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MYTHOLOGY FROM VOLUME 13

THE GAMBLER OF MISKUT WINS GOOD LUCK[1]

A young man lived at Miskut. His name was Miskut-kinále ["Miskut gambler"]. He was a gambler with *kin* ["sticks"]. He lost all his property, but he could not stop playing. At last he had nothing left, not even a garment. He had lost all to Tahchwíntin-kinále.

His parents said: "We are not going to feed you; we are not going to clothe you. You might as well go and die."

He thought: "That is too bad, if they are not going to feed me, to cloth me. There is nothing I can do in this world. I have nothing. It must be true, what they tell me. I might as well die."

In the middle of the night he decided to get sweat-house fuel in the mountains, and to cry there. He built the fire in the sweat-house, and went outside. As he sat there, he asked a man: "What shall I do? Do you know any good-luck place?"

The man answered: "Yes, they say there is lucky water for a man to go into. Go far up the creek at Haslinding, to the head of the creek. There is lucky water, but it is dangerous. If you go in, you might not come out. But if you know the medicine,[2] you might be safe."

The youth thought, "Well, I might as well die anyway." So he started, following the river. He knew the country, but had never been to the lake, because *holtsaítô* [a monster] lived in it. Just before the sun set he arrived at the lake. On each wrist he had tied a small piece of anise-root, which was the medicine mentioned by the old man at the sweat-house. He sat down beside the water and said, "I wish you would pity me, this World." He tied his hair up with a string, and went into the water. It was boiling up, and shot between two rocks. It felt as if something was pulling him down, as if his legs were entangled. Something was sucking him down.

The people at Miskut missed the young gambler and made inquiries across the river. Nobody had seen him. Then they knew that he

1 Narrated by Jackson, Takimilding Hupa.

2 *Kyimôtlo*. *Kyimô* is any kind of medicine, even what white physicians prescribe.

had gone to the mountains. Ten days passed. The next morning when the men at Djishtangading went to swim, they saw something sitting on a rock in the river. It was white. It was bald. It seemed to move. One of them thought they had better investigate, so he swam to the rock and there found a man who could scarcely speak. He was nothing but bones covered with skin. His head was hairless and scabby. The swimmer went back and said: "I have found a man. It must be the one who was lost from Miskut."

A messenger was sent to Miskut, and the relatives of the lost man came to see if this was their relative. They knew the tattooed marks on his arms, and this was the only means of identifying him, for his whole appearance was altered. They took him home in a canoe, and gave him food in separate dishes. They did not wish to spoil his good luck. In five days he was stronger, and began to speak.

"I went into that water," he said, "and something sucked me down. I drifted under ground into the river at Djishtangading." They rubbed skunk grease on his head to make the hair grow.

For a year he was unable to do anything. Then he began to play again. The first night he won back all that he had lost, and it was not long until he had taken everything from his rival. He became a rich man.

ORIGIN OF MEDICINE FOR PURIFYING DEFILED HUNTERS AND WEAPONS[3]

At Kôhume [on Willow creek] lived two brothers and two sisters. They were *kyihúnnaí*. They had a hunting dog. They set snares along the ridges above the gulches. They hunted ten days, but caught nothing. No deer was to be seen. They wondered why it was so. They asked their sisters if either had gone out with a man during their absence. One of them said that she had had a miscarriage, and she had been eating venison. She said: "I have wanted to try this. People are coming soon. That is why I did this. I sat on this deer meat when I had my miscarriage. I wished to learn if that would be bad for the people who are coming."

3 Narrated by Jackson, Takimilding Hupa.

"Well, sister, we have been having a hard time. You should not have caused us to go so long without killing a deer. For ten days we have travelled, working hard without seeing a deer. We have seen a few tracks, but they were so old that they were nearly washed out by rain."

She said: "Yes, I did that purposely, to see whether we can make any medicine for this new race of people. I think I can make medicine. We will make medicine, and it will be good. We are doing this for the new people, because they will not know how to make medicine when they take our place. They will not understand. We had better show them how to do when anything happens like this."

She took some willow leaves and said, "That will be the medicine." She pounded them up and said to her brothers: "Rub your arms and hands with this. Bring in those Douglas spruce boughs."

They brought in the boughs. It was dawn. They placed them on the fire and she sang, and the others helped her. She said, "Hold your bows in the smoke." When they had finished, she said: "Now go and try it. See if you can find a deer."

They went a short distance and each killed two bucks. "When the people come into this world," she said, "and anything like this happens, they will have medicine for it."

SOME ADVENTURES OF COYOTE[4]

Coyote heard there was much money in the north. All winter long he worked, and made ten strings of beads and ten pairs of moccasins. For he was going to travel. He bade farewell to everybody, and said he was going north to get money. He arrived at Howungkut when the people were setting fire to the brush. He gathered many burned grasshoppers. He said: "This is a fine lot of food, but I am not going to stop. I am going to get money." He went along singing his song about money.

Then he saw some roasted mice, but still he did not stop to eat. Then he saw roasted woodrats. He said, "Well, I think I had better see how this meat tastes." He sat down and ate. It tasted good. A little farther on he came upon a great quantity of roasted grasshoppers.

4 Narrated by Jackson, Takimilding Hupa.

He said, "Well, I am going to try a little of this." He sat down and ate heartily, a handful at a time.

"Why is it I cannot get enough? There is something wrong with me today. I cannot get enough." He looked back and saw that everything he had been eating had gone right through him.

"'What is the matter with me? I cannot hold anything in my stomach. I know what I will do." He took off his moccasins and went to the woods, where he gathered some pitch. He smeared it over his fundament, and began to eat again. After a time he looked back and saw that the food was not going, through. But he failed to notice that he was coming to a place where there were some live embers. When he sat down, the pitch caught fire, and he can to a creek and leaped into it. Then he heard someone coming along, and he said: "I do not want those girls to see me here in this predicament. I will make myself a salmon." And he did so.

The girls went in to swim, and one of them saw the salmon. They all began to try to catch it. The salmon would leap between their legs, and they could not catch it. They began to be exhausted. One of them said: "I do not think that is a salmon. That is Coyote." So they ran away. They told about the big salmon in the creek, and an old man said: "Yes, that is Coyote. Now one of you will be pregnant." And so it was.

Coyote lived with his grandmother. He could not get a wife. So he pretended to be sick, and he said: "Grandmother, I am going to die. I have a chum. When he comes, speak well of me to him. He is a young man, and he looks like me. He will come five days after my death. You must bury me with my head out of the ground." So he died, and the grandmother buried him with his head out of the ground.

On the fifth day Coyote called on the wolves, bears, and cougars to drag him out of his grave. When the old woman heard the noise, she thought, "Oh, they are eating the body of my poor grandson!" The next morning she went to the grave and found it empty. She wept.

Later in the day a young man came to the house and said: "Old woman, are you living here? Where is my chum?"

"My poor grandson is dead," she said.

"Well, old woman, how are you going to make a living? I think you had better marry me."

So the old woman married the young man. But afterward she dis-

covered him to be Coyote himself, and she drove him out of the house.

PULÚKUHL-QERRÉQ, THE TRANSFORMER[5]

Pulúkuhl-qerréq ["far-down-stream pointed-buttock"] knew that there were many evil beings along the river, which made travelling so dangerous that people dared not move about at all. So he started up the river to improve this condition. At Kenek he found ten brothers. They invited him into their house, and the youngest gave him a pipe. He smoked. Then the next older handed him a pipe with stronger tobacco, and again he smoked. The third gave him still stronger tobacco, which he smoked. So it went until he had smoked even the powerful tobacco of the eldest brother. Never had anyone done that and lived. But Pulúkuhl-qerréq, knowing how they killed people, had pushed his flute down his throat and clear through his body, and when he inhaled the smoke it passed through him without harm.

The next morning the brothers built the fire for a sweat. This was another way they had of killing people. They placed long logs in the fire with the ends running up into the low doorway, so that none could escape. But Pulúkuhl-qerréq had said to his invisible helper, "I wish you would stand above me and drop cold water on my back." So the fire was started, and he bowed his head and cried with the others, *"Hatetuwa, hatetuwa!*[6] The fire burned hotter and hotter, and one by one the brothers escaped through the hole at the side, but Pulúkuhl-qerréq remained there singing with bowed head.

They stood outside and said: "What kind of man is that? We cannot kill him. Let us send him up the river to Merip." He could hear them speaking about him, and he knew what was at Merip. He came out and said: "You must not kill people. Hereafter you wilt be unable to kill them. You will be common people." Then he went up the river.

Across the stream from Merip he found an old man driving a wedge into a log. The ground was covered with bones. The old man said: "My wedge will not go in. I wish you would crawl inside the cleft

5 Narrated by Weitchpec George, Weitspus Yurok.

6 In the sweat and also while gathering wood for the sweat-house this phrase is repeated in a high, wailing tone.

and push the point aside while I drive it."

So Pulúkuhl-qerréq crawled in. But first he told his helper to place a large stone under the split log, so that the cleft did not touch the ground. The old man at once knocked the wedge out, and the log clapped together; but Pulúkuhl-qerréq slipped down out of the cleft and under the stone, and soon stood beside the old man. He said: " I do not know how to push the wedge. I think you had better do that part, and I will strike with the hammer." So the old man went into the cleft, and Pulúkuhl-qerréq knocked the wedge out and killed him.

He crossed the river to Merip. There were two women, who had a stripe down each cheek. Their husband, when he went away, always put these stripes on, and when any person even passed by that way, the marks faded as if the women had been caressed. Then he would follow that person and kill him. Before entering the house, Pulúkuhl-qerréq took out his heart and placed it between his toes.

He asked, "Where is that friend of mine?"

They said: "You had better go. Our husband is a man who will kill you. He will soon be here."

"Ya ha! He cannot kill me. He is my friend."

"No, he is no friend."

"No, but he is my friend."

Still they insisted that he go, but he would not. He sat there and said only, "I want to see my friend." Then they heard the man coming. He entered, and in the passageway before coming to the ladder he saw Pulúkuhl-qerréq sitting there between his two wives. He stepped back and drew an arrow. Said Pulúkuhl-qerréq: "Oh, that is not the best one. I want the best one." The man drew a second arrow, but Pulúkuhl-qerréq said, "That is not good." Another and another the man drew out, and the points began to flash fire, so poisonous were they. But still Pulúkuhl-qerréq said, "I must have the best one right in my heart."

The quiver was nearly empty. The last arrow was pulled out, and fire played in a stream from its point. "That is the one; give it to me right in the heart," said Pulúkuhl-qerréq. The man drew his bow, and the arrow struck Pulúkuhl-qerréq in the breast, and he fell. The man threw his bow down the hill among the bones.

After a while Pulúkuhl-qerréq came to his senses, and crawled to some *tuptúp* [a fern, Polypodium occidentale]. This was his medicine.

He crept on to some *sahsíp* [buckbrush]. He chewed these two medicines, and the arrow came out.

He went back to Kenek with the arrow-point. He found Qa'rí[a small bird with red eyes] and asked him to chip the arrow-point into small pieces, for it was so poisonous that even the small bits would be fatal. So Qa'rí climbed to the top of his house and began to chip the arrow-point, and fire flew from it. He did not know there was anyone in the house. But the children of Rattlesnake, Yellow-jacket, Scorpion, and Black Spider were there, and as the fire flew down they caught it. So they became venomous. With a piece of the point Pulúkuhl-qerréq returned to Merip and killed the man with two wives.

He went to Plâskáu [a place on Bald hill, west of the mouth of Trinity river]. From the house came the sound of women pounding seed. One said: "How is it? Is yours nearly fine enough to eat?"

"I do not know," said another.

"Give me some," said the first speaker, "I can tell."

Pulúkuhl-qerréq peeped in. A woman picked up a handful of meat from her mortar hopper and reached out, while another stretched forth her hand, palm open, to receive it. He dropped a quantity of ashes in the hand.

The woman said, "It is fine, but it does not taste good."

The other said: "How is yours? Give me some." She stretched out her hand, and Pulúkuhl-qerréq put ashes in it. She tasted, and spit it out, saying: "It does not taste good. What is the matter? That is ashes. Something is wrong."

She got up and closed the door. When that door was closed, nobody could open it, and people thus trapped inside always died. The old women began to poke about with their stars. When anybody was touched with those sticks, he could not move. Pulúkuhl-qerréq was praying, "When they touch me, I wish they would let me go."

Then one of them caught him and cried: *"I, i, i ... !* He has a strange shape. I never heard of people like this. Feel of him."

The other began to feel of their captive. He was small, and his buttock was sharp.

"I wonder if that is the one we have heard about, who was coming to make eyes?"

"Oh, I think that is the one."

Then they asked, "Can you make eyes?"

"Yes," he said, "that is why I am travelling, to make eyes for people."

"I wish you would make eyes for us."

"Well," he said, "I can do it. Give me an acorn basket and a dipper, and let me out. I will get my medicine."

They gave him what he desired, and opened the door, rejoicing that now they were going to have eyes. He went outside and set fire to all the comers of the house and to the door.

Inside, one of the old women said: "I smell smoke. I wonder if the hillside is burning now. We must go and get seed before it bums." But all the house was in flames, and both of the women were consumed.

Pulúkuhl-qerréq went down the hill toward the river. He saw standing there a man who kept whipping the air with a fish-line. When he approached, the man threw the hook toward him, and it caught his flesh. The man dragged in his captive, saying, "*Ho…!*" He put Pulúkuhl-qerréq into his bag and carried him home, and set the bag down back of the house.

In the house were two boys, for whom he was catching people. Pulúkuhl-qerréq prayed constantly, "I wish there might be some way of escape!"

The man said to the boys: "Take him out! Punch out his eyes!"

Pulúkuhl-qerréq prayed, "I wish the boys may not find that eye-puncher!" He repeated it over and over. After a while he heard a boy call out, "We cannot find it!"

The old man said: "It must be there somewhere. I had it yesterday. You have not looked carefully."

Pulúkuhl-qerréq kept repeating, "I wish the boys may not find that eye-puncher!"

Again they called out, "We cannot find it!"

Then the old man was angry. "Come out!" he shouted. "I will go in and find it. I know where it is."

They came out, and the man went into the house. The boys began to feel the captive through the bag. One said: "Oh, he has a strange shape. I never knew anything like this. Let us open the bag." One of them opened a corner of the bag, and Pulúkuhl-qerréq jumped out. The boys shouted, "He is getting away!"

The man in the house mocked them, "He is getting away!" When he realized it was true, he came running out, and gave chase with his

hook.

But Pulúkuhl-qerréq prayed, "I wish I would see a pond with a stump in the middle!" It was not long before he came to a pond with a dead tree in the middle. He leaped into the water and climbed up the tree. The man saw him in the water and threw the hook toward him, but could not catch him. He was casting at the reflection. At last he dived into the water and felt about for his prey. In the tree sat Pulúkuhl-qerréq, saying to himself, "I wish he may not find me."

The water became turbid, and the man was chilled. He climbed out and lay down in the sun with his face in his arms. He fell asleep with his pole and hook lying beside him. When Pulúkuhl-qerréq saw that he was asleep, he came down, took the pole, and threw the hook into the man's back. He hauled in the line, crying, "Ho… !" Then he clubbed the man and killed him, and burned the house with the two boys inside.[7]

THE SHINNY PLAYER OF KEWET[8]

The young men at Kenek were always beaten at shinny by the players from down the river. One of them was willing to give away his two sisters if only he could find out how to win. He learned that there was a good player on Kewét mountain. He said to his sisters: "You had better go to Kewét and see if you can win that man. For he is a good player. Go into the house in front of which stands a dead tree. Crow is acquainted there, and says that this will be the house of the good player."

So the girls started. But in that village on Kewét lived also Coyote, and he knew that these girls were coming. So in the night he moved the dead tree and stood it in front of his own house at the lower end of the village.

The two sisters arrived in the evening, found the house with the dead tree in front of it, and went in. There was an old woman. She was Coyote's grandmother. After a while Coyote came in from the sweat-house. One of the girls said to the other: "I think we are lost.

7 Numerous other feats were accomplished by the transformer.

8 Narrated by Weitchpec George, Weitspus Yurok.

This is not the place we were looking for." But they remained. There was no food except grasshoppers and gophers, and the girls ate nothing. The next morning before Coyote came back from the sweat-house, they ran away to their home.

Crow said: "This time I will go with you. When you come to the right house, they will ask you to cook salmon. Now those people cook salmon by cutting the fish down the back, spreading it open on a stick with skewers, and setting the stick up in the ground beside the fire. But the floor is all rock. Many girls have tried to win that young man, but because they cannot roast salmon, his father has always refused to let him marry. But I will sit down with my feet apart, and each foot will be near one of the two holes in which those people set their roasting-sticks. Push your sticks into the ground right at my feet, and you will strike the holes." So they three went to the village on Kewét.

In the meantime the people there, noting that the dead tree was out of place, had put it back. The younger sister went in first, and saw a very handsome, powerful young man sitting at the fire. This was Kewét-atsín ["Kewét youth"]. Her sister quickly followed, but in that instant the young man had become an ugly old fellow with sores and scabs covering his entire body. His dog was mangy and stunted. The younger girl thought: "There is some reason for this. He must be a great man." But the elder, not having seen him as a young man, thought: "What an ugly thing! I do not like him."

Then came Crow, who sat down with his heels far apart. It was evening, and the old man said: "I think we had better eat. Roast these salmon for us." So the two girls cut the salmon down the back, spread them with skewers on the roasting-sticks, and went to where Crow was sitting. They pushed the sticks against the floor, and the points went easily into the holes. The old man sat looking at them, and he thought: "How did they know that? They must be good girls. I think my son had better marry them." After the meal he directed his son to go with them. But the elder sister would not look at him.

In the morning they started back to Kenek: the two sisters, Crow, and the scabby, ugly man with his mangy little dog. At Kenek the young men were preparing to play shinny, and the brother of the two sisters told them to have their husband get ready to join them. In the house the scabby man said to the younger sister, "Get me a basket of water and some anise-root."

The elder girl, looking at him, thought: "What good will water and anise-root do you? You can do nothing."

But the younger brought the water and the root. The man pounded the root, mixed it with the water, and said, "Pour this over my head." She did so, and the scabs and sores came off like dust. He poured some over his dog, and its scabs came off. Now again he was handsome and young. The elder sister was astonished.

Kewét-atsín went to the playing field. The stick he carried was a slender little rod no longer than his hand. The others looked at him and laughed, "What is he going to do with that?" He went to the middle of the field and drew his switch out into a strong, full-length stick. He said to his little dog, "Stand down there in the course between the middle and my goal."

The game began. The missile was thrown toward the goal of the Kenek players, but it fell abruptly beside the dog. For though they could see only a very small dog, in reality its body touched the sky. It was like a mountain in the path of those players, so that they could not throw the missile past it.

In a short time the Kenek players won a point. On the next play Kewét-atsín threw the missile from the centre clear across the goal. Then the man playing against him was ashamed, and tried hard to win the next point, but Kewét-atsín almost cut his waist asunder with his stick as they wrestled. Thus he made the first black ant.

After the game another opposing player sat there with bowed head and with the handle of his stick against his mouth. He was ashamed to look up. Suddenly he became a bird with a long beak and flew away into the brush on the riverbank with quick, eccentric movements, dodging from the view of the people. This was the first Kénnékâllurghurhl ["Kenek shinny-player," a kind of snipe].

SOME ADVENTURES OF COYOTE, THE TRICKSTER[9]

Coyote was travelling. He came to a place where there was a pond of clear water close to the river. His eyes were not good, he could not see clearly. In the water he saw Steelhead Trout. As soon as he ap-

9 Narrated by Weitchpec George, Weitspus Yurok.

proached the edge, Trout darted away. He thought: "This fish must have good eyes. He can see me quickly." He spoke: "You must not be so wild. I will not harm you." So Trout lay there in the water and talked to Coyote.

"How would you like to have good eyes," asked Coyote.

"Oh, I have good eyes. I do not need better eyes than I have."

"I do not think you have eyes as good as mine. Look up at that mountain. I can see flies there. Can you see them?"

Trout looked and said: "No, I cannot see them.

"Well, I will take my eyes out and you try them." Coyote took out his eyes, and Trout removed his own and put Coyote's in their place.

"Can you see the flies?" asked Coyote.

"Yes," said Trout, "I can see them now." But he only imagined he saw them. In reality Coyote's eyes were so bad that Trout's vision was filled with floating specks.

With his new eyes Coyote travelled on. There was a man who had only the juice of gooseberries to drink. He was Â'ruwi [black lizard]. His drink was in a basket outside the sweat-house. When Coyote came along, Lizard was just making a fire in the sweat-house. He saw the juice in the basket, and tasted it. "Oh, it is very good!" he said, and drank it all.

When Lizard came out, Coyote was gone. He went to drink, and found the dipper empty. He was angry. He did not know who had taken his juice. He said to himself, "Whoever did this, I wish he may have bad luck."

Coyote came to a burned-over place in which were many roasted grasshoppers. He was very fond of them, and ate some, but could not satisfy himself. At last he happened to look behind, and saw that the grasshoppers were passing through him. He did not know what to do. He wanted to satisfy his appetite and fill his stomach. He came to a pine tree and stopped up his anus with pitch. Then after a time his stomach was filled. He was thirsty. Hearing water in a creek, he ran toward it; but when he found the creek, it was dry and the mud on the bottom was cracking. He went on to another place and had the same experience. He came to a burning place and started to run across it; but as he leaped over a blazing bush, the pitch on his anus caught fire. The faster he ran, the more it blazed. Finally he ran down a hill toward the river, but before he reached the bed he was consumed.

In the rainy season the river rose to the place where the remains of Coyote lay. They had become alder wood. They floated down the river to the ocean, and were washed up on the beach. A woman gathering fuel found the piece of wood and set the edge of her elk-horn wedge on it and began to split it. Then Coyote uttered an exclamation and jumped, and the woman ran away. Coyote woke. He did not know where he was.

He went to the village Rekwoi and entered the sweat-house while the men were eating their evening meal in the dwelling-house. There was a greasy smell. He felt about and found a wooden head-rest from which the smell emanated. He bit it. It was good. He ate the entire block of wood, and that was all he had that night.

When the men returned to the sweat-house, one of them missed his head-rest. After a while someone said, "Let us go to Klââmén [the Karok village Panamnik at Orleans]." Coyote pricked up his ears. He had come down from that place, floating on the river. A few young men went out. The next day he heard someone say again, "Let us go to Klââmén." He saw some young men leave the sweat-house, and he asked one, "Where are you going?"

"We are going to Klââmén."

"Could you take me along?"

"Of course. We are going in a canoe."

They got into a canoe, and the young man whom he had addressed said, "You must keep your eyes closed." Coyote closed his eyes. He heard the canoe go rapidly, but he kept his eyes shut. Soon he heard the canoe slide on a rock. They said, "Now you can look." He opened his eyes and saw that he was at the pond near Klââmén. The young men were ducks which every evening flew from the mouth of the river to this pond, which they called their sweat-house. And the sound of their rushing through the air was what Coyote had taken for the flow of swift water along the sides of a canoe. He was so pleased to be back that all day long he rolled on the ground. That is why the site of Klââmén is flat and level.

WÂHPÉKU-MAU, SEDUCER OF WOMEN[10]

Wâhpéku-mau [oceanward widower] was constantly travelling up and down the river, seducing girls and at once leaving them pregnant. Everybody grew to hate him. The women would not look at him. When he appeared, women and girls would go into the house and remain there until he went on. Still he always found some means of seducing girls, and at last the people decided that something must be done. They determined that the best thing would be to leave Kenek and send perpetual snow upon the place.

That winter seemed to Wâhpéku-mau to last a long time. One day he saw a bird with a ripe red berry in its bill. Then he became suspicious. He put on his snowshoes and went up the river. After a time he saw sunshine ahead, while behind him the sky was black. He threw aside his snowshoes and went on to Kââmén. He knew there were two very pretty girls here, though he had never seen them. But they kept out of his sight, and he wondered how be could come at them.

He began to watch their house, and at daylight he saw them go to a small creek. He followed them, and watched them weaving baskets. All day they sat there. He planned what to do, and went up the creek. He made a canoe no larger than a hand, and became a tiny bit of wood shaped like a man. In this form he sat down in the stern, and the little canoe floated down the stream. One of the girls put out her hand and took it.

"Oh, what a pretty little canoe!" she cried. She held it in her lap. The other took it, and after examining it she said, "Perhaps this is the one we do not like." She threw it into the stream. Almost at once her sister began to feel that something was wrong, and it became clear to her that Wâhpéku-mau had tricked her.

They went home and told their brothers, who caught Wâhpéku-mau and said: "We are going to confine you until our sister's child is born. If she comes through safely, we will release you. If anything happens to her, we will kill you."

So they confined him. And Wâhpéku-mau made medicine, that the child might be safely delivered. At the proper time it was born,

10 Narrated by Weitchpec George, Weitspus Yurok.

but the mother did not like it. She would not look at it. They tried to make Wâhpéku-mau take it away, but he would not, and he departed alone. So the grandmother of the infant took care of it. The child grew and became a strong young man, and then his mother was more pleased. But he said he was going away, and she was unable to keep him.

One day the youth got into a canoe and went down the river. His mother was crushing acorns, and ran after him with the pestle in her hand. But the canoe kept ahead of her, and when she reached Rekwoi at the mouth of the river the craft was out on the ocean, moving westward. She hurled the pestle after it, and it fell into the ocean and became a huge rock outside the mouth of the river.

ORIGIN OF THE WORLD[11]

Kudiqtát-kaqíhl ["above old-man"][12] was alone. There was nothing but water. He thought there should be people and some land for them to live on. So he made the land, but it was barren. He thought it did not look right, because it had no trees and no grass. So he made vegetation on the earth. Then he made people. These people were not good; they quarrelled and talked ill, so he sent a tidal wave and drowned all except two, Shatásh [condor] and his sister. These two, knowing that a flood was coming, had made a large storage basket, and in it they floated about on the water. When the water subsided, the man went to look for food, and to observe the country. When he came back he said, "My sister, are you home?"

"Yes," she answered. But she would not say, "Yes, my brother." Seeing that she would not so address him, he became suspicious that she might not regard him as her brother. One day he returned from his travels and said to her, "Are you here, my wife?" Then she laughed. She liked it.

So this man married his sister, and they were the ancestors of all

11 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot. He professed to be ignorant of the full details of the myth, but it was plain that religious scruples prevented him from telling the story in full.

12 Also called Kutáthidi-kaqíhl, having the same meaning.

who afterward peopled the earth.

PUCHÚRI-GHÚRRU, THE TRANSFORMER[13]

Qidíq-so'r-hláu^{wa} ["outward ocean long"] was a water monster who preyed upon the people. He took only the handsome ones, and whenever be came, the people piled themselves up with the handsome ones at the bottom. But he would throw the ugly ones aside and eat his fill of the others. That is why the people here are not now handsome. Puchúri-ghúrru ["sharp-pointed buttock"] came to this place, and when Qidíq-so'r-hláu^{wa} came out to eat the people, he met the monster.

He said: "You are a rough man, I have heard. And I am a rough man. I will show you what I can do."

He made a fire and placed in it a flat green stone [serpentine], and when it was red he threw it into his mouth. But from his throat right down through his intestines ran a large hollow stick, and the stone passed out upon the grass on which he sat. But the monster thought it remained in him. Then he got up and showed where the grass was burning, and challenged the monster to do the same thing.

He put the stone back into the fire, and when it was red, Qidíq-so'r-hláu^{wa} threw it into his mouth. "*Sh ... !*" sizzled the stone. It stuck in his throat, and he could neither swallow nor disgorge it. Soon he was dead, and his body rolled down into the water.

In the hills lived two old blind women, Kuvunú-hlúchk ["pitch-wood old"], who had a net which they would throw over the head of a traveller, and it would kill him quickly. Puchúri-ghúrru went to see them. They threw their net over his head and hung him up on the wall. He said to himself, "I will move a little so that they will know I am still alive." So he moved, and they heard him. He did it again, and then a third time.

The blind women thought: "Who can this man be? He is still alive!" They had heard something about Puchúri-ghúrru. One said: "Oh, I guess that was my nephew Puchúri-ghúrru. He must be the man. Excuse me, nephew. I did not want to kill my nephew." She

13 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot.

went to him and removed the net.

He said: "Yes, it is my aunt. Why do you want to kill me? I did not come here to be killed, but to visit you. Well, I am going away now. If I stay longer, I might be killed after all." So he went out.

The roof of their house was pitchwood. He said to himself. "That is the only way I can be quits with them. I will kill both of them." He set fire to the house, and both were burned up, and thereafter people travelled there in safety.

Puchúri-ghúrru went to the place where lived Puká-tówaks ["big-timber splitter"]. He had a very large log split down to the middle and held open by a wedge. In the cleft was another wedge, lying loose. Whenever any traveller came along, this man would say, "Go in, please, and get my wedge for me." And when the traveller was inside the log, Big-timber Splitter would knock out the other wedge, and the log would clap shut and kill the man. He was at work on his log when Puchúri-ghúrru came up. On the other side of the log was a pile of bones.

Big-timber Splitter said, "My nephew, please get my wedge for me." So Puchúri-ghúrru went to the end of the log and stepped into the cleft; but very quickly he stooped, crept out, and slipped under the log. As it clapped shut, he spit the juice of some alder-bark he was chewing into the cleft. When Big-timber Splitter saw the red juice ooze out of the crack, he thought he had killed his man. But at that instant Puchúri-ghúrru came around from the end of the log and said: "What are you trying to do? Are you trying to kill me?

"No, I do not want to kill you, nephew."

"Well, let me split that timber." Puchúri-ghúrru opened the log as before, and said,"Well, you had better bring out the other wedge." So Big-timber Splitter went in, and Puchúri-ghúrru knocked out the wedge. The log flew together, and Big-timber Splitter was killed. Puchúri-ghúrru went away, leaving the body in the log.

He went southward to a place where there were three small streams. When a traveller stepped across one of them he fell dead. Carrying two shoots of red huckleberry, Puchúri-ghúrru arrived at the first stream. The water looked peculiar. It was yellow. He stood there looking at it. He saw a great many bones. "Well, I will try it," he said. "I will wade across.

He started, using the rods as staffs. The water seemed to take his

strength, but after a time he gained the other side. He sat on the bank to rest, and his fatigue left him. He looked back and said, "I hope that stream will become dry." Again he looked back, and the stream was dry.

He went on then to the next stream. Its water was brown and swift. He stood a long time looking at it, uncertain what to do. There were many bones. "Well, I might as well die here. I will go across," he said. He steadied himself with the two rods and stepped in. The water nearly swept him away, and he thought, "Surely I will die this time." But the sticks held him up, and at last he reached the other bank. He sat down, and after a long rest his strength returned. He looked back and thought, "I wish that stream would become dry." After a few steps he looked again, and it was dry.

He went on to the third stream. Its water was red and the ground was covered with bones. He thought: "Surely I will die this time. That second stream was hard. This red water must be worse. Well, I will try it. I shall not be the only one to die here."

He started across, and after a few steps he was almost exhausted. He braced himself with the sticks, constantly imploring them: "Help me! Be strong! I came here to make these streams dry, so that the people may travel safely." At last he got across. He sat down and rested a long time, and when he was strong once more, he went on. He looked back and said to himself, "I wish that stream would become dry." And after a few more steps he looked again, and saw that it was dry.

He went farther south. He saw a person. He said: "Well, my friend, if you wish to travel, you can go northward now. I have made everything right." All this time Puchúri-ghúrru never ate. He only smoked tobacco. Now he said, "I am going to eat." He went on southward, and never returned.

THE FIRST SHAMANS[14]

Avákirask and Avíluk, who is also called Táhanalákuk ["shaman"], lived in the south in houses not far apart. The former was alone, but

14 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot.

Avíluk had a wife. Avákirask desired that there should be no increase of the people, and whenever he heard of the birth of a child he would go and destroy it. Now it happened that Avíluk had a son. One day the boy came in and lay down. He was sick.

His father asked, "My son, what is the matter?"

"I am sick. I saw that Avákirask."

Then Avíluk said to himself: " I thought he was my friend. But it seems that he wishes to destroy even my son, his friend's son. I wonder what I ought to do." At last he decided that the best thing was to go northward, away from Avákirask. So with the split roof-boards of his house he made a raft. In those days the ocean was always smooth. He placed his son on the raft and paddled toward the north.

At length he came to Tutuwát [Indian island]. He paddled the raft ashore, and people came to meet him. They asked, "What is the matter?"

"Avákirask has made my son sick," he said. "Can you cure him?"

They carried the boy up to the village, and the medicine-men looked at him. After a while they said, "The best thing is to take him far to the north, where even the thoughts of Avákirask cannot reach him."

So Avíluk put his son again on the raft and paddled away to the northwest. When he reached the place he sought, he asked the boy, "How do you feel now, my son?"

"My father, I am well," said the boy. "I will show you." He leaped from the raft and ran up the beach. "That is how I feel," he said.

After a few days Avíluk said: "Now, my son, I am going to leave you here. If you go back, Avákirask will make you sick again. For he does not desire any increase in the people. But I must go back and look after my house."

"My father," said the boy, "I am going to live in the ocean. It does not seem right that the ocean should always be smooth. I would like to see it sometimes rough with billows and breakers I am going to be the billows and the breakers."

So Avíluk got on his raft and paddled southward. When he arrived home and went toward his house, he saw a footprint. He said: "Oh, that must be the footprint of Avákirask. I suppose he is trying to kill me." He went over to the other house. The door was drawn half-way across the entrance. He put his head in. There sat Avákirask

chipping arrow-points. Avíluk said to himself, "I suppose he is making those points to use against me." He went in and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Oh, I am just making these arrow-points."

"Perhaps you are making them to do me harm."

"Oh, no, I am just making them," said Avákirask.

Avíluk stood behind him and thought: "I wish I could kill him. Some time he will do me mischief. I wonder if I could kill him?" After awhile he said to himself, "I will try it."

He urinated a little on the floor, and Avákirask stopped his work, and his head dropped slightly. Avíluk urinated again, and Avákirask rolled over on his side. Then Avíluk went home.

For a time Avákirask lay as if dead. Then he rose. He thought: "Perhaps I have been wrong. Perhaps there should be more people in the world. I think there should be more people. I will kill no more children."[15]

HOW SALMON WERE BROUGHT TO THE RIVERS[16]

Tuwípulihl ["rope"] was the youngest of three brothers who lived on the south side of Klamath river at its mouth. The eldest was Wánaq-hálihl ["always hunting"]. He took game in snares. The second was a hunter of small game, which be took in deadfalls. Tuwípulihl did nothing but sit in the house nursing his protuberant belly.

15 These two still live far away in the south. The son of Avíluk, who became the waves, is Táhanalákuk-kúwiliyawánaq ("shaman his-son"). When a man goes outside the bay to fish, he utters the following prayer to this spirit: "Please help me. Do not make it rough today. Help me along. Make it smooth. I know where you were born. You were born far in the south. I know your father's name. Your father was a shaman. They took you up to the northwest when you were sick. When you got to the northwest, that is where you became well. Your father went away to the south and left you in the northwest. You told your father, 'I am going to be the waves and the breakers, and I will make the ocean rough. Now today please be kind to me and help me, because I was born at Tuluwát, whither you came on your way to the northwest. So please help me today, and keep the ocean smooth."

16 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot.

On the north side of the river lived a girl, whom men from all the tribes used to visit and woo; but she would wed no one. Her father always was in need of wood for his sweat-house, and the men who wooed his daughter brought wood for him. But the old man was never satisfied. The wood burned too rapidly.

One morning Tuwípulihl said, "I should like to be over on the other side." He could see the door standing open. The second brother said: "Yes, I should like to see you go over there. I think you are the kind of man he would like to have for his son-in-law, that old man on the other side." The eldest said: "There is no use in talking that way to him. This is the first time he has spoken of going anywhere or doing anything. It is best if we take him across. He has always been staying at home." So they took the youth across.

Tuwípulihl was too fat to walk, and they carried him up to the sweat-house. The old man came out and said, "Enter." Tuwípulihl answered: "I cannot get in through that doorway, I am too big. But I will try it." So he tried, and for a time he stuck fast in the doorway, but finally he got through.

In the evening at meal-time the old man went out. Soon he returned and said, "Come and eat."

"I cannot get out, I am too big. That is something I never do, I never eat." So they let him remain in the sweat-house.

The old man thought it strange that he should be so big and yet eat nothing. Just before it became dark, Tuwípulihl tried to go out, and they helped him through the doorway. They asked, "Where are you going?"

"I just want to go outside," he said. He was absent a short time, and returned with twelve sticks of firewood. He piled them outside the door of the sweat-house. The old man was inside. Tuwípulihl passed the sticks in to him, and those twelve pieces of wood filled the house.

The old man said, "I think we had better leave some outside the sweat-house." The twelve sticks were of twelve kinds of wood. He piled some outside, and the pile grew and grew. The old man was pleased. He said: "That is the man I should like to have for my son-in-law. I would have fuel enough all the time."

That night Tuwípulihl and the old man stayed in the sweat-house with the other men of the place. In the middle of the night there was

a noise. The old man wondered, and said to himself, "I should like to know what that noise is." But he did not speak. Daylight came. Then the old man saw that Tuwípulihl had a dip-net. He had been making cord in the night, and the sound the old man had heard was the sound of twisting and stretching cord.

The old man started a fire in the sweat-house, and when it had burned out and the men went to swim, Tuwípulihl accompanied them. He was a slim young man. All his fatness had been caused by the cord in his body, and when he had used it to make a net, he became slender. They returned to the sweat-house, and the old man said, "My son-in-law, can you eat?"

"Yes, I will eat," he said. "This is the first time." They went to the house and ate. Then returning to the sweat-house they remained there all day. Tuwípulihl had not yet spoken to the girl.

In the evening they sat in the dwelling-house for a long time, and Tuwípulihl talked to the girl. At last he said: "It is time to sleep. I think I will go down the hill. I want to lie outside." He went out and down the hill to the bank of the river. Then the girl went down after him and he waited. She came slowly. He said: "Do you know what I am going to do tonight? I am going north tonight."

They entered a canoe and both took up paddles. They put to sea and turned northward. He had his new net, which he had made because he expected to use it at the fish-weir of Kucháchkoshihl [Pleiades].[17]

In the middle of the night they arrived at the place. He got up on a platform, removed the net from a pole that was lying there, and put his own in its place. His wife remained in the canoe below the platform, and as he drew out the fish he would empty the net in the canoe. Before daylight it was filled, and he said: "I have enough fish. I will start home." He left his net on the platform as a present to Kucháchkoshihl and took home the old net he had removed from the frame. So they returned southward with a canoe full of live fish, and whenever they passed a stream they threw out one of each species. If any fish refused to enter a stream, Tuwípulihl took it back into the canoe; but

17 During the time the constellation of the Pleiades is absent from the sky, the Wiyot say that Kucháchkoshihl has gone down fishing.

those that entered became native to that place. At the mouth of Smith river they threw out a *tuvú'l* [a species of summer salmon]. It did not go in, and they took it back. They threw out an*adikpáwurruváhl* [a species of fall salmon], and it went in. At Klamath river he threw out a*tuvú'l,* saying, "I should like to see the best kind of fish go into this river, because this is where I live." The fish went in and swam clear up to the source. At the mouth of Redwood creek they threw out a *vur-wâghâchk* [dog-salmon], and it went in. At Mad river they threw out an *adikpáwurruváhl,* and it went in. At Humboldt bar they threw out another of the same kind. It tried to go into Elk river, but the water was too shallow. They took it back and threw out another dog-salmon, and it went to the source of the stream. At Eel river they threw out an*adikpáwurruváhl,* and it went in. At Bear river they tried*tuvú'l*, but it could not get in, and then they tried a steelhead trout, and it went up. At Mattole river they tried *tuvú'l* and *adikpáwurruváhl,* and both went in. From that place they returned to the mouth of Klamath river.

THE FIRST DEERSKIN DANCE[18]

Adak-sorá-hlúkihl ["down-toward ocean he-went"] was in love with a girl, but she would not look at him. He could not come near her. He had a dog, which was about to produce a litter. He said, "I wish that she may have only white and black pups." When they were born, they were all white and black, six of them. They were coyote dogs.

Adak-sorá-hlúkihl took them up to the headwaters of Mad river, and with their help drove an elk into the water. Three dogs on each bank kept the elk Swimming down-stream, and would not let it land. So they drove it clear down to the village Chómé[uh], and there he let it land, and killed it. He called the people down to butcher it, and divided the meat among them.

Then he went to the girl's house and said: "There is an elk on the riverbank. Come and get your meat." So the girl went down. He bad a very heavy piece cut off ready for her. She tried to lift it on her back, but she could not. He said, "I will help you." He raised the meat to her back, and she went home with it. Not long thereafter she discovered

18 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot.

that she was pregnant. When the child was born, she would not took at it, nor would her mother have anything to do with it. They said: "We will not raise this baby. That Adak-sorá-hlúkihl is always doing wrong. If he wants this baby reared, he will have to do it himself."

Adak-sorá-hldkifil, outside the house, heard them. They laid the naked infant in front of the house, and there he found it. He said, "I wish that baby to become a young man." And soon he was a young man. Then Adak-sorá-Mdkifil went away and left his son with the woman.

One day the youth went travelling to Eel river. He had nothing. On the way he met another man, who said, "I should like to gamble with you."

"That is something I have never done. I do not know how to gamble."

But the man persisted, "I should like to have that deerskin headband you are wearing."

"Well, if you want it, we might play for it."

So they gambled, and the young man won. By and by he had all the other man's clothing and valuables. Then he won the man's house, and last there was nothing left to play for except the Deerskin dance, which that man owned. So the son of Adak-sorá-Mdkihl won the dance, and with all these things he went home; and they went with him of themselves.

For two days they danced at Chómé^{uh}, and then the young man said to himself: "There is no use in having this dance here. I will take it to Hiktí^{na}, [the Yurok country]." So he took the dance to those people, and they have had it ever since that time.

THE CAUSE OF LIGHTNING[19]

Kudiqtát-kaqíhl had a son. His name was Kudiqtát-kaqíhl-kúwili-yawánaq [above old-man his-son"]. They lived alone. Kudiqtát-kaqíhl desired his son to be rich and powerful, and so he invented the gambling games. Then when the men from other places came and wished

19 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot. The story is told to boys in order to inculcate obedience and respect for their fathers.

to gamble with the young man, his father would secretly keep saying to himself, "I wish that my son may win." And always his son was winner. He became very rich. Whenever he went hunting, his father would say, "I wish my son would get an elk at once." And the young man would kill an elk without difficulty.

But he began to mistreat his father, who therefore shut up all the elk in the side of a mountain, so that the young man could not kill even one. And now again the men from other places came to gamble, but Kudiqtát-kaqíhl would say, "I wish my son may lose." And the young man never won. It was not long before he had nothing, and he went away to the west.

There he found Tâkâk, whose work was to make thunder, and be remained there to help the thunder-maker. When very heavy thunder occurs he is unable to hold on, and is shaken off and falls down to the earth. He seizes a tree-top, but it is not strong enough to hold him, and he falls to the ground, stripping the tree of its limbs on one side.

THE PLEIADES AND THEIR PURSUER[20]

Parút'hvi ["bright"] had a harpoon for killing seals and sea-lions, and Kucháchkoshihl [Pleiades] coveted it. But Parút'hvi refused to sell it. He kept it hidden in his house, and would not permit anyone to go near it. Then Kucháchkoshihl called his friends together, and they made a plan to steal the harpoon.

In the night they crept up to the house of Parút'hvi. Frog slipped inside and crawled up on the beams above the fire, while Mouse gnawed at a board in the wall opposite the place where the harpoon was kept, and Louse tied the hair of the sleepers together. Down on the beach another Mouse gnawed holes in the canoes that were there drawn up. Late in the night a board was gnawed off and holes were gnawed in all the canoes. Then Kucháchkoshihl reached in through the wall, seized the harpoon, and ran.

The women in the house woke and shouted. Someone threw the embers in the fireplace together, but Frog dropped his water on them and put out the fire. The people, at last tearing themselves apart, ran

20 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot.

out and saw a canoe fleeing in the distance. They launched a canoe, but it filled and sank. They tried another, but it also foundered. So they tried nine. Then they took the last one, and this very one Mouse had overlooked. So Parút'hvi and his men gave chase, but they could not overtake the fugitives. And every night they go across the sky, the party of Kucháchkoshihl ahead and that of Parút'hvi pursuing, but never overtaking, the thieves.

HOW THE BAY BECAME SALT[21]

Adak-sorá-hlúkihl was in love with Tsaráshihl [butterball duck]. She was always in his canoe, yet she would not consent to be his wife. He despaired of ever winning her consent. In those days the bay was fresh water, and as he paddled along she would dip her fingers into the water and drink. He decided that he would make the water salt; and after scraping out a hole in the sand at the shore, and splashing water into it, he urinated in the bay, and the water became salty.

The next day they went out in his canoe, and she dipped her fingers into the water; but she found it unfit to drink. Then Adak-sorá-hlúkihl took her ashore, scraped away the sand, and opened the pool of fresh water for her. So for this she consented to marry him. From that time the bay has been salt, but anywhere along the shore fresh water can be found not far below the surface.

THE MAN WHO BECAME A DOG[22]

Two brothers lived in the north. They spent all their time in hunting elk. One day when they were very tired, the younger said, "Oh, I wish we would hear a dog bark away down in that gorge." The next day he repeated this wish, and again on the third day. On the fourth day the elder said to his brother: "You can go on home. I will stop here and rest."

So the younger brother went homeward. He felt a pain in his

21 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot.

22 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot. The story is told for the purpose of teaching kindness to dogs.

stomach, and stopped to relieve it. He resumed his way, and happening to look back he saw a coyote dog trotting behind him. It went straight to the excrement and ate. Then it ran down the hill into the gorge. The young man went home and waited for his brother, but no one came. He went back to look for him. At the place where they had parted, he found his brother's tracks and saw where suddenly they became dog-tracks. Then he knew that his brother had become a coyote dog. He heard the dog barking in the gorge, and went home.

The dog came to the house, and the young man tried to treat it like a brother. He invited the dog into the house, but it would not come in, and it did not speak. So he fed it outside. He decided that it was useless to try to treat it like a man. The dog went hunting with him each day, and trailed elk. It became old.

One day the young man went hunting alone, leaving the dog lying beside the fire. When be returned, it was not in the house. He asked, "Where is our dog?" His wife answered: "Perhaps he is outside. I do not know." The man went out to look, and found it lying outside. He placed food before the dog and went in to eat his own. When he went out again, the food remained untouched. He wondered what was wrong. He thought perhaps his wife had whipped the dog, but she denied it. He went into the sweat-house, but could not sleep. He was thinking about his brother, the dog.

The next morning the dog was nowhere to be seen, and at last he decided to trail it. He found its tracks leading from the place where it had been lying in the night, and followed them. They led southward. Suddenly they became the tracks of a man. He followed on, and came to an old man resting under a tree. Said the old man: "I am your brother. I am going away from you. While you were hunting yesterday, I lay in the house. My sister-in-law was undressing, but I did not look at her. When she threw off her apron, she slapped me across the face with it. Now, my sister-in-law knows that formerly I was a man and not a dog. That is why I do not want to see her again. So I am going away to the south. But there is one thing I must tell you. Never go hunting again, for you will never find another track of elk or deer or any other game. For I wish to see my sister-in-law eating deerskin."

Then the old man sang a song of mourning. He got up and went on, and the younger man returned sadly. He went into the sweat-house and lay down, for he did not wish to see his wife. After a time he went

into the house and charged her with mistreating his brother, but she only denied it.

For some months they lived on dry meat and fish, but at last they felt hungry for fresh meat. So the young man thought he would try it. He went hunting, but he could not find a track. Again and again he tried it, but always without success. At last they were starving and had to eat deerskin. Then his brother, far away in the South, saw this and rejoiced.

But soon the knowledge that his brother was eating deerskin made him unhappy, and he sent Raven to him with a message. The Raven found the young man, and said: "Your brother says that you are to go to the beach and sit on the sand tomorrow before dawn. At daybreak you will see on the breakers something coming ashore. There will be a small basket with roots in it. Take it. Those roots will be your good luck." The Raven told him also what to do about killing elk.

So in the morning the young man did this, and he took the roots into the sweat-house. The next day he went hunting, and immediately he came upon fresh elk-tracks. He followed them and came to a band of elk in a meadow, but he did not kill any. They were not the kind his brother had told him to kill. He found other tracks and followed them. This time he saw a band of black and white elk with straight, unbranching horns, and one of these he killed. For his brother had told him in the message, "The first elk you kill must be a black and white elk with straight horns."

THE SLEEPY YOUTH WHO WAS SAVED BY ADAK-SORÁ-HLÚKIHL[23]

Watsáyughidihl-hí'nuthw ["point-of-land-between-two-streams sleepy"] was a youth who lived at Watsáyughidihl on Eel river. He had two sweethearts. All day long he would sleep and the two girls were always loitering about, wishing to see him, but still he would sleep. So they made a plan. "We will get a canoe and carry this man down to it, and take him down the river." This they did, and at the mouth of the river they said, "We might as well take him out on the ocean." So they

23 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot.

carried him out over the bar and left him on a rock.

Nobody knew what had become of the sleepy one. After a time, lying there on the rocks, he woke. He did not know where he was nor how he came there. He looked about. He saw no land, nothing but water was to be seen.

"How did I come here? Somebody must have done this," he said. He began to cry. "How am I going to get back home?" Late in the afternoon he looked toward the south. It was a clear day. He saw some birds sailing in the still air. Always he cried. Again he looked south. The birds were larger. They were approaching. Still he cried. He looked again. A person was coming over the water. Still he cried. He looked again. This time he was sure that a man was walking on the water. He cried, and watched the man. He said: "I should like to know who this is. I am sure I can walk on the water, if he can. I wonder who this is that walks on the water as if it were land?"

The man climbed up on the rocks. It was Adak-sorá-hlúkihl. He asked, "How did you come here?"

" I do not know how it was," said the youth.

"Are you sure you do not know?"

"Yes, I do not know. I have been sleeping all the time. I had two girls, who loved me. They stayed about the house when I was sleeping, and I think it may be they who brought me here. But I do not know."

Adak-sorá-hlúkihl said, "I am going north."

"Do you know how I am going to get home?" inquired the sleepy one.

"Yes, some time you will get home. But I am going northward now. There is going to be a dance. I am going to see it. You had better come with me."

"No," said the young man, "I should like to accompany you, but I cannot walk on water."

"Well, come along with me. Try it." He climbed down and walked on the water as if it were land; but the youth feared to try it. Again he was urged, and at last he became desperate and said, "I might as well drown as starve." So he climbed down and stepped on the water. It was solid under his feet. So they went northward, and arrived at the place of the dance in the evening. The people were just commencing to dance.

The youth had no money, and Adak-sorá-Hlúkihl thought: "I will beg something for him. I am a stranger here, and nobody knows me. I will be a shaman and sing beside the fire." So he stood beside the fire and led the singing, and the people resumed their dancing. At the end of the dance, Adak-sorá-hlúkihl addressed them: "I should like to see you give presents to this young man. I found him in the ocean, lying on the rocks. Give him presents, everybody." So all the people gave something, and he had wealth.

The next morning Adak-sorá-hlúkihl said to his friend: "I am going home. Come with me. We will walk on land this time." So they started southward. They reached Watsáyughidihl, and leaving his friend there, Adak-soráhlúkihl went on.

The news went about that the sleepy youth had returned, and all were astonished, for the girls had told what they had done to him. The people gathered about him and asked: "How did you come back? Did you swim ashore?"

"No," he said, "Adak-sorá-hlúkihl is the one who brought me home."

The two girls, hearing that their former lover was returned, went to his house to see him. They sat outside the door, one on each side, and looked in. They wanted to see him, for they could not believe that he had come back. But he did not wish to see them. He came to the door and put one foot and his head out, and as he stepped through he placed his hands on the heads of the two girls, passing by without looking, and said, "I hope you will become stones." Then he looked back, and saw that they were stones. This was the origin of the two stones that are set into the pavement outside the doorway as an aid to people in coming out.

ORIGIN OF TOBACCO[24]

Tutkálik ["jump up and down"] was planning to establish his dance [*tutkálik,* the jumping dance], and wished to have something good with it. So he made his wish, and there in his hands were small black seeds. He planted them, and wished that they would sprout. In

24 Narrated by Jerry James, Humboldt Bay Wiyot.

a few days the sprouts broke through the ground. Still he sat there in his sweat-house, wishing, and in a few months the plants were tall and covered with broad leaves, just as he had wished them to be. He gathered the leaves and showed the people how to use them in wooden pipes at the dance. Then he said he would go southward to distribute these seeds among the people, but he left some tobacco growing, so that the people of the north might have seeds to plant. When he arrived in the south, he thought he had better make the southern tobacco with narrow leaves, and reserve for the northern people the tall, broad-leafed plants. So he planted the seeds and sat in his sweat-house wishing that the plants might be of a certain height and the leaves of a certain width. And so it was.

THE MAN WHO CAUGHT THE OCEAN COUGARS[25]

A man was looking for good luck. He would run along the beach from Taghéstltsa to Tátat-tun, and whenever a breaker came rolling in he would leap under it. He would run from one village to the other and back again twice in one night. When he became cold, he would go into the sweat-house and warm himself.

One night he saw something near the line of breakers. He thought it was two pups. He caught them and took them home. He hollowed out a block of wood, filled it with water, and placed them in it.

In the morning he went to look at his pets. They were *tét-ti*^{n}*chhu* ["in-ocean monster" — ocean cougar]. They grew rapidly, and each time he went to look at them they seemed to be hungry and ready to spring at him. The fifth night they leaped out and pursued him, but he was a swift runner and they could not catch him. He knew that these animals feared elk-horn, and he made a club of horn. The next night when they pursued him, he turned and tapped them with the club, and they stopped. He made a fence around the bowl of water, so that they could not get out. They became fond of him.

He heard that a man at Hwéstunna-tun [a Tututni village at Whalehead, in Oregon, north of Natltané-tun] had two animals like his pets, except that they were land animals and he heard that the man would

25 Narrated by Joe Hostler, Hawúnkwut Tolowa

set them on any person who passed. They were devouring the people. He decided to take his pets to that place and have a contest. He led them to the place and left them in the brush, saying: "I will go first. You remain here and watch. I will shout when they come after me."

Then the owner of the cougars saw him coming. He said to his pets, "Get ready!" He let them go. Then the man shouted to his ocean cougars, and they came bounding out of the brush and killed the mountain cougars. The people of that place began to shout disapproval, but the ocean cougars leaped upon them and killed them. Then they turned against their master, and he had to kill them with his elk-horn club.

HAIR-SEAL HE PLAYED[26]

Five nights he was going about in the darkness. His father slept in the sweat-house. His father asked, "Do you hear anything when you are going about?

"No, I never hear anything," he said. "I never see anything."

"You will never get riches," said his father. "There is no use in your going about at night looking for good luck. You might as well sleep."

But he had heard his father say to other youths: "Up on that mountain yonder is a great bird. He is the one that is rich." This bird was never seen except when dead hair-seals came ashore. The youth covered himself with a seal-skin and lay on the beach like a dead seal. He put his head under a bunch of kelp.

Birds of every kind that eat carrion flocked about him in the morning. Last of all he saw two great birds coming from afar. They alighted on the beach and walked about looking at the man, cocking their heads this way and that. They wanted to see his eyes, for they always ate the eyes first. He had his hands ready to grasp them. One of them came

26 Narrated by Joe Hostler, Hawúnkwut Tolowa. The title of the myth is Srísrenes Túghutlai^{n} ("hair-seal he-played"). The story is of the North Coast type. If it were included in a collection of Kwakiutl tales nobody would question its right to be there, were it not for the reference to the custom of sweating.

close, and he caught it. It flapped its wings, and almost lifted him from the sand. But he had heard his father tell others what to do. He tied some of his hair about the bird's neck. He said, "I give my hair for your riches." The bird then flew away. He watched it fly to the top of Winchuck mountain and perch in a tree. When night came, it was still in the tree.

That night the youth had a dream, in which the bird said: "Go up to that mountain, and under the tree where you saw me sitting, look for money. You will find shell money in abundance. Do not show it to everybody. Put it into a large basket and do not look at it until ten days have passed." This he did, and at the end of ten days he found a large basket full of shell money.

GULL'S GRANDMOTHER[27]

He was a little boy. His grandmother was old. She made baskets all the time, and the little boy would gather salal-berries for her. She always warned him to come back quickly, and to pick only unripe berries. She did not like the ripe ones.

Every time he came back he would say: "I heard sounds up on the top. People must be there."

And she would answer: "Yes, people are there. But you must not go there." Each day she warned him. He wondered why she told him that.

One day he said, "I will go to see what kind of people are there." He went up the hill, and as he came close he heard boys and girls. They saw him and said, "Come." He went to them. They were picking berries and tattooing one another. They tattooed him all over his body.

At last he said, "I think I had better go home."

"Let us see your berries," they said. When they saw the green berries, they threw them out and picked his basket full of ripe ones.

His grandmother knew what he had done, because he was gone so long, but she said nothing. After a while she asked for the berries.

27 Narrated by Joe Hostler, Hawúnkwut Tolowa. The title of the story is Páse Súhahl ("gull grandmother-his").

She saw the ripe fruit and threw it out, saying, "I knew you were up there with those people." She looked at his face and saw the tattooing. Then she struck him on the ankle repeatedly with the poker, and he cried and ran out.

He had a little canoe. He sat on the bank of the river with it under his arm. He cried and said, "I wish the north wind would blow." Soon the north wind blew. The boards from the roof and the walls flew away, and the old woman was left sitting in the pit. She grasped a post and called to him, but he would not listen. He only kept saying, "I wish the north wind would blow." The old woman's arms blew away, and her body turned into stone, which still can be seen at Taghína-tun [Point St. George] The little boy got into his little canoe and went out on the ocean to live. He is the gull.

THE MAN WHO VISITED THE CREEK SPIRITS[28]

He was swimming five nights at Tatltúkwut [on Smith river]. He saw a canoe coming down-stream. Sparks flew from it. He thought, "I will leap into that canoe." He climbed upon a rock that overhung the stream, and when the canoe passed under him, he leaped down into it. He thought there would be a person in it, but he was surprised to find a very small woman in the bow and a very small man in the stem. They did not speak.

They took him out into the ocean to the rock Tátsa^{n}kwut [Northwest Seal rock, on which the lighthouse stands]. Two canoes were already there, and two were at the rock Yá^{n}sa^{n}. Then he knew these were *shghuné*.[29] From every stream came a canoe with two *shghuné* to take seals, until there were five canoes at each of the two rocks. The chief of those at the rock Tátsa^{n}kwut was from Klamath river, and the chief of those at Yá^{n}sa^{n} was from Rogue river.

28 Narrated by Joe Hostler, Hawúnkwut Tolowa. This also is very reminiscent of Kwakiutl mythology.

29 *Shghuné,* or *chi^{n}kumtliyí,* are diminutive beings living among the rocks along creeks. They are never seen. At night they come out from their hiding-places and work in the watercress, for by their labors streams are kept flowing. They build dams to make a small flow, and open them to cause freshets.

He saw them kill every seal on Tátsa^{n}kwut. Not one escaped. Then the *shghuné* assembled at one place, the head-man distributed the seals, and all went back to their streams.

The steersman said to him: "Come home with me. You shall marry this woman, my sister." He could not tell when they left the ocean and entered the river, for there was no rolling. The *shghuné* caused the current to reverse itself and flow up-stream, and soon the canoe ran under a rock into a large roomy place where it was kept during the day.

When they reached the village, the *shghuné* man said, "We will go into the sweat-house."

He thought he would build such a great fire of dry grass that the man would perish. But the young man could not feel the heat, although the*shghuné* were sweating and could hardly endure it. They went to swim, and when they came out the men ran away to the house and left him alone. The ground was covered with snow. Nothing could be seen but snow. Houses and trees had disappeared. But the woman had warned him that they would try to destroy him and had told him what to do. He saw a small hole and went into it, and found himself in the house. Then they knew that they could not harm him.

They went hunting in the mountains, and he accompanied them. He killed a small squirrel, and each *shghuné* killed an elk. He brought his squirrel to the house, swinging it by the tail. They thought him very strong, because he could carry a squirrel, and a great hunter because he had killed one. For they could not kill squirrels, nor lift them, but elk were easy for them to kill and to carry. Afterward they gave him permission to visit his people, and he found that he had been given up for dead.

LIZARD BOY AND GRIZZLY-BEAR[30]

Grizzly-bear and Lizard lived not far apart. Observing Lizard storing food for the winter, and being greedy, Bear killed him and his wife, leaving only the little Lizard and his grandmother. When the young Lizard grew up, his grandmother warned him not to go near the Bear's house, but one day in spite of the old woman's tears and warnings, he

30 Narrated by Indian Jake (Ahaíya'), Íkarakatsuhis Shasta.

said he was going to see the Bears at their work of bringing in food for the winter.

He crept into the house and stood behind a post, and saw the Bears hurry in, one after another, with loads of food. Then the old Bear saw him, and growled: "What are you doing here? I will push you into the fire! Why are you standing around here? Do you know that we killed your father and your mother?" The boy crept outside and went home crying to his grandmother. She also wept when he told her how roughly the Bear had spoken to him. Then he said, "Grandmother, make some pinole." So she parched some seeds and pounded them up, and pressed the flour into balls. The boy warmed a piece of obsidian in the fire, and chipped the edge, and tested it on a ball of pinole: when it was so sharp that it would cut a ball of dry meal without crumbling it, he was satisfied.

In the house of the Bears lived Coyote. When Lizard Boy went out after the old Bear had scolded him, Coyote followed to see what he was going to do. He saw the boy preparing the sharp knife, and whispered: "Take the big one! I am sleeping just inside the door with my wife. If you step on me. it will be no offense. Be sure to take the big one!" That night the boy crept into the Bear's house. He stepped on Coyote, and on his wife, and crawled along the row of sleeping Bears. He felt of their outstretched feet, found the big Bear in the middle of the row, and with his knife very gently cut off one foot. The moccasin he filled with old bones and pitch, and laid it on the fire. Then he crept out. The foot of the Bear dragged across the face of Coyote's wife, and she woke with a start and exclaimed: "Oh, what was that? Something frightened me!" Said Coyote: "It is nothing. You have been dreaming. Do not wake them."

After a while the big Bear groaned: "*U ... !* Somebody has cut off my foot!" He groaned again: "*U ... !* Somebody has cut off my foot!" But only when he had said this five times did Coyote answer, as if he had just waked with a start, "What is that you say?"

"Somebody has cut off my foot!"

"Not so! How many times have I told you not to put your feet too near the fire at night? Your foot has burned off! See, there it is in the fire!"

"No," said the Bear, "it is that Lizard Boy who has done this!"

But Coyote said: "Surely you have burned it off. Look in the fire."

They stirred up the fire and found the charred moccasin and fragments of bones. Coyote said, "I will doctor you." He began to suck at the wound, and the Bear, bellowing with pain, let him proceed. But Coyote was only sucking out the blood and fat; he was not a shaman. And before sunrise the Bear was dead. At home Lizard Boy was boiling the foot.

Now the young Bears said: "What shall we do? We will burn up this sweat-house and the body with it." But Coyote said: "No! If anybody passes, he will see our house burning and will talk badly about us."

"Well," they said, "we will put the body in a tree."

"No, somebody will see it and take it for food, and then will talk badly about us. The right way is to bury it in a hole. But do not make the hole too deep, and do not put much earth on the top. Cover the body with bark and put a little earth on the top. Put it down there away from the trail, so that people will not see it."

So the Bears put the body in a shallow grave, and then they moved away from the sweat-house and built another on the opposite side of the hill.

Coyote took his wife and his five children to Lizard Boy's house. In the night he whispered, "Now is the time to go." So Coyote and Lizard dug up the body of the old Bear and cut it into pieces, which they carried home. At daylight only the backbone was left. Then one of the Bears woke and said: "I have had a bad dream. Something must be wrong." He went to the top of the knoll and looked down toward the grave. There were Lizard and Coyote carrying away the last load. He ran back and told his brothers, and they came rushing to the place, growling and blowing. Coyote heard them and was about to throw down his pack, but Lizard made him keep it and hurry home. They slipped into the house just ahead of the Bears, but Coyote got his leg scratched by a Bear's claws just as he was creeping through the little doorway. The Bears set to work to dig them out, but the house was solid stone and they could do nothing. Lizard put some of the Bear's grease on the end of a stick and thrust it out through a crack, and said: "What do you want? Maybe this is what you want!" With that terrible insult the Bears left the place and went to live in the mountains, where they have ever since remained.

COYOTE AND RACCOON[31]

Coyote was a constant hunter, but never successful. At sunset Raccoon would bring home plenty of fish and quail. Coyote came to his house and asked him, "How do you catch these fish?"

"Oh, I just hunt about in deep water. As soon as I see the water is full of fish, I go down into it with some long sticks on which I string the fish. When one stick is full, I bring it out and go down and fill another. That is the way I catch fish."

"How do you catch these quail?"

"I go about in the brush, and when the quail fly up into a tree, I set fire to the tree and lie down under it with my eyes shut. The quail keep falling down into my hand. That is the way I catch quail."

That night Coyote could not sleep for impatience. At dawn he went to the creek and searched for a deep pool. Finding one full of fish, he cut five sticks and jumped into the water. He groped about, but the fish slipped through his fingers. When he was nearly drowned, he came out with just one fish, old and ready to die. "I think that is not the right way," he said. "Perhaps Raccoon deceived me."

He went into the brush, drove a bevy of quail into a tree, set fire to the tree, and lay down under it with his eyes shut. The burning leaves and bark fell on his breast, but for a while he endured it. After a time one old charred quail fell down. "That is not the right way," he said. "I think he deceived me." He went home, and to his five sons he said: "I do not know how I shall feed you. I think I shall watch Raccoon when he goes hunting."

All night he watched the door of his neighbor's house. At dawn Raccoon came forth and Coyote crept along behind him. As the sun was rising, Raccoon went into a thick clump of bushes, and Coyote saw him taking quail out of a string snare. He tied their feet together and hung them in a tree. Raccoon then went to a place where the water was rushing down in a riffle. Coyote followed him and saw him open a trap and take out many fish. While he was bending over to string them, Coyote leaped upon him from behind and killed him. He placed the body among the fish, covered the bundle with leaves, and

31 Narrated by Indian Jake (Ahaíya), Íkarakatsuhis Shasta.

carried it home.

Raccoon had warned his seven sons that if ever he failed to return home at the usual time they would know that Coyote had killed him. The Raccoon boys were playing with the Coyote boys, and one of them said: "It is time our father was coming. I wonder what is the matter?" Soon they saw Coyote come with a heavy load of fish. He opened the door quickly and pushed his pack inside. But the eldest Raccoon, looking at the end of the pack, saw the face of his dead father. He told his brothers.

The next morning Coyote went away to the river, and the eldest Raccoon said to his brothers, "Let us kill the young Coyotes." So they killed them, and built a fire and roasted them, and left them lying in a circle inside Coyote's house. When Coyote came home and saw the roasted bodies in his house, he thought his sons had killed the Raccoons, and he said to himself: "That is good, my boys! You understand. You know how, my boys." He sat down and ate them. When he came to the smallest and last, he looked at its face. Some of the hair had been singed off, and he perceived that it was his own son. His heart leaped up to his mouth, and he feared it was going to pop out. He patted his breast and said, "Wait, wait, my heart! Do not come out! Do not come out!" From every corner of the house and all about outside where his children used to play he heard their voices calling. He stood up and called out: "Raccoon boys, come back! Do not run away! Your father is coming home! He caught so many fish he could not carry them !" He ran about here and there, looking for the young Raccoons. But they were climbing to the top of a tall tree. He ran to the edge of the water, and seeing the reflection of the Raccoons he jumped in after them. He scrambled out, looked down, and saw the reflection again. Once more he jumped in. Then he happened to look up and saw them in the tree. He secured a long stick with a hook on the tip, and with this he reached up, saying, "Come down, Raccoons! Come down, Raccoons!" But the eldest said to his brothers: "Do not took down! No matter what he says, do not look down!" Nevertheless the youngest looked back as they climbed higher, and immediately he fell into Coyote's open mouth and was devoured.

Coyote pursuing the climbing Raccoons is now seen in the autumn and winter sky, in the form of a large star that follows the Pleiades across the sky.

BEAVER OVERCOMES COYOTE[32]

Beaver had three sons. Knowing that he spent all the day in hunting, Coyote went to his house one day and said to the young Beavers: "Oh, how large your bellies are! They are too large. I wish you would dig a hole and heat some stones, and I will make you slim like Otter, like Mink, like Weasel. Everybody is slim except you."

So they dug a hole and heated stones. He made them lie down on the hot stones, and threw water on the stones. The eldest Beaver cried, "It is too hot!"

"It will soon be cool," said Coyote, as he covered them with earth and poured on more water. Soon they were cooked, and he ate them and smoothed off the ground. When Beaver came home at night, he searched for his boys in vain. He went to Coyote's house and inquired if he had seen them. "No," said Coyote, "I have not seen them." Beaver went all around the world along the edge of the ocean, searching for his sons. Then he cut his hair short and put pitch on his face.

Coyote was walking about one day, and saw Beaver across the river with a pack on his back. He called out, "Where are you going?" No answer came. "I said, 'Where are you going?"' Still there was no answer. Then he said in a low voice, "Well, you do not answer me, but just the same I ate your boys." Then Beaver stopped at once and looked at him. Coyote walked busily about, as if hunting for something. Looking up after a while, he saw that Beaver was still there. For a long time Coyote kept up the pretense of searching for something, and all the time Beaver was looking at him. Then Beaver started down the river, and Coyote thought: "I wonder if he heard me. I did not talk loudly. I believe he heard me."

Beaver came swimming across the river, and Coyote asked, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, you said so!"

"I said nothing."

Beaver walked up to him, and Coyote sidled away, complaining, "No, I did not say anything."

"You said so," insisted Beaver.

32 Narrated by Indian Jake (Ahaíya'), Íkarakatsuhis Shasta.

"No, I only said, 'Where are you going?'" Coyote kept backing away. Suddenly he kicked dirt into Beaver's face and ran. He cried out, "Did you ever see me run? This is the way I run. Watch me." He ran to Irúai [Scott valley], and Beaver followed him. He turned and ran back to Puruhéki [on Little Shasta river], and Beaver followed him; and then to Wítihassa [Shasta butte], and to Butte creek. There he hunted for duck-eggs, and looking back saw Beaver still pursuing. Then Coyote began to fear. He ran to Áuksi [Klamath lake], but Beaver at once created Klamath river and Coyote could not cross it. He was trapped, and Beaver caught him and held him under his arm while he reached into his quiver and put his white paint on his face. Then he pushed Coyote down into the water and held him there for a time. He dragged him out, and Coyote said, "Oh, I did not do it!" But Beaver pushed him down again, and drowned him. "You will be a coyote forever," he said.

COYOTE DESTROYS THE MOONS WHO KEPT THE EARTH FROZEN[33]

The people were starving. They could not dig roots, because the earth was like iron. But the ten Moons had plenty of camas and other roots. Their slave was Turúk [curlew], and the bones of his wings and legs had been removed so that he could not escape. He was constantly on guard, and whenever he saw people coming to dig roots in the soft ground of his masters, he sounded the warning, and the Moons at once sent hail and snow, and before the people could dig more than a few roots the ground was frozen hard.

Now the people began to plan how they might kill the Moons. Coyote prepared four smooth sticks of white oak, and after cautioning Badger to keep a fire burning and plenty of pitchy wood at hand, he crept up to the field where Curlew kept his watch. The slave started to call out his warning, but Coyote held up an *ipha* root and whispered: "Oh cousin, wait! Here is some food. Oh, yes, you are my cousin." So Curlew stopped, and took the root. Coyote then put the oak sticks into his wings and legs in place of the lost bones, and whispered: "Now

33 Narrated by Indian Jake (Ahaíya'), Íkarakatsuhis Shasta.

try them. See if you can walk." Curlew hopped about and flapped his wings, and with a little practice he was able to walk and fly. Said Coyote: "Now, quickly! Help me bring wood and stones." They carried wood into a house and made a fire, and heated water in a large basket. Then he said, "How do you call when you are hungry?"

"I say, *'Kúrutu, kúrutu, kúrutu!"'*

"Well, say it now."

So Curlew called out, *"Kúrutu, kúrutu, kúrutu!"* In the other house the ten Moon brothers heard, and one of them was sent to feed the slave. Inside the door Coyote waited. When the Moon stooped down and put his head inside, Coyote cut it of and threw it down. Then quickly he plunged his hands into the hot water. For the bodies of these Moons were frozen, and only to touch the head nearly froze Coyote's hands. In this manner one by one the Moons were called out, and Coyote killed them all. By the time he had finished, his hands were so benumbed that he could hardly hold his knife. When the last Moon was killed, Coyote ran back to Badger's sweat-house and fell down beside the fire. He lay as if dead. All day long Badger kept a roaring fire, and at evening Coyote came to life. The earth soon thawed out, and the people had food in abundance.

DESTRUCTION OF ÍTSSURUQAÍ MONSTERS[34]

Ítssuruqaí was coming up Klamath river, devouring people. As his name indicates, he was extremely emaciated. The people fled when they knew of his approach; for whenever he reached a village, he would go into the houses, and any whom he found he would eat. Coyote, hearing of this, laid a great pile of firewood, put cooking stones among the sticks, and then covered his body thickly with white pitch. The next morning Ítssuruqaí was seen approaching. He came to Coyote and spoke in a hoarse whisper, like a man whose lungs are not good: "I would like to taste your meat."

"Well, we will make a fire outside," said Coyote.

"I will take you first."

Coyote sat near the fire, and Ítssuruqaí cut a piece from his breast.

34 Narrated by Indian Jake (Ahaíya'), Íkarakatsuhis Shasta.

But it was only the white pitch that be cut off. He held it before the fire, roasted it, and ate it. He said, "Your meat is too strong."

"Well, many people everywhere talk about me," replied Coyote. "That is what makes my meat sour. I would like to taste your meat."

"All right," said Ítssuruqaí. Coyote made ready to cut off a piece; but he cut out the lungs and the liver andthe heart, and ran away with them, pursued by Ítssuruqaí, who cried: "My heart, my heart! Give back my heart!" Coyote ran swiftly, and after a time he doubled back to the fire, which was now a great bed of coals. The people had raked a hollow in them, and therein Coyote threw the heart and lungs and liver of Ítssuruqaí. There was a great explosion, and Ítssuruqaí himself fell dead. Then all the people in the country, hearing the noise, said, "Oh, Coyote has killed Ítssuruqaí"

In the high western mountains lived Ítssuruqaí with his grandson and ten Chipmunks, his slaves. When he came home at night, he would order one of them in his husky whisper, "Go, get water!" But the slave would refuse, and he would say then: "Oh, you are bad! I will hang you!" So he had hanged nine slaves on nine successive days, and only the youngest Chipmunk was left. He piled up a great quantity of brush like a woodrat's nest, and in the bottom he spread cattail down. He went hunting and killed a small squirrel, which he laid in the ashes undrawn. When it was cooked, Chipmunk opened it and took out the steaming entrails. He said, "Oh, see what a fat squirrel!" Ítssuruqaí, who always sat with his back to the fire, looked about, and Chipmunk dashed the hot entrails in his eyes, and ran. Blinded with the heat, Ítssuruqaí could not see to pursue his slave, but he took his little grandson on his back and gave chase as best he could. Chipmunk led them out into the brush and into the midst of the pile which he had arranged, and when they were in the very centre of it, he put fire to the cattail down. Then Ítssuruqaí exploded with a great noise, and the people in all the land knew that he had been killed.

There were ten brothers, and one was married. His mother-in-law was always warning them, "Do not go to the top of yonder mountain." One day the eldest brother thought: "Why does she tell us not to go to that mountain? I think I will go and see." So he went to the mountain-top and sat down. A man came. He was very thin, and had red leggings, a red shirt, and a red hat. His clothing was the red summer coat of a deer. He sat down in front of the young man and said in a hoarse

whisper, "Fill it up!" The young man filled his pipe and handed it to the stranger, who smoked. Almost at once the pipe burst. The young man thought, "Well, he is going to kill me." The stranger whispered, "Try my pipe!" He filled it, and the young man tried to smoke, but was not strong enough to draw through the stem. The other said, "Let me see your bow!" He took the bow, drew it, and the bow snapped. "Let us wrestle!" he said. The young man thought, "This is the time he is going to kill me." So they wrestled. The knoll on which they stood fell away in a precipice, and at the bottom was a lake. Soon the young man was thrown down into the water.

When the eldest brother did not come home, the next eldest went to search for him, and, following his tracks, came to where he had sat on the mountaintop. He sat down in the same spot, facing the same direction, with his feet in his brother's tracks; and soon he saw the red-clothed man coming. First they smoked, then they drew the bows, and last they wrestled; and the second brother was hurled into the lake. In this way nine brothers were destroyed.

Then the youngest took up the search. He was very small. When the stranger commanded, "Fill it up!" he filled his pipe and handed it to him, saying: "I think your father never had a pipe like this. For I am very poor." His pipe was tightly bound with deerskin, and though the stranger drew as powerfully as he could, he was unable to break it. He gave the youth his own pipe, which broke when the youth smoked. The stranger failed also to break the young man's bow, but his own was broken by the youth. Then they wrestled, and the youth hurled his opponent into the air, and he fell with a great noise into the lake. When the people in the country round about heard the noise, they knew that Ítssuruqaí had been killed. Then the youth went down to the lake, and gathering up the bones of his brothers, took them home and laid them in the sweat-house, and built a fire therein. Whenever he went in to replenish the fire, he did not look at the bones. After a while he heard sounds in the sweat-house, *"Hu, hu, hu!*" All day the sounds grew louder, and at sunset there was a voice, imploring: "Please, brother, let us come out! It is very hot!" He opened the door, and his nine brothers stepped forth and went to swim in the river.

HORSEFLY OUTWITS THUNDER[35]

Thunder and Horsefly lived together. Every night Horsefly brought home much blood, and Thunder one night asked, "Where do you get all that blood?" Horsefly reflected for a moment, and said, "Oh, I suck it out of trees and out of the ground." Then Thunder thought, "I will try that way to get food." He struck a tree, but found no blood. He tried another. He tried every kind of tree, and then the ground in many places; but there was no blood. He said to Horsefly, "I do not believe you get blood from trees and the ground." But Horsefly only repeated that it was so; for he feared to tell that he sucked blood from people, lest Thunder, in trying to get blood, strike them dead.

WHY FROGS ARE IN THE WATER[36]

One said to Frog: "Do you bathe your children? Do you make them swim?"

"No," he answered.

"Well, you ought to do so."

So Frog threw a child into the water. One asked, "Where is your child?"

"I threw it into the river."

"But I did not tell you to do that, I told you to wash your child."

"Well," said Frog, "he is in the river now. Let him stay there."

THE CREATION[37]

There was only water. There was a person, Qan [silver fox], who had a canoe in which he travelled about over the water. The canoe was filled with all kinds of seeds. He was alone. After many years another man flew down into the canoe. This was Jémul [coyote]. Qan asked him, "Who are you?" He only pretended that he did not know.

35 Narrated by Indian Jake (Ahaíya'), Íkarakatsuhis Shasta.

36 Narrated by Indian Jake (Ahaíya'), Íkarakatsuhis Shasta.

37 Narrated by Henry Wool (Lehútami, or Áluwisamíchi), Fall River Achomawi.

"Cousin, do you not know me? I am Jémul."

Qan smiled and said: "I know now. How did you come?"

"I flew down as a spark," answered Jémul.

"Yes," said Qan. "I did the same way. But there is no land here."

They both travelled about in the canoe. But Jémul wearied. He knew that Qan had the power to do whatever he wished, and he asked, "What are you going to do?"

"We cannot get away from here," answered Qan. "We shall have to live here on the water always." After a while he continued: "If you will promise always to obey me, perhaps sometime I will do something." And Jémul promised. "Very well," said Qan, lie down and let me cover you."

Jémul was reluctant, and asked: "Who are you? Whence came you?"

"I came from the vapor that rises above this water."

And Jémul said: "I am the same. I am the fog from the water. We are cousins. I will lie down, and you shall cover me."

"You must remain covered five days," said Qan.

So Jémul lay down in the canoe, and Qan covered him with skins. Then he let down his long hair, which reached to his ankles, and began to comb it. He sang: "Air, strong air, hold up the world. Hold up the world which I am going to make, strong air." From his comb he obtained a bit of dead cuticle of his scalp. He worked it about in his palm, and it became larger. He kept drawing it out like dough, and when it was as large as he could handle, he spread it on the water. He commanded it to expand still more, and while he motioned with his hands, it grew larger and larger, and became land. Then he walked about and scattered the various seeds that he had been carrying in his canoe. They sprouted and grew immediately into grass, bushes, and trees. When the fruits were ripe, he woke Jémul, and said, "Get up and see!" Jémul raised his head. Ripe plums were hanging above the canoe. He plucked and ate them, and at once felt rejuvenated and happy. He arose. He looked about and rejoiced. He ran completely around the world. He saw sunflowers [*amál*], and was glad. He made a song: "That is the kind of sunflower we used to see [in the land which had burned up, and from which he had escaped in the form of a spark]. It is pretty. I am happy. How fine it

would be if there were people to look at it" He said to Qan, "Can

you make people?"

"Yes, after a while. Wait. We must make another world on the other side."

They went away in their canoe. When they stopped, Qan made Jémul lie down, and then in the same way he made another land. He said: "Now our land is finished. We can live."

Jémul was eager to make people. He was lonely. But Qan was fearful that Jémul would do something wrong and spoil the work. He said: "You must promise to do what I tell you."

And Jémul said: "Oh, yes, I will do everything you say. I did it once. I can do it again."

"Will you make the rules for the people?"

"Yes," Jémul promised, "I will make the rules for them."

"Well," said Qan, "I will make the people in one place. If you can make a great sweat-house, I will create people in it."

And Jémul said he could make it. He went to Ilátektsigíwa [about two miles above the mouth of Beaver creek, which flows into Pit river near Pittville] and made a large sweat-house in the rock. He returned to Qan.

Qan was still uncertain. He was apprehensive about Jémul, fearing he would do ill. Therefore he was slow in starting. He said, "We will go there and live."

"Good," said Jémul. "Let us go. It is all ready to live in." So they went to Ilátektsigíwa and lived in the sweat-house. There were no animals in the world. Jémul said: "We must have meat to eat. Can you make animals of some kind?"

"Yes. I will make an animal to eat." Qan went away, and soon returned, saying that he had made the deer. He asked: "How shall we kill that deer? Can you make something with which to kill him? We cannot get close to him. He is wild."

"Yes," said Jémul, "I will make something with which to kill him, like that with which we used to kill them." So he made a bow and some arrows. But there were no feathers, and he said to Qan: "What shall we do? Without feathers they will not go straight."

Qan went aside and soon brought feathers. But Jémul had no string, and Qan asked, "What kind of string do you wish?"

"Deer sinew," said Jémul.

So Qan went aside and soon brought sinew. After the arrows were

finished, Jémul asked, "What are we going to use for points on these arrows?"

"I will get something," said Qan, and soon he brought obsidian, which Jémul chipped and flaked. Then he was ready to kill a deer. They went out and killed one and brought it home. On this meat they lived.

Many years passed. Then Jémul began to complain: "I am tired of carrying in deer. Sometimes we kill them a long way off. You can do better than that. You can make people, and we will let them carry in the deer, and we can eat."

"If I make people, do you promise to make good laws for them to live by?"

"Yes," said Jémul, "I will do it."

"Lie down then, and I will cover you. When I am ready, I will wake you."

Then Jémul lay down and was covered, and Qan brought in many service-berry sticks, one for each tribe that he was going to create. He removed the bark and marked them in different ways. He thrust them into convenient cracks all about the wall of the sweat-house. It was night, and he lay down on his face. He made a song: "Air, bring it home to me." He did not look at the sticks. While he sang, a man came down from the wall and brought a stick with him. He threw the stick down on the back of Qan, and sat down. Qan kept singing the same song all night, and one by one men came down from the wall, one for each of the sticks, and sat in a circle, until the house was filled. They spoke one language. When all was done, Qan aroused his companion.

And Jémul rejoiced and said: "This is the way we used to have it. I am glad that we have them again. The first thing for you boys to do is to go into the woods. There are many deer. Kill them and bring them in." Each man had a bow and some arrows. So they all went out, and surrounded some deer and killed them. Toward evening they brought in the meat. It was cut up and divided among all, and they prepared their supper. Thus they lived for many years. Then Jémul said: "Now, it will not do. We need not all live together. The land is broad. You ought to make more

deer and fill up the country."

And Qan answered: "Yes, I have them all made, ready to fill up the country."

"I think you ought to do something. These people should not live together all the time. Go with them and mark off how much land each man should have for hunting."

"Yes, I will go and mark it off," said Qan. "Lie down again for a while. Do not look."

Again Jémul lay down, and Qan called to one of the men: "Get up! Go thither, Apúi [Paiute]!" He called another: "Go thither, Mánatsi [Washo]!" Thus he sent out also the Tísaich; [Yana], Ekpimí [Wintun], Sástichi [Shasta], Alamí [Modoc], Lutwámi [Klamath], Lamáwi [Oregon Shahaptians], Tuwanúchi [Atsugewi] and Achúmawi [Achomawi]. To each one he gave a language. Then he called Jémul and sent him out to mark the boundaries. Jémul gave the tribes their boundaries and told them to hunt on their own land and not to trespass on the hunting-grounds of their neighbors.

There was still only one man in each tribe. Jémul went back to the sweat-house and said: "I have marked out all the lines. I have given them a large territory. How is one man going to fill up all that country? There is room for many families."

"Well, we must do something. I know that they will be lonely by themselves, Remain here and I will go to those people and see if I can do something for them. Do not come behind me and watch me. Remain here. Promise me to do it."

"Yes!" I will not come. I will remain here."

So Qan went away and found the Apúi. He asked, "Are you lonely?"

"Yes, I am lonely, but I cannot help it," answered the Apúi.

"Well, I will do something if you can stand it."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to take out the first small rib and a piece of bone out of your calf."

"Oh, I think I can stand it. What are you going to do with those bones?"

"Do not ask. I am going to do something. Do not look after I have taken out the bones." Then Qan removed the two bones. It did not seem to hurt the man very much. He held up the bones and told the Apúi to look. He said: "Here are two bones. Now turn away again and

when you look back there will be a woman." And thus it happened.[38] Said Qan: "Now, that is your companion. I will go and do the same thing to the others." So Qan formed a woman for each of the men he had created, and returned to the sweat-house. And Jémul was glad.

The different pairs reared families, and the land became populated. More and more the people increased. At last Jémul said, "They are becoming too numerous."

"I told you to make a law for them," said Qan.

"Well, cousin, I will make a law for them. I told you I would make a law, and I will do it. They are becoming too numerous. The tribes shall make war among themselves."

"Do you think that will help? When they are killed in the fighting, they will come back."

Now Jémul did not know how to overcome this difficulty. He thought for a time, and then said to himself: "I will attend to this. We will send away our two sons." So they sent away the two sons whom they now had, and told them to stay in the west with the tribe that lived-there, and then after a time return. When the two sons started back home from the west, Jémul sent a heavy rain. In the cold, wet weather the two youths were frozen stiff at Tsí'yawáts [just north of Burney peak]. Then Jémul wept and said: "I know they will be frozen. It is so cold and wet, they will surely freeze. What shall be done?"

"Well, I told you to make the law for the people," said Qan.

"Yes, I think I will make the law for the people."

"Wait!" said Qan. "I will lie down and bring those boys back." He lay on his face. His son came under him and began to pinch his father's breast; but when he found that he could not hurt him, he came forth from beneath his father and sat beside the fire. Qan rose, and asked Jémul if he could do the same thing.

"Yes, I can do that. It is not hard to lie on your belly and bring back your son." He lay down. Something began to hurt his chest and abdomen. He could not endure the pain, and leaped to his feet. Angrily he said: "To die is to die forever in this world." Then the two sons

38 As the Achomawi were never under the influence of early missionaries, and are far removed from such tribes as were so influenced, there seems to be no reason for doubting that this is an original conception.

disappeared and were never seen again. So it was that when the tribes made war, the dead did not come back. Jémul established the law.

Now Qan was displeased with Jémul. He planned to rid himself of him. One day he went apart and sat at the foot of a precipice. He sang: "Bread, roll down! Bread, roll down!" Soon a loaf of bread rolled down behind him. He picked it up and carried it home. He gave half to Jémul.

"Oh, I am glad!" cried Jémul. "How did you get this bread?"

"I called it down."

Jémul secretly decided to try this, and the next day he went to sit under the precipice and called: "Bread, roll down! Bread, roll down!" And a loaf of bread came down. He ate it, and called for another loaf; but a great rock rolled down and nearly broke his back. In his anger he said: "To call bread down from the rocks is not the right way. Roots should be dug and made into bread." And so the law was made.

Then Qan set fire to a dead tree, and quail tumbled down to the foot of the tree. He gathered them up and carried them home, and gave half to Jémul, who asked, "How did you catch these quail?"

Qan told him, and Jémul tried it at once. The quail fell down, and he ate them. He went to another tree and built a fire. He sat there waiting for quail, but a heavy branch fell and struck him on the head. He said: "This is not the right way to kill quail. We will kill them with bow and arrow, or catch them with nets. That shall be the right way." And that became the law.

So Qan failed to kill Jémul, and he tried another way. He made rabbits and a long net, and said, "We will go to kill rabbits with a net." When the net was set, Jémul drove the rabbits into it. They carried the game home, and the next day they went again; but this time Qan set the net close to the place where the drive started, and very quickly Jémul found himself entrapped. Qan seized a club and killed him.

Then Qan went over the land, and wherever Jémul had urinated he scattered the soil, so that from the urine Jémul might not rise to life. This occupied him five days. But one place he missed, on a hill in a lake; and from this urine Jémul came to life. The earth shook and Qan knew that Jémul was alive. He was much disturbed. He knew not what to do. He thought: "I will get some pitch and cover my face, to make him think that I am mourning for him. I will sit here in the sweat-house crying."

When Jémul came toward the sweat-house, he was followed by a wall of fire; for he meant to destroy the sweat-house. Near the place he stopped the fire and said: "Wait! I will go and see Qan." He crept around the house and looked down through 'the doorway. There sat Qan, half asleep, but crying. His face was smeared with pitch, his body and head were gray with ashes. Jémul said, "Oh, I am sorry!" He turned and called to the fire: "I do not need you. Go back! My cousin feels sorry for me. I perceive that he did not mean to kill me. Go back!"

Then Qan stood up and showed the greatest joy at the sight of Jémul. He told how it was an accident that Jémul had been struck, and how glad he was to see his cousin once more.

One day Jémul said: "Now, we need fish of all kinds. How are we going to make them?"

"Lie down, and I will cover you. I will have a river run through here, and small streams through the country everywhere." Soon there were streams running everywhere through the land, and Qan said, "Now you can make all the fish you desire." So Jémul made salmon, trout, chubs, pike, suckers, and all kinds of fish.

Jémul had a daughter. She wished to have a man, and she forced herself upon her cousin, the son of Apóna, the fighting-man. They ran away to the west. At night while she slept, the man crept away and returned to the sweat-house; but when she discovered his absence, she followed him. The young man hid in the sweat-house, and the girl demanded that they give him up to her; but they said, "He is not here."

She replied: "I know he is here. I am going to burn this house if you do not give him to me."

"Well, let her burn it up," said Qan. "We will go up into the sky." He told Yunínu [mouse] to shoot a straw into the sky. When this was done, the straw became a ladder, up which Qan and Jémul climbed and escaped into the sky.

THE CREATION[39]

There was no land, only a great lake. Kamúkam'ts ["old man ancient"] came from the north in a canoe. It floated along. It stopped. He, shook it, but could not move it. He looked down, and in the water he saw the roof of a house. It was the house of Pocket-gopher. Gopher looked up. Then Kamúkam'ts went down into the house and they talked.

He said, "You had better be thinking what is the best thing to do."

"Yes, I am thinking of that now," replied Gopher.

"If you can plan anything better than I do, you shall be the elder brother," promised Kamúkam'ts. "What kind of food are we going to have?"

Gopher opened his mouth to yawn, and fish, roots, and berries came forth.

"It seems that you will be the elder brother," said Kamúkam'ts.

That night Gopher caused his companion to sleep, and he burrowed under the bottom of the lake and made it bulge up into hills and mountains, which raised their tops above the surface. In the morning he said, "You had better go and look around." When the other went out he was astonished. Gopher asked what was to become of his house, and Kamúkam'ts replied, "It will always remain as the oldest mountain." 2

"What will our children have for amusement?" asked Kamúkam'ts. They planned the game of throwing javelins at a mark. They threw them, and their targets were hills. The javelin of Kamúkam'ts knocked off the top of Bear island. Then they invented all the other games.

Gopher asked, "What will live on the mountains?"

"Mountain-lions, bears, elk, deer." Kamúkam'ts named all the animals, both beasts and birds.

"What will grow on the mountains?" asked Gopher.

"I will walk over the earth and see what I can do." So Kamúkam'ts went about and selected homes for the different tribes, and in each territory he placed something which was to characterize that particu-

39 Narrated by Long Wilson (S'máusis), Éuks-kni Klamath, a boy when the first white men passed through the country.

lar tribe, such as obsidian in the Achomawi and the Paiute country, marble [*ukás*] in the Shasta country, *túhlis* [used for arrow foreshafts] in the Klamath country. Then he looked about and saw smoke. He said: "What is the matter? I see smoke here and there."

And Gopher replied: "You have beaten me. You are the elder brother." For he knew that the smoke was from the fires of people brought into being by Kamúkam'ts. They listened, and heard the sound of people talking, of children laughing and playing. The people increased very rapidly, and the animals and plants on the mountains multiplied.

AÍSSIS[40]

A boy and his sister were left orphans. The boy was shooting at birds in the trees, and his arrow lodged on a branch. The girl said: "I can knock that arrow down. But first you must tell me what relation I am to you."

"You are my sister," he said.

"No, I do not like that."

"You are my cousin."

"No, I do not like that."

"You are my aunt."

"No, I do not like that."

"You are my wife."

"Yes, that is what I want." And she dislodged the arrow. So they were husband and wife.

They travelled on. The first night they slept on opposite sides of the fire, and not until the fourth night did they sleep together. Soon a child was born, and as they travelled on the youth killed a bear. They ate the meat and left the skin hanging, and on they went. The youth started out to fast. He left a comb hanging there, and said to his wife, "So long as all is well, that comb will hang; but if anyone kills me, it will fall."

All this time an old woman who had reared the orphans was pursuing them. Coming to the bear-skin, she put it on and went along as

40 A mound of rocks on a bench at Modoc point is thus accounted for.

a bear. She met the youth, who was seeking*suwís* [shamanistic power]. She asked, "Did you go around the five lakes?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Did you go over the five mountains? Did you go through the five trees with holes in them? Did you split the five pine stumps? Did you make up the five bundles of service-berry shoots?" To all these questions he answered in the affirmative, but when she inquired if he had run over the burrows of Pocket-gopher, he replied: "No, that is nothing. That is not necessary."

Then the Bear lunged at him and pursued him, around the five lakes, over the five mountains, through the five trees with holes in them, around the five pine stumps and the five bundles of service-berry shoots. And in the soft ground where Pocket-gopher's burrows were she caught him and swallowed him. Then the Bear went to the camp.

"Where is your water?" she asked. "I have been working hard today to catch my son-in-law."

The girl pointed to a spring. But in it she had placed red-hot stones, knowing that something had killed her husband, because the comb had fallen. The Bear drank and said: "Something hurts my breast. I think I will drink the other way." She drank through the fundament, and said, "It still hurts; I think you had better step on my abdomen." She lay down, and the girl jumped on her abdomen and killed her.

Then the girl built a large fire and hung the baby on her back. She was going to jump into the fire and kill herself and the infant, grieving for her husband.

But over the edge of the hill peered Kamúkam'ts. He saw the young woman preparing to kill herself and the child. He threw his maul and struck the sticks that supported the baby on its mother's back, and the rebound of the resilient sticks threw the infant over its mother's head to the opposite side of the fire; but the woman herself fell into the fire and was consumed.

Kamúkam'ts placed the infant inside his cheek, but the weight drew his head down to one side. He put it inside his elbow, but it dragged down his arm. Then he placed it in his knee-cap, and with difficulty he hobbled home to his daughter. He said: "Katísna [an obsolete name for daughter], I wish you would remove this sickness from my knee. I have a boil. Cut it open."

She cut it open, and said, " I see a little hair."

"Bring a small deerskin," he directed.

When she brought the skin, there was an infant waiting to be wrapped in it. The baby cried. He said, "Do not cry, Tewalshéke." But it only wailed the more. "Do not cry, Slokspanáke." Still it would not stop. "Then I will give you another name, Aíssik [diminutive of Aíssis, 'concealed']." And the child was content.

Aíssis grew rapidly. In all games he was invincible. He grew to manhood, and had six wives: Tóhos [mudhen], Kálitis [a crane], Stókoa [a small fish], Chéchilkespéas [a small bird], Qáuks [duck], and Skóoks [tick]. In the house Kamúkam'ts lay on one side of the fire and on the other side was Stókoa. He liked her better than any other. He placed his eyes in the back of his neck, and caused a spark to fly out to the edge of her blanket. She jerked it away, and he saw that she had a large vulva. He was pleased.

He said to Aíssis, "I wish you would come with me and climb a tree to get a young eagle for me." So they went to the eagle's nest. He said, "When I climb, I always remove my clothing." So Aíssis threw off his clothes and climbed the tree. But Kamúkam'ts caused it to grow taller and taller. Then he put on the clothing of Aíssis and made himself look like the young man. He returned and lay down with Stókoa.

Aíssis kept climbing and the tree kept growing, until he was far up in the sky. He became very thin, having nothing to eat. The two Butterfly sisters [Wákoak] flew into the sky, carrying a basket of their food and clothing, which they brought to the eagle's nest. Aíssis was nearly dead. They offered the juice of camas, but at first he could not take it. He drank a little and revived. They gave him other food, and dressed him in their deerskin clothing.

Kamúkam'ts slept only with Stókoa. One day Qáuks complained: *"Wa wa wa wa!* Aíssis does not love me!" Far up in the sky Aíssis heard her. The Butterflies carried him down in their basket and landed at Pítswa [a depression in Landsley valley with a deep spring], where he remained five days, being unable to walk. He directed the Butterflies to cut a staff, saying that he wished to try to walk: for whenever the Butterflies went out to dig roots, five Porcupines would come and dance around the fire, singing, *"Náltsam kanilélkeket* ['we want somebody to kill us']*!* " So with his staff Aíssis killed them. He removed the quills and made ornaments of them, and the flesh he

roasted. "What is this meat?" the Butterflies asked that night. But he would not tell. He asked them to make cord for five days; he wished to string his quills.

He was constantly hearing his wife Chéchilkespéas crying. He said to the Butterflies that he must go to see about it. When he returned, he brought with him Chéchilkespéas and her sort, as well as Tóhos, Kálitis, and Skóoks. So now again he had six wives, and there were quill necklaces for all. Kálitis, having a long neck, received the most.

Aíssis built a large fire and said to his son: "Your grandfather is coming to visit us. When you play with him, try to get hold of his heart and throw it into the fire."

Soon came Kamúkam'ts to visit his son. As he played with his grandson, the little boy would take hold of the old man's heart, which hung like a bag beneath his throat. The old man would caution: "Do not touch that! That is my *kaks."* He would not admit that it was his heart. But after a while the boy found a good opportunity and tore off the heart and threw it into the fire. Then Kamúkam'ts died and went up into the sky. He covered the sky with pitch, intending that it should drip down on the earth and kill his son and his daughters-in-law; but Aíssis with three large stones built a shelter for himself and his family. He warned his wives not to look out, yet Tóhos was curious, and some of the pitch dripped on her nose and made it black. Kálitis also looked out, and the back of her head was blackened. But Aíssis cut off the pitch before it could harden, and now the crane's head is bald. For a long time the pitch came hissing down upon the earth, but they were not harmed.

WHY THERE ARE NO FISH IN CRATER LAKE[41]

Láu had two daughters, and all the various kinds of fish in Kíwas [Crater lake] were his children. Skal [marten], with his wife Skóoks [tick] and his younger brother Cháskai [Weasel], lived at Yámsi [a mountain east of Klamath marsh].

Láu was hungry. He wished to have somebody to eat. He sent his daughter to Yámsi, and she concealed herself in the spring. Skal was

41 Narrated by Long Wilson (S'máusis), Éuks-kni Klamath.

hunting, and his bowstring broke. He said, "Somebody has come to my house." He returned home and sent his brother to the spring for water. He knew that the woman was there. Cháskai saw her, and the woman said, "You cannot have water."

"Skal sent me for water," he replied.

"Well, you cannot have it, unless Skal wrestles with me."

He returned to the house, but Skal sent him back. Still the woman said: "You cannot have water. I will show you what kind of woman I am." She spat, and her spittle was beads. These Cháskai took to Skal, to show what kind of woman this was.

"She wishes to kill my husband," said Skóoks. "That is why she wants to wrestle. But I am the same kind of woman." And she spat out beads.

Then Cháskai said, "You too are a good woman." He picked up the beads.

When it was dark, the woman came from the spring to the house. She feared Cháskai, and by her power made him sleep. But Skóoks knew her design and wrapped her husband in five deerskins, and Skal concealed his heart under his toe-nail. Now in the night came the daughter of Láu. A sharp, slender bone she thrust repeatedly through the five deerskins, searching for the heart of Skal. She was lying beside him, pretending to sleep. But Skal took his long knife and pushed it through her body, and it broke. Then Skóoks tried to waken Cháskai, bumping his head on the floor. But she could not. She ran over and tried to drag the woman away from Skal.

About dawn the woman succeeded in finding the heart of Skal under his toe-nail, and she thrust her bone needle through it and carried his body away to the lake. But she had replaced the heart, and as she carried him along he came to life. At the western side of the lake he said, "You had better sit here and rest." He stroked her long hair, and suddenly cut off her head with the broken knife. Then he dismembered the body and cast the pieces into the water, saying, "Here is the leg of Skal, here is the arm of Skal." And the children of Láu ate the flesh of their sister.

Kóye [crawfish] came out of the water and crawled up the hill to see if Skal really were dead. He was going to get some of the blood and bring him back to life: for he was cousin to Skal as well as to Láu. But Skal said: "I am still living. I am killing this Láu. You had better

go back into the water." So Kóye turned back to the lake. Then finally Skal threw the woman's head into the water and shouted: "Here is the head of the daughter of Láu!" He ran toward Yámsi.

As he ran he saw a pretty red stick in the trail. He picked it up. It began to eat the flesh of his hand; but with his knife he scraped it off and hurried on. Many beautiful things he saw in the trail, but he touched no more of them, knowing that Láu was placing them there to destroy him. So he reached home safely.

He went to hunt deer, and again his bowstring broke. Another daughter of Láu was in the spring. She was blind in one eye. As before, he sent Cháskai for water. She said, "You cannot have water unless Skal wrestles with me."

"Go back and tell her that if she will let you have water, I will wrestle," said Skal. So Cháskai got the water, and then Skal went to the spring. At the back of his neck hung his long knife. He wrestled with the one-eyed woman, and she threw him down into the water. Instantly a thick coat of ice covered the surface. But Skal broke through the ice with his long knife and came out. Again they wrestled, with the same result. Repeatedly the woman threw him into the water and formed ice above him, but always he broke through. At last she thrust a bone needle into his heart. She removed the organ from his chest and carried it to Kíwas, and there at the east side of the lake the children of Láu played ball with the heart, in the very place from which Skal had thrown the head of the other woman.

Now Cháskai secured the aid of all those who could fly or run swiftly. He also called for Kamúkam'ts. With all these he went to Kíwas to challenge the people. Kamúkam'ts carried Cháskai concealed in his arm. The game began. From the starting point the people of Yámsi carried the heart halfway around the long oval space, and there the children of Láu took it and carried it on to the starting point, where the others received it again. Thus they carried the heart four times around the playground, but the last time Cháskai and his people did not stop but ran straight on toward Yámsi. The others cried out, "They have stolen the heart of Skal! They gave chase, and the one-eyed daughter of Láu ran out and joined them. She did not know that Cháskai was there, else she would not have joined in the pursuit; for she knew that he had power to kill her. When she ran up close, Cháskai vented wind five times, and she fell dead. But soon she came

to life and resumed the chase. Kamúkam'ts was hobbling along as best he could, but he was very slow and the woman was overtaking him. He caused the weather to turn very cold, and he set fire to a stump. When she came to it, she stopped to warm herself, and again Cháskai vented wind, and she fell dead. They ran on, and when she came to life and again approached them, Kamúkam'ts threw behind him a tump-line, which became a broad river with steep cliffs on both sides. This delayed her a long time, but still she caught up with them. Then Kamúkam'ts caused Dove to call, "O . . . *o* . . . *o* . . . *!*" It sounded so far away that the woman said to her companions, "They are so far now that it is useless to pursue them farther." So they gave up the chase.

Relieving one another of the burden, the people at last brought the heart of Skal to Yámsi. Crane the last to carry it, placed it back in the body, and Skal at once came to life.

The children of Láu had remained so long out of the water in the pursuit that they perished, and thereafter there were no fish in the lake. Láu however still lives in the water of Kíwas. He goes on four feet and has a long, black, tailless body. When new people were created and the old ones were turned into animals, Skal became a marten and Cháskai a weasel.