Dawn of the World

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MEWAN MYTHS

The Morning of the World
in California

C. Hart Merriam

New York

1908

MEWUK MYTHS

The Morning of the World

in California

By

C. Hart Merriam

THE DAWN OF THE WORLD

Myths
Tales of the Mewan Indians of California

EARLY DAWN IN CALIFORNIA

A Collection of Mewan Myths---or Myths of the Mewan Indians

Tales
STRANGE STORIES OF THE DAWN OF THE WORLD

Told by
Myths of the Mewan Indians of California

MYSTERIES OF THE DAWN OF THE WORLD

Tales of the Mewan Indians of California

MYSTERIES OF THE FOREWORLD

Indian tales from of the Mewan Tribes of California

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE FOREWORLD

THE BIRTH OF THE WORLD
as revealed by
The Mewan Indians of California

MYSTERIES OF THE FIRST PEOPLE
As revealed by the Mewan Indians of California

TALES OF THE FIRST PEOPLE
a collection of ~~the~~ Myths of the Mewan tribes of California
Myths collected from

FIRST PEOPLE STORIES FROM CALIFORNIA
As told by the Mewan Indians

STRANGE STORIES [Tales] OF THE FIRST PEOPLE
Told BY the Mewan Indians of California

STRANGE TALES OF THE FIRST PEOPLE
From the Mewan Indians of California

IN THE MORNING OF THE WORLD

Tales of the Me'-wuk Indians of California

C. Hart Merriam

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

The tales here brought together were told me by Indians belonging to a single linguistic stock--the Mewan.[1] The tribes of this stock are confined to central California and have no relatives in any part of the world. Their original territory comprised the lower slopes and foothills of the Sierra Nevada between the Cosumnes River and Fresno Creek together with the adjacent plain from the foothills of Suisun Bay; and two smaller disconnected areas north of San Francisco Bay--one in the interior reaching from Pope Valley to the south end of Clear Lake, the other on the coast from Golden Gate northerly nearly to the mouth of Russian River.

At present the vanishing remnants of the Mewuk tribes are scattered over their old territory on the west flank of the Sierra; the handful that remain of the Tuleyome tribe are gathered in a small rancheria on Putah Creek in Lake County; while two persons, the sole survivors of the Hookooeko and Olamentko tribes, still cling to their original homes on Tamales and Bodega Bays.

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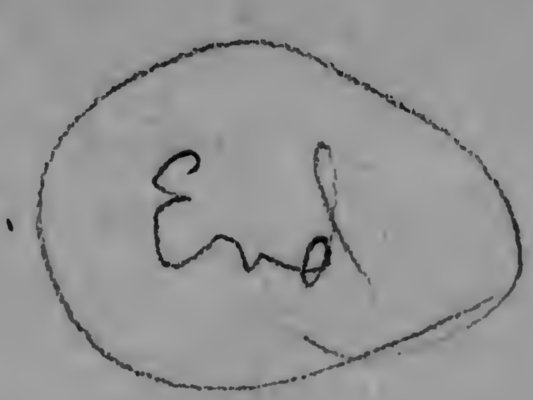
[1] For a map and detailed account of the distribution of these tribes see my article entitled Distribution and Classification of the Mewan stock of California, American Anthropologist, vol.9,pp.338-357, April-June (published July),1907.

plied almost indefinitely.

The myths are told "after the first rains" of the winter season, usually in the ceremonial Roundhouse, and always at night by the dim light of a small flickering fire. They constitute the religious history of the tribe, and from time immemorial have been handed down by word of mouth; from generation to generation they have been repeated, without loss and without addition.



The California tribes are stationary--not nomadic; ~~that~~ they have lived for ~~thousands if not hundreds of~~ thousands of years in the same places ~~that~~ they now occupy--or did occupy until driven away by the whites; and ~~that~~ during this long period of isolation ~~they~~ have evolved different languages--for even among tribes of the same linguistic group, the differences in language are often so great that members of one tribe cannot understand the speech of another.[1] footnote.

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As The languages of the tribes composing the Mewan stock show varying degrees of kinship, so their myths exhibit varying relationships. Those of the Sierra region are the most closely interrelated; those of the San Francisco Bay region and northward the most divergent.

[1](footnote) ~~Hence~~ in the accompanying myths the name of the same personage (or animal) differs according

according to the tribe speaking. Thus ~~in the present collection,~~ Coyote-man may be <u>Ah-hă´-le</u>, <u>Os-să´-le</u>, <u>O-lă´-choo</u>, <u>O-lă´-nah</u>, <u>O-let´-te</u>, <u>Ol´-le</u>, or <u>O´-ye</u>. Similarly, the Hummingbird may be <u>Koo-loo´-loo</u>, <u>Koo-loo´-pe</u>, or <u>Le´-che-che</u>. The Falcon or Duck Hawk, on the other hand, is ~~called~~ <u>Wek´-wek</u> in all the tribes. This ~~doubtless~~ is because his name is derived from his cry. Many other Indian names of mammals and birds have similar ~~the same~~ origins.

Characteristics of Mewan Mythology

The Mythology of the Indians of California goes back much farther than our mythology. It goes back to the time of the FIRST PEOPLE--curious beings who occupied the country for a long period before man was created, and who were finally transformed into animals, trees, rocks, and also in some cases into stars and other celestial bodies or forces; for even Sah´-win-ne the Hail and Nuk´kah the Thunder-shower were First People. ~~and, because of their great speed, were sent to overtake and capture a fleeing enemy.~~

Distribution of the Mewan Indians

The original territory of the Mewan tribes comprised the &c

darkness before the aquisition of the coveted heat and light-giving substance, ~~indifferently called fire, sun, or morning--for in the early myths these were considered identical or easily convertible from one into the other,~~ which, when discovered, was always at a great distance, but was finally stolen and brought home to the people.

The more important features of Me'-wuk mythology may be summarized as follows:

1. The existence of a FIRST PEOPLE, beings who differed materially from the present Indians, and who, with the possible exception of a few of the divinities, were transformed into animals, trees, rocks, or celestial bodies immediately before the present Indians were created.

2. The pre-existence of Coyote-man, the Creator, a divinity of obscure origin and unlimited 'magic', whose influence was always for good[1].

3. The existence (in some cases pre-existence) of other divinities, notably Wekwek the Falcon, grandson and companion of Coyote-man, and Pe-tā'-le the Lizard, (according to one tribe,) who assisted Coyote-man

[1] Except in the Wipā myths, which bear evidence of contamination from contact with neighboring tribes, Coyote-man is the Creator, and his influence is always for good. This is widely different from his position in the myths of adjacent tribes on the north; for among the Midoo, according to Rowland Dixon, he is usually a vain trixter, and among the Wintoon, according to Jeremiah Curtain, his influence is always for evil--as it is also among the Piute.

in the creation of Indian people.

4. The conception of a primordial heat and light giving substance indifferently called fire, sun, or morning--for in the early myths these were considered identical or at least interconvertible.

6. The theft of fire, which in all cases was stolen from people or divinities living at a considerable distance.

7. The preservation of the stolen fire by implanting it in the oó-noo or buckeye tree, where it was, and still is, accessible to all.

8. The power of certain personages or divinities--as Kelok the North Giant, Sahte the Weasel Man, and Owahto the Big-headed Lizard--to use fire as a weapon by sending it to pursue and overwhelm their enemies.

5. The existence of a keeper or guardian of the fire, for it was forseen by its first possessors that because of its priceless value efforts would be made to steal it.

9. The conception of the sky as a dome-shaped canopy the borders of which come down and rest on the earth, with four holes, on the sides corresponding to the cardinal points--one at the north, one at the south, one at the east, and one at the west. Some tribes mention a fifth hole, in the center of the sky, directly overhead. continually opening and closing, situated

10. The existence of other people on top of or beyond the sky.

11. The existence of people on the underside of the earth(this belief may not be universal).

12. The use, by the FIRST PEOPLE, of the ceremonial Round-house or Assembly-house--an indication of its great antiquity.

The existence of Rock Giants, who dwelt in caves and carried off and devoured people.

ties. In the beginning of the world the elderberry made sweet music for the Star-maidens and kept them from falling asleep as it swayed to and fro in the breeze; its wood served Tol'-le-loo for a flute when he put the Valley People to sleep so that he might steal the fire; and it serves today for flutes and clapper-sticks in nearly all the tribes.

Other widespread beliefs are that the echo is the Lizard-man talking back; that the Cougar and Gray Fox of the First People were the great hunters; that the red parts of certain birds--as the chin of the Hummingbird, the underside of the wings and tail of the western Flicker, the breast of the Robin, and the red-head of several species, indicate that these parts have been in contact with the fire.

Local or Tribal Myths

There are also numerous local beliefs, confined to particular tribes or groups of tribes. Thus belief in a flood, while not universal, is held by the Inneko tribes--those living north of San Francisco Bay; and the two coast tribes say that in the beginning the Divinity Coyote-man came to America from the west by crossing the Pacific Ocean on a raft. Other local myths are that Wekwek was born of a rock; that Chake the Tule-Wren, a poor despised orphan boy, shot out the sun, leaving the world in total darkness; that Hissik the Skunk, whose greed and oppression were intolerable, was destroyed by the superior cunning of Too'-wik the Badger. Numerous others will be found in the tales--in fact every tribe has myths of its own. Furthermore, in the general myths each band or subtribe has slight variants, so that even the creation myths, as related by different bands, present minor differences.

The existence, at or near the north hole in the sky, of Thunder Mountain, a place of excessive cold.

The presence of people on top of or beyond the sky.

The presence of people on the underside of the earth(this belief may not be universal).

The existence of Rock Giants, who dwelt in caves and carried off and devoured people.

The tendency of the dead to rise and return to life on the 3d or 4th day after death.

The prevention of the rising of the dead and their return to life by Meadowlark-man, who would not permit immortality.

The creation of real people, the ancestors of the present Indians, by the transformation of feathers, sticks, or clay[13]. Of these beliefs, origin from feathers is the most distinctive and widespread, reaching from Fresno Creek north to Clear lake.[14]

The completion and perfection of newly created man by the gift of five fingers from Petale the Lizzard-man, who, having five himself, understood their value.

Minor Beliefs

In addition to the more fundamental elements of Mewan Mythology there are numerous beliefs which, while equally wide-spread, are of less importance. Among these may be mentioned the universal regard for the elderberry-tree (Sambucus glauca), the source of music and of other beneficent qualities.

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[13] A single exception has been found: The Northern Mewuk account for people by the gradual evolution of the offspring of the Cougar-man and his wives, the Grizzly Bear woman and the Raccoon woman.

[14] The widespread belief in the origin of people from feathers accounts for the reverence shown feathers by some of the tribes. This feeling sometimes manifests itself in a great fear or dread lest the failure to show proper respect for feathers, or to observe punctiliously certain prescribed acts in connection with the use of feather articles on ceremonious occasions, be followed by illness or disaster. This awe of feathers I have observed among the Hoo'-koo-e-ko of Tamales Bay, the Too'-le-yo-me of Lake County, and the northern Mewuk of Calaveras County.

Minor Beliefs

In addition to the more fundamental elements of Mewan Mythology there are numerous beliefs which, while equally wide-spread, are of less importance. Among these may be mentioned the t a l e s ~~regarding~~ ~~for~~ the elderberry-tree ~~(Sambucus glauca)~~, the source of music and ~~of~~ other beneficent gifts. In the beginning of the world the elderberry made sweet music for the Star-maidens and kept them from falling asleep as it swayed to and fro in the breeze; its wood served Tol´-le-loo for a flute when he put the Valley People to sleep so that he might steal the fire; and it serves today for flutes and clapper-sticks in nearly all the tribes, and plays a vital part in the ceremonial observances.

Other widespread beliefs are that the echo is the Lizard-man
that certain Divinities possessed the power of accomplishing a ~~desired~~ object by wishing;
talking back; that of the First People the Raven, Cougar, and Gray Fox ~~are~~ the great hunters; that the red parts of certain birds--as the chin of the Hummingbird, the underside of the wings and tail of the western Flicker, the breast of the Robin, and the red-head of several species, indicate that these parts have been in contact with the fire. that in the ocean and certain rivers dwell Water-women or Mermaids who sometimes harm people;

The myths in the present volume tell of the doings of the FIRST PEOPLE--of their search for fire, of their hunting exploits, of their adventures, ~~of various kinds~~ including battles with giants; of the creation of Indian People by the divinity called Coyote-man, and finally, of the transformation of the FIRST PEOPLE into animals or other objects of nature.

Some tell of a flood, when only the tops of the highest mountains broke the water; others of a cheerless period of cold and darkness before the acquisition of the coveted heat and light giving substance, which, when discovered, was always at a great distance, but was finally stolen and brought home to the people.

Fundamental elements of Mewan Mythology

The more important features of Mewan mythology may be sumarized as follows:

The existence of a FIRST PEOPLE, beings who differed materially from the present Indians, and who, with the possible exception of a few of the Divinities, were transformed into animals, trees, rocks, or celestial bodies immediately before the present Indians were created.

The pre-existence of Coyote-man, the Creator, a divinity of unknown ~~obscure~~ origin and fabulous ~~unlimited~~ 'magic', whose influence was always for good .[1]

[1] Partial exceptions, doubtless a result of contact with neighboring stocks, occur in two tribes--the Wipa who say that Coyote-man boasted beyond his powers; and the Northern Mewuk who say that he was selfish.

I N T R O D U C T I O N

The tales of the present volume were told me by Indians of a single stock--the Mewan--the tribes of which are confined to central California and have no known relatives in any other part of the world.

The mythology of the Indians of California goes back much farther than our mythology: it goes back to the time of the FIRST PEOPLE--curious beings who inhabited the country for a long period before man was created. ~~and who were finally transformed into animals, trees, rocks, and also in some cases into stars and other celestial bodies and forces --for even Sah'win-ne the Hail and Nukkah the Rain were FIRST PEOPLE~~.

The myths of the Mewan Indians abound in magic, and many of them suggest a moral. They tell of the doings of the FIRST PEOPLE--of their search for fire; of their hunting exploits; of their adventures, including battles with giants and miraculous escapes from death; of their personal attributes, including selfishness and jealousy and their consequences; of the creation of Indian people by a divinity called Coyote-man, and finally of the transformation of the FIRST PEOPLE into animals or other objects of nature.

Some explain the origin of thunder, lightning, the rainbow and other natural phenomena; some tell of a flood, when only the tops of the highest mountains broke the waves; others of a cheerless period of cold and darkness before the acquisition of the coveted heat and light-giving substance, which, ~~when discovered, was always at a great distance, but~~ finally was stolen and brought home to the people.

Fundamental elements of Mewan Mythology.

The more important features of Mewan mythology may be sumarized as follows:

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The pre-existence of Coyote-man, the Creator, a divinity of unknown origin and fabulous 'magic', whose influence was always for good. 1/

The existence (in some cases pre-existence) of other divinities, notably Wek'wek' the Falcon, grandson and companion of Coyote-man, Mol'-luk the Condor, father of Wek'wek, and Pe-tā'-le the Lizard, who, according to several tribes, assisted Coyote-man in the creation of Indian People.

The possession of supernatural powers or 'magic' by Coyote-man, Wek'wek, and others of the early divinities, enabling them to perform miracles.

The prevalence of universal darkness, which in the beginning overspread the world and continued without intermission for a long period.

1/ Partial exceptions, doubtless a result of contact with neighboring stocks, occur in two tribes--the Wipa, who say that Coyote-man boasted beyond his powers; and the Northern Mewuk, who say that he was selfish.

M A T T O L E S

Traditions and mythology.

Bancroft, Native Races, Vol. III, p. 86, 1875.

Published in Dawn of the World, 1910

HOW WUT-TOO THE SUN WAS SET IN THE SKY

(A tale of the Southern Mewuk)

A long time ago there were two countries--the Valley country and the Foothills country--and each had its own kind of people. The Valley country was the big flat land which the white people call the San Joaquin plain; it had no trees and no Sun but was always enveloped in fog, and was always dark. The Foothills country began at the east side of the valley and reached up into the mountains; it was covered with trees and had the Sun.

To-tó-kan-no the Sandhill Crane was Chief of the Valley People and Ah-hā́-le the Coyote lived with him.

Ah-hā́-le was discontented with the fog and darkness and traveled all about, trying to find a better place for his people. After a while he came up into the Foothills country and saw Wút-too the Sun, and saw the people who lived there, and found their rancheria or village. Ah-hā́-le was a magician [Witch Doctor], so he turned himself into a man of the Foothills people and mingled with them to see what they had and what they were doing. He saw that there were both men and women, that the women pounded acorns and cooked acorn mush in baskets, and that everybody ate food.

He ate with them and learned that food was good.

When his belly was full he went home and told his chief, To-to-kan-no, that he had found a good place where there were good people who had the Sun and Moon and Stars, and women, and things to eat, and ate every day. He then asked To-tó-kanono, "What are we going to do? Are we going to stay down here in the dark and never eat? The people up there have wives and children; the men can see to hunt and kill deer; the women make acorn soup and other . We live down here in the dark and have no women and nothing to eat. What are we going to do?"

Chief To-tó-kan-no answered: "These things are of no account. I dont want the Sun, or light or any of those things. Go back up there if you want to".

So Ah-hā́-le went back to the foothills and did as he had done before, and liked the country and the people. Then he returned to the valley and told the chief To-tó-kan-no, what he had told him before, and asked again, "What are we going to do"? Can't we buy the Sun? They send the Sun away nights so they can sleep, and it

comes back every day so they can see to hunt and get things to eat and have a good time. I like the Sun. Let us buy him".

To-tó-kan-no answered, "What's the matter with you? You can't use the Sun; how are you going to do it?" But Ah-há-le was not satisfied. He went back to the foothills people several times, and the more he saw of the Sun the more he wanted ~~to buy~~ it. But To-tó-kan-no always said he did not want it. ~~objected~~. Finally however he, ~~To-to-kan-no~~ said Ah-há-le ~~he~~ might go and find out what the Sun would cost.

Ah-há-le found that the people would not sell it, and that if he got it he would have to steal it. This was very difficult, for Ah-wahn'-dah the Turtle, the keeper of the Sun, was most watchful and would sleep only a few minutes at a time and then get up and look ~~all~~ around. Besides, when he slept he always kept one eye open. If Ah-há-le moved his foot Ah-wahn'-dah would pick up his bow and arrow. Ah-há-le felt discouraged and did not know what to do. He feared ~~thought~~ that in order to get the Sun he would have to steal Ah-wahn'-dah its keeper also.

But he decided to try once more, so he went again and turned

into a man of the Foothills people.

About four o'clock in the afternoon all the hunters went off to hunt deer. The Ah-hā́-le turned into a big dead oak limb and fell down on the trail, and wished that Ah-wahń-dah the Sun's keeper, would come along first. And so it happened, for soon Ah-wahń-dah came along the trail, saw the crooked limb, picked it up, carried it home on his shoulder, and threw it down on the ground. After supper he picked it up again and threw it against the fire, but it would'nt lay flat for it was crooked and always turned up. Finally Ah-wahń-dah threw it right into the middle of the fire. Then he looked all around, but could'nt see anybody. Ah-hā́-le, who was now in the fire but did not burn, kept perfectly still and wished the keeper, Ah-wahń-dah, would ~~go~~ to sleep.

Soon this happened and Ah-wahń-dah fell fast asleep. Then Ah-hā́-le changed back into his own form and seized the Sun and ran quickly away with it.

Ah-wahń-dah awoke and saw that the Sun was gone and called everybody to come quick and catch it, but they could not, and Ah-hā́-le took it down through the fog to the Valley people. But

the people were afraid, for the Sun was too bright and hurt their eyes, (and they said they could never sleep.) Ah-há-le took it to the chief, To-tó-kan-no, but To-tó-kan-no would'nt have it; he said he did'nt understand it; that Ah-há-le must make it go, as he had seen how the Foothills people did it.

When To-tó-kan-no refused to have anything to do with the Sun Ah-há-le was angry, for he had worked very hard to get it.

Still he said "Well, I'll make him go". Then he carried the Sun west to the place where the sky comes down to the earth, and found the west hole in the sky, and told Wút-too to go through the hole and down under the earth and then come up on the east side and climb up through the east hole in the sky and work in two places--to shine over the Foothills people first, then come on down and shine over the Valley people, and then go down through the west hole again and around under the earth so the people could sleep, and keep on doing this, traveling all the time.

Wút-too the Sun did as he was told. Then To-tó-kan-no and all the Valley people were glad, because they could see to hunt, and the Foothills people were satisfied too, for they had the light in the daytime so they could see, and at night the Sun went away so all the

the people could sleep.

After this, when the Sun was in the sky as it is now, then all the first people turned into animals.

HOW KAH-KOOL THE RAVEN BECAME A GREAT HUNTER

(A tale of the Southern Mewuk)

A long time ago Too´-le the Evening Star lived at Oo´-tin (Bower Cave, on the Coulterville road to Yosemite). He-le´-jah the Mountain Lion lived with him. They were partners and had a room on the north side of the cave. There were other people there also--To-lo´-mah the Wild Cat, Yu´-wel the Gray Fox, Kah´-kool the Raven, and many others.

They used to send out hunters to get meat. One of the hunters, Kah´-kool, complained to Too´-le and He-le´-jah that he could'nt get near enough to shoot the game. The animals saw him too easily--he was too light colored. So he thought he would make himself black, and he took some charcoal and mashed it in a basket and rubbed it all over his body wherever he could reach, and got the others to help put it on his back where he could'nt reach. Then he was black all over. He went hunting and killed two or three animals the first day, for now they could'nt see him.

One day Kah´-kool went to Big Meadows and climbed up on top of Pile Peak, and when the moon came up he saw away in the east

two big things like ears standing up. He never saw anything like them before and ran back to Oo-tin and told the Chiefs what he had seen. He said the animal must be very big and very wild, for it turned its big ears every way. He wanted to see the animal.

Every evening he went back to the peak and saw the ears in the east, and each time they were a little nearer. But he did'nt know yet what the animal was. Then he went again and this time the ears were only two or three miles away, and he ran back quickly and told the Chiefs that the new animals were coming. They were Deer coming over the mountains from the east; they had never been here before.

The next morning Kah-kool went back and for the first time in his life saw a bunch of Deer. He saw that they stepped quickly and that some had horns. So he ran back and told Too-le and He-le-jah what he had seen, and that the new animals looked good to eat and he was going to kill one. "All right", said the Chiefs, "If you see one on our side, go ahead and kill him".

The next morning Kah-kool went back and saw that the Deer were pretty close. He hid behind a tree and they came nearer. He

picked out a big one and shot his arrow into it and killed it, for he wanted to try the meat. He watched it kick and roll over and die, and then went back and told the Chiefs that he had killed one and wanted two men to go with him to get it. The Chiefs sent two men with him, but when they got there they had nothing to cut the Deer with and had to carry it home whole. One took it by the front feet, the other by the hind feet; they carried it to the cave and showed it to the Chiefs.

He-le-jah said it was a Deer and was good to eat, and told the people to skin it. They did so and ate it all at one meal.

Next morning Kah-kool went alone to the same place and followed the tracks and soon found the Deer. He got behind a tree and shot one. The others ran and made two or three jumps and Kah-kool shot his arrows quickly till he had killed five--enough for all the people. He did'nt want to kill all but wanted to leave some bucks and does so there would be more.

The Chiefs sent five men with Kah-kool. They took flint Knives and skinned the Deer and carried home all the meat and intestines for supper and breakfast.

Chief Too'-le the Evening Star said to Kah'-kool that he wanted to see how the Deer walked and would hunt with him. Kah'-kool told him he was too light--too shiny-- and would scare the Deer. Too'-le said he would hide behind a tree and not show himself. So he went, and Kah'-kool kept him behind. But the Deer saw him--he shone so brightly--and ran away. Too'-le said, "What am I going to do?" Kah'-kool was angry because he had to go home without any meat.

Next morning Too'-le went again. He said he was smart and knew what he would do. The Deer had now made a trail. Too'-le dug a hole by the trail and covered himself up with leaves and thought that when the Deer came he would catch one by the foot. But when the Deer came they saw his eye shine and ran away.

The next morning he tried again. He said that this time he would bury himself eye and all, and catch a Deer by the foot. Kah'-kool answered, "You can't kill him that way, you have to shoot him". Too'-le made a hole in another place in the trail and covered himself all up, eye and all, except the tips of his fingers. The Deer came and saw the tips of his fingers and ran away. So again the hunters had to go back without any meat.

Then Too´-le the Evening Star said, "I'm going to black myself with charcoal the same as Kah´-kool". He tried, but the charcoal would'nt stick--he was too bright. Too´-le said, "I don't know what to do; I want to kill one or two Deer". Then he tried again and mashed more charcoal and put it on thick. The others helped him and finally made him black all over. Too´-le did'nt know that the Deer could smell him, and again hid on the trail. The Deer came again. This time the doe was ahead, the buck behind. The leader--the doe--smelled him and jumped over him; the buck smelled him and ran back. So this time also Too´-le and Kah´-kool had to go home again without meat.

The next morning Too´-le tried once more. He got two men to blacken him all over. Then he went to the trail and stood still between two trees. The Deer smelled him and swung around and ran away and went down west to the low country.

At last Too´-le was discouraged and said he did'nt know what to do. So he gave up hunting and stayed at home.

Then Kah´-kool began to hunt again, and went every morning alone and killed five or ten deer. The people ate the meat and intestines

and all, but did'nt have enough. Then Kah'-kool worked harder; he started very early in the morning, before daylight, and killed twelve to fifteen Deer every day. This was too much for him and pretty soon he got sick and could'nt hunt at all.

Then the Chiefs and all the others had nothing to eat and did'nt know what to do. Too'-le asked He-le'-jah, and He-le'-jah asked Too'-le, what they should do. He-le'-jah said he would stay and kill his own Deer and eat the liver only--not the meat--and would eat it raw. Too'-le said he would go up into the sky and stay there and become the Evening Star. And they did as they had said. So the rancheria at Oo'-tin was broken up.

THE TWO GIANTS, YELLOKIN AND OOWELLIN, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

A TALE OF THE SOUTHERN MEWUK.

In the beginning Ah-hā́-le the Coyote made the world. He made the world and everything in it.

At one time We´-pi-ahk the Eagle was Chief. His wife was Tu´-pe the Kangaroo-rat. She did not stay with him nights because night was the time she hunted for food. We´-pi-ahk did not understand this and thought she went off to spend the night with somebody else. So when she came back one morning he beat her and killed her.

After that he stayed at home a month and cried and never went out. Then after the month was up he came out in the sun and stopped crying.

Next day Yel´-lo-kin came. Yel´-lo-kin was a gigantic bird--the biggest bird in the world--five times bigger than Mol´luk the Condor. He used to carry off children--boys and girls up to 14 years old. He took them by the top of the head and carried them up through the hole in the middle of the sky to his home above the sky, and there he killed and ate them.

Yel´lo-kin had a wife. She was Ol´-lus muk-ki´-e the big Toad and

the aunt of We-pi-ahk the Eagle. Yel'lokin had stolen her from the earth and had taken her up to his house above the sky. He did'nt kill her but kept her as his wife, and brought people to her to eat, but she would not eat people.

When We'piahk the Eagle had gone out in the sun, Yel'lokin came and caught him by the top of his head and carried him up through the hole in the sky to his home.

A boy playing outside saw this and told the people, and everybody got poles and bows and arrows and tried to reach Yellokin but could'nt, and Yellokin went on up with We'piahk and took him to his house and left him there. When We'piahk got up there he found his aunt, Ol'-lus-muk-ki'-e the toad. She told him to look out, that after a few hours Yel'lokin would come back and kill him. She said, "He will take you to a big tank of blood and ask if you want a drink. When he does this, you answer 'yes', and try to reach down, and then tell him the water is too far down, you can'nt reach, you are afraid of falling in. Ask him to show you how to get it". "All right," said We'piahk, he would do as she said. Then she gave We'piak

Wepiahk a big knife with which to strike Yellokin in the neck to kill him. Wepiahk took the kife.

Soon Yellokin came and did as his wife had said he would do. Wepiahk told him he could'nt reach the water; he was afraid of falling in, and asked Yellokin to show him how. Then Yellokin leaned over and put his head down deep in the tank and We-pi-ahk struck him with the big knife and cut off his head, whereupon Yellokin banged around inside the tank and flapped his big wings and made a great noise, and finally flopped out and died outside. He stretched out his wings and they were as big as pine trees. Then Wepiahk was free.

Ah-hā-le the Coyote was down below. Wepiahk was his uncle. Ah-hā-le asked the people, "Where is my uncle, Wepiahk", and the boys told him he had gone up--that Yellokin had carried him up through the sky. Then Ah-hā-le the Coyote went and looked but could not find the hole they had gone through. He called up to Yellokin, "Dont kill my uncle, Wepiahk". Then he went south and looked for the south hole in the sky, but being unable to find it returned to the village and

~~then~~ went north to Thunder mountain, but ~~he~~ could'nt get in for it was too cold. Then he went back to the place from which he had started and jumped up high into the sky and ~~went~~ passed through the same hole that Yel'lokin had gone through with We'piahk.

Just as he got up there, that very ~~same~~ moment We'piahk struck Yel'lokin with the knife and killed him, and Ah-hā'-le the Coyote saw that Yel'lokin was dead. He said, "Its a good thing you killed him". ~~Then Ah-hā'-le stayed a little while and said: "Uncle, what you going to do with Yel'lokin"~~. We'piahk replied, ~~"Guess I'll burn him.~~ "He has been stealing boys and girls. Whenever he was hungry he went down and got a boy or a girl. We lost lots of people." Then We'piahk showed Ah-hā'-le the blood in the tank where Yel'lokin had killed them. After a while Ah-hā'-le asked, "What are you going to do with Yel'lokin?"

We'piahk said he was going to burn him, so he would not come to life again. Then Ah-hā'-le said, "No uncle, you had better not burn him." Then We'piahk ~~said~~ asked, "What are you going to do with him?" Ah-hā'-le answered, "Guess I'll cut off his wings and take them down home". "What are you going to do then?", ~~said~~ asked We'piahk. Ah-hā'-le replied, "I'am going to plant the big feathers and make trees--yellow pine, sugar pine, black oak, blue oak, manzanita, and all kinds of trees; ~~lots of people are~~

going to, come if I plant plenty of trees and everything green,

When I am done planting trees and all kinds of plants I'm going

to make people .

So Ah-hā́-le the Coyote went down and planted the feathers and

made trees and bushes and flowers and wild oats and grass and all

kinds of plants; and made rocks and rivers. The long wing-feathers

made sugar pines, the shorter feathers oaks and manzanitas and other

trees; and his (wuske) heart made the black black rock.

Then Yellokin's wife, Ol-lus muk-ki-e the Toad, said to Wépiahk,

"How are you going to get down again to the earth". "I don't know",

answered Wépiahk. Ol-lus muk-ki-e said ,"Ill take you down". Wépiahk

asked how. She replied, "You will see how I'm going to do it". And

she took the strong green sword-grass called Kis-soo, that grows by

the river, and made a long rope of it and with it let Wépiahk

the eagle down to the ground.

Ah-hā́-le the Coyote was a Witch Doctor and went down through

a hole of his own. and planted the feathers saw them come up and

grow grass, wild oats, flowers, bushes, and all kinds of trees.

and he told them all to bear seed every year so the people would have plenty to eat.

When he had done this he made people. These also he made by planting feathers. The people multiplied and in a short time their villages were everywhere in the land.

There was a great giant who lived in the north. He was as big as a pine tree and his name was Oo-wel'-lin. When he saw the country full of people he came and carried them off and ate them. He would catch ten men at a time and hold them between his fingers, and put more in a net on his back, and carry them off to eat. He would visit a village and in a few days eat all the people, and then move on to another, going southward from his home in the north, eating all the people at each village until he had consumed nearly all the people in the world. When he had gone to the south end of the world and had visited all the villages and eaten nearly all the people--not quite all, for a few had escaped--he turned back toward the north. He crossed the Wah-kal'-mut-ta (Merced river) at a narrow place in the canyon about 6 miles above Merced Falls (a mile below the present dam of the Exchequor Mine Co.) where his huge footprints may still be seen

in the rocks, (showing the exact place) where he stepped from Ang-e'-sä-wä'-pah on the south side to Hik-kä'-nah on the north side.

When night came he went into a cave in the side of a round-topped hill (not far from Si-ang'-o-se [perhaps]) a couple of miles south of the present town of Coulterville, [where his big bones have been found].

The people who had escaped found his sleeping place in the cave and shot him full of arrows, but were unable to kill him. When he awoke he was hungry and took the trail to go hunting. Then the people said to Oo'-choom the fly: "Go follow Oo-wel'-lin and when he is hot bite him all over, on his head, on his eyes and ears, and all over his body, everywhere, all the way down to the bottoms of his feet, and find out where he can be hurt. All right, said Oo'-choom the fly, and he did as he was told. He followed Oo-wel'-lin and bit him everywhere from the top of his head all the way down to his feet without getting any response, till finally he bit him under the heel. This made him kick. Oo'-choom waited, and when Oo-wel'-lin had fallen asleep bit him under the heel of the other foot, and he kicked again. Then Oo'-choom told the people. Then the people took sharp sticks and long sharp splinters of stone and set them up firmly in the trail, and hid nearby and watched. After a while Oo-wel'-lin came back and stepped on

the sharp points and got the bottoms of his feet stuck full of them. Then he fell down and died.

When he was dead the people said, "Now he is dead, what are we ~~going~~ to do with him." All the people ~~Everybody~~ answered that they did'nt know. Then a wise man said, "We will pack wood and make a big fire and burn him." Then everybody said, "All right, lets burn him", and ~~Then all the people packed wood and~~ they brought a great quantity of dry wood and made a great fire and burned Oowellin the giant. When he began to burn the wise man told everybody to watch ~~him~~ closely all the time to see if any part should fly off to live again, and particularly to watch the whites of his eyes. So all the people ~~(the first people--all kinds of birds and other animals)~~ watched closely all the time he was burning. The flesh did'nt fly off, the foot did'nt fly off, the bones did'nt fly off, but by and by the whites of the eyes flew off ~~out~~ quickly--so quickly indeed that no one saw them but Chik-chik. Chik-chik was a small bird whose eyes looked sore, but his sight was keen and quick. He had taken his position ~~been poising in the air~~ about 20 feet above the giant's head and saw the whites of the eyes fly out. He saw them ~~eyes~~ fly out and

saw where they went and quickly darted after them ~~got them both~~ and brought them back and put them in the fire again, and put on more wood and burnt them till they were completely consumed ~~burned up~~. The people now made a hole and put Oo-wel'-lin's ~~the~~ ashes in it and piled rocks on the place and watched for two or three days. But Oo-wel'-lin was dead and never came out.

Then the wise man asked each person what he would be, and named them over. And each answered what animal he would be, and forthwith turned into that animal and has remained the same to this day. This was the beginning of the animals as they are now--the deer, the ground squirrel, the bear, and other furry animals, the bluejay, the quail, and other birds of all kinds, and snakes, and frogs and the yellowjacket and so on. Before that they were the first people.

TIM-MĒ-LĀ-LE THE THUNDER.

(A Tale of the Southern Mewuk)

When <u>OO-wel-lin</u> the giant was traveling south over the country eating the people, there were two little boys, brothers, who were out hunting when he was at their village, and thus escaped. When they came home they found that their father and mother and all the other people had been killed and eaten.

The younger one asked the other, "What shall we do? Shall we live here, only two of us? Maybe you are ~~smart~~ clever enough to turn into some other kind of thing and never die". The elder brother ~~was dull and did'nt know~~ didn't know; he was stupid; the younger was the bright one.

For about a month they hunted birds and ate them; they had no acorn much or other food, only birds.

One day they ~~made~~ a ~~blind~~ (O-hoó-pe) fixed a little hut of brush by a spring where ~~many~~ birds came to drink. Here they killed a great many birds of different kinds. The younger brother said, "Let us save all the ~~kinds of~~ feathers of the birds we kill--wing feathers and tail feathers and all". Soon they had enough for both, and the younger brother said, "We have enough. ~~Let's be big birds and never die--~~

Let's be big birds and never die--never get old". The elder brother asked, "How are we to do it?" The younger answered: "You know how the big birds spread their wings and go, without bothering to eat or drink."

In a couple of days they took the big wing feathers they had saved and stuck them in a row along their arms, and soon had wings; then they stuck other feathers all over their bodies and soon were covered with feathers like big birds. Then the younger brother said: "You fly; let me see you fly a little way". The elder brother tried but could'nt make his wings go. The younger said, "Try again and I'll help", and he pushed his brother along; but though he tried again he could'nt fly, and dropped down. Then they took more feathers and set them closer so they would'nt leak air. When they had done this the younger asked: "Do you think you can go this time?" But the elder one replied, "Let's see you try". The younger answered "All right", and flew a little way. "Now you try", he called and lifted his brother up and pushed him to help him start; but when he had flown a little way he cried out that he could'nt go any farther. "Go on, I'm coming" called the younger and he soon caught up and came under his brother and sailed round and round

and went up about 100 yards and came down. Then the younger said, "Now we can fly, what kind of animal shall we be?" The elder answered that he did'nt know.

The younger said, "How about We-hó-whe-mah who lives on the water in the back country?". "All right," replied the other. So they flew again, and the younger helped start the elder and flew under him so as to catch him if he fell, and they flew up and down and around.

The younger asked his brother again if he would like to be We-hó-whe-mah. The brother replied, "No, I don't want to live on the water". Then the younger asked, "How would you like to be Timmelale Thunder? We could come back sometimes and make a big noise and frighten the people. In summer We can go up through the north hole in the sky and stay up above the sky, and in winter come back here and make a big noise and rain to make the country green. Then maybe the people will come back and live again. We once had a father and mother and brother and sister and uncle and grandfather and others. Maybe they will come back sometime. We want to help them; we can make good rain to make things grow--acorns, pine nuts, grass, and all. Then maybe the people will come back and eat. We shall never use food, never drink water, never get old, and never get killed".

THUNDER

"All right", answered the elder brother, "We shall live always. But how are you going to make rain". "I'll show you", answered the younger. And they started again and went up very slowly, way up to the sky, and went north and found the north hole and went through it. When pretty near the sky, and before they went through, the younger began to make a noise like thunder. The elder tried but could'nt. The younger told him to try again. He tried and tried and in a couple of hours made thunder all right. Then they went through the hole and up above into Yel-lo-kin country.

When winter time came the younger said, "Come, let's go back". So they came back south and saw people there already, and shouted and made thunder and rain. Then they went home through the hole in the sky. And every fall they come back again and make thunder and more rain and make things grow for the people.

Recital of the Ancient Myths in the Roundhouse at Night

Tol´ -le-loo the Mouse playing his Flute and putting the Valley People to sleep so that he can steal the Fire.

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The Orphan Boys killing Ducks and Geese by the River. "For a month they hunted birds and ate hem"

The Foothills Country. "*Ah-ha'-le* went on a little farther and for the first time in his life saw trees, and found the country dry and warm and good to look at."

Retake of Preceding Frame

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The Fawns asking Mother Bear if they may play with her Baby

The Giant *Ke'-lok* hurling hot Rocks at *Wek'-wek*

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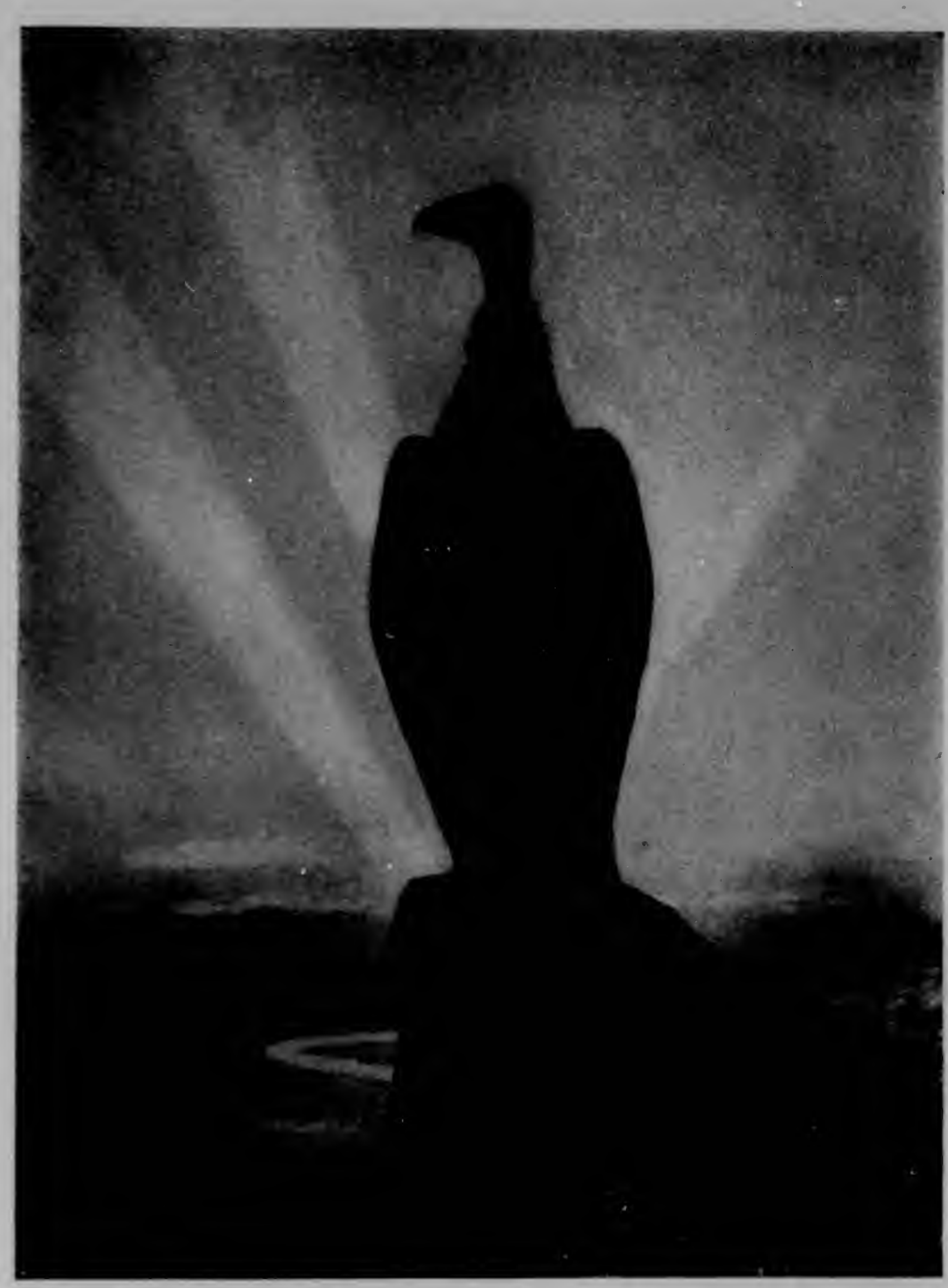
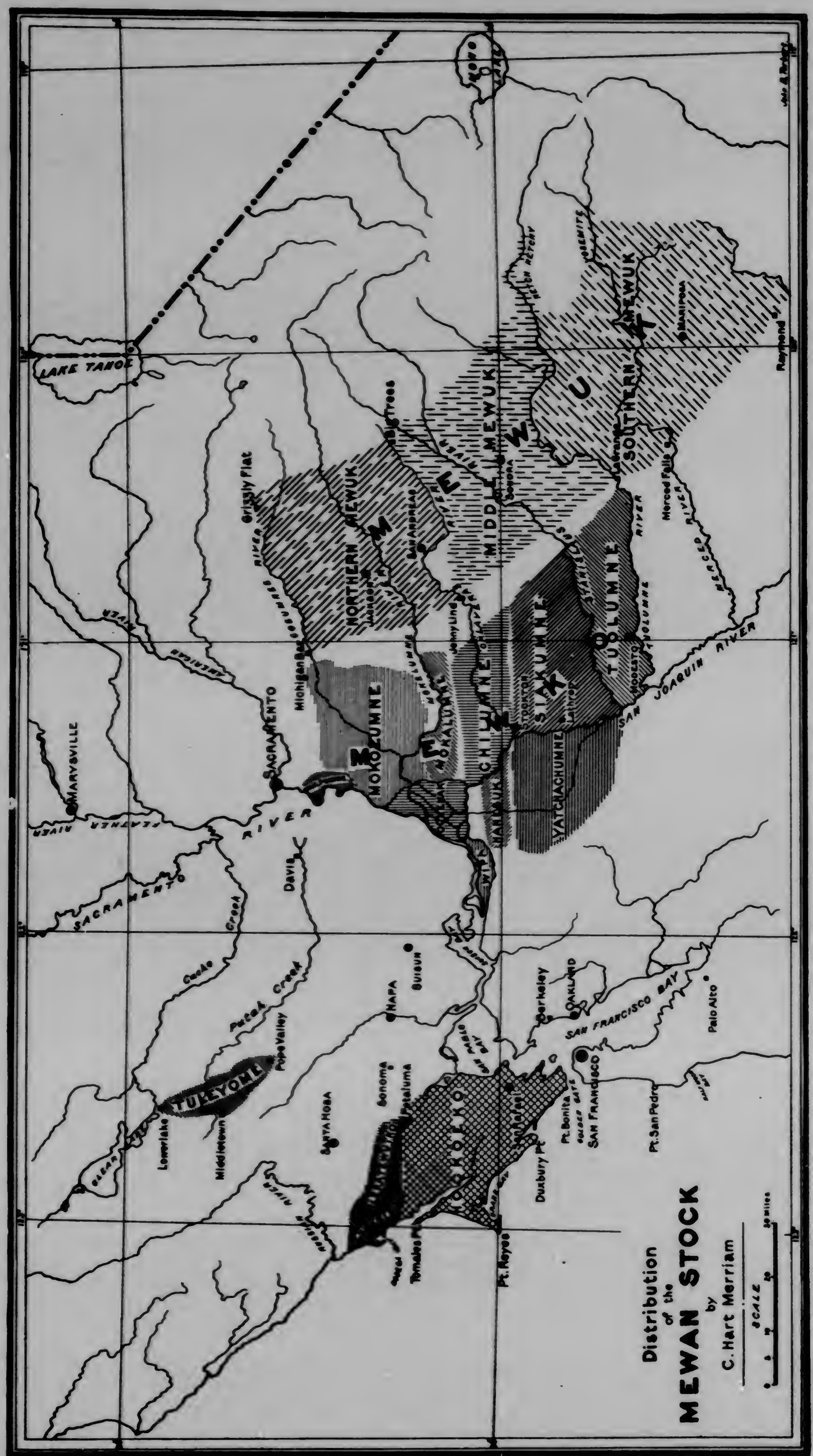
The Giant *Ke'-lok* hurling hot Rocks at *Wek'-wek*

Retake of Preceding Frame



Mol'-luk the Condor looking off over the World from his Rock on Mount Diablo



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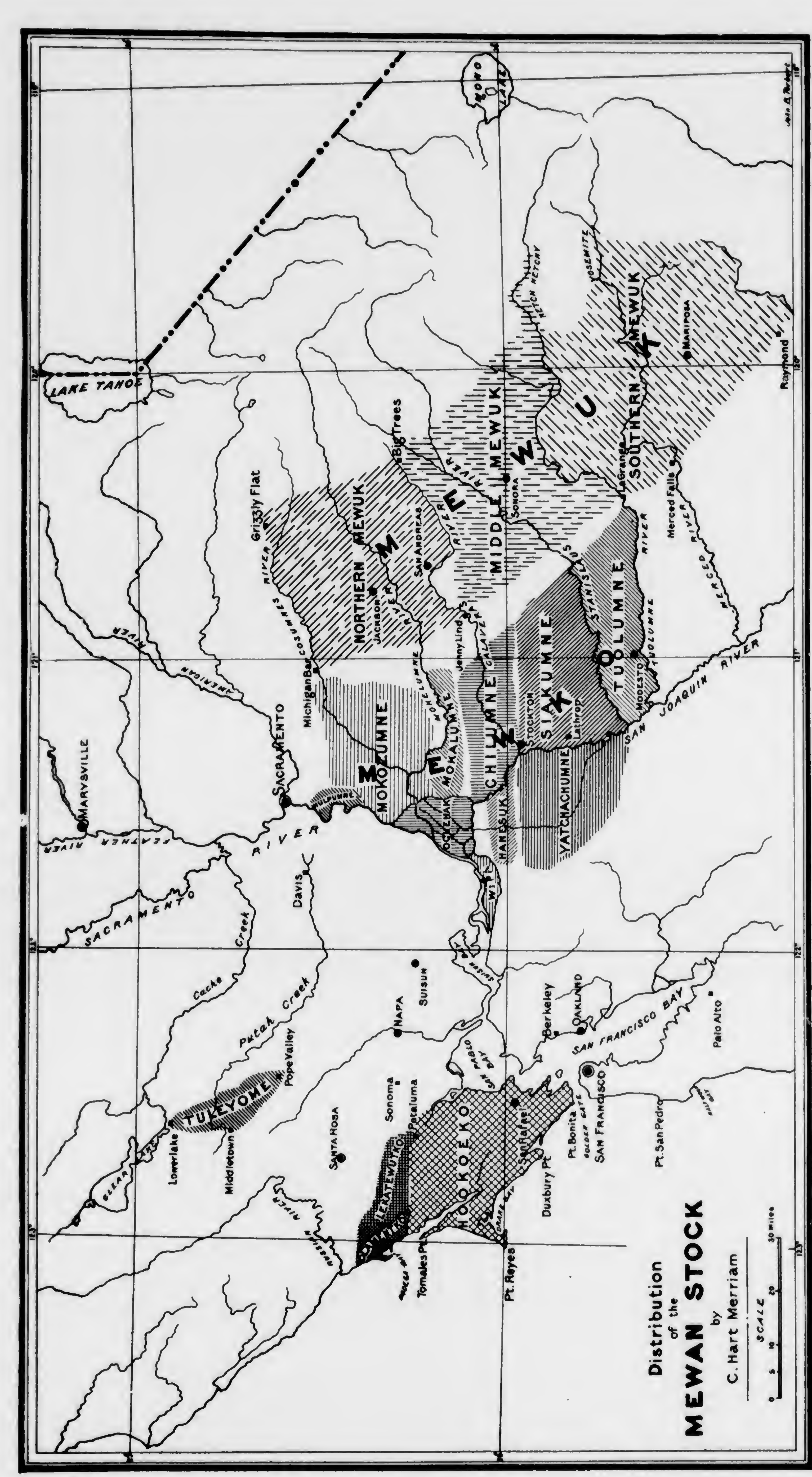
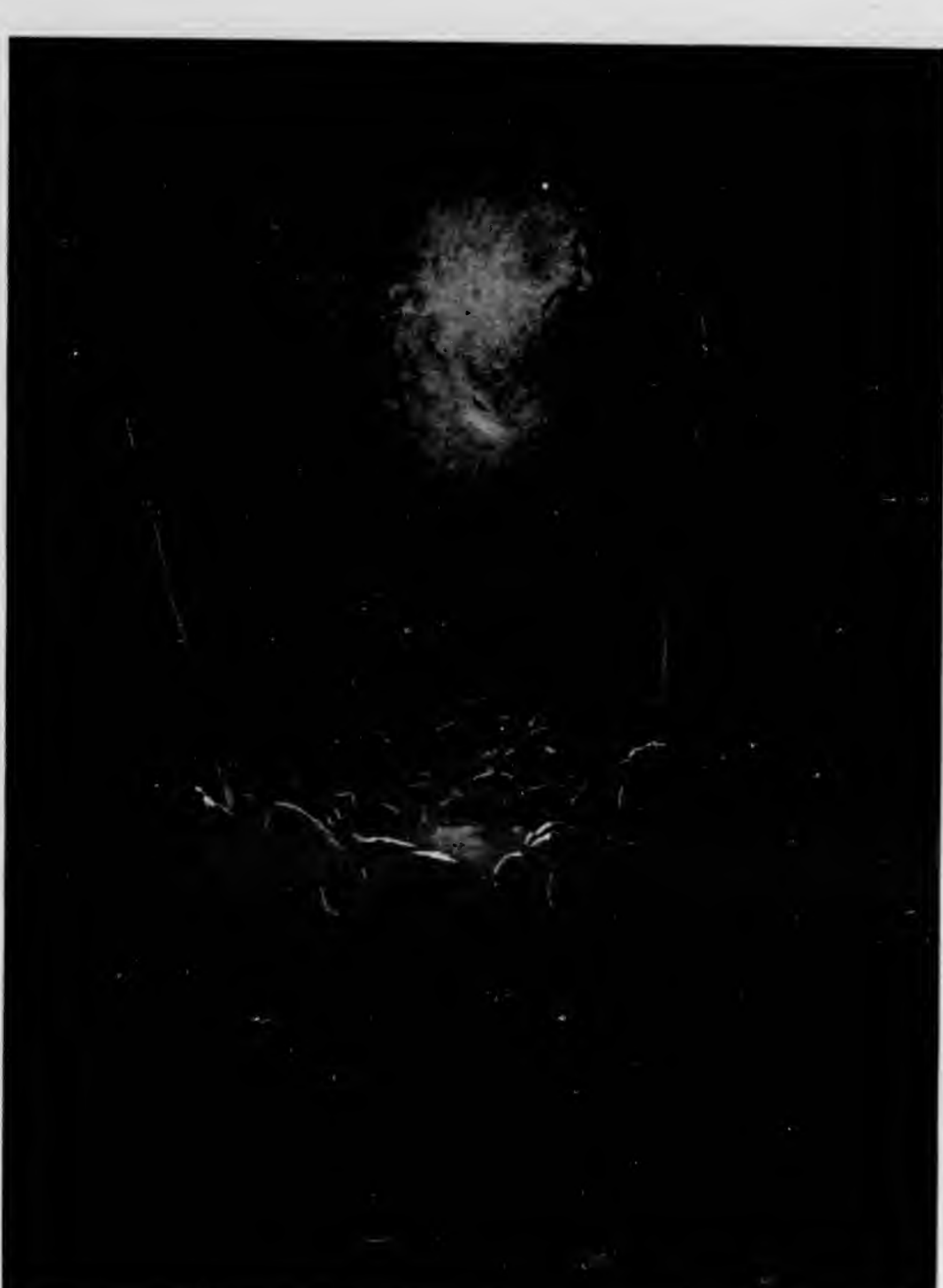


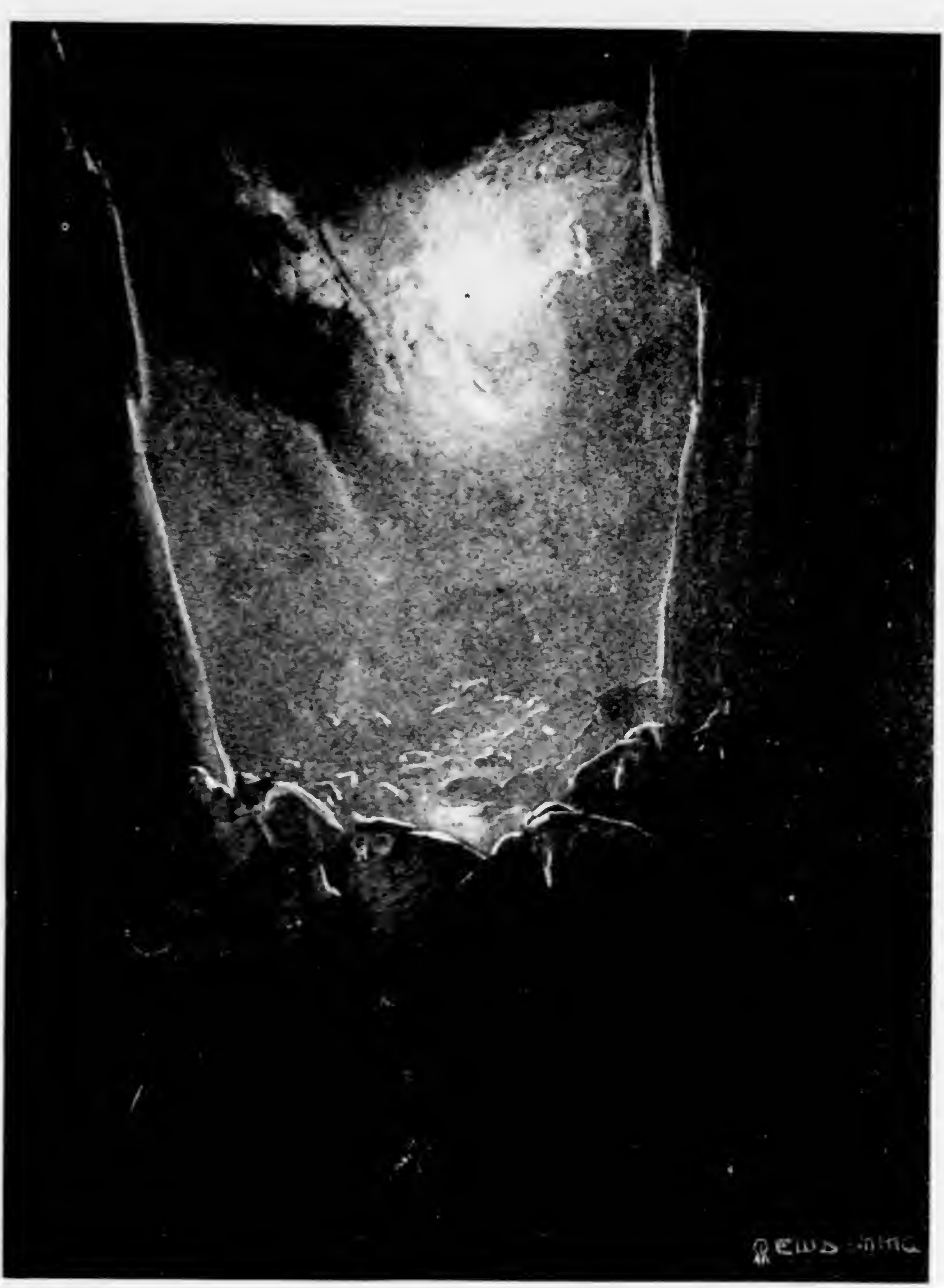
Retake of Preceding Frame

Kah'-kool the Raven-hunter bringing in his first Deer. "*He-le'-jah* said it was a Deer and was good to eat."



The Valley People shrinking from the Light. "*Ah-ha-le* stole the Sun and brought it down through the fog and darkness to the Valley People, but they were afraid and turned from it."

Kah'-kool the Raven-hunter bringing in his first Deer. "*Heh'-yah* said it was a Deer and was good to eat."



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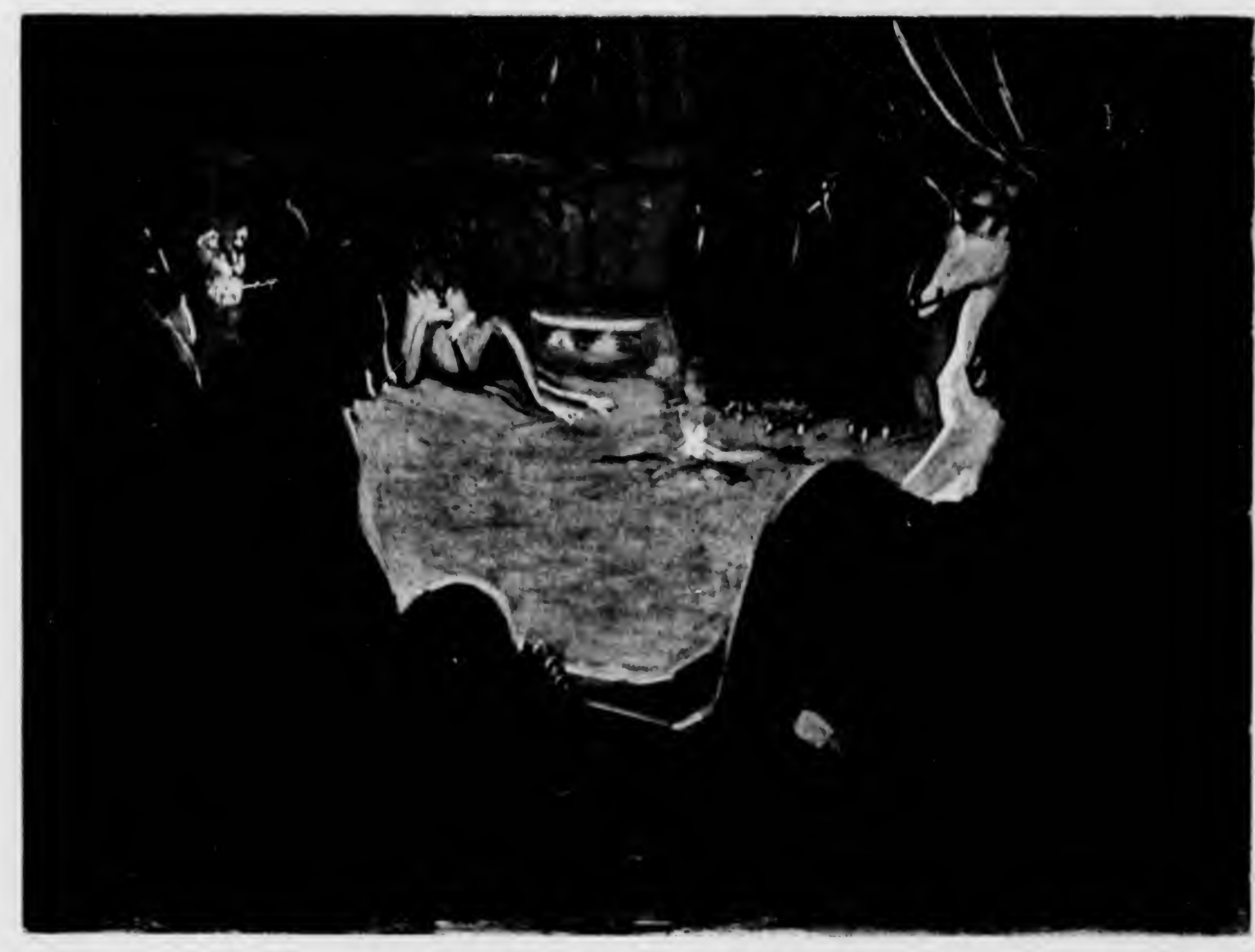
Retake of Preceding Frame

Tol'-le-loo the Mouse playing his Flute and putting the Valley People to sleep so that he can steal the Fire

Retake of Preceding Frame



Tol'-le-loo the Mouse playing his Flute and putting the Valley People to sleep so that he can steal the Fire

Ol'-le the Coyote-man and *Wek'-wek* the Falcon-man at their Roundhouse

Wek'-wek on the hilltop killing Geese with his Sling

Retake of Preceding Frame

Ol'-le the Coyote-man and *Wek'-wek* the Falcon-man at their Roundhouse

Wek'-wek on the hilltop killing Geese with his Sling

Funeral of *Lo'-wut*, wife of *Wek'-wek*

Ancient Mortar-holes in the Granite Rock

Retake of Preceding Frame

Funeral of *Lo'-wut*, wife of *Wek'-wek*

Ancient Mortar-holes in the Granite Rock

Che'-ha-lum'-che the Rock Giant catching People to eat

Retake of Preceding Frame

Che'-ha-lum'-che the Rock Giant catching People to eat

Dawn of the World

Corrected page proof. Incomplete

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
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How Ah-ha'-le Stole the Sun for the Valley People

A Tale of the Southern Mewuk

A long time ago there were two countries, the Valley Country and the Foothills Country, and each had its own kind of people. The Valley Country was the big flat land which the white people call the San Joaquin Plain; it had no trees and no Sun, but was always enveloped in fog and was always cold and dark. The Foothills Country began on the east side of the valley and reached up into the mountains; it was covered with trees and had the Sun.

Two versions of the story have been obtained: (1) How *Ah-ha'-le* stole the Sun, told by the Mariposa Mewuk; and (2) How *Ah-ha'-le* stole the Morning, told by the Chowchilla Mewuk.

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How Ah-ha'-le Stole the Sun
As told by the Mariposa Mewuk

Personages

Ah-hā'-le the Coyote-man

To-to'-kan-no Chief of the Valley People, who became the Sandhill Crane

Ah-wahn'-dah Keeper of the Sun, who became the Turtle

How Ah-ha'-le Stole the Sun for the Valley People

As told by the Mariposa Mewuk

TO-TO'-KAN-NO the Sandhill Crane was chief of the Valley People and *Ah-hā'-le*, the Coyote-man lived with him. Their country was cold and dark and full of fog.

Ah-hā'le was discontented and traveled all about, trying to find a better place for the people. After a while he came to the Foothills Country where it began to be light. He went on a little farther and for the first time in his life saw trees, and found the country dry and warm, and good to look at. Soon he saw the Foothills People and found their village. He was himself a magician or witch doctor, so he turned into one of the Foothills People and mingled with them to see what they had and what they were doing. He saw that they had fire, which made light and became *Wut'-too* the Sun. He saw also that there were both men and women, that the women pounded acorns and cooked acorn mush in baskets, and that everybody ate food. He ate with them and learned that food was good.

When his belly was full he went home and told the chief *To-to'-kan-no* that he had found a good

place where there were people who had the sun and moon and stars, and women, and things to eat. He then asked *To-to'-kan-no*, "What are we going to do? Are we going to stay down here in the dark and never eat? The people up there have wives and children; the women make acorn soup and other things; the men have light and can see to hunt and kill deer. We live down here in the dark and have no women and nothing to eat. What are we going to do?"

Chief *To-to'-kan-no* answered, "Those things are not worth having. I don't want the Sun, nor the light, nor any of those things. Go back up there if you want to."

Ah-ha'-le went back to the foothills and did as he had done before, and liked the country and the people. Then he returned and told *To-to'-kan-no* what he had told him before, and again asked, "What are we going to do? Can't we buy the Sun? The people up there send the Sun away nights so they can sleep, and it comes back every day so they can see to hunt and get things to eat and have a good time. I like the Sun. Let us buy him."

To-to'-kan-no answered, "What is the matter with you? What would you do with the Sun; how would you use it?" But *Ah-ha'-le* was not satisfied. He went back to the Foothills People several times, and the more he saw of the Sun the more he wanted it. But *To-to'-kan-no* always said

he did not want it. Finally however he told *Ah-hā'-le* that he might go and find out what it would cost.

Ah-hā'-le went and found that the people would not sell it; that if he got it he would have to steal it. And this would be very difficult, for *Ah-wahn'-dah* the Turtle, keeper of the Sun, was most watchful; he slept only a few minutes at a time and then stood up and looked around; besides, when he slept he always kept one eye open. If *Ah-hā'-le* moved his foot *Ah-wahn'-dah* would pick up his bow and arrow. *Ah-hā'-le* felt discouraged and did not know what to do. He feared that in order to get the Sun he would have to take *Ah-wahn'-dah* also.

But he decided to try once more, so he went again and turned into a man of the Foothills People. About four o'clock in the afternoon all the hunters went off to hunt deer. Then *Ah-hā'-le* turned into a big oak limb and fell down on the trail, and wished that *Ah-wahn'-dah* the Sun's keeper would come along first. And so it happened, for soon *Ah-wahn'-dah* came along the trail, saw the crooked limb, picked it up, carried it home on his shoulder, and threw it down on the ground. After supper he picked it up again and threw it against the fire, but it would not lay flat for it was very crooked and always turned up. Finally *Ah-wahn'-dah* threw it right into the middle of the fire. Then he looked all around, but could not see anybody. *Ah-hā'-le* who was now in the fire did

not burn, but kept perfectly still and wished the keeper, *Ah-wahn'-dah*, would go to sleep.

Soon this happened and *Ah-wahn'-dah* fell fast asleep. Then *Ah-hā'-le* changed back into his own form and seized the Sun and ran quickly away with it.

Ah-wahn'-dah awoke and saw that the Sun was gone and called everybody to come quick and find it, but they could not for *Ah-hā'-le* had taken it down through the fog to the Valley People.

But when the Valley People saw it they were afraid and turned away from it, for it was too bright and hurt their eyes, and they said they could never sleep.

Ah-hā'-le took it to the chief, *To-to'-kan-no*, but *To-to'-kan-no* would not have it; he said he didn't understand it; that *Ah-hā'-le* must make it go, for he had seen how the Foothills People did it.

When *To-to'-kan-no* refused to have anything to do with the Sun, *Ah-hā'-le* was disappointed, for he had worked very hard to get it.

Still he said, "Well, I'll make it go."

So he carried the Sun west to the place where the sky comes down to the earth, and found the west hole in the sky, and told *Wut'-too* to go through the hole and down under the earth and come up on the east side and climb up through the east hole in the sky, and work in two places – to make light over the Foothills People first, then come on down and make light over the Valley People, and then go

through the west hole again and back under the earth so the people could sleep, and to keep on doing this, traveling all the time.

Wut'-too the Sun did as he was told. Then *To-to'-kan-no* and all the Valley People were glad, because they could see to hunt, and the Foothills People were satisfied too, for they had the light in the daytime so they could see, and at night the Sun went away so all the people could sleep.

After this, when the Sun was in the sky as it is now, all the FIRST PEOPLE turned into animals.

How Ah-ha'-le Stole the Morning

As told by the Chowchilla Mewuk

Personages

Ah-ha'-le the Coyote-man

We'-wis-sool Chief of the Valley People, who became the Golden Eagle [7]

Ah-wahn'-dah Keeper of the Morning, who became the Turtle

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[7] The word *We'-wis-sool* or *We'-wis-sool* is not of Mewan origin but is borrowed from the Yokut tribes immediately to the south—the Chuk-chan'-sy and Kosh-sho'-o. In the Mewuk language the Golden Eagle is called *We'-pi-ahk* or *We-pi-ah'-gah*.

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How Ah-ha-le Stole the Morning

As told by the Chowchilla Mewuk

IN the long ago time the world was dark and there was no fire. The only light was the Morning,[8] and it was so far away in the high mountains of the east that the people could not see it; they lived in total darkness. The chief *We'-wis-sool*, the Golden Eagle, felt very badly because it was always dark and cried all the time.

Ah-hă'-le the Coyote-man made up his mind to go and get the Morning in order that the people might have light. So he set out on the long journey to the east, up over the high mountains, saying, "I'm going to get the Morning."

Finally he came to *Ah-wahn'-dah* the Turtle. *Ah-wahn'-dah* was guardian of the Morning; he wore a big basket on his back. When *Ah-hă'le* came close to *Ah-wahn'-dah* he was afraid something would catch him and carry him off. He said to himself, "I'm going to turn myself into a log of wood so I'll be too heavy to be carried off," and he turned into a big dry limb. *Ah-wahn'-dah* the Turtle put fire to the limb, but it would not burn; then he fell asleep.

[8] Morning, in this story, is obviously synonymous with sun and light, and probably with fire also, as in the preceding story.

When the Guardian had gone to sleep *Ah-hā'-le* got up and said, "Now I'm going to get the Morning." So he changed back into his own form and put out his foot and touched the Morning, and it growled. He then caught hold of it and jumped quickly and ran away with it and brought it back to his people.

When he arrived he said to *We'-wis-sool* the Eagle, "How are you?"

We'-wis-sool answered, "All right," but was still crying because it was dark.

Then *Ah-hā'-le* said, "Tomorrow morning it is going to be light," but *We'-wis-sool* did not believe him.

In the morning *Ah-hā'-le* gave the people the light. *We'-wis-sool* was very happy and asked *Ah-hā'-le* where he got it, and *Ah-hā'-le* told him. Then the people began to walk around and find things to eat, for now they could see.

How Kah'-kool the Raven became a Great Hunter

A Tale of the Southern Mewuk

As told by the Mariposa Mewuk

Personages

Too'-le the Evening Star, a Chief of the First People

He-le'-jak the Cougar or Mountain Lion, another Chief, and partner of *Too'-le*

Kah'-kool the Raven, who became a great hunter

Too-lo'-mah the Bobcat

Yu'-wel the Gray Fox

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How Kah'-kool the Raven became a great Hunter

A LONG time ago *Too'-le* the Evening Star lived at *Oo'-tin* [Bower Cave, on the Coulterville road to Yosemite]. *He-le'-jah* the Mountain Lion lived with him. They were chiefs and partners and had a room on the north side of the cave. There were other people here also—*To-lo'-mah* the Wild Cat, *Yu'-wel* the Gray Fox, *Kah'-kool* the Raven, and many more.

They used to send out hunters for meat. One of these, *Kah'-kool* the Raven, complained to *Too'-le* and *He-le'-jah* that he could not come near enough the game to shoot; the animals saw him too easily—he was too light colored. So he decided to make himself black; he took some charcoal and mashed it in a basket and rubbed it all over his body wherever he could reach, and had the others help put it on his back where he could not reach. When he was black all over he went hunting and killed two or three animals the first day, for now they could not see him.

One day *Kah'-kool* went to Big Meadows and climbed on top of Pile Peak, and when the moon rose, he saw away in the east two big things like ears standing up. He had never seen anything like

them before and ran back to *Oo'-tin* and told the Chiefs. He said the animal must be very big and very wild, for it turned its big ears every way. He wanted to see it.

Every evening he went back to the peak and saw the ears in the east, and each time they were a little nearer. But he did not yet know what the animal was. Then he went again and this time the ears were only two or three miles away, and he ran back quickly and told the Chiefs that the new animals were coming. They were Deer coming over the mountains from the east; they had never been here before.

The next morning *Kah'-kool* went out and for the first time in his life saw a bunch of Deer; but he did not know what they were. He saw that they stepped quickly, and that some of them had horns. So he ran back and told *Too'-le* and *He-le'-jah* what he had seen, and said that the new animals looked good to eat and he whated to kill one.

"All right," answered the Chiefs, "If you see one on our side[13] go ahead and kill him."

So the next morning *Kah'-kool* again went out and saw that the animals had come much nearer and were pretty close. He hid behind a tree and they came still nearer. He picked out a big one and shot his arrow into it and killed it, for he want-

[13] Meaning "on our side" of the tribal boundary line. This line now separates the territory of the Middle Mewuk from that of the Mono Lake Piutes.

ed to try the meat. He watched it kick and roll over and die, and then went back and told the Chiefs that he had killed one and wanted two men to go with him and fetch it. The Chiefs sent two men with him, but when they got there they had nothing to cut with and had to carry it home whole. One took it by the front feet, the other by the hind feet; they carried it to the cave and showed it to the Chiefs.

He-le'-jah said it was a Deer and was good to eat, and told the people to skin it. They did so and ate it all at one meal.

Next morning *Kah'-kool* returned alone to the same place and followed the tracks and soon found the Deer. He hid behind a tree and shot one. The others ran, but he shot his arrows so quickly that they made only a few jumps before he had killed five – enough for all the people. He did not want to kill all; he wanted to leave some bucks and does so there would be more.

This time the Chiefs sent five men with *Kah'-kool*. They took flint knives and skinned the Deer and carried home all the meat and intestines for supper and breakfast.

Chief *Too'-le* the Evening Star told *Kah'-kool* that he wanted to see how the Deer walked, and would hunt with him. *Kah'-kool* replied that he was too light – too shiny – and would scare the Deer. *Too'-le* said he would hide behind a tree and not show himself. So he went, and *Kah'-kool* kept him

behind. But he was so bright that the Deer saw him and ran away. *Too'-le* said, "What am I going to do?" *Kah'-kool* made no answer; he was angry because he had to go home without any meat.

Next morning *Too'-le* went again. He said he was smart and knew what he would do. The Deer had now made a trail. *Too'-le* dug a hole by the trail and covered himself up with leaves and thought that when the Deer came he would catch one by the foot. But when the Deer came they saw his eye shine and ran away.

The next morning he tried again. He said that this time he would bury himself eye and all, and catch a Deer by the foot. *Kah'-kool* answered, "You can't catch one that way, you will have to shoot him." But *Too'-le* dug a hole in another place in the trail and covered himself all up, eye and all, except the tips of his fingers. The Deer came and saw the tips of his fingers shine and ran away. So again the hunters had to go back without any meat.

Then *Too'-le* the Evening Star said, "I'm going to black myself with charcoal, the same as *Kah'-kool* did." He tried, but the charcoal would not stick – he was too bright. He said, "I don't know what to do; I want to kill one or two Deer." Then he tried again and mashed more charcoal and put it on thick. The others helped him and finally made him black all over. *Too'-le* did not know that the Deer could smell him, and again hid on

the trail. The Deer came again. This time the doe was ahead, the buck behind. The leader, the doe, smelled him and jumped over him; the buck smelled him and ran back. So this time also *Too'-le* and *Kah'-kool* had to go home without meat.

The next morning *Too'-le* tried once more. He had two men blacken him all over. Then he went to the trail and stood still between two trees. But the Deer smelled him and swung around and ran away and went down west to the low country. This discouraged him so that he did not know what to do, and he gave up hunting and stayed at home.

Then *Kah'-kool* began to hunt again; he went every morning alone and killed five or ten Deer. The people ate the meat and intestines and all, but did not have enough. Then *Kah'-kool* worked harder; he started very early in the morning, before daylight, and killed twelve to fifteen Deer every day. This was too much for him and before long he took sick and could not hunt at all.

Then the Chiefs and all the others had nothing to eat and did not know what to do. *Too'-le* asked *He-le'-jah*, and *He-le'-jah* asked *Too'-le*, what they should do. *He-le'-jah* said he would stay and kill his own Deer and eat the liver only—not the meat—and would eat it raw. *Too'-le* said he would go up into the sky and stay there and become the Evening Star. And each did as he had said. So the rancheria at *Oo'-tin* was broken up.

The Greed of His'-sik the Skunk

A Tale of the Southern Mewuk

As told by the Mariposa Mewuk

His'-sik the Skunk was Chief of a village or rancheria of the Foothills People at a place in the lower hills of Mariposa County nearly midway between Indian Gulch and Hornitos.

Personages

His'-sik the Skunk, a greedy chief of the Foothills People

Yu'-wel the Gray Fox, a hunter who married *His'-sik's* daughter

So'-koi the Elk

Too'-wik the Badger, who outwitted *His'-sik*

The Greed of His-sik the Skunk

HIS'-SIK the Skunk had a wife, and by and by a daughter, who, when she grew up, married *Yu'-wel* the Gray Fox. *Yu'-wel* was a good hunter and he and *His'-sik* often hunted together.

Not far from *His'-sik's* place were two high hills standing side by side. In the narrow gap between them ran the trail of *So'-koi* the Elk. One day *His'-sik* told *Yu'-wel* to hide in this narrow place while he went down to the plain to drive up the elk. So *Yu'-wel* hid there and *His'-sik* went down near the elk and fired his terrible scent. The elk could not stand the smell and ran up the trail. *Yu'-wel* waited until the leader and all the others had passed up between the hills, and when the last one had gone by he stepped behind him and fired his arrow with such force that it shot through the whole band, killing them all.

When *His'-sik* came he was so glad that he danced. He called all the people to come and help carry the meat home; and then said to *Yu'-wel*: "You must pack one elk and pack me too, for I am too tired to walk."

Yu'-wel was afraid of *His'-sik* and so did as he was told. He lifted a big elk on his shoulders,

and *His'-sik* climbed up on top, and while they were on the way danced all the time on the body of the elk, and *Yu'-wel* carried them both to the village.

Then *His'-sik* told the people to skin the elk, and promised them some of the meat. They skinned the elk and cut the meat in strips and hung it up to dry. When they had done this they asked him for their share. He refused to give them any but told them that they might eat acorn mush and pinole. He then turned as if he were going to shoot his scent, and everyone was afraid.

His'-sik was so greedy that he would not give any of the meat to anyone–not even to his own wife and daughter, nor to his son-in-law who killed it–but put it all away to dry for himself.

The next day he told *Yu'-wel* to hunt again, and they did the same as before; and when the elk were in the narrow pass between the hills *Yu'-wel* shot his arrow and killed the whole bunch, as before.

Then *His'-sik* called the people to come and carry the elk home, and made *Yu'-wel* carry one, and he danced on top on the way, as before.

Again he told the people to skin the elk and he would give them meat for supper; but when they had skinned the elk and cut up the meat he told them to eat acorns and pinole, at the same time turning to frighten them, and took all the meat to dry for himself, just as he had done before.

The people were very angry, but were afraid to do anything for fear *His'-sik* would shoot his scent and kill them. They talked the matter over for a long time and finally a wise man said: "What are we going to do? Must we hunt for him and pack his meat and skin it for him always, and not get any? We had better kill him, but how can we do it so he will not shoot his scent and kill us?"

Then *Too'-wik* the Badger spoke; he said, "We can kill him." And while *His'-sik* was watching his meat so no one could take any of it, *Too'-wik* dug a big hole, ten or fifteen feet deep, and built a fire in it.

Someone asked him why he made the fire. *Too'-wik* replied, "Do you not know that *His'-sik* is a great dancer and loves to dance? We will have fire in the hole, and cover the top over with sticks and leaves and earth so he can't see anything, and send for him to come and dance, and when he dances he will break through and fall in and we shall kill him."

The people answered, "All right."

When it was dark they sent a messenger to *His'-sik*. He said, "You are a great dancer; we want a dance tonight and will pay you well if you will come."

His'-sik was pleased and answered, "All right, where shall I dance?"

They took him to the place and pointing to it said, "Right here."

His'-sik began to dance and sing, and everyone said, "Good, you are doing well; keep on, you are doing finely; go ahead, you surely are a great dancer." And they flattered him and he kept on and danced harder and harder, for he was proud and wanted to show what he could do.

After a while, when he was dancing hardest, the sticks broke and he fell into the hole. The people were ready. They had a big rock, a very big rock, which it had taken many people to bring. They were waiting, and the moment he fell in they pushed the rock quickly over the hole and held it down; they all climbed up on it and held it down tight so he could not get out.

The hot coals burnt his feet and made him dance. He was very angry and shot his scent so hard against the side of the hole that he pushed mountains up on that side; then he turned the other way and shot again and pushed mountains up on that side too. After this his scent was gone and the coals burnt him and killed him. Then all the people were happy.

The next day the people had a great feast and ate all the dried meat they wanted.

How Sah'-te set the World on Fire

A Tale of the Tu'-le-yo-me Tribe

Among the low hills about four miles south of Clear Lake is the site of an ancient Indian settlement named *Tu'-le-yo'-me poo-koot*. It was the ancestral home of the *Tu'-le-yo'-me* or *O'-lā-yo-me* tribe, the last vanishing remnant of which is now located on Putah Creek a few miles east of Middletown.

PERSONAGES

Ol'-le the Coyote-man

Wek'-wek the Falcon, grandson of *Ol'-le*

Hoo-yu'-mah the Meadowlark

Lah'-kah the Canada Goose

Sah'-te the Weasel-man, who set the world on fire

Hoo-poos'-min brothers, two small Grebes or Hell-divers (*Podilymbus podiceps*)

We'-ke-wil'-lah brothers, two little Shrews (*Sorex*) who stole the fire

Kah'-kah-te the Crow, whose fire was stolen by the *We'-ke-wil'-lah* brothers

How Sah'-te set the World on Fire

A LONG time ago, before there were any Indian people, *Ol'-le* the Coyote-man and his grandson, *Wek'-wek* the Falcon, lived together at *Tu'-le-yo'-me.* In those days *Wek'-wek* hunted *Hoo-yu'-mah* the Meadowlark and ate no other game, and *Ol'-le* the Coyote-man ate nothing at all.

One day *Wek'-wek* said: "Grandfather, I want to see what is on the other side of *Mel'-le-a-loo'-mah.*[15] I want to see the country on the other side."

"All right," answered *Ol'-le.*

So the next morning *Wek'-wek* set out and crossed over the *Mel'-le-a-loo'-mah* hills to Coyote Valley, and a little farther on came to a small lake called *Wen'-nok pol'-pol*, at the south end of which was a pretty pointed mountain called *Loo-peek'-pow-we.* On the lake were great numbers of ducks and geese. Up to this time he had never killed any of these—he had killed only *Hoo-yu'-mah* the Meadowlark.

He went back to *Tu'-le-yo'-me*, and told his grandfather what he had seen, and asked how he

[15] *Mel'-le-a-loo'-mah* is the name of the hill-country south of Lower Lake—between Lower Lake and Coyote Valley.

could get the ducks and geese. His grandfather answered: "A long time ago my father taught me how to make *low'-ke* the sling, and how to put *loo'-poo* the small stone in it, and how to aim and fire by swinging it around and letting fly." Then *Ol'-le* took *kol* the tule and made a *low'-ke* of it for *Wek'-wek.* The next morning *Wek'-wek* took the *low'-ke* and *loo'-poo* and went back to *Wen'-nok pol'-pol,* the little lake, and stood on top of *Loo-peek'-pow-we* the sharp-pointed mountain at the south end of the lake, from which he could see over all the valley. The flat ground at the base of the mountain was covered with geese of the black-neck kind called *Lah'-kah.* At the foot of the peak was a small flat-topped blue oak tree, the kind called *moo-le.*[16]. When the geese, which were walking on the ground, came up to this tree, *Wek'-wek* took careful aim with his *low'-ke* and let fly and the stone flew down among them and killed more than two hundred, and then came back to his hand. He at once fired again and killed several hundred more. He then gathered them all and packed them on his head back to *Tu'-le-yo'-me* and gave them to his grandfather, *Ol'-le* the Coyote-man.

Next morning when *Wek'-wek* was sitting on top of the roundhouse he saw someone coming. It was *Sah'-te* the Weasel-man, who lives under the

[16] My informant pointed out this little old tree to me and said that when he was a little boy his father told him that it had always been there, just as it was in the days of *Wek'-wek.*

ground; he passed on to the south without stopping. *Wek'-wek* said, "This looks like a man. Who is this man? Tomorrow morning I'll go and see." So next morning he went out again and sat on top of the roundhouse. Soon he saw *Sah'-te* coming; he came from the north and went off to the south. Then *Wek'-wek* also went south; he went to the sharp peak, *Loo-peek'-pow'-we,* and saw *Sah'-te* pass and go still farther south.

Wek'-wek returned to *Tu'-le-yo'-me* and presently saw *Sah'-te* come and go north again toward Clear Lake. *Wek'-wek* wanted to find out where *Sah'-te* lived, so he went up to Clear Lake and at the head of Sulphurbank Bay he found *Sah'-te's lah'-mah* (roundhouse). He said to himself, "Now I've got you," and went into *Sah'-te's* house. But *Sah'-te* was not at home. *Wek'-wek* looked around and saw a great quantity of *hoo'-yah*, the shell beads or money. It was in skin sacks. He took these sacks – ten or twelve of them – and emptied the shell money out on a bear skin robe and packed it on his head back to *Tu'-le-yo'-me*. But he did not take it in to show his grandfather; he hid it in a small creek near by and did not say anything about it.

When *Sah'-te* came home he found that his beads were gone. "Who stole my beads?" he asked.

He then took his *yah'-tse* [the stick the people used to wear crossways in a twist of their back hair] and stood it up in the fire, and *oo'-loop* the flame climbed it and stood on the top. He then

took the *yah'-tse* with the flame at one end and said he would find out who stole his shell money. First he pointed it to the north, but nothing happened; then to the west, and nothing happened; then east; then up; then down, and still nothing happened. Then he pointed it south toward *Tu'-le-yo'-me* and the flame leaped from the stick and spread swiftly down the east side of Lower Lake, burning the grass and brush and making a great smoke.

In the evening *Wek'-wek* came out of the round-house at *Tu'-le-yo'-me* and saw the country to the north on fire. He went in and told his grandfather that something was burning on Clear Lake.

Ol'-le the Coyote-man answered, "That's nothing; the people up there are burning tules."

Ol'-le knew what *Wek'-wek* had done, and knew that *Sah'-te* had sent the fire, for *Ol'-le* was a magician and knew everything, but he did not tell *Wek'-wek* that he knew.

After a while *Wek'-wek* came out again and looked at the fire and saw that it was much nearer and was coming on swiftly. He was afraid, and went back and told his grandfather that the fire was too near and too hot and would soon reach them. After a little he went out again and came back and said, "Grandfather, the fire is coming fast; it is on this side of the lake and is awfully hot."

Ol'-le answered, "That's nothing; the people at Lower Lake are burning tules."

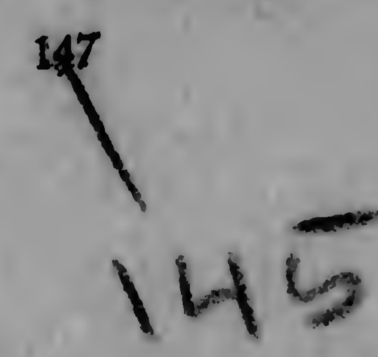
But now the roar and heat of the fire were terrible, even inside the roundhouse, and *Wek'-wek* thought they would soon burn. He was so badly frightened that he told his grandfather what he had done. He said, "Grandfather, I stole *Sah'-te's hoo'-yah* and put it in the creek, and now I'm afraid we shall burn."

Then *Ol'-le* took a sack and came out of the roundhouse and struck the sack against an oak tree, and fog came out. He struck the tree several times and each time more fog came out and spread around.

Then he went back in the house and got another sack and beat the tree, and more fog came, and then rain. He said to *Wek'-wek*, "It is going to rain for ten days and ten nights." And it did rain, and the rain covered the whole country till all the land and all the hills and all the mountains were under water—everything except the top of *Oo-de'-pow-we* (Mount Konokti, on the west side of Clear Lake) which was so high that its top stuck out a little.

There was no place for *Wek'-wek* to go and he flew about in the rain till he was all tired out. Finally he found the top of *Oo-de'-pow-we* and sat down on it and stayed there.

On the tenth day the rain stopped, and after that the water began to go down and each day the mountain stood up higher. *Wek'-wek* stayed on the mountain about a week, by which time the



water had gone down and the land was bare again.

In Clear Lake near *Oo-de'-pow-we* is an island which was the home of two small grebes, diving birds, called *Hoo-poos'-min*. They were brothers and had a roundhouse, and in the roundhouse a fire. *Wek'-wek* went there and stayed two or three days, and then said he was going back to *Tu'-le-yo'-me*.

"All right," answered the *Hoo-poos'-min* brothers, "but don't tell *Ol'-le* that we have fire."

"All right," answered *Wek'-wek*, and he went off to *Tu'-le-yo'-me* to see *Ol'-le*, his grandfather.

When *Wek'-wek* arrived *Ol'-le* asked: "Who are you? I'm *Ol'-le*, and I live at *Tu'-le-yo'-me*."

Wek'-wek answered, "I'm *Wek'-wek* and I also live at *Tu'-le-yo'-me*."

"Oh yes," said *Ol'-le*, "you are *Hoi'-poo* (Captain) *Wek'-wek*."

"Yes," answered *Wek'-wek*.

At that time there were no real people in the world and *Wek'-wek* said, "There are no people; I'm lonesome; what are we going to do?"

Then *Ol'-le* told *Wek'-wek* to bring the feathers of the geese he had killed at *Wen'-nok* Lake. *Wek'-wek* did so, and they set out and traveled over the country. Wherever they found a good place for people *Ol'-le* took two feathers and laid them down side by side on the ground—two together side by side in one place, two together side

by side in another place, and so on in each place where he wanted a rancheria; and at the same time he gave each place its name.

Next morning they again went out and found that all the feathers had turned into people; that each pair of feathers had become two people, a man and a woman, so that at each place there were a man and a woman. This is the way all the rancherias were started.

By and by all the people had children and after a while the people bcame very numerous.

Wek'-wek was pleased and said, "This is good." A little later he asked, "Grandfather, now that we have people, what are we going to do? There is no fire; what can we do to get fire?"

Ol'-le replied, " I don't know; we shall see pretty soon."

Ol'-le had a small box in his roundhouse and in it kept two little Shrew-mice of the kind called *We'-ke-wil'-lah.* They were brothers. *Ol'-le* said to them: "*Kah'-kah-te* the Crow has fire in his roundhouse, far away in the east; you go and steal it."

We'-ke-wil'-lah the little Shrew-mice said they would try, and set out on their long journey and went far away to the east and finally came to *Kah'-kah-te's* roundhouse. They heard *Kah'-kah-te* say, "*kah'-ahk,*" and saw a spark of fire come out of the hole on top of the house. Then they went to a dead tree and got some *too-koom'* (the kind of

buckskin that comes on dead wood) and cut off a piece and took it and climbed up on top of *Kah'-kah-te's* house and sat by the smoke hole and waited. After a while *Kah'-kah-te* again said "*kah'-ahk*," and another spark came out, but they could not reach it. But the next time *Kah'-kah-te* said "*kah'-ahk*" and another spark came out the little brothers caught it in their *too-koom'*, the wood buckskin.

When they had done this they caught a little bug and pushed him in backward till he touched the spark. Then they said, "Let's go," and set out at once and traveled as fast as they could toward *Tu'-le-yo'-me.*

Just then *Kah'-kah-te* the Crow came out of his house and in the darkness saw a little speck of light moving back and forth among the trees. It was the fire bug going home with the little Shrew brothers. *Kah'-kah-te* when he saw it cried out, "Somebody has stolen my fire," and set out in pursuit.

The little brothers and the firefly were badly frightened and ran around a little hill so *Kah'-kah-te* could not see them, and hid under the bank of a dry creek. *Kah'-kah-te* hunted for them for sometime but could not find them and went back to his house. His mate, who was inside, said, "Nobody stole our fire."

Kah'-kah-te answered, "Yes, someone stole it,

I saw it go around." Then he went back into his house.

Then the *We'-ke-wil'-lah* brothers ran as fast as they could all the way back to *Tu'-le-yo'-me* and arrived there the same night. They said to *Ol'-lé*, "Grandfather, look," and tossed him the *too-koom'* – the tree buckskin with the fire inside. He unrolled it and found the fire and took it out and made a fire on the ground.

Wek'-wek exclaimed, "That is good; I'm glad; now everybody can have fire."

Then *Ol'-le* put the fire in the *oo'-noo* (buckeye) tree, and told the people how to rub the *oo'-noo* stick to make it come out. From that time to this everybody has known how to get fire from the *oo'-noo* tree.

HOI-AH'-KO/ TALES OF THE SOUTHERN MEWUK

As told in the foothills of the Merced River region

THE TALES

Yel'-lo-kin and *Oo-wel'-lin* the man-eating Giants
Tim-me-lă'-le the Thunder
Wek'-wek's search for his Father
Wek'-wek's search for his Sister
Wek'-wek's visit to the Underworld

PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES

We'-pi-ahk the Golden Eagle, Chief of the First People
Tu'-pe the Kangaroo-rat, *We'-pi-ahk's* wife
Yel'-lo-kin the Giant Bird who lived on top of the sky
Oo-wel'-lin the Rock Giant
Ol'-lus-măk-ki'-e the Toad-woman, *We'-pi-ahk's* Aunt
Ah-hă'-le the Coyote-man
Oo'-choom the Fly
Tim-me-lă'-le the Thunder
Wek'-wek the Falcon
Yi'-yil *Wek'-wek's* father
Yow'-hah the Mallard Duck, *Wek'-wek's* wife
Hoo-loo'-e the Dove, *Wek'-wek's* partner
O-wah'-to the big-headed Fire Lizard
Ho'-ho the Turkey Buzzard, a wicked Chief of the South People
Koo'-choo another wicked Chief of the South People
Lol'-luk the Woodrat, one of the firemen
No-put'-kul-lol the Screech-owl, the other fireman
Pel-pel'-nah the Nuthatch, one of the witch doctors
Choo-ta-tok'-kwe-lah the Red-headed Sapsucker, the other witch doctor
Ah'-ut the Crow, *Wek'-wek's* nephew
O-hum'-mah-tē the Grizzly Bear
He-le'-jah the Mountain Lion
To-to'-kon the Sandhill Crane, chief of the Underworld People

Hoi-ah-ko Tale of the Southern Mewuk

YEL'-LO-KIN AND OO-WEL'-LIN, THE MAN-EATING GIANTS

WE'-PI-AHK the Eagle was chief of the First People. He took for his wife *Tu'-pe* the Kangaroo-rat. She did not stay at home nights because night was the time she went out to hunt for food. *We'-pi-ahk* did not understand this and when she came back one morning he beat her and killed her. After that he stayed at home a month and cried and never went out. When the month was up he stopped crying and went out in the sun.

Next day *Yel'-lo-kin* came. *Yel'-lo-kin* was a giant bird – the biggest bird in the world. He was in the habit of carrying off children – boys and girls up to fourteen or fifteen years of age. He took them by the top of the head and carried them up through the hole in the middle of the sky to his home on top of the sky, where he killed and ate them.

Yel'-lo-kin had a wife. She was *Ol'-lus muk-ki'-e* the Toad-woman, the aunt of *We'-pi-ahk* the Eagle. *Yel'-lo-kin* had stolen her from the earth and had taken her up to his house above the sky.

He did not kill her but kept her as his wife, and brought people to her to eat; but she would not eat people.

When *We'-pi-ahk* the Eagle had gone out in the sun *Yel'-lo-kin* came and caught him by the top of his head and carried him up through the hole in the sky.

A boy playing outside saw this and shouted to the people, and they all got poles and bows and arrows and tried to reach *Yel'-lo-kin* but could not, and *Yel'-lo-kin* went on up with *We'-pi-ahk* and took him to his house on top of the sky and left him there. When *We'-pi-ahk* looked around he saw his aunt, *Ol'-lus muk-ki'-e* the Toad-woman. She told him to look out, that in a little while *Yel'-lo-kin* would come back and kill him. "He will take you to a big tank of blood and ask if you want to drink," she said. "When he does this you must answer 'yes' and pretend to reach down, and tell him the water is too low, you can't reach it; you are afraid of falling in. Ask him to show you how to get it."

"All right," answered *We'-pi-ahk*—he would do as she said.

Then she gave him a big stone knife with which to cut off *Yel'-lo-kin's* head.

Soon *Yel'-lo-kin* returned and did exactly as his wife said he would do. When he asked *We'-pi-ahk* to drink, *We'-pi-ahk* told him he could not reach the water; he was afraid of falling in, and

asked *Yel'-lo-kin* to show him how. Then *Yel'-lo-kin* leaned over and reached down deep in the tank, and *We'-pi-ahk* struck him with the big knife and cut off his head, whereupon *Yel'-lo-kin* banged around inside the tank and flapped his big wings and made a great noise, and finally flopped out and died outside. He stretched out his wings and they were as big as pine trees. Then *We'-pi-ahk* was free.

Ah-hā'-le the Coyote-man was down below. *We'-pi-ahk* the Eagle was his uncle. *Ah-hā'-le* asked the people, "Where is my uncle, *We'-pi-ahk*?"

The boys told him he had gone up – that *Yel'-lo-kin* had carried him up through the sky. *Ah-hā'-le* looked but could not see the hole they had gone through. Then he went south and looked for the south hole in the sky, but could not find it. Returning, he went north to the hole at Thunder Mountain, but could not get in that way for it was too cold. Then he came back to the village and sprang up high in the air and passed through the middle hole in the sky – the same hole that *Yel'-lo-kin* had gone through with *We'-pi-ahk*.

Just as he arrived, at that very moment *We'-pi-ahk* struck *Yel'-lo-kin* with the knife and killed him, and *Ah-hā'-le* saw him die.

"It is a good thing that you killed him," *Ah-hā'-le* said.

We'-pi-ahk replied, "He has been stealing our boys and girls; whenever he was hungry he went

down and got a boy or a girl. We lost lots of people."

Then *We'-pi-ahk* showed *Áh-hā'-le* the tank of blood where *Yel'-lo-kin* had done his killing.

After a while *Ah-hā'-le* asked, "What are you going to do with *Yel'-lo-kin*?"

We'-pi-ahk said he was going to burn him, so he would not come to life again.

But *Ah-hā'-le* replied, "No uncle, you had better not burn him."

Then *We'-pi-ahk* asked, "What are you going to do with him?"

Ah-hā'-le answered, "I think I'll cut off his wings and take them down home."

"What are you going to do with them?" asked *We'-pi-ahk*.

Ah-hā'-le replied, "I'm going to plant the big feathers and make trees. If I plant plenty of trees and everything green, there will be many people, for when I'm done planting trees I'm going to make people."

When he had finished speaking he went down to the earth through a hole of his own, for he was a witch doctor.

After he had gone down, *Yel'-lo-kin's* wife, *Ol'-lus muk-ki'-e* the Toad-woman, asked *We'-pi-ahk* how he was going to get down.

"I don't know," answered *We'-pi-ahk*.

"I'll take you down," said *Ol'-lus muk-kī'-e*.

"How," asked *We'-pi-ahk*.

"You will see how," she replied. And she gathered the strong green sword-grass called *kis'-sgo*, that grows by the river, and made a long rope of it and with it let *We'-pi-ahk* down to the earth.

Ah-hā'-le the Coyote-man planted the feathers, and when they had come up watched them grow. They grew into grasses, wild oats, flowers, manzanitas, and other bushes, and into yellow pines, sugar pines, black oaks, blue oaks, and other kinds of trees. He told them all to bear seed every year so the people who were coming would have plenty to eat. He also made rivers and rocks – *Yel'-lo-kin's* heart he turned into a black rock.

When he had done this he made people. These also he made by planting feathers. The people multiplied and in a short time their villages were everywhere in the land.

Oo-wel'-lin, the Rock Giant

THERE was a great Giant who lived in the north. His name was *Oo-wel'-lin*, and he was as big as a pine tree. When he saw the country full of people he said they looked good to eat, and came and carried them off and ate them. He could catch ten men at a time and hold them between his fingers, and put more in a net on his back, and carry them off. He would visit a village and after eating all the people would move on to another, going southward from his home in the north. When he had gone to the south end of the world and had visited all the villages and eaten nearly all the people–not quite all, for a few had escaped–he turned back toward the north. He crossed the *Wah-kal'-mut-ta* (Merced River) at a narrow place in the canyon about six miles above *Op'-lah* (Merced Falls) where his huge footprints may still be seen in the rocks, showing the exact place where he stepped from *Ang-e'-sa-wā'-pah* on the south side to *Hik-kā'-nah* on the north side. When night came he went into a cave in the side of a round-topped hill over the ridge from *Se-saw-che* (a little south of the present town of Coulterville).

The people who had escaped found his sleeping

place in the cave and shot their arrows at him but were not able to hurt him, for he was a rock giant.

When he awoke he was hungry and took the trail to go hunting. Then the people said to *Oo'-choom* the Fly: "Go follow *Oo-wel'-lin* and when he is hot bite him all over, on his head, on his eyes and ears, and all over his body, everywhere, all the way down to the bottoms of his feet, and find out where he can be hurt.

"All right," answered *Oo'-choom* the Fly, and he did as he was told. He followed *Oo-wel'-lin* and bit him everywhere from the top of his head all the way down to his feet without hurting him, till finally he bit him under the heel. This made *Oo-wel'-lin* kick. *Oo'-choom* waited, and when the giant had fallen asleep bit him under the heel of the other foot, and he kicked again. Then *Oo'-choom* told the people.

When the people heard this they took sharp sticks and long sharp splinters of stone and set them up firmly in the trail, and hid nearby and watched. After awhile *Oo-wel'-lin* came back and stepped on the sharp points till the bottoms of his feet were stuck full of them. This hurt him dreadfully, and he fell down and died.

When he was dead the people asked, "Now he is dead, what are we to do with him?"

And they all answered that they did not know.

But a wise man said, "We will pack wood and make a big fire and burn him."

Then everyone said, "All right, let's burn him," and they brought a great quantity of dry wood and made a big fire and burned *Oo-wel'-lin* the Giant. When he began to burn, the wise man told everybody to watch closely all the time to see if any part should fly off to live again, and particularly to watch the whites of his eyes. So all the people watched closely all the time he was burning. His flesh did not fly off; his feet did not fly off; his hands did not fly off; but by and by the whites of his eyes flew off quickly – so quickly indeed that no one but *Chik'-chik* saw them go. *Chik'-chik* was a small bird whose eyes looked sore, but his sight was keen and quick. He was watching from a branch about twenty feet above the Giant's head and saw the whites of the eyes fly out. He saw them fly out and saw where they went and quickly darted after them and brought them back and put them in the fire again, and put on more wood and burnt them until they were completely consumed.

The people now made a hole and put *Oo-wel'-lin's* ashes in it and piled rocks on the place and watched for two or three days. But *Oo-wel'-lin* was dead and never came out.

Then the wise man asked each person what he would like to be, and called their names. Each answered what animal he would be, and forthwith turned into that animal and has remained the same to this day.

This was the beginning of the animals as they

are now – the deer, the ground squirrel, the bear, and other furry animals; the bluejay, the quail, and other birds of all kinds, and snakes and frogs and the yellowjacket wasp and so on.

Before that they were *Hoi-ah'-ko* – the FIRST PEOPLE.

Tim-me-la´-le the Thunder

WHEN *Oo-wel´-lin* the Giant was traveling south over the country eating people, there were two little boys, brothers, who were out hunting when he was at their village, and so escaped. When they came home they found that their father and mother and all the other people had been killed and eaten.

The younger one asked the other, "What shall we do? Shall we live here, only two of us? Maybe you are clever enough to turn into some other kind of thing and never die."

The elder brother did not know; he was stupid; the younger was the bright one.

For about a month they hunted birds and ate them; they had no acorn mush or other food, nothing but birds. One day they made a little hut of brush (called *o-hoo´-pe*) by a spring where the birds came to drink. Here they killed a great many birds of different kinds.

The younger brother said, "Let us save all the feathers of the birds we kill—wing feathers and tail feathers and all."

Soon they had enough for both, and the younger said, "We have enough. Let's be big birds and never die—never grow old."

"How are we to do it?" asked the elder brother.

The younger answered, "You know how the big birds spread their wings and go, without bothering to eat or drink."

In a few days they took the big wing-feathers they had saved and stuck them in a row along their arms, and soon had wings; and then they stuck other feathers all over their bodies and soon were covered with feathers, like big birds.

Then the younger brother said: "You fly; let me see you fly a little way." The elder brother tried but could not make his wings go.

"Try again and I'll help," said the younger, and he pushed his brother along; but though he tried again he could not fly, and dropped down.

Then they took more feathers and set them closer so they would not leak air. When they had done this the younger asked: "Do you think you can go this time?"

But the elder one replied, "Let's see you try."

"All right," the younger answered, and flew a little way.

"Now you try," he called, and lifted his brother up and pushed him to help him start, but when he had flown a little way he cried out that he could not go any farther.

"Go on, I'm coming," called the younger, and he soon caught up and came under his brother and sailed round and round and went up into the air and came down.

Then the younger said, "Now we can fly, what kind of animal shall we be?"

The elder answered that he did not know.

The younger said, "How about *We-ho'-whe-mah*, who lives on the water in the back country?"

"All right," replied the other. So they flew again, and the younger helped start the elder and flew under him so as to catch him if he fell, and they flew up and down and around.

The younger again asked his brother if he would like to be *We-ho'-whe-mah*.

The brother replied, "No, I don't want to live on the water."

"Then how would you like to be *Tim-me-lā'-le* the Thunder," asked the younger. "We could come back sometimes and make a big noise and frighten the people. In summer we could go up through the north hole in the sky and stay up above the sky, and in winter come back here and make a big noise and rain to make the country green. Then maybe the people would come back and live again. We once had a father and mother and sister and uncle and grandfather and others. Maybe they would come back. We want to help them; we could make good rain to make things grow – acorns, pine nuts, grass, and all. Then maybe the people would come back and eat. We should never use food, never drink water, never grow old, and never be killed."

"All right," answered the elder brother, "We

shall live always. But how are we going to make rain?"

"I'll show you," answered the younger. And they started again and went up very slowly, way up to the sky, and went north and found the north hole and went through it. When near the sky, but before they had gone through, the younger began to make a loud rumbling noise; it was *Tim-me-lā'-le* the Thunder.[18] The elder tried but failed. The younger told him to try again. He did so and in a short time made thunder all right. Then they went through the hole and up above the sky into the *Yel'-lo-kin* country.

When winter time came the younger said, "Come, let us go back." So they came down through the hole in the sky and traveled south and saw that people were there already. Then they shouted and made thunder and rain. After that they returned home through the north hole in the sky. And every winter even to this day they come back and thunder and make rain to make things grow for the people.

[18] *Tim-me-lā'-le* is rolling thunder; the sharp crash is *Kah'-loo*.

Wek'-wek's search for his Father

OH-HA'-LE the Coyote-man told the people that there were four holes in the sky – one in the north, one in the south, one in the east, and one in the west. In those days *Tim-me-lā'-le* the Thunder came out of the north hole in winter and went back about May, just as he does now.

At this time *Wek'-wek* the Falcon was not yet born. His father, *Yi'-yil*, had gone far away to the south, where he had been killed before *Wek'-wek's* birth.

When *Wek'-wek* was fourteen years old he already had two or three wives, one of whom was *Yow'-hah* the Mallard Duck. He asked her if she was old enough to have seen his father. She replied, "No."

He then traveled all about and asked all the people who his father was and where he had gone, but no one could tell him. Then he went out to search; he traveled north, south, east, and west, but could find no trace of his father and no one could tell him where he had gone.

Then *Wek'-wek* transformed himself into a witch doctor and said, "Now I know where my father went, I smell him."

At sundown he came home to *Yow'-hah* his wife,

and when she had fallen asleep he took a forked limb of a tree and put it in the bed beside her. Then he went down into a hole in the ground and came up near the village [thus leaving no tracks]. Then he went south.

In the morning *Yow'-hah* awoke and found the forked limb and pushed it away saying, "What's the matter with my husband?" She asked his other wives if they had seen which way he went—"Which way did our husband go?" she asked.

They replied, "Go away, you live with him, we don't."

Then *Yow'-hah* went away and cried. She cried for a day or so, but no one could tell her which way *Wek'-wek* had gone.

She then took a crooked acorn stick and stuck it in the ground and the stick sprang south. Then she knew the way he had gone, and quickly prepared some baskets of food and set out to follow him.

After a while she overtook him, bringing him the food. By this time *Wek'-wek* was very tired and had fallen down on the side of the trail. He had a partner, *Hoo-loo'-e* the Dove, who accompanied him. He said to *Hoo-loo'-e*, "The old woman is coming behind; I am going to shoot her." But when she came he could not pull the arrow. She went to him and said, "You are hungry; I've brought you food."

He was angry and would not answer. He said

to *Hoo-loo'-e* his partner, "You are hungry, you had better eat."

Hoo-loo'-e replied, "Yes, I think I am hungry."

"Well, eat," said *Wek'-wek*, and *Hoo-loo'-e* ate.

Wek'-wek was angry and would not eat. He told his wife to go home and not follow him. He said: "I go to a bad place; I follow my father; nobody can get through the hole in the sky; you go home."

She answered, "No, I'll not go home, I'll follow you."

Then *Wek'-wek* continued on the trail of his father.

Wek'-wek had an aunt, *Ol'-lus muk-ki'-e* the Toad-woman. Her husband was *O-wah'-to*, the big-headed Fire Lizard. He had a fire which he could send to burn people.

Wek'-wek told *Hoo-loo'-e* his partner to go around another way with *Yow'-hah* his wife while he stopped to talk to his aunt's husband, *O-wah'-to*. Again he told his wife to go home, but she would not. Then *Wek'-wek* went to the place where *O-wah'-to* lived. He saw his aunt *Ol'-lus muk-ki'-e* outside, cracking acorns, and went to her to get something to eat.

O-wah'-to, who was inside the house, called out "Who's there?" and his wife answered, "Nobody." Then he heard *Wek'-wek* take another step, and called out again, "Who's there?" and again his wife answered, "Nobody, only *Oo'-choom* the

Fly." She whispered to *Wek'-wek* to step very softly and eat quickly – to hurry and eat and go.

But *O-wah'-to* heard him and exclaimed, "Somebody is out there sure," and he came out and saw *Wek'-wek*, and sent his fire to burn him.

Wek'-wek ran and ran as fast as he could and caught up with *Hoo-loo'-e* and *Yow'-hah*, but the fire chased them and burnt so quickly and came so fast that they had not time to reach the hole in the sky. So they turned and ran down to the low country and climbed up on a high rock; but the fire kept on and burned the rock. Then they rushed to the ocean, but the fire dashed after them and made the water boil. Then they hastened north to another big rock, as high as a hill, and climbed on top; but the fire pursued and burnt that rock also. Then they climbed up into the sky, but the fire pressed on and came so close that it singed the tail of *Wek'-wek's* quiver. Then they ran down into the low country again and found a crack in the ground and all three crawled into it. But the fire came and burnt down into the crack and drove them out.

By this time *Wek'-wek's* wife, *Yow'-hah*, had become very tired from so much running, and gave out. She said to her husband, "You are of no account. Why don't you put out that fire? I would like to see you make a pond half a mile wide."

"I'll try," he answered and shot an arrow of the *kow'-woo* wood (the buttonball bush) into the

ground and water came up through the hole and continued to rise until they all stood in water, but still the fire beset them and made the water boil. *Yow'-hah* said she thought she would die. Then *Wek'-wek* shot an arrow into the ground in another place and a spring of water came and green stuff grew around the edges; but the fire continued and made the water boil as before.

Again *Yow'-hah* said, "You are of no account; you would die if I had not followed you."

Wek'-wek answered, "All right, you try."

Yow'-hah took a tule and threw it, and a big spring burst out, bordered all around with a broad belt of green tules; and they stepped into the spring and the fire could not reach them – it could not burn the green tules. So the fire went out and there was no more fire. *Yow'-hah* the old woman had stopped the fire. She was proud of this and said, "You see, if I had stayed at home you would be dead; if I go you will be all right." And the three continued on together.

By and by they came to the hole – the south hole in the sky. Then *Wek'-wek* said, "You two had better go home, you can't get through the hole."

His wife answered "No," and tried to go through but failed.

Wek'-wek shot an arrow through, but the hole closed so quickly that it caught the arrow and broke it. He again said to the others, "You can't get through." Then he tried and jumped so quickly

that he went through. Then *Hoo-loo'-e* his partner tried, and likewise jumped very quickly and got through, and the sky did not catch him. Then *Yow'-hah* had to try again. *Wek'-wek* told her she must go through or go back. But she was too big and too slow. She said, "You will have to take me through." So he went back and got her and put her into his dog-skin quiver and jumped through with her. As they passed through, the hole closed and caught her feet and crushed them flat – that is why all ducks have flat feet.

Now all three were through.

In the south, beyond the hole in the sky, were other people. They had two chiefs, *Ho'-ho* the Turkey Buzzard, and *Koo'-choo* a huge shaggy beast of great strength and fierceness. *Tap-pitch'-koo-doot* the Kingbird lived there, and *Hok'-ke-hok'-ke* also.

Before *Wek'-wek* arrived, Captain *Ho'-ho* the Buzzard said to the people, "I dreamed that a north Indian is coming – the son of *Yi'-yil*, the man we burned. Everybody watch; maybe we shall have a good time again." So everybody watched.

After a while the watchers saw *Wek'-wek* coming. They saw him come through the hole. Then they ran back and told the people. This made the people happy, and they made ready to play the ball game.

When *Wek'-wek* reached the village he saw his father's widow there crying, with her hair cut short

in mourning. He asked her, "Did my father die here?"

"Yes," she answered, and added, "Your father had plenty of money when he lost the game, but the chiefs *Koo'-choo* and *Ho'-ho* would not take the money; they were playing for his life; they wanted to burn him. Old *Koo'-choo* made a circle around the fire and made your father stand in the middle, and told him not to die too soon. After he had been burning a little while *Koo'-choo* asked how far the fire had burned, and *Yi'-yil* answered, 'to my knees, I'm going to die.'

"'No, don't die,' said *Koo'-choo*; and he asked again, 'How far has the fire burned now?'

"*Yi'-yil* answered, 'to my belly, and I'm going to die now.'

"'No, don't die yet,' said *Koo'-choo*, and he asked again, 'How far has the fire burned now?'

"'To my heart,' replied *Yi'-yil*, and 'I'm going to die now.'

"'No, no,' again said *Koo'-choo*, 'don't die yet; how far has the fire burned now?'

"'To my shoulders and I'm going to die,' said *Yi'yil*.

"'No, don't die yet; how far has the fire burned now?'

"'To my mouth, and I'm going to die,' answered *Yi'-yil*.

"'No, not yet, there's plenty of time yet,' said *Koo'-choo*; 'how far has it burned now?'

"'To my eyes, its burning my eyes now and I'm going to die,' replied *Yi'-yil.*

"'No, no,' said *Koo'-choo*, 'don't die yet;' and when he saw that the fire had reached the top of *Yi'-yil's* head he asked again and for the last time, 'How far has it burned now?'

"There was no reply, and he knew, and all the people knew, that *Yi'-yil* was burned to death and was dead."

This is what *Yi'-yil's* widow, who had seen the burning, told *Wek'-wek.*

Wek'-wek was very angry; he knew that the people wanted to burn him as they had burned *Yi'-yil* his father; and he made up his mind what he would do. He left his wife *Yow'-hah* with *Koo'-choo* and the others and told her to entertain them. He then asked his father's widow which way they had taken his father to play the ball game. She told him, and he followed his father's trail. He found gopher holes in the trail, and holes the people had made for the ball to fall into so he would lose the game, and he filled them up. He came back over *Koo'-choo's* trail by daylight and found it all right—all the holes filled up and no holes left.

When he returned he found that the two firemen, *Lol'-luk* the Woodrat and *No-put'-kul-lol* the Screech Owl, had the fire all ready to burn him, but he said nothing.

Early next morning they all set out down the trail to play the ball game. *Wek'-wek* played so

fast that old *Koo'-choo* became very tired and nearly gave out. He shot out a terrible skunk-like smell to make *Wek'-wek* sick, but *Wek'-wek* kept ahead and was not harmed.

Wek'-wek won the game and came back first; all the others were tired and *Koo'-choo* came in half dead.

When they had returned, *Yow'-hah, Wek'-wek's* wife, told *Wek'-wek* to burn *Koo'-choo* first.

Koo'-choo said to *Wek'-wek*: "You have won the game; everybody will bring you money; here is the money; you take it."

Wek'-wek answered, "No, I'll not take it. You would not take my father's money; you took his life."

Then they brought two more sacks full of money, but *Wek'-wek* pushed it away. He seized the two wicked chiefs, *Koo'-choo* and *Ho'ho*; he seized them by their arms and threw them into the fire that had been prepared for him, and took the others in the same way and threw them all in the fire. Some ran away and tried to hide, but *Wek'-wek* went after them and brought them back and threw them in the fire – men, women, and children – and burned them all. He then called the firemen to come – *Lol'-luk* the Woodrat and *No-put'-kul-lol* the Screech-owl – but they cried and refused to come. Then he took his bow and arrow and shot them and pitched them into the fire and they were burned like the rest.

The only people not burned were two witch doctors—*Pel-pel'-nah* the Nuthatch and *Choo-ta-tok'-kwe-lah* the Red-headed Sapsucker. They lived in the big ceremonial house and never came out; they never ate and never drank. *Wek'-wek* asked them, "Shall I come in?"

They answered "Yes."

Wek'-wek went inside and said: "You two are witch doctors; you never eat and never drink and never see people. Do you think you can make my father live again? I'll pay you. I want to see my father. I want to see what he is like."

They answered that they would try. One said to the other: "We will try; yes, we must try; but how shall we do it?" Then they took a jointed rod of *la'-hah* (the wild cane) and put *Yi'-yil's* burnt bones in the hollow inside, and put three or four feathers on the outside, like an arrow. Then *Choo-ta-tok'-kwe-lah* asked *Wek'-wek* for his bow, and took it and shot the cane arrow high up into the air; and when it was way up, *Yi'-yil* came slowly out of the hole in the end and sailed around and around, coming lower and lower, till he came down where the others were.

Then *Wek'-wek* asked him, "Are you my father? You don't look as I supposed."

Yi'-yil answered, "Yes, I'm *Yi'-yil* your father."

Wek'-wek said, "I've burned all the people here. Will you go home with me? Are you sure you are my father?"

"Yes," answered *Yi'-yil*, I'm your father and I'll go home with you."

"All right," said *Wek'-wek*, "Let's go."

After a while, when they had gone a little way, *Wek'-wek* turned and said, "I think you had better not go with me. You look queer–only half like us. You go to the other side of the mountain down on the coast" (meaning *Oo'-yum-bel'-le*, Mount Diablo). Then *Yi'-yil* went back into the cane arrow, and *Wek'-wek* and his wife *Yow'-hah* and his partner *Hoo-loo'-e* returned through the same hole in the sky that they had gone through on their way south.

When they were on the other side, *Wek'-wek* said to his wife, "Old woman, you may have to run again. I'm going to kill *O-wah'-to*, my uncle-in-law, who chased us with fire and tried to destroy us when we were here before." So he sent *Yow'-hah* and *Hoo-loo'-e* ahead and told them to wait for him while he proceeded to *O-wah'-to's* place. He went there and shot *O-wah'-to* with an arrow and killed him dead the first shot.

Then they continued on, and when they had gone a few miles, they came to another fire-man, whose name was *Hos-sok'-kil-wah*. *Wek'-wek* sent his wife and partner ahead as before while he went alone to fight *Hos-sok'-kil-wah*. He took an arrow with a point of white flint stone, and shot and killed *Hos-sok'-kil-wah*, who at once turned into the

white flint fire rock. And so they continued, *Wek'-wek* killing all the bad people on the way.

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Wek'-wek's search for his Sister

AFTER *Wek'-wek, Hoo-loo'-e* and *Yow'-hah* had returned home, *Wek'-wek* said, "I have heard that I once had a sister; where is my sister?"

No one answered.

Then *Wek'-wek* slept and dreamed. Then he went off alone to the north and told no one.

Wek'-wek had a nephew, *Ah'-ut* the Crow. *Ah'-ut* asked the people, "Where is my uncle?" No one answered. Then *Ah'-ut* said he would find him, and he also set out for the north. Finding that he could not catch up with *Wek'-wek* he shot an arrow and the arrow went over *Wek'-wek's* head and fell just beyond.

Wek'-wek knew who had shot it, and said, "Who told my nephew?"

When *Ah'-ut* came up, *Wek'-wek* asked, "Why do you follow me? I'm searching for my sister; you go home."

"No," answered *Ah'-ut*, "I'll go with you."

Then *Wek'-wek's* brothers, two little hawks, who also had been following, overtook *Wek'-wek* and *Ah'-ut* and all went on together.

After a while they found the rancheria. It was in a big cave about two miles below *Koo-loo'-te*

[now the town of Sonora in Tuolumne County]. *Wek'-wek* sent one of his little brothers into the cave. He went in and on one side of the entrance saw *O-hum'-mah-te* the Grizzly Bear, and on the other side *He-le'-jah* the Mountain Lion, but saw nothing of the sister.

Then *Wek'-wek* sent in the other brother. When he returned he said some one was inside cooking acorns; he had seen a woman cook the acorn soup by putting into the basket hot quail eggs instead of hot stones. He said also that a little farther back in the cave was something that looked like a sharp rock.

Then *Ah'-ut* the Crow said he would go in. When he found the woman cooking with the quail eggs he picked them up and took off the shells and ate all the eggs. Then he asked the woman, "Is my uncle's sister here?"

"Yes," she answered, "but you can't go in."

But he did go in, and when he came to *He-le'-jah* the Mountain Lion, he said, "You are good to eat," and shot him with an arrow and killed him. Then he turned to *O-hum'mah-te* the Grizzly Bear and said the same to him, and killed him also and pulled him out. Then he went in farther and saw the Sharp Rock and shot it also and killed it, and picked up his arrow and put it back in his quiver. Then he went still farther in and found *Wek'-wek's* sister. She was old and naked and shriveled—noth-

ing but bare bones—for no one had given her anything to eat.

Ah'-ut returned and told *Wek'-wek* he could now go in, and *Wek'-wek* went in. When he saw his sister without clothes and all bones he felt badly and cried. Then he took her out and helped her walk, and cooked some acorns and fed her. Then he sent her home with his brothers.

9

Wek'-wek's Visit to the Underworld People

AFTER *Wek'-wek* had sent his sister home he stayed near the caves below *Koo-loo'-te* and dug holes in the sand and found roots and seeds that were good to eat. In digging he came to a very deep hole which led down under the world; he went down this hole and when he reached the underworld found other people there, and got a wife with a little boy. Besides his wife there were *To-to'-kon* the Sandhill Crane, *Wah'-ah* the Heron, *Cha-poo'-kah-lah* the Blackbird, and others.

To-to'-kon the Sandhill Crane was chief. When he saw *Wek'-wek* he said, "What shall we do with this man; he is lost; we had better kill him."

Wek'-wek saw a man make ready with his bow and arrow, and invited him to come and eat. The man came and ate, and when his belly was full went back.

Captain *To-to'-kon* said, "I didn't send you to eat, but to kill him." Then he sent another, and *Wek'-wek* asked him also to come and eat, and he did as the other had done. Then Captain *To-to'-kon* sent two men together to kill him, but *Wek'-wek* called them both to come and eat, and they did so. Then *To-to'-kon* was angry; he sent no more

men but went himself and took his bow and arrow.

Wek'-wek said to him, "Come in," whereupon *To-to'-kon* shot his arrow but missed.

Then *Wek'-wek* came out and faced the people. They fired all their arrows but could not kill him. *Wek'-wek* said, "You can't kill me with arrows. Have you a pot big enough to hold me?"

"Yes," they answered.

"Then set it up and put me in it," he said.

And they did as they were told and put *Wek'-wek* in the hot pot and put the cover on. When he was burned they took out the burnt bones and buried them in the ground.

Ah'-ut the Crow missed his uncle and went to his uncle's partner, *Hoo-loo'-e*, who was in the hole crying, and asked where *Wek'-wek* was. *Hoo-loo'-e* pointed down the hole. *Ah'-ut* went down and found the rancheria of the underworld people and killed them all. He then asked *Wek'-wek's* wife where *Wek'-wek* was. She answered that the people had burned and buried him.

Wek'-wek stayed in the ground five days and then came to life; he came out and asked his wife where the people were. She told him that *Ah'-ut* had come and killed them all. "That is too bad," he exclaimed, "I wanted to show them what kind of man I am." Then he said she should stay there and he would take the boy and go home.

She answered, "All right."

Then he shot his arrow up through the hole and

caught hold of it, and held the boy also, and the arrow carried them both up to the upper world.

[not final form

Present Day Myths

HO-HA'-PE, THE RIVER MERMAID

The Southern Mewuk of Merced River foothills say:

Some of the rivers are inhabited by *Ho-hā'-pe*, the River Mermaids or Water Women. The *Ho-hā'-pe* have long hair and are beautiful to look at. They usually live in deep pools, and are known at several places in *Wah-kal'-mut-tah* (Merced River). In that part of the river which runs through *Ah-wah'-ne* (Yosemite Valley) they have been seen a number of times.

One lives now lower down in the river, at the upper end of Pleasant Valley in the large round pool called *Ow'-wal*. In the early days two partners used to fish for salmon at *Ow'-wal*, one on each side of the pool; several times they saw *Ho-hā'-pe*.

Another lives in the deep water at *Wel'-le-to* (on the Barrett ranch, a little below Pleasant Valley). At this place a few years ago some Indians from Bear Valley and Coulterville came to catch salmon. They put their net in a deep place in the river, and when it was full of fish tried to pull it out, but could not, for it was stuck on the bottom. *Ho-hā'-pe* the Water Woman had fastened it to a rock, but the men did not know this. One of them went down to find where the net had caught, and to lift it up. While he was doing this *Ho-hā'-pe* put a turn of the net-rope around his big

toe and he was drowned. Then several of the men had to go down to get him. After they brought up his body all of them saw *Ho-hä'-pe* in the pool below, and saw her long hair float out in the current.

NOTE–The story of *Ho-hä'-pe* the River Mermaid, varying more or less in details, reaches north at least to American River, where the Nissenan (who call her *Ho-sä'-pah*) have the following version:

Two maidens were walking along American River below the foothills when they heard a baby cry. They followed the sound and soon saw the baby lying on a sand bar in the edge of the river. One of them reached down to pick it up when it suddenly changed to *Ho-sä'-pah* the River Mermaid, who, seizing the young woman, dragged her into the river. She cried out and her companion took hold of her arm and pulled and pulled as hard as she could to save her, but *Ho-sä'-pah* was the stronger and dragged her under the water and she was never seen again.

The other maiden ran home to the village and told her people what had happened. She was so terribly frightened that her mind became affected and in a short time she died.

The Dawn of the World - Book reviews

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C. Hart Merriam
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OTTAWA, ONTARIO

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This monograph, one of the series on Biochemistry, edited by R. H. Aders Plimmer and F. G. Hopkins, presents an up-to-date summary of the chemistry of the subject, particular emphasis being placed upon those carbohydrates which have a biochemical significance. It would be a matter of no little labor for a physiologist to acquire from the scattered literature a conception of the present status of the subject comparable in any degree with Dr. Armstrong's excellent review. As an illustration of the interesting incidental suggestions which have been introduced appropriately, the following paragraph may be quoted:

> From the biological point of view, the fact that glucose exists in solution not as a single substance but as an equilibrated mixture of stereoisomeric γ-oxidic forms, readily convertible into one another, is of fundamental and far-reaching importance. If one of the stereoismerides is preferably metabolized in the plant or animal, in the course of either synthetic or analytic processes, the possibility of controlling the equilibrium in the one or other direction, so as to increase or limit the supply of this form, places a very delicate directive mechanism at the disposal of the organism. This question is undoubtedly one which demands the close attention of physiologists (p. 20).

The recent views regarding the structure of sugars are introduced in a way that is logical rather than dogmatic, and without rehearsing all the details of the evidence bearing on the points involved. The mono- and disaccharides are considered at some length, glucose being selected as the typical sugar for discussion. There are further included chapters on The Relation between Configuration and Properties, Hydrolysis and Synthesis, and The Natural and Synthetic Glucosides. The attempt of the author to present the subject by a stimulating method has resulted in a commendable success. A useful bibliography of 17 pages is appended.

LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL
SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL OF
YALE UNIVERSITY

Mineralogie de la France et de ses Colonies. Tome Quatrième, 1e partie. A. LACROIX. Librarie Polytechnique, Ch. Béranger, Editeur. Paris, Rue des Saints-Pères, 15. 1910.

The fourth and last volume of Lacroix's "Mineralogie de la France" is now being published, the first part having just appeared and the second, or final part, being promised before the year is out. The second part of the third volume, which appeared in 1909, was reviewed in SCIENCE, Vol. 32, No. 816, August 19. The present part starts in with the manganites and plumbites, braunite, hausmannite and minium. Under the psilomelane group, romanèchite is described as a distinct species with the formula $H_2(Mn, Ba)Mn_3O_8$ or $(Mn, Ba)O \cdot 3MnO_2 + H_2O$. It is near hollandite in composition, but differs from it in that hollandite is much richer in iron, and has all the H replaced by metals. Romanèchite forms compact or concretionary masses with fibrous structure. Psilomelane is described

CHICAGO ILL

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> From the biological point of view, the fact that glucose exists in solution not as a single substance but as an equilibrated mixture of stereoisomeric γ-oxidic forms, readily convertible into one another, is of fundamental and far-reaching importance. If one of the stereoismerides is preferably metabolized in the plant or animal, in the course of either synthetic or analytic processes, the possibility of controlling the equilibrium in the one or other direction, so as to increase or limit the supply of this form, places a very delicate directive mechanism at the disposal of the organism. This question is undoubtedly one which demands the close attention of physiologists (p. 20).

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LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL
SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL OF
YALE UNIVERSITY

Mineralogie de la France et de ses Colonies. Tome Quatrième, 1e partie. A. LACROIX. Librarie Polytechnique, Ch. Béranger, Editeur. Paris, Rue des Saints-Pères, 15. 1910.

The fourth and last volume of Lacroix's "Mineralogie de la France" is now being published, the first part having just appeared and the second, or final part, being promised before the year is out. The second part of the third volume, which appeared in 1909, was reviewed in SCIENCE, Vol. 32, No. 816, August 19. The present part starts in with the manganites and plumbites, braunite, hausmannite and minium. Under the psilomelane group, romanèchite is described as a distinct species with the formula $H_2(Mn, Ba)Mn_3O_8$ or $(Mn, Ba)O \cdot 3MnO_2 + H_2O$. It is near hollandite in composition, but differs from it in that hollandite is much richer in iron, and has all the H replaced by metals. Romanèchite forms compact or concretionary masses with fibrous structure. Psilomelane is described

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS

The Dawn of the World, Myths and Weird Tales told by the Mewan Indians of California. By C. Hart Merriam. Pp. 273. Cleveland, The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1910.

This work of a well-known American biologist resembles Jeremiah Curtin's "Creation Myths of Primitive America" in that it endeavors to acquaint the general public with a body of aboriginal American myths, further in the fact that the tribe selected for the purpose is Californian. Mr. Merriam's book, however, has not only a popular appeal, but is of distinct scientific value and as such is worthy of careful perusal and study on the part of those interested in American Indian mythology and ethnology. The greater part of the Californian mythologic material hitherto published (Hupa, Kato, Wishosk, Lassik, Shasta, Achomawi, Atsugewi, Yana, Wintun, Maidu) belongs to the smaller half of the state lying north of San Francisco Bay. Besides some material, mostly San Luiseño and Diegueño, from the extreme southern part of the state, practically nothing, if we except Dr. Kroeber's "Myths of South Central California," which are chiefly Yokuts, has been published specifically referring to the folk-lore of the Indians between San Francisco Bay and the Mexican border. "The Dawn of the World," as explained by its subtitle, is devoted to the tribes variously known as Miwok (Merriam's Mewuk) and Moquelumnan. These tribes, of whom hardly anything beyond fragmentary notes have been published, include the Miwok proper of the San Joaquin valley and the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada to the east, the Coast Miwok just north of Golden Gate nearly to Russian River, and the small group of Clear Lake Miwok northeast of the Coast Miwok.

The body of the book consists of a set of over thirty myths in the ordinary sense of the word, called "ancient myths" by Mr. Merriam, and a series of beliefs or "present-day myths" respecting animals, ghosts and the sign of death, natural phenomena, witches, pigmies, giants and other fabulous beings; an introduction on the general characteristics of Miwok mythology prefaces these two parts. Many of the myths proper are very short and are evidently but fragments of what must originally have been fuller narratives. "During the few years that have passed since the tales were collected," says Mr. Merriam, "several of the tribes have become extinct." Hence even a fragmentary myth is of positive value and thanks are due Mr. Merriam for having rescued what in some cases would very soon have become irretrievably lost. Several points of interest come out when the main facts of Miwok mythology are considered in comparison with those of other Californian tribes. In the first place, the creation of the world from out of a watery waste, a myth that is characteristic of the Maidu, Wintun and Achomawi of northern California, is conspicuous by its absence here; the creation of man from feathers is characteristic of the tribe. Secondly, Coyote, who in most American Indian mythologies is, if not always entirely, yet generally to a considerable extent, looked upon as a "trickster," meddlesome and obscene, is among the Miwok a consistently benevolent being and is, somewhat vaguely, looked upon as the creator. The great rôle played in Miwok mythology by the falcon, to a less extent also the "condor," is further noteworthy; this feature is paralleled also in the mythology of the Yokuts, who live to the south of the Miwok. Not a few of the myths published by Mr. Merriam find ready analogues among other Californian tribes, some even outside of California. Such, to mention but a few, are the theft of fire, of which quite a number of versions are found in the book, the making of hands for man by the lizard, and the "bear and deer" story (pp. 103–112), a widely spread myth found also in the Columbia River region and among the Shoshone of the Great Basin. The second part of the book, the "present-day myths," contains much of ethnologic interest and many of the beliefs listed could be paralleled among other tribes. That it is necessary for a person before he dies to have his nose perforated (p. 218) is, for instance, a belief shared also by the Yana of northern California as well as by other tribes of the state.

The myths are told in a rather agreeable

style and seem to reproduce the spirit of the original as well as could be expected of narratives not based directly on Indian texts. The practise adopted by Mr. Merriam, as before him by Curtin, of speaking of the animal, or better, pre-animal, characters by their Indian names instead of by the English translations of these names is hardly to be commended. Nothing is gained thereby. The Indian names are not really proper nouns, but merely the ordinary words for the animals referred to, so that their use not only taxes the memory of the reader, but, to some extent, gives him a mistaken idea of the character of the mythology. Yet it would be mere carping to dwell on so small a matter. It is to be hoped that this contribution to California folk-lore will be followed by others from the pen of Mr. Merriam.

EDWARD SAPIR

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY,
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

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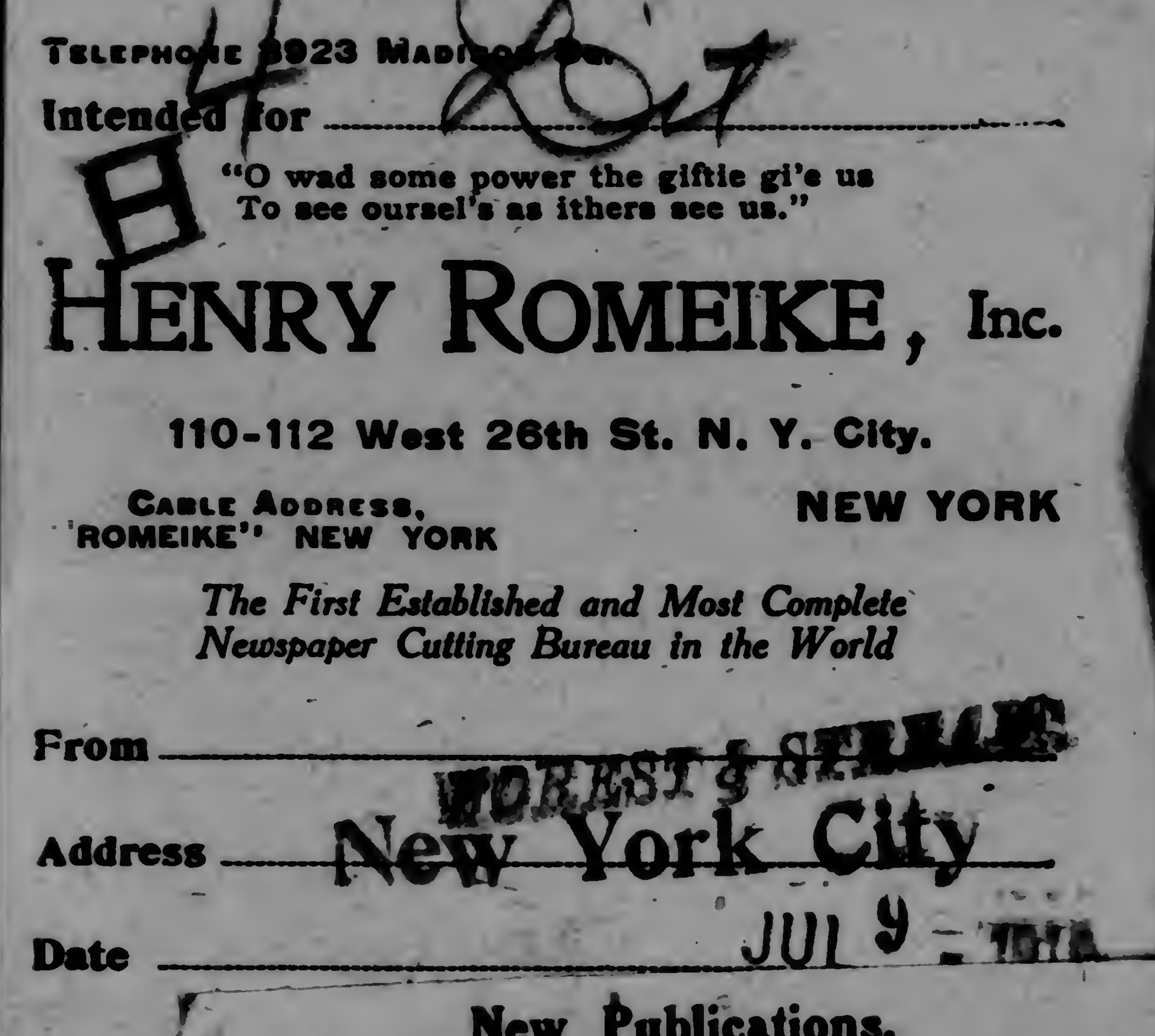
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New Publications.

THE DAWN OF THE WORLD. Myths and Weird Tales Told by the Mewan Indians of California, collected and edited by C. Hart Merriam. Illustrated, cloth, 273 pages. A. H. Clark, Cleveland.

"The Dawn of the World" strikes a new note in scientific book making. It is a volume of faithfully recorded myths which possesses great interest for the ethnologist, and also furnishes much satisfaction to art critics who are gratified to see a beautiful book—scientific stories, artistically illustrated.

Dr. Merriam's studies as Chief of the Biological Survey have led him all over California and have thus given him opportunities to see more of the California Indians than any other one man has done. The present volume is a result of his investigations among these people. The tales, which are arranged in a most attractive and fascinating way, come from the Mewan Indians, who are confined to Central California, and have no known relatives anywhere in the world. They have been little visited by ethnologists and are so rapidly growing fewer in number that since these stories were collected, several of the tribes have become extinct. The tales are related after the first rains of the winter season, and—as with so many Indian tribes—always at night. They contain the religious history of the tribe, and have been handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition.

The volume opens with an introduction which is very helpful to the reader by explaining the fundamental elements of Mewan mythology and by giving names of the different deities. There is also a map showing the distribution of the tribes of this stock. The book is divided into ancient and modern myths.

The mythology of the California Indians—and the same is true of other tribes—goes back to the time of what Dr. Merriam very fitly calls The First People; and it is the adventures of these First People that the ancient myths describe. These first people bore the names of animals and other objects of nature, yet in fact they appear to have been sometimes human beings, and sometimes animals or forces, yet from time to time changing their shapes and always able to communicate in speech with those they met. These tales relate the adventures of these people in connection with their search for fire, their hunting exploits, their battles with great forces, their quarrels and wars, and what came of these wars. Finally, human beings, that is to say Indian people, were created by the god Coyote Man, and the First People became permanently the animals and other objects of nature whose names they had borne. Those who possessed certain characteristics became the animals which now have the same characteristics. Many of the tales explain the phenomena of nature and almost all have direct relation to the terrible struggle for existence of a primitive people.

After the ancient myths found in the first two hundred pages of the volume are given certain present day myths—about animals, about ghosts and the sign of death, about natural phenomena and about various fabulous beings, such as witches, pygmies and giants. Following the present day myths are a list of the scientific names of animals, trees and plants, a bibliography of California mythology and an excellent and complete index.

Of the earlier tales many have to do with the way in which the people secured the fire. The first of these explains how it was brought by the robin, whose breast became red because every night on the road as he was bringing back the fire, he lay with his breast over it, to keep it from getting cold. Of the fire a portion was made into the sun, while another portion was put into the buckeye tree—the wood of which the Indians used for one of their two fire sticks. The humming bird also brought the fire, carrying it held tight under his chin, where it still shows. In another story the white-footed mouse took it, carrying the spark away in his little reed flute, while again, in another tale, the shrew mouse stole it.

The tales are told with Indian simplicity and verisimilitude. Not a few of them remind us of other myths told by other people in far distant lands, yet these Mewuk stories have a flavor that is all their own.

The illustrations of the volume—from paintings made especially for the present collection by E. W. Deming, of New York, and Charles J. Hittell, of San Francisco—are of peculiar interest. Mr. Deming is particularly happy in catching the spirit of stories such as these. The picture of Wĕk'Wĕk on the hilltop killing geese with his sling is as decorative as a Japanese print in its placing of dark and light, while that of the fawns asking the mother bear if they may play with her baby is exquisite, as well for its expression of character as for its handling of the composition.

It may be said of the volume that in matter, in illustration, and as a piece of book making it is worthy of its distinguished author.

The FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

 Vol. VII, no. 4. June 1910

BOOK REVIEWS

EDITED BY WILLIAM FREDERICK BADÈ.

"THE DAWN OF THE WORLD."* Lovers of poetry and romance as well as ethnologists will take delight in "The Dawn of the World," Dr. C. Hart Merriam's most recent volume, which deals with the myths and legends of a single tribe of Indians, the Mewan tribe of California. The stories have been handed down through the generations, the more ancient ones telling of the time when the earth was inhabited by the First People, curious beings, half human, half god-like, but always possessing something of the nature or characteristics of the animals or elements into which they were finally transformed. These First People were the creators, not the progenitors of the Indian people.

The Mewan tribe, while distributed rather widely over Central California, was not nomadic and consequently the mythology and even the language varies somewhat in the villages of the different localities. Thus most of the legends say that Coyote-man, the chief divinity of the First People, made the Indians out of feathers; but the now extinct Bodega Bay Indians believed that the god used sticks of wood, unfortunately of varying degrees of strength and toughness. For the tribes made of oak or madrone were hardy and endured, while they, being made out of the sticks of the sage-herb which are hollow, had little strength and perished early.

The fire myths are particularly beautiful. There was a time, the Indians say, when the world was so dark, cold and foggy that the First People were unable to find food. But they knew that somewhere was the light and warmth that would relieve them of their misery. The First People who afterwards became the Robin and the Humming-bird stole the fire from a far country and brought it down to earth. The Robin's breast now shows where he laid upon it at night to keep it from growing cold. The Humming-bird flew to the far east, where the sun rises and caught a spark from the Star-woman's fire and carried it home under his chin, where the mark shows to this day. The tales having familiar scenes for their setting, like those of the Rock Giant of Tamalpais and the Falcon of Mt. Diablo, will

* *The Dawn of the World.* By C. HART MERRIAM. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, 1910. 273 pages and 15 plates. Price, $3.50.

appeal particularly to the dwellers of the San Francisco Bay region.

The present-day myths, which Dr. Merriam considers separately, are likewise full of poetry, especially the beliefs concerning Ghosts. They tell how the Ghost remains in the body four days after death and then, in invisible form, following the path of the Wind, journeys westward across the ocean to the Village of the Dead. Whirlwinds, they say, are dancing Ghosts. Rainbows come to tell people a new soul is born.

From the ethnologist's standpoint Dr. Merriam's book is invaluable, as many of the tales were told him by the last representatives of villages now deserted, of tribes now extinct; but it is seldom indeed that the lay reader finds such a treasure-house of quaint, poetical conceptions opened before him. The stories are presented to the imagination with a most sympathetic insight into their beauty and significance, and with a charm and simplicity and directness of style that is itself a reflection of an earlier age, of simple natures living nearer the vanished radiance of the world's morning.

M. R. P.

"PUBLIC RECREATION FACILITIES."* Open air recreation and its vital influence on both physical and moral well-being, is beginning to occupy the attention of the public as it never has before. It is an encouraging sign to note the gradual awakening to the economic and social, as well as the æsthetic value of parks, whether they consist of a few city squares reclaimed from the rent rolls and devoted to the sports and pastimes of children who would otherwise be in the hands of the police or the juvenile court; or of some great work of nature, some glorious scenic region set apart from the common fate of the wild country and saved from despoliation to add to the total sum of health and happiness, above and beyond the mere husbanding of material resources that has lately occupied the national attention. A recent volume on "Public Recreation Facilities" has been issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, a Philadelphia society of some 5,000 members, which publishes annually six volumes devoted to living questions of the day. The present number consists of twenty-eight articles grouped under the general heads of "Typical Parks—National, State, County, and City," and "The Social Significance of Parks and Playgrounds." Many of the papers strongly advocate the preservation of our mountain scenery. Speaking of the proposed Southern Appalachian Park reserve,

* *"Public Recreation Facilities."* Vol. XXXV, No. 2, of *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Philadelphia, 1910. Price: cloth, $1.50; paper, $1.00.

was death); The unlucky man (tale of two brothers and the strife caused by a woman); The snake child (origin of *taro*—from flesh of a snake); The ant and the pheasant (how the death of the hornbill was avenged); The boar-slayer; The man with the open throat (accounts for saying, "Eat first, and afterwards drink"); Borevui and her three brothers (tale of successive search by brothers for one another); The mud people (why mud houses are despised, and houses built of rei, as in the beginning); Why Wamirans are few (because the lad, driven away by his mother, turned to the west); The man without hands and feet (how he obtained those of Aidagagiogio, a great and terrible being); Gelaruru (tale of a man with two wives, one beloved and one not); The three sisters (youngest sister feeds snakes and is rewarded; others refuse and are destroyed). Scattered through several of these tales are a few lines of Papuan songs,—notable especially being the song of the dead. A favorite phrase in beginning is "In the old days," "Long ago"; a common ending seems to be, "Let us take a piece of yam and roast it and break it upon the head of ——, for the tale is done."

As the author remarks, sorcerers and witches, who "are a very real feature in Papuan life to-day," have an important rôle in these stories, while cannibalism ("still indulged in by tribes out of reach of the Government,"—many of the coast tribes also, although they have relinquished the habit sigh still "for the good old days, 'when there was plenty to eat' ") is still so near in thought as to be a prominent feature of not a few of them In each story, "there was generally a little incantation or magic verse, and this was invariably chanted to an air which one might call the fairy tale *motif*, for it appeared with great regularity, linked, however, to very diverse words" (p. ix). The stories of Papuan folk-lore are told by old women to children and others; by young married couples, turn about, to one another in the dark of the moon; by the village elder around an open fire; and in the men's club-house before sleep overtook the members, etc. In the author's opinion "the tales exhibit to a marvellous degree the Papuan outlook upon life."

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Dawn of the World: Myths and Weird Tales told by the Mewan Indians of California. Collected and edited by C. HART MERRIAM. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1910. 9¼ x 6, pp. 273. ($3.50 net.)

Though Dr Merriam's primary object is to familiarize the general public with the character of Californian mythology, the attention of the special student may well be directed to this new collection of folk-lore,—more particularly as the author has not hesitated to publish several versions of the

same myths and thus affords additional opportunities for studying the alterations undergone by essentially the same plot within the limits of a single stock. Some of the tales derive special value from the fact that they were collected from tribal groups now wholly or nearly extinct.

Part 1, by far the larger portion of the book, is devoted to "Ancient Myths,"—tales dealing with a mythical race of semi-human "First People," who assume animal form immediately before the advent of the historical Indians. The most important elements of Mewan mythology are conveniently summarized by Dr Merriam in some introductory pages (p. 17 ff.), where, however, the specifically Mewan points of fundamental importance are not separated with sufficient sharpness from elements of universal folklore and cosmological conceptions of minor significance. The acquisition of fire (or light) evidently plays a very prominent part in Mewan folk-lore. While in one fragmentary tale of the Wipa tribe a purely rationalistic explanation is offered (p. 136), the origin of fire is far more commonly accounted for by theft from another tribe or from a monopolizing owner. A minor element in this tale, noticeable by its persistence, is the explanation of the red spots on the body of the fire-bearer's descendants (pp. 33, 49, 50, 89f.) with characteristically primitive assumption of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. The origin of death is accounted for in the customary way. In the Wipa story (pp. 127–132), the Falcon kills his faithless wife, the Gray Goose, but afterwards relents and endeavors to restore her to life. His attempts are frustrated by the Meadowlark, whereupon the incensed Falcon pontifically decrees that henceforth men should die forever. Had it not been for Meadowlark's interference, people would have revived the fourth day after their death. The Northern Mewuk also ascribe the mortality of mankind to the Meadowlark's hostility, which prevented Black Lizard from reviving the first dead Indian (p. 55). The destruction of the world by fire as an act of revenge plays an important part. In a Hoolpoomne tale (p. 81) it is the fire of the slain giant Kelok that spreads devastation through the land, causing Kelok's enemy Falcon to seek refuge in the ocean. In an otherwise quite different story told by the Tuleyome (p. 144), the Falcon has stolen Weasel's shell money; Weasel sets the world on fire and endangers his enemy's life, until Falcon's grandfather, Coyote, causes a flood which extinguishes the conflagration. It is worth noting that in a fragmentary Olamentko story (p. 157) Coyote causes a deluge in order to annoy the Falcon. A relatively primeval flood is postulated by the Hookooeko (p. 203); Coyote appears on a raft of tule matting and split sticks, throws his raft-mat on the water, and thus creates the earth. The diving for earth does not seem to figure in Mewan mythology. Other elements which deserve mention are

the creation of men from feathers (pp. 84, 149, 203); the conception of Skunk as a powerful public enemy, ultimately overcome by a ruse (pp. 117–120); the existence of a gigantic bird (Yellokin) carrying off children, and, like the corresponding Nü'neyunc bird of the Shoshone, slain while drinking (p. 164); and the familiar tale of the Bear and the Fawns (pp. 103–109; 111–112).

In many of the myths, Coyote figures as one of the principal personages. Dr Merriam characterizes him, not quite felicitously, as "the Creator, a divinity of unknown origin and fabulous 'magic,' whose influence was always good"; the less favorable picture presented of him by the Wipa and Northern Mewuk is explained away as due to the influence of neighboring stocks (p. 18). To avoid misconstruction it should be noted that even in the myths of other tribes Coyote's ends are attained by trickery (p. 39, 84) and that the Middle Mewuk also emphasize his selfishness (p. 63).

Part 2, purporting to deal with "Present Day Myths," contains a mass of miscellaneous folk-lore, including beliefs concerning animals, ghosts, and fabulous beings. Of the latter, the Rock Giant (pp. 231 ff.) recalls the Shoshone cannibal that used to lie in ambush to catch women, carried them off on his back, and ate them up. The gigantic Dzō'avits of Shoshone mythology, besides picking up people and tossing them into their bags, are said to have lived in stone houses, and may thus be even more closely related to the Mewan giants.

A number of illustrations—mostly from original paintings by Mr E. W. Deming—form a pleasing feature of the book. The composition of some of them is naturally influenced by the somewhat nebulous character of the personages portrayed in the myths. The pictures of the Fawn and the Bear and of the flute-player putting the valley people to sleep bear the distinctive charm of the quaintly humorous.

Robert H. Lowie.

Las Viejas Razas Argentinas: Seis Cuadros Murales: Texto explicativo. By Félix F. Outes y Carlos Bruch. Buenos Aires, 1910. Pp. 114, with 6 accompanying charts.

These six excellent charts, each of which contains illustrations of the natural environment, archeological remains, material life, psychic expression, family life, social organization, etc., of the people concerned, with portraits of natives and a map showing the position and extent of their habitat, etc., are intended for educational purposes, having been approved by the National Council of Education, as giving in graphic form the necessary information concerning the primitive peoples of the Republic. The six groups of Indians considered are: (1) *Peoples of the mountain-regions of the Northeast* (the

Diaguitas principally,—Atacamas, Omaguacas, Quilmes, Acalanios, etc.; also the Tonocotés, Sanavirones and Comechingones); (2) *Peoples of the selvas of the Chaco* (Mataco-Mataguayas, Chorotes, Tobas, Chiriguanos); (3) *Peoples of the littoral of the great rivers* (Charrúas, Cainguás, etc.); (4) *Peoples of the pampas and llanuras* (Querandíes, Puelches, Araucanos); (5) *Peoples of Patagonia*; (6) *Peoples of Tierra del Fuego* (Onas, Yamanas or Yahgans). Each chart contains from 17 to 28 illustrations. The "explanatory text" is for the teacher and consists of a *résumé* of the ethnology of the peoples treated of with brief bibliographies for more detailed information. The illustrations in the charts are listed and explained by number in the text. This is something we might well copy in North America, for, if revolutions are so frequent to the South, more than one of the Latin Republics has always something to teach us in the way of scientific discoveries or their practical application from a pedagogical point of view. The authors are to be congratulated on what seems to be a good piece of work.

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Sumarios de las Conferencias y Memorias presentadas al XVII Congreso Internacional de los Americanistas, sesión de Buenos Aires 16 al 21 de mayo de 1910. Colección completa reunida por ROBERT LEHMANN-NITSCHE, Secretario General del Congreso. Buenos Aires: Imprenta y Casa editora "Juan A. Alsina," 1910.

Dr R. Lehmann-Nitsche, general secretary of the Seventh International Congress of Americanists, held at Buenos Aires on May, 1910, has gathered together and published (with separate pagination for each) in a volume of more than 100 pages, the abstracts of all papers offered at the Congress. In cases where the abstract was not composed originally in Spanish, it is given both in that and the first language. The papers are distributed as follows: paleoanthropology 3; physical anthropology 5; linguistics 10; ethnology and archeology 31 (Mexico, C. America, and Brazil 3; Peru and Bolivia 6; Calchaquí 8; Chile 9; Chaco and Alto Paraná 5); general ethnology 6; colonial history 6,—a total of 61 communications. Among the authors of papers are Ameghino, Hrdlička, Ambrosetti, Mochi, Belmar, De Charencey, Lafone Quevedo, K. von den Steinen, R. Lenz, R. Lehmann-Nitsche, Adela Breton, H. von Ihering, E. Seler, M. Schmidt, M. Uhle, C. Bruch, T. Guevara, V. Frič, L. M. Torres, J. T. Medina, H. ten Kate, etc. According to F. Belmar the Otomi is not at all a "monosyllabic" tongue; the Comte de Charencey thinks the verb in Tzotzil is more archaic than in Maya proper; S. A. Lafone Quevedo advocates the pronominal method of classifying American languages; K. von den Steinen calls attention to a Ms.

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As a distinctive people the American Indians are fast disappearing. The Indian policy of the United States Government will result in the ultimate absorption of the Indians into American civilization. Whatever, therefore, they have that is distinctive in art must be seized upon now, or it will go the way of its creators. Two books have recently appeared in which are gathered some of the artistic creations of the Indians. One, prepared by Mr. C. Hart Merriam, contains Indian folk tales; the other, prepared by Mr. Frederick R. Burton, contains Indian folk music. Each book is virtually confined to the product of Indians of but one stock: Mr. Merriam's with that of the Mewan Indians, whose habitat was in what is now California, and Mr. Burton's with that of the Ojibways. It is an interesting fact, stated by Mr. Burton, that between the fifty-eight Indian languages there are no common roots, as there are, for instance, between English and German. Abenaki and Ojibway have a family resemblance; but there is no likeness between, for example, the Ojibway and the Sioux languages. This difference in tongue is also accompanied by a difference in other respects. Mr. Merriam's book, which is entitled "The Dawn of the World: Weird Tales of the Mewan Indians" (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, $3.50), consists of legends which he has taken down from the lips of Indians belonging to a group of tribes which have been little studied; indeed, since these tales have been collected some of these tribes have become extinct. One legend tells how light was obtained. The hero, A-hā´-le the Coyote-man, touched the Morning and it growled; then he caught hold of it and brought it to his people. Here is the sort of stuff out of which ethnologists make many books, and over which they engage in warm controversies. The tales are of great value not only as sources for the study of primitive peoples, but also as remnants of primitive art. Mr. Merriam, who is Chief of the United States Biological Survey, has, in an introduction, explained some of the Indian conceptions of nature and of man, and has supplied other information in notes, lists, a bibliography, and an index. The book is printed handsomely on heavy paper, and is supplied with fine illustrations, most of them from paintings by E. W. Deming. The other volume bears the title "American Primitive Music: With Especial Attention to the Songs of the Ojibways." (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $5.) The author, whose recent death at an early age has meant a loss to music in America, not only studied records made by others, but went among the Ojibways and took down their songs in notation. Incidentally he studied also the music of other tribes. He has therefore considered in a measure the whole field of Indian music. He tested Indian singers by the pianoforte. He persuaded Indian singers to explain matters to him. He watched Indian ceremonies. As a consequence, he has gathered facts regarding Ojibway music that are of great interest, not merely ethnologically but also musically. Indeed, what he says about the scales used by the Ojibways, the apparent double tonality of many Ojibway songs, and the nature of rhythm as exemplified in Ojibway singing has a bearing upon all music. Mr. Burton does not encourage the belief that the curiosities of Indian rhythm, for instance, indicate that the Indian had developed a sense of rhythm that had not been acquired by the white man. Several people, Miss Alice C. Fletcher, Miss Natalie Curtis, Mr. B. I. Gilman, Dr. Franz Boas, and others have studied Indian music; and several, Mr. Arthur Farwell, Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, Mr. Carlos Troyer, Mr. C. W. Cadman, and, best known of all, the lamented MacDowell, have used Indian music as thematic material for compositions. Mr. Burton belonged to both groups; he was both student of Indian song and composer of music with Indian themes. His play "Strongheart" was a product of his interest in the Indian; so was his incidental music to "Hiawatha." As those were the work of the playwright and composer, so this book is the work of the student. It is worth the study not only of those who are interested in the Indian, but also of those who are interested in the theory of music.

throughout the different parts of the State. It is understood, however, that this legislation was not carried through.

It is contended that this sum of almost $30,000 contributed by the hunters should not from any normal point of view be expended for the protection of fish or forests or in the payment of protectors. It is well known in this vicinity, if not throughout the entire State, that three-fourths—if not nine-tenths—of the protectors' time is taken up in looking after illegal fishermen, yet the hunters are paying this unjust, unfair and unnecessary tax without any return.

All persons who shoot for recreation or otherwise and pay this tax should see to it at the coming election that their respective candidates for member of Assembly and Senator thoroughly understand the situation, and unless such candidates shall promise their aid for the relief of the hunters or the lessening or the repeal of this license fee, then such candidates should be opposed throughout the entire State. It is time the hunters asserted their rights. Down to the present time, either through the State Department at Albany or through the inability or unwillingness of the committees in Senate and Assembly to assert their rights, and hunters' rights have been ignored and abused, and promises made have not been kept.

It is up to the hunters to get something like a "square deal." A Hunter.

New Publications.

The Dawn of the World. Myths and Weird Tales Told by the Mewan Indians of California, collected and edited by C. Hart Merriam. Illustrated, cloth, 273 pages. A. H. Clark, Cleveland.

"The Dawn of the World" strikes a new note in scientific book making. It is a volume of faithfully recorded myths which possesses great interest for the ethnologist, and also furnishes much satisfaction to art critics who are gratified to see a beautiful book—scientific stories, artistically illustrated.

Dr. Merriam's studies as Chief of the Biological Survey have led him all over California and have thus given him opportunities to see more of the California Indians than any other one man has done. The present volume is a result of his investigations among these people. The tales, which are arranged in a most attractive and fascinating way, come from the Mewan Indians, who are confined to Central California, and have no known relatives anywhere in the world. They have been little visited by ethnologists and are so rapidly growing fewer in number that since these stories were collected, several of the tribes have become extinct. The tales are related after the first rains of the winter season, and—as with so many Indian tribes—always at night. They contain the religious history of the tribe, and have been handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition.

The volume opens with an introduction which is very helpful to the reader by explaining the fundamental elements of Mewan mythology and by giving names of the different deities. There is also a map showing the distribution of the tribes of this stock. The book is divided into ancient and modern myths.

The mythology of the California Indians—and the same is true of other tribes—goes back to the time of what Dr. Merriam very fitly calls The First People; and it is the adventures of these First People that the ancient myths describe. These first people bore the names of animals and other objects of nature, yet in fact they appear to have been sometimes human beings, and sometimes animals or forces, yet from time to time changing their shapes and always able to communicate in speech with those they met. These tales relate the adventures of these people in connection with their search for fire, their hunting exploits, their battles with great forces, their quarrels and wars, and what came of these wars. Finally, human beings, that is to say Indian people, were created by the god Coyote Man, and the First People became permanently the animals and other objects of nature whose names they had borne. Those who possessed certain characteristics became the animals which now have the same characteristics. Many of the tales explain the phenomena of nature and almost all have direct relation to the terrible struggle for existence of a primitive people.

After the ancient myths found in the first two hundred pages of the volume are given certain present day myths—about animals, about ghosts and the sign of death, about natural phenomena and about various fabulous beings, such as witches, pygmies and giants. Following the present day myths are a list of the scientific names of animals, trees and plants, a bibliography of California mythology and an excellent and complete index.

Of the earlier tales many have to do with the way in which the people secured the fire. The first of these explains how it was brought by the robin, whose breast became red because every night on the road as he was bringing back the fire, he lay with his breast over it, to keep it from getting cold. Of the fire a portion was made into the sun, while another portion was put into the buckeye tree—the wood of which the Indians used for one of their two fire sticks. The humming bird also brought the fire, carrying it held tight under his chin, where it still shows. In another story the white-footed mouse took it, carrying the spark away in his little reed flute, while again, in another tale, the shrew mouse stole it.

The tales are told with Indian simplicity and verisimilitude. Not a few of them remind us of other myths told by other people in far distant lands, yet these Mewuk stories have a flavor that is all their own.

The illustrations of the volume—from paintings made especially for the present collection by E. W. Deming, of New York, and Charles J. Hittell, of San Francisco—are of peculiar interest. Mr. Deming is particularly happy in catching the spirit of stories such as these. The picture of Wĕk'Wĕk on the hilltop killing geese with his sling is as decorative as a Japanese print in its placing of dark and light, while that of the fawns asking the mother bear if they may play with her baby is exquisite, as well for its expression of character as for its handling of the composition.

It may be said of the volume that in matter, in illustration, and as a piece of book making it is worthy of its distinguished author.

The Forest and Stream *may be obtai... any newsdealer on order... supply you regul...*

Merriam (C. Hart) The Dawn of the World: myths and weird tales told by the Mewan Indians of California; with bibliography of Californian mythology and index. *Printed in large Caslon type on Alexandra hand-made, deckle-edged paper, and beautifully illustrated with 15 colored and plain plates, especially painted for this work by E. W. Deming and C. J. Hittell, also with a map showing the distribution of the Mewan Tribes,* large 8vo, pp. 273, cloth, uncut, gilt top. $3.50 net.

It is our custom to go abroad for the early beliefs of mankind and to teach our children the mythologies of foreign lands, unmindful of the wealth and beauty of our native American myths and folk-tales. This present volume, consisting of stories obtained by the author (the chief of the U. S. Biological Survey) direct from the Indians of California, presents some of the most entertaining of the folk-tales of our American Indians.

As a contribution to Ethnology, Mythology, and Folk-lore, their value can hardly be overestimated since they consist of the creation myths and other curious tales, heretofore unpublished and unknown, of a group of tribes composing one of the great linguistic stocks. To the Naturalist, Psychologist, and student of Religions they are of surpassing interest—affording a clue to the mental processes of aboriginal man and showing his ideas as to the creation of the universe and the life upon it.

The various Mammals, Birds, Reptiles, Trees, and Shrubs have never before been correctly identified. Their Indian and English names are here given, and in an appendix their scientific equivalents—a material addition to the permanent scientific value of the book.

"These tales, in addition to the inherent charm of their own poetic beauty, have serious claims on the anthropologist and the psychologist."
—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

"The tales are a contribution to mythology, ethnology, and folklore, and as they are transcribed in popular form will be interesting as a specimen of primitive creative art and useful as a story teller's source book. The attractive print and paper and fine illustrations, make a handsome if expensive volume."—AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION'S *Booklist.*

The Dawn of the World

MYTHS AND WEIRD TALES TOLD BY THE MEWAN INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

C. HART MERRIAM

Chief, United States Biological Survey

Consisting wholly of original material – a collection of myths and stories obtained by the author direct from the Indians and never before published.

IT is our custom to go abroad for the early beliefs of mankind and to teach our children the mythologies of foreign lands, unmindful of the wealth and beauty of our native American myths and folk-tales.

¶The present volume, consisting of stories obtained by the author direct from the Indians of California, will, it is hoped, draw attention to the entertaining character of the folk-tales of our American Indians. The stories tell of the doings of the FIRST PEOPLE – of their search for fire; of their hunting exploits; of their adventures, including battles with giants and miraculous escapes from death; of their personal attributes, including selfishness and jealousy and their conse-

quences; of the creation of Indian people by a Divinity called Coyote-man, and finally of the transformation of the FIRST PEOPLE into animals or other objects of nature.

¶ Some explain the origin of thunder, lightning, the rainbow, and other natural phenomena; some tell of a flood, when only the tops of the highest mountains broke the waves; others of a cheerless period of cold and darkness before the acquisition of the coveted heat- and light-giving substance, which became both fire and sun.

¶ As a contribution to ETHNOLOGY, MYTHOLOGY, and FOLK-LORE, the value of the book can hardly be overestimated since it consists of the creation myths and other curious tales, heretofore unpublished and unknown, of a group of tribes composing one of the great LINGUISTIC stocks of California. These tribes have been little visited by ethnologists, and during the few years that have passed since the tales were collected, several of them have become extinct.

¶ To the NATURALIST, PSYCHOLOGIST, and student of RELIGIONS they are of surpassing interest—affording a clue to the mental processes of aboriginal man, showing his ideas as to the creation of the universe and the life upon it, including himself; his strange conceptions of the animals and plants among which he lives; and his habit of calling upon the supernatural for the explanation of things he does not understand.

¶ To the STORY-LOVER, young and old alike, these strange tales appeal as have few since the publication of the *Arabian Nights*. The simplicity of presentation together with the curious and in many cases miraculous doings of the animal-people give them an unusual charm.

¶ The various MAMMALS, BIRDS, and REPTILES, and the TREES and SHRUBS mentioned by the several tribes have never before been correctly identified. Their Indian and English names are here given, and in an appendix may be found their scientific equivalents—a material addition to the permanent scientific value of the book.

Handsomely illustrated with 15 colored and plain plates especially drawn for this work by E. W. Deming and C. J. Hittell, and with a map showing the distribution of the Mewan Tribes. With Analytical Index and complete (the only) Bibliography to date.

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when I was a preparatory student, we had to learn by heart in the English class Byron's beautiful poem of 'Love of Country.' In class, each student recited in her turn. I prayed so fervently that my turn might pass over because I was so ashamed to recite it. How could I recite it? It was all against me. It did not apply to one who had no country to love. My native country is Constantinople, but they have not given me the right to love it. While now I have one, Byron's 'Love of Country' is dearer to me. I can recite it with my full voice, it sounds so sweet."

THE NEW BOOKS

"Ancient and Modern Imperialism," by the Earl of Cromer, strikingly illustrates, by its literary contents the contrast between English and American statesmen. It would not be easy to recall any American now in active political life, neither do we think of any one in the history of the past, who would or could duplicate in his writings the results of so broad a scholarship. Lord Cromer traces the history of Imperialism from its early manifestations in Greece and Rome down to the present day. In elaborate foot-notes he refers to a great variety of classical and modern authorities. His quotations from ancient authorities are in original Greek and Latin, and it is evident from the intimate connection of these notes with the text that they are not the additions of a scribe or secretary. Its familiarity with the history of Imperialism gives to this little book of less than one hundred and fifty pages a historical background which may almost be said to constitute its chief value. It is difficult for us, with our point of view, to see how any one can rise from the reading of this book—which he may easily get through in an hour—without the conviction that history confirms the doctrine that a just Imperialism is the necessary path to liberty, as a strong and just government in the family is a necessary preparation for the child to become a self-governing man when he reaches his maturity. We, at all events, heartily agree with Lord Cromer's conclusion that for England "to abandon India would in truth lead to the most frightful anarchy," and, in our judgment, if America were to leave the Philippines the results to the people of the archipelago would be scarcely less disastrous. It is also difficult for us to see how any one can read this little volume without perceiving that the so-called Imperialism of England and America to-day is, in its essential spirit and its animating purpose, radically different from the Imperialism of ancient Rome. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 90 cents.)

As a distinctive people the American Indians are fast disappearing. The Indian policy of the United States Government will result in the ultimate absorption of the Indians into American civilization. Whatever, therefore, they have that is distinctive in art must be seized upon now, or it will go the way of its creators. Two books have recently appeared in which are gathered some of the artistic creations of the Indians. One, prepared by Mr. C. Hart Merriam, contains Indian folk tales; the other, prepared by Mr. Frederick R. Burton, contains Indian folk music. Each book is virtually confined to the product of Indians of but one stock: Mr. Merriam's with that of the Mewan Indians, whose habitat was in what is now California, and Mr. Burton's with that of the Ojibways. It is an interesting fact, stated by Mr. Burton, that between the fifty-eight Indian languages there are no common roots, as there are, for instance, between English and German. Abenaki and Ojibway have a family resemblance; but there is no likeness between, for example, the Ojibway and the Sioux languages. This difference in tongue is also accompanied by a difference in other respects. Mr. Merriam's book, which is entitled "The Dawn of the World: Weird Tales of the Mewan Indians" (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, $3.50), consists of legends which he has taken down from the lips of Indians belonging to a group of tribes which have been little studied; indeed, since these tales have been collected some of these tribes have become extinct. One legend tells how light was obtained. The hero, A-hā′-le the Coyote-man, touched the Morning and it growled; then he caught hold of it and brought it to his people. Here is the sort of stuff out of which ethnologists make many books, and over which they engage in warm controversies. The tales are of great value not only as sources for the study of primitive peoples, but also as remnants of primitive art. Mr. Merriam, who is Chief of the United States Biological Survey, has, in an introduction, explained some of the Indian conceptions of nature and of man, and has supplied other information in notes, lists, a bibliography, and an index. The book is printed handsomely on heavy paper, and is supplied with fine illustrations, most of them from paintings by E. W. Deming. The other volume bears the title "American Primitive Music: With Especial Attention to the Songs of the Ojibways." (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $5.) The author, whose recent

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SCIENTIFIC BOOKS

The Dawn of the World, Myths and Weird Tales told by the Mewan Indians of California. By C. HART MERRIAM. Pp. 273. Cleveland, The Arthur H. Clark Company. 1910.

This work of a well-known American biologist resembles Jeremiah Curtin's "Creation Myths of Primitive America" in that it endeavors to acquaint the general public with a body of aboriginal American myths, further in the fact that the tribe selected for the purpose is Californian. Mr. Merriam's book, however, has not only a popular appeal, but is of distinct scientific value and as such is worthy of careful perusal and study on the part of those interested in American Indian mythology and ethnology. The greater part of the Californian mythologic material hitherto published (Hupa, Kato, Wishosk, Lassik, Shasta, Achomawi, Atsugewi, Yana, Wintun, Maidu) belongs to the smaller half of the state lying north of San Francisco Bay. Besides some material, mostly San Luiseño and Diegueño, from the extreme southern part of the state, practically nothing, if we except Dr. Kroeber's "Myths of South Central California," which are chiefly Yokuts, has been published specifically referring to the folk-lore of the Indians between San Francisco Bay and the Mexican border. "The Dawn of the World," as explained by its subtitle, is devoted to the tribes variously known as Miwok (Merriam's Mewuk) and Moquelumnan. These tribes, of whom hardly anything beyond fragmentary notes have been published, include the Miwok proper of the San Joaquin valley and the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada to the east, the Coast Miwok just north of Golden Gate nearly to Russian River, and the small group of Clear Lake Miwok northeast of the Coast Miwok.

The body of the book consists of a set of over thirty myths in the ordinary sense of the word, called "ancient myths" by Mr. Merriam, and a series of beliefs or "present-day myths" respecting animals, ghosts and the sign of death, natural phenomena, witches, pigmies, giants and other fabulous beings; an introduction on the general characteristics of Miwok mythology prefaces these two parts. Many of the myths proper are very short and are evidently but fragments of what must originally have been fuller narratives. "During the few years that have passed since the tales were collected," says Mr. Merriam, "several of the tribes have become extinct." Hence even a fragmentary myth is of positive value and thanks are due Mr. Merriam for having rescued what in some cases would very soon have become irretrievably lost. Several points of interest come out when the main facts of Miwok mythology are considered in comparison with those of other Californian tribes. In the first place, the creation of the world from out of a watery waste, a myth that is characteristic of the Maidu, Wintun and Achomawi of northern California, is conspicuous by its absence here; the creation of man from feathers is characteristic of the tribe. Secondly, Coyote, who in most American Indian mythologies is, if not always entirely, yet generally to a considerable extent, looked upon as a "trickster," meddlesome and obscene, is among the Miwok a consistently benevolent being and is, somewhat vaguely, looked upon as the creator. The great rôle played in Miwok mythology by the falcon, to a less extent also the "condor," is further noteworthy; this feature is paralleled also in the mythology of the Yokuts, who live to the south of the Miwok. Not a few of the myths published by Mr. Merriam find ready analogues among other Californian tribes, some even outside of California. Such, to mention but a few, are the theft of fire, of which quite a number of versions are found in the book, the making of hands for man by the lizard, and the "bear and deer" story (pp. 103–112), a widely spread myth found also in the Columbia River region and among the Shoshone of the Great Basin. The second part of the book, the "present-day myths," contains much of ethnologic interest and many of the beliefs listed could be paralleled among other tribes. That it is necessary for a person before he dies to have his nose perforated (p. 218) is, for instance, a belief shared also by the Yana of northern California as well as by other tribes of the state.

The myths are told in a rather agreeable

style and seem to reproduce the spirit of the original as well as could be expected of narratives not based directly on Indian texts. The practise adopted by Mr. Merriam, as before him by Curtin, of speaking of the animal, or better, pre-animal, characters by their Indian names instead of by the English translations of these names is hardly to be commended. Nothing is gained thereby. The Indian names are not really proper nouns, but merely the ordinary words for the animals referred to, so that their use not only taxes the memory of the reader, but, to some extent, gives him a mistaken idea of the character of the mythology. Yet it would be mere carping to dwell on so small a matter. It is to be hoped that this contribution to California folk-lore will be followed by others from the pen of Mr. Merriam.

EDWARD SAPIR
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY,
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

The Simple Carbohydrates and the Glucosides. By E. FRANKLAND ARMSTRONG, D.Sc., Ph.D., Associate of the City and Guilds of London Institute. Pp. ix + 112. New York, Longmans, Green and Co. 1910.

This monograph, one of the series on Biochemistry, edited by R. H. Aders Plimmer and F. G. Hopkins, presents an up-to-date summary of the chemistry of the subject, particular emphasis being placed upon those carbohydrates which have a biochemical significance. It would be a matter of no little labor for a physiologist to acquire from the scattered literature a conception of the present status of the subject comparable in any degree with Dr. Armstrong's excellent review. As an illustration of the interesting incidental suggestions which have been introduced appropriately, the following paragraph may be quoted:

> From the biological point of view, the fact that glucose exists in solution not as a single substance but as an equilibrated mixture of stereoisomeric γ-oxidic forms, readily convertible into one another, is of fundamental and far-reaching importance. If one of the stereoismerides is preferably metabolized in the plant or animal, in the course of either synthetic or analytic processes, the possibility of controlling the equilibrium in the one or other direction, so as to increase or limit the supply of this form, places a very delicate directive mechanism at the disposal of the organism. This question is undoubtedly one which demands the close attention of physiologists (p. 20).

The recent views regarding the structure of sugars are introduced in a way that is logical rather than dogmatic, and without rehearsing all the details of the evidence bearing on the points involved. The mono- and disaccharides are considered at some length, glucose being selected as the typical sugar for discussion. There are further included chapters on The Relation between Configuration and Properties, Hydrolysis and Synthesis, and The Natural and Synthetic Glucosides. The attempt of the author to present the subject by a stimulating method has resulted in a commendable success. A useful bibliography of 17 pages is appended.

LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL
SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL OF
YALE UNIVERSITY

Mineralogie de la France et de ses Colonies. Tome Quatrième, 1e partie. A. LACROIX. Librarie Polytechnique, Ch. Béranger, Editeur. Paris, Rue des Saints-Pères, 15. 1910.

The fourth and last volume of Lacroix's "Mineralogie de la France" is now being published, the first part having just appeared and the second, or final part, being promised before the year is out. The second part of the third volume, which appeared in 1909, was reviewed in SCIENCE, Vol. 32, No. 816, August 19. The present part starts in with the manganites and plumbites, braunite, hausmannite and minium. Under the psilomelane group, romanéchite is described as a distinct species with the formula $H_2(Mn, Ba)Mn_3O_8$ or $(Mn, Ba)O \cdot 3MnO_2 + H_2O$. It is near hollandite in composition, but differs from it in that hollandite is much richer in iron, and has all the H replaced by metals. Romanéchite forms compact or concretionary masses with fibrous structure. Psilomelane is described

[Clipp]ing from Sierra Club Bulletin
San Francisco Cal.
June, 1911

BOOK REVIEWS

EDITED BY WILLIAM FREDERICK BADÈ.

"THE DAWN OF THE WORLD."* Lovers of poetry and romance as well as ethnologists will take delight in "The Dawn of the World," Dr. C. Hart Merriam's most recent volume, which deals with the myths and legends of a single tribe of Indians, the Mewan tribe of California. The stories have been handed down through the generations, the more ancient ones telling of the time when the earth was inhabited by the First People, curious beings, half human, half god-like, but always possessing something of the nature or characteristics of the animals or elements into which they were finally transformed. These First People were the creators, not the progenitors of the Indian people.

The Mewan tribe, while distributed rather widely over Central California, was not nomadic and consequently the mythology and even the language varies somewhat in the villages of the different localities. Thus most of the legends say that Coyote-man, the chief divinity of the First People, made the Indians out of feathers; but the now extinct Bodega Bay Indians believed that the god used sticks of wood, unfortunately of varying degrees of strength and toughness. For the tribes made of oak or madrone were hardy and endured, while they, being made out of the sticks of the sage-herb which are hollow, had little strength and perished early.

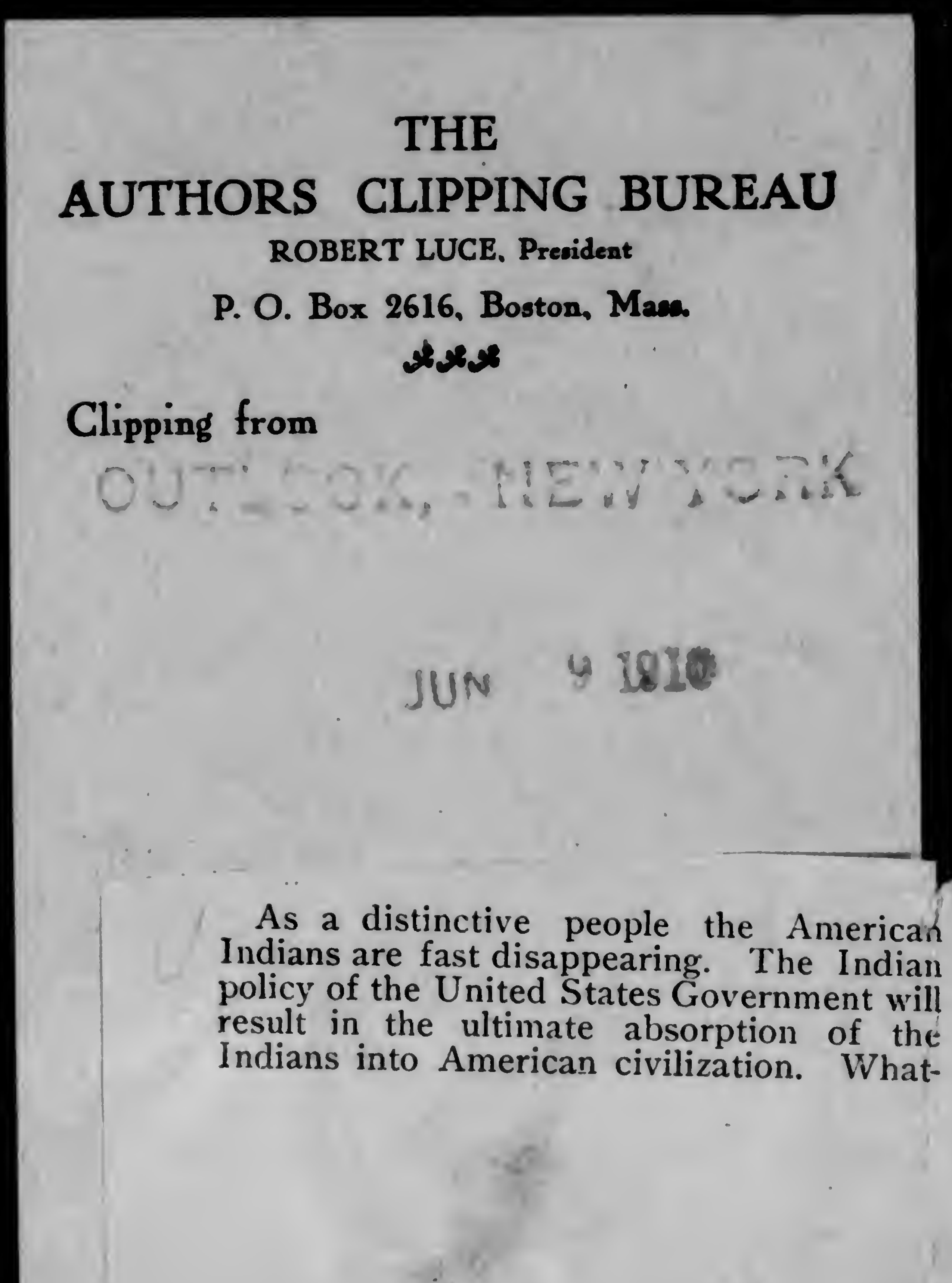
The fire myths are particularly beautiful. There was a time, the Indians say, when the world was so dark, cold and foggy that the First People were unable to find food. But they knew that somewhere was the light and warmth that would relieve them of their misery. The First People who afterwards became the Robin and the Humming-bird stole the fire from a far country and brought it down to earth. The Robin's breast now shows where he laid upon it at night to keep it from growing cold. The Humming-bird flew to the far east, where the sun rises and caught a spark from the Star-woman's fire and carried it home under his chin, where the mark shows to this day. The tales having familiar scenes for their setting, like those of the Rock Giant of Tamalpais and the Falcon of Mt. Diablo, will appeal particularly to the dwellers of the San Francisco Bay region.

The present-day myths, which Dr. Merriam considers separately, are likewise full of poetry, especially the beliefs concerning Ghosts. They tell how the Ghost remains in the body four days after death and then, in invisible form, following the path of the Wind, journeys westward across the ocean to the Village of the Dead. Whirlwinds, they say, are dancing Ghosts. Rainbows come to tell people a new soul is born.

From the ethnologist's standpoint Dr. Merriam's book is invaluable, as many of the tales were told him by the last representatives of villages now deserted, of tribes now extinct; but it is seldom indeed that the lay reader finds such a treasure-house of quaint, poetical conceptions opened before him. The stories are presented to the imagination with a most sympathetic insight into their beauty and significance, and with a charm and simplicity and directness of style that is itself a reflection of an earlier age, of simple natures living nearer the vanished radiance of the world's morning.

M. R. P.

* *The Dawn of the World.* By C. HART MERRIAM. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, 1910. 273 pages and 15 plates. Price, $3.50.



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Clipping from OUTLOOK, NEW YORK

JUN 9 1910

As a distinctive people the American Indians are fast disappearing. The Indian policy of the United States Government will result in the ultimate absorption of the Indians into American civilization. Whatever, therefore, they have that is distinctive in art must be seized upon now, or it will go the way of its creators. Two books have recently appeared in which are gathered some of the artistic creations of the Indians. One, prepared by Mr. C. Hart Merriam, contains Indian folk tales; the other, prepared by Mr. Frederick R. Burton, contains Indian folk music. Each book is virtually confined to the product of Indians of but one stock: Mr. Merriam's with that of the Mewan Indians, whose habitat was in what is now California, and Mr. Burton's with that of the Ojibways. It is an interesting fact, stated by Mr. Burton, that between the fifty-eight Indian languages there are no common roots, as there are, for instance, between English and German. Abenaki and Ojibway have a family resemblance; but there is no likeness between, for example, the Ojibway and the Sioux languages. This difference in tongue is also accompanied by a difference in other respects. Mr. Merriam's book, which is entitled "The Dawn of the World: Weird Tales of the Mewan Indians" (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, $3.50), consists of legends which he has taken down from the lips of Indians belonging to a group of tribes which have been little studied; indeed, since these tales have been collected some of these tribes have become extinct. One legend tells how light was obtained. The hero, A-hā´-le the Coyote-man, touched the Morning and it growled; then he caught hold of it and brought it to his people. Here is the sort of stuff out of which ethnologists make many books, and over which they engage in warm controversies. The tales are of great value not only as sources for the study of primitive peoples, but also as remnants of primitive art. Mr. Merriam, who is Chief of the United States Biological Survey, has, in an introduction, explained some of the Indian conceptions of nature and of man, and has supplied other information in notes, lists, a bibliography, and an index. The book is printed handsomely on heavy paper, and is supplied with fine illustrations, most of them from paintings by E. W. Deming. The other volume bears the title "American Primitive Music: With Especial Attention to the Songs of the Ojibways." (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $5.) The author, whose recent death at an early age has meant a loss to music in America, not only studied records made by others, but went among the Ojibways and took down their songs in notation. Incidentally he studied also the music of other tribes. He has therefore considered in a measure the whole field of Indian music. He tested Indian singers by the pianoforte. He persuaded Indian singers to explain matters to him. He watched Indian ceremonies. As a consequence, he has gathered facts regarding Ojibway music that are of great interest, not merely ethnologically but also musically. Indeed, what he says about the scales used by the Ojibways, the apparent double tonality of many Ojibway songs, and the nature of rhythm as exemplified in Ojibway singing has a bearing upon all music. Mr. Burton does not encourage the belief that the curiosities of Indian rhythm, for instance, indicate that the Indian had developed a sense of rhythm that had not been acquired by the white man. Several people, Miss Alice C. Fletcher, Miss Natalie Curtis, Mr. B. I. Gilman, Dr. Franz Boas, and others have studied Indian music; and several, Mr. Arthur Farwell, Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, Mr. Carlos Troyer, Mr. C. W. Cadman, and, best known of all, the lamented MacDowell, have used Indian music as thematic material for compositions. Mr. Burton belonged to both groups; he was both student of Indian song and composer of music with Indian themes. His play "Strongheart" was a product of his interest in the Indian; so was his incidental music to "Hiawatha." As those were the work of the playwright and composer, so this book is the work of the student. It is worth the study not only of those who are interested in the Indian, but also of those who are interested in the theory of music.

THE
AUTHORS CLIPPING BUREAU
ROBERT LUCE, President
P. O. Box 2616, Boston, Mass.

Clipping from CHICAGO, DIAL

JUL 16 1910

BRIEFER MENTION.

To collect cosmogenetic myths of Indian tribes who have not advanced so far in civilization as to lose their memory of the folk tales of their race, is a fascinating pursuit of the scientist, to which Dr. Clinton Hart Merriam has yielded — with the result that we have, added to his innumerable books and papers on zoölogical and botanical subjects, "The Dawn of the World" (A. H. Clark Co.), a collection of "Myths and Weird Tales told by the Merwan Indians of California." The primary purpose of the book is to present these stories as a contribution to scientific ethnological and mythological knowledge and folklore. But a popular character is given to the tales; and the illustrations furnished by distinguished artists, some of them in color, make the presentation especially rich and interesting.

throughout the different parts of the State. It is understood, however, that this legislation was not carried through.

It is contended that this sum of almost $30,000 contributed by the hunters should not from any normal point of view be expended for the protection of fish or forests or in the payment of protectors. It is well known in this vicinity, if not throughout the entire State, that three-fourths—if not nine-tenths—of the protectors' time is taken up in looking after illegal fishermen, yet the hunters are paying this unjust, unfair and unnecessary tax without any return.

All persons who shoot for recreation or otherwise and pay this tax should see to it at the coming election that their respective candidates for member of Assembly and Senator thoroughly understand the situation, and unless such candidates shall promise their aid for the relief of the hunters or the lessening or the repeal of this license fee, then such candidates should be opposed throughout the entire State. It is time the hunters asserted their rights. Down to the present time, either through the State Department at Albany or through the inability or unwillingness of the committees in Senate and Assembly to assert their rights, and hunters' rights have been ignored and abused, and promises made have not been kept.

It is up to the hunters to get something like a "square deal." A HUNTER.

New Publications.

THE DAWN OF THE WORLD. Myths and Weird Tales Told by the Mewan Indians of California, collected and edited by C. Hart Merriam. Illustrated, cloth, 273 pages. A. H. Clark, Cleveland.

"The Dawn of the World" strikes a new note in scientific book making. It is a volume of faithfully recorded myths which possesses great interest for the ethnologist, and also furnishes much satisfaction to art critics who are gratified to see a beautiful book—scientific stories, artistically illustrated.

Dr. Merriam's studies as Chief of the Biological Survey have led him all over California and have thus given him opportunities to see more of the California Indians than any other one man has done. The present volume is a result of his investigations among these people. The tales, which are arranged in a most attractive and fascinating way, come from the Mewan Indians, who are confined to Central California, and have no known relatives anywhere in the world. They have been little visited by ethnologists and are so rapidly growing fewer in number that since these stories were collected, several of the tribes have become extinct. The tales are related after the first rains of the winter season, and—as with so many Indian tribes—always at night. They contain the religious history of the tribe, and have been handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition.

The volume opens with an introduction which is very helpful to the reader by explaining the fundamental elements of Mewan mythology and by giving names of the different deities. There is also a map showing the distribution of the tribes of this stock. The book is divided into ancient and modern myths.

The mythology of the California Indians—and the same is true of other tribes—goes back to the time of what Dr. Merriam very fitly calls The First People; and it is the adventures of these First People that the ancient myths describe. These first people bore the names of animals and other objects of nature, yet in fact they appear to have been sometimes human beings, and sometimes animals or forces, yet from time to time changing their shapes and always able to communicate in speech with those they met. These tales relate the adventures of these people in connection with their search for fire, their hunting exploits, their battles with great forces, their quarrels and wars, and what came of these wars. Finally, human beings, that is to say Indian people, were created by the god Coyote Man, and the First People became permanently the animals and other objects of nature whose names they had borne. Those who possessed certain characteristics became the animals which now have the same characteristics. Many of the tales explain the phenomena of nature and almost all have direct relation to the terrible struggle for existence of a primitive people.

After the ancient myths found in the first two hundred pages of the volume are given certain present day myths—about animals, about ghosts and the sign of death, about natural phenomena and about various fabulous beings, such as witches, pygmies and giants. Following the present day myths are a list of the scientific names of animals, trees and plants, a bibliography of California mythology and an excellent and complete index.

Of the earlier tales many have to do with the way in which the people secured the fire. The first of these explains how it was brought by the robin, whose breast became red because every night on the road as he was bringing back the fire, he lay with his breast over it, to keep it from getting cold. Of the fire a portion was made into the sun, while another portion was put into the buckeye tree—the wood of which the Indians used for one of their two fire sticks. The humming bird also brought the fire, carrying it held tight under his chin, where it still shows. In another story the white-footed mouse took it, carrying the spark away in his little reed flute, while again, in another tale, the shrew mouse stole it.

The tales are told with Indian simplicity and verisimilitude. Not a few of them remind us of other myths told by other people in far distant lands, yet these Mewuk stories have a flavor that is all their own.

The illustrations of the volume—from paintings made especially for the present collection by E. W. Deming, of New York, and Charles J. Hittell, of San Francisco—are of peculiar interest. Mr. Deming is particularly happy in catching the spirit of stories such as these. The picture of Wĕk'Wĕk on the hilltop killing geese with his sling is as decorative as a Japanese print in its placing of dark and light, while that of the fawns asking the mother bear if they may play with her baby is exquisite, as well for its expression of character as for its handling of the composition.

It may be said of the volume that in matter, in illustration, and as a piece of book making it is worthy of its distinguished author.

The FOREST AND STREAM *may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.*

Western Wintoon Ceremony

Studies of California Indians

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

change this to a separate article tp with pgs. 1-8

[p.27]

(Grindstone Wintoon)

The Big Head Dance*

This dance is a Wintoon dance; from the Sacramento divide it has traveled west to Mendocino.

The Big Head, or Bull Head, Dance was danced by the Indians of the Trinity and McCloud Rivers many years ago. It has been over thirty-five years since it was danced by the Northern Wintoons. The last dance they had was held at the present townsite of Redding.

There is only one place in the state where it is now [1923] being carried on in this late day. The Indians of Grindstone Creek Rancheria, Stony Ford, Cortina, Glenn County, have this beautiful dance every spring (May 15) when the wild flowers of their section are in bloom.

The Big Head Dance, or Bull Head as it is called by the Indians, is a dream, war, and Ghost dance combined. The dancers are actors portraying in their costume and movement of their bodies the scenes of some doctor's or Shaman's vision or dream.

The dance is performed in sets or pairs. Each set comes into the dance house dressed in gorgeous costumes. In each hand they have clapsticks made from the elder. These clapsticks are used for the purpose of keeping time and also attracting attention. Every movement of the feet, the hands, and the sound of the clapsticks are in time with the sound and syllable of the song being sung.

The dancers' costume is very elaborate and beautiful. The head is covered with grass fastened over the head, and in this grass mat, or cap, are placed many slender willow sticks plumed with various colored flowers tipped with white feathers. The dress is made of the inner bark of the maple and fits somewhat like the dress of the Hawaiian native, at their side hang, closely sewed or woven together, the red feathers of the wings of a flicker hammer that are fastened to a belt made of the red scalps of the giant woodpecker. These ribbons, as I might call them, hang loosely and sway as they dance. In all, it is a very beautiful costume.

* Gillis

(Plate section)

Various sets [wearing] differently colored head gear perform in the same manner as described before. After the Big Heads are through with their dance, there enters the Red Caps, representing the Old Woman witch or Goddess of War. She is dressed the same as the other dancers with the exception of the head dress, which is a mask of red that covers well the upper part of the head, allowing the dancer to look out from under her mask—downward, as it were. In her hand she holds a very brilliantly colored and striped bow about four feet long. Her performance is very graceful and artistic. Every movement of her body and the rise and fall of her bow in her hand is to the time and cadence of the beautiful song of the singers.

As the Goddess of War waltzes backward and forward waving her scarlet bow, a youth or young man dressed in yellowhammer-feathered headgear, a bow in one hand and a foxskin quiver full of arrows, runs backward and forward, dancing and following the old woman or witch. The old woman is beseeching the youth or trying to make a warrior out of him. This is the most dramatic and beautiful part of this wonderful dance.

The singers are chosen from the Indians with the best voices. The songs are beautiful, soft and low with several variations. They keep time with a piece of white oak, large at one end and tapering at the top so as to make it easy to hold in the hands. The movement of this stick is upward and downward on a box, keeping excellent time but not loud enough to be monotonous.

In front of the dancers are what are known as helpers, Indians that dance and shout while the song and the dance goes on. The songs describe each act, explaining the various acts of the dance. This is a strictly religious dance and there are several very strict rules that govern the performance. The listeners or onlookers are required to be quiet and respectful to all within the dance house. Any violator of the rules is severely dealt with by being fined or punished.

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THE BIG HEAD DANCE

This dance is a Wintoon dance from the Sacramento district it has traveled west to Mendocino.

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Various sets of differently colored head gear perform in the same manner described as before. After the Big Heads are through with their dance then enters the Red Caps representing the Old Woman witch or Goddess of war. She is dressed the same as the other dancers with the exception of the head dress which is a mask of red that covers well the upper part of the head allowing the dancer to look out from under her mask - downward as it were. In her hand she holds a very brilliantly colored and striped bow about four feet long. Her performance is very graceful and artistic. Every movement of her body and the rise and fall of her bow in her hand is to the time and cadence of the beautiful song of the singers.

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Rec'd from Alfred Gillis, Wintoon
June 3, 1923. - cm

Key to 52 Photographs of a Sacred Ceremony of the Western Wintoon Indians. Grindstone Creek Rancheria California--May 1923

By C. Hart Merriam

42	Athlete performer (under flag) carrying quiver in right hand, bow in left hand, faced by semi-squatting skirted dancer.
43	Three performers squatting.
44	Two kneeling performers with feather headdresses (left). Flagpole group (right).
45-46	Group of performers running down road.
47	Spectators in front of roundhouse. None in costume.
48	Entrance to roundhouse; two performers on left.
49	Bark-skirted, poppy headdress performer. Group of Indians on right. (Badly out of focus.)
50	Indian house under trees.
51	Brushy hillside back of rancheria.
52	Procession of the five Indian performers in ceremonial costume approaching roundhouse.

KEY TO 52 PHOTOGRAPHS OF A SACRED CEREMONY OF THE WESTERN WINTOON INDIANS. GRINDSTONE CREEK RANCHERIA CALIFORNIA--MAY 1923

By C. Hart Merriam

1-10 Roundhouse in which major part of ceremony was performed.

11-12 Performer with large feather headdress approaching entrance to roundhouse.

13 Same performer backing into entrance to roundhouse. Man behind him guides him to protect the large head plumes from injury.

14-20 Mitchopdo Midoo Indian from Chico wearing flat head piece with long upstanding single feather.

21 Performer wearing skirt of frayed willow bark, with headband of flicker feathers, and headdress of wands tipped with California poppies.

22-23 Same performer as in 21, carrying elder music sticks while approaching entrance to roundhouse.

24-25 Performer in frayed-bark skirt (same as in 21-23) accompanied by athlete wearing flicker-feather headdress and black feather occiput piece, carrying quiver in right hand, bow in left hand.

26 Two bark-skirted performers with poppy-tipped headdresses and broad feather belts. One on left carrying the two elder music sticks.

Key to 52 Photographs of a Sacred Ceremony of the Western Wintoon Indians. Grindstone Creek Rancheria California--May 1923

By. C. Hart Merriam

27-28 Bark-skirted performers with poppy and feather-tipped headdresses. Attendants arranging costumes.

29-31 Same bark-skirted performers, accompanied by two red-capped performers wearing cloth skirts and long flicker-feather headbands.

32 Three performers, two with cloth skirts and large feather headdresses with long flicker-feather bands; the third with frayed-bark skirt (same as 29-31).

33-36 Red-cap, cloth-skirted performer with white feather collar and broad feather belt. Front view.

37 Four performers in procession. (Badly out of focus.)

38 Left: The two bark-skirted performers carrying music sticks. Right: The two red-cap cloth-skirted performers with flag attendant.

39-40 Single frayed-bark skirt performer with white head piece and white feather-tipped headdress, flicker-feather headbands, carrying a sacred music stick in each hand and running toward flag pole.

41 Same performer (squatting) as in 39 and 40 followed by running performer with large feather and poppy headdress.

Pl 47

Plate 1

a Indian house with roundhouse in the background. Grindstone Creek, California. May 1923

b Western Wintoon Indian roundhouse, in which major part of the ceremony was performed. Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

c Western Wintoon Indian roundhouse, in which major part of the ceremony was performed, Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

Do not use these but use the 2 8½x11 pp. attached to ms. pp. 35-36

Pl.45

Plate 2

a Michopdo Midoo Indian from Chico wearing flat head piece with long upstanding single feather.
Photo at Grindstone Creek Wintoon ceremony. May 1923

b Michopdo Midoo Indian from Chico at Grindstone Creek Wintoon ceremony. May 1923

c Performer in Western Wintoon sacred ceremony, wearing skirt of frayed willow bark; flicker feather headbands; and headdress of wands tipped with California poppies.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

Pl. 49

Plate 3

a Bark-skirted performers with poppy and feather-tipped headdresses at entrance to roundhouse. Attendants arranging costumes. Western Wintoon sacred ceremony.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

b Three performers in Western Wintōon sacred ceremony, two with red caps and cloth skirts, one with bark skirt and flicker feather headbands.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

Plate 4 Pl. 50

a Performer with big feather headdress and split willow bark skirt backing into roundhouse. Man behind him guides him to protect the large head plumes from injury.
Grindstone Creek, California. May 1923

b Performer in Western Wintoon sacred ceremony, wearing skirt of frayed willow bark; flicker feather headbands; headdress of wands tipped with California poppies; carrying elder music sticks; approaching roundhouse.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

c Performer in Western Wintoon ceremony, wearing redcap headdress, flicker feather bands, cloth skirt, white feather collar, and broad feather belt.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, Calif. May 1923

Plate 5.

a. Two performers in Western Wintoon sacred ceremony, wearing frayed willow bark skirts, white feather headdresses, and carrying music sticks.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California, May 1923

b. Athletic performer (under flag) carrying quiver in right hand, bow in left; faced by semi-squatting dancer. Western Wintoon sacred ceremony.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

Plate 6. P1. 5?

a. Procession of four costumed performers in sacred ceremony of Western Wintoon.

b. The five Indian performers in ceremonial costumes approaching the roundhouse.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

Plate 7.   Pl. 53   Pl. 54

a. Dancer with bark skirt and poppy tipped feather headdress (right) facing two cloth skirted performers with red caps. Western Wintoon ceremony. Grindstone Creek, California. May 1923

b. Two performers in Western Wintoon sacred ceremony wearing bark skirts, poppy-tipped headdresses, and broad feather belts, one at left carrying split elder music sticks. Near entrance to roundhouse.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

c. Three performers in Western Wintoon sacred ceremony, wearing feather headdresses, flicker feather bands, and broad feather belts,

Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

01,54

Plate 8.

a. Group of performers running down the road.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

b. Left: Two kneeling performers with feather headdresses.
Right: Flagpole group.
Sacred ceremony, Western Wintoon.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

c. Three costumed performers squatting. Western Wintoon sacred ceremony.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

Pl. 5 [handwritten]

Plate 9.

a. Spectators in front of roundhouse. None in costume. Western Wintoon Indians.
Grindstone Creek, California. May 1923

b. Single frayed-bark skirt performer with white head piece and white feather-tipped headdress, flicker feather head bands, carrying a sacred music stick in each hand and running toward the flagpole.
Grindstone Creek Rancheria, California. May 1923

Expulsion of Sahte

Studies of California Indians

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

[P 290]

THE EXPULSION OF SAHTE

A CALIFORNIAN INDIAN CEREMONY

By C. Hart Merriam

The ceremonies and dance costumes of the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico have attracted wide attention, but it is not commonly known that some of the California tribes have ceremonial practices of almost equal interest and costumes even more elaborate and strange.

In California as in the Pueblo region each ceremony has a definite purpose and recurs at a particular time of year. Most of them last about four days, and the performances, usually given at night, consist largely in what, for lack of a better name, we call dancing. But it should be borne in mind that while our dances are for amusement, these Indian ceremonies are of a religious character and are enacted with the utmost seriousness and with scrupulous attention to details the violation of which, they believe, would be followed by harmful consequences.

While engaged in field work among the oak-dotted valleys and chaparral-covered foothills of the Stony Creek country, west of the great Sacramento Plain, my wife and I once had the good fortune to stumble upon a midsummer ceremonial of more than ordinary interest -- the routing of Sahte the Devil -- and we were granted the rare privilege of photographing some of the principal performers in their extraordinary costumes. The accompanying pictures, (Figs. 5-12) taken at that time, show far better than any words, the aboriginal and spectacular appearance of the actors.

They show the five performers in the ceremony ending with the expulsion of Sahte the Evil Spirit, as enacted by members of the Shō-te'-ah tribe of Pomo Indians on the last night of the ceremonies, at their roundhouse near Stony Ford. In return for the unusual privilege of taking their pictures in the sacred costumes I promised that I would not publish them during the lifetime of the performers. That was in July 1907. The actors are now dead, the ceremonies

extinct, the costumes burned in a fire that consumed the chief's house and no duplicates exist - so I am exonerated from further secrecy.

The ceremony was held a few miles east of Snow Mountain (Nakumtil) and given jointly by remnants of two tribes, the Sho-te'-ah (or Shamen) and the Western Wintoon, and was participated in also by the Ham-fo' Pomo of Lower Lake and Sulphur Bank, Win from Lolsel, Chenposel, Kabalmen and Kotena, not including representatives of still others present as invited guests but who took no part in the proceedings.[3] The four participating tribes danced in turn, each completing its series before the next began. In most cases three or four persons took part in a performance, although the wild War Dance [see Note 9] was given by only two, and a singularly slow and quiet act by one man alone.

The ceremonies began at noon on Saturday and continued with brief intermissions until nearly daybreak on Monday. They were held in the Roundhouse [Fig. 1], a nearly circular domed structure covered with brush and earth, with the floor sunken four feet below the surface, and with two low elongate entrances — a front entrance looking east and a rear one looking west. Facing each entrance was a tall flagpole bearing a white flag marked by six vertical serrate bars in red. There were no windows, the only opening in the domed roof being the smokehole, which during the greater part of the day allowed a slanting bolt of sunshine to move partway around the dark interior. At night the only source of light was the fire, which cast a flickering glow over the actors as they moved around it in the inner circle.[4]

The dark outer circle was occupied by the onlookers who sat or reclined on a carpet of fresh green willow boughs with their feet toward the center. Here the head chief made room for my wife and me, between himself and the widow of the chief of a neighboring tribe — which place we held till the end.

When ready for each performance the actors assembled near the east flagpole, whence at a signal from the inside they ran through the low entrance

and formed on the north side of the cleanly swept and sprinkled inner space, beating time by striking the hard ground vigorously with their bare feet and singing or blowing low musical strains on their bone whistles — slender hollow bones of the wild goose or the golden eagle which they ~~carried~~ held in the mouth and blew gently, producing a pleasing and harmonious chorus of sounds. Besides those of the dancers who sang, there were several special singers who, stationed between the drum and centerpost, sang and beat time with clapper sticks of the sacred elderberry wood while the dances were progressing. The time and rhythm of the dancing were perfect; the singing was weird and full of melody.

At intervals the old chief of a distant tribe, the <u>Ham´-fo´</u> of Sulphur Springs, climbed the low roof of the long east entrance and sang a sort of chant, accompanied by the measured shaking of a pair of feather-covered double-headed rattles, held one in each hand. While shaking his wrists to vibrate the rattles, he raised his arms slowly above his head, brought them against the sides of his chest, thrust them horizontally forward to full length, and carried them down along his thighs. At break of day he sang his chant to the rising sun, then turned and seemed to harangue the people in the roundhouse. Before descending he again faced the sun, now risen above the eastern hills, and sang another chant, with the rattle accompaniment as before.

As a rule each tribe had its own set of costumes, differing materially from those of the other tribes; usually they were changed with the dances, but in a few instances the same one appeared several times. They consisted chiefly of feathers, which with surprising ingenuity were wrought into aprons, back-pieces, girdles, belts, collars, headbands, and headdresses. The headdresses, like the hats of some of our women, were truly marvelous creations — some, indeed, actually startling — as can be seen from the pictures.

Most of the dancers were naked except for breechcloth, feather belt, and headdress, though a few had skirts or aprons, and the flag dancer and one other wore robes that completely covered their bodies. The feather belts, some of which are shown in the illustrations, were six or eight inches in width and of varied patterns worked in brilliant colors — red from the crown of the California woodpecker, yellow from the breast of the meadowlark, blue from the back of the California blue-jay, and green from the neck of the mallard duck. Some were made of skins of heads of the California woodpecker arranged in squares, with the bills attached, but most of them were of closely woven fibers of milkweed or Indian hemp with the individual feathers tightly bound in so that only the colored tips projected, as in the well-known feather baskets. Great skill and patience as well as time are required in their manufacture, and they are valued accordingly.

Several of the men wore splendid broad red ribbons made of a multitude of the glistening red quills of the California red-shafted flicker (Colaptes cafer collaris), evenly trimmed, with the black pointed tail-tips projecting on both sides so as to form peculiarly handsome borders (see Fig. 4a). The flicker ribbons were of three kinds: short ones, about two feet in length and of equal breadth throughout, worn across the forehead with the free ends meeting in front or curving behind according to the position of the head; longer ones, broadest in the middle and worn as belts; and still longer ones, often five feet or more in length, attached to the back of the head and hanging loosely down the back. They were in themselves exceedingly beautiful, and when waving in graceful undulating curves with the movements of the dancers produced truly gorgeous effects.

The head dancer [Figs. 5-8] ~~— a slender, lithe, agile man, with muscles of iron and the grace and alertness of a panther —~~ had on his head a frontal band of the red flicker feathers, a closely fitting skull cap of white down, three snow-white feather tridents, and an occipital piece of black feathers with a few white ones protruding, from which dangled several bits of abalone and small

red quill pendants. Lying loosely against his dark skin, sometimes on the breast, sometimes between the shoulders were two wing feathers of the broad-winged hawk suspended from a cord around the neck — the cord concealed by a handsome necklace — while encircling his waist and overlapping the red breechcloth was a broad and richly-colored feather belt, tucked under which, behind, hung the skin of a gray fox (Urocyon), tail down. In his right hand he carried a full quiver made of the skin of a red fox; in his left a strung bow and two loose arrows [Fig. 6]. In some of the performances the red breechcloth was exchanged for a black one while a new feather belt gave a different combination of colors.

Three of the actors [Figs. 7-9] had headdresses of surprising originality and extravagant proportions, consisting of a mass of white feathers stuck full of slender plume-bearing rods which stood out so far that the wearer could not pass through an ordinary doorway. The plume-tips in two cases were white with a few red ones intermixed; in the third, that of the flag dancer, they were red and blue. Most of the dancers had the hinder part of the head covered with a large occipital piece of dark feathers from which the red flicker ribbons hung down over the back.

The flag dancer [Fig. 10] was clad in a loose robe or tunic of white, ornamented by vertical chains of diamond shape markings in greenish blue arranged in regular series, and held in around the waist by a broad feather belt of woodpecker heads alternating with areas of inset feathers. His headdress was of a rod-and-plume style with a pair of red flicker ribbons trailing down his back; and he carried in each hand a white flag marked with serrate bands of blue.

One of the most striking figures was that of a little man in an aboriginal skirt composed entirely of strips of soft wavy inner bark of the California tree maple (Acer macrophyllum) the dangling strands of which, rubbing together as he moved, made a low swishing sound [Figs. 7, 8]. The top of the skirt was hidden in a broad snowy white

girdle of large feathers of the snow goose, supplemented by collar and wristlets of the same material, an elegant rod-and-plume headdress, and two pairs of red flicker ribbons the free ends of which were looped up to the sides of his belt. In his hands he carried a pair of musical clapper sticks of the sacred elderberry wood.

The head chief [Fig. 11], a well built and rather heavy man with the most beautiful glossy skin I ever saw, held in his left hand a strung bow, in his right a handful of loose arrows. He was dressed in a handsome feather belt and red breechcloth and on either side of each knee had a large square red spot. His head was adorned with a red flicker frontal band, two white tridents, and the usual occipital piece with three orange tassels attached, while a rich necklace of brilliant abalone pendants served to heighten the color of his broad handsome chest.

Perhaps the most fantastic of all the costumes was that of Sahte [Figs. 7, 8, 12], an aboriginal Deity who became the evil spirit and was finally banished from the country. Sahte was clad in a short yellow skirt with two red bands at the bottom, a broad feather belt, a white collar of stiff projecting feathers of the snow goose, the usual occipital piece, four red flicker ribbons, a curious bonnet turned down at the sides and surmounted behind by a huge fan-shaped frame work of slender pink rods, each of the twelve diverging rays of which carried a similarly colored goose feather. The side hair fell in long locks over the otherwise naked breast, while thrust horizontally through the coiled back hair was a straight smooth stick about fourteen inches in length -- the most ancient style of hair-pin known to the Indians of California. In the long long ago this magic hairstick, according to the creation myth, was used by Sahte to set fire to the world.

During the act in which this evil genius figured the head dancer repeatedly came close, as if drawn by some irresistable charm, gazed intently into Sahte's face, and then with dramatic effect shook his head, turned quickly

9 ✓

about and ran away. The scene closed with the expulsion of Sahte.

~~Add The women dancers.~~

From first to last I was impressed by the intense earnestness of the actors, each straining every nerve to play their part without slip of ommission or commission, and who seemed to gain inspiration from the appreciative enthusiasm of the audience.

To be permitted to join the eager Indian onlookers in the dark outer circle of the roundhouse, listening to a symphony of strange and weird music -- a harmonious blending of the measured beating of the drum, the rhythmic stamping of the feet, the tuneful play of the bone whistles, and the rich melody of the voices trained to songs foreign to our ears -- while the ancient ceremonies were being enacted only a few feet away by fantastically attired actors, intermittently illumined by the fitful glow of the fire, was indeed a rare privilege -- and one which is daily growing rarer, for in the very near future these aboriginal observances will have disappeared completely from the earth.

Notes

The following notes are extracted from Dr. Merriam's Journal, pp. 76-83. They formed the basis for the ~~foregoing~~ account of The Expulsion of Sahte, but include pertinent material not there incorporated.

✓ The dates of the Journal entries are July 20, 21 and 22, 1907.

2✓ Visited the small Rancheria of Shamen [Sho-te'-ah] Indians on a chaparral knoll on the north side of Stony Creek about 2 1/4 miles west of Stony Ford, Colusa Co.

3✓ ~~They are just beginning a Ceremonial Dance to last tonight, tomorrow (Sunday), and tomorrow night, and~~ The invited guests are continually arriving. The guests are Wintoon Indians from Grindstone Creek on the north, Win from Kabal'-men and ~~Cotena~~ Cortina and Rumsey on the south, and Long Valley (Lol'-sel and Chen'-po-sel) on the south west. There are also, one woman from Coyote Valley on Putah Creek (O'-lā-yo-me tribe), and the chief and others of the Ham'-fo' or Lower Lake tribe.

4✓ The roundhouse here is different from others I have seen [Figures 1-4]. It occupies an excavation varying from 1 1/2 to 4 feet in depth, according to the lay of the ground. The vertical wall of the excavation forms the outer wall of the roundhouse, and is supplemented by a series of horizontal poles resting in forked posts about 4 1/2 feet high, on which the outer ends of the roof poles rest. These outer wall posts are called chi-ek'-she-mah [Fig. 3].

The centerpost is about 2 feet in diameter and 18 feet in height, and forked at the top to receive the accumulated tips of the roof poles [Fig. 4], which converge to this common center. The centerpost is called Sah'-bah.

There are seven posts in the circle separating the dancers from the audience - four on the south side and three on the north side [Fig. 3]. These posts are only 5 or 6 feet from the outer wall, giving just space enough for a person to lie down in the outer space. The 7 posts are called Too-dit'-ke.

The drum is about 5 feet long by 2 1/2 wide, and its long axis agrees with that of the roundhouse. It is of plank, elevated nearly 2 feet in front (where highest), and 1 foot behind. It is called Chil-lo [Fig. 3].

The entrance-ways are about 4 feet wide and 6-8 long. They slope downward and inward from the outside level to the inside level. The doorways are called How'-wah.

The smokehole is rectangular (about 3 by 4 feet) and is directly over the fire (between center-post and east entrance). It is called O'-ho shut'-ko.

The floor is bare hard earth, swept clean and sprinkled; that of the outer circle (for the audience) is covered with fresh green willow boughs and leaves.

The long roof-poles (about 34) converge to rest on the forks of the centerpost. On the basal part (resting on the horizontal poles which connect the tops of the circle of 7 posts) are many short poles, occupying the interspaces between the spreading long roofpoles. The roof-poles are covered with tules and brush, making a compact thick roof which is usually earth-covered, but in this case only a little earth has been put on. The roof and roof-poles are called Hel'-lā-ti'-ke (See Fig. 4b).

Outside of the roundhouse and in the line of its long axis, are two flagpoles, each about 30 feet in height [Fig. 1]. The one in front of the east entrance is about 30 feet from the outer end of the entrance; the one in the rear, 54 feet west of the outer end of the west entrance [Fig. 2]. The inside diameter of the roundhouse (east and west) not including entrance-ways, is about 36 feet; diameter including entrance-ways, about 50 feet; distance between flagpoles, about 134 feet. (All distances paced.)

The two flags at top of flagpoles are just alike. The ground color is white. Upon it are 6 vertical bars of red, straight on the edge toward the pole and serrate on the edge away from the pole. The bars seemed to be about 2 1/2 inches broad.

¶ The dancers also

5 sang and beat time with their bare feet. The head dancer struck the ground furiously with his feet, and kept it up so long each dance that one is amazed that a human being can stand so much strain and jarring, not to mention the physical endurance necessary.

6 Throughout all the dances the singers stood at the end of the plank drum (between the drum and center-post), and sang and beat time with the elder clapper-sticks, while the drummer stood on the raised plank and beat it with the big end of a thick manzanita club (2 1/2 inches in diameter), pounding straight down (instead of beating with his feet). ~~The time and rhythm were perfect, the singing weird and in several cases beautiful.~~

¶ All of the

7 dancers carried something in their hands - rattles, wands, feather tridents, or bows and arrows.

¶

8 ~~mainly in feather costumes of extraordinary construction, and~~ Some of them wore head-dresses of feathers stuck full of slender rods about 2 feet long, each having one or more tufts or plumes of red or white feathers, so that the diameter of the head-dress is fully four feet -- so great that the wearer cannot get through the entrance-way of the roundhouse except by backing in with head bowed, so as to bring the rods in base first (Figs. 7-10, 12). ~~Only two dancers were robes - most curious affairs. All the others had naked bodies with red or black~~ One wore a red skirt, with white border and zigzag decoration at the bottom.

9 Under the journal entry for July 22 is the description of another dance, not mentioned in the previous account. (4)

9

July 22. ~~Clear and hot, with some clouds in north and overhead.~~ The Indians went home today - those visiting Stony Ford for the ceremonies. ~~I got from them a lot of information about the animals of this region, and lists of names of animals and plants.~~

The ceremony last night was full of interest and different from the others. The Stony Ford Sho-te-ah (or Shamen) tribe danced. The chief (San Diego) and two other men and two women danced strange and weird dances, one of which was wild and fierce. ~~The singing was particularly fine.~~

This last very old time dance (War Dance) is called Kek'-o-de by the Stony Ford tribe, and Hin'-te-lak'-ke by the Putah Creek O'la'yome. They say it is the oldest and most ancient of all the dances.

The men were naked except for the head-dress and breechcloth, and the Golden Eagle aprons two of them wore. The suits of eagle feathers had three long plumes standing up against the back - one in the middle and one on each side - and a full apron of eagle plumes worn over the buttocks and hanging down behind (only the breechcloth in front). Each man wore a red Flicker band on his forehead, the long projecting sides flapping, and each carried a trident of three white plumes which he held outstretched in front, or depressed to the ground, with muscles rigid while he danced and stamped and leapt about violently, often crouching. They danced around the fire and also around the centerpost. They blew bone whistles. The two dancing women kept on the north side.

They wore beautiful feather headbands and belts, and each held a colored handkerchief in her hands as they stood side by side and beat time with their feet, swaying their bodies to and fro and singing.

The man on the drum beat time with his manzanita club, and three men standing at the end of the drum sang and beat time with the split elderberry clapper sticks. The singing was particularly fine

Legends for Figures.

Figure 1. Round or Dance-house of the Sho-te'-ah Pomo, Stony Creek, Colusa County, California.

Figure 2. Elevation and cross-section of the ~~round~~ dance-house ~~(this to be redrawn)~~

Figure 3. Plan of dance-house.

Figure 4. a ~~[illegible], lettered and legend adapted to lettering of detailed features.)~~
Sketch plan of roof structure of dance-house from below § to the smokehole, O-ho shut'-ko. Roof poles called Hel'-ta-ti-ke.
4 b. Flicker feather head-bands.

Figure 5. The head dancer.

Figure 6. The head dancer, with red fox-skin quiver and bow and arrows.

Figure 7. ~~From left to right are the~~ head dancer, dancer with maple fiber skirt and Sahte, from left to right.

Figure 8. From left to right are Sahte (rear view), head dancer and dancer with maple bark fiber skirt.

Figure 9. dancer with feather headdress and elderberry clappers.

Figure 10. The flag dancer.

Figure 11. The head chief

Figure 12. Sahte

~~Figure 13. Flicker feather head-bands~~

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THE EXPULSION OF SAHTE

A CALIFORNIAN INDIAN CEREMONY

By C. Hart Merriam

The ceremonies and dance costumes of the Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico have attracted wide attention, but it is not commonly known that some of the California tribes have ceremonial practices of almost equal interest and costumes even more elaborate and strange.

In California as in the Pueblo region each ceremony has a definite purpose and recurs at a particular time of year. Most of these last about four days, and the performances, usually given at night, consist largely in what, for lack of a better name, we call dancing. But it should be borne in mind that while our dances are for amusement, these Indian ceremonies are of a religious character and are enacted with the utmost seriousness and with scrupulous attention to details the violation of which, they believe, would be followed by harmful consequences.

While engaged in field work among the oak-dotted valleys and chaparral-covered foothills of the Stony Creek country, west of the great Sacramento Plain, my wife and I once had the good fortune to stumble upon a midsummer ceremonial of more than ordinary interest--the routing of Sahte the Devil--and we were granted the rare privilege of photographing some of the principal performers in their extraordinary costumes. The accompanying pictures, taken at that time, show, far better than any words, the aboriginal spectacular appearance of the actors.

They show the performers in the ceremony ending with the expulsion of Sahte the Evil Spirit, enacted by members of the Sho-te-ah tribe of Pomo Indians the last night of the ceremonies, at their roundhouse near Stony Ford. In return for the unusual privilege of taking their pictures in the sacred costumes I promised that I would not publish them during the lifetime of the performers. That was in July 1907. The actors are now dead, the ceremonies extinct, the costumes burned in a fire that consumed the chief's house and no duplicates in existence--so I am exonerated from further secrecy.

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These pictures show the five performers in the ceremony of the expulsion of Sahte the Devil or Evil Spirit, as given by members of the Shō-te'-ah tribe of Pomo Indians on the last day of the ceremonies, at their roundhouse near Stony Ford. In return for the unusual privilege of taking their pictures in the sacred costumes worn in the dances I promised solemnly that I would not publish them during the lifetime of the performers. That was in July 1907. The actors are now dead, the ceremonies extinct, the costumes no longer in existence--so that I am now exonerated from further secrecy.

(was held a few miles east of Snow Mountain (Nakumtil) and

The ceremony ~~was~~ given jointly by remants of two tribes, the Sachem (or Nomin) and the western Wintoon, and participated in by the Hamfo Pomo of Lower Lake and Sulphur Bank, and Win from Lolsel, Chenposel, Kabalmen and Kotena.

and was participated in by two others, not ~~counting~~ including representa-

tives of ~~additional tribes who were~~ still others present as invited guests

but who took no part in the proceedings. The four participating

tribes dancedin turn, each completing its series before the

next began. In most cases three or four persons took part

in a performance, although the wild War Dance was given by

only two, and a singularly slow and quiet ~~dance~~ act by one man

alone.

The ceremonies began at noon on Saturday and continued

with brief intermissions until nearly daybreak on Monday.

They were held in the Roundhouse, a nearly circular domed

structure covered with brush and earth, with the floor sunken

four feet below the surface, and with two low elongate entrances--

a front entrance looking east and a rear one looking west.

Facing each entrance was a tall flagpole bearing a white flag marked

by seven vertical serrate bars ~~of~~ in red. There were no windows

the only opening in the domed roof being the smokehole, which during the greater part of the day ~~let~~ allowed a slanting bolt of sunshine ~~into~~ to move partway around the dark interior. At night the only source of light was the fire, which cast a flickering glow over the ~~performers~~ actors as they moved around it in the inner circle.

~~Near~~ A little behind the middle ~~of the interior of the roundhouse is~~ was a huge centerpost, surrounded by a large circle of seven ~~smaller~~ ordinary posts, which supported the roof and served to divide the

ducing a chorus of pleasing and harmonious sounds. Besides those of the dancers who sang, there were several special singers who, stationed between the drum and centerpost, sang and beat time with clapper sticks of the sacred elderberry wood while the dances were progressing. The time and rhythm of the dancing were perfect; the singing was weird and full of melody.

At intervals the old chief of a distant tribe climbed the low roof of the long east entrance and sang a sort of chant, accompanied by the measured shaking of a pair of feather-covered double-headed rattles, held one in each hand. He raised his arms slowly above his head, brought them against the sides of his chest, thrust them horizontally forward to full length, and carried them down along his thighs, while shaking his wrists the rattles. At break of day he sang his chant to the rising sun, then turned and seemed to harangue the people in the roundhouse. Before descending he again faced the sun, now risen above the eastern hills, and sang another chant, with the rattle accompaniment as before.

As a rule each tribe had its own set of costumes, differing materially from those of the other tribes; usually they were changed with the dances, but in a few instances the same one appeared several times. They consisted chiefly of feathers, which with surprising ingenuity were wrought into aprons, back-pieces, girdles, belts, collars, headbands, and headdresses. The headdresses, like the hats of some of our women, were truly marvelous creations--some, indeed, actually startling--as may be seen from the pictures.

Most of the dancers were naked except for breechcloth, feather belt, and headdress, though a few had skirts or aprons, and the flag dancer and one other wore robes that completely covered their bodies. The feather belts, some of which are shown in the illustrations, were six or eight inches in width and of varied patterns worked in brilliant colors--red from the crown of the California woodpecker, yellow from the breast of the meadowlark, blue from the back of the California bluejay, and green from the neck of the mallard duck. Some

were made of skins of heads of the California woodpecker arranged in squares, with the bills attached, but most of them were of closely woven fibers of milkweed or Indian hemp with the individual feather tightly bound in so that only the colored tips projected, as in the well-known feather baskets. Great skill and patience as well as time are required in their manufacture, and they are valued accordingly.

Several of the men wore splendid broad red ribbons made of a multitude of the glistening red quills of the California red-shafted flicker, evenly trimmed, with the black pointed tail-tips projecting on both sides so as to form peculiarly handsome borders. The flicker ribbons were of three kinds: short ones, about two feet in length and of equal breadth throughout, worn across the forehead with the free ends meeting in front or curving behind according to the position of the head; longer ones, broadest in the middle and worn as belts; and still longer ones, often five feet or more in length,

attached to the back of the head and hanging loosely down the back. They were in themselves exceedingly beautiful, and when waving in graceful undulating curves with the movements of the dancers produced truly gorgeous effects.

The head dancer--a slender, lithe, agile man, with muscles of iron and the grace and alertness of a panther--had on his head a frontal band of the red flicker feathers, a closely fitting skull cap of white down, three snow-white feather tridents, and an occipital piece of black feathers with a few white ones protruding, from which dangled several bits of abalone and small red quill pendants. Lying loosely against his swarthy skin, sometimes on the breast, sometimes between the shoulders were two wing feathers of the broad-winged hawk suspended from a cord around the neck--the cord concealed by a handsome necklace--while encircling his waist and overlapping the red breechcloth was a broad and richly-colored feather belt, tucked under which, behind, hung the skin of a gray fox, tail down. In his right hand he carried a full quiver made of the skin of a red fox;

in his left a strung bow and two loose arrows. In some of the performances the red breechcloth was exchanged for a black one while a new feather belt gave a different combination of colors.

Three of the actors had headdresses of surprising originality and extravagant proportions, consisting of a mass of white feathers stuck full of slender plume-bearing rods which stood out so far that the wearer could not pass through an ordinary doorway. The plume-tips in two cases were white with a few red ones intermixed; in the third, that of the flag dancer, they were red and blue. Most of the dancers had the hinder part of the head covered with a large occipital piece of dark feathers from which the red flicker ribbons hung down over the back.

The flag dancer was clad in a loose robe or tunic of white cloth, ornamented by vertical chains of diamond shaped markings in greenish blue arranged in regular series, and held in around the waist by a broad feather belt of woodpecker heads

alternating with areas of inset feathers. His headdress was of a rod-and-plume style with a pair of red flicker ribbons trailing over his back; and he carried in each hand a white flag marked with serrate bands of blue.

One of the most striking figures was that of a little man in an aboriginal skirt composed entirely of strips of soft wavy inner bark of the California tree maple the dangling strands of which, rubbing together as he moved, made a low swishing sound. The top of the skirt was hidden in a broad snowy white girdle of large feathers of the snow goose, supplemented by collar and wristlets of the same material, an marvelous elegant rod-and-plume headdress, and two pairs of red flicker ribbons the free ends of which were looped up to the sides of his belt. In his hands he carried a pair of musical clapper sticks of the sacred elderberry wood.

The head chief, a well built and rather heavy man with the most beautiful glossy skin I ever saw, held in his left hand a strung bow, in his right a handful of loose arrows. He

was dressed in a handsome feather belt and red breechcloth and on either side of each knee had a large square red spot. His head was adorned with a red flicker frontal band, two white tridents, and the usual occipital piece with three orange tassels attached, while a rich necklace of brilliant abelone pendants served to heighten the color of his broad handsome chest.

Another dancer wore a monstrous rod-and-plume headdress, a red skirt with two white bands at the bottom, connected by zigzags, four red flicker ribbons, and a rich belt of California woodpecker heads. In his hands he carried a pair of split elderberry wood clapper sticks,

Perhaps the most fantastic of all the costumes was that of Sahte, an aboriginal Deity who became the evil spirit and was finally banished from the country. Sahte was clad in a short yellow skirt with two red bands at the bottom, a broad feather belt, a white collar of stiff projecting feathers of the snow goose, the usual occipital piece, four red flicker ribbons, a curious bonnet turned down at the sides and surmounted behind by a huge fan-shaped frame work of slender

pink rods, each of the twelve diverging rays of which carried a similarly colored goose feather. The side hair fell in long locks over the otherwise naked breast, while thrust horizontally through the coiled back hair was a straight smooth stick about fourteen inches in length--the most ancient style of hairpin known to the Indians of California. In the long long ago this magic hairstick, according to the creation myth, was used by Sahte to set fire to the world.

During the act in which this evil genius figured the Head Dancer repeatedly came close, as if drawn by some irresistable charm, gazed intently into Sahte's face, and then with dramatic effect shook his head, turned quickly about and ran away. The scene closed with the expulsion of Sahte.

add The women dancers

The drummer, mounted on the drum, pounded it vertically with a manzanita clud--instead of beating it with his bare feet, the usual way in California.

The singers stood at the inner end of the drum, between it and the center post, and sang and beat time with hollow clapper sticks of sacred elderberry wood.

From first to last I was impressed by the intense earnestness of the actors, who strained every nerve to play their part without slip of ommission or commission, and who seemed to gain inspiration from the appreciative enthusiasm of the audience.

To be permitted to join the eager Indian onlookers in the dark outer circle of the roundhouse, listening to a symphony of strange and weird music--a harmonious blending of the measured beating of the drum, the rythmic stamping of the feet, the tuneful play of the bone whistles, and the rich melody of the voices trained to songs foreign to our ears--while the ancient ceremonies were being enacted only a few feet away by fantastically attired actors, intermittently illumined by the fitful glow of the fire, was indeed a rare privilege--and one which is daily growing rarer, for in the very

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Retake of Preceding Frame

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copy -> The Pomo Roundhouse at Stony Ford Rancheria

~~The ceremonies began at noon on Saturday and continued with brief intermissions until nearly daybreak on Monday. They were held in~~ The roundhouse (pl.), is a nearly circular domed structure covered with brush and earth, with the floor sunken four feet below the surface, and with two low elongate entrances a front entrance looking east and a rear one looking west. Facing each entrance was a tall flagpole bearing a white flag marked by six vertical serrate bars in red. There were no windows, the only opening in the domed roof being the smokehole, which during the greater part of the day allowed a slanting bolt of sunshine to move part way around the dark interior. At night the only source of light was the fire, which cast a flickering glow over the actors as they moved around it in the inner circle.

The roundhouse here is different from others I have seen. It occupies an excavation varying from one and a half to four feet in depth, according to the lay of the ground. The vertical wall of the excavation forms the outer wall of the roundhouse. and is supplemented by a series of horizontal poles resting in forked posts about four and a half feet high, on which the outer ends of the roof posts rest. These outer wall posts are called Chi-ek-she-mah (fig. #).

The center post is about two feet in diameter, 18 feet in height, and is forked at the top to receive the accumulated tips of the roof poles (fig. #), which converge to this common center. The center post is called sah′- bah (fig. #&#).

There are seven posts in the circle separating the dancers from the audience - four on the south side and three on the north side (fig. #). These posts are only five or six feet from the outer wall, giving just space enough for a person to lie down into the outer space. The seven posts are called too-dit′-ke.

The drum is about five feet long by two and a half feet wide, its long axis agreeing with that of the roundhouse. It is of plank, elevated nearly two feet in front (where highest), and one foot behind. It is called chil-lo' (fig. [illegible]).

The entrance ways are about four feet wide and six to eight feet long. They slope downward and inward from the outside level to the inside level. The doorways are called how'-wah.

The smokehole is rectangular (about 3 by 4 feet) and is directly over the fire (between center posts and east entrance). It is calle o'-ho shut'-ko.

The floor is bare hard earth, swept clean and sprinkled; that of the outer circle (for the audience) is covered with fresh green willow boughs and leaves.

The long roof poles (about 34) converge to rest on the forks of the center post. On the basal part (resting on the horizontal poles which connect the tops of the circle of seven posts) are many short poles, occupying the spaces between the spreading long roof poles. The roof poles are covered with tules and brush making a compact thick roof which is usually earth-covered - here only a little earth has been put on. The roof and roof poles are called hel'-lā-ti'-ke (see fig. [illegible])

Outside the roundhouse and in the line of its long axis are two flagpoles, each about thirty feet in height (fig. 1). The one in front of the east entrance is about 30 feet from the outer end of the entrance; the one in the rear, 54 feet west of the outer end of the west entrance. The inside diameter of the roundhouse (east and west), not including entranceways, is about 36 feet; diameter, including entranceways, about 50 feet; distance between flagpoles about 134 feet. (All distances paced.)

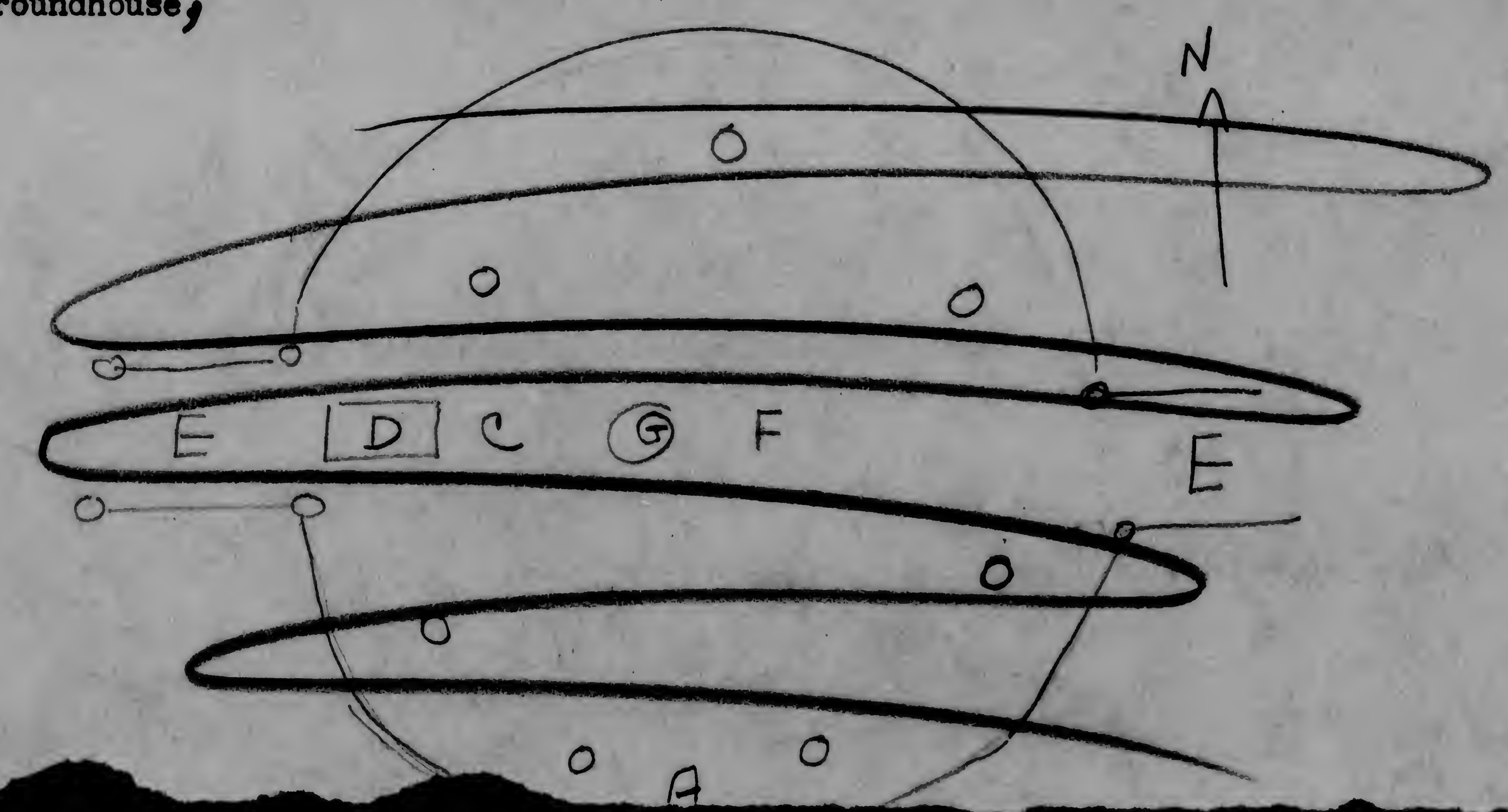
The two flags at the top of the flagpoles are just alike. The ground color is white. Upon it are six vertical bars of red, straight on the edge toward the pole and serrate on the edge away from the pole. The bars seemed to be about two and a half inches broad.

~~P. 30-32, Studies of California Indians, Merriam~~

The Pomo Roundhouse at Stony Ford Rancheria

The ceremonies began at noon on Saturday and continued with brief intermissions until nearly daybreak on Monday. They were held in the roundhouse (pl. 9), a nearly circular domed structure covered with brush and earth, with the floor sunken four feet below the surface, and with two low elongate entrances-a front entrance looking east and a rear one looking west. Facing each entrance was a tall flagpole bearing a white flag marked by six vertical serrate bars in red. There were no windows, the only opening in the domed roof being the smokehole, which during the greater part of the day allowed a slanting bolt of sunshine to move partway around the dark interior. At night the only source of light was the fire, which cast a flickering glow over the actors as they moved around it in the inner circle.

The roundhouse here ~~(pl. 9)~~ is different from others I have seen. It occupies an excavation varying from 1 1/2 to 4 ft. in depth, according to the lay of the ground. The vertical wall of the excavation forms the outer wall of the roundhouse,



and is supplemented ba a series of horozontal poles resting in forked posts about 4 1/2 ft. high, on which the outer ends of the roof poses rest. These outer wall posts are called chi-ek-she-mah (fig. 3).

The center post is about 2 ft. in diameter, 18 ft. in height, and is forked at the top to receive the accumulated tips of the roof poles (fig. 3), which ocnverge to this common center. The center post is called sah-bah (fig. 2, G).

There are 7 posts in the circle separating the dancers from the audiance- 4 on the south side and 3 on the north side (fig.2). These posts are only 5 or 6 feet from the outer wall, giving just space enough for a person to lie down into the outer space. The 7 posts are called too-dit-ke.

The drum is about 5 ft. long by 2 1/2 wide, its long axis agreeing with that of the roundhouse. It is of plank, elevated nearly 2 ft. in front (where highest), and 1 ft. behind. It is called chil-lo (fig. 2, D).

The entrance ways are about 4 ft. wide and 6 to 8 ft. long. They slope downward and inward from the outside level to the inside level. The doorways are called how-wah.

The smokehole is rectangular (about 3 by 4 ft.) and is directly over the fire (between center posts and east entrance). It is called o-ho shut-ko.

The floor is bare hard earth, swept clean and sprinkled; that of the outer circle (for the audiance) is covered with fresh green willow boughs and leaves.

The long roof poles (about 34) converge to rest on the forks of the center post.

On the basal part (resting on the horizontal poles which connect the tops of the circle of 7 posts) are many short poles, occupying the spaces between the spreading long roof poles. The roof poles are covered with tules and brush makibg a compact thick roof which is usually earth-covered where only a little earth has been put on. The roof and roof poles are called hel-lā́-tí-ke (see fig. 3)

Outside the roundhouse and in the line of its long axis are 2 flagpoles, each about 30 ft. in height (fig. 1). The one in front of the east entrance is about 30 ft. from the outer end of the entrance; the one in the rear, 54 ft. west of the outer end of the west entrance. The inside diameter of the toundhouse (east and west), not inclyding entranceways, is about 36 ft; diameter, inclyding entranceways, about 50 ft,; distance between flagpoles about 134 ft. (All distance paced.)

The two flags at the top of the flagpoles are just alike. The ground color is white. Upon it are six vertical bars of red, straight on the edge toward the pole and serrate on the edge away from the pole. The bars seemed to be about two and a half inches broad.

The following document is a duplicate of the preceding document. It may contain annotations and corrections not found on the original.

THE POMO ROUNDHOUSE AT STONY FORD RANCHERIA

The roundhouse is a nearly circular domed structure covered with brush and earth, with the floor sunken four feet below the surface, and with two low elongate entrances, a front entrance looking east and a rear one looking west. Facing each entrance was a tall flagpole bearing a white flag marked by six vertical serrate bars in red. There were no windows, the only opening in the domed roof being the smokehole, which during the greater part of the day allowed a slanting bolt of sunshine to move part way around the dark interior. At night the only source of light was the fire, which cast a flickering glow over the actors as they moved around it in the inner circle.

The roundhouse here is different from others I have seen. It occupies an excavation varying from one and a half to four feet in depth, according to the lay of the ground. The vertical wall of the excavation forms the outer wall of the roundhouse and is supplemented by a series of horizontal poles resting in forked posts about four and a half feet high, on which the outer ends of the roof posts rest. These outer wall posts are called chi-ek-she-mah

The center post is about two feet in diameter, 18 feet in height, and is forked at the top to receive the accumulated tips of the roof poles , which converge to this common center. The center post is called sah́-bah. (fig. 28)

There are seven posts in the circle separating the dancers from the audience - four on the south side and three on the north

verbatim pp. 30-31 M 1955

already published fig. 28

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The floor is bare hard earth, swept clean and sprinkled; that of the outer circle (for the audience) is covered with fresh green willow boughs and leaves.

The long roof poles (about 34) converge to rest on the forks of the center post. On the basal part (resting on the horizontal poles which connect the tops of the circle of seven posts) are many short poles, occupying the spaces between the spreading long roof poles. The roof poles are covered with tules and brush making a compact thick roof which is usally earth-covered--here only a little earth has been put on. The roof and roof poles are called hel´-la-ti´-ke

Outside the roundhouse and in the line of its long axis are two flagpoles, each about thirty feet in height . The one in

verbatim p. 32 M 1955

front of the east entrance is about 30 feet from the outer end of the entrance; the one in the rear, 54 feet west of the outer end of the west entrance. The inside diameter of the roundhouse (east and west), not including entranceways, is about 36 feet; diameter, including entranceways, about 50 feet; distance between flagpoles about 134 feet. (All distances paced.)

The two flags at the top of the flagpoles are just alike. The ground color is white. Upon it are six vertical bars of red, straight on the edge toward the pole and serrate on the edge away from the pole. The bars seemed to be about two and a half inches broad.

The Tuleyome

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Studies of California Indians

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13 pp.

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BOUNDARIES OF THE TULEYOME, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE LŌK-NŌ-MAH (MEWAN STOCK)

C. Hart Merriam

Grouped around Mount St. Helena within a radius of a dozen miles from its broad summit and only 60 miles north of San Francisco, are Indians belonging to four linguistic stocks-- Pomoan, Mewan, Yukean, and Wintoon.

The mountain itself lies wholly in the territory of the Mi-yahk-mah division (commonly called "Wappo") of the Yukean stock, though on the north and northeast the Lōk-nō-mah[1] band of Túleyóme--a tribe of Mewan stock--encroaches upon its basal slopes.

The Miyahkmah, as well known, comprise three bands or subtribes: the Mishawel of Alexander Valley; the Mootistool of

[1] Published by me twenty-one years ago: Distribution and Classification of the Mewan Stock of Calif., Am. Anthropologist, Vol. 9, No. 2, p. 353, April-June 1907.

Miyahk'mah

Knights Valley, and the Miyahkmah proper of the upper two-thirds of Napa Valley.

A supposed fourth division, the Lōk-nō-mah, has been claimed by some authors.[2] But Lōknōmah is not a Yukean band; it is merely the Yukean Miyahkmah name for the Middletown and Dry Creek Valley band of Mewan Tuleyome. This was told me 27 years ago by old men of both Tuleyome and Miyahkmah tribes, and since verified repeatedly by several head men of the Tuleyome tribe, including old Salvador Chapo, his grandson John Sebastian, Henry Knight and others. The fact is that although the Tuleyome name for Middletown Valley is Lah-ki'yome, most of the few survivors of the tribe have adopted the Miyahkmah name, Lōknōmah.

A few months ago I asked the Miyahkmah Chief, Joe McCloud, what his people call the Middletown tribe. He replied, "Lōk-nō-mah, E, Lōk-nō-mah" (meaning, "Lōknōmah, yes, Lōknōmah"),

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2/ Barrett, Ethnogeography Pomo, 273, 1908; Kroeber, Handbook Ind. Calif., p. 219, 1925.

reaffirming his former statement, and adding that both his people and the Middletown people use the same name for Middletown Valley and its people. He stated further that the Lōknōmah Indians were the same as the Coyote Valley Indians (Olayome band of Tūleyome), speaking a language wholly different from that of his people. I then inquired about the boundary between his people (the Miyahkmah) and the Lōknōmah, and he located it precisely as it had been previously located for me by the Lōknōmah and Olayome bands of Tūleyome, as will be given later (p.).

Lōknōmah was the ruling village of Middletown and Dry Creek Valleys and is said to have been situated on ground now covered by the northern part of Middletown. Its full name in their own language (Tūleyome) is Lōknōme yōme poogoot, with ko added for the inhabitants[3]. In the Miyahkmah language the

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[3] The word Lōk-nō-mah means "Goose Valley"; yo'me, home (home place); poo-goot, rancheria or village; ko, people--so a literal translation would be "Goose Valley home village people." Strictly, the word poo-goot means the mound or little hill on which a rancheria stands, but in common usage it means the rancheria itself.

word for village is nó-mah, the village name becoming Lōk-nō'-mah no'-mah, and the full tribal name, Lōk-nō'-mah no'-man-nok—the last syllable, added to the word for village, being the word for tribe.

Since the name Lōk-nō'-mah is in the Miyahkmah language one wonders why it was adopted by the Middletown Tuleyome. The reason would appear to be that the two tribes were in contact immediately south of Middletown and that both were familiar with both names. And some of the Tuleyome Indians still call Middletown valley by their own name, Lah-ki'yome, after their village Lah-ki'yome poo-goot (from Lah'-kah, "goose," yome, "home place," and poo-goot, "village," for both names mean the same thing—"Goose Valley Village").[4]

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[4] The location of Lah-ki-yome poo-goot was given me as on a small creek a short mile east of Middletown—the creek flowing northwesterly to enter St. Helena Creek about a mile north of Middletown.

~~HISTORICAL~~

A century ago the Mission Padres were familiar with the name Lōknōma, for it appears in the Sonoma Mission books of 1824-1837, though always without information as to locality or tribal relations. And in recent times Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, in specifying the tribes formerly at Sonoma Mission, includes ~~mentions~~ both "Locnoma" and "Loaquioni" (Lah-ki-yome) but, like ~~as in the case of~~ the Mission books, gives no reference or other information.[5]

The earliest mention of the name subsequent to Mission times, so far as known to me, was by Mariano G. Vallejo, who, in enumerating the several tribes and bands attacked and massacred by his brother, the brutal Salvador Vallejo, during his raid on Clear Lake Indians in March, 1843, specifically mentions the "Tuliyomi",[6] but fails as usual to say just where they were encountered.

[5] Z. Engelhardt, The Franciscans in California, p. 451, 1897.

[6] M. G. Vallejo, MS-Doc. Vol. XI, p. 354, quoted by Bancroft, History of California, ~~Vol.~~ 4: ~~pp.~~ 362-363, ~~ftnote~~ fn., 1886.

In the early seventies Stephen Powers learned that a tribe speaking a language different from ~~those of~~ its neighbors had formerly lived in Coyote and Pope Valleys, but did not succeed in finding out who they were.[7]

~~It remained for~~ S.A. Barrett to discover that the Indians in these valleys belonged to the Mewan stock. This he announced at the close of the year 1903,[8] but he gave no name to the tribe or to any of its villages.

Five years later, however, in his highly important volume, The Ethnogeography of the Pomo, he indicated the boundaries of the tribe and located eight village sites, one of which, Tuleyome, is in what he calls the Lower Lake Division; another, Oleyome, in the Putah Creek Division. In neither case was particular stress laid on the name, and no name was proposed

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[7] ~~Powers,~~ Tribes California, p. 218, 1877.

[8] ~~Barrett,~~ "A New Moquelumnan Territory in California," ~~Am. Anthrop.,~~ AA (n.s.) NS, Vol. 5, No. 4, p. 730, Dec. 1903.

for the tribe as a whole other than "Northern Dialect, Moquelumnan."[9]

While working with this tribe in August, 1905, three years before the appearance of Barrett's volume, I obtained the names and localities of their principal divisions and of thirteen of their villages,[10] and secured also some very interesting myths, published in 1910.[11]

At that time and during subsequent visits it was ascertained that the tribe had no generally accepted name for itself but consisted of two principal divisions, each named from a ruling village: Tuleyome po-koot and O-la-yome po-koot.

Tuleyome po-koot is in a small valley (Excelsior Valley of the whites) about three miles south of the town of Lower Lake; Olayome po-koot is in Coyote Valley six or eight miles northeast of Middletown. Tuleyome is the most ancient settle-

[9] Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 314-318, 1908.

[10] Merriam, Am. Anthrop. NS Vol. 9, No. 2, pp. 352-353, April-June 1907.

[11] Merriam, C. Hart, The Dawn of the World: Myths and weird tales of the Mewan Indians of California, pp. 138-151; and 212-224, 1910.

ment of the tribe and the seat of the major part of their mythology. Its people were the ones attacked by Salvador Vallejo in 1843, ~~(see page);~~ and its name is the one most often mentioned by the survivors as the proper designation for the tribe as a whole.

Another name sometimes applied to the Coyote Valley band of Tuleyome (Olā'yo'mē) ~~(Olayome)~~ is "Guenock." In 1860, Alexander Taylor, in his "Indianology" (a series of newspaper articles on California Indians) mentioned the "Guenocks" of Coyote Valley but had no knowledge of their relationships.[12] Twenty-one years afterward L. L. Palmer remarked: "The Guenocks had their home in the valley of that name in Lake Co."[13] And much more recently Kroeber mentions Guenoc as an Indian place name, "but unidentified."[14]

Guenock is the white man's name of a ford and abandoned postoffice on Putah Creek in Coyote Valley, and is also locally applied both to the valley and to the native Indians.

[12] Calif. Farmer, March 30, 1860; also Bancroft (after Taylor), Native Races, I, 363, 1874.

[13] Hist. Napa and Lake Counties, Calif. Pub. by Slocum, Bowen and Co., p. 45, 1881.

[14] Handbook Indians of California, 895, 1925.

as I have been told repeatedly by neighboring ranchers.

There has been some discussion of the origin of the name. Barrett was right in considering it not Spanish, but wrong in thinking it was never used by the Indians themselves.[15] It is merely a rendering in Spanish of the native Indian term Wen-nok—their name for a picturesque little valley encircling a small lake in the hills six miles due east of Middletown. The place was a famous winter resort for geese and ducks, and the lake abounded in fish—"pike" of two kinds, large and small, suckers, catfish, and minnows. Trout also were mentioned, but I am not sure that they were from this lake. Because of the good hunting and fishing there, the valley was important enough to contain three "villages." These were: Kā-boot′-poo-goot, on a knoll or low point east of the north end of Wennok Lake; Sahl′-sahl poogoot, on a small flat on the south-east border of the lake at the base of Cone Peak (Loo-peek′ powwe);

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[15] Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo., 317, 1908.

and Hawl-hawl poogoot, on the outlet only a short distance below the lake. This last, which may have been only a winter camp, owes its name to the fish trap, hawl-hawl, a long cylindrical wickerwork basket which in winter the Indians used to set in the nearby outlet to catch fish.[16]

BOUNDARIES, AND NEIGHBORS OF THE TU'LEYO'ME

The Túleyóme occupy a rather small area between Mt. St. Helena and Lower Lake (southern arm of Clear Lake) in the mountainous region known as the Coast Ranges of northern California, and are entirely surrounded by tribes speaking widely different languages. They are the most northerly group of Mewan stock and are completely isolated from other tribes of the stock as pointed out by Barrett in 1903.

Map—Boundaries of the Tuleyome

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[16] Merriam, Am. Anthropologist, Vol. 9, pp. 352 and 353, 1907.

~~Boundaries.~~ Starting from Mt. Hannah (locally known as "Bogs Mt."), the western boundary of ~~the~~ ~~Tuleyome~~ Tu'leyo'me territory runs south to Cobb Mt.; thence turning southeasterly and becoming the southwestern boundary ~~it~~ passes just east of Pine Mt. Flat and south of Helena Mine, crossing St. Helena Creek about a mile south of the old Mirabel Mine and continuing in the same direction, passing a little south of Oat Hill and Aetna Springs to the northwestern part of Pope Valley. The northern boundary runs easterly from Mt. Hannah to Mt. Siegler and thence northeasterly to the southern extremity of Lower Lake, thence easterly along the south side of Cache Creek and beyond to the dividing ridge between Jerusalem Creek and Morgan Valley Creek, where it turns abruptly south to become the east boundary.

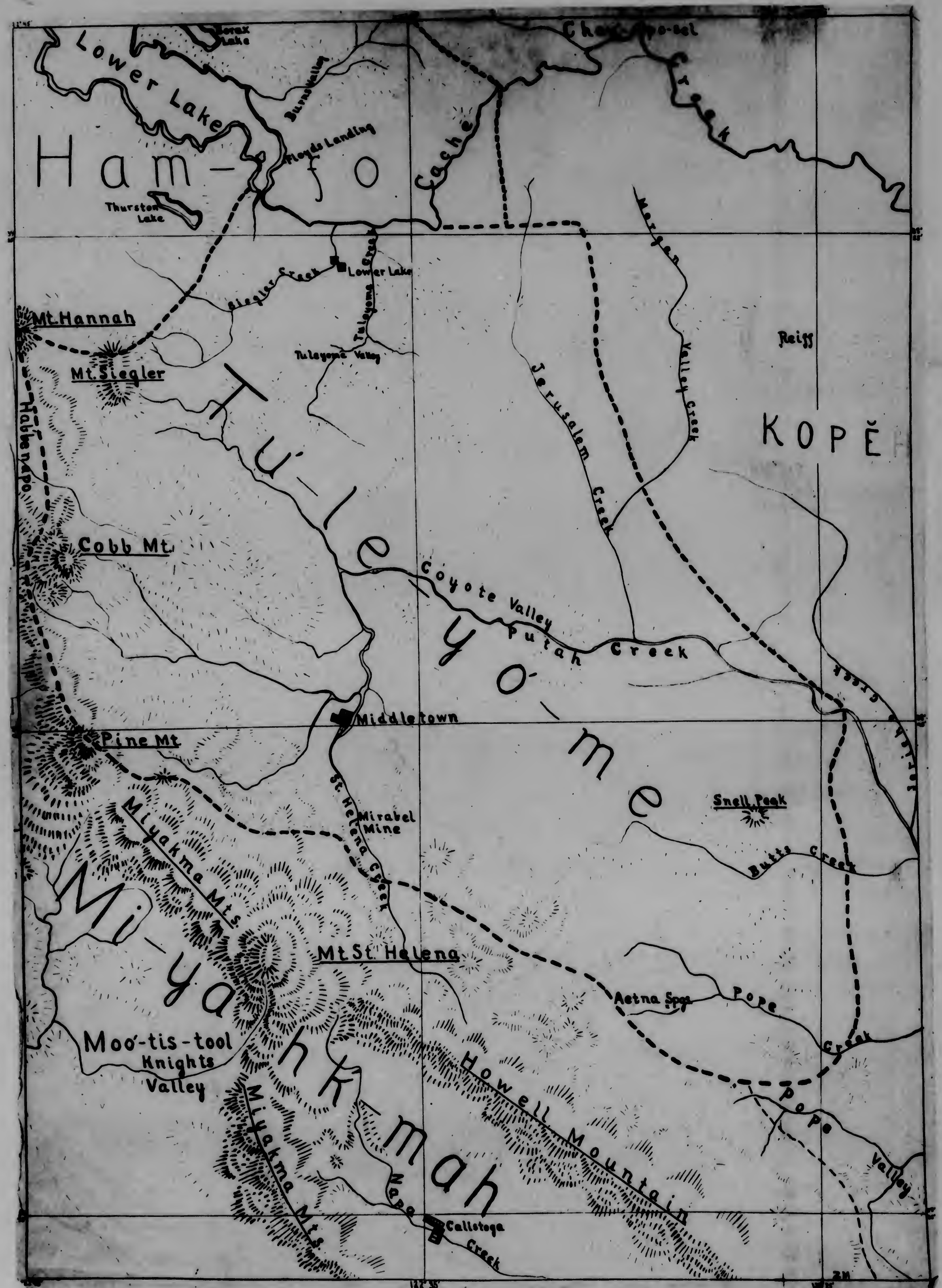
The eastern boundary runs southeasterly along the ridge beyond Jerusalem Valley for 10 or 11 miles to a point just west of Devils Head where, apparently following the west side of Putah Creek for two or three miles, it turns almost due south to the

northern part of Pope Valley—a distance of about seven miles—where it meets the southwestern boundary already described.

The intertribal boundary between the Mewan Lōk-nō-mah and the Yukean Miyahk'mah, as told me in complete agreement by headmen of both tribes, begins at the summit of Cobb Mt., runs southerly and southeast to the east side of Pine Flat or Mountain (thus enclosing the whole of Dry Creek and its headwaters); then, turning southeast, it passes just south of the Chicago and Helena mines and continues to St. Helena Creek, which it crosses at the head of Mirabel Valley (a little more than a mile south of the old mine); continuing in the same general direction, it passes a little southwest of Oat Hill and Aetna Springs to the northwest part of Pope Valley, where the territory of the Tu'leyo'me comes to an end.

Neighbors. The neighbors of the Tu'leyo'me tribe are as follows: On the northwest, north of Cobb Mt., the Pomoan Hab'-be-nap'-po; on the north, the Pomoan Ham-fo; on the northeast, east, and

southeast (in Morgan, Pope, and Berryessa valleys), bands of foothills Wintoon; on the west, the Yukean Miyahk'mah.



Lower Lake
Borax Lake
Ham-fo
Thurston Lake
Floyds Landing
Cache
Lower Lake
Siegler Creek
Tuleyome Creek
Tuleyome Valley
Mt. Hannah
Mt. Siegler
Tu-le-yo-me
Jerusalem Creek
Morgan Valley Creek
Reiff
KOPĔ
Cobb Mt.
Coyote Valley
Putah Creek
Middletown
Pine Mt.
St. Helena Creek
Mirabel Mine
Snell Peak
Butts Creek
Miyakma Mts.
Mi-ya-hk-mah
Mt. St. Helena
Aetna Spgs.
Pope Creek
Moo-tis-tool
Knights Valley
Howell Mountain
Pope Valley
Miyakma Mts.
Napa Creek
Callstoga
122°35'

Mourning Ceremony of the Mewuk

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Miwok "cry" at RR Flat

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THE MOURNING CEREMONY OR 'CRY' OF THE MEWUK INDIANS

C. Hart Merriam

~~(Called Yum'meh and Nah'choo-wah)~~

Insert

During the nights of October 9 and 10, and the morning of the 11th, 1906, I had the good fortune to witness, in its entirety, the Yum'-meh or Mourning ceremony of the Me'-wuk. It was held at Hă'-chă-nah (called by the whites Railroad Flat, after an abandoned mine), in the lower part of the yellow pine belt in Calaveras County, California.

I reached the place the night before the ceremony began--in time to witness the preparations and see the guests arrive.

The resident Indians and those from the neighboring rancheria at West Point were camped around the ceremonial house—or round-house[1]—in temporary brush shelters of fresh green manzanita and oak boughs.

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[1] The ceremonial house, called Hang'-a by the Me'-wuk, is a circular structure of variable size but usually about 40 feet in diameter. It consists of a single chamber formed by an enclosing wall of vertical boards or slabs five or six feet high, with a high conical roof supported from the inside by 4 tall posts, arranged in the form of a square, which serve to define an open central area, thus dividing the interior into an inner and an outer space. During the ceremonies and dances the performers occupy the smaller inner space, called Kal-loo'-tah, the spectators the larger outer space, called Et-chat'. The fireplace is in the center of the floor, and over it in the peak of the conical roof, is a circular hole for the escape of the smoke. The door fronts the north or northeast.

Formerly the ceremonial house was partly underground and its roof was domed and covered with earth. In the Me'-wuk territory this type is now rare and is replaced by the conical structure here described. The modern form is easier to build and appears to be borrowed from the Ne'-se-non tribe on the north.

Two of the resident women took $40. worth of gold dust, obtained by washing the river gravels, to the nearest store and traded it for flour, sugar, tea, coffee, and crackers.

On the morning of the 9th a small group of women went to the hung-oi'-yah--the place where the acorn flour is leached and the mush cooked—kindled a fire of manzanita wood and covered it with stones to be heated. The acorn flour was put on the circular leaches, of which there were two, each about 4 feet in diameter, and warm water poured on till the bitter was washed out. It was then cooked in large baskets by means of hot stones, in the usual way. Enough was made to fill four large and several small baskets.[3] The large ones held from one to two bushels each, so the total quantity was considerable--and more was cooked each day for three days. Two kinds were made--the thin porridge called oo-lā', and the thick mush called nu-pah, which jellies when cold.

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[3] Only a few of the baskets in which the mush was cooked and served were made by the Mewuk; the greater number were Ne'-se-non, including a large handsome one decorated with the Han'-pi'-ho-no-ho design. Two were Washoo, from across the mountains. One of these--a fine big one--was used more than all the others for the cooking.

For several hours the young men were occupied cutting and carrying into the ceremonial house armfuls of pine boughs, from which the old people inside tore off the tufts of long needles and scattered them over the earth floor until it was completely and thickly covered with the fresh green needles, filling the house with the welcome fragrance of the pines.

The resident women who were not engaged in making the acorn mush were busy all day baking bread and preparing other food for the expected guests; and in the afternoon the men killed a beef + cut it up. Most of it was cut into strips.

The guests began to arrive on the afternoon of the 9th. They came from the rancherias at or near Oleta, Mokelumne Hill, San Andreas, Sheep Ranch, Murphys, and one family from as far south as Bald Rock near Soulsbyville. As they arrived they were housed in the ceremonial house, where most of them took places on the west side. Baskets of bread and acorn mush and vessels of tea and coffee were carried into the ceremonial house by the resident women and set before them. This was done not only when the guests arrived, but also three times a day during the four following days. All meals for the visitors were served inside the ceremonial

house; but all food except the meat, was cooked outside. The beef was distributed raw in strips, and the guests broiled theirs on the coals inside.

In the case of the oo-lā́--the thin mush or porridge--3 or 4 persons sat on the ground around each basket and ate it by dipping their fingers into it--the thumb folded back out of the way--the other fingers collectively making a sort of spatula which was turned in the porridge, rotated when lifted out, and thrust into the mouth.

FIRST NIGHT, THE YUM-MEH CEREMONY

The ceremony began before it was quite dark (about 6 o'clock) and lasted an hour and a half, when it was followed by sermons or harangues from the principal chiefs. The head chief of the tribe, a very old and rather feeble man known to the whites as 'MacKenzie', officiated as master of ceremonies. He sat on the ground at the foot of the southwest post, (which position he retained as his station throughout the ceremony). At the beginning the principal mourners, called Naw′-chet-took and Loo′-wah-zuk, were seated in a semicircle on the west side. When all was ready the old chief spoke a few sentences that I did not understand, whereupon the mourners, without rising, immediately began to mourn and wail. In a few minutes the old chief arose, carrying a long staff in his right hand, entered the inner space, and began a slow march around the fire, taking very short trotting steps and uttering a prolonged sad cry in musical cadence, in which the others joined. The words most often repeated were, "Hā-hā-hā-yah, hā-hā-hā-yah", pronounced simultaneously and in perfect time by all. Five of the women mourners—the number varying at times from four to seven—now arose and followed the old chief in single-file. They were soon joined by three mourning chiefs, and the procession continued to circle from left to right around the fire for an hour and a half, with slight intervals, the old head chief always in the lead.

During the entire ceremony the Indians not engaged in the mourning chant occupied the outer space, sitting or reclining in little groups on the carpet of pine needles that covered the hard ground. Now and again a dusky figure arose and moved noiselessly from group to group, or passed in or out of the gloom; at intervals sorrowing women burst forth in dismal cries, while solicitous mothers gave breast to eager children, and a hundred hungry dogs wandered back and forth to sooner or later lie down beside their silent masters.

Save the dull light from the fire, the smoke-blackened interior was absolutely dark, forming an appropriate background for the solemn rite. The smoke rose fitfully, at times diffusing itself through the room, at times ascending to the roof hole in a pulsating column, reddened intermittantly by the glow of the coals. The flickering fire disclosed at intervals the forms of the people reclining in the outer circle, and cast a dim and lurid light on the band of mourners as they continually circled round it. All was silence save the steady rythmic chant of the marchers and an occasional muffled sob from the obscurity of the outer space.

At one time the march stopped and the mourners faced the ~~north~~-west and cried; then they faced the north-~~east~~ and cried, meanwhile wailing and swaying their bodies to and fro. At another time three women from the outer circle stepped forward and each took hold of one of the women marchers and led her to one of the four inner or central posts where they immediately sat down cross-legged in facing couples-- one couple at the foot of each of three of the posts. They then grasped each other by the elbows or shoulders and swayed their bodies backward and forward, sometimes stopping to caress each other on the face and neck, but still sobbing and crying.

While this was going on the others continued the march. Sometimes the leader halted and seemed to utter commands, whereupon the marchers faced about, changed the words of the cry, and gesticulated in a different manner. At times the head chief looked down at the ground, with his arms and the palms of his hands extended toward a spot on the earth floor around which he moved in a semicircle, addressing it as if speaking to a dead person or to a grave. Sometimes all of the women simultaneously extended their arms forward and

slightly upward with open hands, as if in suplication, sobbing and wailing as they did so. One of the mourners, a woman with hair clipped short and face blackened in memory of the recent death of her husband, did not join the marchers but throughout the ceremony remained sitting on the west side of the outer circle with her face to the wall, uttering continually a peculiarly sad and at the same time plaintive musical lament, in slow rythmical cadence. It was a beautiful strain, full of pathos and melody. She was very much in earnest and was so exhausted by the excitement and effort that, when the march was over, she fell on her side and remained motionless in that position for more than an hour.

When the march was over, the mourners retired to the outer circle, and So'-pi-ye, the old blind chief from Murphys, delivered a solemn oration. His voice was remarkably loud, deep, and clear. Another chief, who sat on the ground at his side, joined in from time to time.

At daylight the following morning, the old head chief harangued the people again for a long time, speaking until he was completely exhausted. A kindly old woman brought him coffee and a small basket of food ~~something to eat~~ but it was a long time before she could persuade him to take anything.

THE SECOND NIGHT

On the second night (October 10) the proceedings began shortly after dark and lasted about two hours, when the old head chief fell from exhaustion, and the affair came to an abrupt end.

The character of the performance differed materially from that of the first night. In the beginning, the head chief faced the south, standing with his staff in his right hand. He then turned and faced the north, speaking and exhorting. Then a woman on the east side of the outer circle began sobbing. Then two women on the south side stepped out and sat on the ground with their arms around one another, sobbing and crying. The head chief remained standing on the south side of the inner space, facing in; he then turned and faced out, continuing his exhortations. After this he moved to the east and kneeled by the side of So'-pi-ye the blind chief, who was sitting on the ground with his legs crossed. Immediately two other chiefs took places facing one another, squatting close together on the ground, and both couples moaned and cried. At the same time the women in the outer circle were wailing and sobbing. The chiefs who were squatting on the ground facing one another rested

their hands on each other's arms and shoulders. The four chiefs then changed places and partners, everybody crying, after which three of the chiefs arose and began a slow dancing march back and forth from the west side of the inner space, singing, "Hā-hā-hā-hā, hā-hā-hā-hā". While this was going on the women mourners were squatting on the ground in facing couples, crying and sobbing as before. The old head chief next approached one of the couples to the south, leaning on his staff, and seemed to address them personally, while another chief continued the dance alone, moving slowly around the fire. Then the wife of one of the chiefs went to So'-pi-ye the old blind chief and sat down facing him; then they placed their hands on each other's arms and shoulders. There were now three chiefs standing near the fire. Then another old woman danced once around the fire alone, slowly swaying her body and arms, and sat down facing one of the chiefs who was a mourner, so that there were two couples on the ground kneeling or squatting, each consisting of a chief and an old woman. At this time the old head chief was slowly moving around the fire with one of the subordinate chiefs. Then the march stopped and the head chief kneeled by an elderly woman mourner and placed his hands on her head, and she hers on his shoulders, both kneeling and weeping. At this

time the local chief danced slowly around the fire alone, bending his body and pointing to the ground in various directions with his wand. He then squatted on the ground, and an old woman put one hand on his heart and reached over with the other and patted him on the back. Then the three chiefs and three old women exchanged partners and continued to sway their bodies and mourn as before. Then the local chief arose and went to the fire, and three of the chiefs took places on the south side, facing outward. Then another old man squatted by one of the old women as before, and the local chief danced slowly around the fire, facing first to the right, then to the left, motioning with his wand. He then sat cross-legged on the ground by the side of a visiting chief who was one of the mourners. This left the head chief the only man standing. He continued to face the south, speaking and gesticulating. Then two women knelt by the mourning visiting chief, and he placed his hands simultaneously on their shoulders, all three kneeling. The old head chief continued to exhort, still facing the south, but showed signs of great fatigue. Then the wife of a local chief approached the fire, stood close to it, and swaying her body back and forth, pointed across it. Then another woman

began the slow dancing march around the fire alone. Then a young mother, not a mourner, went to a woman at the fire, led her away, and they sat down together, facing, and sobbing and rubbing one another with their hands. Then the local chief faced the fire and exhorted. He was soon joined by two other chiefs and the three stood in a row, while one of the women continued the march alone, swaying her body and arms and sobbing. She was soon joined by another woman and the local chief took his place at the head; a third woman followed at the rear. The head chief beat time and moved slowly back and forth on the east side of the fire. He then, in spite of his obvious exhaustion, led the dancing march and was followed by two other chiefs, after which He again faced south and continued to exhort, while the local chief stooped low, with hands extended, facing alternately in different directions, but continuing to move slowly around the fire. The old chief again led the march, then halted and called out; the others also halted and swayed their bodies and arms. The old chief now moved alone to the north side of the inner space and exhorted, his voice becoming feebler and feebler. The others faced him, standing on the south side. A few minutes later seven persons were marching

around the fire when the head chief stopped them by putting his hands on the old women and men. Again he led off, and the marchers were joined by others, until there were in all eleven persons marching around the fire, the largest number at one time during the ceremony. The head chief then stopped and sang out, "Hi-hā-ho-ho", and every one stood still. He then faced the west, and the women continued the march alone, soon joined however by two of the other chiefs, while the old head chief continued to exhort from the north side. The dancers fell away until only three were left. By this time the old head chief's strength was gone, and he fell to the ground exhausted. He was carried to his place at the foot of the south-west post by a local chief and an old woman, and it was a long time before we were sure whether he would live or die. This put a stop to the proceedings.

At intervals throughout the ceremony of the second night, as on the first, the woman mourner with the cropped hair and blackened face, who sat on the east side of the outer circle with her back to the others, remained in her position and continued to wail in her peculiarly pathetic and musical strain.

CEREMONY OF THE SECOND NIGHT,

THE MO-LAH-GUM-SIP ~~OR WASH~~

The ceremony of the second night, so abruptly ended, recommenced before daylight the following morning, when the final act, known as the Mo'-lah-gum'-sip, or 'wash', was performed.

Since the old head chief was too ill to take part, his place was taken by a local chief (Pedro) who at 5:30 A.M. addressed the mourners inside the round house. He finished sometime before daylight, after which was an interval of silence. Shortly before sunrise, some of the women brought out a large basket, set it on the ground near a small fire about 40 feet north of the entrance to the ceremonial house, filled it with water and heated the water in the usual way, by means of hot stones which had previously been put into the fire. When the water was hot, the chief ('Eph') from the neighboring village at West Point, and an old woman who had been designated for the place, each holding a cloth in the right hand, took positions facing one another, one on each side of the basket (called Choo-soo-ah'). Then there was a stir inside the ceremonial house, and a local chief led out three of the women mourners

and brought them to the basket. As each in turn leaned over it she was seized by one of the washers, who immediately proceeded to wash her face vigorously with the cloth, which was frequently dipped in the hot water. After the women's faces had been washed, their wrists and hands were treated in the same way, but were held outside so that the water would drip away from, not into, the basket. When these three had been washed, a chief and an old woman led out two old men chiefs, who also were mourners, and they were washed in the same way as the others. Then two more mourners, both old women, were led out and washed. After this one of the local chiefs went to a place in the chaparral, at some little distance, where a middle-aged couple were sleeping, grasped the woman by the hand, and led her all the way back to the Choo-soo-ah' or hot water basket, where she was treated as the others had been before.

This completed the ceremony of the Mo-lah-gum'-sip or 'wash', and was the last act of the Yum'-mĕh or mourning ceremony. It also ended the period of mourning for those who had been washed, thus freeing them from the restrictions imposed upon them during its continuance.

It should be stated however that mourners who have lost a

husband or a wife a short time before the Yum'-mĕ are not expected to accept liberty at that time, but to continue in mourning till the 'cry' of the following year. A mourner who takes advantage of an opportunity to terminate the mourning period within two or three months after the death of husband or wife is not well thought of by the people.

In the case of the ceremony under consideration, the woman mourner who took no part in the march but remained throughout facing the outer wall and who sang by herself in a remarkably xsad and sweet voice, was washed with the others at the Mo-lah'-gum'-sip, but declined her liberty and expects to give a Yum'-mĕ at her own home next fall.

The ceremony being over, all returned to the ceremonial house, where they were harangued by So'-pi-ye, the old blind chief from the settlement on the hill near Murphys.

The sun now rose above the mountains in the east, and the feeble old head chief got up slowly from his place at the foot of the southwest post and with his staff walked out to an open place

on the west side of the ceremonial house, where he stood in silence for a long time, facing the sun.

After this, breakfast was served, consisting of coffee, acorn mush, and biscuit. I ate with the others.

Each of the mourners who had been washed gave a silver fifty-cent piece to the local chief in charge of this part of the ceremony.

The chiefs when speaking shouted the first syllable of each sentence or clause, and sometimes of each word, thus: TEN′-ni-ah; Nat′-too′-nä-tah, Poo′-soo′-ne, and so on. This they did uniformly in all their addresses and sermons; Sō′-pi-ye the blind chief did it with great vigor. At the close of each speech, and at some of the pauses, the audience sang out hoo′-oo′-oo.

So′-pi-ye in his last address spoke of some of the old chiefs who had passed away--notably of Teniah of Yosemite Valley, whose youngest son was brutally murdered by the whites. He spoke also of various tribes from the village of Poosoone at the mouth of American River to the Natoonatah on lower Kings River.

At the end he said, Me′-chat me-chet′-te, Woo′-te woo′-te. Koo-nahs--his voice falling with the last word. The words mean, "What shall we do, what shall we do? Lets go, lets go. That's all" [or, "I'm done"].

The Yumme held at Hă-chă-nah October 9-11, 1906, consisted of three quite distinct parts: (1) the mourning march of the 1st night; (2) the mixed ceremony of the 2d night; and (3) the Mo-lah-gum-sip or wash, which took place at daybreak on the morning of the 3d day. The Indians say that the ceremony often occupies 4 nights instead of two. ~~In such cases, what happens on the third night [illegible] 3d and 4th nights I do not know.~~

In the case of the ceremony witnessed by me the operations of the first night consisted mainly of a nearly continuous slow trotting march in single file around the fire, broken by two conspicuous acts--one in which the old head chief appeared to address the graves of the dead, the other in which the old women danced slowly around the inner space with their arms and hands directed forward as in supplication. On the second night the marching was reduced to brief intervals and the principal part was made up of a number of separate acts, the most prominent of which were the frequent assembling of the chiefs and principal mourners in facing couples squatting, sitting or kneeling on the ground; the dancing march of solitary individuals; the impressive act of the old woman who

bending forward, with outstretched arm and finger, pointed across the fire; the curious stooping dance of the old chief who, with body bent low and arms extended, faced out in different directions while dancing slowly around the fire.

Throughout the period covered by the mourning ceremony and subsequent festivities the greatest respect and affection were shown the old head chief. His speeches and sermons, and those by So'-pi-ye the blind chief from Murphys, are worthy of permanent record, but my knowledge of the language is so exceedingly meager that I was able to understand only disjointed fragments. It was evident however that the addresses were of two kinds--the one historical, dealing mainly with the distribution and relations of the tribes, the conditions under which they lived, and the succession and characteristics of the great chiefs; the other advisory, exhorting the people to do right. The young men were admonished to let drink alone, to keep away from quarrelsome people, to be slow to anger; to avoid hasty replies, particularly when talking to white men who might say exasperating things; to be kind and good and follow the example of the old people.

THIRD NIGHT, THE KAL-LĀ-AH OR
FANDANGO

The mourning ceremony of two nights' duration was immediately followed by the dancing ceremony, also of two nights' duration. The first night of the dance, October 11 (the third night of the ceremony), the performers were as

Third night

follows: One (Too-mop'-pĕh or) drummer, who beat the large plank drum with his feet; one (Mul-lip'-pĕh or) singer, who stood with his back to the dancers, facing the drummer and beating time with a pair of clapper sticks (of elderwood, about 15 in long); and eight (Kol-lep'-pĕh or) dancers, five of whom were men, three women.

The five men dancers wore (Tum-mah'-ke-lah —) broad red headbands made of the red shaft-feathers from the tails of the Red-shafted Flicker (Colaptes cafer). These head bands are worn horizontally across the front part of the head, and project on each side so far that, when the two flaps are brought forward, they meet on the middle of the forehead. Most of them were solid red, with a black border formed by the black tips of the tail feathers. One was interrupted by black vertical bars, and all were black at the ends. Three of the dancers had, projecting horizontally from each side of the head, Chah'-le-lah two large white feathers. The two remaining men dancers had other feathers standing up on the top or back of their heads, and one wore a white side feather also. The (So-pop'-pĕh or) head dancer wore, in addition, a (Sol'-lah or) large feather apron which hung from his hips and reach-

ed nearly to the ground. It was made of feathers of hawks and turkeys, and had the tail of a red-tail hawk in the center. It was fastened on by a cord passing under the arms and around the back of the neck. To the sides of this cord were attached obliquely on each side several long, dark feathers, giving the appearance of ribs. Each dancer carried in his hand a sort of feather wand. [They complained that they should have had complete feather suits, but did not possess them.]

The three women dancers wore no feathers, but each had a handkerchief tied tightly around her head, and each carried in her hand a long handkerchief or piece of cloth. The women stood in a line ~~occupied the spaces~~ between two of the posts, at first between the two on the east side, later between the two on the west side. The men dancers occupied the space between the drum and the two rear or south posts, from which position they danced toward or around the fire and back, the inner circle being their dancing ground.

The first dance began at eight o'clock + lasted till 10.30. The three women dancers stood in a row between the two posts on the east side, and did not

move out of their places, their part consisting in swaying their bodies and heads and beating time with their feet, while, at the same time, they made curious movements with their hands. The handkerchief held in the hands was at first passed around ~~the~~ behind the body, the ends held in the hands just over the hips. While the dance was going on, the hands were repeatedly ~~alternately~~ pushed ~~drawn~~ forward and downward ~~backward~~, moving the handkerchief in a sawing motion across the back.

The women were not painted. The men dancers had their faces painted in horizontal black bands, but each dancer was decorated differently from the others. The leader had two broad black horizontal cheek bands, one passing backward in continuation of the moustache, the other about half an inch above it. Each band was about half an inch in width. Another dancer had a single black band passing entirely around the front of the head, just below the level of the eyes. The leader had two black rings painted around his ankles.

The singer stood with his back to the dancers, between them and the west end of the drum. He sang in a rather low voice and beat long clapper sticks held in his right hand against the palm of his left hand.

The drummer beat time with his feet, keeping time with the singer. The men danced in perfect time and with remarkable vigor, stamping the ground hard with their bare feet (the pine needles that covered the ground having been swept away from the dancing circle immediately around the fire). During the first dance the men jumped with both feet together; during the others they usually danced two-step, stamping each foot twice and then the other.

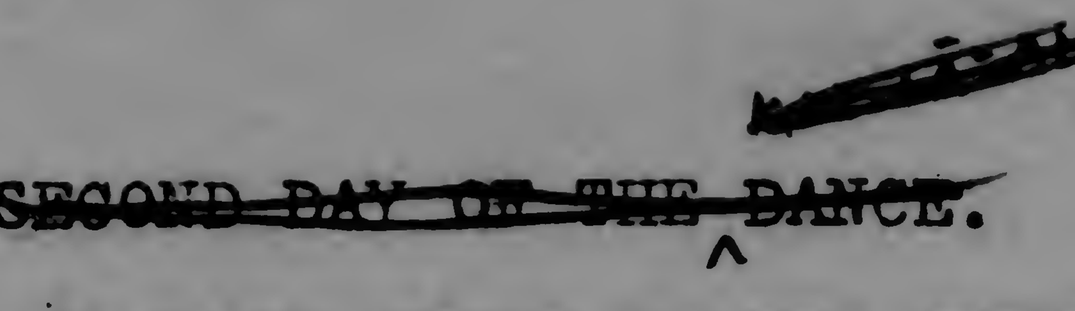
The leader was a ventriloquist, and from time to time uttered smothered sounds which led the audience to believe that a man was hidden in the hole under the drum. He and the others, when dancing, made a hissing, expiratory sound, said to be in imitation of the bone whistles they formerly used. All said repeatedly while dancing, "Hoo-hoo-hoo'-e". Each dance was repeated four times, and at the end the dancers turned and faced the drum and danced for a short time longer, and then stopped suddenly and all together; the time was perfect throughout. During the progress of the dance, which I shall not attempt to describe

in detail, the leader often left the others and ran back and forth in a zig-zag course about the fire, frequently crouching and leaping as if escaping from or pursuing an enemy. Once he danced for a few minutes by alternately squatting and leaping with great vigor, a very difficult procedure and one requiring great strength. At the close of each dance the audience, who occupied the outer circle where they were sitting cross-legged on the ground or reclining in various positions, uttered a low "Hoo-oo, hoo-oo-oo".

Before the dance was begun the dancing circle was sprinkled with water, and one of the old women threw acorn meal into the fire, and also uttered four times a peculiar, wailing cry, facing the drum as she did so.

[The first night's dance was borrowed from the north and collectively (for it consists of 6 or 7 separate dances, each repeated 4 times) is known as the Acorn Dance & is supposed to bring a good crop of acorns the following year. The original or aboriginal dances of this tribe were danced in couples, (male and female), with a clown between each couple.]

About 100 people were present, in the outer circle.



FOURTH AND LAST NIGHT OF THE CEREMONY.

The Wok'-ke-lā or War dance

The dancing space about the fire was carefully swept and sprinkled as before. Then a woman stepped forward and sprinkled acorn meal into the fire. After she had done this several times, an older woman, wife of the local chief, came forward and in like manner sprinkled acorn meal into the fire, and then sprinkled the heads and bodies of the dancers with more of the same meal. She then uttered a prolonged wail in a single key. This she repeated at intervals four times, sprinkling the dancers and casting meal into the fire. The dancers then crossed the ceremonial house and went outside for a few moments, each turning a complete circle just before he passed outside; returning, each turned around again after entering the house before crossing to the place at the rear. This was done in order to propitiate the spirits and secure permission to open and use the feather dresses without danger of serious consequences. As one of the Indians told me, this war-

Wok'-ke-lā the war dance.

dance (called Wok'-ke-lā) is the most particular and dangerous of all the dances, and has to be done just so, or the dancers would be very sick. Before the dance began (at 7.30) the door was tightly closed and a guard placed beside it. Then the singer began to sing in a low voice and beat time with his clapper, holding the clapper in his right hand and striking the palm of the left hand. The drummer at once began to beat time on the plank drum with his feet in the usual manner, stamping hard and in perfect time, and the dancers followed singing "Hoo-e, hoo-e, hoo-e".

Five men and Four women took part in the first dance, One woman stood alone between the posts on the east side, the other three in a row between the posts on the west side. The women held their hands in front, holding the handkerchief between them. At first the leader of the men danced by the side of the solitary woman on the west side, the other four men dancing in two rows between the south posts, each man holding feathers in his hands and moving his hands tremulously (the feathers in the hand representing the bows and arrows formerly held during the dance). The lead-

er carried a bunch of feathers, each of the others two white feathers in each hand. During the first dance the movements were made in a succession of jumps, both feet moving simultaneously, the heels striking the ground vigorously and keeping perfect time with the drum. The expiratory hiss in imitation of the bone whistle was prominent throughout this dance. During the second dance the lone woman on the east side did not take part, but reappeared in the third dance. Ventriloquial sounds were made by the leader at intervals. Some of the dancing was done in a circle about the fire, but most of it back of the fire or between it and the drum. The women remained in their places throughout, swaying their bodies and moving their hands. Between the dances the dancers sat in a semi-circle between the drum and the rear posts, with their backs to the audience, & sang & beat with 3 or more sets of clappers. (Originally this dance had to be continued for 4 nights.)

[This account, found in Dr. Merriam's files as a completed manuscript, is an account based on observations at Bald Rock, Tuolumne County, in October, 1907.]

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THE YUM-ME CEREMONY OF THE MEWUK AT BALD ROCK RANCHERIA, TUOLUMNE Co., CALIFORNIA

(on Oct. 3, 1907) C.H. Merriam

Shortly after sundown the speaking began. Two or three of the older men spoke at intervals, standing in the roundhouse. The actual ceremony began at 9:30 when a woman mourner with cropped hair, sitting at the southeast post, began to wail and cry. After a few minutes she was followed by several other women with cropped hair who arose and fell into line and marched in a circle round the fire. They were joined by others till all the women mourners were marching and wailing. From time to time the mourners dropped out in twos and squatted at the base of the northwest post, just outside the inner circle, usually in facing couples.

The march was a slow shuffling trot, each advance carrying the moving foot less than half a length of the other foot. Soon after it began, a bearded old man from Chicken Ranch, who had taken a position midway between the two west posts, began to talk and exhort, which caused the wailing to increase.

One old woman then led off and moved completely around the circle several times in a series of low jumps, swaying her body and uplifted arms from side to side, followed by the others. Then the

the jumper stood still on the north side while the others continued to march. Then three couples squatted facing at the N. W. post, and the marchers massed on the north side and beat time with their feet.

Then a woman on the southeast began wailing louder and the march continued.

A new exhorter appeared on the East side.

The marchers broke into two divisions and lined up and halted--one line on the north, the other on the South side.

The march was resumed and the men began to fall in until there were 14 men and women marching. They stopped on the South side facing the fire.

The marching began again, led by an old woman mourner with cropt hair and blackened face who threw up her arms alternately and shouted ŭh'-ŭh'-ŭh' in a rather high voice, at which the circling march stopped. [This she did later at intervals, always uttering the same cry, and always stopping the march for a few moments, after which it began again.]

The march began again, at first with 3 men and 3 women. Then more women joined until 14 women and three men were marching; the women increased to 18; making 21 persons marching.

3. Intermission of nearly an hour.

2. The speaking began again, with two speakers on the East side. Before they had finished, the march began and soon 17 women were marching. While the march continued, three women stood side by side on the South side swaying their bodies and arms and singing, and from time to time holding their hands straight out in front toward the fire and the marchers. Lined up behind them were three men uttering expiratory blowing. One of these--the leader of the line--stood at the East end and clapped his hands once for each change.

There were now 18 marchers, mourning in a low voice so that the voices of the singers were heard above them. After a time they stopped so as to leave an opening on the north side.

Then the old Heampoko of Bald Rock, sitting at the northeast post, exhorted the people.

Then the march began again, the mourners chanting a low mounrful song.

Again the three women with swaying bodies and outstretched arms took positions on the south side, and in line behind them stood the three men uttering the expiratory blowing.

The marchers again halted, and opened the circle on the north side, the low mournful wail continuing.

The march went on, a man leading around once alone, beginning on the South side and circling to the North, followed by the marchers. Then the men fell out, leaving only women.

The expiratory blowing by the three men and the swaying by the 3 women with outstretched arms in the South background continued.

the leader clapped hands once and the marchers halted, lined up on the east and west sides. The greater number remained on west side marking time with their feet, while those on the east side(4 women alone) continued to march.

The leader in the rear clapped once and all became silent, the marchers forming in a semicircle on the south side, open at the north.

The Expiratory blowers began again, the three women swaying as before, and the march began again, always from right to left. The bearded man on the west spoke again while the march continued. The singing leader clapped once and all halted , the circle opening again on the north .

The three women swaying-dancers continued singing, and the 3 men behind continued the expiratory blowing. The leader clapt and the march halted, to soon begin again.

Exhorters spoke on both East and West sides, and the march and mourning cry continued while they were speaking. The circle opened on the North again and the marchers marked time with their feet as usual.

Intermission

3. The march began with 8 men and 13 women. The exhorter(the bearded man on the West side) uttering a succession of sentences ending in 'chah,' began again and continued through first part of march.

The marching stopped and all the people sat or squatted on the ground.

A man on the South sang Hā́-e-hā, hā́-e-hah, Ā-hā́-e-hā́, ā-hā́-e-hah.

A sitting woman on the East side mourned musically.

Intermission (shorter than the others)

4th and last Act.

Two women(instead of 3) took positions in the singers space on the south side, singing and swaying their bodies and arms and from time to time raising their arms and holding them forward toward the fire. Behind them were the three men in a row, uttering expiratory blowing as before.

Then the women marchers fell in again, and the bearded man on the West exhorted again.

Men now joined in the march, followed by more women until there

were 7 men and 18 women circling, making in all 25 persons--all mourners.

Then an old woman went alone to the N. W. post, leaned against it, and cried. The circling march halted, opening East, the moruning song continuing while at the same time the singing women swayed their bodies and arms and the men behind them continued to utter the expiratory blowing.

This ended the exercises of the night.

At daybreak next morning the people assembled for the final act--the Molagumsip--~~and~~ consisting of the washing of the 25 mourners. ~~were washed.~~

Type double space

no Italics

MIDDLE MEWUK--BALD ROCK--COOKING ACORN MUSH AND BREAD.

C. H. Merriam

A Yum-meh (the cry ceremony for the dead) was held at Bald Rock Rancheria on the night of Oct. 3, 1907, followed by the Mo-lă-gum´-sip (washing ceremony) at daylight on the morning of the 4th. It was originally intended to continue the Yum´-meh the 2nd night but for some reason this was given up.

All day long on the 3rd and 4th the old women cooked acorn mush (Nup´-pah) and acorn bread (Oo-lā´), and they made a most astonishing quantity--fully a ton, all cooked in the handsome large cooking baskets by means of hot stones.

There were two cooking places--one in the rancheria, the other on the bank of the creek, below. About five women worked at each place, and they worked hard and continously from morning till nearly dark.

There were three leaches (each about ~~4 - 4½~~ four to four and one-half feet ~~ft.~~ in diameter) at the upper cooking place, and two (one ~~4~~ four ft., the other ~~5~~ five in diameter) at the lower.

A big fire to heat the stones was kept going all day at each cooking place--large sticks of Ponderosa pine were used for fuel.

About two bushels of stones averaging 6-8 inches in longest diameter (and about 4 in. thick) were heated in each fire.

20 or 30 baskets were in use at each cooking place, about half of which were the large 3-rod cooking bowls, holding from one to two bushels each. About half of these were of Nis-se-non make, a few of Washoo make, the rest their own manufacture.

The baskets in which the cooking was done (of which 3 or 4 were kept agoing at each place all the time) were set in depressions in the sand, lined at the upper camp with wet gunnysack; at the lower camp with pine needles and willow twigs and leaves, wet.

The filters [leaches] (~~4-4½ ft.~~ four to four and one-half feet in diameter) were circular depressions of coarse sand on a foundation of creek gravel (the stones averaging about an inch in diameter). Those at the upper camp were permanrnt and had an under foundation of rocks a foot or more high on the down-hill side--for they are on sloping ground.

The filters were lined with coarse cloth and wet, and a large quantity of freshly pounded acorn flour of the black oak (Quercus californica), from new hardly ripe acorns, was piled on each and wetted and spread out evenly. Then a fan or mat of fir boughs

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The filters were lined with coarse cloth and wet, and a large quantity of freshly pounded acorn flour of the black oak (<u>Quercus Californica</u>), from new hardly ripe acorns, was piled on each and wetted and spread out evenly. Then a fan or mat of fir boughs

(of Abies concolor lowiana) was laid on each and warm water poured on this to spread it evenly. The water was heated in a big basket in which a few hot stones had been dropped. It was warm, not hot. [Blue oak acorn flour is leached in cold water.]

In cooking the mush, the baskets were filled about half full of the hot stones--not at first, but gradually as new stones were taken out of the fire and put in.

Small baskets full cooked in 6 or 10 minutes, but the big baskets took about half an hour each.

When the mush was thick enough and cooked enough and had begun to set (or jelly) it was dipped out in a small basket and carefully emptied in the creek (on some leaves or a coarse cloth) where it hardened in the cold water.

These loaves of bread, called Oo-la, so made, are exactly alike and look like a lot of turtles. They are flat on one side, convex on the other, and measure about 8x6 in. in diameter and 3 in. in thickness. In color they are pale grayish pink or pinkish gray--some cookings being grayer than others.

In two cookings at the creek, 23 loaves were made in each cooking, or 46 in all. These were left in the cold running stream for a couple of hours; then carefully lifted out and put in two large baskets, in which they were carried on the backs of the women, to the upper camp where all were kept together until supper time, when they were carried into the round house and placed before the guests. After the 1st. cooked mush was made into Oo-la, the baskets were filled again and the mush called Nup-pah made. Close to a ton and a half all told was made in two days.

While the mush was beginning to cook and was still thin, it was skimmed from time to time with a small scoop-shape skimmer basket called, Chah'-mi-yu to remove ashes, cinders, and other foreign matter appearing on the top.

MOURNING CEREMONY OF THE CHOWCHILLA MUWA

A mourning ceremony on the headwaters of Chowchilla River, a few miles from Yosemite, is thus described by an eye-witness, Adam Johnston:

"Their mourning is wild and impressive. I have frequently been present at their funeral rites. On one occasion, Major Savage and myself were overtaken by night at an Indian ranchora or village, on the head-waters of the Chow-chille river, where we were obliged to remain for the night. One of their females was at the point of death, though we were not aware of it when we lay down. Some time after midnight, we were awakened by a single voice of lamentation, in loud and mournful wail. These solitary notes were continued, at breathing intervals, for several hours. Then other voices broke in from time to time, as the females joined in the mourning. On day breaking, I found the whole camp in great grief, jumping and howling in a most pitiful manner.

"After sun-rise, the body of the deceased was tied up in her blanket and rags which she possessed when living, and borne to a spot some hundred yards distant, where her funeral pyre was being raised. The entire camp followed, most of whom were crying and wailing greatly. The body was laid on the ground while the pyre was being built. This occupied considerable time, owing to the difficulty the

Indians had in getting wood and bark for the purpose. During this time the mourning was kept up [in loud and [226] wild wailings. The females were blacked around their chin, temples, ears, and forehead, and jumped and cried like Methodists under excitement, as they uttered their wild lament. They often prostrated themselves upon the ground, and not unfrequently on the body of the deceased. The pyre being finished, the body was placed upon it, with all her baskets, beads, and earthly effects. This done, the pyre was fired all around, and as the blaze enveloped the body, the mourners, who had continued jumping and wailing, seemed to give way to unbounded grief. During this scene, I observed the females, as they jumped about, pointing in several directions, and ejaculating something I did not understand. On inquiry, I learned they were pointing towards places where they had been with the deceased in childhood--gathering food, feasting, or on some other occasions of pleasure, and they were crying, "no more yonder," "no more yonder,""no more yonder."

"During the whole time, from the death of the individual, there was one who gave utterance to his sorrow in loud and broken strains. He was naked, as were most of the men, except a small girdle round the middle. As he half cried, half sung his sorrow, he would occasionally speak something distinctly, but without appearing to address himself

particularly to the people, or any portion of them. I learned he was the speaker, or what might, perhaps, on this occasion be termed, the priest of the tribe. In the course of the ceremony, groups of Indians would occasionally gather around him. On one occasion, I observed him drawing marks in the sand as he spoke. He said, "we are like these lines--to-day we are here, and can be seen; but death takes one away, and then another, as the winds wipe out these lines in the sand, until all are gone." And drawing his hand over the marks, he continued; "they are all gone even now--like them, we must all be wiped out, and will be seen no more." I witnessed the burning, until the body was almost consumed, and during the whole time the mourners kept up intense feelings of grief and anguish.

"After death, the name of the departed is never breathed among them. When death takes one away, the living suppose the name has gone also, and should not be spoken. I am told, that when the name of a deceased person happens to be pronounced among them, there may be observed a shudder to pass over all instantly."

Adam Johnston in Schoolcraft, IV, 225-26, 1854.

All people were once animals;

People came from the following animals:

Salmon (but no other fish)

The smallest lizard, Pe'-chik-kah, but no others.

The water salamander Ah-pahn'-tah.

The frog, Wah-tuk'-si-e, but not the toad.

Yellowjacket, Mel-lang'-i-n, but no other insect.

The Grizzly Bear, Ŭ-soo'-mah-te, but no other bear.

Coyote (but not fox or big wolf)

Deer (but not elk)

Gray tree squirrel (Mā-wā) but no other squirrel and no chipmunk.

Bat, Too-be'-se-se.

People never came from elk, coon, mountain lion, bobcat, fox, timber wolf, skunk, otter, badger, marten, civet (ring-tail), mole, porcupine, groundhog, ground-squirrel, chipmunk, gopher, mice, rats, rabbits, elk, snakes, larger lizards, toad, fish (except salmon), insects (except yellowjacket).

All people were classed in two great categories, according to whether the animals they came from lived on land or in the sea. These 'sides' were called respectively the land side and the water side. In common usage the bluejay (Ti'-es-moo) or the deer

(Oo'-yah) stood for the land side, and the frog (Lo'-tah) for the water side. When a stranger visited a village the first question asked him is whether he is Ti-es-moo or Lo'-tah. This is true today in Mariposa also, where they ask if Os-sā'-le or Ti'-es-moo.

A man or woman cannot marry in same side, but must always choose from opposite side. So also in playing games.

All the children, boys and girls, take their father's totem; if he were a gray squirrel they all are gray squirrels also.

It seems at first a most curious fact that Os-sā'-le the Coyote is classed as a water animal. He is the only land animal classed on the water side. This is probably on account of his supposed ancient origin from the sea. His relatives the dog and fox are classed with the other land animals.

People came from certain trees--Black oaks and sugar pines--as well as from animals. But the Tuolumne Mew'-wah say that they did not come from rocks--in which respect they differ from the northern Me-wuk. People who were trees are naturally classed on the land side.

Notes on the Mewuk

Notes on Mourning (9 pp.)

Cooking holes (1 p)

Wild Tobacco (1 p) [missing]

Tuolumne Mewuk Doctors (3 pp)

Cooking acorn Mush

(mis. basket notes)

Autumn Ceremony, Yosemite

NOTES ON THE MEWUK

C. Hart Merriam.

~~ME-WUK~~ ~~WEST POINT~~

NOTES ON MOURNING

~~Sunday, Sept. 17, 1905~~: (at West Point on Sept. 17, 1905

While sitting talking with the chief at his place I saw an old man from Railroad Flat ride up and dismount and walk straight to the rear of the 'round house' where an old woman had died 2 or 3 weeks ago. The chief told me to listen as the old man had come to cry. I looked at my watch; it was 4 o'clock. The old man began in a low voice a low wailing howl, not unlike the wailing of a small dog, only much lower. As he cried he put his arm around the daughter of the dead woman and patted her on the back. After keeping this up at intervals for half an hour, always in the same low key, he came over to us and handed the chief a milkweed cord about 10 inches long knotted with seven (7) knots, indicating the number of days before a mourning ceremony (commonly called the 'cry') will be held at his place at Railroad Flat. The chief must untie one knot every day, and when the last one is untied he will know it is time to go to the cry. The old man had a number of these strings and gives one to the head man of each Indian village.

The daughter of the dead woman -- a young woman about 22 -- has painted a red mark on each cheek.

The 'cry' for the old woman probably began Sept. 24. I was not there but Ed. McLeod who visited the place while the Indians were gathering, told me that they had

hollowed out a manzanita bush near one of the houses as a receptacle for gifts for the dead. They had cut out the middle part of the manzanita and stiffened the outer branches by interlacing with splints and sticks and had put a binding around the outside leaving a large cavity. Into this had been placed the clothing and other presents brought by the mourners to be burned.

The Mewuk: Miscellaneous Notes

Studies of California Indians

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(1)

AUTUMN CEREMONY IN YOSEMITE VALLEY

(Hart Merriam

The last ceremony I saw was on the night of October 10, 1910. The performers (dancers) consisted of four men and three women, all in costume. Both men and women wore flicker head-bands with two tufted rods sticking upward and forward, one on each side of the head. The men were naked with breech-cloths and bead-work belts, and in their hands all but one carried bow and arrows and a gray fox-skin quiver. One of the men carried tufted wands.

At this ceremony there were present Chief Kelly and one or two others from Kalarow, near Mariposa, and also a few Piutes from Mono Lake.

They sang during the performance. The various motions, the stamping on the ground with the bare feet, the bending of the bodies forward, and the loud expiratory breathing were essentially the same as those I have repeatedly observed in ceremonies of this tribe and of their relatives the Northern Mewuk.

The women, like the men, wore flicker head-dresses and bead belts, but unlike the men each carried in her hands a handkerchief or a piece of cloth held by the upper corners. They swayed their bodies from side to side while singing in the usual way.

Insert p. 2 > Chief Kelly made the address. The ceremony closed at night at ten o'clock (prematurely because of rain).

2

~~FALL CEREMONY AT YOSEMITE~~

~~October 10, 1910~~

This ~~Dance~~ dance is called Kal'-ling-ah. Normally a clown called Wah-cho'-le takes part in this ceremony. He wears a tail, acts funny, and mimics the dancers. He carries a carved wooden bird's head in his hands, and helps himself to anything he takes a fancy to about camp. In early times in connection with this ceremony there was a dance very early in the morning before eating; another at 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but the main one was always held after dark at night. The early morning dance was called Poos'-ne.

This ceremony is said to be one of the oldest held by the tribe. People with children were afraid to dance it, and threw pieces of money and acorn meal into the fire.

~~On the night of October 10, 1910, the ceremony was broken up by rain before it was entirely finihhed.~~

Insert on p.1

Cooking acorn mush at the

Me-wa Rancheria near Cherokee, Tuolumne Co., Calif.

One of the families at Cherokee is preparing to give an acorn feast tomorrow and I get there in time (7 a.m.) to watch an old woman cook two large baskets of acorn mush. She put 4-6 large hot stones in each basket and stirred the stones with a ladle so they would not rest long enough in one place to burn the basket. She took them out of the fire with 2 sticks (not with a loop stick).

When the mush was done she took the hot stones out with the ladle--lifted them one at a time and tilted it over the edge of the basket and let it drop into a basket of water held close under, in which they were rinsed and then pitched back into the fire. The rinsing water, now rich with mush from the stones, was emptied into the big mush bowls--each holding about a bushel.

When the mush (or soup--consistency of thick bean or pea puree) was cooked, a number of small and middle-sized bowl baskets were filled and put aside to cool. A small 1-rod basket was used as a dipper.

Only old--very old--baskets of their own make were used. The cooking baskets were large, deep, and rather coarse 3-rod bowls called Him-mah, and ornamented with simple designs. The baskets filled were 3-rod coiled bowls called Pul-lē-sah. The basket used as a dipper was a 1-rod coiled bowl called

Keng-ah-kah´. A somewhat larger and shallower 1-rod bowl is called Kāy-wy-you.

Some of the 3-rod coiled bowls of old-time make have very little design but are extraordinarily hard and strong and compact, and well made. They are made of sprouts of Digger pine (Pinus sabiniana). ~~sprouts~~. I have one I got at Grapevine Lodge a mile west of Sonora a year or two ago.

I saw also some loaves of acorn bread (called Oo-lā´). Some were cooked; others standing in a basket of water waiting to be cooked. They were like large thick pancakes in form. Some they called Ma-soo´-tah (instead of Oo-lā´) but I didn't find out just how they differ. They are sweet, while the Oo-lā´ is slightly sour. The mush or soup they call Nup-pah´.

There are many circular winnowers here (Het-tal-ăh) mostly made by the Mariposa and Chowchilla Me´-wa. There are also a few of the deep round openwork bowl baskets made at Chowchilla for filtering manzanita cider. These Indians call them Ō-wy´-you and use them also to gather acorns in--hanging them on the arm.

A big rock on a stream between Cherokee camp and Tuolumne station has the top pitted with about 20 mortar holes.

There are also plenty of mortar holes in rocks about Cherokee camp; and others at and near the Bald Rock Rancheria.

I saw a woman and her little girl both wearing necklaces unlike any I have seen before. They consist of small bundles (each say 1½ in. long and ¼ in. thick) of a form of sage herb (Artemesia ludoviciana subsp.) simply tied with thread and strung on a string about 2½ inches apart. The woman told me her eldest daughter died a few months ago and she and her remaining child are wearing these to keep disease away.

The Me-wa apparently make only one type of conical burden basket--of open slender rods brought together in couplets at alternating crossings of the transverse strands. As small seeds would fall through the interspaces, the baskets are coated with a white mucilaginous paste from the soaproot (Chlorogalum pomeridianum). This species is regarded as poison and never eaten, but an allied but much smaller species is eaten. ¶As before noted, both species of blue manzanita occur here (A. viscida and A. mariposa). In viscida the bracts, berries, and pedicels are glandular-viscid and sticky, and the terminal twigs and leaf stems are conspicuously glandular-pubescent. In mariposa all these parts are smooth-glabrous. I was surprised to find that the Indians

discriminate them. They call viscida, Ī'-yah, and mariposa Muk'-ka-zoo'. The berries of both are edible and used for cider, some preferring one, some the other. They say Muk'-ah-zoo' berries make darker cider with stronger taste.-- ~~Calif. Journal, C. Hart Merriam, Vol. 3, p.275-278, Aug. 21,1903.~~

COOKING ACORN MUSH*

* Observed at the Indian village near Cherokee, Tuolumne County, August 21, 1903

caps → (Cooking Holes for Tripe and Clover ~~Mewuk~~

The Northern Me-wuk have 2 kinds of cooking holes:
1. Hoo'-pah-o-lah. Dug in hot ashes of the fireplace after the fire has been burning a long time and ground thoroughly hot for some depth. The hole is lined with wet earth or clay. Deer tripe and blood are put in. Then covered with more wet clay and coals put on top and fire kept on top all day. Open in evening ready to eat.
2. Oo'-lik-kah. Hole 2½ ft. deep dug in ground and walled around with stones like a well. Fire built till stones very hot. Then fire taken out and hole filled with alternating layers of clover and hot stones. Leave clover in about half a day and then open. The cooked clover is called Pahj'-jah-kŭ. Three (3) kinds of wild clover are used. When done, the cooked clover is dried and keeps a long time. Sometimes eaten dry but usually stewed in basket with hot stones just before eating.

WILD TOBACCO

Wild tobacco of both species (Nicotiana attenuata & bigelovi) is cultivated about many of the old rancherias. At the Aukum rancheria near South Fork Cosumnes River, which I visited August 8, 1907, the large flower species (N. bigelovi) was common and an old woman had already picked a quantity of the large leaves and had spread them out to dry. Some of the leaves that were completely dry she had pounded ready for smoking. This tobacco is called Kah-su. — C.H.M.

TUOLUMNE MEWUK

DOCTORS.*

The Tuolumne Mu'-wah had three kinds of Doctors or 'Medicine men'.

(1) Koi'-ah-pe the Witch Doctors

(2) Too'-yu-goo the Dance Doctors

(3) Wen-nĕh'-hoo-ne the Medicine Doctors.

They are usually men, but sometimes women; there have been women doctors of each of the three kinds. The office is not hereditary but the persons are selected and trained by the old doctors.

The Koi'-ah-pe or Witch Doctor was by far the most powerful of the three, and was the one usually called when a person was very sick. He was well paid for his services.

He never gave medicine and never danced. His method was to scarify (or make cuts over) the affected part and suck out the cause of the disease. He also made magic and could kill people at a distance. The people were afraid of him. He practiced his art at night only--never in the daytime--and never worked over a person less than four consecutive nights.

The Koi'-ah-pe has the power to kill people at a distance by

* Observed at Bald Rock rancheria

by finding their spit and putting something in it. When he does this the person takes sick and dies. He kills people also by the use of poisons. He has some medicine that he rubs on a pin or small stick or piece of grass-stem which he can shoot(throw) to a great distance to kill a person. The old people have seen him stick a small peg in the ground and then go off thirty or forty yards and throw these tiny sticks(smaller than a white man's match) at it and have seen them all go right to it and hit it or strike the dust close against it.

The Too-yu-goo or Dance Doctor heals by dancing and does not give medicine or suck out the evil. But he has the power and may poison or kill at a distance.

The Wen-neh-hoo-ne uses herbs and medicines only. He neither sucks nor dances nor makes magic, and he cannot kill people at a distance.

These people formerly did not kill the doctors when they lost 3 consecutive cases.

The Mono Paiute

Studies of California Indians

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R. F. H.

Mono Indians and Their Basketry

(1 copy of p. 1-8

2nd " (edited?) 1-28

1. Headpiece — photo Mono Lake

THE MONO PAIUTE INDIANS.

C. Hart Merriam.

For a distance of 500 miles the State of California is divided into two parts by a great range of mountains--the Sierra Nevada-- a range so broad, so high, and so rugged that it forms an almost impassable barrier between the activities of the two sides. On the west is the main part of the State with its busy cities, its commerce, its principal industries; on the east is the desert--the beginning of a series of arid valleys and barren mountains, known as the Great Basin, which stretches easterly across Nevada and far into Utah--a curious region whose waters instead of flowing to the sea disappear in alkaline sinks and lakes. Of these, the largest and the best known is Salt Lake in Utah; the most picturesque and romantic is Mono Lake, just within the eastern border of California.

Mono lies at the base of the lofty Sierra, overshadowed by snow-marbled, glacier-bearing peaks that tower six-thousand feet above its placid waters. It is surrounded by desert, but on the west side sparkling streams, born of melting snows, dash down the steep slopes, plunge into the narrow canyons, and, emerging on the plain below carry slender lines of trees to its very shores.

The foot-spurs of the mountains are dotted with evergreen trees, the piñon or nut pine, sometimes mixed with juniper; the lowlands are sparsely covered with olive-gray sagebrush and other desert bushes. A noteworthy feature of the region is a group of barren ash-colored volcanic cones, (fig. 2) known as Mono Craters,

fig. 2 - Mono Craters

whose summits, capped with surprisingly perfect and symmetrical craters, rise to a height of nearly 3,000 feet above the lake. The points of eruption were so near together that the ejected materials had not room enough to form independent cones, hence the resulting volcanoes are crowded and fused into a continuous mass or wall, which rises boldly in impressive desolation above the barren sagebrush plain. Seen across the shimmering desert, through the hazy wrinkled undulations of the superheated atmosphere, their gray sides and black rims have a weird and ~~dome~~stic look, justifying the superstitious awe in which they are held by the Indians. This feeling of the supernatural is strengthened by the existence of a strange freak near the south end of the craters--a veritable "Devil's Cauldron", perhaps two hundred feet in depth and a quarter of a mile across, with sides so steep one can hardly climb in or out.

From time immemorial Mono Lake has been the home of Indians. These Indians call themselves Mono Paiutes and are a branch of the great Paiute ~~Nation~~ [family or stock]. How numerous and how powerful they were in the past I do not know; At present they consist of a few small bands living in rude brush huts in widely separated camps..

During ~~two~~ [several] visits to Mono Lake it has been my fortune to meet nearly all of the Mono Indians. They are skillful horsemen, brought up in the saddle, and most of them are well-formed, good-looking, and intelligent. Like other Indians they are reserved and reticent in the presence of strangers, but when satisfied that the

visitor is a friend, they answer and ask questions and sometimes take a leading part in conversation. Usually their first question is "Where you come from?" the second, "Where you go?". When told that my home was in Washington, one of them said he had heard of the place and asked how I came. They have a keen sense of humor and both men and women laugh heartily at droll incidents and at jokes that do not involve them in ridicule; but they are highly sensitive and dislike exceedingly to be made fun of by white men. Some of the squaws tattoo their faces, usually with a vertical line on the chin and an interrupted or zig-zag horizontal line on each cheek.

These Indians, like many others in California and Nevada, are self-supporting. They are not on any reservation and receive no assistance from the government. That some of the men are lazy goes without saying, but most of them are industrious and work by the day or month. They make good teamsters and farm hands and are employed by ranchmen at the west end of the lake for nearly all kinds of work. I have noticed them particularly in haying, at which they labored steadily from daylight until dark--more than twelve hours a day. I was told that they work also at the lumber business at Mono Mills, a saw mill in a pine forest south of Mono Lake.

The women, in addition to their family duties-- gathering roots, seeds, berries, nuts, and fire wood, and preparing food and clothing for their families--harvest the grain, cutting it with knives and winnowing it with large snow-shoe shaped baskets (fig. 3). Some of them are employed at the ranch houses to do washing,

fig. 3

cooking and other kinds of housework. The older women and a few of the younger weave baskets and make beautiful bead-work-- the latter chiefly for belts and hat bands.

In summer they live in open brush huts called wickiups, in front of which is a cleared place fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, which may or may not be completely enclosed by a rough fence of uprooted sage-brush. (fig 4) Fig. 4.

The winter huts are conical or dome-shaped and are completely closed. Some have low projecting entrances through which one must crawl to enter-- a feature suggesting the igloo of the Eskimo. Some are of thatched straw or tule, like the one shown in the photograph (fig 5); others are of slender upright willow poles interwoven with small brush. Fig. 5

At meals the Indians gather around the fire, sitting, squatting, or reclining on the ground. After supper, which in summer is eaten late, when the long day's work is over, they enjoy the white man's luxury of a smoke before rolling up for the night in their rabbit-skin blankets. These blankets are worthy of remark. They are made by sewing together a multitude of spirally twisted strips of fresh skin, that look like little cylinders of fur. The skins used are those of the cotton-tail rabbit, jack-rabbit, and, more rarely, the bobcat or lynx. The blankets are exceedingly soft and warm and are highly prized--as well they may be in view of the immense number of skins and the great length of time necessary for their construction. In several instances I have known one to serve as bed and covering for an entire family--

man, wife, and children.

Once the Paiutes were famous hunters and wandered far and wide in pursuit of game. They hunted with bows and arrows, in the use of which they are still surprisingly skillful. The shafts of the arrows are straightened, smoothed, and given the proper form at the tip by means of a piece of pumice-stone grooved on one side and perforated by a tapering hole(fig. 6). The rough grain of the stone acts like sandpaper in rounding and polishing the wood.

fig. 6

The points of some of the arrows are made of obsidian or volcanic glass, a substance that occurs in great cliffs and masses on Mono Craters. Among these craters are probably the largest aboriginal obsidian quarries known, quarries containing millions of tons of the variously colored glass-like material-- some white, some black, some banded--enough to supply arrow and spear heads to all the Indians of the world till the end of time. That they have been used for countless ages is indicated by the abundance of arrow heads and chips strewn over the ground throughout the region, particularly along the trails. Chunks of the rough obsidian were sometimes carried long distances to be worked, and doubtless also to be bartered with other tribes, as shown by accumulations of stone flakes and 'rejects' in remote spots, even on the far-away west flank of the Sierra. The site of one of these ancient workshops may be seen today on a commanding eminence a little north of the Yosemite. It is where the trail from Mono Pass and Lake Tenaya breaks through the dark green forest of pines and firs and suddenly

comes out on a ridge of bare rock overlooking a new world-- a world of granite domes, yawning chasms and lofty mountains. The abruptness of the transition is startling. The bewildered eye looks up at the lofty peaks of the upper Merced and down into the mysterious hazy abyss of the Yosemite. Let one gaze for a moment at the wondrous panorama here spread before him and tell if he can what manner of man it was who chose this enchanted spot for his workshop! Yet there are people who say that Indians have no soul and no appreciation of the beautiful or sublime!

From childhood to the grave the life of the desert Indian is a continuous struggle for food. The Paiutes are desert Indians, but the Mono Paiutes, owing to the more favorable situation of their home, have less difficulty than the other bands in obtaining subsistence. Before the invasion of their country by whites, game was abundant and easily secured. Deer and blue grouse were plenty in the mountains, antelope, rabbits, and sage-hens were common about the lake, and the waters teemed with ducks and other wild fowl. Many kinds bred there in numbers, and during the migrations ducks, geese, swans, and shore birds literally covered the water. Even now the lake is no mean resort for water fowl, though it must be admitted that the kinds frequenting it in summer, except certain wary ducks, are hardly such as tempt the palate of the epicure. The Indians however are quite willing to dine on gulls, grebes, or such other species as they are able to secure. Along the borders of the lake they build rude brush huts or 'blinds' in which they

fig. 7

conceal themselves and wait patiently for the birds to come within reach of their arrows. On the east shore, about the middle of last August, I found several of these 'blinds' in use, and the number of wings of gulls dangling from the wickiups near by bespoke the success of this primitive method of hunting. fig. 8 - band of flies

In August a small fly accumulates in incredible numbers about the edges of the lake, forming a black band a foot or more in width for miles along the shores, and resting in masses or rafts on the surface of the water. Thousands of grebes and gulls, and hundreds of thousands of phalaropes, congregate to fatten on the flies, and the birds as they drift lazily past the'blinds', afford easy targets for the well-directed arrows of the Paiute boys.

In the fall the larvae of the flies are thrown up by the waves in countless myriads, and in places on the south shore are piled up in long windrows. Prof. I. C. Russell, while studying the geology of Mono basin, once had the good fortune to visit the lake at such a time. He found picturesque groups of squaws gathering the larvae and preserving them for food. When the worms are partly dried and the outer skins removed by rubbing and winnowing in scoop-shaped baskets, the kernels or bodies were tossed into the conical burden baskets that the women carry on their backs.

fig. 9

On the same shore, only a few months ago, I found the large wickiup shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig 9), and close by, a heap ten or twelve feet in diameter of the empty skins or 'cases' of these larvae, which had been dumped there by the Indians. Prof. Wm. H. Brewer,

who visited Mono Lake in 1863, says that after the worms are dried in the sun, the shells are rubbed off with the hands, leaving a yellowish kernel which looks like a small grain of rice. This material, called koo-chah'-bee, is oily, very nutritious, and not unpleasant to the taste. "If one were ignorant of its origin" adds the Professor, "it would make nice soup."

fig. 10

fig. 11

fig. 12

But far the larger part of the food of the Monos is of vegetable origin. Buffalo berries, service berries, wild peaches, and other berries and fruits are dried for winter use; seeds of a great variety of plants are gathered and roasted or pounded into meal; and diverse roots, some from the desert, others from remote parts of the mountains, are collected and cooked. Of all the native foods however, the rich oily nuts of the piñon or nut pine hold first place. (fig 11) The piñon is a characteristic tree of middle altitudes in the desert ranges of California and Nevada, and near the west end of Mono Lake it grows conveniently on certain outjutting spurs of the Sierra. The crop of nuts-- the seeds from the pine cones-- is usually ample, (fig 12) which is fortunate for the Indians, as many birds and mammals are alert in gathering and hording them for winter. The ground squirrels and chipmunks begin before the nuts are fully ripe, coming singly and working in silence, stuffing their commodius cheek pouches as full as they will hold before running off to unload in their storehouses. The piñon jays and Clark crows come in noisy flocks, making the hills ring with their cries; and while they have no pockets in which to tuck away provisions, they carry off by force of numbers full as many as the squirrels.

The nuts ripen in September, and if the near-by supply is inadequate the Indians make long journeys on their ponies to mountains where the crop is better. Usually several families join in these excursions, which are made the occasion of special festivities and jollifications. The places where the pines grow are often a long way from water, so that water enough for all must be carried. It is brought in narrow-mouthed baskets called water-bottles, of which there are seveal kinds and sizes (fig. 13)

fig. 13

Sometimes the cones are gathered green, before the scales have opened to set free the seeds, and are piled in heaps on the ground and burned until the heat causes them to open. In preparing the nuts for food they are first slightly roasted by shaking with hot coals in a flat winnowing basket (fig. 14); they are then pounded or ground into meal, which is made into bread, mush, and soup, and eaten alone or mixed with dried berries, fruits or other delicacies.

fig. 14

Besides the nuts of the piñon, which grows so abundantly in their own country, the Monos prize the acorns of the California black oak, which is found far away on the other side of the High Sierra. To obtain these acorns special trips are made over the rugged mountain passes and down the west slope to the lower or yellow pine belt in which the oaks grow. In former years some of these trips led to bloody wars with the Yosemite <u>Mi-wa</u> and other bands of so-called 'Digger' Indians, whose territory includes the black oak belt; now they are the occasion of friendly visits with the few survivors of these interesting people. The ~~practical~~ almost complete

annilation of the Middle Sierra Mu-wa by the whites is one of the many black pages in the history of our conquest of the west, "but that is another story".

Fig. 15 - Tailpiece - Sunset Mono Lake

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THE MONO INDIANS AND THEIR BASKETRY

By C. Hart Merriam.

For a distance of 500 miles the state of California is divided into two parts by a great range of mountains--the Sierra Nevada--a range so broad, so high, and so rugged that it forms an almost impassable barrier between the activities of the two sides. On the west is the main part of the state with its busy cities, its commerce, its principal industries; on the east is the desert--the beginning of a series of arid valleys and barren mountains known as the Great Basin which stretches easterly across Nevada and far into Utah--a curious region whose waters instead of flowing to the sea disappear in ~~alkaline and saline~~ sinks or lakes. Most of the lakes contain quantities of salt, soda, potash & other minerals. The largest and best known ~~of these~~ is Salt Lake in Utah; the most picturesque and romantic is Mono Lake, just within the eastern border of California.

Mono lies at the eastern base of the lofty Sierra, overshadowed by snow-marbled, glacier bearing peaks ~~that tower~~ six thousand feet above its placid waters. It is surrounded by desert, but on the west side sparkling streams, born of melting snows, come tumbling down the steep slopes, plunge into ~~go roaring through~~ the narrow canyons, and emerging on the ~~sloping~~ plain below, carry slender lines of trees to the very borders of the lake. The ~~neighboring~~ foot-spurs of the mountains are dotted with evergreen trees, the piñon or nut pine, sometimes mixed with juniper; the lowlands are sparsely covered with the olive-gray sagebrush, the yellow-flowered rabbit brush, and other ~~kinds of~~ desert bushes..

From time immemorial Mono Lake has been the home of Indians. These Indians call themselves Mono Paiutes and are a branch of the great Paiute Nation. How numerous and powerful they were in the past I do not know; at present they consist of a few small scattered bands living in rude brush huts in widely separated camps.

During two visits to Mono Lake[2] it has been my fortune to meet nearly all of the Mono Indians. They are skillful horseman, brought up in the saddle, and most of them are well formed, good looking, and intelligent. Like other Indians they are reserved and reticent in the presence of strangers, but when satisfied that the visitor is a friend they are civil, answer and ask questions, and sometimes take a leading part in conversation. Usually their first question is "where you come from", the second "where you go". When told that my home was in Washington some of them said he had heard of the place and asked, "how you come".

They have a keen sense of humor and both men and women laugh heartily at droll incidents and at jokes which do not involve them in ridicule; but they are highly sensitive and dislike exceedingly to be made fun of by white men.

These Indians, like many others in California and Nevada, are self supporting. They are not on any reservation and receive no assistance from the Government. That some of the men are lazy goes without saying, but most of them are industrious and work by the day or month. They make good teamsters and farm hands and are employed by ranchmen at the west end of the Lake for nearly all kinds of work. I have noticed them particularly in haying, at which they labored steadily from daylight until dark — more than 12 hours. I was told that they work also in the lumber business at Mono Mills, a sawmill in the pine forest 18 miles south of Mono Lake.

The women, in addition to their family duties--gathering roots, seeds, nuts, and fire wood, and preparing food and clothing for their families-- harvest the grain, cutting it with knives and winnowing it with large snow-shoe-shaped baskets. Some of them are employed at the ranch houses to do washing, cooking and other kinds of housework. The older women and a few of the younger weave baskets & make beautiful bead work — the latter chiefly for belts & hat bands. Some of the squaws tatoo their faces. The most usual form is a vertical line on [illegible] each

Retake of Preceding Frame

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In summer they ~~Indians~~ live in open brush huts or wickiups built around one side of a circular place, 15 or 20 feet in diameter, which may or may not be completely enclosed by a fence of uprooted sagebrush ~~low brush fence~~. In temporary camps the ground is merely cleared, ~~of brush~~, but in those used for longer periods the area within the circle is excavated a foot or so below the general level. The fire is generally placed in the middle. In some cases a piece of canvas is attached to one side of the wickiup, ~~brush shelter is extended by a piece of canvas~~ supported by ~~stretched over~~ poles arranged in the arc of a circle so as to increase the size of the enclosure & at the same time afford better shelter. The winter huts are conical or dome shaped and are completely closed. Some have low projecting entrances through which one must crawl to get in, suggesting the igloos of the Eskimo. ~~They are~~ Some ~~times~~ are ~~made~~ of thatched straw or tule like those shown in the photograph, but most of them are made ~~usually consist~~ of slender upright willow poles interwoven with small brush.

At meals the Indians gather around the fire, sitting, squatting, or reclining on the ground. After supper, which is usually late, they invariably ~~indulge in a~~ smoke before rolling up for the night in their rabbit skin blankets. These blankets are worthy of remark ~~able affairs, and~~. They are made by sewing together a multitude of spirally twisted strips ~~twisting strips~~ of fresh skin ~~and~~ ~~the specially~~, which look like little cylinders of fur. The skins used are ~~commonly~~ those of the cottontail-rabbit, jack-rabbit, and more rarely, ~~of~~ the bob-cat or lynx. The blankets are exceedingly soft and warm and are highly ~~prized~~ prized ~~by the Indians~~--as well they may ~~might~~ be in view of the immense number of skins and ~~the~~ great length of time necessary in ~~for~~ their construction. In several instances I have known one to serve as bed & covering for an entire family~~, consisting of~~ man, ~~and~~ wife, and several small children ~~, to sleep in one of these fur blankets with no other bed or covering~~. Last fall I saw a new and unusually handsome one made entirely of jack-rabbit skins. Its owner, who came from ~~lives at~~ Mono Mills ~~Lake~~, declined to part with it at any price.

FOOD

From childhood to old age the life of a Desert Indian is a continuous struggle for food. The Paiutes are desert Indians, but the Mono Paiutes, owing to the more favorable situation of their chosen home, are something of an exception. Before the invasion of their country by whites, game was abundant and easily secured. Deer, antelope, rabbits, and sage grouse were common and the lake teemed with wild fowl. Ducks bred there in great numbers, and during migrations geese, and swans and shore birds were among the staple articles of food. Even now the lake is far from a mean resort for water fowl, though it must be admitted that the birds frequenting it in summer, except certain sorry ducks, are not such as tempt the palate of the epicure. The Indians however are quite willing to dine on such gulls, grebes or such other species as they are able to secure. Along the borders of the lake they build rude brush houses or 'blinds' in which they conceal themselves and wait patiently for the birds to come within reach of their arrows. On the east shore, about the middle of August, 1901, I found several of these 'blinds' in use, and the number of wings of gulls dangling from the wickiups near by bespoke the

success of this aboriginal method of hunting.

In August a small fly accumulates in incredible numbers along the edges of the lake, forming a black band a foot wide for miles along the shores and ~~setting~~ resting in solid masses or rafts on the surface of the water. Thousands of grebes and gulls, and hundreds of thousands of phalaropes, congregate to fatten on these flies, and as they drift lazily by the 'blinds' afford easy targets for the well directed arrows of the Pahute boys~~' arrows~~.

In the fall the larvae of these flies are thrown up by the waves in countless myriads, and in places on the south shore are piled ~~high~~ up in windrows. Prof. I. C. Russel, when studying the geology of Mono basin, once had the good fortune to visit the lake at such a time. He found picturesque groups of squaws gathering the larvae and preserving them for food. When partly dried, the outer skins were removed by winnowing in scoop-shaped baskets, after which the kernels or bodies of the worms were tossed into the large cone-shaped burden baskets that the women carry on their backs. Only a few months ago, I found on the same shore, the ~~unusually perfect~~ wickiup shown in the accompanying photograph, and close by a heap, 12 or 15 feet in diameter, of the empty skins or

Date?

Illus?

cases of these larvae, where they had been dumped by the Indians.

But far the larger part of the food of the Mono Indians is of vegetable origin. Buffalo berries, service berries, wild peaches, and other berries and fruits are dried for winter use; seeds of a great variety of plants are gathered and roasted or pounded into meal; and diverse roots, some from the desert, others from remote parts of the mountains, are collected, dried and cooked for food. Of all the native foods however, the rich oily seeds of the pinon or nut pine hold first place. The piñon is a characteristic tree of middle altitudes in the desert ranges of California and Nevada, and near the west end of Mono Lake it grows conveniently on certain outjutting spurs of the Sierra. The crop of the pine cones is usually ample, which is fortunate for the Indians, as the nuts are a favorite food of many birds and mammals. The ground squirrels and chipmunks begin to gather them before they are fully ripe, coming singly and working in silence, stuffing their capacious cheek pouches as full as they will hold before running off to unload in their storehouses. The pinon jays and Clark crows come in noisy

flocks, making the hills ring with their cries, and while they have no pockets in which to tuck away supplies, carry off by force of numbers full as many as the squirrels.

The nuts ripen in September and if the nearby supply is inadequate the Indians make long journeys on their ponies to other mountains where the crop is better. Usually a number of families join in these excursions which are made the occasion of special festivities and jollifications. The places where the nut pines grow are usually a long way from water, so that water in considerable quantity must be carried. It is brought in narrow-mouthed baskets called water bottles, of which there are several kinds and sizes. When ripe the nuts are collected in spoon-shaped baskets with a handle by means of which they are easily held under the generous cones while the nuts are jarred out by striking with a stick. Sometimes the cones are gathered when green and before the scales have opened to set free the nuts. In such cases they are piled in heaps on the ground and burned until the heat causes them to open. The nuts, being the staple food of the Indians, are collected and stored in great quantities. Before using, they are slightly roasted by shaking with hot coals in a flat winnowing basket. They are usually pounded or ground into meal, which is made into bread, mush, soup, or other dishes, and eaten alone or mixed with dried berries, fruit, or other such delicacies.

Besides the pinon nuts, which grow abundantly in their own country, the Monos prize the acorns of the California black oak ~~(Quercus californicus)~~, which grows far away on the other side of the High Sierra. To obtain ~~it~~ the acorns, special trips are made over the rugged mountain passes and down the west slope to the lower or yellow pine belt in which they ~~are~~ are found. In former years some of these trips were the occasion of bloody wars with the Yosemites and other bands of so-called 'Digger' Indians, whose territory includes the black oak belt; now they are the occasion of friendly visits with the few survivors of these interesting people. ~~The practical annihilation of the 'Diggers' by the whites is one of the many black pages in our history, but that "is another story".~~

The ~~Paiutes living~~ Mono Piutes near the ranches now do most of their cooking in fryingpans and tin or iron pails and kettles. At the same time they cook certain things--particularly acorn mush and pinenut soup--in baskets, and those living farther away appear to do most of their cooking in the ~~ir~~ is aboriginal way.. Near the north~~ern~~west corner ~~(if an oval lake can be said to have a corner)~~ of Mono Lake I ~~have seen~~ once watched two squaws cook acorn mush for a band of about twenty Indians. The acorns had first been reduced to meal by hammering with stone pestels in deeply worn mortar pits ~~worked~~ dug out of the solid rock, and had been sifted ~~worked over~~ in the winnowing baskets by an adroit motion which separates the fine from the

Retake of Preceding Frame

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to take away the bitter taste. This was done by allowing water to filter through it in a primitive but ingenius way. The place selected was a dry sandy knoll. Here a shallow hole a foot deep and four or five feet in diameter was dug and lined with two pieces of cloth, laid over one another at right angles. The meal was placed on the cloth and large basketfuls of water were laboriously brought from a neighboring stream, carried up the hill, and poured over the meal, which was patted by the hands until thoroughly wet. The water sank through into the porous sand and was replaced by fresh basketfuls until, after repeated tastings, the women found the bitterness sufficiently washed out. ~~[until the meal was free from bitter]~~

The meal was then scooped together by the hands and heaped up in irregular masses; part was at once put into a large basket to cook; the remainder was afterward made into cakes and laid in the sun to dry for future use. The cooking basket was filled a little more than half full of water and placed near the fire. Then four hot stones 6 or 8 inches in diameter were taken out of the fire by means of two sticks and dropped into the basket. ~~Almost immediately the water~~

Almost immediately the water began to boil and the mush to thicken. During the 25 minutes or half hour required for the cooking one of the squaws stirred it slowly with a stick, apparently to prevent the stones from resting on one spot long enough to burn the basket, ~~or thicken [or become coated]~~. The stuff boiled exactly like porridge, throwing up multitudes of miniature volcanoes and craters ~~and~~ spluttering as if ~~on a hot stove. As if over hot coals~~. When done, the second squaw filled two small bowl shaped baskets with ~~cold~~ water to receive and rinse the hot stones, which were fished out ~~by~~ with a flat stick by the first squaw. Quickly and dexterously the old squaw washed off the adhering mush before the water got ~~(became)~~ too hot for her ~~to~~ hands and tossed the stones back into the fire. The contents of the small baskets, which ~~was~~ had now become thin porridge, was then poured into the thicker mush in the big basket and stirred, giving the whole the desired consistency. This completed the operation. ~~and the job was done.~~

On cooling, the acorn mush jellies, and if put in a moderately cool place keeps for ~~several~~ some days. ~~It often ferments however. Before it is all eaten~~ In summer, if kept ~~too long~~ it ~~often~~ ferments and gives off a sour liquid of a disagreeable odor. Its color is drab or drab-pink, and when fresh has no particular taste. It always seemed to me that

tr. to next page

a little salt and a good deal of cream and sugar would improve it mightily. Still it is eaten without seasoning or sweetening and with evident relish. Among the Monos it is not an every day food but a luxury, for the reason that they have to go so far to obtain the acorns; but it is today the staple food of numerous tribes in northwestern California, of Indians of the west flank of the Sierra, and of many of the and other 'Mission' tribes in the southern part of the state.

of their dishes, water bottles, and utensels of various kinds, including vessels for cooking, are baskets made by thir own hands as of old. These baskets may be classed by uses or structure into ten a dozen types: cradles or papoose baskets, cornucopia-shaped burden baskets, snow-shoe shaped (shoe) baskets, winnowing baskets, scoop spoon baskets for collecting pine nuts, deep bowl-shaped baskets for cooking (many of which are ornamental); individual mush bowls; ribbed trinket baskets; jugs and bottles for holding and carrying water, deep cylindrical baskets for collecting worms; small flat, oval seed paddles, with a handle for knocking off the seeds off standing plants off into the tightly-woven burden baskets; conical or round bottomed baskets which are worn by the squaws as hats and used also for gathering berries and fruit.

Some of these baskets are plain; others are ornamented with intricate, striking and beautiful designs, woven in black and red. The black is the split root of the brake-fern (Pteris); the red the inner bark of the red-bud (Circis). Besides these, some of the coarser baskets, particularly the large conical burden baskets, are ornamented by simply leaving the bark on some of the willow strands of which the basket is composed.

The best and finest of these Paiute baskets are these made for cooking. They may be large or small, with straight-flairing or rounded sides, but all have flat botoms of the 'three rod foundation' type.

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The best and finest of these [Mono] Paiute baskets are those made for cooking. They may be large or small, with straight-flairing or rounded sides, but all have flat botoms ~~of~~ [and all are of what Professor Mason calls] the 'three rod foundation' type.

This class includes the ceremonial baskets--the most sacred and precious possession of the tribe. The designs on these are symbolic, but their meaning is exceedingly difficult to ascertain. At one time I thought that the ceremonial baskets should be put in a class by themselves, but the difficulty of discriminating some of them from some of the ordinary cooking baskets is so great that no hard and fast line has been found between them. The ceremonial baskets are used for cooking acorn meal at certain ceremonial feasts, and at the present day are sometimes used also for cooking the ordinary pine nut soup— a sign of the waning respect for aboriginal rites.

Water Bottles (Ōsa; o-sa-ha).-These are of various shapes and sizes and hold from half a gallon to twelve or fifteen gallons each. The larger ones are for camp use only, being, when full of water, much too heavy to be carried on horseback. They are always of the broadly spindle-shaped type shown in the figure (fig. .)which is beautifully adapted for use when lying on the ground. The lower or bottom part, it will be observed, is much longer than the upper, which ~~and~~ is ~~made at~~ given off at such an angle that when one side rests flat on the ground the mouth is thrown so far upward that the bottle can be nearly full without spilling, and if the point of the bottom is sunk just a little in the sand, it will lay on its side quite full without letting any water escape. ~~spilling~~. But this is by no means the only advantage of the spindle shape, for when full the weight is so delicately adjusted(the broad middle part acting as a fulcrum) that the slightest pressure on the mouth is sufficient to tilt it down enough to let the water flow out--a most convenient arrangement for filling other receptacles, and also for drinking when one is reclining on the ground. On the desert at the east end of Mono lake I have seen a baby crawl to one of these bottles, take the mouth in its mouth, tilt it down and drink its fill,

without touching a hand to the bottle. When let go, the bottle immediatel tipped back to its former position without the loss of a drop. A more simple, efficient, and ingenious device would be hard to find. Other forms, convenient for use on horseback and for other purposes, are shown in figs .

Illus?

They are of relatively small size, rarely holding more than two or three gallons. All Paiute water bottles are of split willow strands in a thin sheet of diagonal twined weave; they are light, strong, and elastic but will not hold water until coated with the resin or pitch of the pinon pine, which, put on hot, sinks into the innumerable interspaces and thus become anchored on the inside, rendering the bottles continuously waterproof, even in the arid atmosphere of the desert. They are provided with two small loops or ears of horsehair or plant fiber, firmly woven in on one side, to which the carrying rope is attached. This point of attachment is selected with reference to the center of gravity when the bottle is full, and with reference also to the way they are to be supported. In the spindle-shaped bottles they are woven into the swollen middle part ; in the tall jug-shaped bottles they are placed above the

middle.

The big camp bottles when full are exceedingly heavy. In carrying them the body is inclined forward so as to distribute the weight over the back, and they are kept from slipping down by a broad band which passes over the forehead. I have seen a squaw who had taken one to a small stream to fill, find herself unable to lift it in position alone; but when assisted, and the heavy burden in place, she walked slowly off with it and climbed the hill to her camp, perhaps an eighth of a mile distant. ~~When in use~~ In the summer they are usually tucked into the brush at one corner of the wickiup and thus sheltered from the direct ~~heat~~ rays of the sun. ~~They are woven of split willow strands, in what Professor Mason calls the diagonal twined weave, and before they are coated with pitch are very light.~~

sketch?

Burden Baskets ++(We-sa and Ka-wona).— Huge conical baskets or cornucopias, three or four feet in length and 1½ or 2 feet in diameter. Like the papoose baskets, they are carried on the back by means of a band which passes over the forehead.

They vary in size, diameter, and fineness of weave according to the uses for which they are intended. Those made for carrying fuel, roots, and other light articles are large, coarsely and openly woven, and have broadly open mouths. They are called we-sa. Those intended for grass seeds and other seeds of small size are smaller and narrower, are woven closely of fine materials, and usually are somewhat ornamented. They are called ka-wo-na.

run on

Papoose Baskets.-- These are of the usual Paiute pattern, of open work with flat backs, and arched tops to shade the baby's head. When traveling, the squaws carry them on their backs, and when at rest stand them up in their wickiups, or lean them against a sage brush bush.

run on

Winnowing Baskets--(Yo'-mo)--Large, flat, broadly subtriangular or snow-shoe-shaped baskets, more or less concave or scooped, and nearly always ornamented by one or more bands, sometimes with rather elaborate designs. They are called yo-mo, and are of two principal types: (1) slightly concave, deepest in middle, and (2) deeply concave, deeply scooped at or near big end. They have many uses, such as winnowing grain and seeds, sifting meal made from acorns and nuts of the pine, separating the fine from the coarse, winnowing fly larvae so that the skins are blown away, leaving the meat or kernels, and so on. In their manipulation the women become exceedingly skillful and it is interesting to watch them.

The shallow winnowing baskets are of two kinds, compactly woven and openly woven. The latter are used for roasting pine nuts. Coals from the fire and a quantity of the pine nuts are thrown into it, and it is adroitly agitated, something after the manner of a pop-corn shaker, until the nuts are sufficiently roasted. This blackens the interior but does not seem to burn it injuriously.

The compactly woven ones are used for separating the fine meal from the coarse after the acorns or pine nuts have been pounded in stone mortars. The movement is (graceful) and very skillfully done

T.

winnowing baskets

The large *to-mas* which are deeply scooped near the broad end are used for winnowing grain and other heavy seeds which are tossed up to allow the wind to carry off the chaff.

Piñon scoops .--Scoops-shaped baskets resembling the winnowing baskets but coarser, deeper, and usually much narrower.

<u>Cooking Baskets</u> (<u>Oas</u>', <u>opa-che-da</u>).--Bowl-shaped coiled baskets of the three rod foundation type, with relatively small flat bottoms. Most of them are beautifully made, and many are handsomely decorated. The ceremonial baskets are usually of this order and their designs are sacred and symbolic. They are the finest baskets made by the Paiutes. In the older ones the designs are usually simple but strong and highly effective. In some of the ~~more~~ modern ones they are more diffuse and much less artistic. Some of the small ones, now made to sell, are overloaded with design and the design is brought down over the bottom--a thing I have never seen in an old Paiute basket. They are examples of modern degenerate work, which is common among tribes which make baskets for the trade instead of for their own use. Nevertheless, such baskets find a ready market and bring good prices, so there is little incentive ~~for better work.~~
~~(little incentive FOR THE OLD WORK?)~~ for continuing old styles.

Cooking Baskets (Opa'; opa'-che-da).-- Bowl-shaped coiled baskets with relatively small flat bottoms. Most of them are beautifully made and many of them are handsomely decorated

Individual mush bowls.-- Small, compactly woven coiled baskets, with single rod foundation and smooth, flat even surface. Each of the vertical stitches embraces two of the horizontal rods in alternating couplets in such manner that the coils do not project, either inside or out, but leave a continuously flat surface--thus differing widely from the coiled baskets of the 3-rod foundation type. Some are perfectly plain; others ornamented with more or less complicated designs. Some have the rim finished by winding two or three split strands round and round in a continuous spiral.

FRUIT BASKETS (Wa-wei)--Medium or small deeply bowl-shaped baskets, compactly woven of split willow in a single thin sheet of diagonal twined weave. The rim is strengthened by a bundle of strands often reinforced by a stout willow hoop. They are usually ornamented by one or more reddish bands of the same material as the rest of the basket but with the bark left on.

Illus?

<u>Hats</u>.--Deeply bowl-shaped, somewhat flexible baskets with rounded bottoms and unfinished (or un-reinforced) rims. They are of diagonal twined weave like the [illegible]. The one figured I took from the head of a very old Paiute squaw near Bishop at the head of Owens Valley, in August 1901. They are sometimes used as dishes as well as hats and are very similar to baskets made by the Washoes in Steamboat Valley, Nevada, except that the latter are more closely and finely woven.

Ribbed Trinket Baskets.--Small coiled baskets of single rod foundation, with the vertical strands widely spaced so as to appear like ribs on the surface, leaving the horizontal rods broadly exposed between. They are light, simple, easily made baskets, with contracted mouths, which giving them a pleasing form, and are usually ornamented with simple harmonious designs in purple or black.

Work Baskets. (Gar-u-sa).--Subcylindrical or pocket-shaped open work baskets a foot or more deep and coarsely woven of willow. The body is of vertical warp-rods held in place by widely distant horizontal split strands which embrace the rods in alternating couplets by simple twining, as in the coarser burden baskets. At the top, which is slightly contracted, the vertical rods are carried around in a thick bundle (as in the burden baskets made by the Mariposa Indians). These baskets are used for collecting the large worms or larvae which sometimes (but not every year) infest the nut pines. Mrs. Sam Farrington, who has lived near the Mono Piutes for many years, tells me that when the worms are plenty, trenches are dug around the trees into which the worms fall and where they remain until collected by the Indians. The worm baskets are light and handy and are doubtless used for other purposes.

<u>Nut Spoons</u> (<u>Che-ge</u>; <u>yad-da</u>).--Spoon-shaped open work baskets about a foot long with a handle five or six inches long, used for gathering the nuts of the nutopine, and for other purposes. They are made of parallel willow rods, held in place by distant twined strands, and brought together at one end to form the handle. They are called che-g- and yad-da.

The ko-too-mut ke-hi-ah or Fiesta for the Dead

Studies of California Indians

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

A FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

BY

C. HART MERRIAM

THE KO-TOO-MUT KE-HI-AH OR FIESTA FOR THE DEAD.

A Mortuary Ceremony of the Tong-va.*

The Ko-toó-mut Ke-hí-ah is an elaborate ceremony sacred to the memory of the dead. It lasts eight days and is always given by a person of wealth and prominence.

The length of time elapsing between the death and the ceremony varies from one to three or even four years, depending on the time necessary for the giver to accumulate the necessary means — food, clothing, baskets, wampum or money, and other needed articles. To this end he makes every sacrifice.

The person giving the Fiesta is called Mah-ne-sas or Master of Ceremonies. He contributes the feast and most of the baskets to be sacrificed, furnishes all the food to be eaten by the guests during the eight days of the ceremony, invites such of the neighboring tribes and bands as are desired, names the principal participants, and chooses from each tribe or village a prominent man to serve as Captain for that tribe or village. These Captains, called To-me-arr', must be actual mourners — persons who have lost a near relative within the period covered by the Fiesta. It rarely happens therefore that the To-me-arr' is the real chief of the tribe or band which he represents. Each To-me-arr' selects from his relatives two or three men (if possible a son, brother, or uncle) to do the necessary work. These workers are called Wor-ro'-rhat and, like the Captains, must be actual mourners.

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When the Man-ne-sahs or Master of Ceremonies and host of the feast has everything in readiness and has fixed the date, he notifies the To-me-arr' or Tribal Captains, and these see that the workers are ready and present at the appointed place and time. The place is his own home.

The master of ceremonies has previously invited a number of women mourners (called Taw-to'-kow) who are expected to bring offerings of clothes, beads, food, money, and baskets for the sacrifice. But they must not bring more than two or three baskets apiece as the main supply is furnished by the Mah-ne-sas. He may have bought all of these, but if a woman, has made part and purchased the rest.

Baskets made for this purpose are of the best workmanship, and are sold by the makers to the Mah-ne-sas at a very low figure, usually about one-tenth the real value.

When the day has arrived the people assemble at the Master's house. First to appear are the Wo-ro'-rhat or workers, who come early in the morning, are given a dinner to take with them, and set out at once into the mountains to cut and fetch a pine tree, which must be at least forty or fifty feet in height. When the tree has been felled and the branches lopped off, the trunk is carried on the shoulders of the workers to the Fiesta ground, where the bark is peeled off, and the pole is polished with pumice stone, painted, and adorned with baskets. It is then called Ko-too'-mut, and becomes the central figure of the ceremony. The paint is put on in bands or rings about six inches wide, in four colors arranged in the following order: white, red, black, and gray, each of which has a particular significance. These rings are repeated from top to bottom until the entire pole is covered.

When the Kot-too'-mut pole has been trimmed and painted, and a hole dug in the ground for it to stand in, the baskets are put on. These are mainly the beautiful mortuary urns and the handsome choke-mouth receptacles called by the Mexicans 'guaritas'. Both kinds are richly ornamented with symbolic designs in red and black. They are put on bottom-side up, the smallest at the top, the largest at the bottom. The bottoms are cut out to admit the pole, and in most of the urn-shaped baskets the top has to be cut out also as the pole is too big to pass through the natural opening.

The top basket, which must always be the same in form and design, is called Tso-po'-tat; the second Ko'-maht; the third and all the others Ho-ko'-pe-tat.

The top basket, as already remarked, must be of a particular kind, and always the same. When it is turned bottom up over the pole it is decorated in this wise: a small stick dressed in feathers is stuck up vertically in the center of the bottom, and two sticks painted red are fastened obliquely one on each side of it, as shown in the accompanying diagram. To the top of each of these is fastened a small shell. The middle stick is decorated with feathers for its entire length and at the summit are three white quills, cut from the but ends of eagle plumes. An eagle plume, dyed red with red earth, is wound round the bases of the three sticks. This completes the decoration of the top basket.

THE MOURNERS

The principal women mourners, those who sing and dance during the ceremony, paint their faces red in regular designs and wear ornamental skirts reaching half-way from knees to ankles, with eagle down on the breast, and a broad band of eagle down or rabbit fur dyed pink on the head. They wear necklaces and belts covered with beads and wampum, and carry in their hands strings of bear's teeth and claws to jingle as they dance.

The men paint their arms and bodies and have a special mark in the middle of the breast. The medicine men dress in a short skirt of feathers reaching to the knees, and wear anklets that jingle as they dance. They wear also high caps and eagle plumes sticking up all round, and a cleverly made collar of beads, stones, and bear claws.

While the baskets are being arranged on the pole, which is held in a slanting position, the butt resting on the ground, the mourners bring their offerings of food, clothing, baskets, beads, and money and toss them against it in such quantities that it is nearly buried, at the same time wailing, crying, and singing their mournful chants to the dead.

Then the workers slowly erect the pole and stand it in the hole dug for its reception. While this is going on the mourners shake shallow baskets of pine nuts and other edible seeds and shower them against the pole, singing the:

CHE-A-E^{ch} KE-HI'-YAH

1. Wā-mi wo'-vā nah^{ch} Ke-hi'-yah
2. Wā'-mi wo'-vā-nah^{ch} Ke-hi'-yah ke-hi'-yah
3. Po-kah'-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro
4. Po-kah'-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro
5. Ah-soo'-no ah-soo'-no ke-hi'-yah ke-hi'-yah

6. Po-kah'-vo-yah'ng-o ya-ro

7. Po-kah'-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro

Lines 1 and 3 translate thus, word for word:

1. All-together lifting, Ke-hi'-yah

3. Give-some-[seeds]-to-me to-throw.

When the pole is in position the men give three loud yells or whoops, pressing the fingers over the mouth and vibrating them rapidly so as to produce a trembling sound. This is repeated on the last eighth day, when the pole is transferred to the grave yard and erected again.

THE KO-TOO'-MUT SONG

As soon as the yells have been given, the singers form a circle around the pole and, keeping step, forward and backward, sing the Ko-too'-mut song — a pretty little melody to the pole. The words are:

Non wī'k mah

Non wī'k mah

Non wī'k mah

Ko-too'-mut-tah

During the continuance of the Fiesta, the Ko-too'-mut song is repeated three time a day, morning, afternoon and night.

THE SOO-E'-SOO-E'ch̆

Once each day while the ceremony lasts, as each invited To-me-arr' for visiting chief of the Kotoomut brings his people to the Ke-hi'-ah, he and they, on entering the Fiesta ground, sing together the Soo-e'-soo-ech̆, the words of which are as follows, as sung for me by Mrs. G. V. Rosemyre at Bakersfield, July, 1905. Her father was a Serrano, her mother a San Gabriel.

Po'-mo we'-ween po'-mo we'-ween
Po'-mo we'-ween po'-mo we'-ween
They [are]beginning, they [are] beginning

Po'-mo wĪ'k-mah po-mo-tah he-tah'-rah
Po'-mo wĪ'k-mah po-mo'tah he-tah'-rah
They [are] measuring, why (?)

Mah-rah'k'-mahm che-wā-nahch̆
Shall tell him (?) explain it

Mah-rah'k'-mahm too-ko'-pe-tah
Shall tell him (?) the sky above

Then, at irregular intervals a light melody is sung.

To'-ve-mah to'-ve-mah pan'-nah hah'-re

To-ve-mah to-ve-mah pan-nah hah-re

To-ve-mah to-ve-mah pan-nah hah-re

To-ve-mah to-ve-mah pan-nah hah-re

To-ve-'t-ke pan'-nah hah'-re

To-ve't-ke pan-nah hah-re

To'-ve-mah to'-ve-mah pan'-nah hah'-re

To-ve-mah to-ve-mah pan-nah hah-re

To-ve't ke pan-nah hah'-re (twice)

To'-ve-mah to'-ve-mah pan'-nah hah'-re (five times)

To-ve't ke pan'-nah hah'-re

To-ve't ke pan'-nah hah'-re

On the eighth and last day the workers take up the pole and carry it on their shoulders to the Koo-nahs'-gnah or burial ground, where it is erected among the graves and allowed to stand forever, the baskets slowly going to pieces as the years roll by.

When the pole is stood up in its final resting place, the men give three loud tremulous yells, as when it was first erected. Then the singers gather around it and sing again for the last time the Ko-too'-mut song.

THE CHI'-E-VOR

Then all return to the Ke-hi'-ah ground where the last and most remarkable part of the ceremony is enacted. The tribal captains (To-me-arr') take from the pile of offerings enough silver to give three or four dollars to each of the workers (War-ro'-raht); all the rest of the presents (se-o^{ch}-he) are

gathered together into as compact a mass as possible and put into a large bag made of seal skins brought from the coast, and shaped like some huge animal. This effigy is decorated with beads, shells, and feathers, and trimmed along the borders with eagle plumes. All this is done by the workers, in the house of the Man-ne'-sahs (the person giving the Ke-hi-yah). When stuffed and sewed up ready for the final act the effigy is called Chi'-e-vor, and is a most sacred object.

It contains hundreds of dollars worth of beautiful baskets, and large quantities of beans, bread, grain, acorns, pine nuts and other food, clothing (including in recent times whole pieces of new cloth), long strings of beads and wampum, handsome abalone shells, and even silver and gold money -- all given freely to be sacrificed as a burnt offering to the dead.

The Effigy or Chi'evor is now brought out of the house and carried to the center of the Fiesta ground by a number of old men preceded by a man in strange attire and curiously painted who walks backward uttering Hoh', hoh', hoh'. Following him is an old man with hands extended in front (palms down) who, while waving his hands downward and walking backward, says in a solemn voice

ah'ch- ah'ch- ah'ch (expiratory breathing).

While he is doing this everybody cries and wails and the relatives follow with their hair down.

A large fire is now kindled, the Chi'evor is placed upon it, and more wood is thrown on, until the whole is consumed. Some of the hair of the dead, carefully preserved for the purpose, is burned with the effigy.

It should be remembered that the people who bring the offerings for this sacrifice are themselves very poor and need everything they have. Their generosity is a pathetic illustration of the intensity of their devotion to the memory of the dead.

1 Reid says the chief's oldest son is called Tomear, eldest daughter Manisar. Los Angeles Star, 1852: Taylor, California Farmer, June 11, 1861.

THE TOV - TOO - E[ch]

After the burning is completed the To-me-arr' or Chiefs of the Kotumut sprinkle earth on the ashes and trample the place down hard by stamping with their feet.

Then a young unmarried man called To-vet, son of a chief, is carried by three of the workers from his home to the place and is paid for dancing. He is curiously dressed in feathers, wearing a large feather head-dress called Hah-rah'-rum which comes down to his shoulders and is crowned with eagle plumes, and set with beads, wampum, and gold, and a short feather skirt, the upper part white, the bottom black. The sacred funeral rope (ho-yowt we'-vor) is wound spirally around his naked body, which, with his arms is painted red, white, blue, and gray, each color having a special significance. He carries two sticks, about two feet in length, which he beats together to make a noise and keep time, striking them over his head, around his legs, and so on. On each shoulder he wears a curious object called Ah-u'-in (noise), covered with feathers and containing something which when he dances makes a noise like a bell or rattle. These shoulder pieces are tied on with (or to) the same sacred rope (ho-yow't we'-vor), which is wound around his body.

When everything is ready, To-vet the dancer begins to dance, and the surrounding circle of men singers sing:

Het-ta-pah'-se (four times)

Hoo'-e, hoo'-e, hoo'-e

[Lower:] Huh, huh', huh'.

then
He/dances violently, on the spot where the fire was, whirling rapidly and irregularly, while the singers, surrounding him in a circle, address the dead, singing:

Tor'-kwah-po uk'-ko ho'-yo wah'-we we'-wah yow'm-ne (three times)

Ho'-yo wah'-we we'-wah yow'm-ne

Tor'-kwah-po hah-rah'-rum hah-rah'-rum tah'-met pahm-se-ut ne-pah.

These song words mean:

Tor'-kwah-po, beneath

uk'-ko, lie down

ho'-yo, the sacred we'-vor

wah'-we, alone

we'-wah, you are following me

yow'm-ne, catch me

hah-ra'h-rum, feather head dress

tah'-met, the sun

pahm-se-o't, big bird

ne-pah, my brother

This ends the fiesta.

While here at Bakersfield this October 11-15, 1903, I have spent about five hours each day with an old Indian woman Mrs. James V. Rosemyre, whose father was a Serrano and whose mother was a San Gabriel. She speaks both languages and I got very full vocabularies of both. She was a 'singer' in early and middle life and still remembers a number of songs in San Gabriel — particularly funeral songs and songs sung during the Fiesta for the Dead.

This Fiesta was given by prominent mourners in several tribes inhabiting the San Bernardino and Tejon mountains and neighboring valleys — particularly the Serrano and San Gabriel tribes. Some years ago Mrs. Rosemyre gave two fiestas, one in honor of her father, the other for her mother. The Tejons, Tularanos, and others were invited.

Following are the names used in this Fiesta for the Dead:

	In San Gabriel	In Serrano
Fiesta	Ke-hi-e	Wah-kats
Burial	Koo-nahé-gnah	Nah-kań-me-a-nē-ve-ah
Effigy burnt	Chí-e-vor	Chi-hé-vot
Woman Captain, hostess, and Master of Ceremonies	Mah-né-sa(h)s	ke-kaań-an-na-me-hoon
Tribal Captains	To-me-af	Ké-ki
Workers	Wor-ró-rhat	Pah-pań-cho-kum
Mourners	Taw-tó-kow	No-nom
Pole	Ko-toó-mut	Ko-toó-mut
Cylinder	Ho-yow't	Hoó-yah-ot
Entering song	Soo-é-soo-e(ch)	Hoo-é-ko-man-nite

Sometimes the Fiesta is called Chiebor (or Chi-e-vor) in Gabriel (and Chiphepbot in Serrano) after the burnt effigy.

Among several tribes, including the San Gabriels and Serranos, it was a common practice to put and leave on the graves beautiful urn-shape

and choke-mouth baskets (guaritas), just as we use tombstones. Sometimes they are filled with food.

Both Mr. J. V. Rosemyre and Mr. Lopez tell me that they have seen three or four poles standing in the old burial ground at the 'Monte' near Tejon, representing as many Fiestas for the Dead. They were impressed by the beauty of the baskets, as only the very best were used on the poles.

A common design on baskets in this region is this:

In different tribes it means different things. Here Mrs. Rosemyre tells me it means an artificial 'Bird' used by the Serranos and San Gabriels at funerals. This, called Ho-yow't, is cylinder covered with feathers, white in the middle, red at the ends. It is strung on a rope or long cord(called Ho-yow't we'-vor) carried by two men alongside the funeral procession, and is thrown forward and back on the we'vor by the men holding the ends of the rope. It is so constructed as to make a mournful sound, and this is its function. This song, called We-vo'-e-naht, after the mystic we'-vor, was sung by Mrs. Rosemyre herself and by her grandfather.

WÉ - VO - E - NAHT

Sung at the burial, in presence of the body; not part of Kotoomut Fiesta

Sí-woh! Sí-woh! Ah' soon póro soóe-no ká-ro (7 times)

Sí-woh! Sí-woh! añ-soon póro

Nú-re! nú-re! añ soon pó-ro

So-aht'-po so-aht' wah-nó-vo

Yí-vo yí-vo kah' soon pó-ro soóe-no ká-ro

Sí-woh! sí-woh! añ soon pó-ro soóe-no káro (2 times

Sí-woh sá-woh ah'soon pó-ro

BASKET BURIAL POLES ON SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL.

Captain Gaspar de Portola and Father Juan Crespi in their diaries of the Portola Expedition, 1769, write of the high poles in the Indian cemeteries of Santa Barbara Channel.

Portola says: "In all these towns they have cemeteries, in which poles are raised over the graves with the distinction that for the chiefs they raise a higher pole, and, if it is a woman, they hang baskets or wooden bowls on the pole, if that of a man, the hair, sacrificed by his relatives."[2]

Crespi says: "They explained to us that they had one [cemetery] for the men and another for the women, and that before each grave is placed a very high pole painted in several colors, on which is hung the hair of the men, which without doubt is cut from the body before burial. On the poles for women there are wicker baskets."[3]

Miguel Costanso in his Narrative of the Portola Expedition writes: "They bury the dead and their burying grounds are within the town itself. The funerals of their chiefs are conducted with much pomp, and they erect over their bodies some very high rods or poles, on which they hang a variety of articles and utensils which they used. They also place on the same spot some large pine boards with various pictures and figures, representing no doubt, the achievements and valor of the individual."[4]

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2 Pubs. Acad. Pacific Coast Hist. I, no. 3, p. 29, 1909.

3 Palou, Noticia de la Nueva Calif., II, p. 144, Mexico, 1874.

4 Pubs. Acad. Pacific Coast Hist., I, No. 4, p. 47, 1910.

Comment from Constance Goddard DuBois

Waterbury, Conn.

March 7, 1907

My dear Dr. Merriam,

On looking over your last letter I see you mention the Kotumut pole. Is it not remarkable that I had exactly that word for this fiesta. It was called Nortish or Kutumit (so I spelled it). Was your word supposed to be Luiseño? The connections of these Indians with other tribes prove to be very interesting.

The pole itself was called Kee-mul Che-ha-nish [in Luiseno]. Baskets were hung on top to be reached in a contest of skill.

It is as high as the house, and painted with different colors. It represents the dead man, the spirit. Different parts of the pole are painted in different colors to refer to different parts of the body. It is not painted in the shape of a man, but one part means the knee, another the arm, etc. The top, for the head, is always painted white. On top is fastened the dressed raven's skin.

This fiesta came[to the Luiseno] from the north, but was performed at San Luis Rey within the memory of Lucario, an old blind man.

Very sincerely yours,

Constance Goddard DuBois.

ADDENDUM

Puberty Song of the Tongva.

This is called Sa-we^{ch}. It is sung by the mothers while dancing in a circle around a group of young girls 12-15 years old. It was sung for me by Mrs. J. V. Rosemyre at Bakersfield, July, 1905.

Hah'-ming-mi^{ch}	yow'k mi	sow'-a-to-tah'-rah	(three times)
Where do they	get it	the singing stone	

We-soo'-rah	pi'-e-sow-tah	ya-wa'k	tow-sow-tah
Magic	Drink this tea	again	the stone

Ham-me-mah	Yow'k mah	Sow-a-to-tah-rah	(three times)

A curious porous stone called to-sow't came from the sea. It belongs to the chirp but is borrowed by an old woman who gives the Puberty dance. The old woman makes a very better tea of the large seeds of the manroot vine, <u>Echinocystis macrocarpa</u>. The vine and seeds are called E'-hi-e'^{ch}. The tea is called Pah-ó-h^{ch}. The stone To-sow't is put into a basket of hot water, when it at once begins to gurgle and sing. The girls stand around it looking down at it. Then the stone is taken out to the water and a small bowl-shaped basket of the bitter tea is placed upon it. Then each girl's mother (or aunt) puts a valuable thing (shell or money) under a small cup and the old woman takes and keeps the money and gives each girl a cup of the bitter tea to drink. After the ceremony the chief announces that the girls are women.

(11) pp. 201-217

[p.77]

D a/o/a

text 18000
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allow for tabular matter 3pp
Plate 1pp
legend 100 ch

A.L.K.

A Fiesta for the Dead (Kotoomut

(18 pp. 3 [illegible])

Kotomut

A Fiesta for the Dead

by

C. Hart Merriam

Please copy whole with one carbon, with reference to serving as printer's copy.

CC to be sent with present original to ALKroeber

RFH: Please decide about the italicizing of Indian words. I advise against it. Suggest everything in Roman while typing is going on. Then, if we want any italics (if we do), let's underline during final editing of whole batch of papers, and achieve consistency

no italics

Merriam uses CH with its English value, but CH (double underlined) for German ch, Spanish j. His double underlining would make the printer set small caps. I have edited it to superior small letters, CH (or ch). This will at least distinguish his two kinds of CH.

A. L. K

9/23/50

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When the day has arrived the people assemble at the Master's house. First to appear are the Wo-ró-rhat or workers, who come early in the morning, are given a dinner to take with them, and set out at once into the mountains to cut and fetch a pine tree, which must be at least forty or fifty feet in height. When the tree has been felled and the branches lopped off, the trunk is carried on the shoulders of the workers to the Fiesta ground, where the bark is peeled off, and the pole is polished with pumice stone, painted, and adorned with baskets. It is then called Ko-toó-mut, and becomes the central figure of the ceremony. The paint is put on in bands or rings about six inches wide, in four colors arranged in the following order: white, red, black, and gray, each of which has a particular significance. These rings are repeated from top

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~~FIESTA FOR THE DEAD~~

~~Bakersfield.~~

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In typing, ignore drawing — it will go clear in center of page

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The drawing separately for engraving

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The principal women mourners, those who sing and dance during the ceremony, paint their faces red in regular designs and wear ornamental skirts reaching half-way from knees to ankles, with eagle down on the breast, and a broad band of eagle down or rabbit fur dyed pink on the head. They wear necklaces and belts covered with beads and wampum, and carry in their hands strings of bear's teeth and claws to jingle as they dance.

The men paint their arms and bodies and have a special mark in the middle of the breast. The medicine men dress in a short skirt of feathers reaching to the knees, and wear anklets that jingle as they dance. They wear also high caps and eagle plumes sticking up all round, and a cleverly made collar of beads, stones, and bear claws.

While the baskets are being arranged on the pole, which is held in a slanting position, the butt resting on the ground, the mourners bring their offerings of food, clothing, baskets, beads, and money and toss them against it in such quantities that it is nearly buried, at the same time wailing, crying, and singing their mournful chants to the dead.

Then the workers slowly erect the pole and stand it in the hole dug for its reception. While this is going on the mourners shake shallow baskets of edible seeds and other pine nuts and shower them against the pole, singing the:

CHE-Ā-ĒCH KE-HI-YAH (1)

1, Wā'-mi wo'-vā nahch Ke-hi'-yah

2, Wā'-mi wo'-vā-nahch Ke-hi'-yah ke-hi'-yah

3, Po-kah'-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro

4, Po-kah'-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro

5, Ah-soo'-no ah-soo'-no ke-hi'-yah ke-hi'-yah

6, Po-kah'-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro

7, Po-kah'-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro

Lines 1 and 3 translate thus, word for word:

1, all-together lifting, Ke-li'-yah

~~(Sung while the men are in the act of erecting the Kotumut Pole)~~

3, give-some-[seeds]-to-me to-throw

When the pole is in position the men give three loud yells or whoops, ~~at the same time~~ pressing the fingers over the mouth and vibrating them rapidly so as to produce a trembling sound. This is repeated on the last (~~8th~~ eighth) day, when the pole is transferred to the grave yard and erected again.

THE KO-TOO'-MUT SONG

As soon as the yells have been given, the singers form a circle around the pole and, keeping step, forward and backward, sing the Ko-too'-mut song--a pretty little melody to the pole. The words are:

Non wi'k mah

Non wi'k mah

Non wi'k mah

Ko-too'-mut-tah

The Ko-too'-mut song is repeated three times a day during the continuance of the Fiesta, morning, afternoon and night.

THE SOO-E'-SOO-ÉCH

Once each day while the ceremony lasts, as each invited To-me-arr' [or visiting chief of the Kotoomut?] brings his people to the Ke-hí-ah, he and they, on entering the Fiesta ground, sing together the Sóo-é-sóo-ē^ch, the words of which are as follows, as sung for me by Mrs. G. V. Rosamyre at Bakersfield, July, 1905. Her father was a Serrano, her mother a San Gabriel.

~~They [are] beginning~~

Pó-mo wé-ween pó-mo wé-ween

Pó-mo wé-ween pó-mo wé-ween
They [are] beginning, they [are] beginning

~~They [are] measuring~~ ~~they~~ ~~why~~

Po'-mo wí'k-mah po-mó-tah he-tah'-rah

Po'-mo wí'k-mah po-mó-tah he-tah'-rah
They [are] measuring, they why (?)

? ~~Shall tell to them~~ ? ~~tell (imperative)~~

Mah-rah'k'-mahm che-wā-nah^ch
Shall tell him (?). Explain it

the sky above

Mah-rah'k'-mahm too-kó-pe-tah
Shall tell him (?) the sky above

~~The sky above shall tell it~~

[~~Sung for me by Mrs J. V. Rosamyre at Bakersfield, Calif. July 1905. — C.H.M.~~]

~~The name of this song in Tongva is Soo-é-soo-ē^ch~~

" " " " " Hammenat is Hoo-é-ko-man-nits.

9

TO-VE-MAH

¶ Then, at irregular intervals a light melody is sung.

To´-ve-mah to´-ve-mah pan´-nah hah´-re
To-ve-mah to-ve-mah pan-nah hah-re
To-ve-mah to-ve-mah pan-nah hah-re
To-ve-mah to-ve-mah pan-nah hah-re

To-ve't-ke pan´-nah hah´-re
To-ve't-ke pan-nah hah-re

To´-ve-mah to´-ve-mah pan´-nah hah´-re
To-ve-mah to-ve-mah pan-nah hah-re

To-ve't ke pan-nah han-re ~~2 times~~ (twice)

Repeat Tove-mah

To´-ve-mah to´-ve-mah pan´-nah hah´-re (~~2 times~~ twice)

To-ve't ke pan´-nah hah´-re (~~2 times~~ twice)

To´-ve-mah to´-ve-mah pan´-nah hah´-re (~~repeated~~ four times)

To-ve't ke pan´-nah hah´-re
To-ve't ke pan´-nah hah´-re

On the eighth and last day the workers take up the pole and carry it on their shoulders to the Koo-nahs'-gnah or burial ground, where it is erected among the graves and allowed to stand forever, the baskets slowly going to pieces as the years roll by.

When the pole is stood up in its final resting place, the men give three loud tremulous yells, as when it was first erected. Then the singers gather around it and sing again for the last time the Ko-too'-mut song.

THE CHI'-E-VŌR

Then all return to the Ke-hi'-ah ground where the last and most remarkable part of the ceremony is enacted. The tribal captains (To-me-arr') take from the pile of offerings enough silver to give three or four dollars to each of the workers (War-ro'-raht); all the rest of the presents (se-[illegible]-he) are gathered together into as compact a mass as possible and put into a large bag made of seal skins brought from the coast, and shaped like some huge animal. This effigy is decorated with beads, shells, and feathers, and trimmed along the borders with eagle plumes. All this is done by the workers,

10a

f.n. to ms. p. 10

Reid says the chief's oldest son is called Tomear, eldest daughter Manisar. Los Angeles Star, 1852; Taylor, California Farmer, June 11, 1861.

in the house of the of the Man-né-sahs(the person giving the Ke-hi-yah). When stuffed and sewed up ready for the final act the effigy is called Chí-e-vōr, and is a most sacred object.

It contains hundreds of dollars worth of beautiful baskets, and large quantities of beans, bread, grain, acorns, pine nuts and other food, clothing(including in recent times whole pieces of new cloth), long strings of beads and wampum, handsome abalone shells, and even silver and gold money--all given freely to be sacrificed as a burnt offering to the dead.

The Effigy or Chíevor is now brought out of the house and carried to the center of the Fiesta ground by a number of old men preceded by a man in strange attire and curiously painted who walks backward uttering Hōh́, hōh́, hōh́. Following him is an old man with hands extended in front(palms down)who, while waving his hands downward and walking backward, says in a solemn voice

ah́ch - ah́ch - ah́ch (expiratory breathing).

While he is doing this everdbody cries and wails and the relatives follow with their hair down.

A large fire is now kindled, the Chiévor is placed upon it, and more wood is thrown on, until the whole is consumed. Some of the hair of the dead, carefully preserved for the purpose, is burned with the effigy.

It should be remembered that the people who bring the offerings for this sacrifice are themselves very poor and need everything they have. Their generosity is a pathetic illustration of the intensity of their devotion to the memory of the dead.

THE TOV - TOO - Ech

After the burning is completed the To-me-arr' or Chiefs of the Kotumut sprinkle earth on the ashes and trample the place down hard by stamping with their feet.

Then a young unmarried man called To-vēt', son of a chief, is carried by three of the workers from his home to the place and is paid for dancing. He is curiously dressed in feathers, wearing a large feather head-dress called Hah-rah'-rum which comes down to his shoulders and is crowned with eagle plumes and set with beads, wampum, and gold, and a short feather skirt, the upper part white, the bottom black. The sacred funeral rope (ho-yow't we-vōr) is wound spirally around his naked body, which, with his arms is painted red, white, blue, and gray, each color having a special significance. He carries two sticks, about two feet in length, which he beats together to make a noise and keep time, striking them over his head, around his legs, and so on. On each shoulder he wears a curious object called Ah-u'-in (noise), covered with feathers and containing something which when he dances makes a noise like a bell

or rattle . These shoulder pieces are tied on with (or to) the same sacred rope (ho-yow't we'-vòr), which is wound around his body.

When everything is ready, To-vēt the dancer begins to dance, and the surrounding circle of men singers sing:

Het-tā-pah'-se (four times)

Hoo'-e, hoo'-e, hoo'-e

[Lower:] Hŭh', hŭh', hŭh'.

He dances violently, on the spot where the fire was, whirling rapidly and irregularly, while the singers, surrounding him in a circle, address the dead, singing:

Tor'-kwah-po uk'-ko ho'-yo wah'-we we'-wah yow'm-ne (3 times)

Ho'-yo wah'-we we'-wah yow'm-ne

Tor'-kwah-po hah-rah'-rum hah-rah'-rum tah'-met pahm-se-ōt neepah
(feather dress) (big bird) brother

5

15

These song words mean:

To'r'-kwah-po, beneath
uk'-ko, lie down
ho'y o, the sacred we'-oor
wah'-we, alone
we'-wah, you are following me
yow'm-ne, catch me
kah-ra'h-rum, feather head dress
tah'-met, the sun
pahm-se-ōt, big bird
ne-pah, my brother

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ALK—
Typed copy for
your final editing.

RFH

These song words mean:

To'r'-kwah-po, beneath
uk'-ko, lie down
ho'yo, the sacred we'-oor
wah'-we, alone
we'-wah, you are following me
yow'm-ne, catch me

> Rah-ra'h-rum, feather bird dress
tah'-met, the sun
pahm-se-ōt, big bird
ne-pah, my brother

This ends the fiesta.

~~FIESTA FOR THE DEAD~~

~~BAKERSFIELD Oct. 11-15.~~

While here at Bakersfield this October 11-15, 1903, I have spent about ~~5~~ five hours each day with an old Indian woman Mrs. James V. Rosemyre, whose father was a Serrano and whose mother was a San Gabriel. She speaks both languages and I got very full vocabularies of both. She was a 'singer' in early and middle life and still remembers a number of songs in San Gabriel--particularly funeral songs and songs sung during the Fiesta for the Dead.

This Fiesta was given by prominent mourners in several tribes inhabiting the San Bernardino and Tejon mountains and neighboring valleys--particularly the Serrano and San Gabriel tribes. The Tejons, Tularanos, and others were invited. ~~he two of those fiestas given~~ Some years ago ~~by~~ Mrs. Rosemyre gave two fiestas, one in honor of her father, ~~and~~ the other for her mother.

~~FIESTA FOR THE DEAD~~

~~Bakersfield~~

Following are the names used in this Fiesta for the Dead:

omit leader

	In San Gabriel	In Serrano
~~Name of~~ Fiesta	Ke-hi-e	Wah-kats
~~Name of~~ Burial ~~Place~~	Koo-nahs-gnah	Nah-kah-me-ă-nā-ve-ah
~~Name of~~ Effigy burnt	Chi-e-vor	Chi-he-vot
~~Name of~~ Woman Captain, ~~who is also~~ hostess, and Master of Ceremonies	Mah-ne-sa[h]s	ke-kaah-an-nă-me-hoon
~~Name of~~ Tribal Captains	To-me-ar	Ke-ki
~~Name of~~ Workers	Wor-ro-rhat	Pah-pah-cho-kum
~~Name of~~ Mourners	Taw-to-kow	No-nōm
~~Name of~~ Pole	Ko-too-mut	Ko-too-mut
Cylinder	Ho-yoo't	Hoo'-yak-ot
~~Name of~~ ~~Singers~~ Entering Song	Soo-e-soo-ech	Hoo-e'-ko-man-nik

Sometimes the Fiesta is called Chiebor(or Chi-e-vor) in Gabriel(and Chi-he-bot in Serrano) after the burnt effigy.

~~The~~ Among several tribes, including the San Gabriels and Serranos, it was a common practice to put and leave on the graves beautiful urn-shape and choke-mouth baskets(guaritas), just as we use tomb-

~~FIESTA FOR THE DEAD~~

~~Bakersfield.~~

stones. Sometimes they are filled with food.

Both Mr. J.V. Rosemyre and Mr. Lopez tell me that they have ~~told me that he has~~ seen three ~~3~~ or four ~~4~~ poles standing in ~~a single~~ the old burial ground at the monte near Tejon, representing as many Fiestas for the Dead. They were impressed ~~He says he has been amazed~~ by the beauty of the baskets, as only the very best were ~~being~~ used on the poles.

Take out, redraw, engrave

A common design on baskets in this region is this:

leave 2 lines space for cut

In different tribes it means different things. Here Mrs. Rosemyre tells me it means an artificial "Bird" used by the Serranos and San Gabriels at funerals. It is strung on a rope or long cord (called Ho-yow't we'-vor) carried by two men alongside the funeral procession, and is thrown forward and back on the we'vor by the men holding the ends of the rope. It is so constructed as to make a mournful sound, and this is its function. ~~In San Gabriel it is called Ho-yah-ot~~ Ho-yow't~~;~~ ~~in Serrano Hoo'-yah-ot.~~

This, called Ho-yow't, is a cylinder covered with feathers, white in the middle, red at the ends.

This song, called We-vo'-e-naht, after the mystic we'-vor, was sung by Mrs. Rosemyre herself and by her grandfather.

center here → 19

WE-VO-E-NAHT (At the burial) Sung; in presence of the body; not part of Notoomut Feast

Si'-woh! Si'-woh! Ah'soon po'ro sooe-no kä-ro (7 times)

Si'-woh! Si'-woh! ah'-soon po'ro

Nu're! nu're! ah'soon po'-ro

So-aht'-po so-aht' wah-ne'-vo

Yi'-vo yi'-vo kah' soon po'-ro sooe-no ka'-ro

Si'-woh! si'-woh! ah'soon po'-ro sooe-no karo (2 times

Si'-woh! si'-woh ah'soon po'-ro

BASKET BURIAL POLES ON SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL.

Captain Gaspar de Portola & Father Juan Crespi in their diaries of the Portola Expedition, 1769, write of the high poles in the Indian cemeteries of Santa Barbara Channel.

Portola says: "In all these towns they have cemeteries, in which poles are raised over the graves with the distinction that for the chiefs they raise a higher pole, and, if it is a woman, they hang baskets or wooden bowls on the pole, if that of a man, the hair, sacrificed by his relatives."[2]

Crespi says: "They explained to us that they had one [cemetery] for the men and another for the women, and that before each grave is placed a very high pole painted in several colors, on which is hung the hair of the men, which without doubt is cut from the body before burial. On the poles for women there are wicker baskets."[3]

Miguel Costanso in his Narrative of the Portola Expedition writes; "They bury the dead and their burying grounds are within the town itself. The funerals of their chiefs are conducted with much pomp, and they erect over their bodies some very high rods or poles, on which they hang a variety of articles and utensils which they used. They also place on the same spot some large pine boards with various pictures & figures, representing no doubt, the achievements and valor of the individual."[4]

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[2] Pubs. Acad. Pacific Coast Hist. I, no. 3, p. 29, 1909.
[3] Palou, Noticia de la Nueva Calif., II, p. 144, Mexico, 1874.
[4] Pubs. Acad. Pacific Coast Hist., I, No. 4, p. 47, 1910.

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centre here → Comments from Constance Goddard Du Bois 21

Waterbury. Conn →

Mar 7, [1907] →

My dear Dr. Merriam -

On looking over your last letter I see you mention the Kotumut pole. Is it not remark-able that I had exactly that word for this fiesta - It was called Nortish or Kutumit (as I spelled it). Was your word supposed to be Luiseño? The connection

over

at San Luis Rey within the memory of Lucario, an old blind man.

Very sincerely yours,

Constance Goddard Du Bois.

2

of these Indians with other tribes prove to be very interesting.

The pole itself was called Kee-mal (mul) Che-ha-nish (nish) [in Luiseno]

Baskets were hung on top to be reached in a contest of skill.

It is as high as the house, and painted with different colors. It represents the dead man, the spirit. Different parts of the pole

3

are painted in different colors to refer to different parts of the body. It is not painted in the shape of a man, but one part means the knee, another the arm, etc. The top, for the head, is always painted white. On top is fastened the dressed Raven's (raven's) skin.

This fiesta came [to the Luiseno] from the north, but was performed at San Luis Rey within the memory of old blind man.

Very sincerely yours,

Constance Goddard

at San Luis Rey[4] within the memory of Lucario, an old blind man.

Very sincerely yours
Constance Goddard DuBois.

Ansd. March 16, 1907.
Cohn

at San Luis Rey within the memory
old blind man.
Very sincerely yo
Constance Goddar

Puberty Song of the Tongvā. Called Sā-wēch.

¶ This is called Sā-wēch. It is sung by the mothers while dancing in a circle around a group of young girls 12-15 years old. It was sung for me by Mrs. J. V. Rosemyre at Bakersfield, July, 1905.

1. Hah'-ming-mich | yow'k mi | sŏw-ā-to-tah'-rah (three times)
   Where do they | get it | the singing stone
2. ~~repeated~~
3. ~~repeated~~
4. We-soo'-rah | pi-e-sŏw-tah | yā-wā'k | tow-sŏw-tah
   magic | drink this tea | again | the stone
5. Ham-me-mah | yow'k mah | sŏw-ā-to-tah'-rah (three times)
6. ~~repeated~~
7. ~~repeated~~

~~[As sung to me by Mrs. J. V. Rosemyre at Bakersfield, Calif. July 1905.]~~

¶ A curious porous stone called To-sow't came from the sea. It belongs to the chief but is borrowed by an old woman who gives the Puberty dance. The old woman makes a very bitter tea of the large seeds of the man root vine (Echinocystis macrocarpa). The vine and seeds are called É-hi-ech. The tea is called Pah-é-hich.

The stone To-sow't is put into a basket of hot water, when it at once begins to gurgle and sing. The girls stand around it looking down at it. Then the stone is taken out of the water and a small bowl-shaped basket of the bitter tea (Pah-é-hich) is placed upon it. Then each girl's mother (or aunt) puts a valuable thing (shell or money) under a small cup and the old woman takes and keeps the money and gives each girl a cup of the bitter tea to drink.

After the ceremony the chief announces that the girls are women

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DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY

9/15/50

Dear Alfred—

Herewith another version (?) of the Kotomeet ceremony which probably adds nothing new to the materials which you took with you, but which I send on in the event that it may contain something new.

Bob

THE URN OR BOTTLENECK

The urn-shape basket, commonly called bottleneck,originated in the southern Sierra. Its function is primarily mortuary or sacrificial, and until recent years its use was restricted exclusively to mortuary ceremonies. Either empty or filled with pine nuts or other food, it was in ordinary burials placed on the grave; in cave burials, at the head of the corpse; in cremation it was burned with or after the body--in order that it and its contents might ascend in smoke to the service of the deceased. It also played a conspicuous part in a sacred ceremony practiced by the Serrano, San Gabriel and certain other tribes , known as the Fiesta for the Dead. The feature of this extraordinary ceremony is the erection of a large pole--the Kotoomut pole--which is almost completely encased in a series of baskets of graded sizes--through which the pole is thrust--the smallest at the top, the largest at the bottom and crowned with an urn of peculiar design and significance.

The ceremony,as described to me by a full blood Indian women (now Mrs.J.V.Rosemyre) whose father was a Serrano, and mother a San Gabriel, is as follows:

THE FIESTA FOR THE DEAD.

Practiced by the Indians of the San Bernadino and Tejon Mountains (Serranos,Tejons,Tularenos, San Gabriels and)

Described to me October 11,1903m by a full blood Indian woman,Mrs. J.B.Rosemyre,at Bakersfield, California

THE FIESTA.

The Fiesta is given by a woman of prominence in the tribe who has lost a near relative with in three or four years. She is called (or Captain of the Fiesta). She has charge of affairs, contributes the feast and most of the baskets to be sacrific3d, invites such of the neighboring tribes as she wishes represented and names the principal participants. When she is ready and has fixed the date she invite certain women mourners, friends and relatives of the dead, and also one man from each of the tribes selected to take part. The women must bring clothes, and may bring a few baskets, but not more than two or three each for the Captain furnishes the main supply. She may have made these herself, or part of them, or purchased them.

The men choses to represent ~~the~~ tribes take part in the cere-

ies

monies but do not work. Each however selects two of his near relatives(perhaps a son and brother or uncle) who are to help in doing the actual work. All must be genuine mourners--must have lost near relatives within the period covered by the Fiesta.

The Fiesta lasts eight days, ending on the same day of the week on which it begins. It is held at the residence of the -- the woman giving it, and on the last (8th) day is transferred to the cemetary or burial place, where it is finished.

Throughout the ceremony the Captain furnishes all the meals and everything--an expensive enterprise.

When the first day has arrived and all is ready the workers assemble and the Captain gives them a dinner to take with them. Their first duty is to go and get a pine pole about forty to fifty feet in height. This they cut and trim and peel and bring back to the house, when it is held in a slanting position while being painted and adorned with baskets. It is painted in rings of four colors in this order: White, red, black, and gray.

While the workers are painting the pole, the women come with

presents--grain, pine nuts, acorns and other food, cloth, long strings of beads, wampum, and even silver money(usually 10 and 25 cent pieces) These they toss against the p ole and they fall to the ground in great bounty and are afterwards burned by the tribal chiefs.

When the pole is painted and ready, and a hole has been made in the ground to receive it, the baskets are put on.This is an important part of the ceremony, and while in progress the women cry and wail their chants for the dead.

The baskets used, are the urn shaped ones usually known as Kern and Tulare bottlenects [amplify]

They are strung on the pole, the pole being thrust through their bottoms, so that they stand one under the other in a vert ical column. They are arranged by size the largest at the bottom--the smallest at h the top. The baskets, except the top one may vary in size, form and design--but the top one must always be the smallest and have the same designs. It is called by the San Gabriels Tso-po'-tat; by the Serranos Too-moo'-hah. The second is in San Gabriel Ko-maht, in Serrano, Mah-kah. The third and all the rest are called in San Gab-

briel Ho-Ko'-pe-tat, in Serrano Ko-me'-me. The pole is called Ko-too-mut by both tribes.

When the pole decorations are finished and the pole is stood up in the hole made for it the men yell three times, at the same time pressing the fingers against the mouth and vibrating them rapidly so as to make a trembling sound. This is repeated 9n the last day , when the pole is removed, carried by the workers to the burial ground, and set up in its final resting place. Here the baskets rdmain for years until they finally go to pieces.

The women sing a simple but beautiful song, rythmical and full of melody. The words are:

E— Non-wík mah

Non-wik mah

Non-wik mah

Ko too mut tah

Non wik mah

Non wik mah

Non wik mah

Ko too mut tah

Non wik ma

Non wik mah

Non wik mah

Ko too mut tah

THE KO-TOO'-MUT KE-HI'-AH OR FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

A Mortuary Ceremony of the Tong-vā.

The Ko-too'-mut Ke-hi'-ah is an elaborate ceremony sacred to the memory of the dead. It lasts 8 days, ~~may be held as late as three or even four years after the death of the particular relative for whose benefit it is primarily undertaken,~~ and is always given by a person of wealth and prominence in the tribe.

The length of time elapsing between the death and the ceremony varies from one to three or even four years depending upon the time necessary for the giver to ~~This person, who may be either man or woman, devotes the time from the death of the relative to the date of the Fiesta, to preparations for it--to the~~ accumulate ~~of~~ the necessary means ~~wealth~~--food, clothing, baskets, wampum or money, and other needed articles. To this end he makes every ~~thing is~~ sacrifice ~~ed~~. ~~When all is ready invitations are sent to neighboring bands and tribes.~~

The person giving the fiesta is Master of Ceremonies, called Mah'-ne'-sas; he contributes the feast and most of the baskets to be sacrificed, furnishes all the food to be eaten by the guests during the 8 days of the ceremony, invites such ~~such~~ of the neighboring tribes and bands as are desired, ~~and~~ names the principal participants, and chooses ~~He selects~~ from

8C

THE KO-TOO'-MUT KE-HI'-AH OR FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

A Mortuary Ceremony of the Tong-vā.

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The person giving the fiesta is Master of Ceremonies called Mah-ne'-sas; or he contributes the feast and most of the baskets to be sacrificed, furnishes all the food to be eaten by the guests during the 8 days of the ceremony, invites such ~~such~~ of the neighboring tribes and bands as are desired, ~~and~~ names the principal participants, and ~~he selects~~ chooses from

each tribe or village a prominent man to serve as Captain for that tribe or village. These Captains, called To-me-arr', must be actual mourners--persons who have lost a near relative within the period covered by the Fiesta. It rarely happens therefore that the To-me-arr' is the real chief of the tribe or band he represents.

Each To-me-arr' selects from his relatives two or three men (if possible a son, brother, or uncle) to do the necessary work. These workers are called Wor-ro'-rhat and like the captains must be actual mourners.

When the Mah-ne'-sahs or Master of Ceremonies and host of the feast has everything in readiness and has fixed the date, he notifies the To-me-arr' or Tribal Captains, and these see that the workers (Wo-ro'-rhat) are ready and present at the appointed place and time. The place is the home of the Mah-ne'-sahs.

The master of Ceremonies has previously invited a number of women mourners (called Taw-to'-kow) who are expected to bring offerings of clothes, beads, food, money, baskets for the sacrifice. But they must not bring more than two or three baskets apiece as the main supply

is furnished by the Mah-né-sas. He may have bought all of these, but if a woman, has made part and purchased the rest. Baskets made for this purpose are of the best workmanship, and are sold by the makers to the Mah-né-sas at a very low figure, usually about 1-10th their real value.

~~The Fiesta lasts 8 days, ending on the same day of the week as that on which it was begun.~~ tr.

When the day has arrived the people assemble at the Master's house. First to appear are the Wor-ré-rhat or workers, who come early in the morning, are given a dinner to take with them, and set out at once into the mountains to cut and fetch a pine tree, which must be at least 40 or 50 feet in height. When the tree has been felled and the branches lopped off, ~~it~~ the trunk is carried on the shoulders of the workers to the Fiesta ground, where the bark is peeled off, and the ~~trunk~~ pole polished with pumice stone, painted, and adorned with baskets. (It is then called Koo-too-mut, and becomes the central figure of the ceremony.) The paint is put on in bands or rings about six inches wide, in four colors arranged in the following order: white, red, black, and

gray, each of which has a particular significance. These rings are repeated from top to bottom until the entire pole is covered.

~~It is then erected and becomes the central figure of the Ceremony - the Ko-too-mat pole. All this is done by the workers.~~

When the Kotoomut pole ~~is~~ has been trimmed and painted, and a hole ~~has been~~ dug in the ground for it to stand in, the baskets are put on. These are mainly the beautiful mortuary ~~sacrificial~~ urns, and the handsome choke mouth receptacles called by the Mexicans 'guaritas.' Both kinds are richly ornamented with symbolic designs in red and black. The bottoms ~~of the baskets~~ are cut out to admit the pole, and in most of the urn-shaped baskets ~~ones~~ the top has to be cut ~~out~~ also, as the pole is too big to pass through the natural opening. They are put on bottom-side up, the smallest at the top, the largest at the bottom.

The top basket, which must always be the same in form and design, is called <u>Tso-pó-tat</u>; the 2d <u>Kó-maht</u>; the 3d and all the others <u>Kó-pe-tat</u>.

The Ko-too'-mut Ke-hi'-ah or FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

a mortuary ceremony of the Tong-vā.

~~Bakersfield.~~

~~Oct.11,1903~~

FIESTA FOR THE DEAD { Ke-hí-e in San Gabriel / Wah-kats in Serrano

(Ko-too'-mut Ke-hi'-ah is an elaborate ceremony sacred to the memory of a dead) The ~~Fiesta is~~ given by a person of prominence in the tribe.

~~and~~ It may be ~~given~~ held as ~~long~~ late as three or four years after the death of the particular relative for whose benefit it is primarily undertaken, and is always

The person giving it is Captain and has charge of affairs, contributes the feast and most of the baskets to be sacrificed, invites such of the neighboring tribes as are desired, and names the principal participants. He selects from each tribe or village

In the particular cases described to me the informant herself gave the fiesta and was therefore Master of Ceremonies (called Mah-ne'-sas in San Gabriel and Ke-kah'-an-nŭ-me-hoon in Serrano) . ~~She named~~ a prominent man ~~from each tribe~~ to serve as ~~be~~ Captain for ~~from~~ that tribe or village. These Captains ~~were~~ are called ~~in San Gariel;~~ To-me-ars; in Serrano, Ke"-ki.)

Each selected from his near relatives two or three men(usually a son or brother or uncle) to cut and bring the tree for the

On the 8th ~~day~~ and last day the workers take up the pole and carry it on their shoulders to the Koo-nahé-gnah or burial ground, where it is erected among the graves and allowed to stand forever, ~~after~~, the baskets slowly going to pieces as the years ~~go~~ roll by.

When ~~it~~ the pole is stood up in its final ~~hole~~ resting place, the men give three loud tremulous yells, as when it was first erected. Then the singers gather around it and sing again for the last time the Ko-too'-mut song.

¶ The Chi'-e-vor

Then all return to the ~~Fiesta place~~ Ke-hi'-ah ground where the last and ~~perhaps~~ most remarkable part of the ceremony is enacted. The tribal Chiefs (To-me-ar') take from the pile of offerings ~~3 or 4~~ enough silver ~~dollars for~~ money to give 3 or 4 dollars to each of the workers (War-ro'-rat); ~~and put~~ all the rest of the ~~offerings~~ presents (Se-ō-ch-he) are gathered together ~~in a~~ into as compact a mass as possible and put ~~into~~ a large bag made of seal skins ~~and cover them with something to make them look like~~ brought from the coast, & shaped like some huge animal. It is decorated ~~as an animal effigy like a Monkey ('Mono') my informant said--~~ with beads, shells & feathers, and trimmed along the borders with eagle plumes. ~~and make a fire under it and burn the whole. While burning, the~~ All this is done by the workers, in the house of the Mah-ne'-sahs (the person giving the Ke-hi'-yah). When stuffed & sewed up ~~ready~~ for the final act it is called Chi'-e-vor, and is a most sacred object. ~~This ends the Fiesta.~~ It contains

Hundreds of dollars worth of beautiful baskets, and large quantities of beans, bread, grain, acorns, pine nuts & other food, clothing (including in recent times whole pieces of new cloth), long strings of beads & wampum, handsome abalone shells, and even silver and gold money — all ~~given~~ freely to be ~~are thus~~ sacrificed as a burnt offering to the dead.

¶ The Effigy or Chiever is now brought out of the house

FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

~~Bakersfield~~

tremulous yells, as when it was first erected. Then the singers gather around it and sing again for the last time the Ko-too'-mut song.

¶ The Chi'-e-vor

Then all return to the Ke-hi'-ah ground ~~Fiesta place~~ where the last and ~~perhaps~~ most remarkable part of the ceremony is enacted. The tribal Chiefs (To-me-ar') take from the pile of offerings enough ~~3 or 4~~ silver money ~~dollars for~~ to give 3 or 4 dollars to each of the workers (War-ro'-rat); ~~and put~~ all the rest of the presents (Se-o-he) ~~offerings~~ ~~in a~~ are gathered together into as compact a mass as possible and put ~~into~~ a large bag made of seal skins ~~and cover them with something to make them look like~~ brought from the coast, & shaped like some huge animal. It is decorated ~~as an animal effigy--like a Monkey('Mono') my informant said--~~ with beads, shells & feathers, and trimmed along the borders with eagle plumes. ~~and make a fire under it and burn the whole. While burning, the women singers sing the sad chant.~~ All this is done by the workers, in the house of the Mah-ne'-sahs (the person giving the Ke-hi'-yah). When stuffed & sewed up ready for the final act it is called Chi'-e-vor, and is a most sacred object. ~~This ends the Fiesta.~~

It contains hundreds of dollars worth of beautiful baskets, food (acorns, pine nuts & other and large quantities of beans, bread, grain), clothing (including in recent times whole pieces of new cloth), long strings of beads & wampum, handsome abalone shells, and even silver and gold money — all ~~given~~ freely to be ~~are thus~~ sacrificed as a burnt offering to the dead.

¶ The Effigy or Chiever is now brought out of the house [illegible]

Notes on the Chi'-e-vōr of the Tong-vā.

The presents brought by relatives to be burned at the Chi-e-vōr or Kotumut Ke-hi'-yah are called Se-ō=ch-he.

They are finally put into a large bag of seal skins from the coast. The bag (called Chi'-e-vōr) is made by the men employed to get + trim the Kotumut pole. It is decorated with beads, shells + feathers and trimmed on the borders with eagle ~~feathers~~ plumes. When ready, it is brought out of the house (of the person giving the Ke-hi'-yah) by the old men, preceded by a man in strange attire + curiously painted who walks backward, uttering Hoh, hoh, hoh. Following him is an old man with his hands extended in front (palms down) who while waving his hands downward + walking backward says in a solemn voice ~~Hoh'-hoh'-hoh' and~~ ah=ch - ah=ch - ah=ch (expiratory breathing). While he is doing this everybody cries + wails + the relatives follow with their hair down.

A large fire is soon kindled, ~~the Chievor~~ is placed upon it, and more wood is thrown on, until ~~the~~ whole is consumed. Some of the hair of the dead, carefully preserved for the purpose, is burned with the effigy.

It should be remembered that the people ~~making this~~ who bring the offerings for this sacrifice are themselves very poor and ~~really~~ need everything they have. Their generosity is a pathetic illustration of the intensity of their ~~superstitions~~ devotion to the memory of the dead.

The Effigy or _Chiewor_ is now brought out of the house and carried to the center of the Fiesta ground by a number of old men preceded by a

The Tōv-too-ech

After the burning is completed the To-mē-avv" or chiefs of the Kotuumut sprinkle

Tōv-too-ēch (Conclusion of the Kotumut Kehiyah)

An Effigy or 'dummy', is made of clothes of dead person stuffed full of clothes & other things, including wampum, beads, & gold & silver money sewed in, is burned.

After the burning the chiefs of the Kotumut sprinkle earth on the ashes and trample the place down hard by stamping with their feet.

Then a young unmarried man called To-vēt, son of a chief, is carried by 3 of the workers from his home to the place & is paid for dancing. He is curiously dressed in feathers, wearing a large feather headdress called Hah-rah'-rum wh comes down to his shoulders & is crowned with eagle plumes & set with beads, wampum & gold. He wears also a short feather skirt, the upper part white, the bottom black. His arms & body are naked & painted red, white, blue, & gray, each color having a special significance. He carries 2 sticks, ~~each~~ about 2 feet in length, ~~long~~, wh he beats together to make a noise and keep time ~~& make~~ ~~a noise~~, striking them over his head, around his legs ~~& so on~~ and so on.

Tōv-tor-e-ch (2)

~~He wears~~ On each shoulder (he wears) a curious object called Ah-ū-in (noise) covered with feathers & containing something ~~that~~ which makes a noise like a bell or rattle (when he dances). These shoulder pieces are tied (with (or to) ~~on~~) ~~(with)~~ the sacred rope (hō-yow't we-vōr), wh is wound around his body.

When everything is ready, Tō-vēt the dancer begins to dance, and the surrounding circle of men singers sing:

Het-tā pah'-se (4 times)

Hoo'-e, hoo'-e, hoo'-e

Lower] Hŭh, hŭh, hŭh.

Then, ~~he~~ he dances violently, on the spot where the fire was, whirling rapidly & irregularly and the singers (in circle surrounding) address the dead, singing:

Beneath	lie down		alone	you are following me	catch me	
Tor'-kwah-po	uk'-ko	hó-yo	wah'-me	we'-wah	yow'm-ne	(3 times)

Ho'-yo	weh'-me	we'-wah	yowm-ne

Tor'-kwah-po	hah-rah'-rum	hah-rah'-rum	tah'-met	pahm-se-ōt	ne'-pah
Beneath	the feather headdress		the sun	big bird	my brother

One of series of songs sung at Fiesta for the Dead
in Tong-vā language (= San Gabriel)

All are lifting the fiesta (=Kotumut, the Kotumut being the main central idea of the fiesta)

1. Wā-mi wo-vā-nah[ch] ke-hi'-yah

2. Wā-mi wo-vā-nah[ch] ke-hi'-yah ke-hi-yah

first | all together | to throw [the seeds understood]
3. Po | kah-vo yah'ng-o | yā-ro

4 Po kah vo yah'ng-o yā-ro

Spirit in center | in center | fiesta
5 Ah-soo-no | ah-soo-no | ke-hi'-yah ke-hi'-yah

6 Po kah-vo yah'ng-o [~~hoo'e~~ yā-ro].

7 Po kah-vo yah'ng-o hoo'-e

Entire song (7 lines) repeated 3 times.

Important Translation of Kotumut song

has been measured | has been measured | The fola
Non wik-mah | non-wi'k-mah | ko-too-mut-tah

Tso-ap' in Mono Piute is butterfly. [= spirit?]

In Shoshone Tso-ap is spirit or ghost.

Part of series of songs sung at Fiesta for the dead in Tongvā

Che-ā-e in Tongvā (= a song)

Tsah'-troo-ēts in Hammenat

all are lifting the fiesta

1. Wā-mi wo-vā-nah^ch ke-hi-yah

2 Wā-mi wo-vā-nah^ch kehiyah kehi'-yah

all together throw the seeds

3. Po-kah-vo yah'ng-o yā-ro

4 do

spirit? in center? the fiesta the fiesta

5 Ah-soo-no ah-soo-no ke-hi'-yah ke-hi'-yah

6 Po-kah vo yah'ng-o [koo-e / yā-ro] do

Verse repeated 3 times.

6 2 times

5 2 times

1 do

Mrs Hunt tells me Kotsomut fab
is highly polished with a sort of
pummice stone before it is painted.
She says also that each of the
bands of color means something —
each color standing for an idea.

Decorating the top basket.

The top basket is set bottom side up on top of the pole. In its bottom are stuck 3 sticks — one in the middle wh. stands up vertically, & one on each side of it, wh. slant upward & outward, as indicated in the diagram. An Eagle plume dyed red is wound around the bottom of the 3 sticks collectively, close to the basket.

The outer sticks are painted red, just alike, & each has a small shell fastened to the top. The middle stick is decorated with feathers for its entire length, & on its very summit are fastened 3 white quills of Eagle feathers — the bare basal part of the quill without the web.

Kotumnit Song

Tell! — — { che-wā-ne / ma-hah^ch=-an-ne }

I am telling — — che ché win mōh-noi

He is telling — — che ché win mōk é

They are telling. che ché win mok moi^ch=

Let him tell — — Tā-ah-no-po

[illegible]

Tong-vä

I have been there — No-nim-har-rót

He has been there — man-né-har-rōt

~~I must have been there~~

~~" " " " Hä-rōt'k mar-rēn-pah~~

I must go — ~~He-ah-mon hē me-ă-rō~~ He-ah-mon hē; me-ă-rō

You must go — ~~Óm-me-ă~~ Óm-me-ă

He must go — Pā-po-me

He must have been there {Hă-rōt'k mar-rēn-pah / mah-nā-kā-har-rōt

Leave! — Pe-sah'-ro

I am leaving — Hā-ah-mon-he-mē's mit

You are leaving — Hā-ah nawa mēs-nit

He is leaving — Hā-ah-mō mēs-nit (= He wants to go)

He will leave — He-ah-mo me-ar-ro (Probably, he is leaving.)

He has left — He ah é me

~~He has left~~ {~~He-ah é-me~~ / Pā-yah'-me (there he goes)

I am dying — Mōi-yum yen mōk nōi

You are dying — Mōi " " " í-ēch

He is dying — Pā-ā mō yum yen mōk

He will die — Mō yum' yen mōk-é

He has died — He yah ēch mā yuk mōk

He is dead — He ah mo weet kō mōk

I am going out Pe-sah^{ch} - no-you- wang-ah
I have gone out He-ah'-ne pe-sah^{ch}

I'm grieving - Ah-how'-sah kwah' ah^{ch}-noi
I have grieved - ah how' sah na^{ch}

I'm throwing - Pe-re'-mōk-ni
I have thrown He-ah'-ni -peek'

I'm sweating Too-e-nōk-ni
I have sweated Hā-ah'-ni ē^{ch} too-e-nōk

I'm suffering Wah-wang'-in-mōk-noi^{ch}
I have suffered Wahng ă-nah^{ch} noi
He is suffering mo-ti-yo-ker-oi
~~He~~

Tong-vä

Follow! Hi″-nĕ
I'm following Hi-nah^ch^ rē^ch^
I shall follow Hi′-ro-rē^ch^
I have followed Hi-et′-ni′
He is following Hi-nah^ch^ roi
You are " - Hi′nah^ch^-nā-i′

We-wah-ē^ch^ & Hi-nah^ch^-nā-i mean same thing: you are following me.

I shall be contented a-wā′s′ kom | muki noi
(contented)

We shall be " mah-nā-pōm nah | ah wā′s-kom
(contented)

a worm will become (turn into) a butterfly mah-neem′ ko mo roi^ch^
~~" nām po-ro~~

a seed will become a flower ah soo-in po-ro ah-pooch

we shall do it ~~following or~~ mah-nām po-ro

was that him? (question) mah nām nar-ro? ^ok^ answer, He shall do it, mah nām po-ro.

I saw a big bird - Hoo-took noi yŭ-ō-ēt ah-mah′sah-rot
I shot a big bird - Moo-hook noi^ch^ ah-mah′-să ro-tah

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McLeod.
Oval figure basket and
excited Mrs Rosemeyer — Oct. 1906.

IMPERIAL HOTEL
STOCKTON, CAL.
A. I. WAGNER

Recd. at San Francisco Oct. 30, 1906.

Oct 28 1906

Dr C. Hart Merriam

Dear Sir: I enclose
a small Photo. taken at
Bfield. And showing
one of those oval
Baskets. with two rows
of figures. You will
notice. on close Examination
that there is a pattern
crossing both rows
of figures.
Mrs Rosemeyer
came. by appointment
one day. and sorry
to state. when they came
to use the Phonograph

some one had been medling
with it and it would
not work. But while
there. She saw this
basket. and she would
talk of nothing else.
for she said. that it
was just as much.
a part of the festival
as the other one.
and became much excited
over it. so I give it
hopes that you may
again be there. and have
some one who can interpret
well - for you - and get
the Best of what you want.
I learn from Dr Kroeber
that you went to R.R. Flat.
Respect E. L. McLeod
523 - 7th st Oakland.

Tongvā We-vo'-e-naht. (Sequence)

Giver of Kotumut Kehiah ceremony.

Captains

Workers

~~Singers~~

Mourners

Preparation of Pole & baskets

Throwing on of Presents

Erection of Pole at Kehiah grounds

① ~~Wā'-mi wo-va-nahk Kehüyah~~

② Kotumut Song

Non-wi'k-mah, non wi'k-mah ko-too'-mut-tah
He's been measured do the Kotoomut Pole

③ ~~Soo-e'-soo-e^ch~~

④ To'-ve-mah &c.

Preparation of Chi'-e-var.

Burning " "

⑤ Tōv-too-ē^ch (Tor'-kmah-po ukko &c)

This ends the Kekiah ceremony.

We-vo'-e-naht
~~We-vo'-e-nech~~ } in Tongvā

We-vo'-e-neets in Ah-koo'-too'tse-am

Funeral song, named from the mystic **We'-vor**.

Dying [illegible] departing — spirit — will become — a flower — beautiful tā-ko-vit Kah-ro

1. Si-wŏh! si-wăh! Ah-soon pō-rō soo'-e-no kah-ro

2. Si-wăh si-wah ah-soon po-ro soo'-e-no kar-ro
3. Si-wŏh si-wah ah-soon po-ro soo'-e-no kar-ro
4. Si-wŏh si-wah ah-soon po-ro

Death rattle — spirit — becomes — [illegible] — [illegible] — must have been their

5. Nŭ-re! nŭ-re! Ah-soon pō-rō so-aht-po. So-aht wan-ne'vo [where he was]

all gone — gone — the spirit — becomes — a fl[ower] — beautiful

6. Yi--vo Yi-vo! Kah-soon po-ro soo-e-no kar-ro
~~Si-wŏh! Si-wăh~~!

Repeat:
Si-wăh si-wăh ah-soon po-ro soo'-e-no kah-ro

(Sung only in presence of body — not part of Kotoomut Fiesta)

Ho-yow't cylinder covered with feathers — white around middle, red at ends.
Thrown forward & back on We'-vor to make dismal noise.

The rope, Ho-yow't we'-vor.

Sung by her grandfather & herself

As originally sung, 1st line repeated 7½ times, ending with po-ro, & followed by nŭ-re, nŭ-re &c.

Pah-pi-năh mo-nam San [illegible], [illegible] (Tongvā.)

Ko-kŏm kam = name given San Bernardino [illegible] people by Tongvā

Ke'-tah'-nă-mwah-kam in San Bernardino [illegible] name for themselves same in Serrano

Words used in the <u>We-vó-e-naht</u> or funeral song of the Tongvā.

Sí- wŏh	The death breathing (dying agony)
Ah-soon	Heart or 'spirit'
Pó-ro	will become
Soo-e-no	a flower (= ah-soo-in)
Kah-ro	beautiful
Nŭ-re	the death-rattle
So-aht	The spirit soul
Wan-né-vo	must have been there
Yí- vo	gone; all gone

Che-ā-ē^ch= ke-hí-yah (= the Fiesta Song) in Tongvā. [Song No. 1 of Kotumut Ceremony.

Song sung at the Kotumut Fiesta. (in Gabriel)

all
all together [air] lifting — the fiesta [= the Kotumut pole, the central idea of the fiesta]

1. Wā́-mi wo-vā-nah^ch= ke-hí-yah

2. Wā́-mi wo-vā-nah^ch= ke-hí-yah ke-hí-yah

Give song to me [seeds understood] — to throw

3. Po-káh-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro

4. Po-káh-vo-yah'ng-o yā-ro

In the center

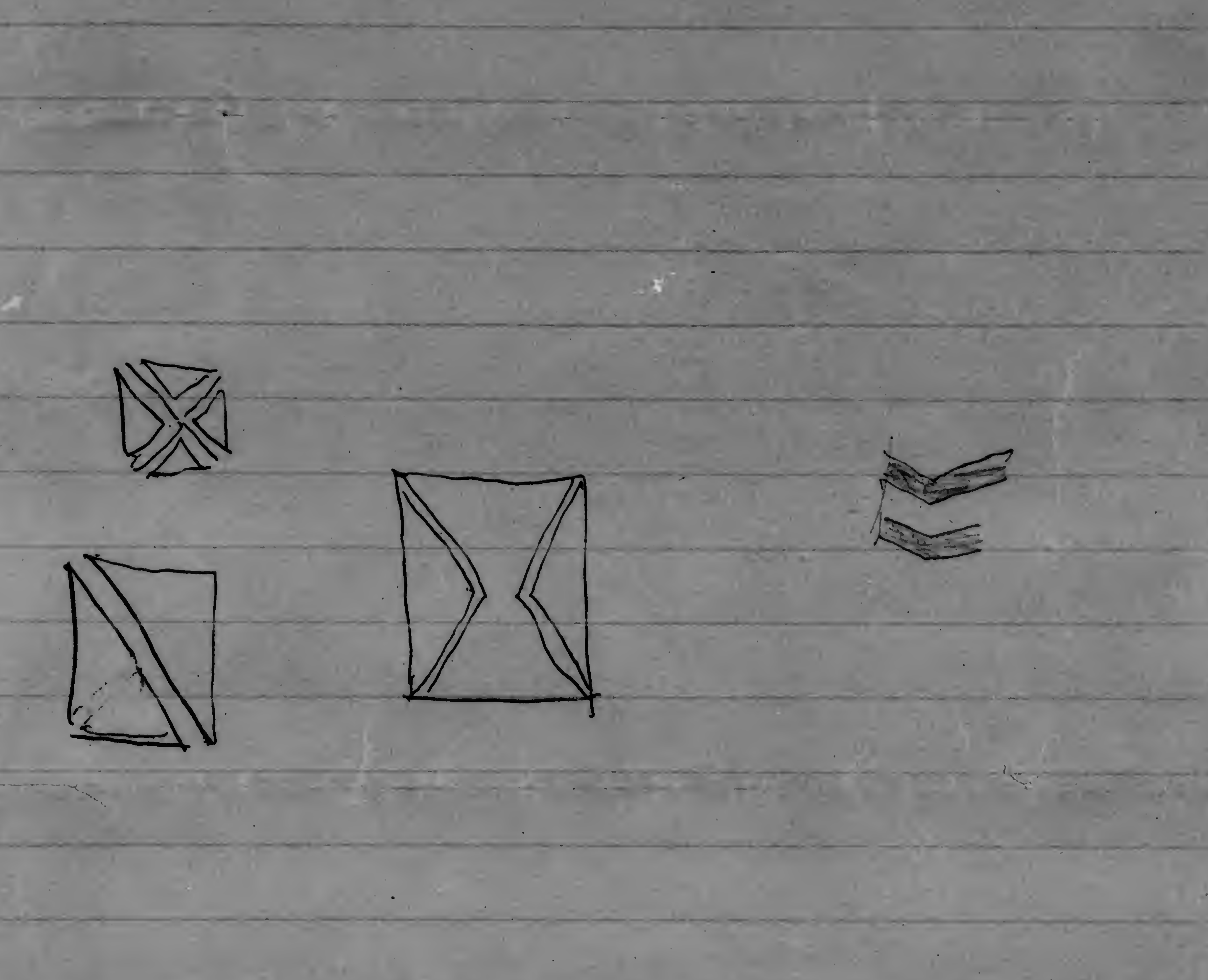
5. Ah-soo-no ah-soo-no ké-hi-yah ke-hí-yah

6. Po-káh-vo yah'ng-o yā-ro

7. Po-káh-vo yah'ng-o yā-ro

Sung while the men are in the act of erecting the Kotumut Pole.

(Sung for me by Mrs J.V. Rosemyre, at Bakersfield, Calif., July 1905. C.H.M.)



Tso-ap

In Shoshone "tell of the ghosts, or Tsoaps, who haunt the meadows & forests, & are ever ready ~~to~~ give ~~the~~ warning of the time of their departure to the land of spirits." —
—Col. Albert G. Brackett, U.S.A.
Smithsonian Rept. for 1879. 332. 1880.

Look for locality

~~[illegible]~~ women sing a simple but beautiful
song, rythmical & full of melody. The words are

Non - wík mah
Non - wík mah
Non wik mah
Ko too mut tah

Non wik mah
Non wik mah
Non wik mah
Ko too muttah

Non wik mah
Non wik mah
Non wik mah
Ko too mut tah

From the Ko-tú-mut song of
the Tong-vā

Siwah – an African tribe.
Vater in Mithridates, vol. III, pt. 3, 426, 1817 (after Hornemann).

Coincidence only.

The kutumit, (kotumut) ceremony.--Kroeber, Handbook Indians Calif., p. 676, 1925

Kotumut Dances

Mrs Hunt saw the ceremony when a little girl of 9 or 10, & remembers it. She says the women dancers wore a beautiful headband about 4 in. wide made of rabbit fur or Eagle down dyed pink, & painted their faces with red, in some regular design. They carried strings of bear's teeth & claws in their hands to jingle, & wore strings of beads around their necks & waists.

They wore eagle down on their breasts, & a skirt, usually ornamented, which reached down halfway from knees to ankles.

The men painted body & arms to waist & had a special mark painted on middle of breast.

The medicine men wore a headcap with Eagle plumes sticking up in it all round. They wore a collar of beads & stones & bear claws, cleverly made, and a short skirt of feathers wh reached down to the knees, and anklets that jingled as they danced.

The big medicine men in Hammenat were called Tsah'tr.

FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

~~Bakersfield.~~

And so on, the first line being repeated three times and then twice alternately .

When this is over, the mourners sing a sad chant(in a remarkable tune). I did not get the words to this, but among them the expression ki-yah and Ke-hi-yah are conspicuous and mean"everybody raise the feast".

Kotúmut song

has been measured	has been measured	The Kotumut folk
Non-wi'k-mah	non wi'k-mah	Ko-too'-mut-tah

&c.

The Kotoo'mut folk has been measured.

Tōv-too-ē^{ch}. A song sung to the dead at the close of the Fiesta for the Dead, by the Gabriel Indians.
(Sung while a young man is dancing over the ashes of the burnt effigy.)

1. Tor'-kwah-po uk'-ko hó-yo wah'-we we'-wah yow'm'-ne
2. Tor'-kwah-po uk'-ko hó-yo wah'-we we'-wah yow'm'-ne
3. Tor'-kwah-po uk'-ko hó-yo wah'-we we'-wah yow'm'-ne
4. Hó-yo wah'-we we'-wah yow'm'-ne
5. Tor'-kwah-po hah-rah'-rum hah-rah'-rum tah'-met pahm-se-ō't ne'-pah

The top line roughly translated means: "Lie down alone? beneath the Hó-yo". You are following me; catch me!"
The bottom line is very difficult. It seems to say:
"Beneath the {hah-rah'-rum / feather headdress} my brother the Sun [is shining] the big bird" [is soaring]. The words don't fit together well and I am not sure of the exact meaning. [illegible]

Tōv-too-ē^{ch}. A song sung to the dead at the close of the Fiesta for the Dead, by the Gabriel Indians.
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4. Hó-yo wah'-we wé-wah yow'm'-ne
5. Tor'-kwah-po hah-rah'-rum hah-rah'-rum tah'-met pahm-se-ō't ne'-pah

The top line roughly translated means: "Lie down alive? beneath the Ho-yo". You are following me; catch me!"
The bottom line is very difficult. It seems to say:
"Beneath the {hah-rah'-rum / feather headdress} my brother the Sun [is shining] the big bird [is soaring]. The words don't fit together well and I am not sure of the exact meaning. [illegible]

A whale – Pan-nah^ch^-har ok

Under – tor-ro
Do – Tor-kwah-po } Ok! ~~a seal~~ ~~Tong-vä~~

Effigy or dummy = Chi-e-vōr
made up of all feasts for burning } Se-ō^ch^-he = presents for burning

{ bag made of seal skins from coast used to burn – old in Kotumnut – bag made by man hired to get skins. decorate it & burn (feathers of eagle around borders)

Death – Moi-yuk-me^ch^

Center / middle } Nah-mah-king

Agony – Moi-yum-yin-mōk

Catch Yow-ah' ~~ke daun ukko~~

Catch me Yow-ne

I'm catching you Hé-am-mo-re yow-rō

You're catching me He-jah mo-ne ah yow-ro

He is coming – Mah-nā-rā-ké
They are " – Nah-re or hahr-e = it's they / Mah-mo-re mem-ké (hah-re)

The feather headdress } Hah-rah-rum

another kind { Pah-vahm-ut / Pah-vahm-ut

Bag prepared in house & brought out by old men, preceded by ~~___~~ curiously dressed man saying Hok-hōh-hoh & walking backward. Old man with hands extended in front palms down waving down saying ah^ch^ ah^ch^ ah^ch^ in low solemn voice. Everybody cries. Relations follow with hair down.

Dancer. To-vet name of dancer in ashes

The Sun shines ~~pahkt~~ { pah-haht kin-nah^ch^ tam-met / pah-haht ko

Ceremonial house ~~Ke-hi-e~~ Nah-tōr-rē^ch^

a fiesta Ke-hi-yah (yah) ok

Swiftly = How-me

Quick (fast) Mah-he-ko

We-wah = you're following me

a flower – ah-sot-in } ok
flowers – I-yo-in " " "

Se-ōt – a star
Poo-koo so-se-ōt, Plural so-soo-se-ōt

Seeds – ah poots
many " I-yo-in ah poots / pootch

~~Plurals tree bird~~

All the owls are spirits of the dead

Dying – Moi yum yen mōk

Part of Katumnut Ceremony. { Called <u>Soo-e'-soo-e</u> in Tongvā / <u>Hoo-e' ko-man-nits</u> in Hammenat.

As each chief comes to the fiesta each day with his people, he & they sing together on entering fiesta ground:

They [are] Beginning / Commencing — they are beginning

Po-mo we-ween | po-mo we-ween

Po-mo we-ween | po-mo we-ween

They [are] measuring — (Thou that measured it [illegible]) Them — Why

Po-mo wi'k-mah | po-mo' tah he-tah-rah

Po-mo wi'k-mah | po-mo' tah he-tah'-rah

~~Po-mo we-ween po-mo wi'k-mah~~

They shall tell to him — tell (imperative)

Mah-rahk-mahn | che-wā-nahch

? They shall tell him — the heavens or sky above

Mah-rahk'-mahn | too-ko'-pe-tah

As sung for me by Mrs J. V. Rosemyre, at Bakersfield, Calif. July 1905. — C.H.M.

Let him tell: <u>Tā-ah-no-po</u>.

In Ketanamoskum

Turtle is Ko'-po.taht

We vo' e naht }
~~We-vó-e-no~~ ch } in Tongva name of this formal cap

We-vo'-e-neete in Hammenat

We'-vor = white shell string and -

The death agony the agony	the heart spirit life	turns into	a flower	beautiful
1 Si-wah si-wah	ah-soon	po-ro	soo'-e-no	kar-ro
2 Si-wah si-wah	ah-soon	po-ro	soo'-e-no	kar-ro
3 Si-wah si-wah	ah-soon	po-ro	soo'-e-no	kar-ro

~~1 2 3~~

4 Si-wah si-wah ah soon po-ro

death rattle	spirit	turns into	the end the end	must have been there
5 Nü-re nü-re	ah-soon	po-ro	so-aht po so-aht	wan-ne'-vo

gone gone	the spirit	turns into	a flower	beautiful
6 Yi-vo yi-vo	kah-soon	pó-ro	soo-e-no	kah'-ro
7 Si-wah si-wah	ah-soon	pó-ro	soo'-e-no	kar'-ro &c

another dance
2 girls in front
next 3 " " row

Soo-e-too-e in Tegwā
Hoe-e-ko-man-nits Hammenat
last of Kootumuat kehízah

Sō-wa-h- [illegible] in Tegwā

[illegible]

Sŭ-kaht is Barn Owl

in Tol-chin'-ne, New-oo'-ah, and

Panamint Shoshone.

Put in Kotremunt Envelope

In Tong-và language Tó-vèah means white paint used on face on ceremonial occasions

[But, White is a wholly different word — Rar'-ŏ-rŏh]

Tso-ahp: In Shoshone = Spirit or ghost.
In Mono Piute = butterfly.

In Gabrielinos [for Kotuemut ceremony]

Tomear = chief's eldest son

Manisar = " " daughter.

Hugo Reid Ms 1852, Bull. Essex Inst. Vol. 17, p. 3. 1885.

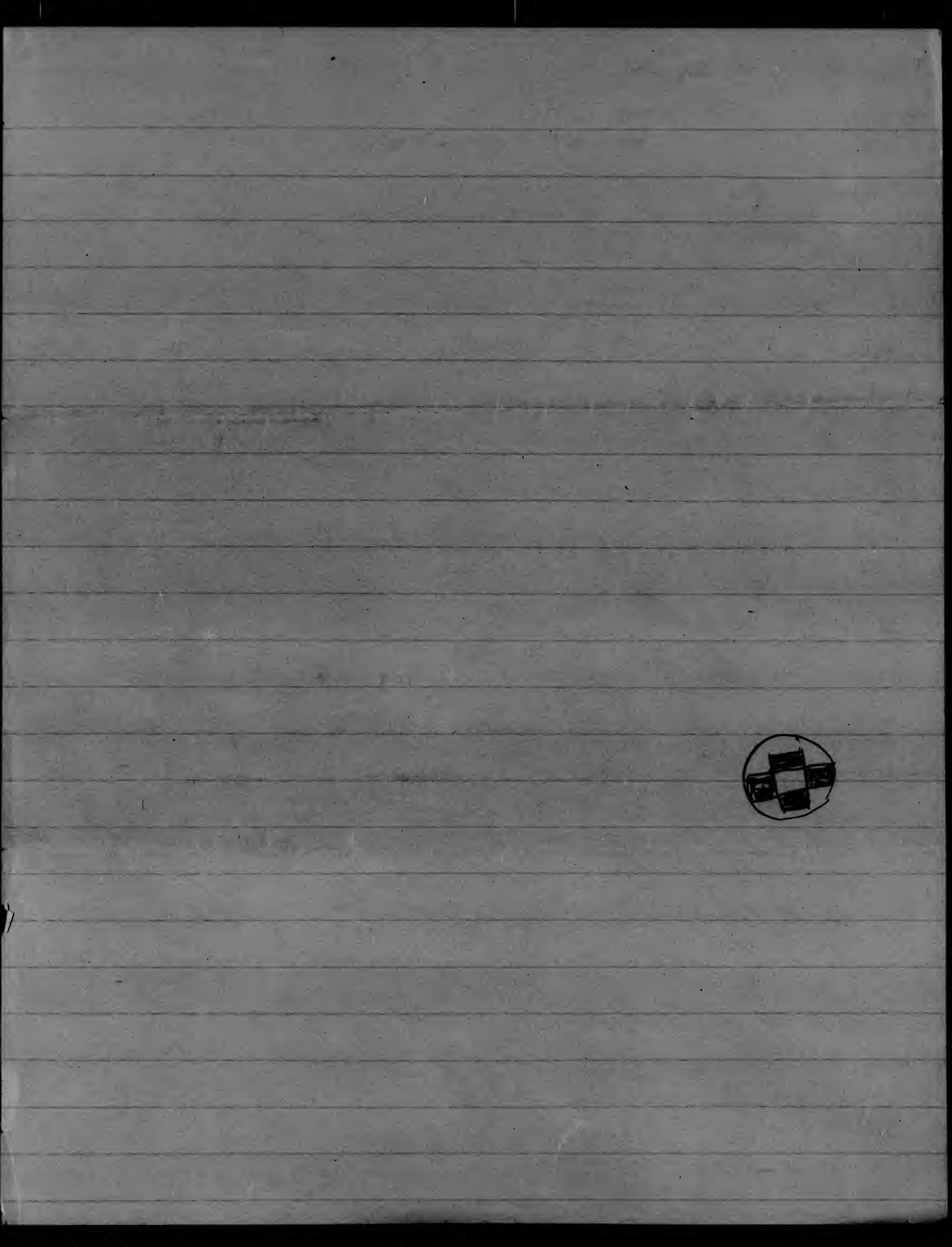
Tōv-too-ē^ch^ (2)

Object on rope Ho-yow't (makes noise when thrown back & forward)
The rope also called Ho-yow't or Ho-yow't We̱vor.

Object on shoulders Ah-ū-in (= sound noise)

No children allowed to witness ceremony.
Dancer has short ~~dress~~ skirt all made of feathers - upper part skirt white, bottom black. Body & arms naked & painted Red & white & ~~blue~~ gray
3 men carry him in arms to dancing place & before he dances men clap their hands.
The surrounding men sing when he begins to dance
Hĕt tā pah-se hĕt-tā-pah-se het-tā pah see het ta pah se
Hoo-e hoo-e hoo-e
(low) Hūh hūh hūh
followed by other song - Tor'-kwah-po ukka se.

The Ho-yow't is a cylindrical affair ~~covered~~ with feathers - white around middle - at ends red (Colaptes collaris, 'yellowhammer').



Ko-too mut Song

Sung at Fiesta for the Dead

By the San Gabriel, Serrano, + Tejon Indians

Oct. 12-13, 1903

(Sung for me twice by Mrs. J. B. Rosemyre, whose father was a Serrano chief, her mother a San Gabriel.

1) Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
Ko-too-mut-tah

2) Non wi'k mah
Non wik mah
Ko-too-mut-tah

3) Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
ko-too-mut-tah

4) Non wi'k máh
Non wi'k mah
ko-too-mut-tah

5) Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
ko-too-mut-tah

6) Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
Ko-too-mut-tah

7) Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
Non wi'k mah
ko-too-mut-tah

8) Non-wi'k mah
Non-wi'k mah
Ko-too-mut hoo-e.

[Children not allowed to witness this ceremony.] (1)

Tongvā.

Tōv-too-ē^ch^. Dancing Fiesta in anniversary of the Dead. (One or more years after the death.)

Sung at the conclusion of the Kotumut Kehiyah.

An effigy or 'dummy' is made of the clothes of the deceased stuffed full of clothes & other things, including wampum & gold & silver money sewed in.

After the burning, the Chiefs of the Kotumut sprinkle earth on the ashes & trample the place down hard by stamping. Then a young unmarried man called Tō-vēt, son of a chief, who has been carried from his home to the place by three (3) men & is paid for the task, dresses in a curious way (in a short skirt of feathers, upper part white, lower black,) with a large headdress of feathers, body & arms naked & painted red, white, blue, & gray, and dances on the spot where the fire was, an irregular & exceedingly rapid dance, ~~[illegible]~~ while the singers around are singing to ~~the~~ dead; ~~[illegible]~~

	Beneath or underneath	lie down	= the we'-vor	alone?	you are following me	catch me
1.	Tor'-kwah-po	uk'ko	ho'-yo	wah'-we	we'-wah	yow'm-ne
2.	Tor'-kwah-po	ukko	ho-yo	wah-we	we wah	yow'm-ne
3.	Tor' kwah-po	uk-ko	ho-yo	wah-we	we-wah	yow'm-ne
4	Ho-yo	wah-we	we-wah	yow'm-ne		

	Tor'-kwah-po underneath	hah-rah'-rum the feather headdress with eagle feathers beads, wampum & gold	hah-rah'-rum do	tah'-met the sun	pahm-se-ōt big bird like eagle	ne'-pah my brother
5						

Beneath the head dress [illegible] ... the sun [shining] the eagle [illegible]

The singing of this is the last act of the Kotumut Kehiyah & concludes the ceremony.

The dancer is dressed in feathers ~~to~~ resemble the.

Some of the onlookers have gold pieces sewed in a handkerchief which they swing by the corners while dancing & finally fling away.

Dancer carries 2 sticks about 2 ft. long which he beats together like trombones (over his head, between his legs &c &c). Has on each shoulder a feather object with something inside like a bell to make a noise as he dances, tied on by the ho-yowt we-vor which is wound around him. The shoulder object Ah-ū-in (= noise).

Hoo'-koo-pe-tat

Hammenat name for small choke-mouthed urn basket - Mrs Hunt.

To'-ve-mah (new page)

Then, at irregular intervals ~~they sing~~ a light melody is sung:

(4)

To'-ve-mah, To-ve-mah

Pan'-nah-hah'-ve

A Tong-vā song (Che-á-eᶜʰ = a song)

Sung at Fiestas &c but not a mourning song

Beaver? a water animal | Sea lion? // | a whale | coming

1 Tó-ve-mah tó-ve-mah pan-nah kah-re
2 Tó-ve-mah tó-ve-mah pan-nah kah-re
3 Tó-ve-mah tó-ve-mah pan-nah kah-re
4 Tó-ve-mah tó-ve-mah pan-nah kah-re
5 Tó-vē't-ke pan-nah-kah-re
6 To-vē't-ke pan-nah kah-re

1st again

Sung during Kotumut fiesta when folks up + feast in progress.

1 To-ve-mah to-ve-mah | pan-nah kar-ro

2 " " " "

3 " " " "

4 " " " "

5 To-vē't-ke pan-nah-kar-ro

6 " " "

Joyous song sung in Fiestas

In Tongvā Che-ā́-ē ch = a song

This person, who may be either a man or a woman, denotes the ~~time~~ ~~beginning~~ between the death of the relative to the date of the Fiesta, the preparations for it — to the accumulation of the requisite material — food, clothing, baskets, ~~...~~ [illegible] or money, ~~& other~~ needed articles. To this end everything is sacrificed. When all is ready invitations are sent ~~out~~ to neighboring bands and tribes.

The person giving the Fiesta is master of ceremonies (called Mah-ne´-sas),

---

In Shoshone:

Tso-ahp = spirit or ghost
In Mono Lake = butterfly.

In Hópe:)

(Tu-ve-ch-pe = sling. In Tongvā it is White paint (face paint).
In Tong-vā the white face-paint is To-vā-ch.

FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

Bakersfield

pole and do the other work. These workers are called in San Gabriel: Wor-ró-rhat; in Serrano: Pah-pah́-cho-kum.

Both the tribal Captains and the workers must be actual mourners--persons who have lost near relatives within the period covered by the Fiesta.

When the man-ne'-sahs or Master of Ceremonies and hostess of the feast has everything ready and has fixed the date, he notifies the To-me-ar' or Tribal Captains, and these see that the workers (wo-ró-rhat) are ready and present at the appointed place and time. The place is the home of the mannesas hostess.

The Master of Ceremonies(who is also hostess) has previously invited a number of women mourners (called Taw-tó-kow) who are expected to bring offerings of clothes, beads, food, money, or baskets. But they must not bring more than two or 3 baskets apiece as the main supply is furnished by the man-ne-sas. He may have bought all of these, but if a woman, usually has made part and purchased the rest. Baskets made for this purpose are of the best workmanship and are sold by the makers to the man-ne'-sas at a very low figure, usually about 1/10 their real value.

The Fiesta lasts 8 days, ending on the same day of the week as that on which it was begun.

When the day has arrived the people assemble at the Masters house. She gives the workers a dinner to take with them, and they set out at once into the mountains in search of a pine tree sui-table for the Ko-too'-mut pole, which must be at least 30-40 feet in height. When the tree has been felled and the branches lopped off, it is carried over the shoulders of the workers to the Fiesta ground, where the bark is peeled off and the pole painted, and adorned with baskets. All of this is done by the workers. It is painted in bands or rings about six inches wide, in four colors in the following order : white, red, black, gray. These rings are repeated from top to bottom until the entire pole is covered.

FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

Bakersfield.

Throughout the entire period the Master furnishes all the meals and everything necessary except the offerings to the dead brought by the mourners--a matter of considerable expense.

When the pole is trimmed and painted, and a hole has been dug in the ground [for it to stand in,] ~~to receive it~~, the baskets are put on. These are mainly the [beautiful] ~~rich urn-shaped~~ sacrificial [urns] ~~baskets~~ and the [handsome rounded] choke mouth [receptacles called by the Mexicans] 'guaritas'. ~~(A rounded kind of basket)~~. [Both kinds are richly ornamented with symbolic designs in red and black.]

[They] ~~All~~ are put on bottom-side up, the smallest at the top, the largest at the bottom. ~~the intervening ones arranged by size.~~

~~The top one must be a particular kind, to be described later.~~

The bottoms [of the baskets] are cut out to admit the pole, and in most of the urn-shaped ones the top has to be cut out also--as the pole is [too] ~~so very~~ big [to pass through the natural opening.]

~~While the baskets are being put on, the women wail and cry, and sing their mournful chants to the dead.~~

The top basket, which must always be the same in form and ~~or-~~ [design] ~~namentation(as will be shown later)~~ is called in San Gabriel Tso-pó-tat; in Serrano Too-moó-hah. The 2d is in San Gabriel Ko-maht, in Serrano Mah-kah. The 3d and all the others are called in San

When the pole is trimmed and painted, and a hole has been dug in the ground for it to stand in, the baskets are put on. These are mainly the beautiful sacrificial urns and the handsome rounded choke mouth receptacles called by the Mexicans 'guaritas'. Both kinds are richly ornamented with symbolic designs in red and black.

They are put on bottom-side up, the smallest at the top, the largest at the bottom. The bottoms of the baskets are cut out to admit the pole, and in most of the urn-shaped ones the top has to be cut out also--as the pole is too big to pass through the natural opening.

The top basket, which must always be the same in form and design is called in San Gabriel Tso-pó-tat; the 2d Ko-maht; the 3d and all the others Ho-kó-pe-tat.

in [illegible] in San

Tongvà

Part of Kotsomut ke-hi-yah ‖ (Song while lifting (erecting) the pole
che-ā-ech ke-hi'ngah
Fiesta song

all are
Everybody lifting the fiesta

1. Wā'-mi wo-vā-nahch ke-hi-yah

2. Wā'-mi wo-vā-nahch ke-hi'-yah ke-hi-yah

Give [Understood seeds] some to me | to throw [from shallow winnowing basket held in both hands & tossed as if throwing seeds up]

3. Po-kah'-vo – yah'ng-o yā-ro
Give some to me yang-o throw

4. Po-kah'-vo yah'ng-o yā-ro

In center
Middle middle the fiesta

5. Ah-soo-no ah-soo-no ké-hi'-yah ke-hi'-yah

6 Po-kah'-vo yah'ng-o yā-ro

7 Po-kah'-vo yah'ng-o yā-ro

(Sung for me by Mrs J. V. Rosemyre at Bakersfield, Calif. July 1905. cam)

While the baskets are being arranged on the pole, which is held in a slanting position, ~~the butt resting on the ground~~, the mourners bring their offerings of food, clothing, baskets, beads, & money and toss them against it in such quantities that it is nearly buried, at the same time wailing, crying & singing ~~their~~ mournful chants to the dead.

Then the workers slowly ~~erect~~ the pole and stand it in the hole dug for its reception. While this is going on the mourners shake ~~[illegible]~~ (shallow baskets of delight) seeds & fine nuts ~~in shallow baskets~~ & ~~throw~~ shower them against the pole, singing the Che-ā-ē-ch Ke hi'-yah. (1) Mā'-mi-ak

FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

When the pole is erected the men give three loud yells or whoops

Bakersfield.

o ko-me'-me. The pole is called

l in erecting the pole and standing

hey yell three times, at the same time pressing the fingers over the mouth and vibrating them rapidly so as to produce a trembling sound. This is repeated on the last (8th) day, when the pole is transferred to the graveyard and erected again.

The Ko-too'-mut song

As soon as the yells have been given, the singers form a circle around the pole and keeping step, forward & backward sing the Kotoomut song — a pretty ~~sing a beautiful~~ little melody to the pole. The words are:

Non wī'k mah

Non wī'k mah

Non wī'k mah

The Ko-too'-mut song is repeated three times ~~every~~ a day during the Fiesta--morning, afternoon, and night.

Non wī'k mah
Ko-too'-mut-tah

FIESTA FOR THE DEAD

~~Bakersfield~~.

Gabriel Ho-kó-pe-tat, in Serrano ko-mé-me. The pole is called by both tribes Ko-tóo-mut.

As soon as the men succeed in erecting the pole and standing it up in the hole made for it they yell three times, at the same time pressing the fingers over the mouth and vibrating them rapidly so as to produce a trembling sound. This is repeated on the last (8th) day, when the pole is transferred to the graveyard and erected again.

The Ko-too'-mut song

As soon as the yells have been given, the singers form a circle around the pole and keeping step, forward + backward, sing the Kotoomut song — a pretty ~~sing a beautiful~~ little melody to the pole. The words are:

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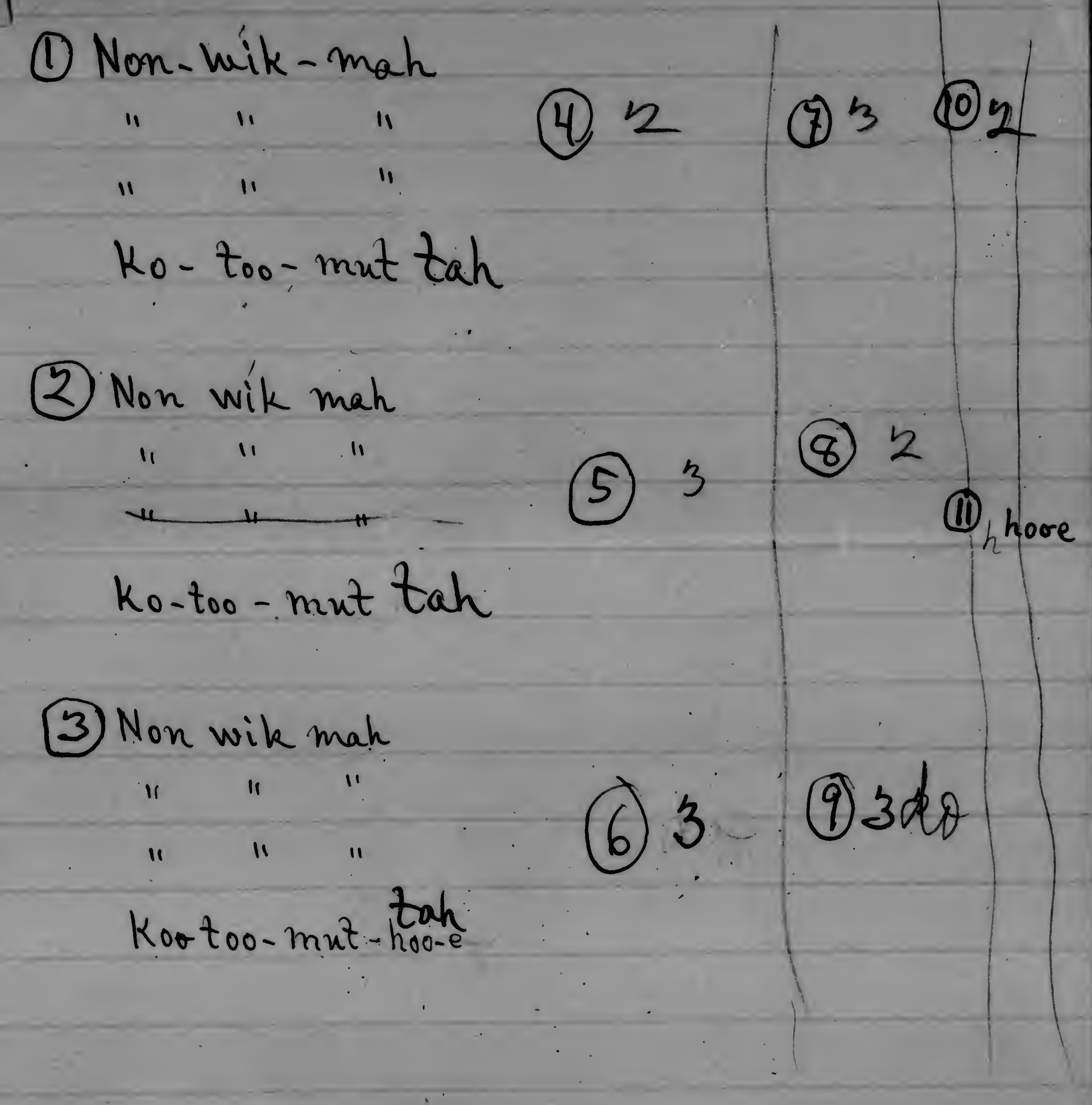
Ko-too'-mut-tah



① Non-wik-mah
" " "
" " "
Ko-too-mut tah

② Non wik mah
" " "
~~" " "~~
ko-too-mut tah

③ Non wik mah
" " "
" " "
Koo too-mut-hoo-e tah

④ 2

⑤ 3

⑥ 3

⑦ 3

⑧ 2

⑨ 3 do

⑩ 2

⑪ h hoore

Copied

The last Kotoomut Kehigh at the Tejon (about 20 yrs ago) was given by an old woman now living. This woman is my principal informant as to the details + songs of the ceremony. One of daughters who was present at the time tells me that the women dancers wore strings of beads + wampum around their necks + waists and carried strings of bears teeth + claws in their hands to jingle as they danced. They wore ornamented skirts reaching to ankles, and eagle down on their breasts; and on their heads a broad band (about 4 inches wide) of eagle down or rabbit fur dyed pink. Their faces were painted red in a regular design.

The men painted their arms + body to the waist, + a special mark in the middle of the breast.

The medicine men were dressed in a short skirt of feathers that reached to the knees, + wore anklets that jingled as they danced. They also wore high caps with eagle plumes sticking up all round, + a collar of beads, stones, + bear claws, cleverly made.

No ____________

Name Kotumnut Baskit

Remarks Top of pols

Baskit is property of E L McLeod.

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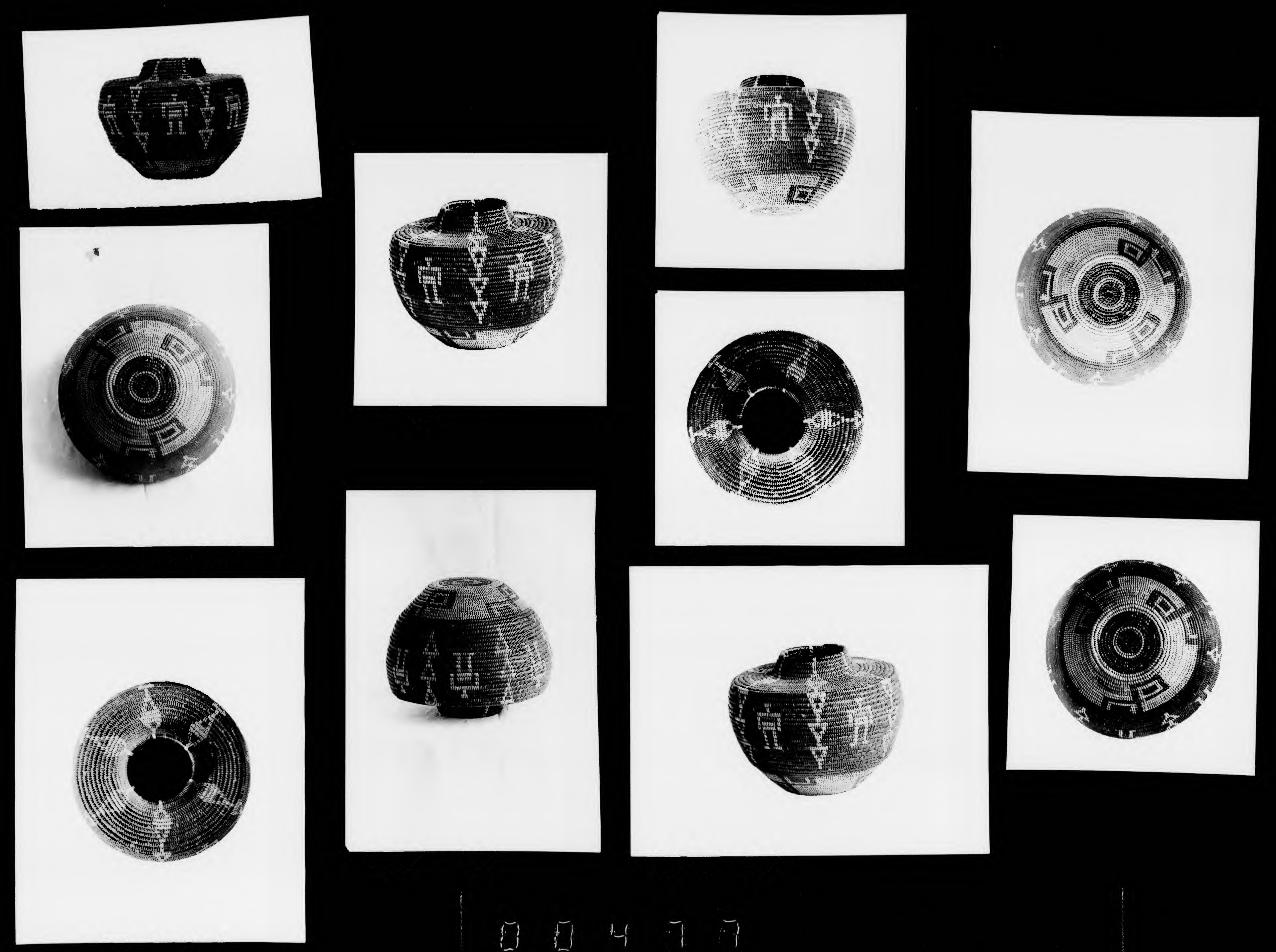

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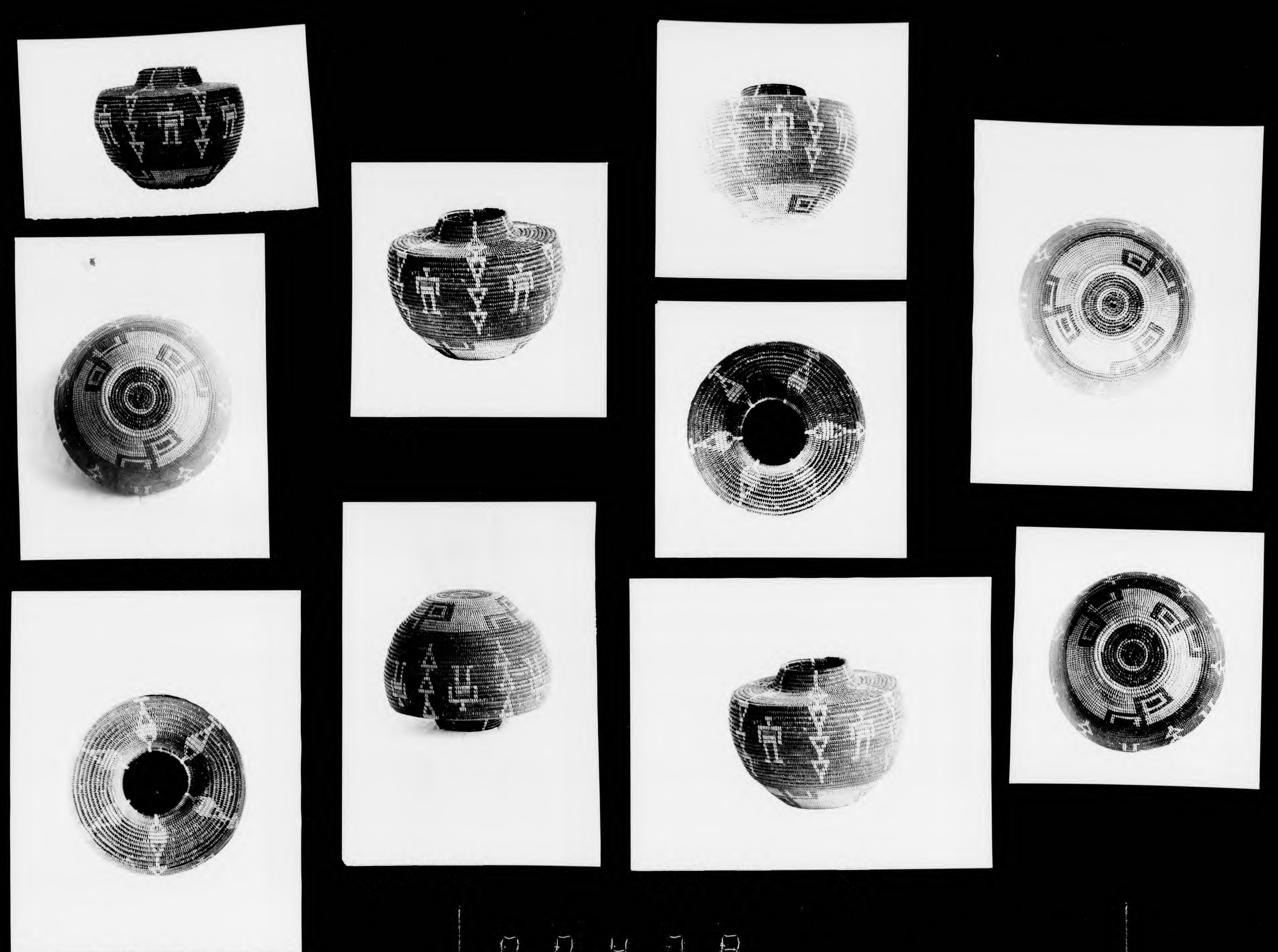
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Puberty song of the Tonguā called Sā-wēch. SC

Sung by a circle of women dancing around a group of girls (the girls 12-15 years old).

[the [stone] called To-sowt] when [?] strung get it | the stone singing

1 Hah-ming-mich yowk- | mi sŏ-ā-to-tah-rah

2 "

(pah-ē-hich a plant the water drink seed like acorn)

3 " magic miracle | drink this tea again | the stone

4 We-soo rah | pi-sŏ-tah yā wāk | tow-sŏ-tah

5 Ham-me mah yow'k mah sŏ-ā-to-tah'-rah singing stone

6 "

7 "

the plant's seed, Ē-hi-ēch

Put To-sowt stone in basket hot water when it makes gurgling noise & girls stand around it. Take stone out water & put on it small basket herb tea (pah-ē-hich plant seeds) very bitter & girls [crossed out] [crossed out] cup on {money / valuables} (which goes to woman giving the ceremony). girls drink bitter tea.

Chief announces girls ready for marriage.

Given by old woman who makes the tea & conducts ceremony

- mothers [?] pay her

Stone belongs to chief.

Bands
Rings on pole 5-6 in. wide
Pole big + high – 40-50 ft
All baskets are put on bottom up.
Ko-tu-mut song sung soon as pole is erected + men have yelled 3 times
Repeated 3 times a day + finally when pole is erected in cemetery.
When singing, men + women unite + sing in circle around pole + keep step.

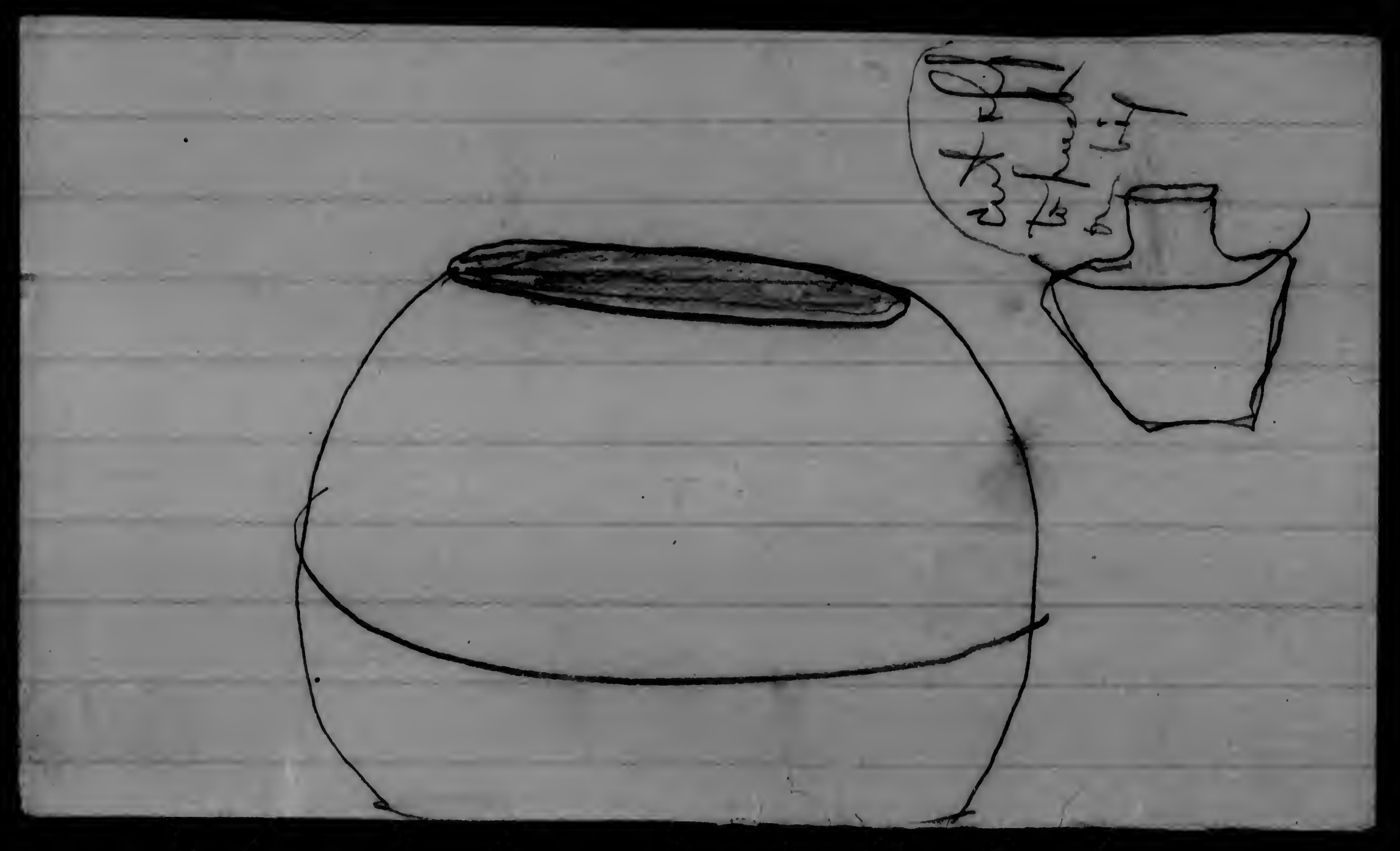
At the burning, hair of dead, saved for the purpose, is burnt with the clothing, food, baskets, beads + other goods. Some very big bowl baskets are burnt.
On the last day, after pole transferred to cemetery by washers + set up to remain, all ~~return to~~ the Capt's house. Here the Capts from each tribe ~~take~~ $3 or $4. for each of the washers from the gifts, + everything else is burned.

San Gabriels made guaritas – mighty fine urns.

The Fiesta for the Dead – as practiced by Indians of the San Bernardino + Tejon hills. (1)
(The Serranos, San Gabriels, Tejons + Tularenos)
Described to me Oct. 11, 1903 by a full blood Indian woman, now Mrs J. V. Rosemeyer of Bakersfield. Her mother was a San Gabriel, her father a Serrano chief. Her step father was Sebastian, (a Channel Indian +) Fremont's guide, who brought her to Tejon ~~when she~~ was still a young girl. Here she married J. V. Rosemyre, a German, one of the principal men at Tejon Ranch.
Translated as she told it, by Mrs De la Rosa.
I am indebted to Mrs. George P. Taylor of Bakersfield for ~~taking me to see~~ Mrs Rosemeyer + for taking the chief ceremonial basket to serve as a test.
The Fiesta for the Dead

	San Gabriel	Serrano
Capt	Meh-ne'-aake	Ke-kah-an-nā-me-hoon
Tribal capts is	Tō-me-ar"	Ke"-ki
Washers	Wor-ro'-that	Pah-pah'-che-kum
Mourners	Tan-to'-kow	No-nōm
Cemetery	Koo-nās-gnah (nah)	Nah-kah'-vā-ā-nā-vē-ah
Name of Fiesta	Chi'-e-bor	Tchah-he'-bot animal burnt effigy
" " Singers	Ko-tot-n...	Ko-tot– must sound
Burn animal effigy	Chi'-e-vor	Chi-he'-vot San Gabriel; Ke-hi-yah = feast
Fiesta itself	Ke-hi'-e	Wah-kate

Fiesta for the Dead.
The top basket {Tso-po'-tat San Gabriel / Too-moo'-kah Serrano.
always the same.
Small.
Body mainly red, designs left in white (upper 3/4 red).
Bottom 1/4 white with square designs in red + black, centre repeated 3 times.
In main red part designs repeated 6 times + consist of 6 men in circle, the men alternating with vertical rows of what appear to be arrow points but are really intended for basket strings on the burial pole. Around the top the two baskets in each of the 6 rows are placed top to top.



<u>Baskets from top down</u>

	San Gabriel	Serrano
1st	Tso-po'-tat	Too-moo'-hah
2d	Ko-maht	Mah'-kah
3d	Ho-kó-pe-tat	Ko-me'-me

4th + all rest same as 3d.

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The medicine men were dressed in a short skirt of feathers that reached to the knees, and wore anklets that jingled as they danced. They also wore high caps with eagle plumes sticking up all round, and a collar of beads, stones, and bear claws, cleverly made.

Please also note all pencil corrections in attached ms.

To Typist of this, if you do others:

General rule: Unless your machine has a character exactly, leave it out, with space for it, & put it in by hand in pencil. G. L. K.

Thus:

´ ¯ ˘ ¨ ^ ← circumflex

↑ prime ↑ macron ↑ short or breve ← diaraesis or umlaut

These all come above vowels.

Do not use hyphen in place of macron, that is -e for ē, it will mislead printer. So will e' for é. In print they mean quite different things.

Also é and e' are different (accented)

We used to have always at least one machine in Dept. for preparing Ms. for printer, if

10-11-50

Dear Bob:

Herewith Kotomut checked and ready for press.

Also a memo that may help whoever typed this (Burton?), if she does any others.

I will also send you in a day or two CHM's "Tulogome". This is clean and I think could be set up from his ms, without recopying. I will leave it to you to decide whether to run it all or only the first 1/3. The last 2/3 is a long pedantic "tribal list," which however looks learned, & may please the heirs if we put it in untouched.

By the weekend I expect to have back a typed copy for you of my NW Coast lecture.

A. L. K.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY

OF WASHINGTON

The 390th Regular Meeting of the Society will be held in the Assembly Hall of the Cosmos Club, 1520 H street, northwest, on Tuesday, April 24, 1906, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

PROGRAM.

Fragments of Californian Ethnology: A Mortuary Ceremony (Kotumut) and Other Matters, - - - - - - - C. HART MERRIAM

DISCUSSION.

BOARD MEETING AT 7.30 P. M.

J. D. McGUIRE,
SECRETARY TO BOARD OF MANAGERS,
1834 16th street, N. W.

Persons interested in anthropology are invited to attend.

Luiseños: Observations of Mission Indians 1901 l

Studies of California Indians

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
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Luisenos
1901

[R.87]

~~California Journal VOL. II, 1901~~

~~MISSION INDIANS--LUISENOS.~~ Merriam Journals 1901-Calif. September 24, 1901

We visited three bands or settlements of the San Luis Rey or Luiseño Mission Indians--Rincon, La Jolla (pronounced La-hó-ya), and Pauma--the locations of which have been already mentioned. There are two or three other bands which we did not visit, namely Mesa Grande, Agua Caliente (Warner Ranch), and San Luis Rey Mission.

I was fortunate in having my cousin, Harry S. Merriam, with me, as he not only speaks Spanish fluently but is personally acquainted with all the Indians of the three settlements visited. This enabled me to learn in a short time more than I could possibly have accomplished in weeks by myself. Only a few of the younger Indians speak English.

In all three of the settlements the people live in well-made adobe houses, many of which have a willow-work room and willow and brush-covered shelter outside for summer use. The houses are not near together but scattered about, usually an eighth or a quarter of a mile apart. Most of them are provided with wells, though some are so near the base of the mountain thay they have small streamlets of running water.

They cultivate peaches and figs, and the fruit of both is drying on flat baskets (batéas) and scaffolds at all the houses we visited. Fig and tobacco trees grow about the houses, and great masses of the giant tuna cactus are often nearby. Usually the house stands on a small cleared place surrounded by chaparral.

Most of the families cultivate wheat and barley--barley for thei horses and wheat for themselves.

They all have stone mortars and metates for hammering and pulverizing the grain and acorns, and some of them have large upright cylindrical willow-work storehouses for the grain, called <u>mus´-co-nish.</u> These storehouses are really fine pieces of work. They are 3-4 feet in diameter and 4-6 or 7 feet high and are made by winding the willows with the leaves on around and around in a close spiral and weaving in the ends.

Many of the houses have brush roofs, and some thatched roofed piazzas in front, and in one case (that of Appalonia and Pesqual his wife) the front of the piazza is covered with vines.

All of the families have large home-made clay water bottles call ollas. These are usually covered with a piece of cloth, wet to keep the water cool, but some are set in the ground, and other are stood in a box of earth on a bench or rest of some kind to keep it at convenient height. The earth is kept moist and the water is deliciously cool.

At many of the houses the women were sitting on the ground, usually under a brush-roofed shelter, winnowing grain. They thresh the grain by piling it around a post and driving or riding horses(usually 3 horses) around and around over it, a man riding one of the horses and driving the others, while old women work over the straw and pitch it where it will be properly trodden as the horses go round.

After the grain is threshed the women gather it up in big baskets and bring it to the house where they winnow it by rocking it in flat or nearly flat (slightly concave) baskets which they call in Spanish batéa (bat-taý-o). These baskets are circular in outline and vary ifrom 15-17 inches in diameter. They are plain or decorated.

The most common design consists of from one to 3 black rings around the outer third.

Some are much more elaborately ornamented. The

Indians name for this basket is tūk-mal In shape and size it resembles the het-al or winnowing basket of the Mariposa ~~Digger~~ Mew'-wah Indians, but in weave and design of ornamentation the two are widely different.

The old Luiseno ~~squaws~~ women agitate these baskets full of wheat with double motion--a rotary and at the same time a pitching movement--so that the chaff gathers on the top where the wind carries it off (or if no wind, they cuff it off) and the sand in the grain comes to one place on the edge. They then smash the grain in their stone mortars and grind it to flower on their stone metats.

In Rincon I discovered at two houses, ~~with~~ legged-metates--metates with 3 legs hewn out of the stone un the underside of each. Of these legs, which are at the ends, those at one end are larger than at the other, so as to give the metate the proper slant. The stone they work back and forth in their hand to do the grinding is flat on one side (or really slightly concave lengthwise) so as to conform to the trough of the metat. I purchased a fine old one, but not without difficulty, as they are loath to part with them. I got it at Pauma, where I found still another, making 4 in all that I actually saw. There are doubtless others. The ordinary common metates one sees at all the houses

have no legs but lie flat on the ground.

The stone mortars, like metats, vary greatly in workmanship. Some are neatly rounded outside; some nearly globular; some handsomel quadrangular with beautifully rounded and smoothed top, while others are merely rough rocks with the regulation mortar hole on the top. One (examined by me at the house of Louis Majado at La Jolla) had a flaring basket rim 5 or 6 inches wide fastened with a resin or pitch to the inside of the top of the mortar, so as to catch the spattering grains. I shall try to secure it.

In the late fall all of these old Indians go to Polomar Mt. to gather the acorns of the black oak (Quercus californicus) from which they ~~are said to~~ make mush and soup, usually mixing fresh meat or pork and chile with the acorn meal. The old ~~squaws~~ women call the black oak acorn we'-ut. The acorn of the mt. live oak (Q. chrysolepis) they call que'-la. The latter they say is too hard to smash and grind to be available to any extent for food. The acorn of the valley live oak (Q. agrifolia) they call we-as-'el, but I did not learn that these are ever used for food.

These Mission Indians still make many baskets, but of few

kinds. I found nothing among them corresponding to the big cornucopia carrying baskets of the northern tribes (the che-ka-la of the Mew'-wah ~~Diggers~~ or the wo-na of the Piutes), nor to the large compact baskets in which acorn meal is cooked by means of hot stones.

The baskets I saw and talked to them about (and purchased examples of) belong to 6 classes, as follows:

1. Large bowl-shaped baskets with flat bottoms, for holding grain, fruit, acorns etc. (some nearly or quite 3 ft. across). Called in Spanish Cora; in Luiseno Bak-ut (or Pac-kwut; or pa-cot).

2. Small bowls, usually shaped like wash basins. Spanish name Corita; Luiseno Bak-qua-mal (or Pac-kwa-mal).

3. Circular winnowing baskets (15-17 in. diam.). Spanish Batea'; Luiseno Tuk-mal (or took-mul).

4. Sub-globular baskets with flat bottoms and mouth smaller than bottom (uaually 6-8 inches in diameter). Spanish Guarita (pronounced War-re-ta); Luiseno Pay-yayo-mal.
Larger baskets of this kind are called in Spanish Guare(Warra); in Luiseno Pay-yayo-la.

5. Hat baskets (truncate cones), now rarely worn. I could find only

one. Name in Luiseno Chel-koot(or Chel-kwut).

6. Acorn gathering baskets, of open work, uaually sub-globular or sub-cylindrical, with rounded bottoms. Usually rather small, holdin 2-6 quarts. Called Char-ra.

For carrying burdens the old ~~squaws~~ women have open-mesh nets which they carry on their backs, supported by a band across the forehead. I saw them carrying heavy loads of squashes in these nets. They also carry their big ollas full of water in the same way, and loads of acorns (first enclosed in a sack or basket) and other heavy matter. They call these nets ul-cot (or ool-koot).

In all these names it is difficult to determine the exact pronunciation.

~~MATERIALS AND COLORS, OF BASKETS~~

Practically all of the baskets are straw color, with designs in yellowish brown and blue-black or purplish-black. No other colors were seen by me.

All of the baskets (except the open work acorn gathering basket)

are coiled, and the coil is made of a bundle of grass. The body work which covers the grass coil both outside and inside (of pale straw-color) consists of split (peeled) twigs of the squaw bush(Rhus trilobata) which they get on the ~~mts,~~ mountains--mainly on Polomar where I found it growing in abundance. When fresh it has a strong aromatic odor.

The yellowish-brown material, which uaually has a glossy surface, is a slender bulbrush, split. It is past maturity and has assumed the yellowish or golden brown tint when gathered, and is a natural color--not died.

The black or purple-black material is the same bulbrush, gathered younger(when still whitish or pale straw color) and died, and afterward split. The ~~squaws~~ women told us that they color it by burying in a certain kind of mud for 1 or 2 days. Some say there is iron in the wet mud.

The rushes grow in San Luis Rey valley.

~~FUNERAL CERMONIES.~~

I was told by Harry Merriam, and also by the teacher of the Indian school at Rincon, Miss Ora Salmon, both of whom have witnessed the ceremony, that just a year after the death of an Indian a mourn-

ing 'fiesta' is held at which relatives and friends of the deceased build a long fire and throw into it clothing and fine baskets woven for the purpose--baskets they will not sell. The other Indians--invited guests--are placed on the other side of the fire, and if any of the baskets fail to lodge in the fire but roll on their side they are at liberty to take and keep them.

Miss Salmon, who has been teacher among them for 14 years, tells me that the baskets burned at these death anniversaries are often of the best workmanship and most sacred designs--the baskets into which they weave their lives.

The grave yards, two of which we visited, are curious affairs. They are enclosed by some kind of a fence--usually wire or wire and pickets,--and are merely flat bare places cleared in the chaparral. The graves are mounds a foot high, marked by a wooden cross of some kind, usually low, and almost completely covered with glass and crockery, mostly broken. Most of them have an eviscerated clock (commonly a Waterbury or something of the kind) with the hands set on the hour of death, hung from the headboard. On the middle or other end

of the grave is a lamp--usually a glass kerosene lamp. The rest of the grave is covered with cups and saucers, tumblers, beer bottles, teapots, pitchers, and bits of broken crockery and glass. Several had old tin cans, and one had an earthenware spittoon. The name and date of death are cut or written on the crossbar of the headboard.

These Indians are very fond of 'fiestas' and go from camp to camp and tribe to tribe to take part in them. Most of them have just returned from a fiesta at Saboba, and in a week or two they are going to another, to be given by the Indians at Cahuilla (pronounced Ka-wéah) or at Pichanga. They dance a great deal and decorate themselves for the occasion. In the house of Appolonia Omish I saw a feather belt, consisting of tail feathers of several Golden Eagles. Each feather was attached to a hemp cord and the cords were woven into a hemp belt, finely made. This is worn around the waist. I saw also a woman's belt with a shredded bark (like inner bark of cedar) dangling a foot or fifteen inches from the front part of it.

They used to dance naked, except for these belts, but now are said to wear underskirts and drawers, with the belt put on afterward.

The young men have organized rabbit hunts in which they choose sides and run the rabbits on horseback in the chaparral and kill them by throwing sticks at them. Harry Merriam showed me a stretch of 'wild buckwheat' chaparral, mixed with more formidable kinds, in which hunts are held nearly every Sunday. Usually the Rincon boys play against the La Jolla boys. They hunt in pairs, one of each side riding together. The one whose turn comes first gives chase to the first rabbit started and rushes his horse after it at full speed. The horse is said to take an active interest in the sport and do his best to get over the rabbit. As the Indian rides up alongside he throws his stick violently down and usually kills the quarry. But if he misses, his fellow rider of the opposite side takes up the chase and tries his hand. When all the rabbits have been killed the sides count the result and the side having the largest number gains the game The rabbits are then roasted entire(without opening)in the ashes and feast ends the ~~game~~ sport.

In several places we found large flat rocks perforated by the old mortar pits of the Indians. One of these is between Valley Center

and Rincon, but the best is on Palomar, right among the black oaks whose acorns were hammered up in them. This one is in Doan Valley and there are at least twenty mortar holes in the one rock. It is the finest I ever saw.

Most of the Luiseno Indians have several children. Most of the men and women are rather large and good looking. The women tend to grow stout with age.

The children are very apt to develop tuberculosis and die between the ages of 16 and 25. ~~Many more die than are born [It might be better English to say that~~ The number of deaths greatly exceed the births.

Most of the deaths are of young people, and many of the young men and women we saw were coughing sadly. The old people are numerous and look strong and healthy . We were told that there have been 14 deaths already this year (1901), of young people, and a girl of 19 died the day before we reached La Jolla. Most of the inhabitants were at her house, leaving their own locked up.

A girl recently returned from the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn. has a dreadful cough and apparently a short lease on life . [She died the same year.]

Apparently all the families have small iron stoves most of which are outside of the houses now, under the brush piazzas or shelter but which are brought inside as winter approaches. On nearly all of these stoves I noticed the home-made clay ollas containing boiling water or some kind of soup or stew, cooking. ~~California Journal Vol.II,1901~~

Many of the baskets about the houses contained figs, peaches, red peppers, onions and the like, and some held grapes.

Beñemé of Garcés

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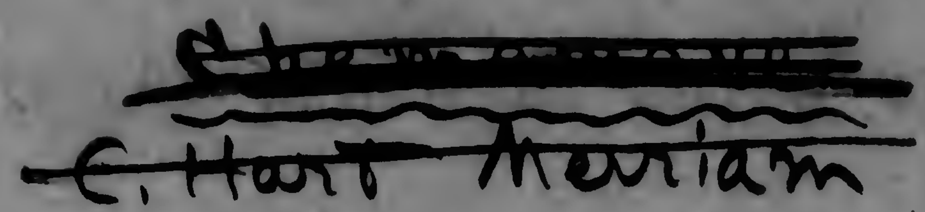
Beneme

THE BENEME OF GARCES



On March 8, 1776, Padre Francisco Garces, while plodding his weary way over the Mohave Desert, discovered an Indian village belonging to a tribe which he called Beneme (= Chemehuevi). He was traveling west from the country of the Mohave Indians on Colorado River and was quick to observe that he had encountered a different people, for his journal of that date contains the following entry: "I arrived at some very abundant wells which I named Pozos de San Juan de Dios, and there is sufficient grass. Here begins the Beneme nation." [1]

The place was identified by Coues as Marl Springs. [2] Marl Springs is shown on the U.S. Geological Survey's map of "Desert Watering Places in the Mohave Desert," as about 20 miles east of Soda Lake—otherwise known as the Sink of the Mohave. [3]

From these springs or "wells" Garces continued west five leagues to an arroyo of saltish water which he named (Arroyo) de los Martires (probably the arroyo leading into the Sink of the Mohave), and next day followed the windings of the river in a general west-southwest direction, camping on the same arroyo in a place with "cottonwoods, much grass, and

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[1] On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer, the Diary and Itinerary of Francisco Garces, 1775-1776, translated and edited by Elliott Coues. Vol. 1, p.238, 1900.

[2] Ibid, 258 footnote 10.

[3] U.S.G.S. Water Supply Paper 490-B, Pl. 12, sheet 4, 1921.

lagunas," identified by Coues as in the vicinity of The Caves, "a usual first stopping place in going up the Mohave from Soda Lake." [4]

A day later (March 11), the entry reads: [5]

> "Having gone one league eastsoutheast I arrived at some rancherias so poor that they had to eat no other thing than the roots of rushes [rayzes de tule]; they are of the Beneme nation and there were about 25 souls. I gave them my little store [los regale con me pobreza], and they did the same with their tule-roots, which my companions the Jamajabs [Mohaves] ate with repugnance. The poor people manifested much concern at their inability to go hunting in order to supply me, inasmuch as it was raining and very cold, and they were entirely naked. Here grows the wild grape; there is much grass; also mezquites and trees that grow the screw. This nation is the same as that of San Gabriel, Santa Clara, and San Joseph. They have some baskets (coritas) like those of the Canal (de Santa Barbara). They have coats of otter, and of rabbits, and some very curious snares that they make of wild hemp, of which there is much in these lands. As a rule are they very effeminate, and the women uncleanly, like those of the sierras; but all are very quiet and inoffensive, and they hear with attention that which is told them of God."

On March 12, still journeying along the Mohave River for two leagues farther to the west southwest, he came to an uninhabited rancheria where, while waiting for his Mohave Indians to kill and eat one of their horses, he remarked: [6]

> "The rain, the cold, and hunger continued, for there were no roots of tule, and the remaining inhabited rancherias were afar [largo trecho]. In which emergency I determined that my companions should kill a horse to relieve the necessity; not even was the blood thereof wasted, for indeed there

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[4] On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer, p.239,

[5] Ibid pp.239-241

[6] Ibid p.241

> was need to go on short rations [poner coto en las raciones] in order to survive the days that we required to reach the next rancherias. On account of the severe cold turned back from here one Jamajab Indian of those who were accompanying me; of the other two Indians of his nation I covered the one with a blanket, and the other with a shirt [tunica]. As there was much to eat of the dead horse, they would not depart hence until the 15th day. [of the month--which was 3 days later.]

On the ~~15th~~ fifteenth he followed the river for another league and a half to the northwest, and on the ~~16th~~ sixteenth two leagues more. Then, quitting the river, he traveled southwest until he ~~fell~~ met into it again and continued, with some inclination to the south, for four leagues to a point where "there were good grass, large cottonwoods, cranes, and crows of the kind that there is at San Gabriel."

A day later while crossing the river his mule mired down, wetting all that he was carrying so that he remained at the place and dispatched his Indian Sebastian and another Indian to seek inhabited rancherias. The next day, March 18, Sebastian "returned without mishap, praising the kind reception that had been given them [himself and his companion] by the Indians whom they had seen," whereupon Padre Garces ~~he~~ went five leagues southwest up the river, there arriving "at a rancheria of some 40 souls of the same Beneme nation," where, he says, "they regaled me with hares, rabbits, and great abundance of acorn porridge."

Next day, when one league farther on, he writes:[7]

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7 Ibid p.244

> "I arrived at the house of the captain of these rancherias. He presented me with a string of about two varas of white seashells; and his wife sprinkled me with acorns and tossed the basket, which is a sign among these people of great obeisance. In a little while after that she brought sea-shells in a small gourd, and sprinkled me with them in the way which is done when flowers are thrown. Likewise when the second woman came she expressed her affection by the same ceremonies. I reciprocated these attentions as well as I could [del modo que pude], and marveled to see that among these people so rustic are found demonstrations proper to the most cultivated, and a particular prodigality [magnificencia] in scattering their greatest treasures, which are the shells."

Continuing, he appears to have remained in the territory of the same Chemeweve tribe until near the head of Cajon Canyon.

On his return more than a month later he was with them again. The exact location is uncertain, but he states[8] "The Indians were very affable, and the women cleanlier and neater than any I had seen before of this same Beneme nation."

In regard to the relationship of the Beneme, Garces says: "This Nation is the same as that of San Gabriel, Santa Clara, and San Joseph.[9] This of course is not in accord with present-day knowledge, but it must be remembered that Garces, before setting out on this expedition, had been traveling northward along or near the lower Colorado River, where he was continuously in Yuman territory; therefore after leaving the Mohave and encountering a tribe—the

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[8] Ibid p.269

[9] Ibid p.240 - The San Joseph here mentioned was at or near present San Bernardino.

The Beneme of Garces

Beneme[1] — who spoke an altogether different language which he recognized as similar in general to that of San Gabriel and other San Bernardino Valley languages (for he naturally had in mind gross resemblances) it is not surprising that he regarded them as the same as those at that Mission.

Garces found the Beneme again on Mohave River[10] and in the western part of Mohave Desert.[11]

Hodge misidentified Garces Beneme as Panamint. It should be Chemeweve, for

we now know that the Panamint territory comprises Death Valley and adjacent torrid valleys and ranges from Owens Lake on the west to the Amargosa Desert on the east — an area wholly north of the Chemeweve, whose territory consists of the Mohave Desert from the Colorado River west to Mohave River — perhaps even farther.

1935

See also:

Benyeme on Font's map, 1777.

[The second I of the name looks much like B.]

See frontispiece of Coues, "On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer" Garces 1900.

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[10] Ibid p.243

[11] Ibid p.269

Indians as Basket Collectors

Tulare

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Indians as Basket Collectors.

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INDIANS AS BASKET COLLECTORS

In most homes of basket-making Indians certain baskets may be found that have been obtained from other tribes as presents, in payment of debts, or by purchase or exchange, in anthropological terms, "intrusive baskets." Such baskets are so common that collectors unfamiliar with the languages and types of work of the different tribes often make appalling mistakes as to the real source of their purchases. A short time ago I saw in an illustrated paper a picture of a Pomo feather basket discovered by the author among a widely different tribe, which he solemnly described as a characteristic home-made article. Errors of this kind are so common that the great majority of articles on basketry contain one or more faulty identifications.

The hop pickings are great places for basket bartering. A few summers ago a number of Piutes were brought from Nevada to help pick hops near Ukiah, in the valley of the Russian River, California, where they came in contact with the Pomo tribe and for the first time in their lives saw the delicate finely woven feather decorated baskets for which these Indians are famous. They had never seen such exquisite work and their admiration knew no bounds. When paid off, they promptly spent most of their earnings in purchasing these wonderful baskets, which they took home to astonish their own people in Nevada.

For many years the hop fields near Puyallup, in the Puget Sound region, have brought together annually a motley assemblage of Indians from across the mountains and from points along the coast of Washington and British Columbia, and, in some instances, even from Alaska. About the first of September, 1897, I chanced to be on the wharf at Seattle when a shipload of Indians arrived from the north, bound for the adjacent hop yards. Their personal belongings were packed in hundreds of splendid baskets—worth at usual prices many thousands of dollars—which were pitched over the side of the vessel and stacked up in a great pile on the wharf. As soon as the shower had stopped, they were sorted and carried away by the indignant owners.

Indians love fine baskets, and, where so many are gathered from different tribes, the opportunity for trading and purchasing those that take their fancy is unrivaled. And many change hands as a result of gambling.

Another source of intrusive basketry may be found in the practice of stealing wives, which until recently prevailed in many tribes. The women thus introduced into other tribes naturally continued to make the baskets characteristic of their own people. Still another ~~class of cases~~ source is illustrated by a handsome Tulare basket I recently saw in Owens Valley. It was made by a Shoshone woman who had been stolen by the Tulares when a little child and had lived with them until grown up. She then crossed the mountains and joined her own people, where she continued to make the elegant baskets she had learned to weave while among the Tulares.

The Navaho of northern Arizona use many baskets, but we are informed by the late Dr. Washington Matthews, the highest authority on this tribe, that the Navaho themselves make only two types, the others being purchased, mostly from the Utes. Similarly, the Hopi of Arizona, living in villages on the high mesas adjoining the Navaho country, make many baskets of their own, also use those of other tribes—as I can testify from personal observation. These intrusive baskets are mainly Apache and Havasupai.

In California, Pit River baskets, particularly the burden baskets, are frequently found in the camps of adjacent tribes. I

have several such, and in a publication of the American Museum of Natural History Professor Roland B. Dixon has figured several obtained by him from the Midu of the northern Sierra, and among the Indians of Yosemite Valley--a branch of the Me-wok of the middle Sierra--I have myself found baskets made by no less than six different tribes. When at work on the Upper Tuolumne in 1901 my nearest base of supplies was the Yosemite. On one of my trips thither for provisions I found a cache in a hollow tree, which contained among other things two rather small cooking baskets of the "Fresno" type (fig.). Going to the nearest Indian camp in search of the owner I was told that she had gone down the Merced River to visit another Indian settlement. On my next trip she had returned and was living at the camp near Yosemite Creek from which the Indians have since been cruelly driven out by the authorities. She refused a liberal offer for the baskets and in reply to my inquiry as to whether I had not offered more than they were worth, nodded assent. To my further question as to why she would not sell, she said "me like him," and I had to pay about double their value before she consented to part with them. Wishing to test her truthfulness I asked if she had made the baskets. Receiving a negative reply I inquired if her mother had made them. Again she shook her head, saying that they were not made by her tribe at all but came from the Fresno country--which agreed with my original diagnosis and also with my previous experience with Indians, for I have found the various tribes uniformly truthful as to the sources of their baskets.

The Piutes of eastern California and western Nevada are famous basket-makers and have in daily use no less than 14 or 15 kinds (pl. 29, 2). Nevertheless, foreign or intrusive baskets are common among them. At Mono Lake one summer I heard that a valuable ceremonial basket, locally known as the "tribal" basket, was kept at the headquarters of the chief, six or seven miles from the lake. Finding the chief's wife, Bu-se-una, at a neighboring camp one evening, I told her I wanted to see her baskets, and arranged to meet her at her home soon after daylight the following morning.

I set out bright and early, crossed the sagebrush plain to Rush Creek, and followed the creek up to the Indian camp. All was plain sailing until the neighborhood of the camp was reached. Here the river bottom, choked with tall willows and other brush, was down in an open canyon far below the mesa level, and a side canyon which came in at this point left a bare hill between the forks. On the mesa on both sides, and on the hill between, I could see brush huts, some dome-shaped, others conical or teepee-shaped, but no Indians and no signs of life could be discerned. Not knowing which way to go but hoping to strike a trail, I pushed my horse down into the thick bushy bottom and came suddenly upon a small garden patch from which a trail led up the hill. It was a foot trail, but by walking ahead and parting the thick brush, I was able to lead my horse through, and finally came out on top, where I found two old men, scantily clad and living entirely alone. From their home in this remote and elevated spot they commanded an inspiring view over the surrounding country.

One was the former

chief, a tall, sturdy, splendidly built man with a fine head, kindly features, and dignified presence. He could speak no English, but I made him understand that I was in search of the lodge of his daughter, Bu-se-una, and that she had agreed to meet me there. He shook his head and pointed away toward the camp at Williams Butte, where she had gone the day before. On looking about the place—a circular brush enclosure with a willow hut on one side and a brush shelter near by in which articles could be hung up out of the sun—I found a few water bottles, an ornamental burden basket ~~(fig. 14)~~ which he told me had been made by Bu-se-una, a fine old Yokut cooking basket ~~(fig. 24)~~ that belonged to his wife, long since dead, and a pair of openwork snowshoes or tule shoes. ~~(fig. —)~~. For all of these I offered a fair price in silver, which he promptly accepted. He then led me down a zigzag trail through the brush to Bu-se-una's cabin, the most substantial Piute house I had seen. All the other huts were on top of the mesa, but this was hidden among the willows in the bottom. Close by was a small opening carpeted with grass, part of which had been cut and spread out to dry for winter use. While waiting, the old man took a large knife, got down on his knees, and resumed his task of cutting the grass.

Finally Bu-se-una came. She had left her horse some distance below and walked up. After greeting her father she opened the door of her cabin and showed me her baskets, which, to my surprise, were locked in a large wooden chest. At first she brought out only common ones, but I insisted on seeing the "tribal" basket. "How you know?" she asked impatiently, and

it took a good deal of coaxing to induce her to bring it to light. In reply to my inquiry as to price, she shook her head and said emphatically, "no sell him"—with the emphasis on the him. She explained that the basket was used for cooking acorn mush on ceremonial occasions in the fall or early winter, at which season the scattered bands gather here for the acorn feast. Acorns do not grow on the east side of the mountains and have to be brought from the Yosemite and other points far away across the High Sierra. Again and again I offered Bu-se-una a liberal price for the basket, but her answer was always the same, "no sell him." To make a long story short, after much persuasion, reinforced by tempting gold pieces dropped into the palm of her hand, I finally overcame her scruples and rode away with the prize, together with a ribbed trinket basket and a small bowl used for dipping the mush out of the large ceremonial basket. These, with the baskets and tule shoes I had secured from her father, made such a large and unwieldy load that she kindly offered to help carry them, and rode back with me to the other camp.

Bu-se-una's ceremonial basket, like many others in use among the California Piutes, proved to be not Piute at all but a fine example of the so-called "Fresno" type. It is a beautiful specimen of the thin grass-splint foundation style of finely woven coiled baskets with flat bottom and straight flaring sides. In color it is a rich yellow, and the design, wrought in the jet-black root of the brake fern, consists of two horizontal zigzag bands broken on each side by three vertical zigzags,

below which is a signature mark, followed by five small double rectangular symbols arranged in a horizontal row. This type of design, with minor variants, is common among the ceremonial baskets of the upper Fresno Creek region on the west side of the Sierra.

Tulare Basketry

Studies of California Indians

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
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"TULARE" BASKETRY

C. Hart Merriam

The coiled basketry of the tribes inhabiting the foothills and lower slopes of the southern Sierra region, from San Joaquin River south to the South Fork of Tule, differs materially from that of all other regions and is commonly spoken of as Tulare, or of the Tulare type. Its distinctive features are: (1) foundation, grass coil; (2) body, Cladium root; (3) design, bold and rather large, in black and red--the black the root of the brake fern (*Pteridium*), the red the terminal branches or sprouts of the redbud (*Cercis*).

The Indians making these baskets belong to two widely different linguistic stocks--the Yokut and the Shoshonean. The tribes are: Yowelmanne, Wiktchumne, Wuksache, Emtimbitch, Chokimina, Choenimne, Goshsho-o, Kokoheba, and Holkoma. Closely similar baskets are sometimes made by neighboring tribes on the north--the Pitkahte, Chuckchancy, and Nim tribes, and even by the southern members of the Chowchilla Muwa--but the typical basketry of the latter tribes differs essentially.

Coiled baskets resembling those of the Tulare type are made also by certain unrelated tribes farther south, notably by the Tubotelobela of the valley of South Fork of Kern, the New-oo-a (or Kah-wis-sa) of Piute Mountain, and various tribes of the Tehachapi-Tejon region. These latter however differ in the materials of which they are normally made. While the coil is grass, as in

Tulare basketry, the body material consists of split willow strands instead of Cladium root, the black is Devil's horn (*Martynia*) instead of fern root, and the red is the root of the tree yucca (*Yucca arborescens*) instead of branches of redbud (*Cercis*).

Furthermore, each tribe, and to a certain extent each family, has its favorite designs. Formerly these were distinctive, but now they are so much imitated and copied that most of them no longer serve to identify their makers.

~~Since the several tribes making the so-called Tulare type of basket are by no means~~ related to one another but belong to at least ~~two widely different stocks, it is evident that the term 'Tulare' is unfortunate and has~~ only a loose geographic significance.

The term ~~"Tulare" is rarely used today, for baskets made by Indians of the San Joaquin Valley region.~~ save ~~by small local museums & by few collectors.~~ [A.H.G.]

20 December 50

Dear Bob -

Merriam's articles "The Mono Indians and Their Basketry" and "'Tulare' Baskets" are usable. The former I have gone over, and have made some exceedingly minor changes, in red pencil. The latter, if used at all, can stand as it is, save for the footnote I've added. Perhaps it would be better to delete the last paragraph and avoid the footnote? Take your choice.

The third group of pages is just scrappy stuff - is useless as either deletions or repeated parts from the paper on Mono Indians & their Basketry.

Hope I have done what you wanted with these.

Yours.

[illegible]

Whittington
8206

The following document is a duplicate of the preceding document. It may contain annotations and corrections not found on the original.

"TULARE" BASKETRY

The coiled basketry of the tribes inhabiting the foothills and lower slopes of the southern Sierra region, from San Joaquin River south to the South Fork of Tule, differs materially from that of all other regions and is commonly spoken of as *Tulare*, or of the *Tulare type*. Its distinctive features are: (1) foundation, grass coil; (2) body, Cladium root; (3) design, bold and rather large, in black and red--the black the root of the brake fern (*Pteridium*), the red the terminal branches or sprouts of the redbud (*Cercis*).

The Indians making these baskets belong to two widely different linguistic stocks--the Yokut and the Shoshonean. The tribes are: Yowelmanne, Wiktchumne, Wuksache, Entimbitch, Chokimina, Choenimne, Goshsho-o, Kokoheba, and Holkoma. Closely similar baskets are sometimes made by neighboring tribes on the north--the Pitkahte, Chuckchancy, and Nim tribes, and even by the southern members of the Chowchilla Muwa--but the typical basketry of the latter tribes differs essentially. ~~as elsewhere pointed out~~.

Coiled baskets resembling those of the Tulare type are made also by certain unrelated tribes farther south, notably by the Tubotelobela of the valley of South Fork of Kern, the New-oo-a (or Kah-wis-sa) of Piute Mountain, and various tribes of the Tehachapi-Tejon region. These latter however differ in the materials of which they are normally made. While the coil is grass, as in

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Furthermore, each tribe, and to a certain extent each family, has its favorite designs. Formerly these were distinctive, but now they are so much imitated and copied that most of them no longer serve to identify their makers.

Since the several tribes making the socalled Tulare type of basket are by no means related to one another but belong to at least two widely different stocks, it is evident that the term 'Tulare' is unfortunate and has only a loose geographic significance.

The term "Tulare" is rarely used today, save by small local museums or by lay collectors.

(Chowchilla and Mariposa
Notes on the Mu'wa (Miwok) Indians

In the pine woods northeast of Mariposa I found two or three small camps of Mu-wa Indians. They were shy at first, but soon talked freely and gave me a lot of information about their food, baskets, and basket materials. They opened and threw down on the ground for me to see, several large sacks of coils of split willow strands, and bundles of rods, for baskets. They have been most industrious and have a large stock on hand. They also took me into the bushes and showed me the kinds the rods came from, so I could make sure of the species.

In making the 3 kinds of coarse openwork baskets known as Che-kah-lah (burden basket), Cham-ah (broad shallow scoop), and Ching-go (deep spoon shaped scoop with handle), the rods used may be either *Ceanothus integerrimus* (Oh-hoo-ne) or *Ceanothus cuneatus* (Pi-wa). The split strands for twining the rods together are black oak, *Quercus californicus* (Te-lay-ly), mostly young shoots which have great strength. The rods used in the fine coiled baskets may be either syringa, *Philadelphus lewisii*, (Pull-le), or sour squaw bush, *Rhus trilobata* (Tum-mah), or *Ceanothus integerrimus* (Oh-hoo-ne).

The outside strands in their coiled baskets they call 'willow' of two kinds, Sak-kal (or Suk-kal) and Tap-pa-tap-pah. The former surely is a willow; the latter I believe to be the redbud (*Cercis occidentalis*). The black used for the design is the split root of the brake fern (*Pteris aqualina*), which they call Lu-nah.

They had one small basket made of the Tulare marsh root, which they call Pa-wes-sah.

In making the Manzanita cider (made from the berries of

C.H.M. California Journal for 1902, pp. 206-225. September 17-20, 1902.

Arctostaphylos mariposa), the berries are merely broken or mashed a little - not ground fine at all - and sprinkled with water and then placed in an open-work bowl-basket called too-poo-lah [sometimes the ordinary broad scoop cham-ah is used]. Then the squaw, after washihg her hands, sprinkles water with her hand over the crushed berries and keeps on doing this until all the good has leached out. The too-poo-la meanwhile rests on two sticks placed across the basket or other vessel which receives the delicious juice as it filters through. [p. 211.]

The cham´-ah baskets are used regularly for this purpose [for holding split acorns], and also for split peaches and figs and other fruit laid out to dry. The most usual material for the rods of the cham´-ah is the smoke brush, Ceanothus cuneatus, which they call Pi´-wah´. [p. 212.]

They have large numbers of the Fresno acorn-cooling bowls of medium and rather large size, all of which they call Oh-hah. They will not sell these as they are saving them, and collectihg acorns and pinole seeds, for the great acorn feast which is to be held in the Kolorow or Bear Creek country in about two weeks. One old squaw who had about a dozen of these baskets, varying in size from a capacity of two quarts up to nearly 2 bushels, told me she hadn't half baskets enough for the Indians at the feast to eat Na-pah-dy -- acorn mush -- out of. The same is true of some of the camps I visited near Mariposa yesterday. [p. 214.]

Found a woman just finishing a neat coiled bowl with strong spider-web design in black fern root (lu-nah´), and waited till she finished it and bought it. She called the bowl the usual name Pul-luck-ka (or Pul-luk-ah). She showed me the materials and called

 Mariposa museum

the rods pul-le (syringa) and the split strands of the outside tap-pa tap-pa. She spends summers in Yosemite and lives at Bear Creek. ~~p.215.~~

One of the squaws showed me a lot of rolls of broad willow-like split strands which she said she bought of the Mono Paiutes "to make Paiute basket". ~~[p.216.]~~

~~--California Journal for 1902, 208-216. Sept. 18, 1902.~~

~~BASKETS~~

~~Mariposa Indians~~

The Indians near Mariposa make cider of manzanita berries, and use the Chowchilla open-work bowls (Too-poo'-lah) to filter the juice through, the basket retaining the broken berries. ~~(p. 206)~~

They now make few if any good coiled baskets, but have many (several dozen) Fresnos, and some made by the northern Mu'-wa at the Sonora region. The best they refused to sell at any price, but I got a set of their work baskets and a superb old Hettal made by the oldest woman long long ago. They make many straw baskets of the ribbed-trinket basket style, with string ribs, ornamented with wool or frayed red flannel, or flannel and quail plumes, like some I got at Sonora, only more so. ~~(p. 206.)~~

The wife of the chief of the Mariposa Mu-wa has a superb large semiglobular narrow mouthed basket, with bold design in black, made by her grandmother, who lived on Bull Creek but is now dead. The name of this basket is Toy-you. I offered her $30 for it, but she positively declined to sell it, because it was given her by her grandmother. It is a very choice basket and should be secured later. ~~p. 207.~~

They have many grass-splint baskets with vertical stitches of thread or twine, and with design in red flannel (frayed) and plumes of Valley Quail. Some are small bowls (5-8 in. in diameter), and some are small mouthed and depressed. Both forms are called Koh-tee. ~~(p. 207)~~

~~-- California Journal for 1902, 206-207, Sept. 17, 1902.~~

~~BASKETS~~ Mariposa Miwa

The baskets made by the Mariposa and Bear Creek (or Kalarow) Mu-wah are:

Burden basket — Che kah-la^h

Broad shallow scoop — Cham-a^h

Deep spoon scoop (with handle) — Ching-go

Papoose basket — Hick-eh

Coiled mush bowl — Pul-luck-ka^h and Al-loo-wa^h

[Both medium large and small sizes. The small ones used as dipper]

Dipper — Hoo-ma-ah

Circular winnower — Het-al

Big circular gambling tray — Chat-tat-toom-he

Grass-splint bowls (sometimes drawn in at mouth and flattened) with vertical stitches of thread or twine and ornamented with flannel or feathers — Koh-tee

Besides these names for baskets they themselves make, they have the following for baskets constantly in use among them but made by other tribes or other bands or camps of Mu-wa.

Hoo-le - Big deep bowl for cooking acorns, made by the Sonora and Angels Mu-wa.

Oh-hah - Acorn cooking bowl made by Fresno Indians.

Toy-yow - Large sub-globular (guara shaped) decorated basket with narrow mouth, made by Bull Creek Mu-wa. (Possibly these were once made here also).

Het-al - Circular winnower. Nine out of 10 of those in use (and they have many) are made, they say, by Fresno Indians.

Ta-ma - Closely woven snow-shoe shaped scooped winnowing baskets made by the Mono Paiutes. They have many of these.

Ke-wo-na - Closely woven Paiute burden baskets. They have some of these in each camp but instead of calling them by the Paiute name, they call them Che-ka-la - the same as the open work ones of their own make.

Wa-woi - Thin deep bowls of diagonal twined weave, made by the Mono Paiutes. I saw only 2 of these, and the Indian owning them did not know their name. The husband of the squaw who has them asked me if I could tell where they were made. When I told him Mono Lake, he said yes, that was right, and added that I knew more about baskets than anyone, white or Indian, he had ever seen. I identified a lot of northern Mu-wa and Ne-ce-non baskets for him also.

Some of them have also a very pretty and nicely made broad scoop or Cham ah which they say they get from the Chuck-chance Indians and which they call Kum-ty-ee. The cross strands are closed up (brought together) in bands of 3 to 5 forming compact belts alternating with belts (usually narrower) of the open rods. They are nice baskets.

Materials used in making baskets

Ceanothus cuneatus	Pi-wa[h]	For rods
Ceanothus integerrimus	O-hoo-ne	"
Rhus trilobata	Tum-ma[h]	"
Philadelphus	Pul-le	"
Cercis occidentalis	Tap-pa tap-pa	For split strands
Willow	Suk-kal	"
Black oak (Q.californicus)	Te-lay-le	"
Pteris aqualina	Lu-na[h] (Loo-na[h])	"

~~--California Journal for 1902, 212-216, 215. Sept. 18, 1902.~~

BASKETS ~~Chowchilla Mu'wa~~

On September 19, 1902, I left Mariposa, and reaching Chowchilla hill walked 1½ miles along the north side of Chowchilla Canyon to an Indian camp.

One of the women in the camp was making several baskets, none of which were finished. By this I mean that she, like many Indian women, keeps several different kinds of baskets going at once so that if they tire of one they go on with another. ~~[p. 221.]~~

One was a circular winnower (Het-al') of the usual type found among the Mu'-wa Indians. I have been purchasing these for years, from Yosemite Indians and Indians as far north as Sonora and Murphys, and all told me they were made farther south, by the Mariposas or Chowchillas or Fresnos. But at Mariposa camps, where I saw many, they told me they made none but bought them from the Chowchilla and Fresno Indians. Here I found several recently made and one about 3/4 done, in process of construction, so at last I have run the het-al' down and treed it. ~~[p. 221.]~~

The yellow grass foundation of which the coils of the het-al' are made is Epicampes rigens, and is called Ho-loop. ~~[...]~~

This woman told me that she and her sister make many and sell to Indians farther north — the ordinary ones for $3.00 each, which is what I paid her for one but is much less than I have paid for many purchased farther north and in Yosemite. ~~[p. 222.]~~

This same woman and her sister have nearly finished two beautiful bowl baskets of the so-called 'Tulare' type, and made of the Tulare root. ~~[p. 222.]~~

This Chowchilla camp is headquarters for the round deep scoop of openwork called Too-poo'-lah, used for filtering Manzanita cider,

 Chowchilla Miwa

and for other purposes. I got several of different sizes. They had one 'Fresno' bowl and two Paiute bowls, one of which I got, and one deep Sonora bowl of the coarse kind. ~~[p.222.]~~

Mrs. WM. M. Sell, wife of the proprietor of Ahwahnee Hotel ~~(which by the way is a delightful clean and in every way desirable place to stop, unique in this country)~~ has a collection of the 'Tulare' root baskets purchased by her from Mu'-wa, Chuck'-chancy, and 'Fresno' women in this region. It contains some fine baskets and many good ones, but in most cases the actual tribe of the maker is not known. ~~[p.225]~~

~~—California Journal of 1902, 217-225. Sept. 19, 1902.~~

~~BASKETS~~

The Indians in Chowchilla Canyon have a lot of baskets, mostly coarse, but some good. Among them are some from Sonora, some from Mono Lake (Paiute), and 2 or 3 handsome large bowls of the Tulare root ~~and~~ made by Chuck'chan'ceys. These they would not sell at any price. ~~[p. 231.~~

They have a type of basket I have never seen except at Mariposa and Chowchilla. It is of twined weave, with a curious double-wove bottom, and a handle which may be either fixed or hinged. It is a coarse basket with simple design made by leaving on the red bark of the willow or redbud on certain strands. They call it ~~Pum-pum-mist~~ and Chammy'-ah. ~~[p. 231.~~

Another new type ~~I got~~ (new here; I got one like it only deeper, near Murphys) is a pocket of openwork rods. It is called Hoop-pah-lo. The one I got is a very old one with a cloth patch on the bottom. ~~[pp. 231-232.~~

A very small and plain and rather coarsely made coiled basket I got of the old woman also, she calls So-tan'-o. It is subglobular. ~~[p. 232.~~

They had a lot of Cham'-ah baskets of different sizes and Too-poo'-las and Che'-ka-las and Het-als', of their own make, and several Paiute te'-mas and one small good Paiute bowl which I bought. ~~[p. 232.~~

~~- California Journal for 1902, 231-232. Sept. 20, 1902.~~

~~DIGGER (YOSEMITE)~~ Mew-wa

September 6, 1901, I visited the ~~Digger~~ Mewuk Indian camps in Yosemite, and got a few more old baskets.

Most of the burden baskets made here (and called che-ka-la) are of 2 kinds of material. The cylindrical vertical rods are Ceanothus integerrimus which they call o-hu-nee. The distant horizontal split strands are split willow and are called wo-tok. The willow itself (untreated) they call sok-kal, or sok-al. p.116

Besides these, some are ornamented with red horizontal strands which they say are maple. Sometimes some of the vertical rods are unpeeled and look red, but are simply willow with the bark left on -- or possibly maple.

Most of the compactly woven baskets are of willow, but some are of the root of a kind of grass.

The black split root of the brake fern (Pteris) which they use for the designs is called lu-ná, but some of them call it tu-hu-hee.

All of the fine old baskets I have found, the Digger squaws who own them say they bought long years ago from the Fresno Diggers.

The circular winnowing baskets used for sifting acorn meal and called het-al are made of grass either not ornamented at all, or with a light design of fern root. They say they buy them of the Mariposa Indians.

Two of the ~~Digger squaws~~ women here have little babies 6 days old. One of the mothers spends most of the time reclining on the ground, the other is walking about, cooking and acting as if nothing had happened. ~~p. 117~~

C.H.M. Californía Journal for 1901, 116-117, Sept. 6, 1901.

~~(Yosemite)~~

On August 8, 1901, I visited the 3 Digger Indian camps and bought a couple of baskets – one a circular shallow winnowing basket which they call het-al´, and sometimes pe-ká-sh (the last syllable aspirated). The burden basket (open weave) which the Piutes call wo-na the Yosemite Diggers call Che-ka-la. The large bowl-shaped baskets 18-20 inches in diameter and nearly as deep they call a-la-mok. I am not sure that they cook acorns in these baskets but think they do. Those I saw are thinner than those used by the Piutes for boiling acorns.

The acorn crop of the black oak (Q. californicus) which forms the principal food of the Diggers and Yosemites is a failure this year.

C.H.M. California Journal for 1901, p. 51, Aug. 8, 1901.

Indian Hats

Studies of California Indians

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Indian Hats

pp. 1–4

INDIAN HATS

~~By C. Hart Merriam.~~

[Plates 47, 48]

Did the Indians wear hats before the white man came? To be sure they did, at least in many tribes; and in some they wear them still. The wearers, except in the coast region of British Columbia, are mainly if not exclusively the women, and the hats are not bought at the milliner's at prices to bankrupt their husbands, but are made by themselves—woven with infinite pains and patience from finely split roots and stems of plants, and decorated with delicate and beautiful designs wrought in red, black, and other colors. The black is sometimes the stem of the maidenhair fern, sometimes the split root of the bracken fern, sometimes the split pod of the desert *Martynia*, sometimes the split body of a rush, dyed black by being buried in mud in an iron spring. Hats to be worn at dances and other festive occasions are sometimes ornamented by pendants of white and red wampum, each ending in a rectangular piece of the iridescent shell of the abalone, like the top one shown in plate 48, a.

In Alaska the chiefs and medicine men of the Tlinkit tribe wear large hats with high cylindrical tops made of separate disks like guava-jelly boxes, fastened one on top of another and capped by a plume of feathers and ermine skins (pl. 47, c). These hats have a flange or rim on the inside to fit the head, and on the outside are usually ornamented with conventional de-

signs representing the animal which is the emblem of the particular cult or clan to which the wearer belongs.

Among the Haida of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the natives of Vancouver Island, and some other British Columbia Indians, both sexes wear hats. These are neatly woven of cedar bark, in the form of an inverted bowl, and are made double with an inside rim to hold them in place (pl. 47, b). They are large enough to protect the hair from rain — an obvious advantage in the rainy region in which these people live.

In the deserts of southern Utah the Paiute women wear rude hats of willow, usually without ornamentation but sometimes decorated with one or more black bands. Their relatives, the Paiute of western Nevada and eastern California, wear much better ones (pl. 47, e).

Among the Modoc and Klamath of the Klamath Lake region in southern Oregon, and the Pit River Indians of northeastern California, the women make neat flexible flat-topped skullcaps decorated with large symbolic designs in black or dark brown on a whitish ground (pl. 47, a). Their neighbors, the Shasta, now nearly extinct, wear round-topped hats made mainly of roots of spruce, ornamented with rather intricate patterns (pl. 47, d). Still farther west in northern California, in a deep valley surrounded by mountains, dwell the most famous hatmakers of the present day — the Hoopa Indians. Their hats resemble those

of the Shasta but as a rule are flatter, more finely woven, and consist mainly of the whitish blades of the bear grass, split into fine strands and ornamented in black and red (pl. 48, a).

The hats and caps thus far mentioned are thin and flexible and are woven in what is known as twined weave. There are others of a widely different type: these are relatively thick and rigid and are made in coiled work. They are now exceedingly rare but were formerly worn by the women of a number of tribes, among which were the Fresno branch of the Yokut nation (pl. 48, b), the practically extinct Santa Clara (pl. 48, b), and many bands of so-called Mission Indians in southern California (pl. 48, d, e). They have a use additional to that of the ordinary hat. The California Indians carry their burdens on their backs in large nets and baskets supported by a band which passes over the forehead; this band rests against the hat, which thus distributes the weight over the head.

The Mission Indian hats are said to be no longer made, and I have been repeatedly told that none could be found. Nevertheless, during a recent visit to certain bands of these Indians I secured three. Two of them I got one evening from women who had them on their heads as they sat around a camp fire in the settlement of Saboba (pl. 48, e).

The most beautiful hat in my collection is the one shown in plate 48, c. It is finely woven of split strands of the aro-

matic sumac over a kind of coil known as "grass-splint foundation," and is elegantly decorated in black and red. The principal design consists of four oblique bands of overlapping rectangles in red, bordered with black, the border produced at the projecting angles to form long black points. In the interspaces are clusters of symbolic designs. I did not obtain this hat direct from the Indians but it was evidently made by the Panamint—a small tribe of desert Indians living in canyons in the desolate sun-baked Panamint Mountains, which rise precipitously on the west side of Death Valley in southeastern California.

The following document is a duplicate of the preceding document. It may contain annotations and corrections not found on the original.

I N D I A N   H A T S

By C. Hart Merriam.

Did Indians wear hats before the white man came? To be sure they did, at least many ~~of them, particularly~~ the women, and the hats ~~they were were~~ not bought at the milliners at prices to bankrupt their husbands, but ~~were~~ made by themselves--woven with infinite pains and patience from finely split roots and stems of plants, and decorated with delicate and beautiful designs wrought in red ~~and~~ black and other colors. The black was sometimes the stem of the maiden-hair fern, sometimes the split root of the brake-fern, sometimes the split body of a rush, dyed black by burying in mud in an iron spring. Hats to be worn at dances and other festive occasions were sometimes ornamented by pendants of white and red wampum, each ending in a rectangular piece of the iridescent shell of the abelone.

In Alaska the chiefs and medicine men of the Tlinkit tribes wear large hats with high cylindrical tops made of separate disks, like guava-jelly boxes, fastened one on top of another and capped by a plume of feathers and ermine skins (fig 1). These hats have a flange or rim on the inside to fit the head, and on the outside are usually ornamented with conventional designs representing the animal which is the emblem of the particular cult or clan to which the wearer belongs.

Among the Haida of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the natives of Vancouver Island, and some other British Columbia Indians both sexes wear hats. These are neatly woven of cedar bark, in the form of an inverted bowl, and are made double with an inside rim to ~~fit the head~~ (fig 2). They are large enough to ~~shield~~ the hair from rain—

an obvious advantage in the rainy region in which these people live.

In the deserts of southern Utah the Paiute women wear rude hats of willow (fig. 3), usually without ornamentation but sometimes decorated with one or more black bands. Their relatives, the Paiutes of western Nevada and eastern California, wear much better ones (fig. 4).

Among the Modocs and Klamaths of the Klamath Lake region in southern Oregon, and the Pit River Indians of northeastern California, the women make neat flexible flat-topped skull-caps decorated with large symbolic designs in black or dark brown on a whitish ground (figs.5 & 6). Their neighbors the Shastas, now nearly extinct, wear round topped hats mainly of roots of spruce, ornamented with rather intricate patterns (fig.7). Still farther west in northern California, in a deep valley surrounded by mountains, are the most famous hat makers of the present day--the Hoopa Indians. Their hats resemble those of the Shastas but as a rule are flatter, more finely woven, and consist mainly of the whitish blades of the bear grass, split into fine strands and ornamented in black and red (fig.8).

The hats and caps thus far mentioned are thin and flexible and are woven in what is known as twined weave. There are others of a widely different type: these are relatively thick and rigid and are made of coiled work. They are now exceedingly rare but were formerly worn by the women of a number of tribes, among which were the Fresno branch of the Yokut nation (fig.9), the practically extinct Santa Claras (fig.10), and many bands of so-called Mission Indians in southern California (fig.11). They have a use additional to that of the ordinary hat : The California Indians carry their burdens on their backs in large nets and baskets supported by a band

which passes over the forehead; this band rests against the hat, which thus distributes the weight over the head.

The Mission Indian hats are said to be no longer made, and I have been repeatedly told that none could be found. Nevertheless, during a recent visit to certain bands of these Indians I secured three. Two of them I got one evening from women who had them on their heads as they sat around a camp fire at the settlement of Saboba (fig.12).

The most beautiful hat in my collection is the one shown in figure 13. It is finely woven of split strands of the aromatic sumac over a kind of coil known as "grass-splint foundation", and is elegantly decorated in black and red. The principal design, consists of four oblique bands of overlapping rectangles in red, bordered with black, the border produced at the projecting angles to form long black points. In the interspaces are clusters of symbolic designs. I did not obtain this hat direct from the Indians but it was evidently made by the Panamints — a small tribe of Desert Indians, living in canyons in the desolate sun-baked Panamint mountains, which rise precipitously on the west side of Death Valley in southeastern California.

Pinart's Tcholovone Vocabulary

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

Pinart, Tcholovone

Tcholovones of Chorris

NAPA

Indian maps

Pt. I

5 ~~For title and source see Pinart, 1894.~~
Alphonse Pinart, Etudes sur les Indiens

PINART: ON THE TCHOLOVONES OF CHORRIS 5

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Alphonse Pinart's 'Études sur les Indiens Californiens: Sur les Tcholovones de Chorris' was published in 'Revue de Linguistique et de Philologie Comparée,' Vol. 27, pp. 79-87, Paris 1894. The following is a translation of the entire article including his Jačikamne vocabulary:

6. Mahr, p. 365: Choris was a trained artist, quite familiar with Polynesian types. The agreement between his illustrations + ethnographic data is sufficient to discredit Pinart's Kanaka suggestion.

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ON THE TCHOLOVONES OF CHORRIS

) 12 Caled = left on 23

11/13
29
Carlson

The Tcholovones, or better Čolovomnes, were included [79] in the group of the family of the Tulareños Indians of the San Joaquin and of Tulare Lake. These Indians inhabited a "rancheria" or village situated nearly where today the little town of Bantas is. The other rancherias related to the Čolovomnes and speaking the same dialect were the following: Jačikamne, beside the town of Stockton, Pašašamne, Nututamne, Tammukamne, Helutamne, Taniamne, Sanaiamne, Xosmitamne.

All these rancherias were within the limits of San Joaquin County. A little farther up on the San Joaquin River and on its branches were the Lakkisamnes, the Notunamnes, the Tuolumnes who spoke dialects very close to that of the Jačikamne.

It is not strange that Chorris should have seen [80] these Čolovomnes in the Bay of San Francisco. Indeed

the missionaries had brought a number of these Indians to the missions of San José, Santa Clara, and even San Francisco. In examining the ancient books of these missions, I have many times found mention of baptisms administered to individuals from that rancheria. But the description and especially the types of these Indians given by Chorris could be only absolute fantasies. These Tcholovones (Čolovomnes) are probably nothing but Kanakas from the Hawaiian Islands brought to California by the Russians. The California Indian type is very variable, their color especially, which, it is true, varies from a clear lustrous yellow to a very dark brown. But I have never seen, among all the California Indians that I have examined, a single one bearing a resemblance to the types given by the French artist of the Kotzebüe expedition.

In 1880, while at the little Indian rancheria situated a few miles from the town of Plaranton [Pleasanton] in the Contra-Corta [Contra-Costa], I had the fortune to find there a woman named Maria, of Jačikamne origin, and it was from her that I obtained the information given above. She claimed to be the last survivor of her rancheria. She told me that she had also lived in

the rancheria of the Tcholovones (Čolovomnes) but that that rancheria had long since disappeared. Maria's husband, Philippe de Jesus, is a Lakkisamne Indian, that is, from a rancheria friendly and related to the Sačikamne [typographical error for Jačikamne]. He corroborated his wife's statements, adding that he also had lived in the rancheria of Čolovomne and that the Indians of that rancheria differed in no respect from the other Trilareños [Tulareños] Indians.

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12 Cols. lift on 23

(13)

List of Jačikamne Words furnished by Maria

[81]

Mountain	hatle
Sky	tipxne
fog	kohomol
cloud	thro
sun	suyō
moon	hopēm
sunrise	tissen suyō
forenoon	alalšuka
day	lake eie
evening	kexili
sunset	suyō kopnen
The sun has set	suyō kopinin
night	to-i-o
during the night	to-i-ne
full moon	cheneen hopē
eclipse of the moon	peihehen hopē
rain	šeel
It rains	šeeleu
Doesn't it rain?	han šeeheleu
The rain has begun	uittihinin šeele
storm	šeeleu mateni
wind	iuma

gal 45

11/13

176 chars. 2 752

Printer: Throughout this vocabulary the duplicate page nos. in brackets should be omitted. Give each page no. only once, on first appearance

south wind	x'omox'o
north wind	tox'x'oi
west wind	x'osin nitiuno
southwest wind	nutotiatiuno
lightning	ppalmosa
thunder	čat-čače
snow	hai-iao
hail	pxoueč
cold	čičik
it is very cold	namik čičik
I am cold	kxeč keneuna
hot	taakkă
water	ilikie
bay, estero	uakatat
tide	uollexe
bank of river	tuku-čolloče
river	čolloče
lake	teik
embarçadero	akaies
tule raft	šua
poles used for the raft	kaapa
large poles used to direct the raft	euokos
rock	selel'
cliff	matesilet

Printer: Throughout this vocabulary the duplicate page nos. in brackets should be omitted. Give each page no. only once, on first appearance

south wind	x'omox'o	[81]
north wind	tox'x'oi	
west wind	x'osin nitiuno	
southwest wind	mutetiatiuno	
lightning	ppalmosa	
thunder	čat-čače	
snow	hai-iao	
hail	pxoueč	
cold	čičik	
it is very cold	namik čičik	
I am cold	kxeč keneuna	
hot	taakkă	
water	ilikie	[82]
bay, <u>estero</u>	uakatat	
tide	uollexe	
bank of river	tuku-čolloče	
river	čolloče	
lake	teik	
embarçadero	akaies	
tule raft	šua	
poles used for the raft	kaapa	
large poles used to direct the raft	euekoe	
rock	selel'	
cliff	matesilet	

[82]

sand	soxusot
gravel	xole
mud	čupot
slough	čupokaal
tular	uitik
tule (kind of reed)	loope
tule flower	tikle
tule root	pileis
dry tule root	katsats
hill	wan
forest, underbrush	ts'ammax'al
thick forest	činik ts'ammax'al
island	komelomit
sea	čox'oē
fish	lopič
salmon	koosi
white fish	pulmus
perch	iuaš
barbel	polux'u
tule mussels	x'epič
river mussels	kehue
beaver	kot čata
otter	iokač
badger, "mapache"	saunaka

[83]

To fish	vilo
To fish with nets	ioxxo
fish hook	ts'oiek
net to catch ducks	šaami
wild hemp	poxuč
bird	oiol-oiol
duck	laala
duck, a species	u̇skai
duck, a second species	uoi-ui
crane	totoko
thick-necked swan	šoxoloič
little swan of the <u>tular</u>	uaaša
crow	aluts
large crow	x'otoi
<u>chañate</u>	hakalo
hawk	iemilits
hawk, one kind	uakuak — [Wek wek]
hawk, another kind	suppux'
owl	soots'
<u>tecolote</u>	eheme
<u>tecolote</u>-tokok	uetsitsa
quail	umulu
little birds (generic term)	tsipiax'
humming bird	tinei-ie

Gulot 46

gull	uiali	[83]
large black gull	kokćo	
beak	čiutit ta	
feathers	pielli	
wings	x'aapač	
tail	koot	
eggs	hon	
nest	x'apiš	
bear	ullui	
wolf	eue	
lion	tammala	
wildcat	čollomma	[84]
fox	iu-uel	
coyote	če-ia	
badger	čxanu	
squirrel	šitki	
flying squirrel	meue	
shrew	čaluikse	
hare	homix	
rabbit	tehū	
bat	tekkiš	
mole	[word blotted out in LC copy]	
mole (one kind)	atauaua	
stag	sox'oko	
deer	talaxe	

[84]

antelope	kanaiut
dog	čukko
cat	tonjē
turtle	saux'it
toad	pōtpōto
frog	uatakša
lizard	tappena
ant	kxai-amaš
grasshopper	ts-anauiš
pinacate [ill-smelling black beetle]	tšišešampo
worm	tšete
snake	iax
mosquito	kašup
fly	mouo
to smoke	paamo
wild tobacco	káje
smoked	mučok
ashes	itexl
fire	pooto
live coals	saalo
to light the fire	hootelka
extinguish	šaapka
the fire is out	šaapinnin
firewood	ites
wood in general, tree	ites

[85]

bark	čxatip
leaf	kappaš
dry leaf	čaxait kappaš
acorn	uokiš
oak	itsetsi
live oak	šaša
alder	male
willow	poko
sauz chino, Chinese willow	matepoko
torote	hauoš
laurel	sokkote
madrone	halats'
poplar	taapič
elder	tx'oi
toyon	suxul-li
mulberry	iukku
Datura	amonoi
estafiata	ts'aitš'aiš
Poison oak	suoš
herbs	šukoi
pinole	touč
grains	xennik
mortar	kxolup
pestle	xumuč

To crush, to pound	laku	[85]
To cut	čišet	
To pull	koottuk	
arrow	šai-ie	
arrow point	lai-ie	
bow	tamikka	
cedar	oco	
avocado	beu	
seyba	buri	
jobo	aiña	
guava	henoso	
pawpaw	papanaxo	[86]
pineapple	činxõ	
plantain, green	pata	
plantain, ripe	patakora	
brown sugar	nekua	
sweet	xuambui	
corn	pe	
ear of green corn	pe-biri	
poivrelon, aji	pida	
caimito	tuxõ	
bejuquillo (liane)	hinxero	
bambou	sioro	
herbs	širuxə	
crab	ixarre	
sardine	auarra	

barbel	pau	[86]
fish(?)	kidačiraua	
partridge	čokoro	
owl	bibira	
hawk	nexopui	
eagle	nexoku	
crane	toa	
crow	toxe	
parrot	xamiso	
parrot ♀	kaiu	
spider	para	
humming-bird	impisu	
pea hen	tusi	
peacock	paui	
vulture	ankoso	
turtle dove	huma	
hen	terre	
eggs	neumu	
dog	husa	
armadillo	ečurru	
l'once	imama	
lion	imamapuru	[87]
fox	pesai	
stag	bigi	
wild hog	pido	

monkey	xidoi
rat	paodo
tigrillo	uriuri
sloth	busia
guagua	penora
tortoise	sibi
iguana	opoa
alligator	ori
snake	tama
centipede	heto
tarantula	torema
mosquito	lampara
scorpion	uritoro
ant	meče
bowstring	sesta'e
quiver	iu-el'
to beat	loouse
to kill	hahašit
He has killed him	hašin
He is dead	hašinhin
dead	hahanihik
enemy	tauca
friend	čometemluš

Yokuts again!

chief	pttie
chief (woman)	xanuat
house	exe
roof	innihi
wall, side	inu
rush mat	čini
to spread the rush mat	činiak
to sleep	uo-oiak

[Signed] Alphonse Pinart

Alphonse Pinart, Études sur les Indiens Californiens, Revue de Linguistique et de Philologie Comparée, Vol. 27, pp. 79-87, 1894.

Words for Tobacco and Pipe

Studies of California Indians

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

Tobacco + Pipe names

used by

Calif. Tribes

ATCHOMAWAN TRIBES

Atchomawan	Tobacco	Pipe
Mo-des′-se	Oop′; Ōp′	Skōt′
Ă-choo′-mah′-we	Oop & O'p	Skot′
At-wum′-we	Oop′	Skōt′; Skot′
As′-tah-ke-wi′-che	Ōp′	Skawt′; Te′-lah = ~~(long straight pipe)~~
Ham-mah′-we	Oop′	Skawt′; Te′-lah = ~~(long straight pipe)~~

Atsooka′an		
At-soo-kā′-e	Ow′-tem o′-pe	Skot′
Ap-woo′-ro-kā′e	O-pe′	Skŏt′

CALIFORNIA INDIAN NAMES FOR TOBACCO AND PIPE

ATHAPASKAN TRIBES

Northwestern Calif.	Tobacco	Pipe
Hah'-wun-kwut (Smith River)	Sĕ-ch-yu; Sā-ch-yu	Ā"chah
Tol'-lo-wah (Crescent City)	Sĕ-ch-te-ju	Ā"-chah

Trinity & Redwood Region		
Tin'-nung hen-nā'-o (Hoopa)	Min'-tā-itch'-wah	King-i'-ke-ahng
'Hwil'-kut (Redwood Creek)	Min-del'ch-wah Min-tā'-chwah	King-i'-k'yang.

Athapaskan -2-

3. Eel River Region	Tobacco	Pipe
Nek'-an-ni'	Yo'-bah-chung	Sā-tel'-le-yo'
Mat-tōl'		Sĕ'-tel-yo
Lo'-lahn'-kok	Sĕn'-yo	Be'-si-til-yo'; Si'-til-yo
Ket-tel	—	—
To-kub'-be	Sĕn'-yo	Sēn-yo-tsi
Ken-nes'-te (Garberville) To-cho'-be ke'-ah	Sig-ñyo Sēn-yo; Sig-ñyo	Se'-ñyo-tsi
Set'-ten-bi'-den ke'ah	Sĕ-tcho; ~~Set-yo~~	Sĕ-cho'-tsoi
Che-teg'-ah-ahng		
Tsen'-nah ken-nes'	Sā'-yo	Bē'-sā-tel'-yo
4 Cahto Valley Region		
To-chil'-pe ke'-ah-hahng (Kahto)	Klit-tan'-nung	Be-klah-tan'-nah

CHEMAREKAN TRIBE

<u>Chemarekan</u>

Che-mar'-re-ko

<u>Tobacco</u>

Oo'-wah & Che-mar'-roo

<u>Pipe</u>

O'-ne-pah (did not have pipes in early days)

CHUMASHAN TRIBES

Chumashan

		Tobacco	Pipe
Kahs'-swah		Sho	Oo-ash
Kal'-ă-wah-sah', Kah-sah-kom-pă-ah	(Santa Ynez)		
	(Ventura)	Saw'-oo	Tip-haw'-pe
	(Santa Barbara)		

ENNESEN & ESSELENEAN TRIBES

	Tobacco	Pipe
Ennesen		
En'-ne-sen' (San Antonio)	Tah-lahm'	Tah-oon
Esselenean		
Es-se-len	K'a'-ah (Henshaw)	Suk-nas enne (Pinart)

KAROKAN TRIBES

Karokan

	Tobacco	Pipe
Kah'-rek	E-hā'-dah	O-wher-rahm'
Kah-rah'-ko	E-hā'-ram	Oo'-her-rahm'

LUTUAMIAN TRIBES

Lutuamian

	Tobacco	**Pipe**
Klamath-Modok	Sook'-kul[s] "Katckal"	Pah'-k's (Pox)

MEWAN TRIBES

Mewuk	Tabacco	Pipe
Mé-wuk (Northern)	Kah'-sŭ ; Kah'-sah	Pah'-oo-mah ; Pah'-o-mah
Tuolumne Mé-wa (Middle)	Kah'-sŭ	Pah-oo-mah Kah'-wah-che
Chow-chil'-lah Mew'-wah (Southern)	Kah'-hŭ	To-ó-e Pah-oó-mah
Mewko		
Mokal'umne	Kah'-sŭ	Tă-bó-kel-lah
Wi'-pā	Kah'-sŭ	To-rā'-pah
Tuleamne		
O-lā'-yó-me (Coyote Valley)	Ki'-ow	Soom-ge-too-mi
Hookooeko		
Hoo-koo-e'-ko (Tomales Bay)	Ki'-aw (Ki'-yow)	Soom-ke
O'-la-ment'-ko (Bodega Bay)	Ki'-ow	Soo'-koo

MIDUAN TRIBES

Miduan	Tobacco	Pipe
Kow'-wahk	Pahn'	Koo-lah'
Nis'-se-nan'	Pan'; Pahn	Koo-lah'
No-to'-mus-se	Pan	Koo-lah'
Mitch-ŏŏp-do	Pahn'-ne	Pan-pen; Koo'-lah Pah'-ning koo'-lah
No-to-koi'-o (Big Meadows Band) - - - Nah-kahn'-ko	Pan'-neem	Pan-neem'-lo-lo
Kum-mo'-win	Pan'-ne	Kool-koo'-le
O-só-ko (American Valley Band) - - - -	Pan'-nim	Pan'-nim-no-lo
Nis'-sim pā'-we-nan'	Pahn	Wahd'-di'
Tahn'-kŭ	Pahn'-nim; Pah'-ne; Pan-ne;	Koo-lahm'; Pan'-ning gó-lah (longer pipe, about 8 inches long.)

OLHONEAN TRIBES

Olhonean

	Tobacco	Pipe
Kah'-koon (Room'-se-en)	Sow-wans	Hoo'-rup
Hoo'-mon-twash' (Moot'-soon)	Mat'-tret	Soo'-koom'
(Santa Clara)	Mah'-tār	
(San Lorenzo)	Mah'-tār	

POLIKLAN TRIBES

Poliklan

	Tobacco	Pipe
Po-lik'-lah	Wah'-koom Hah'-koom' Hawch-koom	Raw'-ah'-wus
Ner'-er'-ner	Hah'-koom'	Rah'-wah'

POMOAN TRIBES

Northern Division	Tobacco	Pipe
Mah'-to-pe'-mah	Suk-kah'	-
Me-tum-mah	Suk-kah'	Hi-shut-tōl
Po-mo'-ke-chah'(Potter Valley)	Sah-hah'	Sah-hah'-kah'-be
Ki-yow'-bah$^{\underline{ch}}$	Sah-hah'	Sah-hah' hah'-bĕ
Stony Creek Division		
Sho-te'-ah	{Shah'-ko {Sah-kah {Shah-kah	{Sak'-kah boo'-te {Kol'-lon
Yokiah-Boyah Division		
Bo'-yah	Sah-kah'	Pe'-pah (Spanish)
Tah'-bah-tā	Sah-kah'	Sah'-kah kah'-be
Yo-ki'-ah	Sah-kah'	Sah-kah'-kah'-be
Sho'-ko'-ah	Sak-kah'	Sak-kah' kah'-be

Pomoan -2-

Mah´-kah-mo-chum´-mi	Tobacco	Pipe
Mah´-kah-mo-chum´-mi	Kah´-wah	Loo-chah´ kab-bĕ
We´-shah-chum´-mi	Kah´-wah	Loo-chah´ kă-bĕ

We-shum´-tat-tah		
Kah´-tah-we chum´-mi	Kah´-wah	To´-po Loo-chah´-kă´-bĕ Tobacco in stone Miyakma
Me´-dah-kah´ tum´-mi	Kah´-wah	

Coast Division		
Kah-chi´-ah	Kah´-wah	Loo-chuk´-ă-be Loo´-wĕ-chok kă-be

Hah-nah′-bah^ch or Clear Lake Division	Tobacco	Pipe
Dan-no′-kah	Sah-hah′	Sah-hah′-hah′-be
Ho-al′-lek	Sah-kah′	Sah-kah′-hah′-be
She′-kum	Sah-kah′	Sah-kah′-hah′-be
Ku-lan-nă′-po	Sah-hah′	Sah′-hah hah′-be
Lower Lake Division		
Ham′-fo	Tŏm-ko-ah	'Hi′-ko & Ko-ah′ kah′-be 'Hri′-ko

SHASTAN TRIBES

Shastan	Tobacco	Pipe
Shas'-te	O-wah; Oo'-ah	Ahp'-soo
Ko'-no-me'-hoo	Oo'-wah & O'-bah	Ahp'-soo

SHOSHONEAN LANGUAGES

Northern Piute	Tobacco	Pipe
Ban-nok (of Idaho)	Tŭ-mi-yu-ah Pah-mo	To-ish
Ft. Bidwell Piute	Pah-mo	To-is
Koo-yu-e-wits (Pyramid Lake Piute)	Poo-e-bah-mo	To-is Nu-er-ro-is
Koo-tsah-be-dik-ka (Mono Lake Piute)	Poo-e-bah-mo	To-e-sah
Southern Piyute (Pi-yu-che)		
Nŭ-vah-an-dits	Sah-wahk-wah-bzh Sĕ-wah-wahbh	Choo-moo-pe

Shoshonan		
Pak-wah-zid-je	Bah-hŏm-be	Pah-hum-do-e
Pan-a-mint	Pah-hum-be	Pah-hoon-too-e
Sho-sho-ne	Bah-ho	Bah-ho do-e
So-so-ne	Pah-mo	To-e (Do-e)
Go-se-ute	2 Too-pah 1 Pah-mo	To-ă
Bishop Creek	Pah-mo Pa-hum-be	To-ish-ah To-ish-she

SULAHTELUKAN TRIBES

Sulahtelukan

	Tobacco	Pipe
Soo-lah′-te-luk	Kwahs′-wuk	Kŭ-ŭ′-paw
Pah′-te-waht		
We′-yot	Ă-kwahs-wuk	Mah-ses′ / Ku-ŭ-paw / Kas′-wah-kil (3 names, Mah-ses′ best)

WASHUAN TRIBE

Washuan

	Tobacco	Pipe
Wah'-shoo	Ban-kōs; Ban-koos Pan-kush	Ban-koosh tă-ak Tobacco stone

WINTUNAN TRIBES

Wintunan (handwritten correction: Wintoon)

	Tobacco	Pipe
Win-toon' (McCloud River)	Lol	Hol'-lah; Haw'-lah
Win-tu' (Trinity River)	Lawl'	Haw'-li
Win-tu' (Ono region)	Lawl',	Hŏl'-lah
No'rrelmuk	Lawl'	Haw'-lah
Chen'-po-sel	Lōl	Bo-te'
'Ket' Win	Lōl; Lawl	Bō'-te or Bot'-te
Win	Lol	Bo-t,el; Bot-te
Ko'-roo (Pah'-tin)	Lawl	Bot-te
Pat'-win	Lol	Toh'-bo; To'-po
Poo'-e-win	Lol	To'-poo
Nōm'-lik-kah	Lawl'	Lōl-kok
Noi'-muk	Lol	Lol-kok
Choo-hel'-mem sel	Lawl	Bo-mit'

YAHNAN TRIBE

Yahnan

	Tobacco	Pipe
Yah'-nah or No'-se	Mo'-yu	Chan-nah'-me-nah stone

YOKUT TRIBES

Yokutan	Tobacco	Pipe
Cho-e-nim'-ne	Sho-kin	
Cho-ki'-min-nah	Sho-kin	
Wik-tchum'-ne	Sho-kon	
Too-lol'-min	So'-kon	Pow'
Yow'-el-man'-ne	Sŏ-k'l	Pah-oom
Tā-dum'-ne	Sho-kon	Sook-mi
Tin'-lin-ne	Saw'-kon	Pow'-ĕ
(San Emigdio)	Shaw'-hoo-wah	Koo-koo
Tah'-che	Po-net; Po-neet	Pe-ish & Pe-shā-he
{K Gosh-shó-o	Pah-um	Soo'-kut
Chuk-chan'-sy	Pah-ō'm; Pah'-um	Soo-kut
Yo'-kotch (Fresno River)	San-nis'	Sŭ-koot'

YUKEAN TRIBES

Yukean

	Tobacco	Pipe
Mi-yahk'-mah	Loo'-chă Loo-chĕ	Loo'-chā-lel Loo'-chĕ lel stone
Hootch'-nom		
Oo'-kum'-nom	Woi'-muk, Woi-ŏh	Woi'-o-al
Oo'-ko-ton-til'-kah	Woi-mil Wi-mā'-a	Woi'-me-lil'

YUMAN TRIBES

Yuman

	Tobacco	Pipe
Ă-whah'-kah-wahk' (N. Mexico)	Oop'	Mo-'kwin'
Kam'-me-i' ('Diegueno')	Oop'	Am-mo-kwin
Mohave	"Å-hova"; Å-ō'v; Ah-oov'	Mal'-ho
Yuma	O-vah ; Ah-ō'v	Mel-yah-hŏ'

TUBOTELOBELAN TRIBE

Tú-bot-te-lob'-e-lan	Tobacco	Pipe
Tú-bot-te-lob'-e-lā	Sho-kont So-gunt	

TONGVAN TRIBE

Tongvan		
Tong'-vā	Pās'-pe-baht	Week-chot

SHOSHONEAN LANGUAGES (continued)

Monachan	Tobacco	Pipe
Mo-nah-che (Owens Valley)	So-go-bah-mo	Pitch-im'-mah
Em'-tim'-bitch	Saw'-go (Sō-go; Saw'-go)	Tă-doo-esh + Tas-soo'kah-mi
Wuk-sah'-che	Saw'-go (Saw' k)	Pe-che-mă
Hol'-ko-ma	Ho"-m	
Hoo'-doo-ge'-dah	So'-go	To-o'-she (To-oish)
Ko'-ko-he'-bah	At-to'-ish	
Nim (Neum)	Pah-moo'-pa [in cakes, Saw'-go]	To-ēs

Southern Piute	Tobacco	Pipe
Ute	Ko-ep' ["Kwap"]	T'choots'
Chem'-e-we'-ve	Ko-ahp' b	Choo-mo'-pe
New-oo'-ah	{ Ko-o'-pe / Sah-o-dah }	
Pah-ran'-e-get-seu	Sah-wahk'-wah-be	Cho-noo'-pe
Nu-vah'-ahn-dits	Sah-wahk'-wah'-be	Chung; Choo-moo'-pe

MOHINEAN TRIBES

Mo-hin'-e-an	Tobacco	Pipe
Mohineam	Pĕvt	Ah-we'-kah
Mah'-re-am "Mohave River Piute"	Pĕvt; Pŭ-pe-vab "Pish-pă-vaht"	Ah-we'-kah "Ko-et'-tik"
Mahl-ke (Banning)	Pe'-wah	
Kah'-we-sik'-tem (Palm Springs	Pe'-vaht	Yu'-le Yu-lilch
Pow'-we-yam' (Cahuilla Valley)	---	
Koo'-pah	{Pe'-waht {Pe'-e-vaht; Pĕ-pe'-bah	{Ē'-chit {Eah
Piyumkan		
Pi-yum'-ko (Luiseno)	Pe'-vaht	No-nah'-hah
So-vo'-va (So-bo'-bah)		
Kitanamwits		
Ke'-tan-a-moo'-kum (Mohave Desert) (Cahuenga)	Che'-woot Tse'-woot	We'-ke-hwaht Nĕ-we'-ko

TUBOTELOBELAN TRIBES

Tu-bot'-e-lob'-e-lā	{Sho-kont {So-gunt	

TONGVAN TRIBES

Tong'-vā	Pās'-pe-baht [Pispewat®]	Week-chot

® [Santa Barbara Gazette - Sept. 1860.]

Pispewat : [See Tong-vă word - Păs-pe-băht]

"wild tobacco, pounded and mixed with lime."
used for chewing

Said to have been brought to Santa Barbara by Indians of Tulare County, to trade for "a species of money from the Indian mint of the Santa Barbara ranchirias, called by them "ponga"."

Santa Barbara Gazette, Sept. 1860. [Reprinted by Oscar T. Shuck in "The California Scrap-book", San Francisco, 1869, p. 299.