "The baby ate some of this. He was crying."

And he takes the baby in his arms.

And he sings a song for the baby.

And the woman thought that he liked the baby well, too.

And then he goes down towards the salt water.

And he walks around and sings a song to her baby.

Then he comes to a big rock.

And then he rubs the baby's face right on the big rock.

And he kills the baby that way.

And he throws the baby's body down there at the foot of that rock. And then he did that so often.

And that man has got a big dog.

So the woman cries over the babies to herself, because he had done that very often.

So the woman makes up her mind to make friends with that dog.

It's just a story, an old one.

Then the woman got into a family way [became pregnant].

Then after a long time she had four pups.

And then she took them away and had them way back in the bush.

When she got them in the bush, she digs a hole and makes a den for those pups.

She goes in there and feeds the pups there.

She treats them just the same as if they were babies, uses a tittie on them.

And then when she went home, the man was out fishing for halibut.

When he comes in, he asks his wife.

"Who was looking at you?"

And she says, "Nobody."

"Somebody's eye signs are on your body," he says. "Somebody has been looking at you."

She says, "No, maybe it's that thing that you bring in. That's the one."

And he believed that.

And so the woman keeps on, just because she is awfully sorry for the little ones.

And she doesn't know what is going to happen to those pups.

There are three dogs and one female.

A long time afterwards, she goes outdoors.

She hears some noise. She stops and looks.

It sounds to her like somebody talking. Then she looks around.

She thinks somebody is coming.

After a while she hears it good, and she starts to walk up quietly.

She goes through the bush and she starts to look.

There are children about that big— three boys and one girl.

The girl is watching for their mother, and the boys are playing.

There was no [dog] skin on them.

They were just the shape of a man.

So when she saw that, she starts to show herself out.

Then the girl turns around and told her brothers. “Mother is coming!”

And they all run into the hole, and they turn into pups again.

She went over and called the pups by their names. One was named *gickElq*.

He was the oldest one.

Then comes the second one, *laganagaxt’E.*

Then comes *Lkayakw*.

That sister’s name—I don’t know that.

After that they grew up to be big men.

And the girl [grows up] too.

And the mother watches.

As soon as she sees the pups when they are [like] men, she keeps watching.

And then she hears a noise again.

When she hears the noise, she walks way around behind the hill.

And she sneaks right up to them.

And then she jumps right down to the place where they had left their skins hanging.

And she grabs all of those skins, all those four skins.

And she takes them away and she tells them, “I’m you children’s mother.”

So they ask her for those skins.

And she doesn't want to give them.

And then she told them that the other children were rubbed against a rock by their father.

"So I don't know what to do. So I have friends with his dog, and then you were raised."

Lkayakw asked her what his father did with the kids.

And she told him all.

They all listened to her.

And the girl asked her, "Mother, were some of the children girls, too?"

And her mother said, "Yes."

So a few days afterwards they were strong enough to do anything.

And any time that man went out fishing, he asks his wife when he comes in, "Is there somebody's eye print on your body?"

And the woman says, "No, maybe it's that thing that you bring in. That's the one."

And he believed her.

And she told [those children] to stay there.

Those boys make a big camp.

And their sister was along with them.

The mother goes over there with grub.

And she told the children not to make any noise when the man came in.

And then, a long time after, *Lkayakw* told his brothers, "Let's kill him!"

So they went down to the camp, to their mother.

And *Lkayakw* told her, "We're going to kill that man!"

That woman says, "You're not strong enough.

He's a big man!"

And then *Lkayakw* doesn't say anything.

He just told his brothers to go ahead. He went right on.

They hide themselves behind that rock.

It's in Sitka. It's the only rock on the road near the school.

You can see the blood that dried on it.

There are two of those rocks. It split in two. We kids used to slide down on it.

They call it *"tlAkidjAnei gIlt^{c}ayey"*. That means *"tlAkidgAnei'*s grindstone."

And then the man is coming in.

And he has got a seal. He kills the seal. And he has got some halibut.

When they see him coming, they hide themselves behind the rock, the three of them, just the boys.

And the girl stays with the mother.

She gives them clothes, all of them.

And that man comes close to the shore.

Lkayakw comes out.

He tells this man, "Come ashore! Your stone is going to kill you!"

And his brothers never show themselves.

And the man stops out there.

Lkayakw tells him, "Come ashore!"

And he tells his brothers to come out.

They come out and show themselves to that man.

And that man can't [is afraid to] come ashore.

He has a spear that he kills seals with.

He puts the spear right down the hole, And he talks to it.

And he lets it go right towards the shore, towards the boys.

Lkayakw himself is standing in the water, and the two brothers are ashore.

And then that man lets that spear go.

And he talks to it. And then he lets it go.

And the spear goes for *Lkayakw* to kill him.

Just before the spear got to him, *Lkayakw* grabs the end of it and pushes it out this way.

He breaks the handle and throws it away.

It was a spear call *q'ach.*

Then that man has got a club.

He called that club kóoshdah (Tl., land otter).

And the man talks to that club, and he puts it right in the water.

That is what killed the game for him.

Lkayakw catches that kóoshdah, that otter, and kills him.

And that man out there has nothing more to use.

He has no more power. He is getting pretty weak.

Then *Lkayakw* and his brothers, the three of them, they dance around the shore.

And they said. "*IlgIx'yAys Ixqwadjawu*"—"Your stone is going to kill you!"

The man comes ashore. He gives up.

And they grab him, because he is barefooted himself.

And they pull him on to his grindstone. And they rubbed his head on it.

One side of his head is gone. Then he was dead.

Lkayakw and his brothers, they dance around.

Then when they came home, they told their mother to take everything from their [his] canoe.

So she went down with that daughter of hers.

She has got someone to help her then.

And they cut up all that the man had got, and they put it up.

And then the girl turned to woman [began to menstruate].

And she [the mother] went to work herself and put up some kind of curtain.

And the mother keeps the girl right behind the curtain so she won't see anybody.

So *Lkayakw* was full of mischief himself.

He would fool with anything.

He went to work and pulls that thing down. He wants his sister to be out.

And then his mother put it up again.

Lkayakw did that lots of times.

His mother got sore about it.

She told him, "Get that devilfish, and big mouse!

There is one here on the island—*qUts'in*, that mouse!"

It is some kind of devilfish [sic.].

The mother tells *Lkayakw* to kill that one and skin him and to put it up [as a curtain] in front of her daughter's place.

And they went to work, and they were fishing for him.

At last they got it. They skin that.

They dry out that skin and they put it right in front of his sister.

And then he does the same thing again.

He doesn't like to see his sister stay in jail that long, I guess.

And she puts it up again. They just have to have it up a little while.

Lkayakw himself and his two brothers, they were playing outside.

And he comes in. He sees that skin hanging again, and he took it off again.

And he puts it away. And he takes that hood, and he pulls that out, too.

And then his mother gets sore again.

And she told him, "If you don't like this to be hanging before your sister, go over to Taku and kill *Qaxq'Edu.a'*, (Tl., "Daylight Coming").

That is the man who had a power.

He lives at the mouth of the river in the river.

And *Lkayakw* wants to find out just about where [Daylight Coming] is.

Lkayakw is the only one who wants to find out about the things.

He must be just the same as a head officer.

And then he asks his mother where [the man] is.

She tells him, "You walk ashore, all three of you.

And you'll see the old woman ashore on the mainland."

They started out.

They go a long ways.

And they see smoke coming out of a big cliff.

And a big rock is up on top of that place. And the smoke comes out.

They get up on top of that place and look, but the smoke is coming out through the grass.

They went down to the foot of the hill again.

There is grass hanging down from that rocky place.

Lkayakw himself pulls that grass out—that moss.

And there was an old woman inside.

She was lying down beside of the fire.

She looked up. She asked what they wanted.

Lkayakw told her, "My mother told us to kill *Qaxq'Edu.a'*."

And the old woman asked them, those two brothers of his.

They never said anything.

It was just him, *Lkayakw* [who talked].

He told the old woman, "My mother tells us to see you so you can tell us how we are going to get there."

"Oh," she said, "You can't come close to him, my grandchildren!"

So then she tells him, "My canoe is out here."

Lkayakw, he went out to see that canoe, but it is [just] and old log lying there.

Some moss grows on it. He can't see any canoe there.

He comes inside.

He told her he doesn't see any canoe there, but an old log is lying in there, and moss is growing on it.

The old woman told him, "That is the one.

Just take that moss out and move it [the canoe] out."

He runs out there again.

He moved the moss out. He saw a canoe right there, a good long canoe.

There was no crack in it. It was a dugout.

Then his two brothers asked her, "What are we going to do?"

"That canoe," she told them, "It's got a name.

The name of the canoe is "fish duck under" (Tl., diving duck)"

And then *Qaxq'Edu.a* (Daylight Coming) has too many powers.

He is something like an Indian doctor.

And the old woman told them that they had to take ashes from the front of the place where his sister stayed.

"Take the ashes from there.

Then when you go for it, you're going to see a rocky point.

It goes up and down like that in the water.

That is his power, the first one.

Then you take the ashes, and when the point is rising up, throw the ashes in there, and you are going to go under the point."

And they give the name to that point *qeaIxt djIq'a.*

Lkayakw gave it that name.

So they went under, and they passed it.

And *Lkayakw* said, "You're not going to do it again!"

And that point went down in the water, and it never rose up again.

The old woman told them, "After you go under that long point, you are going to see a big fire coming out together that way.

That's that man's power."

And when they went through on the other side, the point dropped into the water and never rose again like it used to be.

[Then] they saw a fire come together right on top of the water.

It's that doctor of *Qaxq'Edu.a,* his power, so that nothing could come to him.

The old woman told them, "*Qaxq'Edu.a*, when he is asleep, his eyes are open wide.

When he is awake, his eyes close together.

If his eyes are open, you come to him.

Just give that order when you come to the fire.

Take the ashes, and just when the fire is coming apart, throw the ashes in.

And you go right in there.

That's all.

That's the end of his power."

And when he goes there, that old lady told him to give it a name.

That is the orders.

And so they named it *tlAq'wa*^{y}—(Tl.) "it looks like red paint".

You can see it when you go to Juneau. It's on the right-hand side coming in where there was an old village.

That's the point the old lady was talking about.

And then they went from that place towards the mouth of the Taku River.

They come to it.

They see that his eyes are open wide. He is sound asleep right in the water.

And he drifts around. Nothing can come to him.

His head is down in the river.

And *Lkayakw* was up in the bow.

He grabs the hair of that man, and it [he?] floated way down the river.

And they start to pull that hair and keep on pulling.

He never wakes up. He is sound asleep.

Then they came to him.

He [*Lkayakw*] takes the knife and cuts the head off.

Just when they cut the head off, they threw some ashes in there right on the body's side.

His head wants to go to the body.

They throw some ashes in the head, too. And that head never moves anymore.

They kill him. They take his scalp off—skin his head.

They start to come down the river.

They come ashore one place, and they take the head and put it ashore.

K'atanAq' yEi qax du saq^{w}—"They are going to call you *k'atanAq*' ".

And that head turned into a mountain. Everybody has seen that mountain.

It's at the right-hand side coming up the Taku River, at the mouth of it.

There are no more eyebrows.

The water comes out between the eyebrows.

It shoots way out—

K'atanAq' - s;eyA ya wa hin. (Tl., Water comes out of *K'atanAq's* eyebrows).

Then they take the scalp, and they went back home.

They give it to their mother.

And she puts it right in front of that girl that had turned to woman.

And then he doesn't know what it is for that his mother wants it.

When they are playing outside after they got home, they came in.

And he [*Lkayakw*] saw that that thing was hanging in front of his sister.

And *Lkayakw* pulled that thing down. And he is full of mischief.

And his mother doesn't know what to do.

Then they keep on going.

All of them move out of there. They move on, keep agoing.

They come right over to the Stikine River, right on the left-hand side going up.

And they want to go across the river.

And he [*Lkayakw*] said, "This river, we'll call it *Shtak̲heen* [Stikine]

They walked out on the water to go across.

Their sister was right behind, right on the shore.

They waded out, the three of them.

And one of them drifted away down the river, not very far from the others.

And the mother hollers, "a̲x yéet *wulihat gaskelk'* " "My son is drifting"

He had a little dog with him.

And he puts the little dog on top of his head.

And his sister, she has that scalp on yet over her head. And she raises it up and looks.

Those two boys turn to a rock.

And she was turned to a rock, too, right there.

And he, [*Lkayakw*], went up in the sky, *laganax na q'A't E*—("he went up in the sky").

And then you could see his snowshoe tracks in the sky, just like the clouds, just like somebody has been walking there with snowshoes.

172. Mouldy Head (Wooshkaduha)

The link between the traditional Mouldy Head story and that of *Wooshkaduha* becomes clearer at the end of the story, when the boy brings back to life a dog salmon skin. Apparently, he had left it behind when he returned home from staying with the dog salmon people. This is the only account I heard which joins the two stories in this way.

172. Mouldy Head (*Wooshkaduha*) February 23, 1951, Teslin

This is the story of *Wooshkaduha*, (Tl., "gathers them up from the ground").

The Indians were out. I don't know where.

It must have been at Angoon, around there.

I think it was there, because *Wooshkaduha* was an Angoon man.

He was Shangukeidí, close to the Wolf people.

They were all out on the side of the creek in the summer time. And then they put out hooks baited with fish guts.

Only kids do this, not the old people.

And then when they had those hooks on the bank at the edge of the creek, they were doing that for the seagulls to catch hold of it.

The kids were having fun with it.

And then one of the boys told this young fellow to come to his mother's place.

And he came inside there where they were drying fish.

And he asks his mother for some. He is hungry. [He wanted some] *anAnya* dried fish). [79]

And there was mould at the end.

The boy turned it around. He takes the fish and sees it moulded here.

And he throws it away.

"What for do you give me that *canyak^{w} tlax"*? [80] That means "moulded up there" [on the head]. And he doesn't want to eat it.

So when he throws it away, just then some of the kids holler to him.

“Your hook, the seagulls got it!”

He starts to get up and run away. And he waded out in the creek after it.

And the seagull took the hook away.

All at once he went in the deep water.

He doesn’t get drowned, though.

So the fish got him—they saved him, the x̲át kwáni (Tl., salmon people).

And then the salmon go away back to the place where they come from.

And this young fellow starts to cry.

And they told him to go on [with them].

And those fish kept on going, and the boy was crying.

And they told him, the X̲át kwáni (fish people) said, “Take him over to the creek before we get to our own place.”

And there were two big birds in there [at the creek].

And they call them “dóol” (Tl., crane).

And they told the boy to put his arms around their necks.

And they did take the boy over.

And the two of those birds jumped up with him that way [while he sat with his arms around their necks].

He hangs on to them. And he forgets about his home.

Later on they [the salmon people] went on with him again.

When they were going back, they see that the water came together like that.

Then they went right on.

They come to their camp where the fish always stay.

They had a house—it looked like a house to him.

And the boy was hungry too.

And then when the boys were playing down on the beach, he went down to play with them.

And he is hungry.

He saw the salmon eggs all around the shore.

He looked at the boys where they were playing.

The X̲át kwáni (fish people) seemed just like boys to him.

Then he sat right down and gathered up those fish eggs.

When he gets them in his hands, he looks around.

Nobody sees him. When his hands are full of that [Edgar cupped his hands], he eats it.

The boys holler out, "*Canyak^{w} tlax*!"

That's the time they called him that name.

Because he had called the dried fish that name—"he eats a dirty mess".

Where the people go out, that's what it was [excrement]. He ate that dirty mess. [81]

So he started to cry, sitting in there.

It seemed to him only two or three nights that he was away.

So the fish people say, "We have got to go back now."

And he has gotten just about the shape of a fish himself.

He has a tail, fins and a [fish] head on him.

Then they go back.

When they started back, they saw the water going that way, *s'ey.t* (Tl., i.e., coming together).

And the fish have to wait until the water comes apart.

And then they swim through there, one at a time.

The fish that get caught there have marks on them [from being caught between the two bodies of water].

That was the boy who told the people that [about the marks].

And he gets out.

And the fish tell him to try it.

So he does what the rest do, and he went right through without any trouble.

They go a little ways, and there are other fishes coming to meet them [the salmon].

It was the Yàw k̲wáni (Tl., herring people).

"Hey!" they said, "We got ahead of you!"

And the salmon said, "What do you give to the people?"

The herring has a little flesh in his cheek.

“That flesh won’t make anybody fat!”

“How about our eggs?” the Yàw <u>k</u>wáni asked.

So the salmon people go on.

And they come to the creek where the young fellow was when they [his people] were fishing [and he was taken away].

So the <u>X</u>át <u>k</u>wáni tell him.

“Get up out of the canoe.”

When they go up [the creek], he jumps out of the water.

You can see them [how the salmon jump].

And when he jumps up, the Salmon People ask him, “Do you see anybody?”

The young fellow says, “Yes!”

“What did they say to you?”

“E.ha^{w} Jump again!”

That’s what we have to say when we see the [first] fish jumping.

They told me to do this when I was a boy when I saw the first fish coming.

“Your creek, there’s nothing but seaweed in the bottom!”

That’s what you say [to the Salmon People],

You never see rocks where the fish come in.

All the weeds go away when the fish swim around the rocks.

You know, the fish always have to touch the rocks.

Then they tell the boy, “See if that nóow (Tl., fort) is good.” The fish call it “nóow.”

The people call it shál (Tl., fish trap).

And he said, “Yes,”

And the people went up when the fish came up the creek.

The men folk go on one side and the women on the other side.

And they hook fish.

They have a bunch [of fish] here, and the next place and the next places.

And when they have enough [fish], they string them all up, and they float them down.

They have a place down there to cut the salmon and get it ready to dry.

And then that woman, that boy's mother, she was cutting the fish that her husband brought down.

And then she saw a fish quite a ways out, in the middle of the creek. And she wished to get that fish to cook for lunch.

It was a fine looking téel' (Tl., dog salmon).

And she told her husband to get that fish to cook it for lunch.

So he took his [gaff] hook, and that fish starts to come straight to her, right in front of her, close to the shore.

It swims in one place.

When that man gets hold of the hook, he [the fish?] comes out just where he was going to put his hook into the water.

And that fish starts to shove out.

The man can't get it. He lets his hook down. And he keeps on poling the fish up to that place where they dry fish.

That fish comes towards shore again.

The man looks at it, and he takes his hook. He goes out, and he gets the fish.

After he gets that fish, he puts him up on the land.

And his wife starts to cut it.

She tries to cut the head off, but she can't cut the head off with her knife.

And that boy used to have copper, èek., (Tl.,) on his neck like a necklace.

The woman tries to cut the fish. She rolls him over.

And her husband was busy picking fish up.

And after a while she takes the skin and opens it, and she sees that copper right there.

She just drops her knife right there.

The husband was coming down, and she told him about it.

They start to look at it.

It is the same copper their boy used to have. It is twisted around like a rope.

The people wore these a long time ago.

Men and women wore them. It kept their body pretty good.

I used to put a [copper] bracelet on.

So when the man sees that, he goes home.

And he brings down a carpet, *gatc*, (Tl.) [of the kind used by] the Indian doctor.

It is knit just like a blanket.

It was made in Juneau.

It is made out of cedar bark, and they dye it with colours. They knit it square like a basket, and it is just as wide as a fingernail.

Awfully thin.

My grandmother used to make it.

They take the sap off the bark and split it, and then they knit it before it dries.

When it's knit, they put it on a wall to dry out.

And you can put it on the floor and sit down on it.

The man put the fish right in that mat.

He put the fish up on the porch, up on the roof.

That woman never eats anything, nor her husband, either.

The man went over to see the old man way at the end of the camp.

The old man said, "Don't let any of the woman go in there, because some of the woman have some of the same kind of trouble that women always have.

And I don't want the woman to go in there.

It's no good for him."

So for four days he [the Salmon Boy?] stays in there.

That woman never eats, and her husband, too.

No water to drink.

They just like to get filled up.

That woman stays in another house.

All the men folk came into one place. They all stay there and slept, too.

All the boy's friends.

And they hear some noise in there in the morning.

They went up in there and take the fish down.

When they bring him inside the house, they put him there.

They opened it up [i.e., the mat], but there is a body in there.

And he has no clothes on.

Then he starts to be an Indian doctor then.

Well, he comes all right.

And he tells his people just what he is going to do.

So his mother comes in there and takes clothes out from the back and puts them on him.

No other women were allowed in there—no young women.

The boy starts to sing.

That's how they know it, that he is an Indian doctor.

Then he used to walk around on the beach after he got all right.

The salmon started to be dead on the creeks already when he walked around.

Everybody stops cutting and drying fish.

They have got enough.

He walks around the beach and the creek.

He hears somebody holler to him.

Wooshkaduha, save me!"

He looks around. There is nobody around.

He starts to walk away again.

He just goes a little ways, and he hears that again—the same thing.

He stays in one place. He looks around.

Nobody is around but an old dead fish that lies right down on the ground.

It is all full of those maggots, and that skin goes up and down that way in the salmon [because of the maggots inside it.]

He looks around again, and he says to himself.

"This must be it, saying that to me, that salmon."

He wants to make sure of it, and he starts to walk away.

And he hears that same thing again, right in that rotten fish.

So he goes to work, and he gets that salmon—catches hold of the tail.

He tries to shake that fish, and all those things [maggots] came out from it.

Nothing but the backbones and ribs are left in it.

The skin is all right, though.

He went down to the creek and washed it.

He keeps on washing it.

After he gets through, he shakes it.

Nothing comes out.

And he fills it up with water again.

He just moves it up and down that way.

He dumps it [the water] out, and then he puts it right into the water, heads it upstream.

And he tells the fish, “Try to swim.”

And the fish starts to swim.

Then he jumps out of the water.

And that man says, “*Eha*^{w}!” three times.

That fish jumps.

And he starts to float up again and to go downstream.

There are more maggots, right in the tail, inside.

The man takes it ashore. And he looks it over and takes everything out.

After he cleans him up, he puts him in the water again.

And he told the fish, “Try to swim again!”

And the fish starts jumping. And he keeps on jumping, jumping.

And he goes downstream—he keeps agoing.

The man has cured that fish up.

So after that, he told the story about the salmon—what they had done to him when he was in the water when that hook went out, and how the X̲át k̲wáni had treated him.

And what they said to him about the dóol bird, to put his arms around the dóol’s neck, and how they jumped up and down with him, and how he went right through the water holes where it comes through like this [motion of bringing hands together].

How he got through, [the moving water], what the young fellows had done to him, and how he started to cry.

He told the story about it.

And he told about when he had come back to where the water hole was.

And he told about how some of the fish people got late [going through the water hole], and about the marks on them—that [getting caught in the moving water] is the cause of them.

And he told what the Yáw kwáni (Tl., herring people) said and what the Salmon People said back to them.

He tells them all the reasons why they called him these names when he was eating some of the fish eggs that were [really] a dirty mess.

And then how he fixed up the old rotten fish that called to him " *Wooshkaduha,* save me!"

Then the old rotten fish gave him that name for good.

I heard [the story] from my grandparents, from *Analahac* [Edgar's paternal grandfather (?)] and *deyIq*' "right in the road", [Edgar's great uncle—brother of *Analahaq*].

173. Gaanax.ádi Clan Story January 31, 1951, Teslin

The separation of the Gaanax.ádi first began at *T'anyatAq'* near Ketchikan.

This was the place where a woman used to hide her lover in a box.

The woman's husband was a chief.

He was right down at his boat ready to pull out one time.

He was a Gaanax.ádi man and his wife was Wolf.

Her lover was Gaanax.ádi.

When the people were carrying their things to the canoe, one of the chief's men came up and tried to lift the box.

He couldn't lift it.

It was too heavy.

And it wasn't until somebody came to help and put it on his shoulders that he could lift it.

Somebody came and put it on his shoulder.

That box was pretty heavy.

As he was on the way going down to the canoe, the edge of the box hurt his shoulder.

So he lifted it up a little bit and then rested it on his shoulder again.

And he heard a noise two times inside the box.

And he knew there was somebody inside.

He came down to the canoes and he said,

“Somebody is inside this box!”

I guess he threw it down on a rock, and a man fell out of it.

The chief told his servants to kill that man.

And they had trouble over that killing, so they had a peace, gowukàn (Tl., (lit.” deer” ceremony).

After that was all settled more trouble came up among our friends again— between the Deisheetaan and the Gaanax̲.ádi.

Before then, we were all in one.

They [Deisheetaan] were called the Gaanax̲.ádi that time.

But when this trouble happened the chief said,

“We have to go away from here.”

And then all started away.

Lots of them left.

All of the canoes were side by side.

And the Gaanax̲.ádi who stayed behind were sorry to see them go.

They all camped together the first night.

The next day they saw a hole in the mountain at a place called *gana’ tlu wu*—”through the nose hole”.

They left some of the people behind there, but all of them camped together there at one place, and they were happy.

When they came to the place where they were going to divide, our people went right through the hole in the mountain in their canoes.

Others said, “We’re going to Xóots nòow and stay there.”[82]

And others said, “We’re going to Chilkat.”

And they stayed there.

They are still all our family, but they call themselves by different names, by their house names.

At Chilkat the branch calls itself Ishkeetaan.

HutsiDaqwan is what the people at Xóots nòow call themselves.

And still right today they are our friends yet.

There is no trouble between the branches.[83]

174. How Skookum Jim Found Gold

March 12, 1951, Teslin

Skookum Jim was up here prospecting.

And he was hungry.

And he was out of grub, so I asked him to have supper with me.

He told me about this.

He and Carmacks and Tagish Charlie had been prospecting near Dawson.[84]

Skookum Jim had not eaten for four days.

And one night he went to sleep, and he feels something right on his cheek—cold!

He puts out his hand, and he found a frog sucking his cheek.

Four days and four nights he never eats anything.

And he takes all the beads out of his glove very carefully [he rips them from the decorative trim].

And he puts them around the frog's neck.

Our people think that this is good luck.

And then he takes the frog down to the lake where the water is.

And he talks to the frog. And he told it to give him good luck.

You can give the frog anything [as a present]. A piece of white flannel is a good present.

And the frog makes a noise.

And Skookum Jim puts it on a stone.

And after the frog makes a noise, he goes down in a small lake.

And the lake is just above Dawson.

Skookum Jim comes to a creek. And he walks up it.

And he says that he was going to go ahead to hunt.

[He says to the others], “You fellows follow!”

Skookum Jim keeps on down the creek.

And at last he sees a moose. And he shot it.

After he got the moose, he starts to go back to the others. And he meets them coming down .

They were so hungry they couldn’t walk fast. And he [Skookum Jim] is too.

George Carmacks is way behind.

He is almost all in.

Skookum Jim told him [about the moose].

And they were all in, and they were glad.

They went to the moose, and each one took a piece and roasted it.

And after they get filled up, Skookum Jim wants water.

The creek was not very far away from him, so he went down to the creek.

And the sun strikes down in the water.

And he sees the water going that way all over. [Edgar shakes his hands to indicate shimmering of the sunlight on the water.]

He sees one right there, and he picks it up.

He doesn’t know anything about gold.

He went back. These people are sleeping in the sun.

They [had] cut up the meat.

Afterwards, then, they wake up, and he shows them the gold.

George Carmacks asks, “Where did you get it?”

“In the creek.”

And he [George] never says anything. He just starts to run down to the creek.

And they follow.

And they see George in the creek, wading up to his knees and picking up gold.

And they do it, too.

George Carmacks makes four or five trips up the hill, and caches it (the gold).

And they do it, too.

George never tells them it is gold. And he says, “It’s nothing!”

[He did this] to his brother-in-law, too!

That’s the time Skookum Jim found [out about] the gold himself.

Since then he know about it.

175. The Atlin Gold Rush August 30, 1948

Taku Jack found the gold in the creek.

He doesn’t know what it is. This was before 1898.

He met Fritz Miller [a white man], at Log Cabin, at Summit [a camp on the White Pass].

Everybody was going to Dawson then.

Taku [Jack] gave the gold to the white man.

He was out hunting when he saw it the first time.

He was drinking out of Pine Creek, which runs into Atlin Lake.

When the white man sees this [gold], he pays the Indian cash.

And the Indian pointed to the place from the summit. You can see it from there.

The white man heads for the lake, and he went by Atlin River.

This Indian takes the white man, and shows him where he picked up the gold.

The man pays the Indian ten dollars a day to take him over.

Then the white man made this Indian a chief. [He got] papers from Ottawa.

Every year this chief got paid fifty dollars a year.

The camp is about six miles up from Atlin towards Pine Creek where the discovery was.

Where Spruce Creek comes out, they found gold there afterwards.

‘98 was the time when I was at the head of the lake myself.

The Indian talked English because he used to go back and forth from Juneau.

[The Indians around Atlin] had to live on straight meat [then].

And I told my wife I had to get away from this.

When gold was found at Atlin, I decided to go.

I and my wife and a kid went over there. The man [Taku Jack?] showed the way.

We stayed there two nights and [then] went down to Atlin.

We stayed there five days with friends.

The chief had a horse. The [white man] gave him this horse.

And the chief made a buggy.

I went up on the road to Discovery, and asked for the boss. And I asked for work.

I had been raised in Juneau where mining goes on in the quartz mine, placer mining.

He told me, "Come back this afternoon."

I got a job for four dollars a day with pick and shovel.

I went to work at the sluice box.

I had a five-foot shovel.

There was no splash board to keep the dirt in the sluices. I found a nugget and gave it to the owner.

[Someone, unclear] went down to Juneau to get six men to work for him.

I got a raise to six dollars to look after the people, the Indians and the whites.

There were nine whites and six Indians.

The whites didn't know that I was the straw boss[85] and they did not work.

So I had to fire them.

All the Indians camped together there.

They had a stove to use in bad weather.

I caught one of the white men stealing.

I worked there until October.

Grub was cheap then.

The boss asked us to come again next summer.

There was another rush at Spruce Creek. This creek comes into Pine Creek.

And also [there was another rush] at Surprise Lake. [And there was a rush] at Birch Creek. Also at Boulder Creek.

And some on the shore of Surprise Lake where Rover Creek comes in.

Right Creek, also, and Horse Creek that runs into Surprise Lake.

And McGee Creek and Atlin Lake at Wodarra River.

Fritz Miller got about four thousand to five thousand dollars in just about twenty minutes—he just picked up the nuggets.

[They had another rush] at Gold Run Lake.

There was a dredge working there. This was all in about ‘98.

This city of Atlin had more gold than Dawson.

Endnotes

[1] Given his concerns, I hoped that Jake would repeat some of the stories about fights with the Tahltan which he had told the night before but which he did not want me to write down at the time. However he chose not to do so.

[2] See Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts,* Stories 99 and 100, p. 301-320. De Laguna spells the name *Wutcxkaduha*, and says that he was reportedly a member of the Dakl'aweidi clan.

[3] At this point, Jake declared that the story was too long to tell in full, "so we'll change it. Wrong here." In other words, he was going to condense it, perhaps in part because he did not want to tell us as women the full details of the ritual for bears.

[4] I think that it is at this point that Jake meant his April 10, 195l comments on the prophesying powers of bear knee bones to fit. The implication is that the girl heated knee bones of a bear. The following paragraph contains what Jake said on April 10th. The story then resumes with his 1949 text.

[5] McClellan, *My Old People Say,* p. 157-58.

[6] McClellan, *My Old People Say*, p. 161.

[7] Jake is referring to an organ which is probably the beaver's spleen, called *cuhu* in Tlingit. Its state foretells the future.

[8] Jake meant that there were no beavers living inside the house to keep open the breathing hole through which the hunters can see warm air rising in winter.

[9] Jake demonstrates hitting the man's arms and legs to take him out of the cramp. See also the story that follows this one, no. 121.

[10] I am uncertain of this interpretation of Jake's sentence which literally was: "He thought it's going to be on any time".

[11] Jake's reference to the two doors implies that the "camp" was a traditional double lean-to structure with openings at either end.

[12] Possibly Jake means "opposed to the way an animal walks", but it's unclear.

[13] Jake's exact words here were: "How you gonna feel like that? If I do you, you gonna bite me."

[14] At first Jake could not remember the English term for "killer whale", so he used the word "porpoise". Later he described the "porpoise", and we changed the term to "killer whale".

[15] This may refer to Tlingit *s'oow*, translated by Boas , 1917:126, as "green stone."

[16] At this point, Jake vibrated his lips in a kind of Bronx cheer.

[17] McClellan, *My Old People Say,* p. 560-563.

[18] See also Angela Sidney's version of this same story, which she calls "The Two Smart Brothers", told twenty-five years later, in Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, pp. 98-104.

[19] The reference here may actually be to the boys' granny's cane. Mary used only the pronouns "they" and "their" throughout the story.

[20] See Boas 1917:161 who gives the Tlingit *yAk* - mussel, i.e. mussel shell knife.

[21] Mary did not translate this phrase which has the element *tlakas*, taboo, in it, and evidently means something on the order of no person "who has broken any taboos" or "is taboo".

[22] He is implying that whoever takes care of the game must be someone who is sexually continent.

[23] The boy again wants to know who is pure enough to take care of him and his powers.

[24] Mary did not stop to explain the phrase. The "*shih*" may refer to the shaman's song.

[25] When he brings his wife back to life again, she learns that it is *ligaas* (Tl., taboo) to eat beaver and bear grease, and moose head, and ground squirrel feet when a woman is menstruating.

[26] According to Naish and Story, "Tlingit-English Dictionary", p 24, The term ishkèen refers to black cod and s'àx' refers to "grey cod" on the coast. Mary Jackson uses ishkèen s'àx' to refer to black cod, and eet'xa s'àx' (or just s'àx') to refer to "ling" cod/fish in the interior.

[27] Literally, "I have a head feeling."

[28] While both Jake and Mary Jackson were present during this session, this story is told by Jake, a senior man of the Deisheetaan clan. For another version of this story, see Angela Sidney's story no. 67, Volume Two, "How *Naats* Got His Spirit Helper."

[29] I have corrected some minor English grammatical errors.

[30] Danny himself did not translate the word.

[31] Here Mabel paused to reflect that she didn't know where they got the wood to make the snowshoes in the first place, if these were supposed to be the first trees.

[32] Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, p. 22-24.

[33] Angela Sidney also includes this episode in her version of "The Two Brothers" story, Cruikshank, *Athapaskan Women*, 100.

[34] Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, p. 99-106.

[35] Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, p. 297-298.

[36] See Sheppard's discussion of this tale among Tahltan and Kaska and other northern peoples in "The Dog Husband."

[37] Mabel stopped to say, "I hate to tell you this part. It sounds queer. It's just a story."

[38] She is referring here to the skin of a monster whose name Swanton recorded as "*kax qoy endua*"; see *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, p. 102.

[39] The reference here is to Crow's encounter with the old lady who kept the tides, (see no. 50 f).

[40] McClellan's transcriptions vary in her notes.

[41] The lines about throwing menstruant's ashes at the point have been crossed out of my original notes, because actually, the instruction was to throw the ashes at the monster as the brothers do. Menstruants' ashes may refer to the ashes a menstruant used to put across the door to a dwelling.

[42] I am uncertain whether this next section is part of the *Lkayakw* cycle. Perhaps it is a separate story which Mabel was reminded of when she was telling the episode about *Lkayakw* and his brothers potlatching the skull. At any rate, after giving me the Tlingit name of the animal, *Lkakeendooa*, whose hair the boy's used to veil their sister, Mabel again gave me the Tlingit name of the Little Old Lady Who Knows Everything, (*Tleewa tuwageegee*).

[43] For a discussion of 'Old' and 'New' Yanyeidí clans, see McClellan, My Old People Say, p. 457-68.

[44] Nyman and Leer, *Gágiwdul.àt: Brought Forth to Reconfirm* p. 10-35.

[45] "Up" probably means that the ancestral Gaanax.ádi moved north along the coast.

[46] This means that they are going to perform a peace ceremony with a "deer hostage". See McClellan, *My Old People Say*, p. 498-501 for a description.

[47] The Atna, living further west near the Copper River, Alaska, deliberately tried to kill sheep so they would slide down the mountain or could be floated down a stream in order that the hunters could butcher them on lower ground. Probably this is what is meant here.

[48] Here both narrator and translator seemed acutely embarrassed. The man-eater evidently pulled the boy's penis.

[49] Compare Boas, "Grammatical notes on the Language of the Tlingit Indians," p. 148, where he records the term for cannibal as qo' sAxA .

[50] He evidently pushed down the uprights to which the gill net was attached down under the ice.

[51] Daisy went on to explain: "Like those days, if my husband has a brother, if something is wrong with him, they go to work and you stay with the husband's brother. And you keep it up that way until you marry the last one."

[52] In a preview of this story, Daisy had said that there were eight brothers.

[53] This explanation was obviously put in for my benefit, and would not ordinarily be a part of the story.

[54] See for example Teit, 'Cannibal-Wolverine and the Fog Man', in "Tahltan Tales," story no. 27, p 246. Teit also recorded a version of the story Daisy Sheldon and others call 'Man-Eater' as 'Story of the Baby Stolen by Wolverine' in his "Kaska Tales," story no. 25, p. 471. See also Moore and Wheelock, *Wolverine Myths*, 13-21 and 122-40.

[55] The "swing" is a kind of hammock in which the baby's moss carrier was placed.

[56] When we asked Annie about the mouths, she said it was just like a "mouth growth--skin that was glued together."

[57] Osgood, *Contributions to the Ethnography of the Kutchin*, 164-66. Actually, I heard no close parallel to the beginning of the Gwich'in story in any versions told by the Inland Tlingit.

[58] It is not clear whether Pansy was comparing the character of the two birds, or whether she was referring to the Athapaskan term for "Crow", i.e., *tsurk'í* (well known to the Inland Tlingit) and the Tlingit term for Camp Robber, *tsok'i***.** Pansy frequently made such etymological statements.

[59] See for example Dauenhauer and Dauenhauer, *Haa Shuká* 138-151.

[60] See de Laguna , *The Story of a Tlingit Community*, pp. 64-65, 76, 234 , pl. 110.

[61] This refers to the Gaanaxteidí story of the girl who raised a woodworm. See Patsy Henderson's story no. 43 and Angela Sidney's story no. 68.

[62] The portion of the story told in August breaks off here. The girl then looks up and sees a handsome young man. The rest of the story continued in the text that I recorded in March.

[63] Skookum Jim left part of his inheritance to the Anglican Church to fund the present Skookum Jim Friendship Centre in Whitehorse.

[64] See McClellan, *The Girl Who Married the Bear*, 24-27, and Dauenhauer and Dauenhauer, *Haa Shuká,* 166-93 and notes, 369-380.

[65] For another version of this story told by Annie Ned, see Cruikshank et al. *Life Lived Like a Story*, 336-38.

[66] Tommy indicates that the man was less than a metre tall.

[67] William Johnston was a member of the New Yanyeidí clan. His maternal grandfather would have been Deisheetaan.

[68] Presumably he throws urine in the water, as one would if one were to encounter Wealth Woman.

[69] Possibly it was the baby who cried, but the next sentence suggests strongly that it was the woman. What Tommy said literally according to my notes was: "And this baby, she start to bawl when they take this baby out."

[70] This is not entirely clear. Tommy said, "And they stay up the tree and call that baby."

[71] She refers to the "lucky scabs" which will form on the scratches.

[72] Prior to the arrival of Christian missionaries cremation, rather than burial, was practiced.

[73] The picture in Jenness is actually labeled as that of a Tsimshian, and the headdress is catalogued as one collected by William Newcombe. However, it was possible to purchase in Juneau pictures and postcards of '*Analahac* wearing ceremonial regalia.

[74] For other versions of the Animal Mother story, see Patsy Henderson, story no. 40; Angela Sidney, no. 69; Jimmy Scotty James, no. 75; Mabel Johnson, no. 133; and Kitty Henry, no. 158.

[75] McClellan transcribes this in two ways, *ak'Ei* or *a'kei,* and says that Edgar told her it is a Tagish word for skin. Edgar explained that he was 'stuck' on this, that people referred to it as moosehide, but that it

couldn't be because there weren't any moose yet when it was first put up. Edgar explained that this always confuses him.

[76] For other versions of the Tl'anaxéedákw (sometimes called "Wealth Woman" or "Lucky Lady"), see Patsy Henderson, story no. 46 and 47; Angela Sidney, no. 71 a and 71 b; Tommy Peters, no. 166, and the related story by Pansy Bailey, no. 153.

[77] Naish and Story, "English-Tlingit Dictionary," record the coastal Tlingit pronunciation/spelling of "spark" as yíkdlah.

[78] At this point Edgar drew a picture of what he thought a teenáh (copper shield) looked like.

[79] This is not the term for dried fish given in Boas 1917:157 (*'atq'dci*); or Naish and Storey (ut x'ee shee) or Swanton 1909:301 *Atc. e ci*. Actually it seems to mean "on the corner of it". See Swanton 1909:301, line 5, *Ace'nva*. Edgar's English wording runs very close to this Sitka version recorded by Swanton in Tlingit.

[80] See Swanton, *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, p. 301, line 6, *cAnyak!'lax*, "mouldy-cornered ones."

[81] In his first telling Edgar was too embarrassed to say that the boy ate fish excrement.

[82] Brown Bear Fort on Admiralty Island, often seen in the literature as Hootsnoowoo.

[83] See Swanton 1908, p.408, 412. Swanton, 1909, p. 233.

[84] Edgar said in response to my query that Tagish Charlie was the same as Dawson Charlie. Actually they were two different men, and it was Dawson Charlie who was with Skookum Jim and George Carmacks.

[85] A "straw boss" is the leader of a crew and carries duties beyond those of the other members.

APPENDIX I: SEQUENCE OF STORIES TOLD

Southern Tutchone Narrators

Johnny Fraser

Date Told	Number	Title
July 25, 1948	3	The Girl Who Married the Bear
July 25, 1948	5 a	The Discovery of Klukshu (Version One)
July 26, 1948	1 a	Crow Gets Water
July 26, 1948	1 b	Crow Gets Daylight, the Sun and the Moon
July 26, 1948	1 c	Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (Version One)
July 26, 1948	1 e	Crow and the Eulachon Grease
July 28, 1948	2 a	Smart Man and the Man-Eating Wolverines
July 28, 1948	2 b	Smart Man Freezes the Man-Eater
July 28, 1948	2 c	Smart Man and the Bears
August 10, 1948	1 f	Crow and the Whale
August 29, 1954	4	The Flood Story
August 29, 1954	6	The Deisheetaan Beaver
August 29, 1954	7	Skookum Jim Finds Gold
August 29, 1954	8	The Fight Between the Dalton Post and the Snag Indians
August 30, 1954	1 d	Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (Version Two)
August 30, 1954	5 b	The Discovery of Klukshu (Version Two)

Susie Pringle

Date Told	Number	Title
July 27, 1948	9a	Crow Gets Fire
July 27, 1948	9 b	Crow and the Eulachon Grease
July 27, 1948	9 c	Crow Sees the Woman's Steps Turned to Stone
July 27, 1948	9 d	Crow and the Seagulls
July 27, 1948	9 e	Crow and the Big Wind
July 27, 1948	9 f	Crow Gets Water
July 27, 1948	9 g	Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass
July 27, 1948	10	The People learn About Sunday

Frank Smith

Date Told	Number	Title
August 23, 1948	12	The Seven Stars or the Big Headed Man
July 30, 1949	13	The Discovery of Klukshu
August 2, 1949	14	Naskah Brings Christianity to the Interior People
August 3, 1949	15	The First Russians on the Coast
August 10, 1949	11 a	Äsùya and the Man-Eating Wolverines
August 10, 1949	11 b	Äsùya and the Otter Woman
August 10, 1949	11 c	Äsùya and the Eagles
August 10, 1949	11 d	Äsùya and the Bears

Lily Hume and Jessie Allen

Date Told	Number	Title
August 8, 1949	16 a	Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (Vers. One, L.H.)
August 9, 1949	16 b	Crow and the Old Lady in Charge of the Eulachon (J.A.)
August 9, 1949	16 c	Crow and the Eulachon Grease (J.A.)
August 9, 1949	18	The Flood Story (L.H.)
August 29, 1954	16 d	Crow's Adventures on the Chilkat Pass (Vers. Two, J.A.)
August 29, 1954	16 e	Crow's Fish Trap (J.A.)
August 29, 1954	16 f	Crow Gets Daylight (J.A.)
August 29, 1954	16 g	Crow Gets Water (J.A.)
August 29, 1954	16 h	Crow and the Flood (J.A.)
August 29, 1954	17	The Man-Eating Owl (J.A.)
August 29, 1954	19	The Man Who Killed a Lot of Bears (J.A.)

Jessie (Mrs. Harry) Joe

Date Told	Number	Title
July 5, 1966	20	Why the Crows Own Klukshu
July 5, 1966	21	The Boy Who Kicked the Thunderbird Feather

Jimmy Kane

Date Told	Number	Title
July 7, 1966	22	Jack Dalton
July 7, 1966	23 a	The Reindeer Drive from Alaska (Version One)
February 5, 1968	23 b	The Reindeer Drive from Alaska (Version Two)

Betty Kane

Date Told	Number	Title
August 24, 1948	24	How Crow Lost His Eye

Maggie Jim

Date Told	Number	Title
February 6, 1968	25	The Girl Who Married the Bear
February 6, 1968	26	The Loon Who Cured a Man Wounded in the Alaska-Yukon War

Maggie Brown

Date Told	Number	Title
February 18, 1968	27 a	Crow Gets Water
February 18, 1968	28	Animal Mother (Moose Mother)
February 18, 1968	27 b	Crow and the Halibut

Lily Birckel

Date Told	Number	Title
February 15, 1968	29	Crow Gets the Sun, Moon and Daylight
February 15, 1968	30	The Girl Who Married the Bear

Mary Jacquot

Date Told	Number	Title
August 16, 1948	31	The Man Who Killed His Brother-in-law
August 16, 1948	32	A Tagish Story, a Man Who Killed His Brother-in-law
July 14, 1966	33 a	The Flood
July 14, 1966	33 b	The Dalton Post People Find the Champagne People
July 14, 1966	33 c	The Coast Indians and the Whites Find the Interior Indians
July 14, 1966	34	The Girl Who Married the Bear

Dixon John

Date Told	Number	Title
June 6, 1966	35	Why the K'etlènmbet Split Up

Tagish Narrators

Patsy Henderson

Date Told	Number	Title
July 1, 1948	48	Patsy Henderson's Lecture, Discovery of Klondike Gold
July 9, 1948	38 a	The Flood (Version One)
August 29, 1949	42	The Origin of the Dak̲l'aweidí Killer Whales
August 29, 1949	43	The Story of the G̲aanax̲teidí Snake
August 29, 1949	44	The Story of the Tuk̲.weidí (Deisheetaan) Beaver
January 9, 1951	45	Skookum Jim and the Frog
January 9, 1951	38 b	The Flood (Version Two)
January 9, 1951	36 a	Crow Gets the Moon, Sun and Daylight
January 9, 1951	37	Rabbit Mother Story
January 10, 1951	46	Lucky Woman or Tl'anaxéedák̲w
January 10, 1951	47	Patsy Henderson Hears Lucky Woman's Baby
January 11, 1951	40	Animal Mother
January 11, 1951	39	The Gambler Who Got Thunderbird Power
January 11, 1951	36 b	Crow and the Whale
January 11, 1951	36 c	Crow Gets Water
January 11, 1951	36 d	Crow and Fish Mother
January 11, 1951	36 e	Crow Makes the Earth
January 11, 1951	36 f	Crow Gets Fire
January 11, 1951	36 g	Crow Makes Birds and People
January 11, 1951	36 h	Crow Retires
July 30, Aug 22, 1951	41	The Dak̲l'aweidí Migration down the Stikine River

Billy Smith

Date Told	Number	Title
October 9, 1950	49	The Origin of the Dakl'aweidí Killer Whales

Angela Sidney

Date Told	Number	Title
June 27, 1949	51	The Boy Who Turned into a Land Otter
August 20, 1949	65 a	Tuk.weidí Girls Who Married Inland (Version One)
August 22, 1949	65 b	Tuk.weidí Girls Who Married Inland (Version Two)
August 25, 1949	64	The Tuk.weidí/ Deisheetaan Beaver
August 26, 1949	66 a	Kaax'achgóok (Version One)
February 5, 1950	65 c	Tuk.weidí Girls Who Married Inland (Version Three)
August 28, 1950	52	Mouldy Head
September 27, 1950	50 a (i)	How Crow Got Water (Version One)
September 27, 1950	50 b (i)	Crow Gets Daylight (Part One)
September 27, 1950	50 b (ii)	Crow Releases Daylight (Part Two)
September 27, 1950	50 c	Crow Makes People
September 27, 1950	50 d (i)	Crow and Fish Mother (Version One)
Sept. 27, 28, 1950	53	The Man Who Married the Sun's Daughter
September 28, 1950	55 a	Dog Husband (Version One)
September 29, 1950	54	The Girl Who Married the Sun
October 27, 1050	68	The Story of the Gaanaxteidí Woodworm
November 25, 1950	56	The Man Who Married a Groundhog
December 2, 1950	72	The Haines Doctor and the Lost Tlingit Trader
December 28, 1950	55 b	Dog Husband (Version Two)
December 28, 1950	58	The Girl Who Lived with Grizzly Bears
December 30, 1950	71 a	Tl'anaxéedákw (Version One)
December 30, 1950	71 b	Tl'anaxéedákw (Version Two)
January 9, 1951	59 a	How the Animals Got Bear's Flint (Part One)
January 9, 1951	59 b	Why Humans Die (Part Two)
January 11, 1951	62	Owl Woman
January 11, 1951	69	Animal Mother
July 16, 1951	70	Dakl'aweidí Origins
July 17, 1951	61	Wolverine and Wolf
August 1, 1951	67	How *Naats* Got His Spirit Helpers
August 19, 1951	60	The Grizzly Bear Who Danced at a Potlatch
December 15, 1951	66 b	Kaax'achgóok (Version Two)
June 14, 1966	50 d (ii)	Crow and Fish Mother (Version Two)
August 2, 1966	50 a (ii)	How Crow Got Water (Version Two)
March 4, 1974	57	Star Husband
March 19, 1974	50 d (iii)	Crow and Fish Mother (Version Three)
March 19, 1974	50 e	Crow and the Rock
March 19, 1974	50 f (i)	Crow and the Tide (Version One)
March 19, 1974	50 g	Crow and Ling Cod
March 19, 1974	50 h	Crow Tries to Get His Brother's Fish Grease

Angela Sidney (continued)

Date Told	Number	Title
March 19, 1974	50 i	Crow and his Blanket
March 19, 1974	63	Why Tree Squirrels Bring Warm Weather
June 5, 1977	50 d (iv)	Crow and Fish Mother (Version Four)
June 5, 1977	50 f (ii)	Crow and the Tide (Version Two)

Jimmy Scotty James

Date Told	Number	Title
October 17, 1950	105	The Beaver Crest of the Tuk.weidí Clan
October 19, 1950	79	The Boys Who Drifted Down River
October 19, 1950	80	A Land Otter Story
October 20, 1950	81	The Dog History
October 21, 1950	73 a	Crow's Uncle
October 21, 1950	73 b	Crow Loses His Nose and Becomes Black
October 21, 1950	73 c	Crow Gets the Moon, Sun and Daylight
October 22, 1950	74 a	Beaver Man and the Bears
October 22, 1950	74 b	Beaver Man and the Wicked Mother-in-Law
October 22, 1950	74 c	Beaver Man and the Moon
October 22, 1950	74 d	Beaver Man and the Cannibal
October 22, 1950	74 e	Beaver Man and Otter Woman
October 23, 1950	73 d	Crow Gets Fire
October 23, 1950	73 f	Crow Gets Flint
October 23, 1950	73 e	Crow and the Grizzly Bears
October 24, 1950	109 a	Mr. *Daut* (Douglas) Arrives on the Taku River
October 30, 1950	75	Animal Mother
November 3, 1950	76	How the First Rabbits Came
November 3, 1950	77	Porcupine Killer
November 3, 1950	78	Abandoned Boy
November 8, 1950	82	Why Owls Talk Like Humans
November 8, 1950	83	An Owl Foretells a Drowning
November 8, 1950	84	An Owl Foretells An Epidemic
November 9, 1950	85	The Ghost Who Took His Brother to Death
November 9, 1950	73 g	How Crow Starved the People
November 9, 1950	103	The Boy who Avenged His Uncle's Death
November 12, 1950	86	How the Owl Cleaned up the Kids
December 4, 1950	87	The Man Who Just Took Animal Skins
December 4, 1950	88	Mouldy Head
December 4, 1950	111	How the Frog Helped Skookum Jim Find Gold
December 5, 1950	89	The Wolverine Who Married the Sisters
December 5, 1950	106	The Taku Woman Doctor with Spider Power
December 6, 1950	90	Star Husband
December 6, 1950	91	The Bad Little Fellow Who Was Swallowed by a Pike
December 6, 1950	92	The Blind Man and the Loon
December 7, 1950	93	The Other Side of the Horizon
December 10, 1950	94	When the Sky Cracked
December 10, 1950	104	Travelling Under the Glacier

Jimmy Scotty James (continued)

Date Told	Number	Title
December 11, 1950	95	The Wolverine Who Took the Baby
December 12, 1950	96	The Man Who Married the Groundhog
December 16, 1950	97	The Children Caught by the Rockfall
December 16, 1950	107	The Man Who Escaped From Porcupines
December 16, 1950	98	A Ghost Story
December 21, 1950	99	The Girl Who Married the Bear
January 6, 1951	100	Gonaakaadet
January 9, 1951	59	Grizzly Bear and Fox
August 16, 1951	110	Fighting Between Telegraph Creek and Taku River People
August 21, 1951	101	Black Skin
August 21, 1951	102	The Doctor Who Wouldn't Work for His Grub
date unclear	108	The Way the White People First Came

Maria Johns

Date Told	Number	Title
July 4, 1948	112	Fox Man
July 16, 1948	113	The Girl Who Married the Bear

Inland Tlingit Narrators

Jake Jackson

Date Told	Number	Title
July 10, 1949	122	The Killer Whales Who Danced
July 11, 1949 & Apr, 10, 1951	118	The Girl Who Married the Bear
January 25, 1951	119	Taboo Mountain
March 1, 1951	117	*Wooshkaduha*
March 1 & 4, 1951	123 a	Water from a Rock (Version One)
March 13-14, 1951	115	The Flood
March 14, 1951	116	The Beaver and the Porcupine
April 1, 1951	120	*'Ena'yee'ta* and the Cougar
April 1, 1951	121	The Liard Doctor Who Killed the Cougar
April 9, 1951	123 b	Water from a Rock (Version Two)
April 23, 1951	114 a	Crow Makes People
April 23, 1951	114 b	Crow and the Set Hooks
May 7-8, 1951	124	The Groundhog Hunters Who Got Power

Mary Jackson

Date Told	Number	Title
February 20, 1951	130	Teslin Deisheetaan Beaver Crest (w. Jake Jackson)
March 17, 1951	125	The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River
March 17, 1951	126	Orphan Helped by Rainbow
Mar. 17, Apr.27/51	127	Whetstone Boy
May 27, 1951	128	The Talking Ling Fish

Mary Jackson (continued)

Date Told	Number	Title
February 27, 1968	129	The First Wolf People

Danny Jackson

Date Told	Number	Title
November 1, 1950	131	The Two Boys Captured by Kots'èen

Jim Fox

Date Told	Number	Title
August 9, 1951	132	Iron Finder

Mabel Johnson

Date Told	Number	Title
July 7, 1949	137	The Beaver and the Porcupine
February 7, 1951	134a	*Lkayakw*
February 19, 1951	134b	*Lkayakw*
February 19, 1951	134c	*Lkayakw*
February 19, 21, & May 6, 1951	135	The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River
May 6, 1951	136	The Sun's Daughter
May 6, 1951	133	Animal Mother
date unclear	138	Kuyeik and Her Spider Power

Lillyan Rudolf

Date Told	Number	Title
May, 1951	139	Crow Loses His Eye

Andy Smith

Date Told	Number	Title
April 14, 1951	140	History of the Nisutlin River

Frank Johnston

Date Told	Number	Title
April 10, 1951	142 a	A Gaanax.ádi Story
April 10, 1951	142 b	A Kaagwaantaan Story
April 11, 1951	142 c	A Yanyeidí Clan Story
August 9, 1951	141	The Flood

Mary and Frank Sidney

Date Told	Number	Title
April 19, 1951	143	The Man Who Trained a Wolf to Hunt
April 19, 1951	144	A Man-Eater Story

Watson Smarch

Date Told	Number	Title
April 1, 1951	145	A Man-Eater Story
May 15, 1951	146	Two Indian Doctors

Daisy Sheldon

Date Told	Number	Title
February 23, 1951	147	Beaver Man (Smart Man)
February 27, 1951	148	A Man-Eater Story

Annie Geddes

Date Told	Number	Title
July 18, 1949	149	The Two Boys Who Drifted Down River

Pansy Bailey

Date Told	Number	Title
July 2, 1949	150	Smart Man
July 24, 1949	151	Black Skin
January 29, 1951	152	The Dog Husband, (*Lkayakw*)
February 17, 1951	153	Eye-Eater or How the People Died Off
February 21, 1951	154	The Man Who Took His Brother to Death
March 29, & Aug. 9, 1951	155	Mountain Man
March 9, 1951	156	Why People Came to Teslin
March 19, 1951	157	Skookum Jim Finds Gold

Kitty Henry

Date Told	Number	Title
July 9, 1949	158	Animal Mother
July 9, 1949	159	People-Eater or How Mosquitoes Came to Be

Tommy Peters

Date Told	Number	Title
February 9, 1951	160	The Girl Who Married the Bear
February 9, 1951	165	Sun's Medicine
February 9, 1951	166	Lucky Woman or Tl’anaxéedakw

Tommy Peters (continued)

Date Told	Number	Title
February 10, 1951	167	Kooshee eesh Goes to Heaven
August 12, 1951	164	The Dwarf With Swans
August 13, 1951	161	The Man Who Went With the Caribou
Aug. 13 & 20, 1951	162	Caribou-Killer
August 13, 1951	163	Killer Whale and Wolf

Edgar Sidney

Date Told	Number	Title
August 29, 1948	168 a	Crow Makes the Earth
August 29, 1948	168 b (i)	Crow Gets Water (Version One)
August 29, 1948	168 b (ii)	Crow Gets Water and Becomes Black (Version Two)
August 29, 1948	168 b (iii)	Crow Puts Water in the World (Version Three)
August 29, 1948	168 c	Crow Steals Daylight
August 29, 1948	168 d	Crow Changes People Into Animals
August 29, 1948	168 e	Crow Loses His Nose
August 29, 1948	168 f	Crow Gets Seal Fat
August 30, 1948	175	The Atlin Gold Rush
January 29, 1951	171 a	*Lkayakw* (Version One)
January 29, 1951	171 b	*Lkayakw* (Version Two)
January 30, 1951	169 a	Animal Mother (Version One)
January 30, 1951	169 b	Animal Mother (Version Two)
January 31, 1951	173	G̲aanax̲.ádi Clan Story
February 9, 1951	170	Tl'anaxéedák̲w
February 23, 1951	172	Mouldy Head (*Wooshkaduha*)
March 12, 1951	174	How Skookum Jim Found Gold

GLOSSARY OF: TLINGIT NOUNS, CLAN NAMES, KIN TERMS USED IN THE TEXT[1]

1. Tlingit nouns

ankáwoo - chief

anyúdee - prince, 'high person'

às - evergreen tree

ch'ák'- eagle

ch'éen - hair ornament/ribbon

chátl - halibut

dáh - weasel

dás'ah - snare

dáx - canoe under construction

deenáh - harpoon

Deikeenàh - Haida

dóol - crane

èek - copper

ganòok - petrel

gees'óok - northern lights

gòoch - wolf

Goos'k'ee kwán - "white people"

gòox - slave

gowukàn - deer

gugán - sun

gúx - rabbit

héixwah - magic/ magical exercises

hít - house

ín - flint

ishkèen – black cod

íxt' - doctor/prophet

k'úkw - owl /hawk

[1] Tlingit nouns and kinship terms are largely taken from Naish and Story, *English-Tlingit Dictionary: Nouns*. Clan names are taken from Dauenhauer and Dauenhauer, *Haa Kusteeyí*. Other sources include additional published works by Dauenhauer and Dauenhauer, and by Jeff Leer, cited in bibliography. Nouns in Southern Tutchone and Tagish are largely transcribed phonetically in McClellan's notes and are not always consistent because spoken language varies.

katoowóo - chickadee

kéet - killer whale

kèitl - dog

kéitlyudee - seagull

kogóos' - cloud

kóon - flicker

kóoshdah - land otter

koowóo - tail (fish) [ut [its] koowóo]

kots'èen - rat

kunuls'ák - squirrel

kutóok - cave

kuyanée - leaves

kwán - people

loonée - bark

loowóo - beak

lúkt - bentwood box

náwk - medicine

nóoskw - wolverine

nòow - fort

nukws'atée - witch

núxw - hook (wooden halibut hook)

s'atée - master/mistress/boss

s'áw - crabs

s'àx' - grey cod

s'àx' - ling cod (term used in Yukon)

s'áxw - hat/hood

s'íx' - dish

s'ugeidée (or s'igeidée) - beaver

s'úxt' - devil's club

sháa - woman

shah, (or shaa) - mountain

shàk - driftwood

shál - fish trap

sheishóox - rattle

shudáh - helmet [for war]

shukee.út - headdress (ceremonial hat)

shuyéinah - anchor

súks - bow and arrow

t'àw - feather (long feather)

t'úh - salmon (king salmon)

tàn - sea lion

téel'- salmon (dog salmon)

teenáh - copper shield

téh - rock

tléix' - one

tsagúl'- spear (fighting)

tsàh - seal (hair seal)

wàk - eye

woosánee - spear (hunting)

wooweit, wooweidi [*wetedi*] – puberty, enrichment

x'éitah - trout

x'ós'- club –

x'wál'- down feathers

xát - salmon (generic)

xáts' - sky

xèitl - thunderbird

xíxch' - frog

xóots - bear (brown bear)

xuluk'úch' - porcupine

yádi - child of

yàkw - canoe

yàw - herring

yáy - whale

yéik - 'doctor'/spirit

yéil - crow (or raven)

yíkdlah - spark

yukáwoo - partner

yúxwch' - sea otter

yuyéinah – whetstone

2. Clans Names: Tlingit clan names used in text:

Dakl'aweidí

Deisheetaan

Gaanaxteidí

Gaanax.ádi

Ishkeetaan

Kaagwaantaan

K'etlènmbet

Kùkhhittàn (Leer)

Shangukeidí (fem. Shanguka Sháa)

Tuk.weidí

Yanyeidí

3. Relations: Tlingit kinship terms used in text:

àt - father's sister

chàn - mother-in-law

dlàk' - sister (male speaker)

duchxún - grandchild

éek' - brother, (female speaker)

hónxw - brother: older brother (male speaker)

kák - mother's brother

kánee - brother-in-law

kéek' - younger brother (male speaker)

kéilk' - nephew (sister's son)

léelk'w - grandparent

sayée - namesake

sée - daughter

shut – wife (his wife, du shut)

súnee - father's brother

tl'ákw - mother's sister

tláa, (or tláh) - mother

xoonée - relation (my relation, ax xoonée)

yéet – son

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