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MUSÉE NATIONAL
DE L'HOMME
COLLECTION MERCURE

CANADIAN ETHNOLOGY SERVICE
PAPER No.57

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DOSSIER No.57

ATHAPASKAN WOMEN: Lives and Legends

JULIE CRUIKSHANK

NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF CANADA MUSÉES NATIONAUX DU CANADA

OTTAWA 1979

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ABSTRACT

Individual booklets of personal and family history and legends were prepared for seven Athapaskan Indian women living in the Yukon Territory. The report presents a discussion of the aims of the project, excerpts from biographies illustrating changes in the lives of Athapaskan women in the 20th century, and legends told by older women. Emphasis is on organization and presentation of data from individual biographies rather than on detailed analysis. Materials presented in this way may be of value to others interested in Athapaskan culture change and to students of comparative mythology.

RESUME

Sept livrets ont été préparés à partir de légendes et d'éléments biographiques recueillis auprès de sept Athabascanes habitant le Yukon. Le rapport étudie les buts du projet, donne des extraits des biographies pour illustrer les changements survenus dans la vie des Athabascanes au XX^{e} siècle et présente des légendes reçues de femmes d'âge mûr. On s'attache surtout à l'organisation et la présentation des données tirées des biographies plutôt qu'au détail de l'analyse. Ce genre de documentation peut s'avérer utile à ceux qu'intéresse particulièrement la transformation culturelle des Athabascans ou la mythologie comparée.

Les personnes désireuses de recevoir en français de plus amples renseignements sur cette publication sont priées d'adresser leurs demandes à:

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Crow Stories by Angela Sidney and Kitty Smith

Smart Beaver Stories by Angela Sidney, Kitty Smith and Rachel Dawson

The Boy Who Stayed With Fish by Angela Sidney and Kitty Smith

The Man Who Stayed With Groundhog by Angela Sidney and Kitty Smith

The Dogrib Story by Angela Sidney

The Girl and the Grizzly by Angela Sidney

Sun Story by Angela Sidney

Star Husband by Angela Sidney and Kitty Smith

Good Luck Lady by Angela Sidney

Animal Mother by Angela Sidney and Kitty Smith

The First Potlatch by Kitty Smith and Rachel Dawson

The Woman Taken Away by Angela Sidney

The Girl With Two Husbands by Rachel Dawson

Kakasgook by Angela Sidney

The First Time They Know K'ochen by Kitty Smith

The Man In The Moon by Angela Sidney

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

"A person has really got to get down to learn all this. Like that book we made, the girls have read it, my oldest girl has read it over I don't know how many times, and my younger daughter has read it over and even took it to three or four other girls she knows. But the questions they ask, she doesn't know, so they had to come and ask me. This is why I like to do it now, so if they want to ask any questions, then I could tell them. Sooner or later they're going to need it. You never know what's going to happen tomorrow."

Athapaskan woman, age 45

PART I: INTRODUCTION

In September, 1975, the researcher undertook a contract with the National Museums of Canada. The contract stipulated that between September 1, 1975, and March 31, 1976, the researcher should record biographies of Athapaskan women between the ages of forty and eighty-five living in villages in the Yukon Territory and that she should submit a report by July 31, 1976.

This project originally began with a Canada Council Explorations Grant from October 1974 to March 1975 and funds from the National Museum of Man have made it possible to continue to work for another six months. Assistance from Canada Council is gratefully acknowledged as contributing to this report to the National Museum of Man.

This report includes:

(i) a discussion of the aims of the project and a description of work accomplished;
(ii) excerpts from biographies illustrating changing themes in the lives of several Athapaskan women in the Yukon Territory and comparing the lives of contemporary women with women's lives in the nineteenth century;
(iii) excerpts from biographies illustrating ways in which changing economic conditions have affected the lives of these women during the twentieth century;
(iv) versions of some Athapaskan legends told by older women.

Because women who began work on this project in 1974-75 continued in 1975-76, it is not strictly possible to separate work funded by Canada Council from work funded by the National Museum. Editing each woman's booklet involved organizing materials collected over a period of a year and a half, and, consequently, materials overlapped.

AIMS OF THE PROJECT AND WORK ACCOMPLISHED

During the course of this project, I have attempted to record detailed

life histories of older Native women living in the Yukon, in order to record their perceptions of how their lives have changed. The aim of the project has been threefold:

(i) the major aim of the project has been to record life histories in a form which these women and their families can use--in each case, their own history booklet;
(ii) a secondary aim has been to record aspects of history and mythology from the viewpoint of Athapaskan women, and
(iii) to provide some insight into the impact of twentieth century "northern development" on the day-to-day lives of families who have lived in the Yukon for generations.

Because my main goal has been to produce an individual booklet for each woman containing her own personal history, it is worth taking some time to discuss this method.

I have recorded booklets ranging in length from twenty to one hundred and twenty pages for seven women from three generations--in their forties, in their late sixties and early seventies, and in their eighties. Booklets were prepared for one Tagish women in her seventies, one southern Tutchone woman in her eighties, one Tutchone woman in her seventies, one Kutchin woman in her sixties who moved away from home and came to the southern Yukon many years ago, two Han women--one in her sixties and one in her eighties, and one woman of Tagish and Tlingit descent who was raised in Tutchone territory.[1] Work was also begun with two other southern Tutchone women.

These women see real value in recording their life histories, their knowledge and their memories for their children and grandchildren. In some cases grandchildren have become very interested in the project and sit with us while we are working. Women in their seventies and eighties have continued to be particularly interested in recording booklets partly because early life events are sufficiently distant that they can be discussed candidly, partly because the "old people" are seen by everyone as the people with "important" things to tell, and partly because many older women feel that people do not have time to listen to them talk about the old ways and want to write their own book.

In each case, our understanding has been that the material belongs to the individual woman. Each has different ideas about how it should be used. Some regard it as completely confidential, for family members only, and to respect their wishes I have not included their names in the text, nor have I quoted any of their personal family history. Most women separate "private" material for family members from historical materials or legends which they wish to be more broadly distributed. For example, with the help of the Yukon Native Brotherhood's Education Director in 1975, one woman's legends were typed on stencils and duplicated; she was then able to sell copies of her own booklet of legends. More recently, in 1976, the Yukon Indian News (an Indian newspaper distributed throughout the Yukon) has agreed to pay older Indian people a nominal fee for legends and several of the older women I worked with have selected legends they would like to see reprinted for distribution.[2] In Section IV of the report, then, legends are attributed to the women who told them, because they would want their names with their version.

There have been many advantages to working in this kind of partnership with women. We have paid careful attention to detail because my edited notes (edited only for sequence, not for grammar or content) become their booklets and consequently they can check for errors or omissions. We usually check the notes at least once before typing and then the women study the booklets later, frequently finding more to add. Consequently some of the booklets have been reworked two or three times, and this becomes a very time consuming but self-correcting process.

Always, I have followed the direction provided by each woman in defining the aspects of her life she wants recorded. Some stress personal history--particularly how their lives differ from their mothers' lives. Some stress technical knowledge of the environment--medicine, food preparation techniques, survival skills. Some stress secular events; others want supernatural events recorded.

Following such directions has interesting consequences. Perhaps the most unexpected from my point of view has been the shift in emphasis to mythology. Initially I was explicitly interested in secular events: changes which accompanied the gold rush, the fur trade, the building of the Alaska Highway. While older women seemed to enjoy discussing such things for awhile, they quite firmly shifted the emphasis to "more important" events they wanted me to record: those described in legend and myth. Subsequently my own interest has shifted in this direction, and the final section of the manuscript includes versions of specific legends and preliminary examination of some of the themes. I have made no real analysis of these legends yet because I do not presently have access to standard works on myth. I intend to continue this work with women who want legends recorded.

As a method, I feel that the preparation of booklets, has been a significant and worthwhile part of the research. It is particularly appropriate in the present day context where people are legitimately concerned about being exploited. It is economically feasible in a situation where some organizations pay informants $6.00 an hour, a rate I am presently unable to match. Instead, women are producing and receiving something which they seem to consider as valuable as cash. It is socially worthwhile in the present context where a lot of older Indian people feel that the knowledge they have is not really understood by the younger generation. In fact, with the increasing interest young people are developing in their cultural heritage, these booklets may provide some base from which they can begin to learn from their own grandparents. Finally, many of these women have been interviewed before, but only occasionally do they see any concrete results of their work. The booklets seem to please them.

The process of recording, checking, typing, rechecking, editing, organizing, duplicating and distributing the booklets is indeed time consuming (and expensive, because of duplication costs). But the women consider the end product their own work--something which they have produced--rather than someone else's work which takes up their time. Consequently, the process has been worthwhile for all of us.

The materials in this report do not provide a comprehensive or complete picture and they are sometimes uneven. This is partly because they were collected as different segments with different purposes for different women.

Each booklet describes one woman's view of her life *as she wants it recorded for her family*, and it reflects her emphasis, her biases, and her interests. The paper includes a summary of some themes, and excerpts from some of those biographies. It excludes materials which readily identify the speaker, except in the case of legends which older women, particularly, consider their own and want acknowledged. The paper is highly descriptive so as to give the flavour of individual life histories without violating confidentiality. From such material it is hard to generalize; in fact, the biographies tend to emphasize the uniqueness of twentieth century experiences over three generations.

Hopefully, though, these accounts do provide some general themes and some specific data which may be useful for other Athapaskan researchers and for individuals in the Yukon interested in local Indian history and legends.

PART II: CHANGING THEMES IN THE LIVES OF ATHAPASKAN WOMEN IN THE YUKON[3]

Early ethnographies from the area now known as the Yukon give only cursory descriptions of women's lives and roles. The Athapaskans of this area were hunters and fishermen who occupied and adapted to a subarctic environment, an extremely difficult place for human survival. Plant and animal resources varied cyclically, so families covered large areas of land each year to obtain necessary food and shelter. They were divided into matrilineal moieties, Wolf and Crow, and moiety rules clearly prescribed appropriate social behavior throughout one's life.

Women had a vital economic role to play in this society. They hunted small game, learned the location of berry grounds, fished, helped preserve meat brought to camp by men, made warm clothing from the skins of game animals, helped build shelters, made cooking utensils and other equipment, looked after the camp, cared for and raised the children, and so on. Their work was steady and unrelenting, but it was shared with other women in the camp unlike the more solitary work of men.

Life cycles of western Athapaskan women followed a fairly consistent pattern. During pregnancy and after birth, women observed food taboos. Young children were encouraged to copy parents and by the age of seven or eight a little girl was helping her mother, learning to sew, carrying wood and water. Young girls observed a series of food taboos from an early age.

At puberty, girls were secluded for a period ranging from a month to a year and they were given detailed instruction about the appropriate behavior for women. Limits were placed on their movement; special clothing was worn; they worked constantly. Under instruction from older maternal relatives, a woman was prepared for her ideal role as a hard working, obedient, passive individual (McClellan 1975:342).

Marriage, following soon after seclusion ended, was arranged by parents. A young woman was considered marriageable as soon as she had mastered the skills she would need to manage her own household.

The remainder of this section examines themes in the lives of contemporary women which could be compared with earlier descriptions from standard ethnographic works: childhood, puberty, marriage, women's work, and so on. It relies heavily on verbatim or slightly abridged sections from different women's biographies.

The following section (Part III) looks at women's accounts of recent historical events in the Yukon and the process of change: goldrush, the Alaska Highway, changing patterns of employment, and so on. In the final section (Part IV) various myths and legends told by women are recorded and some preliminary analysis of these myths is made. This part of the project will continue after the National Museum contract has ended.

CHILDHOOD

Descriptions women give of their own childhood stress the self-reliance

which was required of them, how they learned essentially by copying adults, and how important they considered their help to adults. The following statements from different women in their sixties, seventies and eighties are typical:

> "When I was a kid about seven I had to pack wood and water. Feed dogs for my grandpa. My mother had six dogs. Grandpa had three big ones."

> "The first time I make moccasins, I do it on my own. One man tease me 'Make me moccasins.' He tease me, thinks I can't. I do it anyway to surprise him. He sure is pleased. Even when I'm a child I have sense to look after myself.
> Everything I try myself, watch people, copy, do pretty good. I clean skin, make babiche, make moccasins, set snare, everything."

> "(When I was a kid) I just help my Mom. Get water and stuff like that. And if my Daddy's out, we get wood. Us kids just like play you know, we saw wood with little saw. One time I was walking around--there was a creek there, you know, well, lots of willows--great big willows. I just break them out, some of them. I guess I had axe. I took sleigh too, got dry willows for wood. Just break them out. Boy, I had that sled loaded. And you know one little boy, here he came to me. He say, 'Why you got lost? Everybody's looking for you,' he tell me.
> I say, 'What for?'
> 'Well, they thought you got lost.'
> Anyway he help me push the sleigh. Here my sleigh was just loaded with willow. And then my brothers they went with me and got another load. Hard to get wood there. High mountains way up.
> Sometime I hunt just for fun I guess. Trap gopher with snare. I didn't really have to wrestle for anything though; my brother did, so he went with my father."

> "When I'm a kid, I wash dishes. Mom tell me how. I'm that small have to stand on chair to wipe table.

> "All the time I watch Mom cut fish, play around fish camp where we dry fish, live in tent. My mother, me, my sister used to go on island, pick highbush cranberries. My dad and boys look after nets, bring home fish."

> "I didn't have to go away to school. Stayed and learned from my parents. Learned all kinds of things - cooking, sewing, hunting, trapping. People who went to school all have to use book to do anything."

A Southern Tutchone woman in her eighties gave an example of how a grandchild was expected to help grandparents:

> "_____ was an old woman when I'm a little girl. We help her, me and my half sister. She had a cane, stick. We want to use it.
>
> "'Don't touch that my grandchild,' she say, call that stick grandchild. 'You always take my grandchild.' That stick do everything for her, you know, that stick. To get something she do it that way (indicating pulling with a stick) that's why she call that stick 'grandchild'.
>
> "'Don't take that my grandchild. You fellows lose my grandchild. When I want, I get that way (uses stick as a hook). He work for me, that's why I call him grandchild.'"

Some women describe events in their childhood in a form structurally similar to legends they tell, even giving the event a title, as in "The Time I Met Russians" below. The events this woman described would have occurred about 1910, a decade after the goldrush, and her encounter could have been with people of any nationality: it is interesting that she remembers them being dressed in turbans, identifies them as Russians, and gives the account a title.

> "The Time I Met Russians."
>
> "One time when I'm a little kid, we're camped. I'm pretty young, still crazy yet. My grandpa was trapping. I was playing. I ask grandpa to make me a little toboggan. We're camped near a road which connects to the Whitepass Road near our trapping ground.
>
> "I'm playing with my toboggan and hear people talking. Seven of them came in sight wearing turbans. Maybe they're Russians? Maybe they're Hindus I think.
>
> "I had on my caribou pants, feet sewn right in. I look like Eskimo doll, I guess. When they come in sight, I holler, 'Hello, hello.'
>
> "My mother almost kill me. 'You know they could kill people. You crazy! Why you holler out to Whiteman? Go with them if you want.'
>
> "'Wawa,' they say. They want water.
>
> "So I take them to camp, make water for them. Grandma is scared. I got snow, melt it. Make water, cool it. They take out five cents, ten cents for me.

> "Mother tell me, 'Go behind. See that they go away. Watch them go out of sight.' Then I show her the money.
>
> "'That's no good, that tin money. We don't use it,' she tell me. So I threw it away in the snow. Probably buried by now.
>
> "Two weeks later she ask me, 'Where is it?' I told her I threw it away. She was sorry then. Maybe we could use that money now."

Quite apart from the events discussed here, the narrative structure is similar to some Athapaskan legends and it is interesting to hear this form being used to describe events in one's own lifetime--the child approaching strangers when adults are afraid to, the child helping strangers who need assistance, payment in money which is then thrown away and later hunted when the value is recognized, etc.

Although ethnographers frequently mention that special significance was attached to a boy's first hunting success, two women, one in her eighties and one in her seventies, described parties held when each captured her first small game:

> "When snow goes away, my mother hunt gopher. When there's first gopher, he's nice and fat. I wanted to trap too. I'm too young though, I guess. Went out a little way and got one big fat gopher myself. She clean it for me.
>
> "Long time ago, first animal is first potlatch. Give away lots to other people. Mother want to give me party. She clean, cut, dry, give that gopher to older people. I say nothing. She clean gopher good. Then she got whole bunch herself, maybe three hundred. She made donuts and potatoes. I was eight or nine that time.
>
> "Everyone is invited. She got cloth and rolls of calico, gave three yards to everyone.
>
> "That party is different from potlatch--Crow and Wolf all mixed up. Just to make people respect you is why they make this party. It's the same kind of party for boy or girl. If boy gets moose, they make moose party. I kill gopher, so they give me gopher party."

And another woman:

> "When little children kill animal, fish, they make little party. When people make dry fish they split it, remove backbone, cut skin off forehead. They sew fish-head to main body. When I'm child, I see that. I copy them. I got ten little fish. I play with them. I never think. The old people told me they wanted those fish. They keep it.

"'Why don't you folks eat it?' I ask them. They just keep it.

"Then Christmastime they make little party with my fish and everything else in cache—dry fish, meat, everything.

"*When they do that, it's just like pay for child to grow up lucky.*" (My emphasis)

The most detailed account of childrearing comes from a younger woman, born in 1930 and raised in the bush far from school. Again, her account stresses self-reliance but she points out that by the 1930s things were changing; for example, she and her brother were both being raised in similar ways to learn survival techniques rather than specific male or female roles. Her father decided that she would have to teach her own boys certain things, so must learn herself. Her childhood, in a remote part of the Yukon, was interspersed with reports of the Second World War on the radio, epidemics brought by early pipeline and road building, and other signs of "development" in the North.

"When I was a kid, they brought boys and girls up the same. They teach us to hunt, live off the land. They show us what to use. Mom and Daddy did that for my older brother and me only. We know more than my sisters because they went to school. All these things are still important to know. Now I know why my father said, 'You've got to learn these things. Some day you'll need them.' He always said, 'Never forget what I teach you, and teach your own kids.'

"I started hunting when I was six or seven. Learned to snare muskrat, and to snare beaver under water. Kids now don't know any of these things. If you tell them to set beaver snare they probably look for a place above water! Rats we used to snare too. We come home all soaking wet all the time when we're kids.

"Fish we snare the same way. You have to catch them behind the gills. You use moose sinew to make fish snare.

"For gopher, we sometimes use eagle feather snare. For rabbit, sinew or eagle feather, but it has to be on a spring pole; otherwise they chew the snare off.

"When we're kids, we go hunting with a dog. We go for gophers, grouse, porcupine. Come home 10 - 11 o'clock at night. Some kids now are afraid of dark. If it's late, we make a fire, camp. If something is wrong, Mom and Dad know the dog would head home, so they're not worried.

"I learned to sew moccasins when I was eight. Mom made

me start over again if I made a mistake. I watch her tan skin--cut hair, flesh, wash, hang. Dry it and smoke it with rotten wood. Soak in brain water for two or three days, then start to tan.

"When kids are about seven, eight years old you can dope them up. Sometimes they do it too when kids are just born. If you dope them with caribou eye, they have strong eyes. With salmon tail, that makes them strong. Beaver paw will make a girl smart and will make her work like a beaver. Beaver tail makes a boy strong. If you dope a kid with ant wood--wood that ants chew--it will make him busy. Grizzly paw makes a kid mean and strong, a real fighter. You dope girls up with pups, put them head first down the back of their shirt. Then they have easy birth.

"Generally you just rub it on their hands to dope them up.

"There are lots of things young girls are not supposed to eat. They can't eat porcupine tail, or they won't be able to run; they'll get pain in their side when they run. After you're maybe twenty or twenty-one, it's all right to eat it though. And never eat porcupine's foot when you're a young girl, or else your children will walk pigeon-toed.

"A young girl should not eat the part of moose stomach we call 'mitts', shaped like mitts. If you do, you'll have a hard time to have your baby.

"And you're not supposed to drink moose milk when you're a young girl. Because when you have a child, your milk is not going to fill up quick. That's because moose feed their babies for a couple of months and then they go dry, and you'll go the same way. After you're about twenty, though, it's all right to drink it.

"Girls are not supposed to use bow or arrow or slingshot when they're young, because it's boys' ammunition and a girl's place is in the home, so they should be trained for home life, not to be out shooting arrows and running around in the bush and stuff like that with young boys. But, of course, when Dad brought us up he taught me to use them because he says to Mom, 'Well, they're going to need it sooner or later and she's going to have to teach her own kids.'

"A girl is not supposed to step over a dog, a male dog, because a dog is like a man and girls menstrate, so you're not supposed to step over a male dog. And a girl is not supposed to step over her brothers when she

> is menstrating, or wash her clothes with boys'. It takes the boy's strength away, especially when he's maturing.
>
> "A girl is not supposed to step over a grizzly pile. You're to go round it. Because you have to respect him. He respects you. You're not to say anything to that pile, or against grizzly, because they don't cook their food. That's the story I told you about. (see McClellan, 1970a)
>
> "That's the way we were brought up: Dad used to tell us a story and Mom used to tell us a story.
>
> "Girls are not supposed to handle mink or otter. It's a boy's place to handle them.
>
> "It's a young girl's place to sew moccasins and things. They should sit and sew and figure out in their head what has to be done, because some day they're going to need that. There's not going to be machinery around to tell you how to cut it. It took me one week to fix one pair of moccasins for myself when I learned and I was eight years old.
>
> "Snowshoes and stuff, that's boys' work. It's not for girls to make a snowshoe, but mind you I can make a snowshoe because I watch Daddy a lot and he always showed me how. Always, he said, 'Just in case you need it, you do it this way. But it's a boy's job to do that.'
>
> "A woman's job is to make skins, clean skins, dry meat, make sinew, make clothes, whatever clothes has to be made."

A woman in her eighties, expressing her bewilderment at contemporary childrearing methods, expressed feelings shared by all these women:

> "In the early days we learn from our grandmothers. They tell a story and we listen all the time. Now we try to teach our kids. We talk to them about what is right. We remember what our people say. Now kids get too much movies, T.V., all kinds of things. Don't learn language, don't learn things. Try to be Whiteman. This is no good."

Residential schools significantly changed childrearing practices in the Yukon. Most of these women spent at least a year at the residential school at Carcross, started at the turn of the Century in the Southern Yukon by the Anglican Bishop Bompas:

> "I had to go away to Carcross school when I was ten. I went to that school for six years, until I was sixteen.

> The Bishop told them to send us. My mother doesn't mind too much because she knows us kids need education. Kids from all over the Yukon at that school: Old Crow, Carmacks, Mayo, Kluane, Selkirk--all over...
>
> "We couldn't speak our language there. They got mad at us when we talk our language. They used to tell us we wouldn't learn if we speak Indian. That's crazy, I think. Now they try to teach those kids to speak their language. Can't do it now, I don't think. Those kids get too old to learn.
>
> "At home, we didn't speak English much. Everyone talk Indian those days. I understand a bit of English when I start school--can't speak it though. I learn to hear it from listening to white people at the trading post.
>
> "Those days we never get home in summer. Cost too much, I guess. They can't afford it. My third year I went home in August. My mother pay for it. Then I came back to school. Government pretty cheap those days.
>
> "When I came back after school to cook for them, my sister was just a little fat baby. That's the time she said to my mother, 'What you let that white lady eat all our rabbit for?' She thinks I'm white lady because I've been to school. I was sixteen then."

More frequently, women tell how their parents took them out of residential school after a short time:

> "I went to Chooutla School twice before I stayed there for good. Even then we didn't stay there for very long because my father took us out of school when I was ten. That was because my sister died there, so my father blamed the school. He took my brother and me out of school. After that, my father never allowed me to have pencil and paper. He thought I would write to boys, I guess.
>
> "That's the time we only went to school four hours a day. Before grade four, go to school in morning. After grade four, go to school in afternoon. Not me though. I just went to second reader. The rest of the time we pack wood, pack water, sew patches, darn socks. Things like that.
>
> "When we got back home we go around in the bush with our family. My brother's always with my father that time. Me, I learn to make skin, set rabbit snares then."

And another woman in her eighties:

"I started school too, but we fight too much. That's why my daddy get mad.

"'Well, get off!' he say. 'We live before, didn't read. We don't go to school. We living.' That's what he said.

"I didn't go to school long, but I learn lots of things."

NAMING

The first significant party given for a child came when he or she was named the first time. Women say that an individual could receive a number of names during a lifetime, several during childhood. Appropriate occasions for a naming may have varied somewhat from place to place.

Along the Yukon River, a party was given when a baby was born. Everyone was given tea, bannock, boiled meat, beans, a generous feast. A baby could receive his or her first name at that time.

Among Tagish people:

"Some women have two names. They get one when they are a baby and another when they make potlatch for her brother. When you give a child a name, you can only use a name of someone related to you. Every Nation has its own group of names and you have to use the right name. Sometimes a baby is given a wrong name. That causes fights."

A Southern Tutchone woman, born before the turn of the Century and raised in an area where there was considerable contact with Tlingit Indians, has many names and explained how she got some of her names during her childhood:

"My name is *Tadlerma'*. Me, I got lots of names. They make big potlatch, big money potlatch, your mama's people, and they call you something. I'm a little girl that time.

"Down in Klukwan (Tlingit village) when I'm a baby, I got a name. They call me my name there. This Yukon I got name too. You see that Takhini? (River) You see this side of that mountain? (by the River) That belong to Indian, that one. They claim it. *KeduXhiX*. That's my name too, means 'Get lost' Indian way. My Klukwan name is *GawèlKwútsh*. That's my name too. I got lots of names.

"At that potlatch, when they give you name, they're going to call you, 'Come on.' They're going to take you, put you on top of that stuff. You're going to sit down that way. Then they're going to go outside.

> "One old man, he do that to me. Big stuff piled up. Put me on top. Put button blanket on me. And they call me *Kò'dè tínà*. They put me outdoors. When they close that door, 'Dnnnn..' say that.
>
> "I got lots of names."

When whites came through the country, dispensing "Whiteman names" to Indians, people initially took them as another in a series of names. However, they soon found themselves recorded by these names permanently, first in church records and later in government records.

> "Those days white people just gave people any names. All brothers sometimes had different names. They sure mix things up! My father had only one name, Isaac. His brother was named Jonathon Wood. Another brother is Walter Ben. Then there is Joe Susie from Alaska. His dad was a deckhand on the steamer Susie so he named that boy Susie after the boat. Later that Joseph Susie married a girl named Susie Joseph. She was Jonathon Wood's daughter.
>
> "Lots of missionaries gave names out from the Bible--Sarah and Isaac and Jonas and Eliza and Esau. The Bishop Bompas was a very religious man. He gave out those names."

PUBERTY[4]

Traditionally, puberty seclusion was the "school" in which training already begun during a girl's childhood was intensified. During this period a young woman was taught by older female relatives all the knowledge she needed to be an ideal "good woman," that is, a hardworking wife and mother. With the onset of menstration, she was taken away to a bush camp some distance from the main camp, given special clothing--a puberty hood or "bonnet," special work and special instruction. She remained there, away from all contact with men, for a period varying from a month to a year. She sat in a special position, ate in special ways, worked continuously, and under instruction took precautions which would prepare her for good health, hard work and appropriate behavior for the rest of her life.

Accounts from older women who experienced puberty seclusion during this century suggest that the traditional rigourous ceremonies for young women were being modified considerably by the early 1900s when children began to attend residential schools.

A woman in her eighties who is still very active underwent seclusion herself and described the experience:

> "When she's a woman that time, they put on her that hat made of caribou skin. Covered with little sticks, porcupine quills. Decorated.

"They make little place for her away from camp. No man there, just women. They teach them sew. Sew for everyone. You're going to be good at sewing then.

"Stay one month. High tone people sometimes two months. I got it too, old style like that. I sew for everyone--skin, gopher skin robe. My half-sister stay with me that time. That's why I'm old lady now (because I did that). I'm the last one, me.

"Not eat water. This means you'll be tough. Later drink water only through bone, not like this (indicating cup of tea). No fresh meat, so you be tough. No berries or your head shake.

"Around neck, wear necklace with two sticks, with bone shape like pencil. Can't scratch your head except with that pencil bone or hair fall out.

"Schoolgirls--who know this! I could fix them, me."

A woman born and raised in the Central Yukon, now in her seventies, was in residential school when she was young and did not actually undergo seclusion herself. She was instructed carefully by her mother, though, and gave a detailed description of the laws governing young women:

"I learned the laws before I start to school. My mother explain things to me.

"The first time a girl gets her monthly sickness she has to go away from camp by herself--anywhere a long way from home. Her mother and grandmother train her for this.

"She has to wear a long moosehide cap--made of whole moose skin. They sit it at the back and pull out the front straight so she has to look straight ahead. Then tie it in two places.

"She has to sit squatted--they train her for this--she can't stretch her legs straight out in front of her. She has to stay here maybe two weeks. Every day her mother visits. Her mother and grandmother take turns training her. Her mothers tells her what to do and what things are bad luck. They don't train girls now and that's why they go like this; in those days they fix themselves, dope themselves up.

"The whole time the girl is away, she make moccasins--not just for her family but for everyone in camp.

"Her mother makes that hat she wear. Later they cut it down to small cap--like milk girl cap. She cuts up that skin that's left into pieces and makes moccasins

for everyone.

"The mother and grandmother teach them things--like how to eat so they don't eat too much when they get older. All the time that girl is away she is not to eat any fresh meat. Must be dry, old. If she eats fresh moose, they smoke it first for her. She mustn't eat berries. You know how berries are firm and fresh in spring and soft and old in August? If she eats berries, she becomes like that when she is middle aged--weak and soft.

"They put crowskin under that moosecap so they won't turn grey later. You see old Indian lady with black hair, you know she's been fixed up right when she's young girl.

"They mustn't ever scratch their head with their bare fingers.

"They must rub their teeth with small stone every morning so they have good teeth all their life.

"They have to pluck swan to get the softest neck feathers. Then they save these soft feathers and every morning after they wash they rub their faces with those feathers. Their skin will be light. Some people see old ladies who are light and they think they are half breed--they're not, they just fix themselves good.

"They do something for eyes too. I can't remember. I think it has to do with moose eyes.

"I'm in school these days so I don't go away like that, but my mother told me things I shouldn't do that first time, so I try to keep the law.

"A girl stays like this maybe two weeks and then they bring her back closer to camp. After that she has to hide in her own small tent. During day she stays in that tent. Only at night time she comes out for a while but someone is always with her. She stays like that for quite awhile.

"When the girl gets better they make party for her. Everybody eat and dance because she is finished with her training. It's not like a potlatch--more like a party. Everybody mixes up."

The duration of seclusion seems to have shortened considerably by the time this woman was a girl. She remembers one woman, twenty years her senior, who was kept away for a full year, but says this was rare even then. The traditional elements - work, sewing, no fresh meat, the moose skin bonnet - are all mentioned, though a tent had begun to replace the brush shelter.

Because this woman learned details from her mother rather than from her own experience, it is likely that a good many other changes were occurring by the time she was an adolescent. Some of these changes can be most clearly identified in the next account, describing seclusion in the second decade of this century.

> "They put me away when I first got like that. My mother told me 'don't hide it or it's bad luck. Tell right away.' They put me outside--away from camp. You have to wear a bonnet--mine was a fancy flannel blanket. It was going to have broadcloth. They had it all ready for me but they potlatched it away three years before. So they didn't get another one in time. They could have! They had time.
>
> "'When you get like that, don't come into camp,' they say. So that morning I wake up, something wrong. So I stay. They send someone to look for me. _____ came. 'What's the matter with you?' she asks me. She looks at me. 'Are you woman? Come home.'
>
> "I'm embarrassed--don't say anything. I'm shy. She went back to camp. Grandma came out, she checks me. Then she goes back to get things ready.
>
> "Mother came. She led me further away. I was away from camp, but not far enough away, I guess. Still too close to camp. She put me under a tree and left me. It takes time for them to get things ready.
>
> "All that day I didn't eat anything.
>
> "Next day they brought a new five by seven (foot) tent and put it over me. All that day, too, no food. For two days I didn't eat.
>
> "The third day that bonnet is ready. Somebody, I forget who, pack it out over stick, carry it to me. My brothers supposed to try to shoot it with bow and arrow. They do that. I don't know why.
>
> "I hear kids laughing. They come to where I'm sitting. They bring bonnet. Put tent over me. Then they give me water in a baking powder cap. Two times they give to me. They spill it on purpose. I'm not sure why they're supposed to do that.
>
> "Then little kids came. They gave me a dish of food. I take one bite, give it to kids. I have to do that so I won't be stingy with food when I'm older. Also it teaches me not to be hungry. That's why we never eat breakfast yet today. After those first two days they feed me two times a day, morning and evening.

"While you're there they teach you how to sew. Then they give you all you can do--the whole town gives you sewing. While there, you can't eat fresh meat, fish. They smoke it a little bit and dry. No fresh berries or it makes your menstration strong (painful) because berry juice is like blood.

"All that time you have to sit with your knees doubled up. That's to 'hold your family's life'. If you stretch your legs out, you shorten that life.

"You can't peek out from under that blanket. I had flannel. It's sure hot. This was springtime, May.

"You're not supposed to scratch your head. You're supposed to have a bone attached around your head, but they didn't do that to me. But they told me not to scratch that time.

"Your mother is supposed to help you, but my mother is sick so my mother's aunt help me. When that bonnet's on me she visit me once a day. One of the girls stay with me all the time.

"After awhile, they allow younger brothers to come and visit.

"We had to move camp when I was like that. We moved in June. I had to move and leave the bonnet over my head. I can't see anything. Mother leaves with me after everyone else leaves. Me last. When we got there I get out of the boat. Mother puts up tent for me, away from camp.

"After I came out of that then they gave that tent away. Sure bothers me. Mrs. _____ brought a moose shoulder for my father. 'We have no tent,' they say. So they gave it to them.

"When they take that bonnet off, you have to learn to do outside work. Me, I was only away two months because my mother wasn't well. Mrs. _____ was away for one year.

"They took off my bonnet after two months, my aunt took it off. She says, 'People don't believe in that now-adays. Times are going ahead.' She says to my mother, 'What foolishness. Why are you keeping her in jail when you're not well. You need help.'

"She took me back to camp and right away I began to cook for our family. I still have to eat dry stuff that time, just till that fall.

> "In the old days there would have been a party when I came back, but we had just two families at the camp then. Just my mother, my aunt, their families. I guess that dinner that night was sort of a party.
>
> "After I came back to camp they tell me and my brother we can't look at each other now or talk to each other. 'Why?' my brother say. 'You want me to be bad friends with my sister? She's my sister.' I can't talk to him until after I'm married."

By this time, a number of changes were occurring. Moose hide or caribou bonnets were replaced by other kinds of cloth. A tent replaced the brush camp. Younger brothers as well as younger sisters might visit. The scratching bone was not included. The training period was shortened, both because the girl's mother needed her help and because "times are going ahead."

A sixty-year-old woman from the Central Yukon who had attended school was much less sure of details than women ten years her senior, though she was very aware of the importance of seclusion. This woman's account shows the changing views of her contemporaries:

> "I heard about young girl becoming woman. When they got to be woman, put them away, teach them to live. Learn to sew, learn to work. They learn the ways of life—how to survive.
>
> "That school only taught us the life of white people.
>
> "The old way, when they put them away, taught them how to sew. They have to sew for everyone in the village. They can just eat certain food, I think, no berries. We didn't do that. That's before my time.
>
> "Just before my generation, they used to keep us home for a whole month. Everyone knows! All men know. It brings shame to a girl. Right after that they look for husband for her, get them married too, right away, olden days style.
>
> "My generation, we don't know much about old ways. These girls, my generation, they figure they go to school, live the life of white people, call old ways superstition. In Bible class, minister tell us 'Believe in Bible, not in old superstition.'"

A woman in her mid-forties lived in an isolated area some distance from schools. She was sent away from the camp to her own shelter as recently as the 1940s. She explained briefly:

> "My great grandmother died when she is over one hundred years old. No white hair. That is because she's trained right. Me, I had that training too. Spent two weeks away from camp. You have to take crowskin, pull

> out those crow feathers and weave in hair under that mooseskin cap. That's so your hair will stay black. Also can't eat rabbit leg, duck leg. My mother brought me just plain meat and I never have leg cramps. If I eat that rabbit leg, duck leg, that time I'd have cramps in my leg."

Puberty seclusion seems to represent a number of things to women who describe it. It was one time in a woman's life when attention was focussed on her as an individual. It was one time--perhaps the only time in her life--when she had an extended period of isolation from other people. It was one of the times when older women had a very clear instructional role.

This custom was gradually abandoned as compulsory schooling replaced home training and as changing opportunities for young women made such training impractical. Many older women express regret that training has been forgotten, leaving them with one less instructional role to fill.

MARRIAGE

Traditionally and well into this century, marriage was an alliance arranged by parents who took into consideration such criteria as moiety and clan rules, economic arrangements between groups, trading partnerships and so on. Very often, the decision might be made soon after the birth of a child that he or she would be a future marriage partner for someone else. Marriage, then, was an alliance between two kin groups rather than simply between two individuals.

> "In old fashioned days they used to choose their husband for their daughter. Parents did that. The old way parents judged him as he grew up. They figure good rustler, they choose him. Daughter has to be good rustler too--good wife, not silly. Has to sew, look after food, meat, dry fish, put food away, cook.
>
> "Sometimes people had fourteen kids. No birth control those days. Mother had thirteen children. She's married as soon as she becomes woman. Dad is much older than her. She don't know her girlhood, poor little girl...
>
> "You know old way, though, Crow has to marry Wolf and Wolf has to marry Crow. If Crow marries Crow or Wolf marries Wolf, it gives the tribe bad luck. Then they had to kill them, long time ago."

By early in this century, things were beginning to change. Moiety rules were still strong but an element of individual choice was entering into marriage alliances. Opportunities for economic independence gave women increased bargaining power.

One woman in her eighties, described how her first husband mistreated her and subsequently abandoned her. Later he decided he wanted her back.

"After he quit me, he want to get me back. I said, 'Go to hell. Don't come back no more.'

"I went to stay with grandma, at my uncle's house in Whitehorse.

"'You got no sense,' he tell me. 'Winter coming now.'

"'Well, you got lots of dried meat,' I tell him, 'gopher, everything.'

"'How you think you're going to sleep with no blanket?'

"'I'm going to sleep with Grandma.'

"'Well, you beat me,' he laugh.

"'So long my Grandmas living, I don't care. I'm going to sleep by my Grandma's back.'

"'What you do? You trapping? Which way you make money when you stay up here?' he tell me.

"'I'm trapping.'

"'Okay, I get two trap for you.'

"He get two trap for me. We go to Fish Lake. I shoot that time everything. I made $1800 trapping that winter with my Grandma."

As word of her trapping abilities spread she had other suitors and chose one she liked.

"My next husband is a good man. Not mean to me and never slap me. I get mad sometimes but he don't think about it, nothing. He die six years ago now. We're together since 1916."

Some women describe changes in marital arrangements by comparing grandparents with parents and then with themselves:

"That man I call my young grandfather, that's not my real grandfather, that's his nephew, his sister's son. When my grandfather died, they gave my young grandfather to my grandmother to look after her. They do that Indians. Like if something wrong with my old man, his people from his village would tell one of their boys, 'You go look after your grandpa's wife. Live with her. Look after her.' That's just what he did. He stayed with her just like he's married to her. In those days it's all decided who you're going to marry.

"My own father never stayed with us. He left when I

three months old after he fight with my mother. My mother went home to her father. Later she stayed with a whiteman for awhile. Later, when I was a kid she worked at a roadhouse, doing laundry. Later she remarry another Indian man. After that they both worked at that roadhouse.

"In those days, a girl's mother chooses her husband. If two people are to get married, their families decide. Then everybody in camp have a big meeting. If some disagree, they say. Just like now in church, if you don't think they should marry, you say that there, you don't complain later. Those people talk about it. One bunch not like it. The other bunch think it's okay and tell that first bunch to be quiet. Wolf and Crow, they argue like this.

"When people get married, we don't kick them out like white people. We bring them in here. If my daughter marries a man, he moves in here. I teach him to get meat, put up food. When they're trained, let them go.

"If Wolf and Wolf marry or if Crow and Crow marry people have no respect for their kids. Long time ago, they used to kill them if they broke the law.

"Those kind of marriages were faithful. I told my grandchildren--'You should let me choose husband or wife for you--don't fall in love like your white brother and sister or the person you marry may leave.' I tell those kids they are Wolf, because their mother is Wolf. These kids have to marry Crow, not Wolf.

"My mother didn't plan my marriage though. Me, I do like my white brother and sister! My husband and me, we know each other when we are kids. His father and mother came to our village one time, when we're just little kids. Later I met him again when I was seventeen.

"He was working on steamboat then. Later he writes me that he wants to marry me. We're married 1923.

"We stay with my people for five years. After mother die we go up to his people and stay with them. I had two children by then."

Even for women whose parents did arrange a marriage changes were occurring early in this century, at least partly because of the intrusion of the church.

"One summer, after I became a woman, my father sent for _____ (husband) to come and stay with us. He stayed with our family, helped to hunt meat, dry meat.

"Then my father talked to me, talked to him. Father says he don't want to make him work for two years like old days. Then he tell him if he like me, he can stay with me right away. Then they make big dinner for us. In the old way, his siter or his aunt is supposed to come to get me for dinner, but they're not here.

"By that time, I'm used to him. I go set net with him, hunt with him. So it's easy to stay with him.

"He stayed with us a whole year. He had his own tent. So I stayed with him there. When my brother comes back, they tell him, 'She stays with him now. That's your brother-in-law.'

"'That's okay,' my brother said. 'Everything we'll do together, half and half--sell meat, shoot, trap, hunt grub.'

"We could go alone if we want to, but we stayed with my family.

"I was married Indian way 1916. Then the school teacher found out I'm not married Whiteman way, in church. 'You're not married in God's eyes,' she told me. 'You have to be married in Church.'

"I tell her I don't know. I'm married Indian way. That's okay, we think. I tell her, 'Ask my old man. He's shy.' I'm shy too.

"When he's coming home that time, she meet him at the gate. Tell him he had to marry me Whiteman way. 'Indian way not good enough,' she tells him. She gets busy. Got him a suit--white linen. She makes me wear blouse and skirt. 'You got hat?' she asks me. I have one. She makes me wear it. She wants to know if I have a ring. 'Did he give you a ring?' He gave me one--his own ring--one time when we go to cache. Later someone stole that ring. So she gave me away. We got married twice.

"We went back to his people in 1919. They write to him all the time. 'Go,' my father tell him. I had only one child then. So we followed the trail back to his people."

The church also undertook to change some longstanding marriages of older people:

"The first missionaries who came through the Yukon were two priests. But nobody paid much attention to them. Don't remember their names. They're scared of Natives. Then Anglican missionaries came through. They got to

know people.

"You know how people sometimes had two wives? Minister say, that's wrong. Choose one, they say. Imagine that; live with two women all that time, have to choose one. That's hard, I think. How two women get along, I don't know. That other wife remarry though. Old people still get married then. Widow always remarry in my people. Sometimes she marry a younger man. It's like this. Say old lady's husband die, his relation marries her even if he's young. If she die, then they give him younger woman from her family."

One of the alternatives which became available during this century was that of marrying out of the whole system of clan and moiety obligations by marrying a whiteman. Reactions to this alternative varied from different women in different time periods. During the goldrush, a number of women had married incoming miners; some of them had been abandoned and returned home; others left and never came back. Speaking of her own mother shortly after the goldrush, one woman related:

"My mother stayed with a whiteman for awhile. Grandma kicked about that.

"'What good is a Whiteman?' she say. 'He won't get moose for you.'

"That man gave her a ring worth seven hundred dollars. It had seven diamonds. Then he left. Their baby died of measles when he's two years old.

"Then Mom was fishing one day, lost that ring in the river. She was real mad about that. It would have been a keepsake. That happened eighty years ago."

Another woman, in her eighties herself, encountered stern pressure from her grandmother when the subject of a "Whiteman husband" came up.

"That one Whiteman, the first one who owned car in Whitehorse, want to marry me, used to be that one. Grandma don't want no Whiteman husband. Her daughter marry Whiteman. Ten years she don't see her--gone to Dawson. That's why that kind she don't like it, Grandma. She die right here in Whitehorse, my auntie, that one staying in Dawson. Her husband work there. He don't come back. Grandma don't like them, Whitemen.

"'I don't like my grandchild marry Whiteman,' she said. 'No sir, not me.'

"'You know, he's rich man, that one,' they tell her.

"'I don't care, it's alright,' she said. 'That's my grandchild, that's all I got. If he take her away,

long way, I never see her again.'"

Some middle aged women talk nostalgically about women who did marry "rich" Whitemen and moved away:

> "_____'s daughter, that's the one married millionaire and lives in Seattle. He's dead now. She was smart to marry him. I was about seventeen when they got married. (approximately 1930)

> "He ran the store downriver—store, restaurant, everything. Might as well say he ran the town. He was an old man when he wanted to marry her. She didn't want to at first, wanted to marry a young man. My mother advised her, 'You should marry him. Don't look for young stuff. What good's that?' So she marry him. They had two children before he died. They say she's very rich now."

Many women aged sixty or younger were taking wage jobs by the time they were in their late teens. For some of them, it seemed practical to marry a Whiteman who could help provide a cash income.

> "When I was cooking, that's where I met my husband and his partner. They needed a cook. They paid me. I didn't know then he'd be my husband. I just went there to cook for them. Me, I'm after money then. I had to earn a living. Fall time came. He asked me to marry him. I said okay. How else can I make a living? That's why I married him. No welfare then. Like today, young girls get to sit around. Get nice house. Don't have to take honest job.

> "We're married twelve years. Then he got sick and went home. From now on, I'll stay single. Don't intend to marry again. One marriage is good enough. Marriage is a job itself, that's how I think."

More and more, young women became faced with individual choices in their relationships with men based on their own assessments of their future rather than on moiety or clan rules.

CHILDBIRTH

Women did not discuss childbirth except in very general terms when they were recounting their life history.

There were certain taboos on young women handling mink or otter; if they handled those animals before they were fully grown women themselves, they would have a difficult time in childbirth.

Menstrating women were forbidden to enter a house where a woman was giving birth because they would cause labour to stop temporarily. Generally

childbirth was assisted by female relatives before birth in hospital became common.

All women prided themselves on their ability to have a baby and then begin working again a few days later and on not "making a fuss" during labour.

> "I never had trouble with any of my babies. Just at the end, labour pains. I never took ether when I have them either--can't stand the smell. I just have them the natural way. The doctor say to me, 'You Indian women must be strong. You never complain. Doesn't it hurt you to have a baby? White women complain all the time.'
>
> "'Sure we hurt,' I tell him. 'But we don't have to tell everybody like white women,' I say.
>
> "I have five of my babies at home, six at hospital."

WOMEN'S WORK

Women often give quite abbreviated descriptions of their work perhaps because in many cases, "traditional" women's jobs were something they knew only in their childhood. Residential schools and later movement to a centre where they could get wage work (see Section III) often meant that their own lives were quite different from those of their mothers.

Women who grew up in a bush setting described women's work as associated mainly with camp life and children. Women worked within a relatively restricted radius of the camp while men made more extended hunting trips for large game. Their work was generally collective, involving other women and children. Opportunities for solitary work must have been almost non-existent.

A Han woman in her eighties explained:

> "In the old days women did a lot of beadwork. Used Hudson's Bay beads, porcupine quills, dyes from plants like blueberries, cranberries.
>
> "They helped build birch canoes. Men made the inside and outside frame and the cross stick down the front and cover the point at the front. Women sew up with spruce root. Sew around frame. Use spruce pitch seal. Women can do it fast. Can sew up in no time.
>
> "To soften bark for birch vessels, heat. To soften for canoes, you soak and sometimes heat.
>
> "Spruce tree roots can be split in three. Use outside ones only for sewing. Throw away the inside section. Spruce roots are used to sew bark.

> "In the old days, women snare animals, make skins, tan hides. Now no one does.
>
> "Women learn to tan hides by watching others: first cut hair off to make smooth surface. Then scrape meat side. Kneel down and clean it on a board in front of you, about four inches wide. Then rinse out blood and dry. Then soak and smoke about five times using rotten wood. Peel River people sometimes use green willow to make smoke. Caribou skins need just a little smoke. Not so hard as moose. You make babiche out of caribou or calf moose."

A Tagish woman in her seventies reported:

> "All women work on skins those days. Women trap around while men hunt. Then women make fur up. When a woman fixes a skin it belongs to her and she can trade it. Most women don't hunt big animals. My mother did though; one year she got fourteen caribou. Women with lots of children stay at fishcamp instead of travel. They rustle for food there. Set fishnet, set snares. Get dry meat. Sometimes visitors kill moose for them. They are never left without anything."

Women who left home early to attend school describe women's work in terms of skills they learned as a child; tanning, particularly, is usually described as typifying "women's work."

> "In those days women sew lots, tan skin, make mukluks. I made my first mukluks when I was seven. Learn by watching my mother. I made them out of calf skin. First I cut the hair, then flesh the skin. Then scrape it with stone scraper. Then scrape it on thin board in front of me. You have to be sure there's no lumps in the skin or it splits the skin when you scrape. Then you wash skin to get blood out--it won't tan quick if there's blood in it. Then twist it tight and wring it out for awhile. Then stretch it on a pole (hanging vertically). Let it dry. First you smoke it. Then soak it in brain water to wash off the smoke and make it soft. Leave it soak overnight. Then smoke it again. You smoke it like this maybe four or five times."

In talking of their own lives, many of these same women would describe "women's work" as the work they had done in laundries, in woodcamps, and as waitresses, work quite different from that done by their mothers and grandmothers (see Section III).

YEARLY CYCLE

Ongoing descriptions of women's work are advanced in discussions of the yearly cycle where women's work was integrated with that of other family

members. One of the most complete describes life as a Tutchone woman in her seventies remembers it in a village on the Yukon River. Although she is talking about a period roughly 1910, it is more a description of what she considers important (and perhaps ideal) than a description of any specific camp at any specific time period:

> "This is how the Indians used to live before they depended on government.
>
> "In spring, they go out after spring trapping. They hunt around for what they can eat, dry meat. Then come back to headquarters place. They've all got their own houses there. They cut plenty of wood.
>
> "Government spoils people by making them depend. Never do that those days.
>
> "When people trap sometimes they make $3,000 a year. Summertime they don't work. Just have time to lay around. Live on that money they make from trapping. They buy grub from the trader there. In July they begin to fish for salmon, King Salmon.
>
> "From the tenth of July to the thirty-first of August, they stay in fish camp. Nice and clean those fish camps. No fish smell.
>
> "Fish net made of sinew. They twist together sinew and it never comes undone. I'm not sure how they do it. For sinew net, have to stick it in water, soak it, pull out to dry, then use it. Sometimes they make net with handles on both sides.
>
> "People fish all in a line. No family owns any area. Each people (family) have their own rack for drying. Fish camp is very clean. You might think it's a mess but it's not. You wouldn't believe how clean. After work is done, people take water in special pail and wash out the area.
>
> "They set net, catch 15 - 30 fish a day in a net. Men bring it home. Women cut and scrape them. They save guts for dogs to make them fat. Then they put up salmon, hang it in strips. Cut them up, dry them. To hang those fish, first you scrub off pole, then hang flesh side down. After that skin dry a bit on top, turn over and cut them. If you cut right away, it's too hard--they're slippery and slide around. Then put new willow leaves like paper under fish when cut them.
>
> "With fish head, you strip teeth and cut head open. Then smoke in the middle of campfire.
>
> "They put canvas over fish rack. Everybody got their

own fishrack. If there's a poor family, they share with them. Others give to them.

"What gets dry first, they take home with them. Fish-camp is three miles from our headquarters.

"Fish eggs you can dry, or you can mix eggs with high bush cranberries. They make special willow net to hang eggs to dry. When dry right through, put in moose stomach which is stretched and dried like plastic.

"You can cook fish meat and dry fish in water and drink the juice.

"Between fishing times, people go out and hunt gopher in summer. Catch, skin, cut up. Then sew flesh of gophers together. Hang and dry. That's good for winter.

"Rabbit net is made of sinew too. They make spring snare. Long loop of sinew with one end tied to long pole. That rabbit puts neck in loop, springs snare and chokes.

"Gopher snare is the same as rabbit except you can use eagle feather. Take feather, split stem in three long pieces, set it up. That loop springs, pulls up on gopher neck and chokes him.

"After August 31, go back to main camp. Put away food and stuff. Make moccasins. Make fish and grease mix for winter. Pick up blueberries and put in birch basket. They freeze basket in cache. Also we pick low bush cranberries and high bush cranberries. Those berries, they never spoil.

"Then go out in fall and dry meat. Maybe dry four - five moose for winter. Some people go up Pelly River. Some walk straight back into bush. Then later get fresh meat and freeze. Women go too. Got to go along to make moccasins. Kids, everyone go. I used to like that when I'm a kid.

"People bring in dry meat at end of September. Then take dry meat, fish, out to traplines. Then men go trapping--go snare lynx and fox.

"Every family have their own cache. You could get meat anywhere though, snare anywhere. Indians are good to each other those days. When they kill moose, they divide it. Then each family dry meat themselves.

"People come to post for Christmas and don't go back 'till after New Years. Lots of fun those days.

"March 15, trapping finish. Some make $2,000 - $3,000. Prices high in 1921 and after. More hard times now than then. That's because of government money.

"Then after trapping, they either go to (Fort) Selkirk or up Nisling River to Big Lake (Aishihik) to visit friends. Go by dog team in early spring.

"In spring they find bird's eggs--wild eggs of ducks and grouse. They boil up right away.

"Then they come downriver on raft back from Big Lake, then go to fishcamp in July. Some come back by way of Champagne, Whitehorse; before June end, they get home. Stay around, hunt gopher before fishcamp time, then fish, like before."

A younger woman in her sixties described a more centralized community downriver two decades later. People lived at Moosehide year round. In spring and summer, the women and children went out to pick wild rhubarb, collect birch sap. In fall, they picked berries, along trails which are now overgrown. In summer, people tended their gardens, inspired by missionaries who were working in the community. Everyone fished. Men trapped, while women went to nearby Dawson City to buy provisions. There were major parties at Christmas and New Years. Spring cleaning was a major event with all the women working together and combining it with a feast.

The time spent away from the headquarters shortened considerably once permanent communities became established. This had greater implications for men's work, which involved considerable mobility, than it did for women's work, which had always been oriented primarily to the camp or settlement.

FOOD AND TECHNOLOGY

As our recording of life histories progressed, women saw an opportunity to teach their children and grandchildren by recording techniques for food preservation, and tools for survival which had been passed on to them by their mothers and grandmothers. In so doing, they considerably expanded their versions of traditional "women's work."

Some of these techniques are outlined here:

Meat

Pemmican is made by taking dried meat, pounding it with a hammer or stone until it is soft, then adding moose grease to it, then adding berries--either blackberries (mossberries) or blueberries--and perhaps some salt. It can be stored in a moose stomach.

Moose grease is made by taking moose fat, cutting it up and placing it on a rack, then pounding it flat. This fat is then put in a pot; water is added and the mixture is boiled until the water has evaporated. What remains is the moose grease which can be stored in a moose stomach and frozen, providing the

winter's supply of lard.

Dry meat can be made by salting fresh meat, slicing it into strips and hanging it over a small fire of cottonwood or willows for two days until it is slightly smoked. Then it is hung and dried for another week, and can be put away for winter. Fresh meat can be preserved by digging a hole in the ground, lining it with moss. Fresh meat can be wrapped in moss (or more recently in cheese cloth) and stored in this "refrigerator" summer or winter.

Gopher is dried by removing the hair, then cutting the arms and legs so that sticks can be inserted to spread the meat. Like moose, it is salted, smoked for a couple of days, then dried for a week.

Fresh lynx is good in winter. Women compare it to turkey. It can be roasted, boiled, stewed or stuffed with turkey stuffing and cooked.

Most meat can be dried or frozen in the ways described above.

> "If you put meat up in summer, you don't really need to get much in winter unless you want fresh meat. Because you've got your dry meat and if you get fresh meat, that holds you over between dry meat. If you're moving around a lot the dry meat is not so heavy to carry with you."

Fish

Fish, too, is dried. It can be cut in strips, pounded with dry fish eggs, berries and fat. More recently, some people have added raisins and sugar.

Fish cannot be dried until the middle of September, one woman explained, because it's too hot in summer. It is sliced, the backbone is removed, then it is cut at intervals to expose the flesh to air. Salt is added, and it is smoked in a smoke house, and dried.

Berries and Roots

Berries can be dried or frozen, then used to mix with meat or fish, as described above.

"Bear roots," (Hedysarum alpinum) gathered in early spring or late fall (they are stringy in summer), can be cut up and fried in grease as a vegetable, like parsnips.

Berries can be fried in grease, particularly blueberries, blackberries and cranberries. Sometimes sugar is added. Stoneberries (Kinnikinnick), sometimes called bearberries, should be eaten with caution or they cause constipation. They are boiled, then fried in grease and sugar. They can be used in soups; once boiled they are said to taste like dried potatoes.

Highbush cranberries can be made into pudding. They are boiled, then half a cup of flour is added, then two or three tablespoons of sugar. Once stirred, the mixture thickens to a pudding.

Blackberries, mossberries and cranberries can be made into jello. Rosehips can be dried or made into jello. Soapberries, beaten with a willow whisk, become foamy. When sugar is added and beating continued, they are a favorite dessert.

Technology

Some women remember when cooking was done in birch bark baskets. The bark was cut in July when the sap was running--taken off in large pieces. Then long roots were cleaned and split and used to sew it.

> "To cook, you need two big baskets--one to cook in, one for cold water. Heat up rocks until they are white. Pick them up with willow tongs. Rinse in basket with clean water. Then put in with meat to make water boil. You have to keep adding stones to keep water boiling. When you cook meat like that, the water and juice make soup. Drink that juice from birch cups, made same way as baskets."

As well as moose stomach, the lining of moose flesh was used to wrap and store food, "just like plastic."

Porcupine quill work is something all the women can remember, though only one of these women could do it herself. Berries were used to stain the quills different colours and quills were used for decorative work.

Skin toboggans were used to haul meat in winter:

> "If you're out hunting in wintertime and if there's a little snow and you want to bring your meat in all at once, you can just load it on a skin, and pull it like a toboggan. It goes over logs, goes anywhere. And it slides once it gets on fur. You get on a little hill and you can slide down. The Indians used that until my day when they started to get toboggans."

Dog packs were also important. A dog, carrying a well-balanced pack, should be able to carry 65-70 pounds, one woman explained. Women made the dog packs and supervised much of the moving of gear.

While these brief descriptions of technology are not particularly detailed, women felt strongly that they should be in their books so that this information could be passed on to their children.

COMMON MEDICINES

Women were also expected to be knowledgeable about trees and plants with curative properties, and collected these in the course of their yearly gathering activities. Information about plants is recorded in some of the women's booklets, but because much of our work was done in winter, women were seldom able to show me plants. Consequently, identification of plants is still incomplete.

With trees, description was easier. Three major trees in the Yukon are spruce, balsam and willow, and each has significant curative properties. Women continue to use these medicines for their own families.

Spruce Tree

Combine the white inner bark with some yellow spruce pitch. Cut up, add a small amount of moose grease and boil it in a pot with water. After an hour of boiling, it produces a dark tea which can be stored. Half a cup a day is considered an excellent purgative. It is also said to cure problems of chest and lungs, specifically tuberculosis and pleurisy.

Applied externally, it can be used to wash cuts or sores, to heal rashes, and it is used to wash women after childbirth. Spruce gum mixed with grease can be applied to wounds directly. The inner spruce bark can be chewed on long walks to reduce thirst. Spruce gum is chewed to clean teeth.

Balsam

Pitch can be extracted from blisters on a balsam tree using a sharp knife. In this way a small jar of pitch can be collected in a short time. Addition of some sugar removes any bitter taste. Taken internally, it cures colds; applied externally with a bit of grease, it heals cuts.

Needles from balsam branches can be picked off the branches and put into a bag to dry. Once dry, they are pounded with a hammer until they become powder. The powder is said to be an excellent poultice and can be applied to cuts, then covered.

Willow

To stop a cut from bleeding, chew willow leaves to a paste and apply to wound immediately. This also cures bee stings.

Soapberry Root

Boiled in water, soapberry root produces a tea which helps stomach aches, specifically problems associated with gall bladder.

THE PLACE OF SUPERNATURAL EVENTS

All the women who recounted aspects of their life history chose to include both secular events and what might be called "supernatural" events. Generally they made no attempt to distinguish "ordinary" from "non-ordinary" experience; both formed a significant part of their lives and as such comprise a significant part of their biographies. For example,

> "One time there was a woman who moved from Fort MacPherson to our people because she married our people. (When she got older) this old lady was paralysed. Sometimes she picked willow, but it is hard for her to move. All the time I used to help her and look after her when I was a little girl.

> "Then one time there was a big fire and her cabin burned and she burned to death.
>
> "That same time, my husband and I were out hunting. It's springtime, March. I was never frightened then. One night I sit in the tent, everyone asleep--my husband, my child, my Grandpa. The tent was tied down, tied shut. All of a sudden that woman came there. Dog barked. She opened the tent. She was there, all bright --very strong, more strong than electric light--with white hair. She walked. Since when can she walk? But I'm not scared. She lean over me and she say in my language, 'Chaa,' 'Grandchild.' Everyone else asleep. No one see her but me. She come in and say goodbye to me.
>
> "That same day they brought my mail. Fred told us she die. I am not surprised. 'I see her already last night,' I tell him. 'She came this far to tell me goodbye.'"

In fact, rather than trying to explain supernatural events in terms of ordinary experience, sometimes women obliquely explain secular events with reference to supernatural signs. McDonnell (1975) has suggested that Kasini people see a relationship between stars and ghosts. A Han woman in her eighties explained:

> "Sometimes I think stars are people. When I was little the stars were all thick and bright. Now they are dull like people who drink. Very few stars anymore these times. That means people are dying."

POWER AND HEALING

There is some ambiguity about the relationship of women to power in traditional and more recent times. Certainly the range of taboos separating women from animals, the sources of power, for much of their lives, cut them off from certain kinds of power during their childbearing years at least.

Speaking again of Kasini, McDonnell notes:

> "Females were recognized as having power, but these, in every case we heard of, were shamans and elderly women past the childbearing period. There does not however appear to have been a rule concerning this fact, or even a recognition of it. Some form of instruction, seclusion, and fasting were engaged in by young girls during menarche, but these did not lead to or include the unorthodox kinds of behavior described above. Nevertheless, in the course of time, women somehow did obtain 'power' and could become shamans" (McDonnell 1975:135).

A typical description of female power refers to an older woman, past menarche:

> "Some people have special power, even now.
>
> "Indian doctors have different kinds of power. They say person has owl power--means owl talks to him, tell him what to do. Or moose power, means moose tell him things.
>
> "People used to have lots of medicines too. If you get injury, sew up with hair. They have their own doctors too. Those doctors sing to you. They take sickness out of you.
>
> "Sometimes women were Indian doctors in old days. _____'s grandmother was the one I tell you about. She could prophesy way ahead, what will happen. One time she told my husband, 'Sorry, your're going to hear bad news pretty soon.' She drew picture of the lake where his people live. She had never been there before, just drew it like that. They gave her pencil and paper and just the way that lake goes, she draws, narrow here and wide here. 'Right there,' she said, 'your relation. Your brother or something like that. Something going to happen. You're going to hear news pretty soon,' she tell him. Sure enough, he got telegram his brother died. Then later she tell him, 'Your aunt's son not going to live very long.' And he did. He died just shortly after. She could see way ahead and tell you what would happen.
>
> "That's the same woman eat bullet. Impossible to believe, but it's true. Thirty-thirty shell. My brother say, 'Look, look my auntie's stomach.' It came right through her stomach and she give it back to all of them. He had put his hand on her stomach and it came out and she give it to them people.
>
> "She heal people too. She see my husband, something wrong with his lungs. Spot on his right lung start to get sore. 'I think you're going to have lung trouble,' she said. 'I could shake it for you if you want me to.' So she did.
>
> "She said to my mother, 'You got that *Ningthay'?'*. It looks like some kind of celery. You mustn't pull it out, you know, that way. When you pull, you got to dig the root out and then plant it again. The Indians believe if you don't it cause bad weather. They make powder out of that medicine.
>
> "'You put some of that stuff on my hand,' she said. 'That spot on his lung, I could see it getting bigger.'

> So mother made powder out of it, like salt and pepper. And then she put her hand on his lung and she work on him and then she take her hand away. No more. Ever since then, he never cough. He used to cough a lot before.
>
> "'You're going to live long time,' she tell him. See, she's right."

Another woman described a very different situation in which she was trained as a child to help the doctor in her area:

> "When I was a kid, _____ used to work through me. His wife's mother is our grandma's mother's sister. I don't know how old I was when he started, but I was smart enough to remember. He cured people by singing. He would make me sit with him and help him. We would sit at the head of the sick person. He put one hand on my head. Then he blows in the head of the sick person. When he did that, chills run through me. Then he would say, 'That person will ask for food tomorrow.'
>
> "When I was a kid, I used to wonder, 'Why does he always call me?' I didn't really believe in what he's doing. I wanted to play with the other kids. Sometimes he kept me for hours. I didn't believe until I saw him cure my mother."

She described how the shaman cured her mother by putting a handkerchief, then swan feathers on her face. Then he put one hand on the mother's head and another on the child's head and blew until he lost consciousness himself. The woman revived almost at once.

Another time her brother became ill when he had an argument with a child from another hunting group and that group's shaman made him ill. Again, the doctor summoned her, put a handkerchief over the boy's back and when he opened it, it contained a small fish. The neighbouring group had "put fish power on him." Since then, the man must "be careful of" fish.

She described the process of acquiring power as best she could:

> "When you get power yourself, it sort of comes on you from the person you work with. That doctor told me that when I get older I get more power. I feel it too. He gave me cow caribou power. I can handle it but I'm not supposed to eat it and I can't shoot it. He had moose, grizzly, loon, swan and caribou power. He gave me cow caribou power because I'm a lady. All the rest, he gave to his wife."

A more limited kind of power, "second sight" (*ne dling*) was described by one woman who considered it quite common for both men and women. It refers to people who are "born again" and inherit the knowledge possessed by their former self. She described three of her children who had this power and who

as young children sometimes referred to events in their former lives which were confirmed by relatives and spouses of the deceased person. Usually this *ne dling* was originally noted when they referred to their own parents with familiarity not appropriate for a child to a parent.

All power seems to have both positive and negative potential. Healing power can be used to cure sickness or to cause sickness. The woman who was active in healing as a child described how when a victim was cured of sickness caused by another shaman, there might be discussion of whether to send the sickness back to those who had caused it.

Strict measures were taken to eliminate ideas about power in villages which came under early missionary influence. Consequently, knowledge about power is unevenly distributed through different age groups and different geographical locations in the Yukon. A woman in her sixties raised in a village with heavy missionary influence described the changes:

> "Used to be Indian doctors too, you know, mostly from Pelly, Selkirk. I'm a kid then. It's like a dream to me. Sick person, they sing to them, cure them somehow.
>
> "Medicine is done mostly by men. I never heard of woman. Some people have power of medicine. Those days women are not supposed to interfere with anything. She's supposed to be mother, wife, that's all. Oh, they talk things over, I guess, but men decide.
>
> "I remember one time, they take fish skin, scales. They sing, sing, sing over the sick person. Put blanket over that person. They put fish scales over the wound, like thin tissue. It works! After missionaries came, they cut that out. Tell them it's wrong. It's devil's work they say.
>
> "Just old people do that medicine, mostly men. Sometimes, too, men are cruel, have bad friends. One gives medicine, kills off the other one. Another thing they could do, if they love a woman and she doesn't love them, they could make her love them. Some people did that.
>
> "They heal people though. Then people pay them. Those relatives have to pay that Indian doctor. Give him useful things he needs. Money too. Otherwise they take back that healing and that person is the same as before.
>
> "Those old people heal each other with that kind of magic. Missionaries say, 'That's devil's work,' so now they don't do it."

BUSHMEN

One very ambivalent source of power is found in "bushmen" frequently mentioned by older women, sometimes described as good and sometimes described as bad, sometimes as human and sometimes as non-human. Two different descriptions show this ambivalence more clearly.

Once when people were starving (because one of the children had insulted a frog) bushmen saved them. They appeared to one man. He told him of his people's plight and they replied that they would give him food, but did not want to be seen by or to mix with his people.

> "We don't want you to see us. If you people have that much hard time we help. We'll put out food for you to take. Divide among yourselves. Tomorrow every family got to come with toboggans, but don't try to find out what kind of people we are. We don't want to mix with people. Don't try to find out." (see page 182 Part IV for full account)

Later this same woman was in the bush with an older woman when these "bushmen" whistled a warning that they should "beat it." Her conclusion was that they were basically kind people who had to be avoided or they would become malevolent.

A woman from the eastern Yukon described this more malevolent side but suggested that they might really be human beings from over the mountains to the east.

She said that the 1930s were considered particularly "bad years" for bushmen. In one year, two children and one man disappeared and bushmen were blamed. She was a child at the time. One evening she and her sister were playing down by a creek when they heard whistling and thought it was their father.

> "Just then I looked up and saw a bushman standing there, ready to grab my sister. He's tall, long hair, barefoot, wearing just a piece of cloth. I grabbed her by the hair and pulled. I yelled. Mom and grandma came running out, mom with a gun. That guy just took off.
>
> "But he dropped some kind of candy. Next day we found it and saw footprints of two of them and some candy. They'd been sitting there watching us, I guess. We're always told that bush people steal you."

That same year the five families in her camp split up for the beaver hunt. One group kept encountering bushmen and finally consulted two old people, asking for help. The old man had a dog, half wolf, and agreed to let it loose when bushmen next appeared. They had lost so much fur to bushmen that they felt they must do something.

The next time they heard whistling, the dog was sent out. He returned

with blood on his paw and hair on his teeth. Investigation of the spot where the fight took place showed two sets of tracks and a glove of a style characteristic of a neighbouring band, to the east.

The trader agreed to help them by saying he found the glove. Finally a badly scarred man (from the neighbouring group) tried to claim it, saying he'd been attacked by a bear.

This proved to her that bushmen were really just people from over the mountains.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS

The same king of ambivalence is found in discussions of animals. As everyone knows,

> "Years ago animals and humans were the same and when the world changed, some became animals and some became humans. That is why some people can talk to animals."

This is a major theme in myths recounted in Part IV.

Most of the time animals are perceived as personal friends of human beings who show respect to them. A woman in her eighties spent much of her time as a young woman living in a woodcamp with her husband some distance from other people.

> "Animals, too, talk with people. I made friends with two little foxes--they just come to me but not to my husband. They come and play with me. My child wants to take them in the house, but too much trouble, I think, more than a cat, I guess.
>
> "Fox one time took me back to see young ones. All kinds of food and bones there--squirrels and even fish. How do you think they get fish? Probably at night, fish sleep at the edge of the water, they go down, climb in, go close to edge and catch fish. Only way I think that fox catch fish.
>
> "Weasel too is friend. One weasel at that woodcamp came up. I put out food for him, fish sometimes. Soon he brings his friends--his wife, I guess, and kids. Soon there's seven of them. They come in, start to get at home, climb around on things, jump on table, everything. One time I tell them, 'No, you're not to do that. You can't go on table, on bed, on wall. I give you food, but you stay down.' He hears me and he never jumps up again. He learned just like that. I just tell one of them and he tells the others. They talk to one another.
>
> "One time weasel came to the door. He talk to me for

a long time. He tells me that he's going to build a cache, then hunt and hide mice and things for winter. Then he goes away for a few days, a week. But he comes back.

"Other animals talk too. Porcupines sing songs and comb their hair with their fingernails. They talk just like people. Make all sorts of racket.

"Grouse call is like men talking.

"Coyote whistles like a man.

"So when you're in the bush, you're never alone."

But at the same time, relationships between men and animals are surrounded by a network of taboos. Once taboos are violated, animals may become malevolent and the consequences for men may be disastrous. Legends are full of such examples. During one of the early migrations from coast to inland Yukon, one Daklewedi Tlingit man, exhausted, kicked a thunderbird feather. A thunder storm came, killing all but two or three who managed to get inland as far as present day Ross River. Similarly, when children once played with a frog tossing it from one to another, a year of starvation came to their people, almost eliminating the tribe. (see Section IV)

Most taboos described here are still well known, and the women who describe them try to teach them to their children.

Grizzly bear must be treated with respect. Young girls must never step over a bear excrement, or speak disrespectfully of it (McClellan 1970a) (see legend, p. 118). Grizzly should not actually be eaten because it is like a human being. When a grizzly is killed, it must be treated with respect. The carcass should be placed somewhere high, perhaps in a cache, or buried on a high hill so other animals won't eat it.

A wolf should be treated with great respect because wolves help man. (The woman who described this is of the Wolf moiety but says the same is true for Crow people). To repay wolves, people should give them the stomach parts of animals they kill, laying out the meat for them and thanking them.

If a wolf is killed, its carcass too should be respectfully treated and put up high, when it can be stretched. If it is left on the ground, a girl might jump over it; if she were to do this, she would suffer pains in her legs for the rest of her life.

Otter has particularly malevolent powers. Girls are supposed to avoid it completely. Men and boys should touch it with only one hand. It can never be eaten, just used for fur. Carcasses should either be put up high or put back in the water, because it's a water animal. A person who disobeys these rules will suffer some physical disability. If girls handle otter they will have difficulty giving birth, and may even cause a baby to be stillborn. Grown women may handle it.

Girls are also forbidden to handle mink because it will cause difficult

labour or stillborn infants.

Similarly, muskrat parts which are unused must be returned to water. Girls may handle both muskrat and beaver. When beaver is killed, the unused parts should be returned to the water, not put on dry ground.

Wolverine must be respected and its carcass hidden from other animals. Being a brother-in-law to wolf, and therefore to man, wolverine shares significant characteristics with human beings.

SOME ASPECTS OF DEATH AND DYING

Ethnographic descriptions suggest that dying and then returning to life was characteristic of persons with shamanistic abilities in most parts of the north.

Accounts by two women of their own experiences suggest that ordinary individuals might experience similar transitions between death and life. To some extent, each of their descriptions combines contemporary fundamentalist religious beliefs with more traditionally styled accounts of their own experiences.

One woman described her illness during the 1920s flu epidemic. Lying in her tent, very ill, she "saw" her mother holding a picture of her stepfather; she later discovered that he had died two days earlier. His appearance to her was significant, in that she believes it prevented her own death; other spirits had been trying to draw her away:

> "When I'm sick that time, spirits of friends visit. That's how people die, I think. Other friends come to get them.
>
> "'Hurry up,' they tell me. 'Stairs are ready.' They're pure gold those stairs. 'You've got a long way to go. Hurry up.'
>
> "I want to go, but I don't want to leave my little boy behind. It's foolish to take him, I think. So I think I better stay.
>
> "That time, I hear singing, see angels with Bibles. So now I'm not afraid to die."

She later learned that this stepfather had died and then reappeared several hours later: at that time he had predicted that his wife and son would die in a few years, but that his daughter and stepdaughter would live for many years. His wife and son died two years later; his daughter and stepdaughter are still living.

The staircase also figured prominently in another woman's account of her own death:

> "(When I died) I went up a beautiful stairs at the end

of the bed. As I climbed, I looked back and saw everyone crying. There's an old log laying in that bed.

"'Why are you crying?' I try to talk but nobody listens. They just hold that old log and cry. I left there and climb up. Then I met a guy standing there. I look at him.

"'Remember me, grandchild?' he say in Indian language.

"'Where do you come from?' (she recognized a shaman from her childhood).

"'I came to meet you. It's not time for you yet. You got kids to raise, more kids to come. Remember what I told you. You have long life. Turn around and go back.'

"He takes me and turns me around. 'Go to that bed and touch that log with your hand.' He gave me a push. I look back. 'Go ahead and touch it,' he said in my language.

"I put my hand out to touch it, but I'm scared. I don't want to.

"'Touch it,' he say.

"As soon as I touch it, I woke up. Later that doctor told me, 'We thought you were gone for about fifteen minutes.'

"'We've been here all night,' Mom said.

"So now I'm not afraid to die, because I know what it's like. I've been there."

POTLATCHES

Perhaps the most dramatic example of suppression of rituals associated with beliefs was the banning of potlatches. This was true of the entire northwest coast region, and in British Columbia people were even jailed for potlatching. Yukon potlatches were less dramatic than northwest coast potlatches. They were discouraged about 1915.

A woman from Fort Selkirk on the Yukon River described the last potlatch in her village:

"The last big potlatch was in 1914, in Fort Selkirk. It was for my grandmother.

"Those days, boy you should see the stuff they give

away. Maybe fifty Winchester thirty-thirty. People come from Big Lake (Aishihik) and all over. Wolf people. My grandmother was Crow. They give guns to the men. They pile up moose skins too, about fifty, piled up about eight times. Crow people give to Wolf people. People take about two or three packs home.

"Crow people feed Wolf people too. They don't buy one pound of grub for themselves. Wolf eat first. Now they mix everything up at potlatches, but that time the Wolf people eat. Crows eat their own grub at home. They're not supposed to eat at the potlatch.

"They give away Hudson Bay blankets--tear them in half and give to Wolf women, Wolf men, they all get that. They pack everything (away). They give away cups and plates and everything.

"Mr. Hawkesley (the Yukon's first Indian Agent) is the one who stopped that. He was there when they are doing that. He watched. He figured out how much money they spend, see? And he said, 'That's got to be stopped. It's all right you have a party when somebody die. You think a lot of your mother, your brother, or sister. You could have a party, make tea, feed them. After they're buried, you could have a little collection, just to pay them off. Fifteen dollars each they're supposed to pay them. That's all Whiteman pay,' he said...They don't like that, Indians, themselves.

"In old days, potlatch went on a month, I guess. Everyone stays. Young men go out, get moose, then we cook it. Women cook. They go on day after day. They sing and dance. It was a wonderful time.

"Before they give away stuff they sing that song, 'Cry Song.' Instead of crying when person die, you sing to them. They do ceremonial dance, wear button blankets. They wear hats with lots of ribbons on them. Women have long hair, all do that dance. They're not happy when they do it, sort of sad, sour looking. Then after it's over everybody change again. Those hats, they take off then and put on Wolf person's head. Button blanket, they cut in half and they give it to different people. Just Wolf get them. Because Wolf do all the work for the funeral...When my grandma died they just make little tea and they invited people. And then they wait one year to put on her fence. That's the time they have the big party and make collection. They got about fifty dollars apiece. That's why Mr. Hawkesley said they give too much money. Cost too much to have a real potlatch.

People all along the Yukon River to the Alaska border agree that

potlatches were very elaborate at one time, with Hudson's Bay blankets, rifles, moccasins and money being the main items distributed. Older women agree that after 1920 there were no "real potlatches" because all the old people died (many in the flu epidemic of 1920) and the younger people didn't know the right ways. Large potlatches are again being held in the Yukon, but, as the women point out, "people get all mixed up" and the appropriate moiety rules are not always carefully followed.

PART III: CHANGING LIVES OF NORTHERN ATHAPASKAN WOMEN IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Although many volumes have been written about Yukon history during and after the Goldrush, the themes usually stress the inventiveness and ingenuity of the whites who came to the North in the late 1890s. Indians are seldom mentioned in early accounts and even where they are, the interpretation of their activities is generally superficial. Notable exceptions to this are early accounts by Tappan Adney, a journalist who wintered with a band of Klondike River people in 1900 (Adney 1900) and Angus Graham (1935) who described the case of a man injured on his way to the goldfields and then cared for by Indians during one winter.

Indian accounts of these early events often give a significantly different picture (McClellan 1970b:103-133). Accounts by Indian women give a different perspective from that of Indian men, stressing, for example, the role of Kate Carmack in the discovery of gold and the problems and opportunities which faced Indian women during the construction of the Alaska Highway, both described below. In the course of telling their own life histories, women describe a series of new alternatives which became available for Indian women during this century.

THE KLONDIKE GOLDRUSH

More books have been written about the Klondike Goldrush than about any other aspect of Yukon history, but again, seldom have there been any accounts recorded from the point of view of Indians involved in or affected by the discovery. Recently, more attention has been paid to the role of Skookum Jim in the original discovery (McClellan 1963; Skookum Jim Oral History Project 1973).

One woman, a child at the time of the Goldrush, gave an account of this, also according significance to the role of Skookum Jim's sister, Kate, who was the wife of George Carmack and was with the party. She considered it a significant part of her own life history because she later married Skookum Jim's nephew.

> "Skookum Jim was my husband's uncle. Dawson Charlie, my old man's own brother. (My husband was) too young. He can't stake when they find Dawson...Nobody knows that time what is gold. Skookum Jim, he don't know too, but his brother-in-law, George Carmack, he knows.
>
> "George Carmack, he comes from Outside, California. But he came to Yukon. He want to see Yukon I guess, you know. He got not much money, but his partner is a rich man. They went to Fortymile, Dawson, and that's the place he quit him, that man (his partner). That man, his partner, is going back on the boat.
>
> "George Carmack walk back from Fortymile. That's how far he make it, to Carcross, Tagish. He sure do good.

"In Tagish, lots of people. Indians. They know some white man. Skookum Jim's sister is young girl that time.

"He said, 'How about I'm going to marry your sister?' He tell him, 'Then I'm going to be like Indian.'

"Well, it's all right.

"'You gonna teach me trapping. You gonna teach me everything,' he said. He don't go back no more, down to Skagway, nothing. They live there, do good. Then somebody come down (to Tagish), say 'I'm going to pay you. Come down with me.'

"It's good luck that one. He went. His wife to with him, Kate Carmack. They go down. Went down to Dawson, Fortymile, I guess. They work there. That man broke leg, that other one, can't do anything. They take him to doctor. He give George Carmack money, that one, about five hundred.

"They live one winter, Kate Carmack and him, her husband. He's got wife. He's all right. She do everything that Indian woman, you know--hunt, just like nothing. Cut snare for rabbit. They eat that. I know her, my auntie, Kate Carmack, my old man sister (aunt).

"Skookum Jim, he worry about his sister, you know. 'Oh, my, gonna get lost,' he say. 'Don't want to get lost my sister.' All winter talk about it.

"Dawson Charlie say, 'I guess we go down and look for her. We're going to bring her back,' he tell his uncle."

She described how they made plans to leave and how the boy who later became her husband, about fourteen at the time, had to stay home to look after his mother. He was old enough to hunt game and the other men in the family were going downriver, so he stayed behind to help.

Meanwhile, George and Kate Carmack had decided to come back to Tagish. They were living well because Kate was an able hunter and they could buy any supplies they needed at the store at Fortymile. Kate had one child by then, a daughter. Just as Kate and Carmack were making plans to leave, they saw a boat coming and recognized Kate's brother and nephews. Everyone was excited about the reunion, and they decided to kill some more game while they were all there to ensure that they had enough for the trip back home.

After they returned from hunting, they ate a big meal and lay down to sleep. In the middle of the night, Skookum Jim woke up and went down to the creek to get some water to drink.

"He see something up there. 'Is that copper?' He

drink water. He look again. Same big beans, you know, more bigger than beans. Heavy. He take off. He don't know gold. But George, he know. He go back. Dawson Charlie wake up.

"'I found something,' he tell him, Indian way.

"'Don't know what it is. What it look like?'

"He say, 'Copper.'

"'Make him wake up now, George. It not look like copper. Heavy too.'

"George wake up.

"'What is this one? That creek I found it,' he say, Skookum Jim.

"'That's gold!'

"Where's their sleep now?"

And so, the initial discovery of Klondike gold was made. Kate Carmack told this woman the story many times, she says. When they got back to Carcross, George abandoned his wife Kate, for a white woman. Kate remained in Carcross until she died during the flu epidemic in 1920.

After this discovery, this woman says, many Tagish Indian men began to prospect, hoping to copy Skookum Jim's luck. Some Tagish women began to live with white prospectors who passed through, behavior which this woman and other older women in the community considered "crazy."

From another perspective, a Han woman whose father was chief of the Klondike people at the time of the Rush described the impact of 40,000 transient miners on her people. The Han Indians were virtually decimated as a result of the Goldrush, despite efforts of the chief to establish a village site several miles from Dawson City:

"My father was chief at the time of the Goldrush. He was the first chief there is. He came along from Alaska, drifted up with a few of his people, must have been Eagle, Alaska was their main place.

"He never see any white people in his life before then. But, he knew that they were human beings, and he was friendly with them and welcome them. And he told his people to be good to them too. So they are, and they were good friends.

"But my dad didn't want my people to get mixed up with them. Because he thought it would ruin their lives and spoil them, and they'd get to drinking and things like that. And so he figured he'll move them down to

> Moosehide about three miles away from Dawson. He was afraid of alcohol because he saw that they were drinking and things like that, so he thought it wasn't good enough for his people. They lived quite simple lives.
>
> "Moosehide was just a little reserve, I would call it. They moved down there and then they started to build little cabins to live in. The government give them land there so they figured it would be far enough away from Dawson. Where it was civilized. The government wanted them to live across the river, but my father thought it was too handy to come across back and forth.
>
> "My people knew all the Klondike, but they never know nothing about gold. Lots of big nuggets along the creeks. But what do they know about gold? Nothing. So the white people come to the country and they found nuggets all around the place. Very strange, very strange to my father that all those people come for gold. Too much money. The way my dad used to say, 'They throw the money around; they throw the gold around. There's too much of it.'"

ALTERNATIVES AFTER 1898

The Goldrush was a peculiar phenomenon from the viewpoint of Indians. In the space of a few years, thousands of people moved through the country and then left as suddenly as they had come.

But their impact lingered in the kinds of alternatives they left behind, radically different from traditional choices.

Some Indian people, including one woman now in her eighties, began prospecting and mining on a limited scale:

> "When I started to stay with my husband, we stayed in Carcross. From there, we looked for gold. We've got gold mine up there.
>
> "We work creek. We got big house. We got hydraulic. But that main creek no good. Shininook, 'he get up,' that's what they call it, Indian way. It's big mine.
>
> "I don't know how many years we stay on that creek. They took out some gold. One piece $28...but that main creek is water channel. That main creek freezes in. Some nights too much, just full of water.
>
> "Skookum Jim find gold, my husband's uncle. That's why he act that way, my old man. He want to look for gold too. My two sons die there, then my little girl die, then we quit it, can't go back no more...Don't know how many years we got on that mine."

Many of the jobs which began during the Goldrush continued for a limited number of people along transportation routes. One woman spent several years as a child living at a roadhouse where her mother did laundry. Her mother had left a husband who mistreated her and with such wage employment was able to earn her own income and live independently as early as 1910, a major innovation for a woman in those years. They lived at the roadhouse year round, but had time off during the summer to stay with her mother's parents.

Some women also trapped independently providing their own living without relying on a husband. One woman made $1800 when she trapped a live silver fox and gained a considerable reputation as an independent woman and a good prospective wife for some man.

Woodcamps began to provide fuel for riverboats during the Goldrush and continued to thrive until the boats were removed from the Yukon River in 1952. Many families spent a portion of their summers cutting wood for contractors, to earn extra cash, particularly when fur prices began to drop in the 1940s. One of these women lived in a woodcamp year round with her husband and child for nine years.

Another woman described the Yukon River when she was a young girl:

> "Woodcamps all the way down that river--one at Laberge run by Bob Byers. Down at Carmacks, one camp. One below Five Fingers Rapids. Then one at Minto. Then one at Hell's Gate, just below Fort Selkirk--Ralph Blanchard's camp. At Selkirk, one old man's got a camp. Then way down in '18 Mile Woodcamp' that's Beaton's camp. Then Isaac Creek, then Coffee Creek, then Indian River, then Dawson. No woodcamp at Dawson, but they sold wood there.
>
> "Some people go up the Pelly River and make a big raft. They can float three or four hundred cords of wood on it. Take it down to Dawson, sell it. They sell that wood right from the water after they drift it downriver.
>
> "White Pass gets all the wood from those camps.
>
> "Lots of people go there to those camps. Some Selkirk Indians go to Coffee Creek or up to Hell's Gate. They pay them $3.00 a cord or sometimes $2.50 a cord. Then those contractors sell to White Pass for $8.00 a cord....
>
> "Women went to those camps too. They help their husbands with sawing. They use those two handed saws.
>
> "Contractor runs the camp. He sells food to Indians and they live there in tent. Some people started to use woodcamp as headquarters for winter. When they go to trap, they come back to woodcamp."

The Goldrush brought new transportation routes, and also new kinds of transportation. A railroad was built across the White Pass from the coast. Riverboats ran the full length of the Yukon River from Whitehorse to the Bering Sea. Cars were few in number before the building of the Alaska Highway, but even a few cars were running on the wagon roads before the road was built. One older woman described the coming of the first train in Whitehorse, shortly after 1900:

> "Not much people in Whitehorse, those days.
>
> "When they hear train going, you know, gee, everybody want to see train. 'Coming now Carcross,' they said.
>
> "...I'm a big girl, not married though. We come down, want to see that train. But he comes before us, that train. We come down late, you know. Three days ago. Train coming every day now. We meet one woman.
>
> "'You going to see train?'
>
> "'Yes, that's why we come down,' I tell her.
>
> "Oh...it's coming now...ding, ding, ding, ding...oh my...some people get off there...One boat make it down to Whitehorse too.
>
> "After we saw that train, we walked back to Dalton Post. Walking road there, for stage. Lots of mines there, horses, so there's a walking road.
>
> "Don't know how long after cars come. One man, he got that car. Gee, everybody want ride. Springtime. One may say, 'Oh, I'm going to ride that car. I want it.'
>
> "They came to Champagne by dog team. That's where Champagne Landing Indians used to get grub. Just like taxi, that car.
>
> "'They're coming now! That's car now!'
>
> "'Come on. Who's going to ride with me? I don't want to go by myself.'
>
> "'Somebody go with him. Go to town.'
>
> "He's sure busy that car."

OPPORTUNITIES FOR WAGE WORK FOR WOMEN

All of these women at some time made the shift from bush life to village or town life. This transition inevitably meant a major break with more traditional ways and traditional work.

One woman came with her husband from a river camp to Whitehorse in 1927, and described how her work changed.

> "After we moved to Whitehorse, I used to clean for people in town. Sometimes I would take my two little ones there. They play around while I work. They're good little kids.
>
> "After that, I work in Alpine cafe--it used to be across from Taku Hotel. I worked there for quite awhile.
>
> "After 1929, I got a job in laundry. Whitehorse had about 500 people then and that laundry took in washing. We worked hard there. Used flat iron, you know. The kind you heat up. I could iron 18 shirts an hour that time. Sure worked hard. We used those machines with pedals though. Had to pedal with our feet.
>
> "When I'm going to have my next baby, the owners don't notice. I'm stout those days. I tell them I'm going to quit.
>
> "'Why?' they say.
>
> "'I've got reasons,' I tell them. They're sorry to see me go. I stop maybe one week before baby's born.
>
> "After he's born, I take a rest for two weeks. Then when he is big enough, I go back to work at the laundry and took him with me. They're sure surprised.
>
> "'That's why you quit,' they said. 'We didn't know.'
>
> "I worked there maybe a year more."

Another girl was sent to Dawson City in 1925 when she was sixteen years old.

> "In 1925, Anglican minister got me a job cooking at hostel for school kids in Dawson. He told my parents it's a good change for me. That school is for half-breeds and whites, not Indians. Indians went to Carcross--Chooutla School. There were a hundred and eighty kids at that school when I cook there. I cook there a few years."

She didn't go back to her village until 1930. Soon after that she left the community permanently.

Another woman moved to Dawson City after her father died and she had to support her mother. She did housecleaning work for a few years - "No welfare business then" - and then went downriver to cook at a camp for men hauling freight along the river. Later she went to cook in a camp for prospectors.

Jobs probably were available for Indian women more readily than for Indian men in those years.

As mentioned earlier, wood cutting became important, both for fueling wood burning boats and, near Whitehorse, for houses:

> "I met my husband about 1949. We stayed in Whitehorse and cut wood for eight to ten years. We didn't have any kids at first. We had a wood company and sold to anyone who wanted to buy wood, sixteen-foot wood, eight-foot wood, four-foot wood. We got about six or seven cords of wood a day, the two of us together, and hauled it in. We cut green wood, dry wood, whatever they ordered.
>
> "You have to pay stumpage, they call it. It's fifty cents a stumpage for certain areas. Whenever you finish cutting that area, you clean it up and if you want another place you go in and pay again and get another place."

All of these women experienced personal difficulties adjusting to the new way of living, but all of them managed to make those adjustments. Such moves were appropriate to the times, but they significantly changed the directions these women's lives took.

THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

The Alaska Highway building had a great impact on Indian communities along its route as did the Goldrush fifty years earlier. A more detailed report on the impact of this building has been presented elsewhere (Cruikshank and McClellan 1976). Included here are some excerpts from women's biographies which described their impressions of the construction and the way it changed their lives. One entrepreneurial woman went into the laundry business:

> "Then the American Army came through (to build Alaska Highway). There were thousands of them, I don't know how many thousands. Downtown you could hardly walk down street. They had camps all strung along that Highway. In Whitehorse there was big area just for army houses on the hill and another one down towards the railroad. Highway to Japan they call that road.
>
> "Those soldiers had no place to wash their clothes. One day one of them came to see me, asked if I could wash some of his clothes for him. He say he'd pay me. I had scrub board so I said sure. Charge him so much for socks, so much for shirts, so much for pants, like that. He sure was pleased. Then he tell his friends I guess. Soon I'm doing for them.
>
> "I got old wooden washing machine--the crank kind. You turn handle to make it work. Gee it was funny--those

kids liked to turn that handle to play so they help me. Soon I got my sister to help me. First I just give her socks to wash. We iron everything, pack it up for them just like laundry.

"I save $250 from the money I make. Then go down to T & D's and buy gasoline washing machine. Then I really can do lots. Have seven or eight lines of wash--one for each person's clothes--I can do between seven and ten piles a day. Those soldiers bring me down tanks of water for machine too. Some people bring just a few clothes--socks and underwear. Some people bring a whole big bundle.

"You know, between September and March I made $3500. Then on March 14 my whole house burn down. It start with fire in the stove and spread to the whole house. It was daytime. It's a two storey house and the fire went upstairs. I had $200 worth of laundry there. Lucky those soldiers there help us out. We got out my trunk with money in it, and all that laundry, and a big wooden radio like they have in those days. All the clothes--kids' blankets, everything, burn. Just got out with what we were wearing. I want to go back in for more, but one of those soldiers put his hand on my arm and say, 'Mom, don't go in.' They call me Mom. The ceiling could fall in by then. My old man didn't get back till later. Good thing too, because he would have tried to go in the house.

"But that was awful day. I think of it lots.

"They got us a different house. I kept doing laundry for awhile. Then all the soldiers left. After that I stay home for awhile. I sew all the time--make those little moose skin boots--lapel pins--and sell them downtown for $3.50. I used to sew all the time. One time I made fur jacket with hood for colonel's wife for $325. They're rich, I guess. It's a beautiful coat. I'm always busy then--always make money. Those soldiers buy moose skin jacket."

People express considerable ambivalence about the effects of the Alaska Highway. Problems of alcohol abuse increased, animals were needlessly slaughtered; but there were more possibilities for earning money and some positive relationships developed between Indian families and soldiers.

"There was never any heavy drinking before the Army. Old people drank sometimes for respect, but always alone, never in the street, like now. If somebody asked you to have a drink, you'd maybe have a little one, just for respect. And it was always in private.

"The Army brought liquor in and gave it around free to

people, brought it into people's houses. People got used to it. After the Army left people drank more. Indians still couldn't buy liquor, but non-status could, so people might get their friends to buy for them. Like if you're my friend and I give you ten dollars and tell you to buy for me you would. Nobody would tell. People started to drink more after that. Now the Yukon laws say you can drink in the street. To my mind, that's not right.

"When the Army first came through my husband and me were in Tagish. So was my husband's brother and his wife. The men decided to get jobs as guides for soldiers, so they sent us women back to Carcross by boat, because there'd be no men to protect us. We took our time going back, camped here and there, had a good time.

"Sure was hard for animals when Army was there. Hard for people too, because Army killed so much. Anything they see they shoot.

"There was big Army camp at Carcross. We got good jobs then--I took in some laundry--I washed officers' shirts. My sister-in-law and me made mukluks for soldiers with hide just on the bottom and canvas on the sides and a little fur. We got $18.00-$20.00-$22.00. My husband took them to Jake's Corners to sell them for us. One time he came back with $400.00. We were sure surprised to make that much money.

"Squirrels went up to one dollar then from five cents! The Air Force wanted their coats lined with it. That's why the price went up.

"Some families adopted soldiers and had them round to visit. A lot of them were nice boys and they were homesick. They were sometimes good to us too. The Army was not supposed to sell meat to us, but sometimes they would stash it for us and tell us where to find it. One time we got a whole beef. We took it home and dried it and fixed it like moose meat. Nobody would know the difference if they saw it."

The Army also brought major flu epidemics; Indian people who had no immunity to influenza, diptheria, measles, and other diseases became seriously ill and some died.

"In 1941, when the Army was building the North Canol road, they brought a diptheria epidemic. So many kids sick, died. Nobody was ever sick like that before. No disease before. Kids' throats swole up so they couldn't breathe and just choked to death. People didn't know what to do. Mom saved us by using iodine, black iodine.

> She knows it's good for cuts and things so she figures she'll try it. The trader sells it. She put it on a feather. Then she used a flat stick to press our tongues down and she wiped our throat with iodine. It busts that bag and all that stuff drains out of our throats. She tried to do that for other kids, but people were afraid, wouldn't let her.
>
> "'I did it with my own kids,' Mom told them.
>
> "They never sent Army doctor until it's too late. I remember being a kid, watching. Army made caskets steady. It was just terrible. Us kids used to watch them. They used their own wood to build them, then they lined them. They put a cross on top. Then they took them to the graveyard.
>
> "Too late, that nurse and doctor came, gave shots. The doctor say to Mom, 'How come your kids not sick?' Mom tells him about the iodine.
>
> "'Why don't you do it for others?'
>
> "'They're afraid. The trader try to make them listen. Some let me, but others are afraid.'
>
> "Even late, the shots save some kids. Most of the ones who survived are grown up now. Lots of them, Mom saved.

Employment with construction crews greatly changed some peoples' lives as they followed the jobs which were briefly created. A woman who had spent her first twelve years entirely in the bush recalled:

> "Dad helped survey the North Canol Road. He worked at Watson Lake, Fort Nelson, on the Alaska Highway first. Then Daddy, another Yukon man, and a Mackenzie Indian went ahead of the cats from Johnson's Crossing to Norman Wells. Each had a dog team and they took turns. There were eight dogs to a team. Daddy did it alone as far as Ross River, then they hired two more to Norman Wells, because it's too hard for one dog team.
>
> "We moved to Teslin for two years in 1942 because Daddy had that job with the Army at Johnson's Crossing. So the Army move us out to Teslin. Just our family.
>
> "They put us in school at Carcross after the Army finished. During the War they couldn't find teachers. At Teslin they even had to close the school. I went to Carcross for two years but no teachers there either so they just teach us to sew and to clean, cook, scrub. We were never taught to read. It was good though because we learned lots. Every weekend we're home, go

down the lake, dry fish. My brother went there for two years too.

"In 1945 we moved to Whitehorse. I was fifteen then. We stayed in Whitehorse for eleven years."

SUMMARY

The accumulated information from biographies of women of different generations living in different parts of the Yukon suggests that in this century changes have occurred which have given Native women a new range of choices. Many of these changes have been confusing and difficult. Many others have presented new opportunities and offered women considerable social and economic independence even in the early part of the century.

Ethnographic accounts from this area generally suggest that traditionally there was a greater range of individual choice available for men than for women, if only because most of men's activities were carried out individually whereas women's work was always done with other people. In the nineteenth century, women's lives were directed largely by tradition and discussions about their future were made collectively.

In the twentieth century, men's opportunities have narrowed in many ways (dropping fur prices, unpredictability of wage work, increased restrictions on hunting, increased government involvement in all phases of life). Few new alternative opportunities have been provided for men. On the other hand, these same changes have forced women to make individual choices about how to pursue their own lives, and new social and economic choices have become available for women.

The adaptability often said to characterize Athapaskan culture is usually mentioned with reference to technical inventiveness and economic and social flexibility of male hunting patterns. These accounts suggest that considerable adaptability and flexibility also underlies women's roles. McClellan suggests that women may have always wielded considerable practical power through manipulating social relationships (McClellan 1975:342). Whether and how women's ability to adapt to and manipulate situations was expressed in former centuries we do not know from written accounts. But there are good indications that in the twentieth century this ability has led to considerable social and economic diversification in roles.

Far from encouraging generalizations about Athapaskan women's roles, these biographies show the real diversity which has characterized their lifestyles in the twentieth century.

PART IV: VERSIONS OF MYTHS AND LEGENDS TOLD BY ATHAPASKAN WOMEN

Following are a number of myths and legends narrated by older Athapaskan women during the course of this project. Some women felt that recording such narratives should be the most significant part of our work, more "important" than recording any details of their individual lives. Consequently, many of our early sessions included a "story" and gradually traditional stories replaced other kinds of conversation. All the myths convey fundamental truths. As one woman explained, "These stories are true stories. Indians had no fairy stories, so they must be true." In all cases, women wanted to be acknowledged as the narrator of their story.

A local Indian newspaper, the *Indian News*, has begun printing some of these stories in each issue, crediting the narrator in each case and paying her a nominal fee. Women have found this personally satisfying and wish to continue recording such stories. When more versions of each story are available and when I am in a position to have access to standard works on myth and legend, I hope to do further analysis of these stories and to compare them with versions collected earlier in this region by ethnologists. In the meantime, they are reproduced here, as they are told, with some preliminary explanatory notes. Hopefully, they will provide other students with comparative material.

In some cases, different women offered different versions of the same basic legend. Because my knowledge of Athapaskan mythology is so limited and because I was initially interested in aspects of secular history rather than in myth, I did not ask for versions of specific stories, except on three occasions where I was fairly certain that one woman, an excellent storyteller, would know a version of a story I had just heard from someone else.[5]

I have very arbitrarily divided these myths or "stories" into four general "groups":

First, are the extended cycles of stories including Crow stories, the story of *Ets'uya'* or Beaverman, sometimes known as Smart Man, and the story of the Two Smart Brothers. Individual variations of certain segments of these myths are also included.

Second, come shorter but complicated narratives which describe a particular dramatic incident or incidents as one discrete story. Where possible, more than one version of each story is included.

Third, I group certain narratives because their subject material suggests ways in which traditional narrative styles may be adapted to new historical themes. These would more closely approximate Kirk's "legends." They include descriptions of the great starvation which must have occurred sometime in the mid-nineteenth century, stories of the coming of the first white man, and stories of the feats of various shamans who showed their powers to white men during this century.

Finally, I also include a number of "short stories" which were told. Some of these are straightforward narratives describing the origin of some aspect of technology (snowshoes, fire) or the origin of a place name. Others

are stories about swans, the moon, etc. Still others may be abbreviated versions of much longer stories which other students may recognize. Access to other versions may clarify some of the themes in these latter accounts.

Sometimes in the following stories we encounter attempts by individuals to integrate recent historical events or conflicting mythologies (such as biblical versions of history) into an Athapaskan framework. This suggests that individual storytellers may be able to manipulate a fairly standard narrative form to include quite variable content. In this way, stories can be developed which integrate outwardly inconsistent values such as traditional beliefs and those of western religion or western economics.

The narrators are: Mrs. Angela Sidney, a Tagish woman born in 1902; Mrs. Kitty Smith, a Southern Tutchone speaking woman, who is approximately 85 years old; Mrs. Rachel Dawson, a Tutchone speaking woman born in 1903; and Mrs. Mary McLeod, a Han speaking woman born approximately 1893. Women in their 40s, 50s and 60s seldom related stories. When they did, they preferred that their names not be used. The stories are written as they were told, in idiomatic English.

CYCLES OF STORIES

Crow Cycle

The Raven stories told on the Northwest Pacific Coast become the Story of the Crow in the Yukon. Crow is the maker of the world. He goes through life having adventures, outwitting people and occasionally being outwitted.

Mrs. Sidney's account is presented first. It was the first story she told me, and though it was not taped, she had me read my verbatim notes and my first typed version back to her, making corrections and changes each time. The final version, she considers correct.

The two variations following hers were taped, and consequently are more idiomatic and longer. One is told by a woman in her eighties, the second by a woman in her forties.

Crow wanted to create the world, but the sun, moon and stars were controlled by a chief who had them guarded by servants. Crow tricked the chief's daughter into giving birth to him. Disguised as her child, he stole the sun, moon and stars from his "grandfather" and brought them to people. After he accomplished this he made the earth by tricking sea lion, then made people and established moiety rules. From here on his life involves a series of adventures which people tell with great amusement.

One significant variation is told by Mrs. Smith. She used this example to explain to me the relationship between Crow's creation of the world and the biblical version of creation (p. 71-72).

Crow Cycle

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

"Those days story told mouth to mouth. That's how they educate people."

Birth of Crow

One time there is a girl whose daddy is a very high man. They kept her in her bedroom all the time. Men try to marry her all the time but they say no, she's too good.

Crow wanted to be born. Wants to make the world. So he made himself into a pine needle. A slave always brings water to that girl. One time he brings water with pine needle in it. She turns it down. Makes him get fresh water. He brings it again. Again pine needle there. Four times he brings water and each time it's there. Finally, she gives up. She spits that pine needle out and drank the water. But it blew in her mouth and she swallowed it. Soon she's pregnant.

Her mother and daddy are mad. Her mother asks her, "Who's that father?"

"No, I never know a man," she say.

That baby starts to grow fast. That girl's father had the sun, moon, stars, daylight, hanging in his house. He's the only one has them. The world was all dark, all the time. The child begged for them to play with.

Finally the father gives his grandchild sun to play with. He rolls it around. He plays with it, laughs, has lots of fun. Then he rolls it to the door and out it goes. "Oh!" he cries. He just pretends. He cries because that sun is lost.

"Give me moon to play with." They say no at first. Like now if baby asks for sun, moon, you say, "That's your grandfather's fire." Finally they give it to him.

One by one they give him sun, moon, stars, daylight. He loses them all.

"Where does she get that child from? He loses everything," her father say.

Crow Brings Light to the World

Then Crow disappears. Has those things with him in a box.

He walks around. Comes to river. Lots of animals are there--fox, wolf, wolverine, mink, rabbit. Everybody's fishing. That time animals all talk like people talk now. The world is dark.

"Give me fish," Crow says.

No one pay any attention.

"Give me fish or I bring daylight."

They laugh at him.

He's holding a box--starts to open it and lets one ray out. Then they pay attention. He opens box a bit more. They're scared. Finally he broke that daylight box and throw it out. Those animals scatter, hide in bush and turn into animals like now. Then the sun, moon, stars, daylight come out.

"Go to the skies," Crow say. "Now no one man owns it," he say. "It will be for everyone."

He's right, what he say, that Crow.

Crow Makes the Earth

After Crow made the world he see that sea lion owned the only island in the world. The rest was water. He's the only one with land. The whole place was ocean.

Crow rests on a piece of log. He's tired. He sees sea lion with that little island just for himself. He wants land too.

So he stole sea lion's kid.

"Give back that kid," said sea lion.

"Give me beach--some sand," say Crow. So sea lion gave him sand. You know how sand in water floats? Crow threw that sand around the ocean.

"Be world," he tell it. And it became the world.

Crow Makes People

After that he walk around, fly around all alone. He's tired. He's lonely. He needs people. He took poplar tree bark. You know how it's thick? He carved it. Then he breathed into it.

"Live," he said. And he made person. He made Crow and Wolf too. At first they can't talk to each other. Crow man and woman are shy with each other--look away. Wolf people same way.

"This is no good," he said. So he change that. He made Crow man sit with Wolf woman and he made Wolf man sit with Crow woman. So Crow must marry Wolf and Wolf must marry Crow.

That's how the world began.

Crow Gets Married

One time Crow saw beautiful lady sit by river. She has red hair, white skin. You know how Crow is. He comes up to her, sort of friendly. He sat down.

"Hello," he say. "What are you doing here?"

"Just fishing," she say.

They call that one Fish Mother. Everytime she come to water, fish came.

Crow said, "I know what we'll do. We'll make fish rack, dry fish. I got no one to look after. You got no one to look after you. We'll stay together. We can pick up fish from water.

"No," she say. "I'll just catch them for me."

"I'll help you," he say. "Help you eat them."

They cut up fish, dry them. He stay there with her, but they sleep separate for two or three days.

After he marry that woman he never see her eat. She has a slave who brings her water. Crow always walk along beach picking seaweed to eat.

One day Crow comes back from picking seaweed. That slave is sleeping across fire. He sees light ashes on that slave. He wonders what this means. Look like somebody cook something. Crow is smart. He starts to tickle that slave so he laugh. When that slave laughs, Crow sees piece of fishmeat between his teeth. He pick at that piece of fish with his beak. "Where you get that fishmeat from?" Crow is greedy.

"I went to get my boss some water (that's fishwife). When she put her fingers in that water fish come to her."

So Crow did same thing. He said to her, "My beautiful wife, let me get water for you." When he did that, he got fish too. When she stick her fingers in water, fish come.

Then he thinks. He says to her, "Let's dry fish. Let me build a fish trap for you. Then you put your fingers in water and fish come." He wants his wife to do that every day.

So he did. He built trap.

"Now, wife, put your fingers in water."

But his wife took bath there instead of just putting fingers in water and he got lots of fish. Fish start to come every day after that. When fish dry there's not much work to do that time. So he starts walking again.

Every day he goes for a walk. Fish mother said to slave, "Crow, my husband, will say something against me, something to insult me. When he does, you go to your cache. Make cache in bush for your fish. Make long stick to protect yourself and your fish. You will keep your fish, but he's going to lose all his."

One day she's hanging fish. He's looking at her. Under her arms he sees long red hair.

"Ha, ha, wife, you've got red hair under your arms," he insult her. She wave her arms, angry. Then she go to beach and disappear. She turn into fog, I guess. All the fish that are hanging there turn back into fish and come to life again. They run back into water. They go away.

Slave runs back to his cache. Crow didn't know he had cache.

Crow feels bad after that. Shouldn't say that. He feels bad. His wife keeps eye on him all time after she disappear. Crow has to eat seaweed again.

He's walking along beach. Comes to rock first. When he walks by that rock he hears something--an echo--making fun of him. Someone imitates him as he eats seaweed.

He backs up. Goes by that rock again. Same thing happens. Do it two or three times.

The last time he kicks that rock. "What's that imitating me?" he says. Door in rock flies open and there's his wife.

Crow's packing devil's club. He grab that wife and switch her that devil's club.

"Don't cry," he says. "Say 'Water go down, water go down, water go down'." She does that. Then he runs and looks. That water went down. There's lots of fish on that beach. He packs in those fish--salmon, ling cod.

He walks along, kicks stone. Say, "Brother wake up, brother wake up." But stone kept sleeping. Little further on see driftwood. "Brother wake up, wake up. Lots of fish." Dry stick, that driftwood, fly up in air. "You take salmon, brother," Crow tells him, "I'll take ling cod." Ling cod fat then. He cook ling cod, made grease too. Except he throw away liver. That's why ling cod liver fat, I guess.

Then water rushes back in. He goes back to that rock where wife is. The door is closed. No rock no more. His wife is gone.

Tides flow ever since he tell his wife that.

Crow fools his Brother

Crow and his brother (drift log) cook fish, make lots of grease. Fish almost dry. Crow plans to steal it.

Night time Crow sleeps. He pretend to dream funny. Makes noise in sleep. "Huun, hunn, go back from the beach brother," he say.

Brother wakes him up. "You dream bad. Wake up."

"Gee, I dream bad. I dream war come upon us. Like one time before. I was right that time. I dream like that when I'm gonna lose my mother and father. War come upon them. People all got killed. I'm going to make bow, arrow, spear."

Crow went out all next day. He makes spear out of poplar tree bark, dry one. One for self. Brother didn't pay attention. That night he dream again. Same thing he say, "Brother go this way. I'm gonna go down." Brother wake him up.

Next day he went out again. Got everything ready--stick for spear, stone too. Spear for brother, spear for him. All ready.

Finally next night hear big noise like big wind came on.

"Brother we got war! War come upon us" You go back. Me to the beach."

His brother go out. "Eh, what is that?" Nothing but

birds. All the birds in the world. Flap around him. He stood there awhile. "Eh, what is that? I thought you mean real people."

He fights war with the birds.

Meantime Crow eats all his brother's grease, fish meat too.

When brother find all his grease gone, he's mad. "So that's what you really want!"

Crow send his brother back to beach. Turn him back into driftwood stick again.

Crow finds Blanket

After he eat all that fish Crow goes walking along again, eats seaweed. One time after his pretty wife's gone he comes on a pretty green blanket.

Looks like the Chilkat blanket, lying in the water. So he says, "I'll take that one." He threw his goatskin blanket out in the water. That blanket drifts out, disappears.

Then he pick up that green blanket. Put it on. Little by little that blanket falls to pieces. Piece fall off as he walk along. That blanket is made of seaweed! His wife did that to him. Makes it look like Chilkat blanket.

"Oh, what have I done?" he sings to that gopher blanket that float away. "Come back from a deep place. South wind song. From way out the middle drift back my blanket."

Pretty soon drift back to him. Blanket is nice and white again. He dry it out. Start travelling again.

"That's my wife do that to me. She don't beat me after-all."

Crow Loses his Eye

One time Crow's walking along beach. Came to blueberry patch. He took his eye out and put it on a rock.

"Look for boat. Watch out," he tell it. He goes off to bush to eat blueberries.

That eye holler at him. "Boat's coming. Boat coming. Yawk gun at koo."

He run out. He look. No boat. He picks up that eye.

"Don't lie to me. That's bad luck." He tell him. He throw that eye up and down to punish it. He sets it back on rock again. "Don't lie," he tells it. He goes off again to pick blueberries.

That eye holler again. "Boat coming. Yawk gun at koo. Boat coming. Yawk gun at koo. Somebody pick me up."

Crow doesn't believe him. No more holler.

"Maybe it's true," says Crow. He investigate, he check.

"Too bad my eye." Where's that boat gone. He thinks. He knows.

He takes huckleberry and puts it in his eye. He comes up to the people on that boat, where they're camping. He comes up real sure of himself.

"Kla goo. Surprise. We find a talking eye on a rock," they say.

"Let me see," he say. They give to him. "Boy you sure look like the Crow's eye." Bang. He sticks it in his eye. He took it. He took off.

Crow Loses his Nose

Kids are out fishing. Crow came back by a different way. Came to them. They say to him, "Something strange happen. We see eye sitting talking on a rock."

Crow say to them, "Something strange happen to me too. I have a dream that there's a war coming. It happen like that long time ago. I lost my mother and father both in a war. That why I am alone. You people should move on an island.

"Boats leaking," they say.

"Put fish grease on it," he say. They do that. They put boats in water. They don't leak.

"Put all kids in one boat. I'm captain," he say.

Little way out he goes and licks fat off those boats. He eats kids' boat last. Boats start leak. Those kids drown. He tells them, "Become diver--loon." So kids make noise like suffering. That's why loons do that.

One of those boats land someplace. He came to those

people again. He starts to eat fat off that last boat. They're fishing. Catch him on hook. They pull and pull. He try to stay down. They finally pull his nose off.

"What's wrong here?" they say. "First we find eye and Crow takes it. Then Crow predicts war. Then the kids drown. Then we find nose. Sure looks like Crow nose."

Crow makes nose out of pitch and comes to them from a different way. He grabs that nose and took off.

Crow's always in trouble.

Crow Meets Whale

One time Crow is packing around jackpine wood. It's chopped up into kindlings. That's the time he saw that whale.

"Come up close," he said. So that whale came closer and when water came up he flew in that whale. He starts to live in that whale's stomach. Start to eat all the fat in that whale. Make smudge with that kindling, fire in that whale. That's how he cook that fat. He came to heart only left.

"What's that hanging there for?"

That's the heart. Here, he cut if off. Heart's gone, so that whale start do die.

Crow say to whale, "Land in most capital city." Finally, it stop in one place.

Crow say, "I wonder where there's big shot like me to cut that stomach open?"

Finally it took lots of people to chop that whale open. Took lots. Soon as they cut whale open Crow flew up and out 'til people can't see him. He rest there. Give them chance to make grease.

He came back to people like before.

Crow Fools his Brother Deer

Another time Crow walks on beach. He feeds from beach all the time.

"Who will go with me?" he asks the animals. "How about me?" they all say. One by one, came out. No, no, no, he say to each one.

Finally, buck deer say, "How about me?" It's sure fat.

"Okay, you look fat enough. You can come with me."

They walk along upstream. Come to canyon.

"Let's cross here," Crow say. Crow makes a grass bridge, put together of grass and horsetails.

"How do I do that?" ask deer. "It won't hold me."

"Sure it would," say Crow. "I'll do it first." He pretends to walk. Bridge look good. But he use his wings.

Deer try. First step, grass, horsetails pull apart. He fall into canyon. Smash. Deer is fat. Fly all over. He sure splash. Crow ate that fat. That food lasts Crow two, three days.

That's why you see white marble rock. That's deer fat.

Crow Finds New Brother

Crow walks along after that. Walks on beach again.

"Boo hoo, I lost my brother. Who is high enough to cry with me?"

Imagine that! He just *ate* his brother!

Willow says, "Let me cry with you."

"No," Crow say. "Your paint is too pretty. Would spoil."

Poplar says, "Let me cry with you."

"No," Crow say. "Your paint is too good on your face."

Then Crow sees tree covered with pitch. Spruce tree. "Ah, hoh, hoh, hoh. You happen same like me. My brother is killed. You cry like me. You look good. You can cry with me."

That's why spruce tree all cover with pitch.

Crow falls in Love with his Mother-in-Law

Then there's that time Crow falls in love with his mother-in-law.

He's walking along, comes to a widow and her daughter.

He comes up, lay down, legs crossed, hand under his head. He talks to them nice. He's stuck on that girl. She pretty soon moves over to him.

One year later, he gets stuck on his mother-in-law. She gets sick. He wished her sick, that's why. He say, "I'll be doctor." So he tells his wife, "I know what medicine will help your mother." He tells his wife, "Send your mother to the bushes, to the meadow. Tell her to sit on the first thing she sees coming out of the moss."

Then he covers himself up with moss, all but his thing. She came there. She saw it. She sat down. She look down and saw some feathers. She figured it out. He didn't get nothing!

She goes to her daughter. "Where's your husband?"

"He went to get water."

She tells her daughter what happened. Funny thing though, she got better right away. Crow medicine I guess that is.

That's end of Crow stories. At end he gets tired of walking around. So made himself into Raven. Now he don't bother people anymore.

Story of How Crow Made World

told by Mrs. Kitty Smith, Whitehorse

That Crow he's like God. This is how he made world. Long time ago animals were all people. This is before they had light.

One time they're all out fishing. Fox and bear, fishing there you know. They talk like a person. Crow comes up.

"Caw, you sleep you fellows. If I make daylight you're going to be scared," he said. Crow say that. He's really an Indian though.

People say, "You know that man who got it? Sun? That's his daughter place in there. Old time just like. You don't got that kind," they tell him.

That big poplar tree inside, rotten. He take off all, and throw beside. He throw it in the lake, he go in the lake. He don't know where he's going. He can't die that Crow, he can't get killed.

"That man where he stay that sun he got it, there's that place I want it. I want my boat landed there." That's

what he said. He make song that way. I know that song too.

Night time. Gee big house there. Look just like it got a light on.

He walk around. He get out. Where that big water run down. He just think. He go turn into a little dirt, he put him right there. "I wish he want to get water." He want to see that house now. "I wish that woman, she want to drink water."

Lady coming to get water. Just like a dish, that pot (she carried). He fall right down there. He go into that pot. He go in like little dirt. He stay there. Go in.

Gee, shine, that house. Light in there. Big one! Two. Right there (points up), and right there. That's where he throw that light.

He think: "What I'm going to do?" That girl, young girl you know. What you think he did? He went in that cup. That girl he start to drink water, he swallow him down!

Just in two weeks that big his stomach he got that girl. No man there, nothing. His mother tell his husband, "That our girl is going to have baby. Where he come from that baby?"

"I don't know," he said.

Just one month, she started now with that baby, sick. Rich man that man, you know, that Daddy. Put everything underneath. That baby gonna be born on top.

Crow think, "Gonna be born on top baby. Wish they put some grass underneath me." That's what he think. He think for that lady nurse, "Get grass, get grass."

That girl's getting tired now. That lady say, "I'm going to try that grass. Good one. I'm going to fix it underneath." Did it just right then. Soft one, just like a feather pillow. He's born there.

That's cold. Indian climate cold, see?

Little boy. Ah gee, he see his grandma. "Ah my little grandchild." He did his eye that way (winking). Bad kid! (laughing) "What he do that his eye that way? Why he do that," she say her husband. "He do that this way."

"I guess he play with you," he say. "You see now? Hi little baby, you going to laugh you," he tell him.

Just one week he start to walk.

Two weeks, that big. He run around. Up there big ones: moon and the sun. That's the one he throw light. He start to cry for that moon.

"Take it down," he tell his Mamma. "I want to play with it."

His grandpa say, "Don't want to cry, that baby. Take off. Let him play. He can't lose him."

He roll around. I don't know where he put him. He swallow him, I don't know. But he got him. They look around all over. Lost. Just old sun there now.

After about one week he started to cry. Cry and cry. He got him that moon though. Someplace he got him. He cry and cry his eyes just about to slip out.

His grandpa say, "Take off. I don't like my grandchild's eyes that way," he said.

He play around. He's going to get away now, that one. They open someplace when it's hot that house. They got lady working there, you know.

"Say, lady, open that. Too hot."

"You feel hot?"

"Yes," he said.

She open. He's going to get out that way. Should put away that sun now.

(Claps hands) Gone!

"Where's that little kid?" (laughs) Some place he fall down they think.

He's thinking about that his boat, that rotten wood. Just use for boat. Go in it. Soon.

"I want to be at that fishing place, down the bay," he said. Don't know how long he stay there (in the boat). "Whew, whew," he paddle.

There's that place! They're fishing yet!

"I'm going to make daylight you people, just quiet now," he said.

"Aw, you got no light, you got no sun," they tell him.

He got 'em now.

"What I going to do you think? The best way I'm going to throw in the sky, going to stay there." He throw that moon first time. "Stay there for good," he said. After that he pull out that sun. He throw. Everything go in the water. Just one little boy, one little girl, they still walk four hands. They want to do that way and he grab them.

"You're gonna walk two foot, you're not gonna walk four. I got two foot, I walk," he said. He grab that kid. One little girl, one little boy.

"I'm going to raise you," he said. "Sun up there now, daylight now."

Some of them go in the water. Some of them go in the woods, they run away. Two kids only he save. One little girl and one little boy.

"You're gonna have twelve kids," he tell them, that girl, "This one's gonna marry you. You're going to have two foot, you're not going to walk like that. Your hair going to be this way, and your hands." He show them.

"No more, no that sun he stay for good. This ground turns but it stay that sun in one place. Moon same too. He don't move. That moon, he just stay there." That's what he said, that Crow.

That kid, he make it grow. In the morning, he make it get up, that kid. (She demonstrates rubbing kid's back.) He do that to make it grow. That's funny, eh?

When he get grub: "What grub I'm going to get?" he said. He bring him grub. Some kind of fish he give it.

Later, the same woman described the same sequence in a slightly different way. She wanted to illustrate for me parallels between Crow's creation of the world and the biblical version of creation.

Story of Creation

That Crow, he do everything, you know. He teach everything. Which way they're going to kill fish, he teach. Fish trap, he make it, Crow. Hook, he make him. (King Salmon they used to hook this side Whitehorse Canyon.) How to spear King Salmon, he teach. Do everything. He's Jesus, I guess. God, maybe.

My grandson read that Bible for me. Pretty near the same I think. When he want to make people, that Crow, two

girls he got them, two boys he got them. What they're going to eat he put them here. "This one you fellows going to eat." He give it. They eat. Some kind of fruit, he make it grow for them kids. Like Bible. But he tell them don't steal it. That's why this Yukon no fruit. Nothing, just little berries, that's all. He make grow that fruit.

When that pole is about that high, it start to grow fruit. But those kids don't bother. They're all full, they got lots of grub, they eat what they want.

Somebody come. Devil, they call him. (Kwats'ánjül) "Why you fellows don't eat this one?"

This pretty near the Bible, you know that?

"That man going to come back. He's going to give us when full grown," they tell him, that little girl tell him. "We can't do that."

He broke tree. Got four of them. He give to that two little girls and little boys. Those kids eat it quick. Just when that boy going to swallow, he come back, that Crow.

"Hey," he said, "who tell you?"

"Some man come, he feed us." He gone.

Pretty near same as Bible, where he steal them. That's why no fruit in Yukon.

After that, those kids get grey hair. That devil fix his tongue so he tell lies. Then he fix his eye so he steal food.

Crow say, "Why you do that to these kids? I'm going to put my hand on them, so they be good. I made these kids. I give them food to eat. What for you bother them? I put my hand on them. They're going to be honest."

Devil says, "I'm going to make grub for them too."

Crow says, "I'm going to put my hand on them. They're not going to die. They're going to be alive for good."

Devil says, "No they're going to die." That's why people die, you see. He spoiled them.

How Indians Got Fire

Crow was the one who first got fire.

You know that chicken hawk? He got long nose, first time, they say.

Crow got King Salmon. He can't eat it without fire, you know. Someplace he see fire come out salt water. He don't know how to get it. How he know fire, Crow? He don't know which way he's going to get it. He don't know which way he's going to get it. Somebody's got to get it, he think. That time he tell birds, "You think we get it, that fire?"

"No."

Chicken hawk, he got long nose. "I'll try," he say.

Crow get pitch from wood, tie up his beak for him. "Try now."

He wait for that fire going to come out. Soon it come up. He poke it with his beak. He start to burn now that beak. Chicken hawk beat it home. "My nose start to burn," he scream.

"You're doing good," call Crow.

Just on shore he fall down. But he got it already, that Crow. That Chicken hawk pretty sick though.

"Come on," Crow tell him. "I'm going to medicine you." He fix him up little beak. "Just nice looking boy, you now," he say. "Women going to like you now."

They cook now that fish. Put away tail so it won't make foolish people. Everybody eat that fish now.

They build fire and from there Crow take rock, flint. He throw it all around. That's why you sometimes find that rock all around.

How Crow Brought Fish to Man

One man got fish that time. He steal. Crow tell him: "You my mother's brother." He tell him story. "Well, I got to stop now," he said. "I got to eat fish."

He open that..."Gee, look at that fish...Salmon, everything. Fresh water."

"Which one you want to eat?" he tell him.

"That one."

"No, that King Salmon, but maybe that one."

"No, that one."

"No, not that one."

And he stays there, but I don't know how many days with that man. Get smart now. He want to steal that fish now.

"Who owns you? Me." That's what he say to Crow.

"How long ago you got that sun? Just a little while ago I see that sun. And that Crow got it."

"You know that sun?" Crow tell him. "Used to be my Daddy's own that sun."

"No," said that fishman, "I don't think so."

"Yes," he say, "that's my Daddy's. You know how many years he throw away that sun. That's why sun there, moon there, stars there."

Well he see he's up against him. That man. Just a little while ago I guess, he don't believe in this.

"Me already I've got girlfriend that time you tell me. How big are you that time you tell me?"

"I'm going to tell you a story," Crow tell him. "But don't sleep. If you sleep, you're going to sleep for good, if I tell this story. It's three days. You say you're staying for three days?"

"Oh, yeah, I'm staying."

"All right. I'm going to start telling story now." Tell story, tell story, tell story.

After four days, no sleep. That man go down now.

"Ah, don't do that," he said. "Look at me, I don't sleep. Long way yet. You want to sleep. If you sleep you sleep for good. This is my story." He tell him. "You're going to die yourself that time." And he's scared you know.

He fall asleep. He suck all, that Crow, those fish. Eat them all up. That water, everything, all, he suck 'em.

When that man wake up he say, "Aie! What you do that with my fish?"

"Take back my smoke place," he said. Tie him up there, Crow. Used to be just like a ptarmigan, that Crow. He put some pitch and wood underneath, you know, make it black.

Crow he steal that fish. That's why lake fish, at Marsh Lake, Laberge, he let everything go into that lake. That's how the people got fish.

Crow and Whale

One time Crow sees great big fish. They call whale. "Whooo," it blows.

"I'm going to go in that one, go inside."

He ready now. He do that. He goes in. Don't know how he don't die. Go in. Gee, talk about fat inside. Just fat. He eat fat. Living good. Don't know what water he use. He living there. He clean out inside fat. Just heart hanging now. Guts, all he eat up. Get ready now. He cut it, that heart.

"Wish he land at big city, high name city." He want it to land at city like Whitehorse. He think that way inside.

Two days. "Swish, swish," sounds like he landed. He hear something. They're chopping up that whale. He hear people now. That's the time he say, "I wish good man make hole on top of me."

They hear something inside, those people. "What is that?"

"I don't know. It said, 'Chop on top of me, good man'." They cut big hole. He fly away. Fly clean to sky.

After, those people make fat with that grease. They eat it those people.

Crow make some kind of blanket, just like out of leaf.

He comes up to that city. People sing because they know somebody coming. Got weasel skin to tie up his hair. They see it and say, "Rich man, that one."

"He, I'm tired," he said. "My Daddy told me sometime you walk around and find city, my people there. My mother people, my daddy people, used to be."

"Oh my," they said, "go to chief's house, chief of this city."

"This man, he come a long way," they tell him, that chief. Two young boys, two young girls, they call them to cook (a feast).

"I'm going to tell you story," they tell him. "Whale landed here and they hear something inside." That's him see?

"Gee, I thought I'm not going to hear that kind of news again," Crow say.

"He go away, go out that thing to sky."

"My Uncle's country big city, lots of people. That's the place they got them, that kind. My daddy, Mamma, sister. Me, I'm not born yet. My Daddy's good hunter. He said, 'go, never mind that thing. Let them do it themself.' He don't touch that thing, my daddy. They go someplace else. The others all make grease for winter. After that nobody leave that town. Just my Daddy, Mamma. Those people throwed away that city." Gee, you people got bad luck," he said. "That grease you cook, you eat already. Gee, too bad, you should have let me know. I'm not going to eat that."

People get scared. "You fellows let go of this city, it's going to be better I guess," he said. "I don't eat though." Crow has partner with him, his cook. That cook say, "That big man tell us important story. You fellows got to get away quick. Don't take that fat. Just throw it away quick."

Everybody leave that city. Just one man left.

"That high chief, he die. Nobody left in that city," they tell him.

"Put me in box," Crow tell his partner. Then he tell him sing, "My uncle he die in this high place. Everybody left us."

Then his partner roll big rock down that hill, bust that Crow coffin. Crow fly out. He start to clean up grease. All he clean up. He got in boat. He had boat he fix up.

He goes along in his boat. Goes along, comes to camp. He don't see nobody, no people, just dry fish, dry meat. He land at that place. Look around. Sit down on top. Look at that fat meat. No people though.

"Thank you," he said, "you fellows feed me. I come long way. My Daddy tell me that kind of people used to be," he said. "That's what I look for when I found you people," he said. After he eat, "I'm gonna go that way."

"Ah nobody there, I'm going to take some meat, some fat." Don't he think somebody cook for him? He's crazy I guess. He go back. Take some meat.

He load up two loads in his boat. But those meat run back to same place from where he take them.

"Ah, I'm going to eat up," he say. But it don't stay in his stomach, go right through, someplace. That meat.

He beat Crow, that one, that place nobody there. But I don't know what kind of people, that one. He can't do nothing now. He get in boat.

"No more I come back here! I never see you people, that's why I take meat," he said.

Crow Meets Grizzly Bear

That's the time he goes to Grizzly Bear. They all around shore. He stop there.

"My auntie's husband," he say. "That's my daddy sister you married."

That bear get mad. Well that grease he drink cold, that bear.

"Where you fish?" Crow said.

"Lots of fish in that bay, halibut. Used to be lots."

"Can we go there? I know how to fish anyway," Crow said.

I don't know how he get that fish tail, King Salmon. That one he (Crow) got it. "When I go fishing, you sit down other way. Don't look at me," he said. "I got bait for hook," he said. Finally he do that (grunt, grunt). Ten, he got them. Ten halibut. Big one.

Crow show him how he cut it. Instead he cut open that bear with knife. Kill him.

Then he go back, that bear partner. "Gonna give you something to eat." He pick off lice.

That bear's partner stick out his tongue for that one. Crow pull off his tongue!

"Talk now," say Crow.

"Huoh, heh," that bear partner can't talk.

"My auntie--that bear wife--is hungry. I guess I'm gonna take her fish. Fish stomach."

That auntie don't know he's gonna kill her. He pick up those little rock, round ones. He throw in fire. That Crow.

"I'm gonna cook for you this fish stomach, my auntie. Sit down."

Bear partner try to tell her, that lady, "Huoh, heh, huoh."

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" she tell him. That bear woman don't hear him.

"That husband (of yours) pretty near fell in when we're getting this fish," Crow tell her. She believe him.

He put those hot rocks inside that fish stomach, one each one, each one. "Just don't chew them, my auntie, just swallow them down, swallow them down." She believe it, swallow down, swallow down. It's getting hot.

"Drink water now, drink water now." He give her water. Boiling hot. Her stomach got rocks now.

He sit down up there. That bear lady get mad you know. Just go around that way.

He tell her, "You gonna sleep pretty soon my auntie, don't get mad too much," he tell her. Well her stomach's all cooked now, you know. Fall down dead. Crow he kill her now.

That bear partner scared now, want to run away.

"My auntie sleep. Come on," Crow tell him. "You see that island? You going to stay for good there. Don't go on the shore no more. You're gonna die if you go on the shore. Your're gonna be home there."

And he's gone.

Crow he do everything. He makes the world. He can't die too.

Legend of Crow

Another version told by a woman in her mid-forties.

When we were out picking berries today, it reminded me of Crow, the time he went picking berries.

That Crow was hungry for berries, so he took out his eye and put it on a rock. He said, "Okay, you watch for boat for me down on the lake. If you see a boat come you holler for me and I'll be back there picking berries, cause I'm going to eat some berries."

His eye said, "Okay."

So he sit down maybe half an hour, something like that and his eye start to holler, "*Yawk si teen*," means in Indian "A boat is coming."

He run around and he look around...didn't see anything. So then he told his eye not to do that again. So he went back up in the bush and he picked some more berries. About half an hour after I guess his eye was hollering again: "*Yawk si teen, Yawk si teen.*"

He run back down there again and he look around and he couldn't see any boat. So he got after his eye. He just realy got mad at it and he said, "Don't you lie to me again. I'm not going to come back down the next time you holler."

So his eye said, "Okay."

So Crow went back up in the bush and he was picking berries and eating berries and oh, about an hour after, I guess, his eye was hollering again: "*Yawk si teen*," he holler it three times, "*Yawk si teen.*"

All of a sudden he didn't hear his eye holler any more. So quite awhile after finally he went back down to look around. His eye was gone. So he put in a blueberry in place of his eye.

He saw a village way across on the other side of the river and he went over there to the camp. He comes in and they ask him where he comes from.

"Oh," he says, "from the other side, way down on the other side of the lake there's a village there."

And then he went to the next camp and the people were talking about this eye that this man found and gave it to the chief.

So he said, "Oh, what kind of eye is it?"

They say they don't know. It was sitting on a rock and it was hollering "*Yawk si teen*," so they gave it to the chief.

"Oh," he said, "could I see it?"

"Well," they said, "then you have to go see the chief." So he went up to see the chief. The chief said, "Well I'm not going to take it out any more tonight." He said, "So you come back tomorrow at noon and I'll show it to you."

"Okay," he said.

So the chief ask him, "You gonna stay here tonight?"

He said "Yeah, I'm going to make a brushcamp." So he made a brushcamp and he stayed there that night.

Next day about noon he went over and the chief took the eye out and put it in a really nice feather, just to keep it nice and soft. He took it out and he show it to the Crow and the Crow is walking around the campfire and looking at it and said, "Gee, I never see an eye like that before," he said in Indian. He's walking around the campfire and all of a sudden his blueberry eye bust, you know, that he had in the place of hie eye!

And he flew away and "Caw," just like a crow made noise, eh? He said, "That's my eye." So that was the end of the chief's eye.

So then from there he went down the lake and he came to a village. Gee all was kind of dark and he couldn't figure out why. And he came to these people and said, "How come it's always dark? It's never daylight."

And they said, "Well the chief has got the daylight and the moon and the sun and the stars."

"How come he has it?"

"Well," they said, "he's the chief so he keeps that all the time."

He said, "Can I go see the chief?"

And they said, "You can't go to see him or anything, but you can talk to him."

So he went over there and he walked in the chief's teepee. "Oh," he said, "where did you get all that from? That's sure nice," he said. "Could I have them? Could I play with them?"

The chief said, "No." He said, "It belongs to me."

So finally he didn't know how to get them because he knew the days is going to stay dark all the time if the chief has them, eh? Oh, he did everything to get them himself, you know.

The chief had a young daughter, that he wanted her to marry somebody. He said, "The best hunter, the first person that brings in a nice fat moose is going to marry my daughter." So, of course, Crow volunteered to go.

Well, he didn't know how to kill a moose or to kill anything because he was a crow. Everybody went eh?

He went way up the valley and he thought about pulling his bum guts out. So he took his bum guts out and he tied it to the end of a tree and then he run way down the valley with it. Then he cuts it off and cleans it. That's where you get this red moss from that people use for diapers and stuff. That's where it came from.

Then he cleaned it, then he washed it real good, and then he packed it up in his pack sack and he brought it back. Comes to the chief and he says, "Here," he says. "All I brought in is the moose guts. I couldn't bring any more, it was getting dark, it was too dark and I couldn't see very good."

The chief said, "Okay."

Then he felt funny. Every once in awhile he would go out to the bathroom because he was bleeding inside and every time he went to the bathroom there was just nothing but blood. This way you see there's spots here and there you see this red moss.

So finally nobody could get anything that would match the chief's what he wanted. Like moose, caribou, whatever he wanted. None of the guys could get it.

So he said, "Okay, my daughter won't marry anybody."

So Crow thought, "How am I going to get in there to that place to get that day and the moon and the night and stuff like that out?"

He thought to himself, "If I make myself into a little tiny stick or dirt or something--maybe a tree branch--tree needle, and when she's drinking her tea maybe I can get in there." So this is what he did. Made himself into a little tree needle. Every time she'd take a soup or something he'd be in there floating around. She'd throw it out, get another one. It'd be the same thing. She said to the people that serve her, "Oh, never mind, it's probably just a little stick; there's nothing wrong with it," so she drank the whole thing up.

About six or seven months after she's going to have a baby. And they couldn't figure out how she's going to have a baby because the chief made sure that no men had ever come near her or anybody ever come near her because there was always two women to go with her when she goes to the bathroom, and they couldn't figure out how she's going to have a baby.

The chief asked all the boys and everybody said, "No, we haven't seen her, we haven't talked to her, we've just seen her go outside when the two ladies are always with her."

So then anyways nine months came and she had this little boy. And he was growing really fast, he was getting smarter really fast. Pretty soon one day he come to his grandparents. He asked his Mom first, "Mom, could I play with that day?"

His Mom says, "Well you have to ask your grandfather."

"Grandfather," he says, "could I have that day to play with?"

He say, "Yeah, okay, give it to him." He told his servants. So they gave it to him. He play around in teepee there bouncing it around all over the place, and then all of a sudden he threw it and it went out through the top.

He walk around. They never thought nothing of it, you know. The next day he did the same thing. He said, "Could I have the night? Could I play with the night?"

The chief says, "Give it to him." Cause he likes his grandson, you know. So they give it to him. He played around with it, bounced it around outside and stuff like that. And he just throws it up and it's gone somewhere wherever he throws it. So the next day he did the same thing. He said "Could I have the moon to play with grandfather?" His grandfather said, "Yes, you could have the moon." So he give it to him and he does the same thing, playing around with it outside, and inside and he just bounces it around and bounces it up and it just goes away.

The next day he got up. He still had the star and the sun. So he walked around and he finally got the star and he played with it. And he bounced it around and played with it outside the door and stuff like that. And he did the same thing to that one.

So the next day he thought to himself, "Now the last thing I got to get is the sun and they're going to get wise to me." His mother put him to bed and he sleep beside his mother in between his mother and his grandfather and grandmother. He laid there all night thinking about how he's going to get that sun.

So the next morning he got up and walked around outside and he was talking to his grandfather. And sometime late in the afternoon he went to his grandfather. He says, "Grandfather, could I play with the sun?"

His grandfather says, "What did you do with the rest?"

He says, "Oh, I lost them outside somewhere, I don't know where they went." He said, "I'll find them later on."

His grandfather said, "Okay, you can have the sun to play with." And his grandfather kept thinking something funny about him 'cause he was growing so fast. And he was just growing just like a weed, growing fast.

He was playing around with that sun and he was bouncing it around and all of a sudden he just chucked it up and it went through the top of the teepee. And he was walking around and all of a sudden goes, "Caw" and was flying. And his grandfather say, "Catch him!"

That Crow just fly on top of the teepee where the smoke comes out. And he loaded up pitch, black smoke. Crow used to be white, long time ago. Used to be pure white. And he smoked that Crow until he turned black. He said, "Now, he said, everyone will know you're a Crow and you're a thief."

He finally let him go and when he let him go he flew away. And Crow went and picked up all his day and night and that and he says, "Now there'll be daylight." Then he threw the night up and he says, "When the night comes." Then he threw the sun up and he says, "The sun rise before the day." Then he puts the moon up, he says, "It comes up at night." Then he puts the stars out for the night.

That's how the day became the day.

SMART BEAVER CYCLE

Smart Beaver or Beaver Man is named *Cha' kwa za* in Tagish language, *Gé di yé di* in Tlingit, and *Ets'uya'* in Southern Tutchone. These stories are also told in a cycle, recounting how Beaver Man made a heroic voyage down the (Yukon?) River "cleaning out" all the giant men and animals which terrorized people, particularly cannibals, otter, mink, wolverine and bear. He killed the cannibal and reduced the other animals to their present size, taught them to eat non-human food and made it safe for people to live there again.

These stories reflect some of the uneasy balance existing between certain animals and humans and the close relationship, even interchangeability, between animals and humans. Like Crow, Ets'uya' can change from beaver to man.

Again, Mrs. Sidney's version, the most complete, is told first. Mrs. Smith's version and Mrs. Dawson's version give variations of some segments.

SMART BEAVER CYCLE

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

This is a story about Beaver Man. Sometimes called Smart Beaver, 'cause he's smart. Sometimes called Little Beaver, 'cause he's youngest of five brothers. Sometimes called Beaver Brother.

This Beaver is a person, but he can turn into Beaver when he's in a tight spot. Most times he looks like a man. He's got lots of clothes, pile on top of each other. He's got all those shirts because he will be away so long. When wear out, he takes off, throw away because he's long time gone. Those shirts help him in tight spot too. You'll see. That's why he's smart.

This is about how Beaver clean up the River, maybe Yukon River. That's after people all left the River. All leave one way. Go out hunting and never come back. All his brothers killed that time. He's trying to get even for them and for others. He wants to find why all people left that River and where they go. Move away and never came back.

Little Beaver meets Giant

Little Beaver Man starts out. He came to valley and he rest near a mountain. He sees trail there that people go out on, never come back.

He saw a giant coming toward him. Giant sat just above Beaver on that Mountain. So Beaver climbs around and he stop and rest just above giant. They keep doing this until they get to the very top of that mountain. The last time Beaver is above that giant, he jump on him, squeeze his muscles. They roll down to the bottom. Little Beaver stays on top 'til that giant has no more strength.

"You might as well kill me now," Giant says. "Poke in middle of my hand. That's where my strength is. You made me weak. I am no good for nothing now."

So Beaver Man pokes him in hand and he bleeds to death.

Then Beaver Man cuts up that Giant in pieces. He throws these pieces and wherever those pieces drop he tells them to turn into rock rabbit--those little tiny white rabbits. Every time he throws a piece he tell him, "Turn into rock rabbits."

"Thut." He make noise like that. People not supposed to make that noise or it brings on cold weather.

After he kills that Giant, he start down trail again. He's trying to find out more about why people left that river.

Beaver Man meets Mink Lady

Next place he comes to is that mink woman. Little Beaver comes up to camp, saw that woman. She's smoking skin. He sees that she tans human being's skin--long arms, long legs. When he comes up she put that skin away quick. But he already see it and know what it was.

"Oh my husband," she say. "I'm just going to look for you." She tries to fool him.

"Since when I'm your husband," Beaver ask.

"I'll go get water, cook for you," she tell him. When she comes back she wants to sleep with him right away. He looks at her and he sees animals--mink--live inside her.

"I want to eat first," he says, smart like that. "I'll get water."

He went out to get water and when he's there he pick up long thin rock. He throw it in fire. He fool around 'til that rock gets hot. As soon as it's hot he says, "I'm ready now." Stuck that rock in her. Her breath stop. She die.

He calls out those animals. "I want you to be weasel, you to be mink, you to be mice," he tells them. He sets those animals free.

After all those animals came out, she came back to life again.

She says she wants to marry him. "You kill all those animals that I use to kill people. I'm pure now."

"No," he say. "I'm not going to marry you."

She's mad so she ran off to try to chew up his boat. Somehow he fix up his boat and go. She start to swim after that boat just like mink.

"When you row, that wave behind your boat will catch you," she say.

He lose her somehow in the dark. When it's dark he row to the islands. He lost her, I guess. He went to bed on some kind of island.

Beaver Man meets Otter Man

Early morning he took off in boat. He went quite a ways before saw anything. He saw tree fallen in water. Saw someone standing on that tree, hollering.

"Where is dog barking, Brother," ask that person.

"I don't know," said Little Beaver.

"Land here and I'll find out," he tell him.

He land there. That's why he came there, to check why people are gone. He has to stop. He make little fire.

He hear "uh, uh, uh," sounds like something heavy being pull up. It's that person, Otterman. He's got big rope he's pulling. "Help me, my Brother, help me."

So Beaver helped. Here it was otter on that rope. That man starts skinning otter. "I'll feed you," he tells Little Beaver.

Beaver say, "Don't worry. I don't eat that kind. I've got my own food."

His brother put otter on plate and gave him. They changed plates.

"I don't eat otter," said Beaver Man. "People don't," he tell him again. He gave that man his food, gave him fish. He said, "Don't eat otter." He teach that man that lesson.

Beaver meets Wolverine

By now it's winter. Beaver Man has his little boat. He pull up at head of trail, starts walking again.

He go along. Still have to clean up river. He follows trail, comes to hill. See spear sticking up. Just like someone sliding downhill on that spear. There's fresh blood.

Looks like trouble. Little Beaver took off one shirt, stuff with willow branches, makes padding. Then roll shirt down hill. It gets stuck on that spear. Then he makes nose bleed. Puts blood on that spear. He put shirt back on. Pretend he crawl out of that sharp spear. Pretend he's dead. Beaver Man is smart.

He pretended he die. Lay there. Pretty soon along comes Giant Wolverine. Wolverine run that trapline every day.

"Ha! Got somebody," he says. "Thought I wasn't going to catch you." He ties that Beaver's hands together, feet together.

"Wish he pack me backwards," think Beaver. Comes true. Wolverine pack him backwards. Pack him to under leaning tree. Gets caught on limb. "Pfzf." Drops him.

Then Wolverine pack him home. Lay him outside. "My daddy kill something. Game this time." Those kids are happy. Woverine sharpen knife. Kids lick Beaver.

"Stop lick off that fat. That's for your Mama," Wolverine say.

Those kids see Beaver open one eye. "Hey, he's alive this one," they say.

"You crazy? You think he live when knife go through his body? I saw blood on that spear."

There's special knife to cut that Beaver. But that knife is under him. His doctor (power) bring it to him, so it's under him.

All of a sudden he jump up, grab stick. He club that daddy, that mother. "I'm going to look after you kids." He cut open that Mom. She's Giant too. How big wolverine is now is that size, size of those baby pups inside her.

Those older kids cry. He build fire. "Blow on it," he tell those two older kids, the ones that lick him. They do that and while they blow, he drops log on their heads. Kill them.

Those two little ones inside mother, he lets live. He tells them, "Don't want you to eat people."

"Ha, ha," they laugh at him. "When we're big we'll steal cache from you." Then run up tree. He try to smoke them down but those kids pee on fire, mess it up.

He try to shoot them but they tell those arrows, "Go different way, go other way." So he never kill them. "Don't grow any bigger," he tell them. "Eat rabbits, gophers. Don't eat what your mother and father eat." That's the time he give them rabbits, gophers.

"We'll steal your food, mess your cache," those kids laugh.

Beaver meets Giant Bear

Next Bear follows along, comes to giant bear on a hill.

Sees bear skin hanging on that hill. "What's that?" he asks.

"Oh, that's just my daughter. She's just become young lady. I hide her. She's sewing now," Bear tell him.

"Me, I've got hole in my moccasins," Beaver say.

"Give it to me, I'll take to my daughter," Bear say. Beaver sneaked after Bear to see what he does with it. Bear ran over to that place, but he sewed up himself with his left hand. Big stitches.

"My daughter can't sew good today, has headache," he tell Beaver. He's trying to slow Beaver down. Try to keep him from kill giant animals.

Beaver look at moccasins. "Could do better myself," he say. Unrip moccasins. Sew up himself.

Beaver knows something wrong. Knows these bears kill people. Wants to see that daughter.

"You're going to marry my daughter," Bear tell him, "but you can't see her until you kill animals that bother us." He wants those animals to kill Beaver Man.

"I need bow and arrow fixed," Beaver say.

"You fix bow and arrow. Then you see her."

Beaver Man Faces Four Trials

(a) Beaver makes bow:

"First I need bow," Beaver say.

Bear tell him, "Go chop tree down." Beaver size up. Sees tree would splinter and fall on him if he chop it. Sees that tree is set up to fall on him. It's a giant tree. His power tells him it's set up. So his power helps him poke that tree somehow. He gets his bow. Come's back.

Bear sees him coming. "He's coming again. *Yan a'goot*." They're surprised, that Bear and his wife. Bear thought he killed him.

(b) Beaver gets sinew:

Beaver shows how to Bear. "I've got bow, but no sinew," he tells him.

"Lots of sinew up on that hill," Bear tells him. "Find

grizzly for sinew."

Beaver goes up there. Giant grizzly lying in the meadow. He knows grizzly will see him. First he finds mice.

"Grandma," he say, "help me." So those mice help him. "Dig hole--tunnel--to where grizzly is sleeping. Take fur off so I can poke him with spear." Has two copper arrow his spear. Hides those arrow heads in his hair and pulls them out when needs them.

Those mice come up just under that grizzly arm. Mice pull away at that hair, clean hair off under that arm.

"What do that?" Grizzly ask.

"Need hair for my little ones, they're cold," that mice tell Grizzly. "They all die off."

"Then take from my tail," he tell them, "not from under my arm!"

Mice run back and tell Beaver, "Now!"

Then Beaver Man shoot Grizzly with spear through that hole mouse dig.

Grizzly is mad. Walk around mad. Shake. They crawl back out of hole. Sure enough, it's laying there.

"I want fat and meat for my kids," mice say to him.

"Okay but don't waste any," say Beaver Man. "Live on it for a long time."

Little Beaver took that sinew. When he brought it back, Bear sure was surprised. "He's coming again," Bear say, surprised.

He expect Grizzly kill Beaver Man. He wants that to happen.

(c) Beaver Man gets paint:

Next Beaver Man wants paint for arrow.

"Get from Frog," Bear tell him. "Giant Frog lives in hole in middle of mountain."

That Frog lives near swampy place. Spring water there. Where that spring run down, see blue mud. When they burn that mud those ashes make blue. You can use for paint.

"Son-in-law," that Bear tells him, "that hole in there

has blue mud. Get it."

When Beaver got to that hole, spring water coming out. It's like that spring half way to Carcross (from Tagish). Beaver Man took top shirt off. He throw it right in front of mud hole. Sure enough, out comes Giant Frog. He kill that one too. I don't remember how. He come home. Got that paint too.

"He's coming again. *Yan a'goot*," wife tells Bear.

(d) Beaver then gets feather for arrow:

"Now I need feather for my arrow," said Beaver. Bear thinks. He tells him:

"Look up there. Eagle up high. Get feather there." He thinks Eagle will finish off Beaver.

Two little Eagles are in the nest when Beaver comes. Beaver go to them.

"Which of you two is tattle tale?"

That littlest one say, "Her." She point at her sister.

So he kill off that sister. Then he give that little one gopher to eat.

"How do you know when your mother come, your father come?" he ask her.

"When my mother come there's warm and sunshine. When my father come, there's hailstorm."

That little one helps him--helps him to dig hole in nest. Little Beaver tell her, "It's no good what your mother and father eat." He sees people bones around. "Shouldn't eat people," he tell her.

"My mother comes, my mother comes," that little Eagle say. It's warm and sunny. Beaver Man hides, holds that spear ready under nest.

That mother comes. "I smell fresh meat." She brings back front part of person's body. Just half a body.

"Ooo, Ooo, makes my head ache," says little one.

"Where's your sister?" mother asks her.

"She flew down to creek because she has headache."

Then through that hole underneath, Little Beaver poke her

with spear. Kill her. Little Beaver threw that body away.

Next come hail storn. "My daddy comes, my daddy comes," little one say.

Beaver hid. Eagle brings hind part of man's body.

"Where's your Mom, your sister," he ask.

"They've got headache. Go to water."

He step over hole and Little Beaver spear him. He throw that body down.

"You stay here and I'll get you something to eat," he tell little one. "Don't eat people. Don't grow big. Stay the same size you are."

You know the size Eagle is now? That's the same size that baby Eagle was. Beaver look for louse in baby's head. Scratch, find louse. He put louse in Little Eagle's ear. "Stay same size." That's how he medicine that little Eagle, with that louse.

Beaver bring gopher, ptarmigan, rabbit only for that one. "Don't eat people. What are you going to say when you cry?" he ask her.

"Gluk, gluk, gluk."

"Good," Little Beaver tell her.

"I don't want to leave you before you can get along by yourself," he tell her. "Get grouse."

She does. So he knows she's okay and he leaves. Before he go he burn bodies up.

He brings back feather. "He's coming again," Bear say.

Beaver Man fights Bears

When he's coming back Bear gets mad. "Makes me sick. He kill off all my animals," Bear say. Bear decides to kill Beaver himself. "You kill him too," he says to wife.

Before he comes back to camp Beaver spotted Bear. Knows Bear is mad. Beaver goes up that hill first, to see if he had daughter. He really had daughter. He went up. Sure enough. He kill that daughter, that Bear daughter.

"He kill our daughter," Bear say. "Let's kill him

ourselves." Starts chasing him. Chase to Little Lake. Bears run to the narrows. That lake has narrows just like Tagish Lake.

Beaver Man turns into Beaver. He's in tight spot. Beaver dive and go through Narrows. Beaver turn to wife. "Run, get your skirt. Let's fix it for Beaver net." She went home to get her skirt for net. Beaver hear them.

Anyway, he got ashore. Take big green stumps. Went in water again. By that time, net is ready. Beaver put stump in net. They pull and pull. Riverbank hanging over. Beaver pull and pull. Then all of sudden let go.

Those Bears fall in water. Beaver slits their throat. That's how he get rid of giant Bears. No more Bears eat people.

Beaver Man meets Sheep

After that Beaver Man goes along, meets Sheep. Giant Sheep. That one's got sheepskin on stick hanging way up there.

"What's that?" say Beaver Man.

"My dog's stuck up there barking, throat getting dry."

"Where?" ask Little Beaver. "I can't see."

"I'll show you."

So they go up that mountain to peak. He look over edge of hill at that skin. He knows it's just a skin anyway, knows that Sheep wants to kill him. That Sheep wants to shove Beaver Man over, down other side. Sheep looks over hill, to show Beaver where to go. Beaver push him.

That Sheep's wife waits there with an axe. She thought it's Beaver Man, so she killed him. When Beaver Man came down, she's crying.

"Can't help it Grandma. He goes to show me something and he falls over." He lies.

He tells her, "Don't eat people. Eat grass, stuff like that. Don't get too big. Just stay that big, like you are." So he left her too. That's the end.

So that's how Little Beaver cleaned up that River. Maybe that's Yukon River.

Ets'uya' (Smart Man)

told by Kitty Smith

Long time ago, people go, just one way. Lots of people just like Whitehorse. First a man and wife and kid, go and don't come back. People go look for them. Everyone go, just one way, just one way, just one way, don't come back.

He goes to his Mamma. "I'm going to go, Mamma. You think you can stay here? I'm going to go this way (in a circle). Then I'll come back here. You stay here." He give her some grub. Dry fish, meat, seal. He got her pretty near two years grub.

That man name Ets'uya'. When he go, somebody give him that name too. Grizzly bear give him that name, Smart Beaver.

Well, he's going. Everything he got. He got doctor too, medicine. He got dry skin first, for jacket, so they can poke him, nothing happen. He get ready. He go this trail now. Comes to slippery part, just like ice. People slip down that place. He sees that. He goes to another place, him, alongside that ice. Oh my, something in that ice. Some kind of sharp thing, horn or stump. When you slip down, it poke you, and you get hurt.

He eats his lunch there.

Somebody coming. Ets'uya' sit by that sharp horn, lie down.

"Oh gee," that man pick him up. "I want to make blood soup. Look what I caught. My wife she'll drink that blood soup."

He's not dead, that Ets'uya'. "I wish he pack me backwards," (my back on his back) he think.

He tie him up and pack him like that. Ets'uya' makes himself stiff. They pass windfall. How many people he got them like this, I wonder. When they pass that windfall, Ets'uya' grab that limb, untie that rope.

They come to big house. Lots of little kids.

"My daddy pack him," say those little kids. Big lady got big stomach. "You got luck again?" she ask her husband.

"Yes. I'm all in from packing him."

Every knife they got him--leg knife, stomach knife, all

different knife. All they got a name. He don't want to mix up his game.

"I wish he would lose his knife," that Ets'uya' doctor help him.

Lose him. They look around, look around. "What! Don't you know I got game? I hang up every knife. Kids take off with it, I guess." Well, they wouldn't do that, kids, used to be. They take off all that string, kids. He get loose, now. He open his eyes little bit.

"Daddy, that game, he open his eyes."

"You crazy little kids. Don't say that that way. I'm not going to get game if you say that way."

Ets'uya' jump up. Big stick he grab, club them all. Kids everyone. That man too. Wolverine. His wife too, he kill, cut open her stomach. Those little wolverine run out of stomach and climb tree. They beat him, that way.

He chop tree--this side he couldn't chop them. Ah, he try everything. He burn, they pee on it and put it out. Bow and arrow, he try it: "You got that way," they tell the arrows. Those kids they beat him.

"One gotta come down. I'm going to medicine you. I'm not going to hurt you kids. You're going to stay here, your mother's place."

One come down.

"You're going to be same big, you. You're not going to eat people, no more."

He give gopher, he give ptarmigan, grouse, everything.

"If they got cache, people, you can steal though. Don't eat no more, person. Don't grow no more."

He give them some kind of dope, put in his ear.

From there, he go. He walk and walk and walk. He's on trail yet. Comes to hill, mountain. Half way he meet big man, big fellow.

"That mountain, we're going to go up," that giant tell him.

"All right."

They climb up. Just on top, that big man jump on him. But he can't do nothing, he got dry skin clothing to

protect him. All way they roll down the hill.

That man say, "You beat me, I'm going to die. I got big cache up there on the mountain. Eat north side. South side no good." He kill him, that man.

He find that cache. What for would he eat meat when he kill person? He burn it up.

Keep going, keep going. Come to camp. Old man, he got walking stick. Old lady too.

"Ah, grandchild," that old lady say. "We starve. Look at that up there where that dog is barking at a sheep? Grandchild, please try to kill that sheep for us?"

"All right, come with me, Grandpa."

"Yes, yes," old man say.

"I'm going to get ready at the bottom of the hill, and when my grandchild kills that sheep and he rolls down, I'll get him."

"You go that way, down there," that old man try to trick Ets'uya', try to make him fall down the mountain.

"No, you, grandpa," said Ets'uya'. He push that old man.

His wife get ready at the bottom of the hill. She slug that old man. "Wahhh, I kill my husband. What kind of man is that? You come down."

"Yes, I'll come down." No game there. Sheep skin only. They try to trick him, to kill him. That dog he's barking for nothing." He come down. He got that big lump that grows on tree, you know that one? He hit her, tie her to tree. Tie her up with sinew.

"See now grandma? I come down. You want that way? Who's going to kill game for you? Your husband, you kill him already. Just as well you die." He left her.

He go, he go, he go. Then he see big fellow.

"My goodness, me and my wife starve. You save our lives."

Ets'uya' has his own grub, some kind of groundhog. "Here grandpa."

"I got daughter," that big fellow say. "She's young girl, wearing long hat. If you kill game, I'll give you my daughter. My bow and arrow aren't strong."

"Okay," Ets'uya' tell him. "Try to look for berries," he tell that woman. The big fellow go to sidehill, he tell his daughter, I guess. That's grizzly.

"Grizzly bear walk around that sidehill," he says to Ets'uya'. That's really his daughter.

That old lady said, "You lend him your bow and arrow. The one you used to kill grizzly bear with when you were young." He goes and gets it. Gee, nice one, that bow and arrow. "If you kill that bear, I'm going to give you this bow and arrow." He's got his own, that man, you know.

"Gee, my moccasins got hole here. Must be I step on sharp rock."

"Give me, give me," said that old man. "I'm going to give to my daughter." But himself he sew it. Ets'uya' see him.

Ets'uya got his own bow and arrow. Hit that grizzly, it fall down.

"Hahh, Daddy he hurt me," said that grizzly.

"My goodness, you kill my daughter. We're going to kill you. You Ets'uya' (that's the time he call him Ets'uya'). You kill my daughter. Smart Beaver. I'm going to fix you."

They chase him, chase him, chase him. They try to hide from him. Little lake there. He jump in water and swim.

"You see? I call you Smart Beaver. You get beaver net," he tell his wife. That old man goes to narrow place. Set net. Sit down on shore. They got beaver net. They're going to get him.

Ets'uya' sneak around that way with big stump. Put him in that net.

"Ah, my wife, we got him," he said. Pull out that stump. Fall down that man.

Some kind of bird, *Chuláda* they call him. He drink water, got big stomach. "*Chuláda*," he call, "come on, drink that lake. I want to kill him. My daughter, he kill her. Come on, drink this lake."

He drink, drink, my goodness.

Ets'uya' go underneath, hide. He looks for that little bird with long beak. "Poke him in the stomach."

That little bird go there. Talk to anything, him.

"Get away, get away," say *Chuláda*. "Don't touch my stomach, it's full." He hit it two times. Bust.

That bear, his wife and him all in. Make it to shore. Ah, get mad now.

Ets'uya' throw food to them, gopher, groundhog.

"If I want to, I kill you. You fellows eat this. Don't eat person no more. You eat fish too." Well, they got enough grub now. "Don't kill people. Quit it now."

Now he get in his boat. He want to get home to his momma.

"Haaaah," somebody see him. "Look like somebody come that way. Got nice boat. We're going to chase him. When he camp, we're going to kill him."

Little island there. He camp.

They're coming...he sleep...he's ready him, though.

Soon they're going to club him. He jump up, shoot all with bow and arrow.

He make it home now to his mother. He's been gone one year. He kill off everything.

Beaver Man Outwits Bear

told by Mrs. Rachel Dawson, Whitehorse

Old bear was sitting down by his campfire. Beaver Man comes up to him. Beaver had holes in his moccasins, no shoes. He showed moccasins to Bear.

"My daughter just become woman," said Bear. "I'll take them over for her to patch up for you." On the way over, that Bear is running, sew it up himself with big long stitches. He comes back. "My daughter's got headache, can't sew good today."

Beaver took look at moccasins, say, "She must feel bad. This is not well done. Could do better myself," he told Bear. Beaver Man cut it, rip out, sew again.

Next Bear said, "Way up there, that's my daughter on hill." He points to bearskin hanging up on hill. "That bear up there on hill bother me. We go sit with daughter most of the time. We've got to kill it."

Beaver Man went up there. That old man has somebody under there.

Bear tells his daughter to throw up on Beaver, to weaken him. That stuff touch him on heel. Beaver Man has Indian doctor. He broke off willow branch, hit himself all over. Then he became strong again. He ran back to camp.

While Beaver is going to see his daughter, old Bear made hole in Beaver Man's canoe. Beaver Man came back, dumped out water. But his canoe sank when he goes out in it.

Watersnake came out for a drink of water. Beaver Man turned into Beaver when boat sank. Bear tells watersnake to drink up that lake, help him find Beaver. When that lake is all gone, Bear looks for Beaver, but Beaver hides under moss. Then Beaver sees snipe. Make funny noise. Snipe eats worms. He came close to that baloon, that watersnake. Snake says to him, "Don't step on me. My stomach is full of water."

Snipe says, "My babies are hungry. I look for worms. I'm not going to bother you people, just peck for worms." Then he peck that snake. Bust open, all over. Bear look around. That water all came up and he pretty near drown. Run back to shore.

Bear say to wife, "Pick up that shirt to make net to get Little Beaver Man. I want to kill him."

Then, after Beaver stuff his coat with moss, put it inside that net. He pretend he got caught. He pull, pull, pull.

"Ah, you think you're smart eh?" Bear pull. "I got you now." When he came close, he grab that string. He just got Beaver Man's shirt!"

Bear throw that shirt back in water mad. "Think you're smart eh?" Beaver Man dry out coat. Went back to island. He dry coat, swim to island. Got back his boat all slash up by Bear. That Beaver Man sew up. Put pitch on. Glue up. He made good boat again.

TWO SMART BROTHERS

This cycle of stories describes how two boys disappear downriver and overcome great difficulties to get back home. First, they meet people with unfamiliar customs in different camps. They help each group of people by teaching them new "correct" behavior (how to eat meat, how to give birth, etc.). People reward them with gifts of good and power.

Then they meet a series of dangerous animals, but the powers people have given them help them to survive. Three years later, the lost sons make their way home.

The Two Smart Brothers (Cycle of Stories)

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

I think this happen on Mackenzie River.

Two kids--two brothers--were playing on ice. It's spring-time. They fall asleep. When they wake up, that ice is broken off. They float down river. Pretty soon they don't know what to do. They kill their little dog. Then the blood they put around the edge of ice. "Just stay this big block. We go close to shore." Way in middle of the river they float down. That brother, he watch, watch all the time. Don't know how many days they float. Long ways.

He see willow, grab it, pull to shore.
"Jump out," he tells his brother. Both jump.

That's the time they start back. They're hungry. They hear somebody. "Come on, come on," it say. First they saw porcupine wearing pack on his back. They kill him and eat him. They cook. Make big fire. It's the first time they eat in days.

After they finish, they come to empty camp. That's the time that lady meet them. They hear.

"Tche, tche, come on, come on. I lost my dog. He's wearing pack. Did you see him?"

"No, we never saw dog. But we ate porcupine with pack. Kill, cook, eat."

"Why didn't you look in the pack?" she say. "Dry meat inside. Wait for me at camp."

Went on to camp. Sat down. Talk with people.

"Did you see little grandma going back?" one man ask.

"Yes, we see her. She look for porcupine. See lots of porcupine. We ate one too."

"We own them," that man said. "That's our dog. We don't eat them."

That grandma catch up. "Those boys ate my dog."

"What you people live on?" those boys ask. "We'll show you what to eat. Grandpa, we *eat* porcupine. In our country we eat it. Porcupine is food."

People glad to learn that. People unload their packs and give food to those kids. Lot of people give them things.

Pretty soon they went again. Went upstream. Try to get back home. That's the time they come to people with small mouth. Just little hole for mouth. Lots of meat hanging around. Maggots on it. All covered. People try to give them boiled maggots to eat. No, they don't eat that kind.

"Why do you waste meat?" those boys ask. They pick out best meat. People sure surprised.

"We can't eat meat," those people tell them. "That's because our mouth is so little. We live on maggots. We suck them through that hole."

One of those kids is smart. Maybe he's twelve years old. That other kid, the younger one, is crazy. They went out playing. The younger boy, the crazy one, gets a kid from that camp. He sticks his finger in that kid's mouth and pull it apart. That kid laugh and laugh. First time ever he laugh. His mouth is bleeding.

Then that kid runs among his people, laughing.

"How that happen?" people ask him, look at him.

"That kid pull it. You try it too. Pull your mouth apart."

So they all do that. All pull their mouths apart. Then they sing that song, "I learn something." They run around. Everybody pull their mouth open. They can't eat good before. They just eat maggots before.

"Now cook that meat," boys tell them. "Can't live on maggots. That's dirty. Eat meat."

Then those boys get paid because they help out people.

From there on they travel quite a distance. They get lunch, dry meat, dry fish. They use iron arrow heads.

Next place they come to, pregnant woman is there, crying. "It hurts to open that scar," she cry. They used to do that.

"What's that woman crying about," ask young boy.

"She's going to have a baby and her husband won't cut her

open," they tell him.

"We don't do that where we come from. We make camp apart from the main camp. Camp for woman and her mother. Other ladies help her, hold her. Pretty soon baby is born. They just do that. Baby is born naturally."

They start to dance. Start to sing.

"We learn something," they sing. Even that sick woman dance. They're so happy. So no more that kind of birth. Natural birth only.

Those boys keep on travelling. They stay three years in this country before make it back to their home. Wherever they go people give them something. Grease, stuff like that.

Next camp they go to, spend time visiting. When they go to leave, they eat lynx arm. Those people tell those brothers:

"Whenever you're going to camp, take gum off spruce tree and chew. While you chew that gum make wish and say, 'Lynx sit in a tree.' When that happens snare with bowstring." Lynx is "*gok*" in Tlingit, "*Nadá*" in Tagish, "*Nadáy*" inland.

"From now on, you're not going to meet people," they tell him, "only giant animals. They kill people. This is last place you see people. Be smart. Don't camp in a swamp, don't camp in tall trees, and you'll get back."

They walk on. They cook, eat. Whenever they need food they wait, wish until they get their wish for lynx to sit in tree. They sing, "Lynx sit in tree." Then they snare with bowstring.

They go on. They be smart. They camp every two, three days. Get lynx every second night. They keep travelling toward home.

Then they come to meadow. Big "*Haus*" there, giant buffalo. He's laughing. Mice run over him. "Oh that mouse go in one side, out the other, in my nose and out my ear, in my eye and out my other eye, in my mouth and out my behind."

Oldest boy wonders what to do. They set fire in that meadow. Haus, that buffalo, saw it.

"Fat fish mother, is that you make fire all around me?" he ask. That's his wife, I guess. "What you do that for?" Fire comes closer, closer. Soon fur starts to burn.

Buffalo see what happen. "My fur start burn. My eyes close up. My ears close up. My nose close up. My behind close up. My mouth close up." Mouth last. He all burn up. Never even move. They burned up that giant buffalo. Then they left.

They go on. Those last people tell them don't camp near tall trees. Spiderman came to them. They remember those people say, "If you're in tight fix wish for grandma who doctor you. Whatever she tell you, do it."

That kid want to camp in trees. Spiderman came. Don't know how they kill that one, but they got away anyway.

Next place is where that big man met them. He's giant. "Where you going, grandson?" he say to older one. That younger one isn't there then. Don't know where he is.

"I'm going on grandpa, going home."

"I'll camp with you," say giant. "Let's camp there. Get pole so we can hang up something." That man got nothing to hang things on so he makes boy get wood. Really he wants to eat that boy.

That boy got just little stick pole. Then he fix it up. Then giant jump on boy, tie him. Boy wriggles. That pole is small so he wriggles out, slips out, unties it. He runs off.

That giant says, "That kid sees how big he is so he brings little pole." He goes again, to get new pole.

That kid has run away. He's the one who put ashes on his face all over. Gets toward evening. Giant comes up.

"That looks just like him, that boy," he say. Kid crawls in sand. His face is grey. He sits there like stump. He never blink. Stay right there. He jump off stump. Runs off. Evening he makes big fire.

He runs around the meadow. Always hides close to that giant. Just when he's close to him he jump down and run.

He remembers last camp they told him when something wrong to wish for grandma.

"I wonder where my grandma is. I wonder when she will help me. Where are you grandma?"

Chipmunk runs up to him. "Get on my back." He's going to run away with him. "Get on my back just the same."

Giant knows right away what is happening. Giant holler.

That ground crack open. Chipmunk jumps over. Chipmunk pack him away, long ways.

How many days he chase that kid!

"Poor me, I'm tired," say giant. "Nothing to eat. Maybe I'll eat this one," he holds his ear.

"But then you can't hear," say that boy.

"That's right. Maybe this one." He looks at his hand.

"But then you can't hold things," says boy.

He goes through all.

"How 'bout this?" He looks at sac between his legs.

"That's good grandpa. Cut that one out and cook it."

That giant cut it off himself. He throw in fire. Raw meat. It make lots of noise. He cook it. He starts to feel funny. "I'm sleepy," he said. "I could sleep a little while." He's dying I guess. He never even eat that food.

"Sleep for awhile grandpa," boy say. "I wonder what's in his head," kid say. "How come that grandpa is so crazy? What kind of brains he has?"

He decide to chop it open. No brains. Whole bunch of mosquitoes come out. That happen in June. Mosquitoes come out now, like then.

Somehow he meets his brother again. From there on they come to home. Never see things--animals--no more. They get home. Took three years to get home.

They're grown bigger. Other kids come down to waterhole in evening. He meets his Mackenzie brother.

"Send message to my mother. Tell her we're here."

That one goes, tells his mother. "Saw two boys. Says they are our brothers."

"Don't talk like that," the Mama say. "They're not alive. They been gone three years. That must be someone else. Go get his mitts."

That older kid has keepsake mitts and he still wears them. He gives mitts. Tells how they float down on ice.

Gee, she scream, she cry that mother. "Tell him to come

in, come home."

They went home with their Mackenzie brother finally. That's the end of this story. That's why there's none of those animals here now. No spiderman, no buffalo.

STORIES OF ANIMALS AND HUMANS

A frequent theme in Yukon stories is that of an individual who insults an animal by not showing proper respect. He or she is then taken away either temporarily or permanently and taught the traditions of that animal and ways in which humans should behave toward it. Stories about individuals going to live with the sun or the stars are structurally similar to the animal-human stories and are included here.

Several stories women told are structurally similar to one another, although two versions of one story often show significant variation in detail. Following are two versions about "The Boy Who Stayed with Fish", two versions about "The Man Who Stayed with Groundhog Woman", one version of the "Dogrib Story", "The Girl and Grizzly", the "Sun Story", "Star husband", "Good Luck Lady", two versions of "Animal Mother", two versions of "The First Potlatch", one version of the "Woman Who was Taken Away", the "Boy Who was Taken Away", "A Girl with Two Husbands", and "Kakasgook". In each case I use the title the narrator gave the story.

THE BOY WHO STAYED WITH FISH

In this story, a boy consistently insults fish by calling it mouldy. One day he is out trying to snare seagull. As it flies, it pulls him and his snare to a river and drops him into the water. He sinks and "drowns."

He comes to a fish world where all the terms he knows are reversed. Peoples' fishtrap is fishes' "warhouse"; what he considers fish eggs, they consider excrement, and so on. They look after him for a year, teach him to respect them, how to catch them and how to kill them properly.

The following summer he is caught by his own mother. Though he looks like a fish, she recognizes him by a copper wire he always wears around his neck. His family fasts and observes certain taboos for four days (eight days in another version). He returns to them as a human being but with powers of a shaman, specifically fish power, so that fish is forbidden to him as food. Then he instructs people in proper treatment of fish.

Boy who Stayed with Fish

told by Mrs. Kitty Smith, Whitehorse

Two years, one boy get drowned, stay with fish. But he don't marry fish, nothing. He just stay.

He's just a little kid. Want to snare seagull. Same size as my little grandchild.

His mother give him fish one winter. "What for you give me this fish? It's mouldy, right here." That boy throw away that fish. Something wrong.

Next summer, when fish coming, that's the time he get snare for seagull. Got it! "You got seagull! Quick, quick, it's deep place. It's going to go." Just as he's going to grab him, that boy fall in. That seagull too, he hold him.

He fall in. He drown? They don't know. Goes down. He can't do nothing, don't know where his home is now. That seagull there is just like his partner. He hold him. Go down, down that river. Klukshu River.

He's with those fish now, they go down, past another city. Talk about how they break that warhouse, that's his people's fishtrap. "We broke them already. We fight already." That's what they say. Other people coming, other fish. All going same place. That's dogfish, I guess, last fish--*tluk* fish they call them, coast Indian. They go back now.

Go by city. Lots of people, lots of kids. They got nothing to eat. They got nothing.

That seagull, though, he eat lots of fisheggs. That boy want eat too. Seagull stomach full. That boy take some, but he's ashamed. He hide them someplace. But someone see him. "Ahhhh, that boy, he eat dirty thing." That's the time he throw them away, that dry fish. They tell him that's bad and he throw them away. He get shame.

One of them come to him, "You starve?"

He tell them, "Since I go away, eat nothing, just drink water."

"Come, I'll show you." He took him. "See that little kid? You push him. Then take him and cook him. But be careful how you stick him, or he'll cry, that kid."

"All right." That little boy, he push him. Gee, little King Salmon fall in! He hide him. Seagull with him. He make fire, eat him. He's full now! Then he come back. That little kid he play yet! "See those people over there?" that kid tell him, "they dry fish. (When people do it right) those fish come back. They don't kill them."

One man there look like a chief. That boy lonesome sometimes. That man tries to take him to that lake. Sit

down with him, put his hand on his neck that way.

"Come on, go with us." That seagull with him too, all time. That big man sit with him beside fish lake, hold his hand on that boy's neck. Finally, he forgot it (home). Worry no more. He eat now, all time. Forgot it. He stay there.

One year, he stay there.

Those boys tell him, "We're going to go with the people. You come with us."

"Yes, I want to go."

"We're going to teach you."

They wait for right time. Some people going now, some people going now. "We go now," they said. They got grub. They feed him to. He eat.

They go...go...go...go...camp some place...go...go...Lots of people meet them, you know.

Already they cut 'em, make them dry, when they come down.

"Don't know what is that they make," he think about it. He sit on the boat. He no work, just the four boys work. Got their own boat. That seagull with him--his partner all time.

One place, water go this way. They're fishing here too, you know, old people.

"Oh, we're going to throw some hook, we're going to heave it. Have you got hook?" (People say?)

"Don't sit this way. If you do they're going to catch you, tail side. They're not going to get you. They're not going to kill you." That's what they tell him.

"Yes," he said, "that's what I'll do."

He go himself, I guess. Along there. Right there...sees hook...yes...It goes across him...

Pretty soon, fishtrap. Pretty soon, that house. They don't say "fishtrap" say "warhouse."

"Just in the morning, we're going to try it," they said. (Try to get past it.)

In the morning, just sun come out. Up high. "We're going to see now, going to see that house!" My goodness, right

there he see his mamma sitting down. She cutting fish. His mamma. He know that someone sitting down at creek, at that fish water there. They cut fish, sit down there. He don't get worried. He just stay there. Them boys, they're gone. They're gone that house of war.

He stay there. That lady holler for her husband, you know. "Hah. King Salmon here. Try to get it!" she tell her husband. He come down, his daddy. He hook him. He club him. He's on the ground now.

He got some kind of wire. Copper wire, he got it, you know. That boy. It used to be all the time on his neck.

"Quick, cut him," he tell his wife..."What's the matter?" He look around. That's the one his son got it used to be. He run home, that man, his daddy. Skin. Moose skin. Tanned one. They put that fish inside that moose blanket. They take him home. Go to his uncle place. He run there his daddy.

"My brother-in-law! That your boy (who) get drowned one. He got a copper wire, that fish in there. We got him home."

"Bring him here," he said.

His daddy bring him there. They put him some place up high and leave him there. They call all his people, that man, young people. "We'll try not going to eat. We're not going to eat, we're not going to drink water. Four days like that. We try to save that boy. Might he come back again." That's what he say that man.

"All right."

Everybody now in there. Man, some woman. Don't eat. His mother too don't eat. No. He know, him, that he's in that blanket. He don't know he's fish. Three days they don't eat those people. Sometimes they put stick that way, just like Indian doctor.

Four days, they hear noise in the morning. "Ah....." he say that. Everybody wake up. That man his uncle (say) "Get up, get up, I hear something." People get up, everybody. Sing. "Oh....., Ah....."

"Take me down," he say.

Gee, big boy inside. He's big doctor, that boy.

They're gone back, those fish. The dry fish they cut up all go back home. They got boat, I guess. I don't know. Which way, I don't know.

But he come back person. He's doctor. He know everything. He don't eat fish, though.

(*Shán a tlák*) they call him.

The Boy Who Stayed with Fish

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

One time there was a little boy who lived with his mother and father. People dry fish--that's how they wrestle for food. That's why winter they don't have much hard time when it's hard to wrestle for game.

And so this little boy, always cry for food in evening, before he goes to bed. His mother always gives him dry salmon, headpart. Here he tell his mother, "How come it's always mouldy?" He gets disappointed, he throw it away. "*Udetlá*" he says. "It's mouldy." Anyway, his mother gave him another one again, always. Every now and then like that, it's mouldy. He said something wrong against the fish spirit, *hat kwáni* that means "fish spirit."

So the next year, they go same place, that's where they dry fish. They were there again. Here his mother was cutting fish. And you know seagulls always want fishguts all the time. Here he set out snare for that seagull. Set out snare to catch him. Anyway that toggle wasn't very strong or very big or very heavy. And seagull start to drag it out. And that little boy started running after it. He run in the water, try to catch it. Pretty soon he fell in a hole and he drowned. His father and mother try to catch him, I guess, but they couldn't save him.

And here right away the fish spirit, *hat kwáni*, they grabbed him. They saved him. And when the fish went back to the ocean they took him. And for him, right away he was amongst people. They got big boat and they took him with them down to the fish country. They come to big city, big town. Oh, lots of people run around, kids playing around.

One time they're playing outside and the little boy see fish eggs, and he start to eat some. He don't know what those people eat, he never see them eat anything. Here he start to eat fish eggs.

Here someone call out "*Shán a tlák*" "Mouldy Head." They call him that because he used to call fish "mouldy." "Mouldy Head eat someone's poop," they said. Here it was fish egg. Oh by gosh right away he gets shame. When kids come home they tell older people about it, "Mouldy Head eats people's poop."

Next morning adults tell them, "Why don't you kids go play around that point, play ball. While you play you catch fish. But when you eat it and when you cook it don't let anything fall in the hole, that cooking stick hole, where they put the stick in to roast fish. So they make fire and she see fish and club it and cook it for him. Now and then when he get hungry, they do that for him. In the evening when they come him, here that boy never come home until last. They told them, "Throw the bone and skin and everything in the water, but don't let everything fall in cooking stick hole." They throw everything in the water, except that one eye, it fell in the cooking stick hole. They didn't see it, the lost eye. So when they come home, that boy got one eye missing. He come back to life again, and he's missing one eye.

The parents tell him to go back, look in that cooking stick hole, see if there's anything there. So they went to the playground and sure enough, there is fish eye there. They pick it up and they throw it in the water. And when they come back, all of a sudden, that boy has got both of his eyes back.

Finally, springtime start to come. Everybody start to get ready to go up the river again. That boy stays with those people that adopted him first. All go up the river again.

They come to the same place. "*Híhàt, híhàt*" they pole upriver. That's how come they know where to go. They say when the fish go up the river, their great great grandmother is at the head of the creek. And that's why they go up to visit the great great grandmother, that fish. They come to same place.

Here he sees his mother. His mother cutting fish. He goes close to his mother. Just the same his mother never pay attention to him. It was a fish to her. Don't know how many times she try to club that fish, it always take off.

So finally she tell her husband about it. "How come that one fish always come to me and just stay right there all the time? But after when I go back to see him, that fish is always gone. Why is that?"

"Don't know why is that. Let's try to kill it," he said. "You know we lost our son last year. Could be something. Must be something. Let's try to catch it, okay." So they did. Anyway, they got it.

And here she start to cut that fish. And here that fish had copper around his neck. Just like the one that boy he used to wear it all the time. And that's the one when that lady start to cut his head off, she couldn't cut the

head off. So she look at it good, and she saw this copper ring on his head. So she told her husband right away, "Look at that. What's this here?"

And her husband said, "Well you know, our son used to wear copper ring all the time around his neck." Yes they remembered.

So they wash it good and then they took it home. There's an Indian doctor there too. And the Indian doctor said, "Put it in nice clean white skin." Old people used to have lots of that. They put it in nice clean skin, cover it with down feathers.

Then they tie it way up to where the smoke go up, you know, smoke hole. That Indian doctor tell them to go fast for eight days, so the people fast for eight days.

That Indian doctor said, "If you see those feathers blow up, then you take down quick."

So they put the body up there, fast for eight days. That Indian doctor sing all the time. They were too, I guess, got to help the doctor sing. Finally on the eighth day, here they see the feathers blow up. They take it down quick. Here that little boy come to life again, in human's body. They brought him back to life.

That's how they know about fish. That's why kids are told not to insult fish. And kids are not to play with sea-gull, cause that happened.

THE MAN WHO STAYED WITH GROUNDHOG

"The Man who Stayed with Groundhog" is similar to the preceding story. In one version, a man kills groundhog but does not show respect to the body; instead he throws it carelessly in the fire.

Groundhog people are annoyed by this behavior and entice him away (in one version by two young groundhog men who offer him a "good time", in another by a groundhog woman).

They keep him for an entire year. His human family members know what is happening, but only the youngest brother is finally ready to trap him after the older brothers fail all winter. (In one version he succeeds because he is "crazy", in another version because he is "pure".)

The man who stayed with groundhog now looks like a groundhog. He is brought home and wrapped in skin. There is ritual fasting under supervision of a shaman and finally he returns, a shaman himself by this time, to tell people how they should properly treat groundhogs when they kill them.

Man who Stayed with Goundhog

told by Mrs. Kitty Smith, Whitehorse

One man stayed with groundhog. He didn't marry, that one too. He just stayed there.

He kill lots of groundhog, you know. He pack in groundhog but he don't treat them good. He rolls them that way in the fire (lays them on one side). He don't treat good when he kills them.

He do that all time. And groundhog people said, "Try to pull in that man. Too much he give us punishment. He kill us all right, but he don't care much for us. He kill us all right but he don't treat good." They say that. They tell young people: "When he's coming you grab him." They get ready. He's travelling there all the time. He's starting now. He's going to put trap.

Somebody coming. Two boys.

"Come on," they call him. Gee, big house there. He come in. Gee talk about people there!

"Come on. Sit down here," they tell him.

He sit down there. He don't know his home now. People play...They feed him nice grub, you know. First time he start to eat groundhog grub, him. He eat.

"You're not going to get off. You're going to stay for awhile," they tell him. Some boys, they play anything that way--gamble, you know. Big house. Lots of girls, ah, lots of fun, you know. He don't think about home.

He get lost, that man. People look for it. Wife, all his brothers, his mamma, his daddy, they look for it. When that rock, he go there, that's the place they go first time. No bear kill him, nothing. About two weeks, they see him. He sit down in front with them, groundhog. Groundhog sit down other way, he sit down in middle of them too. They see him now. They try to holler, you know. They holler for him. They call him his name. No, he don't care, nothing. He don't care.

"Some people coming," they go inside house. "Somebody come, somebody come." They gotta run in. He run in too. He stay there one year. With groundhog, in den. One year.

Ah, wintertime come, go in now. They got any kind of grub. They eat good, you know. But he don't marry groundhog woman, though.

"How many month now?" they say. "We're going to come out." One boy, good friend of his. "Pretty soon now, gonna get out," they say.

Come out finally. Ah, my. Snow...groundhog all over... happy, feel good. Going to be summer time now.

They see them. They try to trap them, those Indian with trap. Can't get it. Can't get nothing. They do that little stick trap. They do it fancy. Everybody try to get him, all his people. His uncle, his brother, nothing. Everybody try all winter to get back that man. They tell that man's little brother, "Should be sometime you think about that your brother. You put little stick trap. You eat everything. Porcupine, you eat," they tell him.

First man try now. Nope. Another one, another one. One week. Nope. Another one, another one. Nope. That last one crazy, they tell him. He got trap, fix it himself. Everybody quit now. Can't try any more. He fix his trap, that one.

His Mamma tell him, "You put trap?"

"Yes."

"Go in morning when groundhog come out first time. Go there."

They put clothes in packsack. When they got him gonna put on clothes, see. His daddy go with him that boy. Gee, he got him in trap. Got no clothes. Put clothes on him. Wrap him in skin. They put away. "Sit down here," he tell him, his daddy. "We're going to tell your uncles."

They pack in. They don't eat. They start that way.

When he come back he tells them, "I don't treat them good, groundhog. I kill lots of groundhog. I bring groundhog, I throw away, that's all. It's no good that way. Put them this way when you bring groundhog. Put nice leaf on top. I don't do it, me. That's why they take me over," he said.

He's doctor too him, I guess. I don't know.

This is true story, this I tell you.

They train kids that way (by stories). I know my grandpa treat groundhog good that way. Put leaves over after he skin groundhog. Put this way.

The Man who Stayed with Groundhog Woman

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

One time there was a man who is a widower--his wife is dead. He had one little daughter with him.

He was trapping in the mountains. That's where his trapping grounds were. He's trying to trap groundhog. He works hard--goes out on his traps all the time. But he never catches much--maybe one or two groundhog, just enough to live on. He uses trap--what we call *Tsá kwàd* --and he uses lots of deadfalls. I don't know how long he does that.

Every time he goes out to run trap, he always sees big groundhog. She's a big dark grey one with pretty fur. Once he's close, she always goes back into her den. Then at night she springs his trap so next morning he finds it sprung. She always sits on that rock when her daddy runs trap. One afternoon a lady comes to her. It's a lady with a nice groundhog robe on her.

"Tell your daddy to clean his house, *Shashuhédi*. That's the name for mountain house. All people have that kind of house at their trapping ground. That lady say, "Clean it and put in leaf, *k'éwani* (groundhog food) in that house. Clean it up and clean yourself up."

Nobody looks after that girl, I guess. A man can't do much.

When he comes back, she told him to go to the creek, bath. Then that woman shove feather down that man's throat. Four times she did that and that fourth time all the lice that man chew stick to feather and come out. She wash that feather in the creek. Fifth time it comes out all clean.

Then she told him, "Clean that kid. Bath her in creek." Gee that must be cold. That's mountain water. Then she tell him, same way, to clean up house. Finally she go home with him, marry him.

Next morning he goes trapping. That big black groundhog is gone. Then he's mad so he swear at it. Why that's just like he swear at her. She went right in the den there with that groundhog. What's she going to do?

She said, "I felt sorry for you, came to look after you. Now you swear at me. I'm going home."

"Don't leave wife, please," he say. He follows her right into the den. He didn't catch her. When he goes in that

den that lady fogs his mind.

That winter that daughter went down to the main camp and told her uncles her daddy went into that den. "My daddy's gone with groundhog. Lady stay with us, then turn into groundhog." She stays with those uncles. Altogether there's eight brothers.

Those brothers went up to mountain. They all set traps. Two big groundhogs sit there now. They see those men and run away. Groundhog lady send her kids to look. Tells them to spring traps. All those eight brothers try, all of them. They always see big one standing outside, but can't catch it.

That winter they all start fasting so they can catch their brother. Those eight boys have to sleep alone. Not supposed to sleep with their wife. But the seven oldest cheat. They sneak to their wives at night. Think nobody know. But groundhog know! The youngest one different. He pretend he sleeps with his wife, but he puts a blanket between them. He's the only one obey the law.

Spring comes. All those older brothers try to catch him. All fail. Then the youngest say he wants to try. They laugh at him because they think he's sleeping with his wife. That groundhog lady sends her kid out each time to check. This time he says "Nobody there." He can't see the youngest brother. He does it! Those groundhogs come out and he catches his brother.

Then they take him back to main camp. When come to camp they make swing out of white skin. Tie with four strings and hang him up at smokehole. Then eight days they fast. Someone makes Indian doctor under him. They have feathers down below. On eighth day feathers blow up. He yawn just like he wake up. He's healed then. He turn into human again.

He's the one who told that story--how his wife always send kids out to spring trap. Those kids poke deadfall and it falls down. That's why they couldn't catch her.

THE DOGRIB STORY

The story which Mrs. Sidney calls "Dobrib Story" is similar to the two former stories in its initial theme. A girl insults a dog by jumping over him and is taken away by a dog in the form of a man. She recognizes that something is wrong with her husband's behavior. When she investigates and finds that he is a dog, she kills him and returns home.

Now a second different theme begins. She bears eight pups--seven male and one female (who appear sometimes as human children, sometime as dog pups.) Finally she manages to surprise them one day when they are in "human" form and she "fixes" them by dressing them in human clothes and insists that they remain that way. When the girl approaches puberty, she is taken away from the camp and given her "bonnet" or puberty cape. Her brothers inadvertently go hunting near her camp. One slips into the river. She lifts her bonnet to see what made the noise and the glance of a secluded woman turns him to stone. Subsequently, she turns first her mother and then herself into stone.

The Dogrib Story

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

This story happens in Stikine.

Middle aged man and wife and daughter camp one place. That's because they're too old to travel around. She's quite a young girl, too, that daughter.

Whenever she go out, dog sit in the doorway. They live in brushcamp there. She jump over that dog all the time. Sometimes kick him away.

"Get off, you old dog. Who likes you?"

Finally, they move someplace. Don't know how far away they move. That dog doesn't go with them.

"Go back and get my dog," father say to girl.

That girl goes almost close to camp. Just near camp, pretty young fellow meets her. "Marry me, stay with me," he say to her. "Let's dry meat, then see your mother and father."

They camp the other way, off the road.

Next morning they go hunting. They kill moose first time. Then they move to where they kill that moose. It's too hard to pack so those days people move camp to where they kill moose. They start drying moose. They do that all the time.

He tells her, "Don't throw your bones away. Just throw across there, not far." Next morning those bones always disappear.

They keep doing that.

Another time he goes to hunt caribou. She hears dog bark. "Bow, wow, wow." That's how it sounds. She looks and sees her father's dog. He has string around neck, string

her father made. That's how he catches animals. Makes snare for them. She finds all that out. She wants to know how to kill him.

That evening her husband comes back. He's got meat again, caribou this time. They move again, dry meat, throw bones.

One night she wake up. Her husband's gone. She hears dog chew something. She waits awhile, then looks around. She sees her father's dog across the fire chewing bones. She just waits. She's anxious, I guess. Not long after, dog stops chewing. She hears dog shake.

Soon her husband comes in again all clean.

"Where you go, husband?" she ask.

"Oh, just out, just out to pee."

That girl fixed skins like people do. Next morning she went out to fix skin, got pole to scrape skins. She got a long one, light enough to handle.

That night she throw bones out again. She pretend she fall asleep. He try to move around, to check if she's asleep. She pretend to be asleep.

He went outside. Came in a dog. He start chewing. She sneak up quiet. Hits dog on head with her pole. She club to death. She kill him.

"What you do, wife?"

"I kill you." She throw him in fire.

Finally she follows out, back to father and mother. She found she's going to have baby. She had eight puppies that time. What's she going to do?

Her mother say, "Will we kill them?"

"No. We'll raise for dogs."

They start to grow up, too. Her and her mother always go for hunting. She leaves those pups. It's their home, eh? When she comes home house is all messy. Puppies leap.

Finally her and her mother decide to watch. See what makes that mess. They look back, see those puppies turn into kids! They find out good what's happening! When those kids lay down, before they come home, those kids turn to puppies.

"How can we turn them into person for good?" they think. There's only one female in that litter.

There's seven boys, one girl. Those women make seven clothes for boys and one dress for girl.

They pretend to go out.

Those puppies turn into kids, play around. Their mother runs in. "You stay that way. You're human, not pups." Her mother came in too. They put clothes on them.

That's why, long time ago, dogs talk.

Eight months later they're grown up people. They grow as fast as pups. They do anything all the time, just like pups.

Finally that daughter turns into woman. Her mother makes bonnet for her. They move away from the old people's camp. She got tired of those kids, those boys.

Those boys are good hunters. One time they see goat across the river, coming down the mountain. Three of those boys go down the river near the girl's camp. Two stand there, one stands down below.

"Go after that goat," one say.

That boy slip in the water. His sister pulls up her bonnet, looks at them. Right then, they turn into stone. A girl like that is never supposed to lift her bonnet up!

Then she looks at her mother. Her mother turn into rock.

Then she look at herself. She turns into rock.

On Stikine River there's three rocks. They call them Three Sisters. That's those boys. Don't know why they call them sisters. That girl and her mother, they're there too. Those rocks, one look like it's lifting up its bonnet. Three look like human beings.

The spirit of those boys went to Dogrib. That's why Dogrib people talk like people here.

That's all happen on Stikine River. It's true story. Those grandparents told that story. That's how we know it.

Lots of things used to happen like that. Why not now, I wonder.

THE GIRL AND GRIZZLY

There are at least two different stories of girls who marry and go to live with grizzly bears.

"The Girl and Grizzly" starts in the same way as "The Girl Who Married the Bear" (McClellan 1970a) and then changes to another theme.

A girl insults a bear, is seduced by a young man who is actually a grizzly and is taken on a journey for four days which are really four years. Once at the Grizzly camp, she meets her aunt who had disappeared years before. Her aunt instructs her about how to escape, using balsam tree top, jackpine tree top, spruce tree top, buttercups, grease, whetstone and fish bladder. She undertakes a 'magic flight' and each gift plays a part in getting her safely to a lake.

There she meets a man who offers to be her husband. He has had similar misfortune, being inticed into marrying Frog woman. The three live together in uneasy alliance and the man instructs the young wife not to look at his frog wife. One day she does, and the Frog woman kills her by digging her eyes out. The husband, enraged, kills his frog wife and through his power resurrects his young wife. Together they return to the home she left almost five years earlier.

The Girl and Grizzly

This is another story of girl who married bear. It's not the same one as Kitty wrote about though.[6]

This girl and her sisters went to pick berries. She takes the lead. Her berry string broke. Those berries spilled.

"Help me pick them up."

"Pick them up yourself," they say. They go ahead. One by one they pass her. None help her.

As she work, nice young man came to her.

"There's nice big bunch up here. Let's pick that one." She's single, so she went with him. They went little higher. Bog tree, log, fallen over there. They went under it.

"Let's camp here," he said. Before they go to bed he hit her on the head. That's to fix her mind, so she'll never think of home. He's really grizzly bear. He look like person to her though.

He tell her, "If you wake up in morning, don't look at me."

They camp. Next day, pick berries all day long. That evening they walk under log again. That's really a year every time they walk under log. When they camp, that's winter camp in den. Seems just like a day to her.

When they camp he say to her, "You stay here. I gopher hunt." That's the second night. He tell her, "If you wake up before me, don't look at me."

Next day, same again. She never see what he do with berries. But she know he's not saving.

"Save for winter," she say.

"Just eat them. Don't worry about winter," he tell her.

Third day is the same.

They walk under log, camp. He hunts gophers. Brings back lots of gophers. They eat.

"Why don't you save for winter?"

"Don't worry. Winter will take care of itself," he say.

Fourth day is the same. They go under tree, camp. It's four years now since she left.

Next he says, "This place down here, my mother and father put up fish. Let's see what those people do. I'll go down, see if people are there. He leaves her there. He walks down to notify them. It's grizzly camp.

"I've got wife coming," he tells them.

They all turn to human for her; really they're grizzly. People there, they feed her, that mother and father.

They all tell her not to look at them if she wake up first in morning. Two, three times they help her. One morning she wake up, open her eyes. She sees big grizzly hand on her. She's scared. She looks around, sees all bears, all grizzly.

He woke up. "Why did you look at me? Didn't I tell you?" He turn into human for her. "Now you know." But her mind is still fixed from that slap.

Every day they fish there.

One day he say, "See that smoke over there? Don't go into that camp."

She gets curious. She sneak over. She sees human being

sit down and here it was her aunt on her father's side. She was lost a long time ago. No wonder grizzly didn't want her to see her because she's human.

She look up. "My niece, my niece. You here too? Long ago it happen to me too. Grizzly save me. Don't stay here. You go back home. I can't. I have two kids. I can't leave them. You have no kids. You might as well go home. In morning bring little balsam tree top. Bring jackpine tree top and spruce tree top. Bring buttercup tops too. Bring whetstone. Bring me little grease. And bring me bladder of *Tlo* fish--that little fish with big head, little thin body. Fill that bladder full of water. You bring all that next time you come.

It takes time to get those things. Next time she sneak over she give all that. That's third day since she see her aunt.

"Okay, I'm going to fix them. Tomorrow you're going to try. When you hear someone coming, take off. If they catch you, they'll kill you. You got to get home. When they come put this buttercup stem comb through your hair. Then throw back. Buttercup stems will grow up so thick behind you, you can't get through. Next take jackpine tree top comb. Put through hair, throw behind you. The spruce tree top, the same. Then balsam tree top. It will make thick trees, slow them up. They can't travel. Then put grease on your mouth. You won't be hungry," her aunt tell her. "Then throw stomach of water and with it throw whetstone. That will make lake with bluff across it. Then you'll come to lake. Man will be there. He'll save you."

That girl took off. Halfway up mountain she hear people. They're close. She did all those things. Buttercup stem comb, then jackpine tree top, then spruce top, then balsam. Then she put grease on mouth. After she threw bladder and whetstone she made big lake with bluff across. She run, run. She came out on lake. Saw that man in middle.

"Help me, help me," she holler, "save me."

That man come to shore.

"Grizzly chase me," she tells him. "Save me and I'll marry you."

"I've got wife," he told her.

"I'll be your slave then."

He took her, just a little way out.

"Go farther, farther."

"Nope," he doesn't.

Three grizzly bears came running up. The rest gave up, I guess. One was her husband.

That man hit boat with stick. Boat took off. Those bears swim in. When they're close he hit with stick again. That boat took off.

Finally he gets tired of that. Finally he spit on his spear, then threw it in water. He hit all three bears. One by one they float up, dead. He took that spear, wash off. Put it in boat.

"You hungry?" he ask. In bow of boat is Tlingit style cedar box. "Good meat in there. Eat." She eat dry meat, grease. She never eat for so many days.

He's fishing for frog, that's for his wife. Then he went home. Just before he gets home, he tells her, "I've got wife already. When she's eating, don't look at her. She kill lots of women. I'll take a chance with you. Don't look when she eat. Don't get up out of bed if I'm out."

He tell his wife he save that girl. He made her camp across the fire.

Next morning he hunt. "Don't look at her," he say.

Quite a while she stayed with them. He sleeps with her instead of his wife.

Finally one time she wonders, "Why not look at his wife?" He's out. She look through that gopher robe and watch that woman eat frogs.

"Ach!" That woman feels it. The frog gets stuck. Right then both those girl's eyes come out. That wife's power does that. It dug both that girl's eyes out.

He comes back, sees those eyes of blood. He pretend not to notice.

His wife says, "You brought back nice wife. All she does is sleep." He know that young girl is killed.

He brought back what he killed, frogs, for her. That's her food. He pretend to fix his spear.

"Hey, what if you hit me," that wife say.

Right then, he kill that frog lady. He burnt her up so

she'd never come back.

He looked for that young girl's eyes. He has power too. He put back those eyes so she get up again.

He brings good meat to her, seal.

"Let's move camp. I don't want to stay where I kill frog woman. I'm human. That frog turn into woman and I had to marry her. I don't feel right for long time now. If we move camp, I'll lose that funny feeling.

She's gone four and a half years by then. Four years with grizzly and half year with this man. She think about her home.

That man asks her, "Are you lonesome?"

"Kind of," she says.

"Well, I'll take you home."

Then go in his boat. That boat can go anywhere. The land where her father and mother are.

"Go up and see your father and mother, and if you want, you can come back. "I'll wait, but if you don't come back, I'll leave."

She goes to them. She tells them, "I want you people to welcome him." So they did, and they live happily ever after. Those people accept them. Five years later, she's back.

THE SUN STORY

Another story, "The Sun Story," has similar elements but a different theme. A man, driven away by his nagging wife, seeks out the sun's daughter as a "pure" wife. He is helped along the way by a mouse he once saved, who, like the aunt in the previous story, gives him gifts with certain powers—a stovepipe on which he can climb into the sky, a hummingbird skin, a camp robber skin, a whetstone, and a piece of ice. With these, he meets the sun's daughters, becomes the "property" of one, passes all the trials set for him by the sun, and becomes her husband.

Later, when he returns home with his sun ray wife, his former wife tries to make trouble for them. His sun ray wife leaves him. Insulted by the way his daughter has been treated, the sun destroys the entire village. Only the hero and his family are saved. Ultimately he is reunited with his sun ray wife.

Some of the tensions which existed between men and women and between fathers-in-law and sons-in-law are dramatized in this story.

Sun Story

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

One time there was a husband and wife. The wife is really mean to her husband, all the time. Always quarrel.

She say, "Who you gonna marry? Who you gonna marry? You gonna marry the sun's daughter? Is that why you don't like me? I'd like to see you marry the sun's daughter. She's the only one got no dirt around her."

Finally, he took off. He walked all day. Kicked a clump of grass, walk on. Finally in the evening he lay down. In the middle of the night he woke up. Somebody pushing him. Here nobody around him. He lay down again. Same thing again. He jumped up and saw those little mice holes.

Here big door open and there's a little old lady sitting there. "My grandchild, my grandchild. I wonder what's bringing you here," she said.

"Well," he said, "my wife is always fighting me. Always telling me to marry the sun's daughter. That's why I go in the bush by myself. Figure I'll starve someplace."

"My grandchild, they say you can't come near that person, sun's daughter. Sit down. This ground is home to me."

He look around for a place to sit. Sit on ground.

She turned around to look for something. Picks up little spruce basket, the size of a cup. She brings out little tiny bit of dry salmon and dry salmon eggs.

He thinks to himself, "Is that going to fill me?" But he didn't say anything. He's so tired that after awhile he fall asleep while he's sitting there. When he wakes up there's a big pot full of boiled salmon eggs and a big pan of toasted dry salmon.

"Wake up. Eat before your meal gets cold," she call him. After he eat, there's still lots left over.

That little old lady tells him, "You're the one that saved me. One time you were going across the beaver dam, eight of you. Eight brothers. When they get ashore little mice run out of the grass and one of your brothers kick it in the water. Then the others did the same. Then finally

the youngest one pick it up and say, 'Don't do that,' put it in a dry place under grass. You're the one that saved me when you're crossing the beaver dam. I just about froze that time. So I'm going to help you back," she said to him.

She gave him five things. One was something like stovepipe, then camp robber skin shirt, then hummingbird skin shirt, then whetstone, then piece of ice.

"If you get in any trouble, if anything happen, call for me. From here on, you're going to come out in the middle of a meadow. There you camp. Take out your stovepipe and pull it out like telescope. It will be like ladder. Climb up. When you get up there you'll hear girls laughing. They're always playing on that swing. Put your camp robber's shirt on and fly to them. If they don't like you, try this hummingbird shirt. It will fit you when you put it on."

He came to that meadow, and did what she said. He climb up, came to another land. He hears girls laughing, swinging each other. He put on his camp robber skin, fly to them.

"Ugh, go away," they don't like him. "You're no good, we don't like you."

So he took off. Put on hummingbird shirt. Fly around.

That youngest one caught him. They play with him. The oldest one said, "I want to buy him from you. I'll give you a gold spoon for him."

"No, I got a gold spoon," that youngest one answer.

"I'll give you a silver spoon."

"No, I've got a silver spoon, too."

"I'll give you a shell spoon, dentalium shell."

Well, she hasn't got that one, so she say okay, she'll sell him. "If you give me that spoon, I'll give you my bird."

When they swing all the time, that swing rings like a bell, just like church bell. They get off that swing to play with the bird and their father hears that bell stop ringing. Send slave out to get them.

"Your father says you come in. That bell stopped ringing."

"Oh, we're just playing." So they came in, brought that bird. When they went home she gave that younger sister that spoon.

They went in their room, play with that bird. Finally come out to eat, then they go back to their room. They kept talking and laughing half of the night. Their father's getting suspicious.

Early in the morning, he got up; the sun gets up early in the summertime, in June.

In the morning when they woke up, here's a man sleeping with them. He take off his shirt and turn into man. They're playing.

Finally, that slave comes in tell them to get up.

That father says, what's wrong with them. How come they stay in bed? They're laughing half the night.

Well, that slave tells him there's a man in there with them. That's why they're laughing all the time. That slave comes back, "Your daddy says for you to come out and have breakfast. Bring him out too. Eat."

"Put him on the swing," he tells those girls. Nobody gets on that swing except those girls. If anyone gets on, they fly off and smash. They don't want to, but they have to do what he tells them. They put him on the swing and when he fell off, that whetstone save him. It couldn't break so he didn't break, turn into that.

Dinnertime they come in again. "Tell him to get water for me," the father say.

On the road to the water, there's two big birds sitting, waiting to kill him. Just like eagle. Somehow he kill them too. His body's just like whetstone; don't get hurt.

He brought that water up. Then that father boil the water and put him in it. But he put on his hummingbird shirt, made himself real small and held on to that piece of ice his grandma gave him. He held on just under the pot handle on the pot lid and that ice saved him.

Next that sun tried to throw him on a rock, but he turned into whetstone again, and broke that rock. That's what his grandma gave him that whetstone for.

So he got rid of all those dangerous things. That father said, "Where did you get that man? He got rid of all my good stuff. Well, we have to go to court now."

They went to court. The father said, "Who claim that man? Whose husband is he?"

The youngest said, "I caught that bird. But my sister bought it off me for shell spoon."

Well he's her husband then, the older sister's. The father brought out the marriage mat, fed them a big feast. That's their marriage feast.

They live up there a long time. Quite a few years. Then that man starts to think about his father and mother and brothers. He misses them.

His father-in-law knew it right away. He tell his daughter, "Your husband is lonesome for his mother and father. You're meant to be like that. You go with him to his country."

They're going to go. He gave them piece of stovepipe, and a little boat and an eagle feather.

"Every morning when he gets water for you, put that feather in the water," he tells his daughter. "If it comes out dry, you're okay. But if it comes out wet, that means his old wife speaks to him."

When they got to the place where he came up, they went down that stovepipe. They got to a creek and camped. Then they put that little boat in the water and it turned into a great big boat. They went to a lake, came across that lake to his people's camp. He tie up the boat, came to his father and mother. He told them he got married; he told his youngest brother to run down to the boat and call her up.

He went to the boat, but all he could see was a sun ray in the back of the boat. So he came back. "Nobody there but a sun ray."

"That's her. Bring her back."

So he went and told that ray, "Your husband wants you."

That's the way it looked to other people, just a sun ray alongside of her husband all the time. Finally, after awhile his family could see her too, but no outside people.

Every morning he got fresh water and she always put that feather in. And it always came out dry.

The story went around that he had married a sun ray. "He's got a wife and nobody can see her, just a sun ray."

His old wife got jealous.

But she heard the story that early in the morning he always get water for her. So she hides along that path and one morning when he go by, she grab him, started fighting.

"Don't bother me," he said. "You don't like me and that's why I married sun's daughter." He got away anyway.

When he brought that water up, she put that feather in and it came out wet. She threw that water away, don't want to drink it. "Nobody tell you to talk to your old wife." And she start to move. He tried to grab her but his hand go through her. She disappeared.

She came back to her father.

Early in the morning he started to get ready to go out.

"What time do you feel me worst, on earth?"

"At twelve o'clock," she said. "That's the time we used to just about roast. But please have mercy on my husband."

"If you want me to have mercy on him, why did you leave him?"

"Because his wife talk to him."

"Well, I'm not going to have mercy on anybody," he said.

Well next day, when that father went out he set fire to everybody down below. Burn up the world. The sun paint his legs with red Indian paint, and then he burns the world. The first one to die was that first wife. She got so hot she jump in the lake and boiled to death.

But that's where ice came in handy again for that man. He took that ice and his brothers and father and mother and went under moss that hangs over the edge of the river. They were shivering with that ice until everything's all over.

After that he went back to that stovepipe in the meadow, and he went up to his wife again and stayed with her for good. He explained to her and they forgive him. He explained that that woman grabbed him.

STAR HUSBAND

In two different versions of this story, two sisters joke about marrying two stars, each picking out the one she would marry. The next morning, they find themselves in an unfamiliar world with two men who identify themselves as those same stars. Although the husbands are good providers, the girls are lonesome for their family and plan to escape. They tan leggings and mitts and babiche for their journey, then dig a hole in the sky and lower themselves back to earth by climbing down a babiche rope they have attached to a rock. The two versions presented here give different accounts of how they eventually reach their parents.

Star Husband

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

A father and mother had two daughters. They travel around in the bush, drying meat, camping out here and there. These two girls talk a lot and play at night--don't go to sleep quick.

One night one said, "Gee, I wish I'd marry that red star."

The other one said, "Gee, I wish I'd marry the blue one."

The talk away like this.

Next morning, first thing they found themselves in another country. Both of them got husbands. They're sleeping with men. One of them when he walked looked kind of blue; the other looked red. "You wish for us," they said. So they found out they're stars.

Their husbands are good hunters. They go out every day--bring in moose, bring in meat. Those girls stay up there, must be quite a while, tanning moose skins, making babiche. From the skins they tan, they make big thick winter mitts and leggings. That's what people used to wear. They make quite a few of them.

Finally, though, they get lonesome for their mother and father. They make up their mind to run away. The only way they could run away though is to dig through that sky. That's what they plan.

Their husbands say, "What do you do with all those skins?"

"Oh, we boil them and eat them," they tell them.

They make babiche string, I don't know how many tons of it. They get together their thick leggings and mitts. Finally they find a big rock, then start to dig. They dig, dig, every day as soon as their husbands go.

Finally they dig through. Then they tie that babiche around the rock and they let it down. Go down, go down, go down. Finally they could tell that it landed someplace. After they were sure it landed safely the youngest went down first. "When I get down I'll pull the string." They tied the other end to a tree. She take quite a while going down.

Finally that oldest one feel the string move. So she went down next. Here it was on top of a big flat tree.

They stay there, don't know how they're going to get down. Here, they're over an animal trail. Every day when animals go by they say, "Pack us down, grandpa."

"No," he says, "I don't climb trees."

Another one go by, moose, caribou, they all say they can't climb trees. Finally, at last Wolverine was coming along. First thing they did was they whistle at him.

"Oh, oh, what's that?" he says.

They keep whistling at him. Finally he see the girls up there.

"Grandpa, pack us down and we're going to marry you," they tell him.

"Okay," just that quick he got up there, bring them down, both of them. Right there they camp.

Next day he goes hunting. Oh, they stay there quite awhile, I guess, but then they said they're going to run away from him next. So when he went out hunting in the morning, they took off. It was right close to where their father and mother was staying. Must be they stay in the same place yet, I guess, kind of hoping those girls might come back. They don't know what happened to them and they're staying there because they thought they might come back.

Before they left, they kicked their garters off, four garters--each had two. They made snare of them, put in four places. They told those four strings, "Whistle at him when he comes back." They figure he's going to keep running back and forth there among the garters. That's to slow him down, I suppose.

In the meantime, here they got to their mother and father.

Star Husband

told by Mrs. Kitty Smith, Whitehorse

Those girls were two twins, sisters together, those girls. Their mother and daddy are living yet. But they don't get married, those girls, not yet. They're women, so they get ready for marriage.

Night time, they sleep. That's the time that oldest one says, "Look, sister. If I want to marry that star do you think they're going to marry us? That one, I like it, me. That little bit grey one."

The younger sister said, "Ah, no. Me, that one." That one she looks at has no grey, just bright. "I want that one for a person."

They talk about it, talk about it. They don't know if they're good hunting men. When they married that way, those days, they married sometimes lynx, wolverine, everything. Used to be just like a person. Wolf, lots of them, marten. Person inside, they say.

They sleep now.

My goodness. Somebody sleep with them, with that oldest one. She wake up. He got grey hair. He look good though. She look for her sister. They're not home. Somebody sleep with that sister. She call her. "Wake up," she tell her.

"Yes, I wake up."

"Where we got this man from? Where we are?"

That younger sister, young fellow sleep with her.

"Well," those men say, "last night you talk about us. You wanted to marry us. That's why we get you." That's what they tell them.

"Where's our daddy?"

"Well, he's down there. Your daddy, your momma, they can't come here."

Those girls got nothing to say.

"Well, what you eat?" those men ask them.

"Well, we eat meat, fish, like that."

"All right, we're going to get that for breakfast." Go

off to get gopher.

She don't like it, that oldest one her husband. Little bit old you know. Her sister though got nice young fellow.

Just quick they come back, bring ten gopher. The oldest one know how to cook gopher, you know. She singe them skin them. They cook gopher.

Well, their mother down there look around. Everything stay there, nothing moved. They're just gone. Her daughters gone.

That oldest girl tell her husband to bring lots of game, lots of caribou, lots of marten.

"You want blanket, I'm going to kill that animal for you," her husband tell her.

"Yes, marten blanket."

He bring just like rabbit, marten. That girl skin them, make good blanket.

That young girl said, "What blanket I'm going to use, me?"

"Well, I'm going to bring which one you like for your blanket. Fox? Lynx? Marten your sister got already."

She wants lynx. "Lynx, I want it," she said.

He got them. She fix them that girl. They're sewing, those girls.

Those fellows show them the place they used to sleep. "You know that place? That's where we hear you say you like us. Your daddy still near there. They move down a little bit. They miss you."

That oldest man said, "We're going to go down. Going to kill game for them. Going to leave it. What they eat good, what your Momma like?"

"Well that one," they call them, caribou, sheep. "You fellows kill that marten, too, put them there, lynx for Momma."

Those parents sleep. They don't know. That daddy get up early to go hunt. Sun not up yet. My goodness, right there pile. Marten, lynx. Then meat already cut, fat. Everything. He wake up his wife.

"Get up. It's our daughter, sent them for us. Oh, just

fat, meat, fur, everywhere."

Next those girls tell them, "We eat fish, bring them fish."

"All right, we bring them salmon."

Daddy fix camp up. He don't want to get away from camp there now. Want to stay for good. Fix Indian stick house. Cut ground, put 'em on top. Big place they make.

That older star man tell his wife, "Your place not so far away."

Talk about they kill game! Those girls they fix them. Those sisters talk together, "You think we go down? Which way we're going to go down?" They sew lots of pants, lots of mitts. "We're going to go down that way. My old man say it's not so far. Just our eye make it look far." That's what they say. They make skin, dry skin, fix them this way (indicating a tube). They're going to leave it this way, put string down the middle, fix up like saddle and sit on it, slide down. This way they hold them. That's why they want lots of mitts.

It's good, you know. They try it. They build foot place. They're pretty smart. Fix it so they can sit down. Got lots of mitts. All over they cover selves with skin.

"How about we do it this way?"

"Yes, that's good."

"Well, I'm going to take my marten skin."

"Me too, I'm going to take my blanket."

They try that rope down now. They put big rock on and get ready to let it down to the ground. Tie it at the top.

Their husbands said, "We're going hunting two nights. Two nights we camp then we're going to come back."

Those girls get ready now, eh? Who's going to be first? "Me," the oldest one said. "I'm going to go first behind you."

"All right."

They put on clothes now. Hard work going down. Not far apart, those sisters. Oldest one first. They try it now. Soon they started. They go down, they go down, they go down, they go down...When two mitts get holes, they put

on another one.

Oh my. They landed.

His daddy fix camp about one mile up that creek. They walk around, find it. "Ah, right there our camp used to be."

"Oh my, Momma take all her blanket with her." Nothing there.

They look around. See their little sister about that big play around that creek. "Where's your Momma?"

"Where you fellows come from," that little sister say.

"Oh, we come back. We want to see you."

"Momma right there," that little one said. "My sister, they come," she's screaming, that little girl, runs to her Momma.

"We got husband," they tell their Momma. "We married that star. That's where we been. But we come down a string." Gee, she's surprised, that Momma.

They miss their wives up there. They know where they're gone. They make these girls dream call for their husbands. Night time they make them wake up. They can't take them back anymore now.

"Why you fellows run away?"

"Well, we're lonesome. You think we're going to stay when we don't see our Daddy? We don't see our Momma? We don't see our sister or brother? It's pretty hard. You people up there just stay one place," they tell them.

"Yes, you're right," those fellows say. "Well, we're going to feed you. We're going to give you what we've got. Just right alongside of you, we're going to pile them there. Anything you want, you say that when you go to sleep. Call my name." Gone. They're gone again. "We can't stay here," they tell their wife.

Some people make this story a different way, but this way is honest, you know. Some people say they landed in a tree and they can't come down. Then a man come and they say "I'm going to marry you," and he pack them down. No. They can't land in a tree! They landed on the ground.

After that, just what those girls think, they pile up. I don't know after that, they married Indian, I think, Wolverine, I guess.

GOOD LUCK LADY

"Good Luck Lady" has been discussed elsewhere in a paper by Catharine McClellan (1963). This is an abbreviated version, but retains the major elements of versions McClellan recorded. It is one significant example of a story in which people have integrated economic changes in the twentieth century into their mythology. (See also part 3)

A man has a wife who lives under water. When a "friend" of his discovers the whereabouts of this girl by devious means, he goes to visit her. She rebuffs him and her children follow him back to the village and kill everyone except the original man, a woman (his sister) and her child.

These two adults clean up the village, bury the dead, take important ceremonial objects (a marten skin blanket) and leave the village.

From then on, the man chops wood and whoever hears his chopping will be rich. The woman wanders in the woods with her child. Whenever someone encounters her he should remove his clothes, urinate on her, grab her baby and refuse to return him until she defecates four golden balls. Then he must fast, clean house, and bathe in a stream. If he does, he will be rich.

There are various accounts of people who have met her. If they behave properly, they became rich; if they didn't, they have remained poor.

Good Luck Lady

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

One time there's two young boys. They're partners I guess. Both have got girlfriends but they didn't ever see each other's girlfriend. They just go visit them some certain nights.

One night one of them gets curious about his friend's girlfriend. He's the one who goes to that Spark.

"I'll tell you mine. Go climb up on top of the house and you'll see mine." He get curious, asks his partner where's his girlfriend. "Didn't you go?"

"It's not the right time to see her," the other one said. I guess he can only see her certain times.

"I did," his friend said. "If you don't believe me, feel me." He was wet—he had wet himself with seaweed to fool his partner.

"Okay, I'll go too."

Then that curious one follow his partner on a trail to a little lake. At the end of that trail there, he goes out to a little point. He had moose hoof bells out there.

When he rings the *gaw*--a mat--float up. He jumps on that mat and sinks in water.

That other guy follows him, sees all that. Then he runs home, goes to bed before him.

Next night he did that himself. He follow that trail out to that point. He rings those hoof bells. That mat float up. He jump on it. Then he sinks in that water. Here a door opens for him.

That woman there said to him, "What you come here for?"

"Your husband said I could come," he tells her.

"No, I don't care," she say to him. "You can't come here."

Finally, he start go go. "Well take me back up then," back up to above water."

Most times when her husband does that her two kids jump at him, play with him. They do that with their father when he goes back. So they did the same to this one. He grab them when they do that. But they scratch him so much he had to let them go. Then he dropped them. Those little kids follow him back anyway.

When they get back to camp, that's the time those kids kill him. They took his eyes out first. Then they did that to the whole village. They took out the eyes of everyone in that whole village. Everyone but their father and one woman. That woman was back of the camp with her baby. Every morning, that baby start to cry. She got up and nurse him.

She sees two little kids with long fingernails. They try to grab that baby's eyes. She hit those kids, call for her husband. No answer. Finally, those two little kids pull out little bag made of handkerchief. They throw in fire to cook eyes, say "We're going to eat *Kawakhi*--eyeballs."

That's the time she holler for her husband. She got up, grab baby. Tell him, "What are they?" She finds that husband dead, his eyes full of blood. He's died.

She goes to the village, finds all those people dead. That kid's father is the only one not dead. He went with her. They found those kids. He pick them up.

"What you're here for?" He went back and took them back down to their house. He went down with them.

"How come they do that, those kids?" he asks his wife.

"That man said you sent for them," she tell him.

"He lie," he says.

After that they fix up the bodies. That woman with the baby, she went right through those houses. That man help. She open up her uncle's trunk and brought out marten skin blanket, wrap up that baby with marten skin fur. Then tend to bodies.

After they fix up the bodies, that's the time that man is going to turn *Takhwad* "Whoever hear me chopping is going to be rich. Pick up those chips, the ones that curl, and be rich."

That's the time that lady said she's going to turn into "Good Luck Lady," *Tl'enehídek*. She wraps that baby in marten skins. Then she puts long beads on that baby's packing sack. She dress that baby good, then turn into Good Luck Lady.

"Whoever sees me is going to be rich. Whoever hear my baby cry is going to be rich."

So they went into the bush.

That Skookum Jim, they say he hear it long time after, I guess. Uncle Patsy told us it's really dark that night they hear that baby crying. Skookum Jim and Charlie got up, try to follow. They start, go further, further. That sound goes round that little lake behind Lake Bennett, always just ahead of them. Patsy, he want to go too, but he got scared. He got left behind. That's why he never found gold. He got scared, give up. He break out crying. That's why he's never as rich as Skookum Jim. But Skookum Jim and Charlie, they never catch them. That's why that money never last.

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That's different than that man at Telegraph Creek, *Katunéh*. He was a young man, start gambling. Indians gamble too, those days.

His uncle died, will everything to him. He start gambling with his uncle's stuff. Meantime, he tells his father, mother, sister to go up on mountain, dry meat, gopher, groundhog. He tells them to go ahead. He starts gambling. Here he lost all his uncle's money. Stay two days behind. Then he took off after his father and mother.

That night he camp. Early morning he heard baby crying,

"Gee, my mother still here," he say. He follow that sound. That baby move. Then he remember that story *Tl'enehídek*. He took off his clothes to chase it. He runs. It's still far away. He pee, throw after them to slow them down. When he catch up to her, he wish she go under leaning tree. He run right up to her, grab that baby away from her. She swings at him, makes a big scratch on that guy's back. She sat down under leaning tree.

"Give me back my baby!"

"No," he say. "You want baby, you make number two for me."

"No," she say. She try anyway. Second time she try she make four balls, like brass balls.

"That's good," he's satisfied. He took them. Then she gets baby back.

She tell him turn around and she touch his back, heals that scratch.

She says, "When you're going home, tell them to clean up this house before you go in. Don't eat for four days. Instead, you make dam in four places on creek, two low, two above. Then when you're home, don't eat for four days. Second day early morning, you go to dam. Go to that creek and let that water rush on you. Bathe and make a wish. Then break second one.

"After that, go home and have a little bite. Don't eat again other two days. Then do same thing. Break dam, bathe. When that water rush on you like that, then wish money rush on you like water. From then on, eat.

"If any one of your people need help, take scab from that scratch I give you and give it to him. That makes good luck. Any time you trap, hunt, don't eat for four days. Then take out brass balls. Then you have good luck to hunt. All your luck is going to come back."

After that Good Luck Lady left, he did all those things she said. First he went back, he dressed, had to get his clothes. Then he went after his father.

Already he hadn't eat for two days. When he came to his mother and father, he told that story.

"Clean out the house! Clean out all the dirty brush; put in clean brush." They did that for him. "Something happen to me," he say.

That's true story. That work for him.

Two days he stayed without eat. Finally he bathe early morning. That's what he did. Then everything is good luck. Dry meat is just like nothing to him. When they come off mountain, he gamble again. He win everything back, including more. He got so rich he's richest man in Telegraph Creek.

ANIMAL MOTHER

"Game Mother" or "Animal Mother Story" has parallels with fertility myths in other cultures. Details of the two versions here differ considerably and more versions would undoubtedly show even more variations.

In the first version, the three initial characters are a woman, her sister and their husband; in the second, it is one woman who has two husbands. Both express some of the psychological tensions between men and women, in one case relating to the scarcity of food, in another to the sharing of work. In each case, the strongest alliance seems to be between co-spouses.

The essential story relates how one woman gave birth to all the animals which now inhabit the Yukon, teaching them what to eat and how to behave. (Animals had to be taught the correct behavior toward humans just as humans have to be taught appropriate behavior to animals.) A year later she gave a great party for them in which each sang his song and danced on a moose skin trampoline. After this, she left them to look after themselves.

Animal Mother

told by Mrs. Kitty Smith, Whitehorse

This story happened a long time ago. Goat was the only animal in this country. Goat and buffalo. That's all people live on. Pretty hard. No rabbits, nothing.

One man had two wives, two sisters. That oldest one is *Nakáyh*. She's got some kind of doctor, some potion. They're going to starve, you know. He hunt porcupine, that man. When he finds fat one, porcupine mother, he don't bring it. He cook it, he keep it somewhere. Just porcupine daddy, that's the one he bring home.

"You don't get porcupine momma?" they tell him.

"No, that's the one I get, just in a tree, porcupine daddy."

Well no fat, you know, that one. His wives go. They keep wondering all the time where they get game, you know.

They keep going.

He says, "She eat him, that porcupine mother. I'm going to fix her this time. Don't look when she comes back, just look around that way."

"All right."

He hit it. He got porcupine mother, he got porcupine daddy too. That daddy, he's going to pack for his wives. This one, the mother, he's going to eat himself. He cook it. Cook quick, throw head, throw in fire, want to eat quick. She's just fat, you know. He pick up head, want to chew tongue, face it toward him. He bite her. (Claps) She bite his mouth shut. So he can't eat. Well she's cooked now. He put it in packsack, porcupine daddy too, go back to camp.

They made camp already, his wife.

She's going to have baby, that oldest one, *Nakayh*.

He comes back, grunt, grunt, mouth shut by porcupine. His wife work on fire, that youngest one.

"What's the matter?" she said. She helps him make that porcupine head fall down.

"I starve, that's why I cook that head, but he bite me," he said.

"You do that all the time. You never do that just first time, this time. You think I don't know?" that oldest one tell him.

He don't say nothing. Anyway he take out that cooked one, porcupine. They eat him.

"I want to eat because I starve, that's why I cook him."

"No, you do that all time." Those women know.

She's getting big now, that woman, can't walk, you know. She tells her sister, "I'm not going to walk no more. You fellows make some kind of place for me."

Her husband cut big tree, get wood. Big pile of wood. Her sister work. They fix big house, they said, big place.

"I'm not going to be your wife anymore. Going to be something wrong with me. But you people, you're going to eat lots now. I'm going to be different. I'm going to get game to eat. I'm going to have baby. Going to be

something wrong," she tell them.

She tells her sister, "Get sinew, fix snare." She fixes it for her. That's rabbit snare she make. "Knock down tree, for him to eat." She's got no baby yet, but she teach that one, her sister. Fix snares good.

They're gone then. They got to move on, can't stay in one place. That younger sister and her husband move on.

"You come and see me when you feel like it. I can't stop now. I'm going to have grub all the time, me."

That time that husband go, somebody give her box. I don't know who is that somebody. "That's your grub box," he tell her. Little goat inside, he stand up. "Don't kill him though. Just one side you cut him. Cook one side. Then you close him, put him back."

"All right." When she want to eat, it's simple, open that box, cut one side, he don't move, that little goat. Cut one side, cook him, close him. Eat good.

She start to get sick now. Her sister (had) made her big blanket, sew for her, give it to her. She put it on top grass. Put up sticks to hold it. Underneath just some kind of grass.

That's where her babies born. Rabbits born first. Then ptarmigan. Then grouse. Everyone she give clothes when they're born. Next caribou. Next sheep. She talk to them. She give them grub, every one and say, "This one you're going to eat." She tell them all. She give. They chew. "This going to be your grub."

Then grizzly. Then wolf. She's got nothing for them. Don't know what they're going to eat.

She said, "That's all right. You fellows treat your brothers just like game. But I don't want you to have teeth. She tried to take off his teeth. "Don't fight. Don't fight people."

Grizzly gets mad at his Momma, and take off. "I'll keep it to fight." He's dangerous.

"Don't fight people," she tell him.

Moose last one born. He's got teeth just like grizzly. "No, you're not going to fight with people," she tell him. I make you for this ground. For people." His momma take off those people. "You don't try to fight people."

Then that sister and her husband come back. She shows

them what she made.

Rabbit had little horn, that time, just like sheep. "You can't snare that rabbit that way," her sister tell her.

"All right, I'm going to take off," she said. She take off those horns. That's why rabbits now have no horn.

Now everybody eat it. Rabbit got strong skin that time, just like mink. But people use it too much. That's why that mother get jealous about that. So she take feathers and blow them on rabbit. That's why that skin no good. People used too much of it. Now nobody use rabbit skin except sometime for net blanket.

Yes, that time when they come back lots of moose, lots of caribou, lots of ptarmigan, lots of grouse. All full now. Indians going to eat lots. That's how they get their grub.

"You fellows leave for good now. I'm going to leave this ground, going to watch my kids, going to watch my kids."

All right. They move. They got lots to eat now. People got lots to eat. Animals got lots to eat.

After that sister and husband left for good, that's the time she made that swing, over Bennett Lake.

Another man from Tagish saw all this. He's hunting on that mountain behind Choutla school. Look around. He sees that mother sit there, big moose skin swing. She sing for her kids. They jump on top of that skin.

Moose comes first, sings, "What kind of skin you fellows got. Don't you see how big is me?" He steps right through that skin and she has to get another. Put up another skin.

Caribou, everyone jumps on that skin.

Then wolf. His mother said he got to sing by himself, wolf. "He's going to be mean to us. We're not going to help him sing," they say that, that game.

So he sing himself, that wolf. He's going to go alone, that wolf, going to be good hunter.

Everyone got song on that swing. Grizzly bear, he try to sing, he fall down. That's why he's so clumsy. "Just like that, you go now you," she tell him. That's why he's clumsy.

That game mother made all those animals the way they are.

That's a true story.

That man who watch them, he tells those people at Tagish what he saw. He told them there's going to be two winters (joined together). "Try the best you can, you people."

Dezadeash froze to bottom, they say. Everything froze. Talk about ducks! Swans, froze. Grizzly froze. They say one woman who had no husband, but had three kids she pick up animals that froze, pull them out, save herself.

To get fish they say, people make ladder down through ice. My daddy's mother told me about that. They stay in Haines. Lots of grub there. Salt water...

Long time after, in my mother's daddy's time, man saw Game Mother. This is just a little while ago, in shotgun time.

My momma's daddy knew this man. He throw away game for nothing. Shoot game, just throw away. He do this all time. One time moose come to him, pick him up on horns. He drop his shotgun right then. That moose carry him away, he can even sleep right there on those horns. He carry him across lake, across to other side.

Woman she stand up outdoors. Woman, she's not old, nothing. That's Game Mother. She stand up. She laugh.

"This the man you wanted Momma?" he tell her.

"Yes, that's the man I want. Come on in." She talk Indian. Inside house campfire, she's got.

"You do too much. Me, I make for you my kids," she tell him. "You use too much. When you need it, use it. But you, though, you throw it away for nothing! What for you do that? One month you're going to stay with me. I'm going to teach you." She tell him.

That grub box, she got him yet. She open that box. She cut one side that goat. Cook him, feed him. Pretty soon one month.

"He's going to take you the same, my son." He came back, same moose. She give him lunch, cooked meat. She tell her son, "If he needs water, take him to water place. You take him home to his wife and kids."

Keep going, keep going, across water to wife and kids. Come to camp spot--it's September.

"Momma tell you everything you got to do right," moose tell that man. Then that man tell people how to hunt

meat, how to eat, all she teach him. True story. This one happen.

Game Mother

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

This is the story of how game animals came to be.

This game mother, she's just an ordinary woman like us. She got married to two young brothers. She had two husbands. Brothers though. They stay together I don't know how many years and they never have no baby. They never travel. She don't want to travel around. Just stay one place all the time.

When fall start to come, her husbands always make snowshoes for her. The oldest one gets his snowshoes done first, and then the youngest one. She wouldn't work on it either. Every time they finish, they wrap that snowshoe up in nice cloth and give it to her or skin. Here, she always put it in back of her pillow and say to it, "You undo yourself." (So she wouldn't have to travel) Here in the morning it would be all undone. So next day they'd start another one always. And then the youngest one make snowshoes for her...same thing. She always put it in the back of her pillow there, "You undo yourself." Here in the morning it be undone.

Don't know how many years they be like that, just stay in one place. Oh they get tired, I guess, those boys, but her she never get tired. And here she start to grow, bigger and bigger and bigger like that, and she won't go noplace, won't go travel around. She was just so big.

Springtime, that's the time animals are born, she told her husbands, "It's no use you fellows staying with me," she said. "It's no use because I'm no good to you people. You better go on your own. Just leave me right here. But make a better housecamp for me," she tell them. "If you want to, you can watch me from long ways on top the mountain."

Anyway, they left. They hate to go, but they had to go anyway. They watch, I guess, all the time. Wonder what kind of fieldglasses they got, eh?

First thing they know, moose was born. As soon as they go, it came out. Moose had grizzly bear teeth too, they say. She call it back and she take the teeth out. Show him what to eat. Willow. Bull moose came with horn. "Leave horn once in a while," she told him. "Don't use all the time, just in running season."

She told moose to lick salt in her ashes. That's why they lick mud all the time, looking for salt. They call it moose lick.

Caribou came next, bull then cow. Caribou came with horns, too, bull caribou, so she told him same thing, "Leave horns once in awhile. Don't use it all the time, just in the running season. Just then you use it," she tell them. And she teach them to eat moss.

Next sheep came, and she taught him to eat grass.

Then came grizzly. She try to call him back to take teeth out, but he wouldn't come. She couldn't get it. "I'm going to use these teeth to get even," he tell her. "You take everyting from us."

"Well, don't be mean to people," she tell him. "Remember, you came from people."

After grizzly came wolf, and after wolf came goat. Everything came from her. She gives them a meal, right away, as soon as they come, teach them what to eat.

Finally, rabbit came out last. And he starts eating branches off her campfire. That's why winter time rabbits eat pine tree branch.

Those animals start staying around her place, just around her, you know. They don't know what she eat, what she live on. She stay for one whole year. Finally, the next spring she got tired of them. She's going to part with them. They make too much noise, eat up everything, all the grass around her place.

So she made a big swing for them (like trampoline). She called it *Ákeyi'*, that's Tagish word. She made big sport day for them cause she's going to leave them. Fall time, she made it from bull moose skin. There's no moose before, where she get it, I don't know. Anyway that's the story. A bull moose skin. She put it up right in the middle of Bennett Lake. It had four strings: one went to Grey Mountain--*Tekade'útsh* means Charcoal Mountain in Tlingit; one went to the mountain behind Chooutla School--*Tátl'ach'ech'i* means "wind on the forehead" in Tagish language; one went to Fourth of July Mountain--*Wejidzéle* means Caribou Mountain; and one went to that big thin mountain we call *Chelídzéle* Gopher Mountain.

They walk out on the line that ties that swing. First one to come is moose. Even that narrow, they walk on it. Bull moose sings his song: "What is this they put out for me? I'm walking on it, look at me." They say he step through the skin he's so heavy. Then the cow comes, then

the calf. Each has its song. Calf can hardly stand up on it.

Then caribou and the young one. By that time they had young ones.

Then sheep. All what were born, they all sit on the skins.

Then wolf comes and sings his song.

Then the rabbit song. He says, "My brothers they always do that for me, they chop down trees and give me food, and I always play around with it."

After she got through with that skin, she told them she's going to part with them now. You go all into different countries, go she said.

Somebody was watching all this from way back there, his name is *Tudech'áde* means duck headskin feathers in Tagish language. She part with them.

She didn't go very far. Right to that big thin mountain at Carcross. She camp there, that's where she slept. They call it grizzly bear mother's camp. Next day she went to another mountain. On top the mountain you see there's two big dips. The first camp she wasn't comfortable in that bed, so she moved little ways there. From there she went to Teslin. Three Aces they call that mountain. Right there they said there's a little bridge leads to a little mountain. That's where she camped. That mountain, they say there's a dip there too. Green grass grow around it.

From there, I don't know. That's as far as I remember.

My father died 1920, told me all these stories before that. That's a long time to remember.

THE FIRST POTLATCH

Many of the stories told in the interior have a coastal origin. One obvious example of this is the story of the first potlatch.

The potlatch in the southern Yukon has numerous parallels with the coastal potlatch. Not surprisingly, the legend of its origin has a coastal setting. It is told here by a Tutchone woman and Southern Tutchone woman. Again, the ambivalent relationship between humans and animals is emphasized.

The First Potlatch

told by Mrs. Rachel Dawson, Whitehorse

The first potlatch started with Crow girl down in Haines. She find little worm out in the woods and she keep it, and it grow. She nurse it too, they say, with her breast. And it grow big. And pretty soon it was dangerous. It started to be big and danger when she's going to let it go. She talk to it too and it understand her. She always go down there in the house (where she keeps it) and it started to smell funny.

So her brother said, "Gee people start to notice our house. Everytime my sister open the cellar it start to smell awful. She don't let nobody go down there too. Smell bad."

That snake, I guess he pee too, just like people.

"Everytime she open cellar door I always notice it and she close it quick." When she go down there he listen to it. And she talk, she talk to herself down there. Then he said to his five brothers, "She must got something down there. A person can't be like that. I can't go down to the cellar talk to myself for a long time."

His older brother said, "Why can't we fool her, let her go away someplace?"

"She never go away," they say. "She stay home all time."

She watch that snake, see. One day her younger brother say, "Tomorrow you do down there, see grandma. See if she want anything done."

Her grandmother was sewing gopher skin. Must be from Yukon I guess. This happen down in Haines, Alaska, this story. Her stitches are fine too. Got to be just fine when you sew gopher skin, so it don't pull apart. So she's doing that, helping her grandmother.

"Here, I can't see," she said. "I'll take it home with me," she tell her grandma. Her grandma say, "No, I got to guide you. I want it done well. I don't want it done just any way."

So she want to go home, she want to go home. Her grandma said, "What you got at home anyway? You never come see me or never do anything around here for me for a long time. What happen to you?"

She said, "Nothing. I just don't want to go round," she said.

While she sew that thing, the boys look down (the cellar) and they see two shiny things down there with two eyes you know. Snake eye! So they go down there and they look at it. It move around so they get ready.

"I'm going to let it out," he say.

That youngest brother he say, "You stand this side, you stand here." The cellar open and it crawl up. As soon as he get there they make stick like that (forked) and they poke his neck. His older brother kill it. That thing scream--it make funny noise--it scream, they say. She hear it, that girl.

"Oh," she said, "my son, *ah hyit*." She run home and sure enough, he come out of the cellar and he's dead. She go on top of him and she hold him, she cry.

Then she said, "You people, you take first button blanket you got around here. You wrap it up good. You make a box for it, put in there and you bury it good." She said, "The reason why I raise this thing is because when somebody go to Inside"--they call it Inside here, this Yukon--"when somebody go Inside they never come back. They always get killed, something like that. They said lot of our friends got killed. Then never come back. So I raise this thing. I talk to him. He know you people were his uncle. I know because when I go down to see him he understand me." She cry. She said, "I want you people to make potlatch for him."

That's how potlatch started, you see, first time. That Indian lady, Crow lady, first started.

"You invite all the Wolf people," she said, "and you make party for him." So they did. And that song she made, that's the one those Indians all sing. They didn't sing it last night. They should sing too, but they didn't.

"I hear my son, I hear my son cry." She finish that song like that, and every time she think about him, I guess, she sing that song. When they make party she sing it and she say, "All you Crow people, Wolf people, you got to use that song." That's what she tell them after.

The First Potlatch

told by Mrs. Kitty Smith, Whitehorse

They don't throw away, coast Indians, their own style. But this people, they forgot it. Should be they got him yet. Me what I claim, I know it. See that snake?

One girl bring home that one. Coast Indian. He make her raise it. Gee, not scared, that girl. He start to grow about that big. She give him her milk, what do you think of that!

She call him her son. "For awhile I'll raise you. They kill us all time war. I raise you," she tell him (for revenge).

He's getting big now. That girl keeps him way down there in ground. All time he stays there. Can't come out.

That girl's mother tells her sons, "I don't know what for she's raising that snake, your sister." Should be she tell her mamma, you know. (Should say) "I been raising that thing, Mamma. It's going to be war, for us." Should be she tell her.

Marten skin blanket, they give her, that young girl. They want to kill him, you know, that snake. She's got seven brothers that girl. They're ready now.

"You think you work for me, sew that marten skin blanket. I'm going to pay you," one lady say. Anything jobs they give her she's done quick. That time she stay there. They kill him.

She hear him scream. She get up, "Ah, my son." They got him. She go to town, tell her Momma, "What for you kill him; that's my son."

"Why don't you tell us," says her Mom.

She make song, for that his son they kill him: (sings) "My son, when he get hurt that time I hear him, my son, my little son."

Outside coast Indian they make picture, headstone, for that snake. At Klukwan, they've got headstone.

THE WOMAN WHO WAS TAKEN AWAY

The next story dramatizes a theme which must have been common in early days, that of the stolen wife. In the old days, most people say, wars between groups were usually caused by stealing women. There may always have been a shortage of women during the nineteenth century and conflicts over women may have been frequent.

In this story, a woman was stolen by one man and became wife to two brothers. The aggrieved husband and his brothers undertook an arduous journey, following his wife even to a land where summer was winter. Following clues as

they went, they finally located her. With her help, they killed the entire camp where she had been held hostage.

The Woman Who was Taken Away

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

One time there was a man who was camping out with his wife close to a lake. He went out hunting. But she stayed home. You know how when they become a woman they wear bonnet? She was wearing bonnet yet.

All of a sudden, somebody comes. He starts asking her questions, how come she's staying there.

"My husband went out hunting," she told him.

"Your husband shouldn't leave you," he said. "Come with me."

"No, I don't want to do that. I love my husband. I want to stay."

They argue for awhile. Finally, he grabbed her and started to drag her away. He threw her bonnet away and dragged her. There was a little trail going down to the water--that's how he found her, by following this little trail. All the time he's dragging her, she grabs at little branches, breaks them. By the time they get through, it's just like there's a big road down to the water. He put her in his boat, then float around 'til her husband comes back. Finally her husband comes back. He came down to the water, and here she was in the boat.

That man who took her, he took arrow head. He tied little strip of gopher and loon's head skin to it with babiche and threw it to her husband. "Here, this is for your wife. I pay you."

"No," that man said, "I want my wife. You can't pay for her."

That man started to go, started to row. The husband started to follow too. Paddle, paddle. Keep going, going. Don't know how far they go.

Finally they came to a place where they say it's a point of land in the lake lift up. And that man went under it, to the other side. Well that husband can't go under it.

On the other side it was winter. Snow.

From there he had to turn back from where that point lift

up. It took him two or three days to get back to camp. He dried up some meat. And then he went to look for his brothers-in-law.

He had told that man, "She's got lots of friends. Don't think we won't come after her. Don't think you're going to get away with it."

Ah, he laugh at him. "You won't come after us. You can't."

When that guy who took that woman got past that point, he put up his boat, followed a trail with that woman and catch up with his people.

Meantime, her husband gather up her brothers and his brothers. They're going to follow. They go to cache and get dry meat for their food. They travel along the shore. When they come to that point here it lift up and they go under it. On the other side, here it was really deep snow.

There was an old trail there, so they started to follow it. Here there was two little old ladies camping there. They got little trail to the water and they got fish hook, fish for ling cod. Every day they catch two or three. They cook them all, had enough to supply the people who went by.

Just the husband went up to them. "Did you see my wife walk by with somebody?"

"Yes, we heard there was a girl from a different country going by with a bunch."

"How long ago?" he ask.

"Quite awhile ago, but you can follow this old trail," they tell him. "Every evening, late in the evening, your wife always go back along the trail to get wood."

He went back to his gang. One of them went back just to listen to those two old women, in case they say anything.

One said, "My son goes out to hunt early in the morning, just before daylight breaks."

The other said, "My son used to go a little while after when the daylight really breaks."

Both those women wish their sons get away before anything happens. They know these men are going to make war on the people.

Then they follow the trail. Sure enough, they start to catch up to people one evening, don't know how many days after. They hear somebody chopping wood up ahead of them. Just that man, that husband, went to where they hear that chopping. Sure enough, it's her. Just when she lifts the wood she's going to pack home he grab it. She pull, she look around. Here it's her husband.

He start to ask her question. "Your uncles and your brothers, they're all with me and my uncles and my brothers. We run out of food. Can you get some for us? We're going to make war. But your uncles, your brothers, we're all hungry, we run out of grub."

"Okay, I'll see what I can do. I got food in my skin toboggan too."

"Well try and get some."

She had stone axe, like old time and she cut that string that hold the axe on the handle. He cut it off. "Tell your mother-in-law you broke that string, axe string. Then you can take string off the toboggan."

She went home without the wood. She tell her mother-in-law, "My axe string broke."

"Well," her mother-in-law say, "take the string off your skin toboggan and fix it."

"Okay," she pretend she fix it. Then she stuffed those dry meat under her arms. She stuff willow branches into that toboggan to make it look full. Then she went out to her husband to give him that food.

Again, they pretend that babiche broke off that axe. She come home again, tell her mother-in-law, "That string broke again, maybe mine is not strong, maybe yours is strong."

"Go ahead, help yourself," her mother-in-law said. So she help herself to her mother-in-law's toboggan. She took lots of meat under her arm, under her blanket--they use blanket those days. Again she break willow branches, stuff her mother-in-law's toboggan. Then she went to her husband again.

"What do they do?" her husband ask.

"Well, when the hunters come back, everybody always go to bed early," she tell him.

"Where's your husband now?" he ask.

"They're both out hunting," she got two brothers for husbands.

"When they come back tonight, play with them, make them tired out so they go to sleep."

"Okay." She brings those wood back. Her husbands come home. After they eat she start playing with them, playing with them...

The oldest one said, "Don't bother me, I'm tired."

So she start playing with the youngest one. He said the same thing, "I'm tired. What's wrong? You never did that before. How come you're doing that?"

"Oh, I just feel like playing."

Then she went out for a little while. She listen for what her mother-in-law going to say.

Her mother-in-law comes in, says, "My sons, I love you boys used to be. My sons, I don't know what is wrong with your wife. Your wife is acting very strange. Her axe string broke. She come and take string from her toboggan and when she go out she look big to me. And then she come back again and told me her axe string broke again. So she took some off my toboggan. And same way, she look very big when she went. Be careful you boys. Sleep light."

"What do you expect, Mother? Long way where that woman come from. What do you expect? Nothing but lynx droppings all around here. That's all there is, lynx."

"Well, just the same, you look after yourself good," she tell them.

And finally, they went to bed. The woman's husband had told her, "Sleep with your clothes, and don't tie up your blanket." See how smart he is? "So when you jump out if they grab you they're going to grab your blankets."

When she hear them, she just jump up. They just grab her, they just grab her blanket. She jump up, went outside. In the meantime, they both got killed. And the whole camp, everybody got killed. And that old lady who said, "My son goes out before daybreak," sure enough, he was gone.

They say it's bad luck to start to eat right away. They have to take scalp first. Then they wash their hands. They tend to the dead. They did all that during the day. Then one or two follow the trail to get that boy who went hunting. When he came back, he was dragging white caribou,

they say, must have been reindeer. They kill him too. Then they had fresh meat, that caribou.

Finally they're through everything, they start to go home. So they have lots to eat.

On the way home they came by those two old ladies' camp again. Those old ladies dig a tunnel in the snow. That husband took walking stick, and shove it in the snow. Here, when he took it out there's blood on it. Those two old ladies make nosebleed and make it look like they're killed. So they let them go. They left them some meat. Then they went on. Those two old ladies could tell when they're gone.

They came to their boat. Paddle to that place where the point lifts up. It was summer on the other side. They came back to their own camp. From there they are home.

They say that point doesn't lift up anymore. When a woman first becomes a woman one time, she looked at it, that point. That's why it doesn't lift up anymore.

THE BOY WHO WAS TAKEN AWAY

The story of the "Boy Who Was Taken Away" has parallels with the preceding story. Again, a wife is stolen and the theme is revenge. In this case, it is a giant's wife who has been stolen by another giant and the aggrieved husband kidnaps a human boy to help him get her back.

A number of transformations here suggest the interplay between the giant world and the human world; a moose is a "rabbit" to the giant; a muskrat is the giant's "louse."

But in this case, the giant's wife has apparently switched loyalties and favours her abductor. Consequently she is killed too and so are her twin babies.

The giant rewards his human assistant by helping him to arrive home safely; as in many of these stories, the boy's arrival home is greeted first with disbelief and then by recognition.

The Boy Who Was Taken Away

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

Long time ago, they used to start teaching boys when they were eight or nine.

Two brothers went out porcupine hunting. It's fall time,

like now. Porcupines have holes in boulders. That's where they live. The youngest brother went in there to try to get it out. That's because he's the littlest.

A Big Man came to him outside. He's a giant, I guess.

"Oh my grandchild. I've been looking for you. I try to find someone to get even for me. A young man took my wife. You can help me. I won't hurt you. Are you alone?"

That Giant is tall--he reaches the skies. He has bald head, 'cause his hair wear off touching the skies.

"No, I'm not alone," that one say, "my brother is in that den."

They call him. They call, call. That Brother say, "He never harm me. Come out." Still he won't come out.

That Giant says, "If you don't come out, I'll do Number Two in front of your den and it will turn into boulders!"

Still he doesn't come out. So that Giant did that. They turn into boulders. He took that other boy with him. That's sad for him, eh? But he had to go.

They travel day and night, I suppose. Finally they camp. Next day they eat lunch. Then travel again. Finally that kid saw rabbit tracks.

"Grandpa, stay here," he say, "I'm gonna chase for you." He went back up through that gulley, up above the willow beds to chase that rabbit out. He ran around behind. That kid set snare. He caught two rabbits--that's enough for them for good feed.

He hung those two rabbits under his belt. They hang down. They walk together to find good place to camp. That night, they have big eat, big feed.

"You cook, Grandson," that Giant say.

The kid roast them by the fire. He hang them up, top with stick to turn them around, roast them. Finally, they're done. Kid say, "Here, rabbit done."

Giant say, "Give me that moose"--that Giant call rabbit moose. Giant ate the head just to the jawbone, then he's full. That kid ate the whole thing before he's full.

Always that kid sleep across the fire from his Grandpa. That Giant is so big there is only room for one, his side.

Morning come. They travel again. Don't know how many days they keep this up. Finally they see moose track.

Giant say, "Grandson, stay here. I go after that rabbit." --he calls moose rabbit. He kill it, I don't know how, maybe with bow and arrow. He puts those two moose under his belt, carry them upside down 'til they find good place to camp. He did the same thing that boy did. Hang those moose upside down and roast over fire.

When it's done that kid ate just one side of jawbone and he's full. That Giant ate the whole thing.

"How can you eat that whole moose?"

Giant say, "That's rabbit, Grandson."

They travel on. Giant so full he had to put sticks under his arm to hold up. He tells that kid, "If you see anything, say 'Go to Grandpa, go to Grandpa'."

That kid saw muskrat. "Go to Grandpa, go to Grandpa," he tell it. That muskrat ran into Giant's hair. He smash it. Here it was his louse!

They stay 'til strong enough to travel. Then they go again. Then they find Beaver. Giant kill it. Beaver has sharp teeth, so Giant made hatchet out of it for his Grandson. "This is your hatchet," tell him. "You're going to need it when we fight."

They travel again. Come to big lake. So big you can't see across it. They got to cross to other side. That Giant go across. He tell Grandson to climb upon him to keep above water. Giant has hair on his legs as big as tree boughs. He climb up just like climb tree. That water goes up to Giant's chin.

It's winter on this side of lake. Other side, it's summer.

"We go no further," Giant say. "Camp here. We'll catch up with them tomorrow. So they camp. That's near camp of that other Giant who took his wife away.

They came to that woman first. "Where's your husband?" Giant ask.

"He watch for beaver," she say.

"Grandson, let's follow him," Giant tell him. They walk down the road, follow track. Then they see him come back with two beaver. Right away start fight.

Giant tells Grandson, "When he fight, chop off his muscles at back of his leg." Giant put red paint on his own legs so Grandson know which is which. They're both tall giants. That kid can't tell.

"Augh! That's me you chop, Grandson!"

So he run on other side, chop that other Giant muscle. That one holler, he's almost killed. Even after he's already killed, he holler. He die. They chop his arm muscle too. I guess he bled to death.

Then that woman came too. She start to fight for her young husband. She loved that young man. She put her breasts that old Giant's shoulder so he can't stand up, they're so heavy. He says, "She threw her tits over me. Her tits helping her."

They kill her same way. Chop muscle on that woman. They kill her right there by her husband.

Pretty soon he say, "Let's go to camp."

When they get there, there's two giant baby twins. They're as big as people are now. Giant stick his finger in those babies' soft spots on their head. He kill them.

They have good rest there.

That's all he want grandson for. "You can go back now," he tell him.

It's next fall now already. That's how long he's been with that Giant.

He have his Grandson little tree top to carry. "On way back when you come to that same lake where we cross, you'll see a big boat. If you see anyone, wish for me. I'll be right there with you."

He got to lake, put that boat in the water. Another giant came by, say, "Boat tip, boat tip."

Kid say, "Grandpa, where are you?"

Grandpa came. "What you holler grandpa for?" He stop that. He gave Grandson bear shoulder blade. "Every time you're short of food, put under pillow. Wish for me."

He travel all the way back, that kid. How long, I don't know. After he finish meat he always wish for Grandpa, "No more food." Then morning, camp full of meat. He keep doing that.

Finally he got back to camp of his parents. First he sees his sister getting water. "Don't be scared, it's me. Tell Mother, Dad, I come back." He sent his sister.

"My brother's home. My brother's home."

"Don't lie to me," mother say.

"I saw him, honestly."

So they send for him, tell him to come back to camp. Do that so they don't have heart failure, I guess.

He tells them, "Giant save me. He trap my brother in porcupine den with boulders."

What can they do? His brother's dead. So that's all.

THE GIRL WITH TWO HUSBANDS

The "Girl With Two Husbands" dramatizes inter-generational conflict between a mother and daughter. The daughter has two husbands and her jealous old mother kills her, tries to assume her identity, and to trick her young husbands into accepting her as their wife.

They recognize the deception being played out by their mother-in-law. Her own husband, their father-in-law, kills her when he learns what she has done. The three men then return to find the dead young woman and give her a proper burial.

Although it is the young girl who is said to have power, it is the ambivalent power of the older woman which is at issue here, and, again, tension between the sexes.

A Girl with Two Husbands

told by Mrs. Rachel Dawson, Whitehorse

This is a story from long ago.

One time there is a really pretty woman. She has two young men for husbands--two brothers. Her mother and father are old people and live with them. That young woman was Indian doctor--owl doctor. They are camping.

They are going to move camp to another spot some place. That girl and her mother stay behind. They didn't move that same day. They stay to tan skins. The rest left.

This mother is really jealous of her daughter. They were

sitting, eat dry meat before they go to bed. In evening an owl came to the tree beside them. The mother told her daughter to climb that tree to talk to the owl. But she say, "No, I'm scared I'm not going to come back alive."

She climbed up anyway and then she fell back to the ground and died. She knew she was going to die.

Then that mother got to work. She skin that daughter's face--peel her face off. She did that because she is a pretty girl and her mother likes her two husbands. She stick on that face with pitch and came after those people to where they got new camp.

Instead of coming to the old man, she went to the young boys. She try to talk to them the way her daughter talk. They both notice she is not their wife.

Then one said to his brother, "Take her out for a walk. I will cook supper for you so you have something to eat when you come back."

That brother took her for a walk. He play around with her and throw her down. Then he see her teeth do not belong to a young girl.

He say to her, "Let's go home now."

The brother had supper ready--he cook some meat. The old man call over to her and say, "When is your mother coming?"

She say, "My mother come tomorrow. She got one more skin to tan."

But they know she wasn't that girl.

The old man say to her, "Go help me pack water." We go get water." And he took birch bark basket--went to the river to get water. He lay the pot down and got talking to her. "Where's my wife?" he say again.

"She stay behind. One more skin to tan."

Then her father notice her face not hers. He told her, "You're not my daughter." He told her he's going to kill her for what she's doing. "Where's my beautiful daughter? Where you put her?"

Then he got mad and throw her down. He take long sharp stick and poke it inside her--in her heart. He kill her. Then he went back. He left her where he kill her there to rot.

Then he and those young husbands went back to the old camp to look for her. They find that young woman lying dead under a moose skin. Her mother cover her with skin. Her face is all cut up.

In those days they cremate people--don't bury them. The father is so sad so he go away. Those young husbands clean her up, give her clean clothes made of moose skin. They build big fire and they cremate her. Her daddy does not want to look.

Then they go to find other people and tell them the story of that woman and what she did to her own daughter. They tell the story of the woman who kill her daughter so they kill her too.

KAKASGOOK

Kakasgook is a coastal story told by a Tagish woman. A seal hunter received a sign that he would have bad luck if he continued hunting. Consequently, he had to destroy his boat and stay home. After a year, he became so restless and missed seal hunting so much that he borrowed a boat and went out again with his eight nephews. A great storm came up, stranding them on an island for a year. Each day Kakasgook observed the sun until he finally managed to develop a system of navigation which would guide him home. He set out on his journey, and finally arrived home.

The Story of Kakasgook

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

This is a true story. It happen on salt water, maybe near Sitka. It goes with that song I sing. I'll tell you about that.

This man, Kakasgook was a great hunter for seal. He was going hunting at fall. He has eight nephews on his side. Kakasgook is Crow. So are those boys. They all went out together in a boat. Early in the morning they left. Fog was down low on the ocean. He's captain. He sat in the back, guide that boat.

He heard baby cry that time. "Wah, wah."

"Stop. Listen."

"Wah, wah," he hear it again.

"Stop that baby, now," he say. "Don't you know this is *Kakasgook ani*, Kakasgook hunting ground?" He listen

quite a long time. Here it was baby seal, crying. That's bad luck. That voice even name him, "Kakasgook."

Then he tell his nephews, "Let's go back." They came back that same evening. He bring up boat, paddles, spears. He tells those boys to chop it all up. "I'll never hunt again." He knows it's something. Bad luck to hunt now.

After that he just stay home, I guess. I don't know. Anyway, he never hunt no more that one year. Stay home all year 'til fall. Maybe he goes out a little bit, but he never hunt.

Finally someone kill *tan*, sea lion. They invite both those two wives of Kakasgook. When those wives came back Kakasgook asked the youngest wife, "Did they give you any fat? *Doeeno*. Any fat leftover they give you to bring home?"

"No, just meat," she answer.

Then he ask the older wife, "Did they give you any fat to bring home? Any leftover?"

"No, no fat, all just meat."

"How they're so stingy? Never give you women any fat!" He thinks maybe his luck change.

Next morning he asks his older wife, "Go ask your brother if I can borrow his boat. I want to go out just little ways. Want to borrow boat, spear, hunting outfit. I'm lonesome. Tired of staying home."

She goes to her brother. "Want you to lend my husband your boat, spear, your hunting outfit. He wants just to go out little ways. Not far."

"Okay," he says. "The boys will bring it over later this evening. He's got eight boys too. That's Kakasgook's wife's people. That same evening they pack over brand new boat--dugout. Spear, oars, everything in there already.

Kakasgook tells those wives, "You girls better cook up meat in saltwater for us." Next morning those boys get water ready in sealskin. Cook things. Then when they're ready Kakasgook go out again.

Not far, north wind start to blow. You know how North wind blow in fall time. Kakasgook thinks, "Gee, we should go back while not too rough. Let's go back," he tell his nephews. They turn around. Right away that wind come up. They row and row. Soon waves as big as this house.

Kakasgook is captain. What he do, rest of those boys do. He throw paddle in boat. Those boys too. Kakasgook pull up blanket and went to sleep. Those boys too, they sleep. Went the whole night and next day like that.

Towards second morning Kakasgook wake up. He feels boat not moving but he hears wave suck back. He pull blanket down and look. By gosh, they drift on island. Nice sandy beach.

"*Dadeh*, wake up you boys. What's this I hear?" Sounds like when the wave goes out, goes back. Next oldest boy looks up too. "Yes, we're on land," he said. "Well, might as well go on shore."

Boys run around. They see leaf like umbrella with stem with hole in it full of rainwater. *Xits'ikuk* they call that leaf. Frog leaf. Don't know in English.

"Eh, save that water." Each has own sealskin water bag. He look around. "Take your time. Go back see if there's good place to make fire." They find good place, sheltered from north wind.

"*Ahdeh*. Let's go there." Big teees around there. They make brush camp out of bark. They carry that bark with them in boat. Just that quick they had camp put up. Look for wood. Lots of driftwood. "You boys are not to run all over. We check all around first."

On south side of island, there's rocky point. All kinds of sea lion, seal. All kinds of animals. When they're on rocks, tide is out. He thinks that's best time to club them. That's what they did. Each boy made a club. They kill off as much as they need, sea otter, sea lion, seal. Not too much. Just what they can handle.

He tell them to look after meat good.

Some people say he was there over a year. Some say 'til next spring. He dream he was at home all the time.

"I gave up hope, then I dreamt I was home."

That's the song I sing for you. I'm going to tell you about it and tell you why I can sing it and how we call it Pete Sidney song. I'll tell you that when I finish this story.

That man, Kakasgook, he always go to north wind side every day. He go out on point. Never tells anyone. He mark when sun come out in the morning. He mark with stick. In evening he goes out again, mark stick where sun goes down. He never tell anyone why he do this. Do all time. Finally

that stick in same place for two days. He knows this marks return of spring. Then sun start come back in June, longest day.

In meantime he said to boys, "Make twisted snowshoe string out of sealskin. Dry, stretch. Make two big piles. One for head of boat, one for back of boat. Finally when sun start back in June he sees it behind mountain called *Tl'ux* (near Sitka). In June that sun is same place for one, two days.

He tells those boys just before the end they're going to start back. Tell boys cook meat, put in seal stomach. Once out on ocean, no ways to make fire so have to cook first. They prepare ahead. Sealskin rope is for anchor. When sun goes back again on summer side, they start.

"Put everything in boat." He knows there's long calm time in late June when sun starts back. No wind. They start anyway. They think how they're gonna make it. Those boys think, "Uncle make mistake. We were okay on island, now really lost."

Row. Row. Row.

Finally, sun came out right in front of boat. Evening goes out at back. Kakasgook anchors boat. Tells boys to sleep.

I used to know how many days that trip took. It's a long time though. I was ten when I heard this story. My aunt Mrs. Austin told me that story first. Later I heard my father tell it to the boys.

Sun down. They anchor boat when it goes down on steering side. Next morning sun came out same way at head of boat. He knows what's going on. They're on right course. Keep doing that I don't know how long.

Finally one time just after sun goes down he saw something like seagull. When sun comes up it disappears. Evening, sun down, saw it again. For four days he sees it.

Second day he sees it he ask, "What's that ahead of our boat? Seagull?" They think so. Where could seagull come from in middle of ocean? Camp again. It gets bigger. Finally it looks like mountain. They don't stop to rest any more. Four paddle all day. Four paddle all night. That uncle is their boss. He sleeps all day, I guess. Don't know. Finally they see it.

Early morning Kakasgook oldest wife comes down to cry for her husband. That youngest wife they give already to another husband. Finally all of a sudden she sees boat

coming. She quit crying. She notice how her husband used to paddle, same as that man in boat.

She runs back to house. "It looks like Kakasgook when he paddle. Get up. Everybody up."

"How you expect that? It's a whole year now. You think they live yet?" Then come around point. People all pack around that boat.

They took him for dead. Already make potlatch for him. So he give sea otter skin to everyone who potlatch for him. Sea otter skin costs $1000 those days.

Then he sang songs he made up on that trip. He made up one when he give up oars. "I give up my life out on the deep for the shark." That song he gave to *GanaXtedi* people.

He made up song for sun who save him. "The sun come up and save the people." He made that song during winter and sang it when he made potlatch.

Then that song he sang, "I gave up hope then dreamt I'm at home." That's the one I sing. *Deshitan* people we own that song, cause long before our people capture his brother. When they start to make peace he sang that song and gave it to us for our potlatch. Then we free his brother. That's how come we own it. That's why we claim that song.

STORIES FROM HISTORICAL TIMES

The following stories all revolve around events which have occurred in the recent historical period.

First, two versions of "The Year Summer Never Came" are related. They describe a period of famine which probably occurred sometime in the mid-nineteenth century. Stories of a period of starvation about this time are common throughout the southern Yukon.

Following this are two stories about first encounters with whites, "The Indian Doctor who First saw White People" and "Meeting the First Whites" and a story about the first time the coming of whites was predicted, "The First Time They Know K'ochen." Told from the viewpoint of Native people, histories of this kind balance the more common accounts by whites of early meetings with Indians.

Finally, two stories recall how Indian shamans demonstrated their power to whites. One story tells about an encounter between riverboat crew members, police and a well-known shaman on the Yukon River. Another story, "Seguyeh",

describes how a shaman avoided being hanged in Dawson City early in the century.

All these stories show the adaptability of an oral tradition which can be used to interpret events in the twentieth century as well as earlier centuries.

The Year Summer Never Came

told by Mrs. Rachel Dawson, Whitehorse

I told you about that year summer never came? Two winter together. It was like this (weather now) only heavy frost, just thick they said. No snow, but just like ice all over, and they're joined together. Just about little better than a hundred years now. Young moose born in springtime, they just freeze right onto ground. I guess they're wet. The Indians, they look all over in the woods they say for that kind. When they find young moose frozen they cut it up and they eat it.

My young grandfather's father dig up lake. That's not my real grandfather, that's his nephew (who) was given to my grandmother after my grandfather died. They do that, you know, Indian. Like if something wrong with my old man, his people got lots of relations down there. His relations got boys, she could tell one of her boys "You look after your grandpa's wife. Live with her. Look after her." That's what he did. He stay with her just like he's married to her. He was baby then. (when two winters joined)

It was so cold that lake just froze right down to the bottom. Ice right through, no water. So my grandpa's father took a chisel, *tanda* they call it Indian way. He dug a whole lake up, how big that lake. Sometime he get to fish. He take it home and they make soup out of it for kids, they got lots of kids. Like me I got lots of grandchildren down there. (That lake just be after Minto on right hand side as you go up Taye Lake (?) Thetso Lake. There's lots of jackfish in that and they're good to eat.) He dug that whole lake up, then go home eat a bit of soup with his kids. He tells his wife, "I'm going to go look out, just see if any moose coming around." No gun. They just got bow and arrow.

He sit down under tree. He got his packsack he sit on and rest. I guess he's tired and weak without eating. Starvation. A lot of people starve in Yukon that time. He sit there and he hear something running; you could hear it run on the ice, ice break under. So he open his eye and look. He keep still. He got his bow and arrow all ready. He just hold it. Here that cow moose come down to have

her baby. He shot it. Just one shot he got it. He open it. He took the guts out and he go home to tell his wife. "We have to move," he said. "I can't pack all that meat. I got moose down there." So they all move down and they make camp right there. She cut meat, she dry them. She cook for the kids. Everything like that.

Just then my older grandfather--my mother's father--came back from toward Mayo. That's the one they say he got ten wives, ten men to work for him. They come back each of them pull toboggan. They got dry meat and dry fish and everything what you could think of--berries, blueberries. When they come back that way they saved a lot of people.

Then spring come and it get warm and everybody get better again.

The Year Summer Never Came

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

What part I know on this side, they said two winters joined together. Maybe not all summer, I don't think, maybe late spring, I guess that's what they mean. And everybody just about starved out. Had hard winter, what they call hard winter.

There's one man, I don't know what his name is. Anyway he killed some moose. Cow moose and the young ones and that bull, I guess, late fall, in the winter time. And here at the end I guess he started to make camp first instead of going to the moose and trying to dress them or something. And here he passed out after he make the camp. He pass out. And when he come to he went to see his moose and here they were gone. They took off. They just dropped. Maybe they didn't get hurt. And here they were gone. There sure was awful luck that time they said. Sure must have been awful. That's why they tell about it. That was before my time.

A long time ago that happened. Why my mother was just a child that time I guess. That's her mother, they stayed in Carcross I guess. Carcross, they call that place (Natassahéen). Tlingit name I guess. Means "Water going through the Narrows." She's narrow there you know. Caribou there. They live there I guess.

My great grandmother, I guess it was, used to go to Carcross there to that mountain there, I don't know what they call it. I see they call it Caribou Mountain. They say where the snow all melt she pick some stoneberries. From there when she gets home she make soup out of it for the children.

People went there to where the fish—when it thaw out quick you know when the river open place like that they start fishing. That's why they all went to that place. Some went through to Atlin, I suppose. I just know about what my mother tells me, you know. I don't know about other people. But that's when Johnny Ned said people eat each other. I never heard of that story though. So I don't believe it. It's not true I don't think.

That was before the goldrush. My mother was just a child I guess that time. She's the one who tell me about her mother used to go to that mountain, pick berries to make soup for the kids.

All over the Yukon every place they say. In Teslin it happen too. Mr. Fox, Jim Fox, was just a young man they say. He went out hunting too. People start to travel to go travel someplace and he went ahead to go hunting someplace. And he know where his people are going to stop. I forget about this story. My husband used to tell it. That's his granduncle, I guess, his mother's uncle. Mr. Fox, Jim Fox.

Anyway, he kill five caribou. And after he dress them all and everything here he camp. He had to camp because got to lake I guess. Anyway he brought one of the liver back and he cooked it and he eat it. And here that night he got sick. You know when not eat a long time and then eat something? He got sick. That liver made him sick. Anyway, the next day, well he couldn't go next day, had to stay there. And towards evening I guess he started feeling better. So he got wood, pack lots of wood and then he start cooking. So he could take cooked things back you know. He can't go anyway, it's too late to go. So he started to cook some caribou, the shoulder, the whole arm I guess, two or three of them. That's all he pack. Enough for what he could pack, you know. Anyway next morning, early morning, he start going. He catch up to the people where they were going to go.

Here when he come out to that lake, I don't know what they call it in English, just Indian way they call it *T'ati'a*. The moose, caribou and everything in winter they poop all over the place. Moose dropping. That's why they call it like that. Means "Moose Dropping Lake." I don't know what they call it in English.

Here he see something black out in the middle of the lake. Well he know very well who that be so he walked right out there and here it was his uncle, *Tan Kok'la*. Here he was fishing, fishing through the ice. When his uncle look up at him he sure look awful he said, no meat on his skin just awful looking he said. He put his pack down there and he just gave some cooked meat to his uncle right there.

Here he was sitting. And then he went not very far, I guess. Well he went across the lake I guess. That's where people camping. My old man's mother was just a child, just a girl I guess, that's the time it happen. Don't know how old she would be, just four or five years old, I guess. That's the time it happened. That old Mr. Fox used to say to my old man, "A-se" well that's his sister's niece I guess, "A-se, look how much I save you. You wouldn't have been here if she died," he say. That's what he always say. He always ask him to think about that. How many people he save.

One man starve. They don't think he starve they say, think he had heart trouble. It was so cold, I guess, and here people make fire on the way, that's the way they travel, you know. When it's cold weather they make fire here and there all over and when the kids, everybody, get warm enough again they go again to next place. Next fire there they warm up they say it was cold too. Very cold. That's what brought on that starvation I guess, you know. Wild moose you can't come closer. Too cold and snow make lots of noise. They take off. Long ways. Caribou too. That's how people starve out.

(Q. Did many kids starve?)

No, not much, only one man, he's grown man. That's the one Mr. Fox say he don't think he starve. Where they make fire you know across the fire it melt, you know, and here he took out his spoon, he start eating that wet snow. And he think that's what make him die. His heart got cold, I guess, and he got a shock. People never do that eating snow. When it's cold your heart get cold and something's bound to happen. Nobody died at Carcross, either, I never heard that. Maybe not so much fish at Selkirk. But where stream was, Carcross never froze before they put the dam, but after they put the dam it froze up. So's Tagish too. That Marsh Lake Dam. I guess water start running so fast once, you know.

That's all I know of. They say all over it happen.

The Indian Doctor Who First Saw White People

told by Mrs. Rachel Dawson, Whitehorse

This is a true story about what Indians see a long time ago. It happened way down below Dawson near the Peel River in the mountains.

One Indian man had an Indian Doctor, that's his power. That was Alex Smith and Tom Smith's great, great grandfather. People travel long way those days.

That man sing but nobody ever hear that song before. Nobody understand. He sings like white people I guess. He invites two or three people to go with him to see where this doctor (power) come from.

Just when they get close to camp, they see domestic sheep coming down the road on foot trail. Small white sheep with bell around neck, "Ding, ding, ding." These Indian men say to doctor, "Where does that thing come from? We never see that kind before."

"Don't hurt it, it belongs to people I see."

So they went up there. Just see white people. That Indian Doctor took people to look. Never see pale people before. All those white people wear cloth, Japaness silk. All got that kind of handkerchief on neck, ladies and men.

Talk only to Indian Doctor. "Don't you talk to them or I die," that Indian Doctor tells his people. They all stand around and watch.

Those (white) people beckon. Put handkerchief around Indian people's neck. Tie up. Turn around and go back. Nobody knows where they go to.

That sheep, only one, stay. "Just to prove what is my Indian Doctor," he tell them. "They tell me later on lots more like them. Lots more come out in near future," he tells them.

They still got handkerchief around neck. All went home. Rest of people surprised because they never see anything like it. That Indian Doctor always see them white people. Any place he move they come to him. They talk to that Doctor. You see now how many white people here? He saw this, I think.

That same man had a big basket made by Indians out of bark. One time those white people gave him canvas. He fill basket with water. He put canvas over basket.

Swan came out through that canvas. Swan is part of his doctor (power). Swan can tell him who is sick. That swan went around three times, head bob at everyone who will get sick. After that, he put cloth back on basket. Swan disappear. Then he took off canvas. All that water is gone. Nobody see it spill. It just disappear.

Meeting the First Whites

told by Mrs. Rachel Dawson, Whitehorse

These Indians I talk about were from Greenland. Later they came over to Mackenzie. Then they came over to Selkirk, in the Yukon.

That man from Pelly, Suzé, his father and mother were the ones who came over. Those people saw the first Whiteman. Nobody see them before that. Those Indians had skin clothes, skin boat, still live the old way.

Suzé was little boy then. From Mackenzie they came--his father, mother, five or six sisters, and one young Indian man not yet married.

Over on Mackenzie side this happened. That young man see Whiteman first. He saw big boat they have. That young man say he go to look at them. He went up there to see those Whiteman.

When he came back, he told his people about them. "They have white skin," he says. "I never see that before. They have nice boat. Nice hot water. All dress in suits. Wear shirt, wear hat."

They're from England, I guess. They gave him bath in that hot water, he say, put stuff on him that makes bubbles, all froth up. That's soap, you know. They give him clean clothes like theirs--suit, hat, I guess, they throw out his skin clothes.

He's dressed in Whiteman clothes when he comes back to them. He told them he's going to go with them white people and he's going to stay four years, back to their country. "One summer, one winter, one summer, one winter, one summer, one winter, one summer, one winter." They bring him back then, he tells them. He sure trust those Whitemen a lot, eh?

That time he's going to go with them, they all come to that camp to get him. Then they're gone.

After four years, everybody think about him, I guess. In four years time, that same boat comes back. They bring that boat back. They took him to England.

He tells about where he's been, strange place. They got house, fire inside. They cook inside there, like right in camp! Play music, dance. It's wonderful. He likes it.

They put up tree at Christmas, give each other presents. He had big story when he came home about that.

Then he bring home everything. Everyone gave him things. They just gave gifts to him--cloth for clothes, that calico, sweaters. He gave it all away to those Indians. He's a very important man then.

After that, he stay in Mackenzie for good. He tell other Indians what he see. He told them all about what they do. Those people stayed in Mackenzie for good; never went back to Greenland.

Then he get married later on, came over to Selkirk with those people, Suzé and his family. Peter Joe's sister--I forget her name--is one of them. All those Joe's come from Mackenzie--Mackenzie Joe, Francis Joe.

The Indians, they get along good with Whiteman; they never fight. Once white people come in they were quite happy to have them. They didn't have no grub except what they bring in with them but Indians give dry meat and dry fish to a lot of those white people. "They save our lives," (whiteman) say. They teach them how to get along out in the woods. That's how they survive. They never fight like the Cree Indians, or Cheyenne. They just let it go. And now when they talk about the land in Yukon, they think they should get something for it. They're right. I hope they get it anyway.

The First Time They Know *K'och'ïn* (Whiteman)

told by Mrs. Kitty Smith, Whitehorse

You know my grandson, Kenneth? He look after me. Take care of me. They that way, Indian. Long time I guess.

Where they get meat, long time ago, one boy get meat for his grandma. All time he do that that boy. No whitemen that time. They don't know whiteman.

I'm going to tell you story about this one.

That boy, he look after his grandma, he take care. Where they kill meat, he go there that boy. He get meat. They got two dog. No dog long time (ago) they say. Just a little while ago that dog.

They kill two caribou. His uncle kill them. That boy gets meat when his uncle kill that game. They tell him, "You get meat. They (your uncle) kill caribou. You gonna go?"

He say, "Yes."

They say, "You take your dog." He take his dog. Go.

He tell his grandma, "Don't get wood, Grandma. I come back, I'm gonna get wood. My uncle kill caribou."

People go get meat. Everybody pack him. Everybody go to meat place. That boy, he look for bones someplace after people go. Look around see if he find something. Take 'em. He's got two dogs to pack them too.

People gone already. He go back. Same big my grandchild, this Kenneth (about 17), that boy. This is story, you know, but not story. It's true story.

He see rainbow, about same big this tent. He stood up about this far (from it) and somebody talk to him.

"Go through." He don't see who say that. "Go through."

He come his dogs behind, go through. Other side, little bit long way, he stand back. Big sack fall down there.

"Don't eat no more that meat! This grub you're gonna eat. This one in that sack. Don't drink water from this ground! For one week. That many days," they said. "You don't take no more water from this ground. You're gonna use this one, from inside your grub here. Or we're gonna come, gonna get you."

He take that sack. Put on top his pack. He don't see that man who talk to him, but he see that rainbow. But he talk to him.

But his grandma cook already. That's what I do with Kenneth here. Cook soup everything. So when he come back, he run here: "What you cook, Grandma? Soup?"

"Yes."

Last night he cook, him. He feed me here.

"I cook some gopher, I kill two, grandchild," she said, that old lady. "I cook that one."

"No, Grandma, I'm not going to eat. I got something to eat," he said.

She look. Something wrong she think.

"I'm not going to eat no more, Grandma, I got my grub here, my sack."

That one who talked to him told him, tell those people fix some things for you. He tell his Grandma, "Tell those boys they got to come, their uncle too, got to come here."

Grandma go tell them. "He wants you. Don't know what's the matter. He said."

They come there and that boys sit down.

"Want you to fix that high bed for me," he said. "I want to lay down on top." Just quick they fix him. "And two bridge, I want you to fix this way. That high. Cut three sticks that way, bridge, go right here, right here that far.

"Well, thank you," he said. "Somebody talk to me, that's why I say it. You come tonight before eat. You come this bridge. Then I'm going to tell you (something). You hold your wife's hand, you come on that bridge. I'm going to tell you."

His Grandma get scared, you know.

He know. "Don't think about it, Grandma, eat. You eat good."

They fix already that bed for him. On top. He open sack. He don't know this kind of grub. He eat something from there. Water in there too, he drink water.

And he said, "They're coming now." He sing some kind of song (she sings), "Come on, come on my friends."

"You hold your wife's hand. Go down, turn that way." He tell them, "I'm going to be Whiteman." Nobody don't know *K'och'ün* that time. That boy call them *K'och'ün*. Right today they use it. He say, "*K'och'ün*" you. *K'och'ün* that one." Turn that way, turn that way. All that camp.

"You fellows going to turn white," that's what he said. They don't know what he mean.

"I'm not going to eat no more, seven days," he said. "One day this ground gonna be full *K'och'ün*. You're gonna be K'ochen, you people." Nobody don't know K'ochen nothing at all. No one, nobody, don't know. "Gonna be turn Whiteman..." How many whiteman grandchild I got now? That time look. I talk whiteman way too, now. He's honest, that boy, isn't he?

Seven days he stay there. And he tell his Grandma. He give her big sack; that big one. Don't know where it come from. Anything Indian grub dried fish everything is on that sack. "Right here your grub going to stay, Grandma. Anything you want stay there. It's not gone till you're gone." Sack all full of grease, everything. "No more you gonna look for that grub. Anything, fresh meat you want

it, it's going to stay there. Inside. You want ribs. It's there. What you wish before you open, you say you want that one, and right there (it is). Till you gone I leave this sack for you. I'm gonna stay here two days more, Grandma," he told her. "Then gone. Don't be sorry, nothing."

Him he call them *K'och'ün*. That's why this time Indians nothing. Right today everybody call them *K'och'ün*.

That time he give them bread, nobody know that. "This kind of grub you fellows going to eat."

It's true story this one. That boy he's gone. Nobody know where. Now I sit down on top that bed (like he had them make). You sit on bed, before on the ground.

"You gonna be that way and you gonna turn whiteman." What whiteman? That time nobody know.

The Indian Doctor and the Riverboat

told by Mrs. Rachel Dawson, Whitehorse

There was one Indian doctor not long ago, 1907-1908. There used to be thirty-five boats on the River near Fort Selkirk. Some of them are at boat graveyard now, at Hootslinqua. I remember the "Sara," the "Selkirk," the three "Kaskas," the "Klondike." My mother tells me she remembered thirty-five.

One time these Indians came down from Little Salmon to Carmacks. There was one old man dressed in old clothes, not very clean, I guess. He wants to get on that boat. The boat was all full, just black with people around the deck. They stop at Carmacks to get scow. That old man talk to the Purser. They got all pack to go back to Little Salmon.

"No room on the boat, but you can sit on the scow in front, you people."

It takes one night to go there. That Indian doctor got mad. "What do you mean, sleep under canvas? I pay money!"

"It's the only way I can put you up," that Purser say.

That doctor is mad. Lots of Indians boys work on that boat that time. That doctor is really mad. "Just because you don't like us, you're not going to run this river long. I fix you."

He went to Indian boys who work on the boat, talk Indian to them. "You boys who want to live, get off right now because this boat is going to be destroyed," he told them. That whiteman Purser does not know what he say. Those boys run in boat, pack up, and get off.

"Why do you do that?" asks whiteman.

"That Indian doctor told us to get off. Something happen to boat."

"Ha, ha, nothing happen." He thinks that's funny.

Boat left. Two or three miles near coalmine mountain that horn start blowing. It blow seven times--that used to mean something danger. They drift I guess. Then that boat blow up. Some torn in half they say. That was my mother's time, not me. His doctor worked.

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That same old man, he was really little. Maybe just over four and a half feet. They got ready fall time to go out, pack meat. One change of clothes they had. When they go out in woods those days they take clothes, wear out, throw away, put on new ones. They plan to drift to Minto, get moose.

Those days Indians can't even drink. They are real strict. No beer those days. All sit down there. Raft ready. Just whiskey, they have. Those boys had just one drink whiskey--have little party, sing, holler. Police came and take them away to jail. Just those two boys, not the old man.

That old man's named *Tsakua*. He's really little. He went to police.

"What you want?"

"I want my two boys."

"You can't have them. They have to stay in jail because they took one drink. They are going to jail in Dawson or Whitehorse for three months."

That old Indian doctor say, "Okay, you people. If you don't let those boys out tonight before morning, ...pfffft." He blows out, like candle.

Those whites don't believe him. You know how white people are.

He tell those boys in Indian, "Tonight when house start

to shake, tell Whiteman to let you out."

It happen like that; three a.m. that house start to shake. House move every way. Thump, thump. As soon as boys stepped outdoors, it stopped.

One cop said, "Old man," he pat on back, "I savvy now you're strong. You take your boys. We don't want nothing to do with them." He let them go.

Story of Seguyeh

told by Mrs. Rachel Dawson, Whitehorse

I hear this story. Other Indians tell it. I don't see it myself.

This man's an Indian witch doctor--*Seguyeh*, Indian way they call him. He's not just a doctor. No Indian doctor could do what he do. If he want to, he just fly uptown. He made money that way, they say, in Juneau. He bet people $50 he could fly and he did it.

One time he killed his wife down in Dawson, they say. He live right through the Yukon before whitemen came, so he was down in Dawson. He turn himself in. Told police he kill his wife. He was drunk. They put him in jail, don't know what year exactly, about 1900 after the Goldrush, I guess. He's pretty young still.

Chief Isaac (chief of Klondike Indians at the time of Goldrush) that was his best friend they say.

He stayed in jail two--three years. Don't know why they kept him in jail so long that time. They're going to hang him sometime in March. They're going to take him outside to where they hang people. They tell him, "Your last day tomorrow. In afternoon you're going to get hanged. We give you good supper, good breakfast, good dinner."

Next day, they gave him good breakfast, good dinner. He's not scared though, they say, he's not scared one bit. He tell them, "I want all Indians to see me, especially Chief Isaac."

All Indians come. Everyone gather around and look. They bring him out, rope on neck. He stand on that door. That policeman put black sock over his head. They got piece of bacon, put in his mouth.

He stood there. "Can I talk to my Indian friends?" He talk Indian. Talk his own language, Tlingit. He talk to Isaac and Isaac understand him.

"Next," he say, "I'm gonna sing too." He sang:

"This my time has come
My time come now, I'm going to get hanged
That's what they say to me
I got nothing to say anymore
They say that to me
It's too late now."

All Indians hear him sing that song.

Just before they put that thing on his head, he fly away "Caw". He turn to Crow and sit on tree. He fix them too, so their guns don't work. He's got that much power. Just flap wings.

That's the song Mrs. Billy Smith sings. It makes noise like Crow.

After awhile, they let him come down. He make them forget what's happened. He turn into man again. Nobody bother him after that. He came back up here. Stayed around for a long time. And then he's gone out to his own country again.

Way down in USA he did something, they say. He makes them forget. Just before they put him in electric chair, he gets away. They're having a big dinner for him, last dinner. He work on them so much his witchcraft they forget all about it.

They say if he want you to be singer, he can make you sing song, put something in your mouth. Early in morning, you feel you want to yawn but that's song trying to come out of you. He's married to Jackie Good's grandmother. She didn't believe him that he could make her sing, but he did. She made a song just before sunrise.

I think he died just a little while ago in Juneau, Alaska. Died on his own.

SHORT STORIES

The final stories included here are all short narratives. In some cases they are short because the idea can be expressed without great elaboration. In some cases they are short because the narrator tends to tell all stories briefly. In other cases they are probably incomplete versions of longer stories.

Because themes can be readily identified, these final stories are not annotated.

The First Snowshoe

told by Mrs. Kitty Smith, Whitehorse

(Long time ago) nobody know about snowshoes, nothing. Winter coming. That man and his wife can't do nothing. Big snow. They hunt tree squirrel, he kill some tree squirrel. They live on that kind. They see lots of caribou in the mountains, but he can't climb up there. Too deep snow. He tried to put limb underneath (his feet) but they don't stay long time. He try everything.

That time grouse coming, you know. Come to him. (That man) don't know what's the matter. That tree about that big--"Gung, gung, gung, gung," he say. He tap it.

Grouse goes to another tree. "Gung, gung, gung, gung." Another tree again. (That man) don't know what's the matter with that grouse. "Gung, gung."

"I guess he call you," that man say to his wife. He go ahead. It's about that deep, I guess (knee deep) that snow. Not far, just little ways. Takes them to bear den.

"Gung, gung," sit down on the tree. Then they got him (the bear) some way. That's their food. They pack in. Got food now.

That's the time he start to fix them. He just do that way, "Gung, gung, gung," show them all time. Show them how to make them. If that man don't do right he show them. Don't say nothing...this side...other side...he know though... He work it, just like he know. Put stick that way...go across...he don't say nothing...one right here...tie 'em up...no, this way...right here too.

"Gung, gung, gung, gung."

"I guess you're going to help too," he tell his wife. His wife work too.

"Gung." Stop now. That's good now, see?

"Gung, gung," he took some string now, his wife, put 'em that way...right here now..."gung, gung, gung, gung." She net it. If she don't do right, he show her that grouse. This one too, she net it. And, they're finish now!

"Gung, gung, gung," he said.

Gee, he go on top of snow now.

"Gung, gung, gung." They go on top of that mountain. That grouse go ahead. That man walk on top! He kill

now caribou. On skin sleigh, he bring to his wife.

"I kill them up there."

His wife, she fix them too, she know now how, see?

That grouse did that, give them bear to live on and show them how. His wife make them, walk on top too.

See people? They walk on snowshoes. Everybody's got it. They tell them, another one, another one, another one, they teach them all. Soon baby born, they know how to make snowshoes!

The Man in the Moon

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

One time midget put snares out for swan. Swan took off with them. He slept on that swan's back. There is a flock of swans. They land on some big lake, maybe Kluane Lake.

After they land in middle of that lake, swans flew up again, left him. One man saw something black down there on that lake. Here it was that little midget. So that man brought him home.

That little midget never blinks, never sleep. When everyone else sleep, he sit up all night. He cry. Long time he stay amongst people. Finally they boil blood soup--caribou blood. He didn't want to eat it but they tell him to. So anyway, he eat it.

Next night, by gosh, he disappear. Morning they wake up, he's gone. Before people go to bed that night they hear somebody crying.

"I don't want to eat that soup, but you made me. You kill me."

That's how come he's up in the moon.

"I'll keep my bucket of blood."

You see that too. Just like he's carrying that bucket in his hand.

Swan Story

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

A man was out hunting some place. He's grown up, this man. He hears girls laughing, little ways. He sneaks up, thinks, "What kind of girls that?"

Two nice pretty girls play in the water. Their clothes lie there. All white clothes. He took those clothes away.

"What you doing?" he call. "Come out!" They wouldn't.

Finally they call, "We're both gonna marry you if you give our clothes back."

He did. So they went with him. He's alone, I guess. He's young man. Now he has two nice wives. They fool around all summer.

Then swans come back. "Oh, oh, my uncles' boats going back home," those girls say. "My uncles on my father's side, going home."

Then next time swans go over, they say, "My mother's side uncles' boats are going home."

Finally last flock, last boat go over. "Oh, that's my Dad's boat." Those girls fly up right then.

That man is sad. He follows the swans. They land not far off. He came up to their Daddy's camp, up to those girls. He really came to big camp of swans. They look like people to him.

"Come home," he ask them.

"No," they say.

That father ask them, "Do you girls love him?"

"Yes," they say.

"Then why take off?"

"We're lonesome for you," they say. "Give him shirt so he can come with us." It's swanskin shirt, I guess. "Give him paddle." That's for his wings.

Next day, that swan, he go with them. Stay all winter. Then spring, they come back. He turn into person and those girls too. That's the end.

Story of Moosehide Slide

told by Mrs. Mary McLeod, Dawson City

In early days there were cannibals everywhere and they bothered people. So one time people climb hill near where is now Moosehide to get above them. Lots of big trees on these hills that time. People had only axe made of sharp rock in those days. They cut down the biggest tree with stone axe and they throw that tree down the hill on cannibals. That tree start big slide. It kill all the cannibals. That slide is shaped like hide of moose so people call that place Moosehide.

When I was a young girl, my old grandma took me one time. She showed me bones of those cannibals. They are all covered with moss now. So I know this is true story.

Why There is Open Water at Moosehide

told by Mrs. Mary McLeod, Dawson City

I'm going to tell you another story. One time there was a man and a woman. The woman was in a family way. Everybody else went away and left them. This was because of cannibals. That husband stayed with his wife because she is pregnant, so cannibals surround them. When cannibals came he took her away and hid her in a cave. The husband, he cover this cave with a big rock to hide her. This was because she could not travel fast. The cannibals came and found her. They took her far away. Then two cannibals chase that husband. He led them to a patch of open water at Moosehide. This man jump over the patch of open water at Moosehide. One cannibal jump and fall in and drown. The other cannibal, the same. That is why there is always open water in the winter near Moosehide.

Many hears later some families out hunting. Old Crow people. One woman is in a family way. Two men went away from group--they fool around, wrestle, then they rest. They woke up to see two men who say, "Come with us to see our people. Then you can go home again."

These men took them to a door in the mountain. They took these boys over to old lady in corner. Ask those boys if they hear of that woman who disappear. They tell them they have given her a husband from them, and show them all her children around there. That old woman, she say to them, "You tell my husband not to worry, because they take care of me." Those people, they want to show that woman to those boys. Then those boys go back to tell their people.

Story of the Great Fish

told by Mrs. Mary McLeod, Dawson City

Long time ago when girl have her first period she is sent away by herself for a long time. Her mother is supposed to come to her every day and bring her food. One time this girl wait and her mother stop coming.

"How long they think I go without food," she say. In a few days she got up and went back to the village. She found big fish had come out and ate them all up--the whole village. She go back. She build up logs around her hut for protection. She build campfire. She find long sharp stick (pole). She have ashes ready.

That fish come in. She wait till close, then she throw ashes in mouth. She stab fish in stomach with stick. All else in village killed.

Then she went to find other to tell them. They think she is crazy, that she lie. So those men they check up. They go and they see beast she kill it. My, my that's awful story.

Story of Old Woman Rock

told by Mrs. Mary McLeod, Dawson City

In early days when girl had first period she was sent away back in bushes, one--two miles. She had to sit on her knees--she couldn't stretch her legs out.

One time a girl was sent there--way back behind a bluff, down below Fortymile. All summer she ate nothing but caribou food, grows on rocks. She is told to sit legs bent, but she stretch her legs out straight.

That same time that rock was pushed out and split off in the middle of the water--pushed out and stopped in the middle of the river like cat plough. That was because she stretch her legs out.

There's a big current where she push that rock out. It blocked the channel. So they brought her back and had her push it further so they can get through.

That rock look just like the steamboat, all bare. Just solid rock when it's new.

They say that girl went upriver. Used dog team to get up. Every place she stop you could see sleigh marks. You could see sleigh marks on that big rock too. That girl

they say she went upriver by herself and later became Queen Victoria. So we know that Old Woman Rock made by Queen Victoria. She's Indian girl.

I remember when I was young girl, that rock all bare. In 1927, I went back, that rock all covered with trees, bush. Canadian, American flags on that rock.

Story of Starvation

told by Mrs. Mary McLeod, Dawson City

This happen below Eagle. One time there was an old man with his grandson. He gather lots of food for winter.

One time he hear people laughing and laughing outside. He sent grandson to see and grandson say those people they are fooling around with a frog--playing ball--toss and catch--with frog.

That old man know you should never make fun of frog or animals. It brings hard times.

All that winter there was no food. Only old man and grandson were safe. All the caches glacier up. So much glacier they can't go into cache to get food.

March came and an old man went out. He finally came upon people with toboggan loads of food. He saw one man making arrows. So he speak out, talk to him. "Just wonder if I can get help. Lots of people have nothing." They said they would give him food but they did not want to mix with his people. They live alone in the wilderness they say.

"We don't want you to see us. If you people have that much hard time we help. We'll put out food for you to take. Divide among yourselves. Tomorrow every family got to come with toboggans, but don't try to find out what kind of people we are. We don't want to mix with nobody. Don't try to find out."

Lots of people that time. Everyone take toboggan and go on snowshoes. Good stuff. Moose meat, sheep. So these people saved them even when they never met them.

Joe Suze's mother's mother--our grandma--told us that story.

Blind Man

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

Joe Netro (from Old Crow) wrote this one out.[7] Look how far distant people have same stories.

This man was blind. He's a young man I guess, but blind. He went up on mountain to hunt gopher. His wife tell him, "Caribou here, Caribou."

"Guide me. Help me aim," tell her. Why doesn't she do it herself, I wonder. He aim. He kill it.

"Ah, it run away. I'll go after it," she say. "Stay here." She went off and never came back.

He had blanket with him, stayed four days. He's blind; he's not old, but it's like he's old. That makes all the difference, being blind.

On the fourth day he's dry. Never eat all that time. He's still strong though. Now and then he hears loon. He crawls toward where he hear loon. Finally he came there. He went into water. He drank so much water he lay there. He hears that loon close. I don't know how long he waits there.

Finally somebody came. He thought it's person. "What's wrong with you?" it ask him.

"I can't see. My wife took off. I'm starving."

That voice tell how to climb on his back. He starts to climb on, then feels it's like a bird. Got on its back anyway. "Ah-h-h," it calls. It dives in. It comes out, dips again. Comes out again. They dive down again third time.

"Can you see now?" that bird asks.

He could see good, but instead he says, "I can see just a little." That loon dive fourth time.

"Can you see now?"

"Yes, I see good now."

"Do you see smoke over there? That's where your wife is. She's drying caribou." That's what loon tell him.

He go that lady. She saw him coming. She jump up, break willow pieces. They use that willow to protect meat, pack meat.

"Why husband," she say. "I just start to pack back to you. I dry caribou so it's light to pack."

That's the end of his blindness. The loon did that. He could see from then on.

How People First Got Flint

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

Then that flint is the one Grizzly bear had. All animals want to take it. Grizzly bear when he was sleeping, he had it tied under his tail. You know Grizzly bear got not much tail. Here one time he see something moving.

"What is that?" he asked.

Here it was that mouse with long beak, a mole. "It's me," he said. "My children all froze up on me. I'd like to get some hair from you."

"Well, take from under my tail," he said.

That's how he pretend he's taking the fur. In the meantime, here he took flint off. He stole it. He run away with it, not very far I guess. Then somebody else pick it up. All the game pick it up. He chase them. And finally, wolf got hold of it, run away with it. When he get tired drop it somewhere else. And fox was the last one to pick it up.

Fox picked it up and he ran and ran over two mountains, they said. And finally, he threw it on a rock, they said, and that flint split all over.

"Be light for the world. Be matches for the world," he said, all over. "Not one man keep it," he said. That's why you sometimes find pieces of flint on the mountain.

After that, all walk around I guess and here that grizzly bear he got tired, he was laying down someplace. He come to a little lake, he had a drink of water and then he lay down.

Here that fox come to that little lake. I guess he backtrack himself. He break off piece of wild rhubarb stem. It's got hole in middle of it, they said; if you throw it in the water, it pops up again. And that's what that fox was doing with that piece of dry rhubard.

He said, "Let it be like that: dead men come back to life again when they die." That's what he said.

The grizzly bear, he hear somebody talking there so he look up and he see that fox doing that.

So he pick up a rock: "Let it be like this when people die. Let it die for good." He throw that rock in water and it sinks for good. "Why don't you say that."

"Oh, grandfather, that's good." That's what he say, that fox.

Animals used to talk good like that. Before the daylight.

That's why people don't come back to life when they die, because grizzly bear throw that rock in the water. He was mad because they stole flint.

The Woman and Daughter Who Escaped

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

One time there's a woman had one daughter. You know when a girl becomes woman they put her away? That daughter, they put her back, in back of camp. That woman she stay with her daughter, sleeps there. Daytime she goes back to main camp.

During that night, war came upon them. Indians used to fight at night. War cleaned out that whole village. Only that girl and her mother left.

After that she took her daughter's bonnet off. They left village in a boat. She don't want to stay there, all her people gone. She's crying away as she paddle her boat.

Someone meets them on the beach and ask why they're crying.

"All my people killed. Have to leave my village. I'm looking for someone to even up for me, kill off people who done that."

"How about me?" that man say.

"What do you do if war come upon you?" she ask.

"I slap around."

She looks at his hands, see claws, knows that's bear. "No, I don't want you." She keeps going.

All kinds of animals offer--lynx, fox. All of them she figures out. Don't want them.

Finally, man met them. First one who's really man. He offer to help.

"What you do if war come upon you?"

"I kill them off." She figures he's okay.

"How about if I marry your daughter?" He snatch her off. They marry. They have twin boys. That's good luck.

Those boys grow fast. Come back to their grandmother. They tell her they come to help her, to get even for her.

They camp everywhere. Pretty soon start to build house. When they come to ridgepole, they drop it. Dong! It rings like bell. Finally, they put up again. They do that four times. Finally, fourth time, that night someone make war on them. They kill them all. They keep dropping ridgepole till no more come.

Those two boys stayed with her all her life until she died. Then they went back to father and mother wherever they were.

That's the way I understand it. It must be happen.

Otter Story

told by Mrs. Angela Sidney, Tagish

There was one man and wife, middle aged man. He can't get around very good. Him and his wife always go out camping. Dry fish, deer. They go out every summer.

One year his sister drowned. They couldn't find her body. Long time after that, nobody think of that, I guess. Long time after, they went out hunting.

Here one time a lady came to them--a woman came to them. *Akhán* "My sister-in-law," that wife say. "You come to visit. Let me hold the baby." She take that baby. "Ah! Tail come out! Tail come out!" wife say.

Her husband say to his sister, "Take that baby away." That sister-in-law slap that tail back.

After awhile she say, "I feel sorry for you fellows. I leave my son with you. Treat him good. Don't let him cook. Don't give him blanket."

Gee, they're scared. See spirit. Don't expect to live.

Next night, sure enough comes otter man. He's got tail.

He brought some seals back down the beach. When he come, he stayed other side of fire. Four or five seal was down there. Fish, they used to catch one by one.

Every night, he hunt. Day time he sleep. That sister, she's told him not to give him blankets, so they don't. He stay with them long time, I guess, quite awhile.

One time they go to town, take him too. Otter man saw town, he jump in the water. Took off. Just stay one, two days. He went back to camp. That night he came back. He don't talk, just make signs.

That woman is tired of him. "Eat cooked meat," she tell him. "How's that you eat raw stuff? People sleep with blanket, not like you. Take!"

He took off.

Next night, that lady came to them. "I feel sorry for you, my brother. That's why I send you nephew. Instead you just about kill him. You give him blanket, give him cooked food, go to town. Now this time, he's gone for good. Not coming back to you."

Then she disappear again. She just comes back to tell them that, that's all.

CONCLUSION

I conclude briefly with two points made both in the introduction to the report and the introduction to this section of the report.

This paper has stressed the organization and presentation of data from a number of individual biographies, rather than detailed analysis. This is partly in order to make data available in a neutral form while avoiding personal material in individual biographies. The biographies belong to the women, not to the researcher.

The section on myth is greatly in need of some analysis, which I hope to do sometime when I am in a location where I can have some access to standard works on the subject. In the meantime, this aspect of the project will continue beyond the terms of the National Museum contract, with those women who have expressed a wish to continue.

FOOTNOTES

1. Here I rely on linguistic divisions after McClellan, 1975.

2. In 1977, the Council for Yukon Indians published an illustrated book of these same legneds as told by three woman. *My Stories are my Wealth.*

3. Most of the material in this section was collected during the early portion of the project with assistance from Canada Council Explorations Program. It has been expanded elsewhere in a paper, "Becoming a Woman in Athapaskan Society: Changing Traditions on the Upper Yukon River," *Western Canadian Journal of Anthropology*, Vol. V, No. 2, 1975. An abbreviated version, including only direct excerpts from accounts is presented here.

4. Here I follow G.S. Kirk, *Myth: Its Meaning and Function in Ancient and Other Cultures*, Cambridge University Press and University of California, 1970. He uses "myth" as a broad term meaning traditional story (p. 28). In his terms "myth" tends to occur in the timeless past, in "dream time" (as when animals and humans were all the same), while legend tends to occur in historical times. These stories include both myths and legends.

5. Mrs. Angela Sidney, "The Boy Who Stayed With Fish," "Game Mother" and "Star Husband."

6. She was referring to Catharine McClellan's *The Girl Who Married the Bear*, National Museums of Canada, Publications in Ethnology, No. 2, 1970.

7. She is referring to Joe Netro's booklet, "A Book of Legends and Stories from Old Crow, Yukon Territory," Whitehorse Start, n.d.

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1975

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No. 27 PROCEEDINGS: Northern Athapaskan Conference, 1971. Edited by A. McFadyen Clark (2 vols). 803 p., 14 maps, 13 figures, 23 tables. $9.25

The seventeen papers on Northern Athapaskan research in ethnology, linguistics, and archaeology published in these two volumes were presented at the National Museum of Man Northern Athapaskan Conference in March 1971. The papers are prefaced by a short introduction which outlines the rationale and accomplishments of the Conference.

No. 28 PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND CONGRESS, CANADIAN ETHNOLOGY SOCIETY, VOL. I & II. Edited by Jim Freedman and Jerome H. Barkow. 723 p., 2 maps, 31 figures, 9 tables, 3 plates. $10.75

These Proceedings are of the Second Annual Conference of the Canadian Ethnology Society, held in February 1975 at Winnipeg, Manitoba. The first volume includes papers presented at two of the eight sessions: "Myth and Culture" and "The Theory of Markedness in Social Relations and Language". In the second volume are grouped the papers read at the six remaining sessions: "Contemporary Trends in Caribbean Ethnology", "African Ethnology", "Anthropology in Canada", "The Crees and the Geese", "Early Mercantile Enterprises in Anthropological Perspectives" and "Volunteered papers". An abstract in French and English precedes each paper.

1976

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No. 32 ESKIMO MUSIC BY REGION: A Comparative Circumpolar Study. Thomas F. Johnston. 222 p., 38 plates, 9 musical transcriptions. $2.75

Study of Alaskan Eskimo music, as part of a distinct western musical complex, compared with Eskimo music in Central and Eastern Canada and Greenland.

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Cette étude sur la fabrication et la décoration des raquettes, des mocassins et des toboggans dans les communautés indiennes du Québec concerne à la fois des objets produits au 19e siècle et d'autres produits actuellement. Elle s'inscrit dans une approche récente de la culture matérielle où la production est étudiée en fonction des rapports sociaux à l'intérieur desquels elle s'insère.

1977

No. 34 A PRACTICAL WRITING SYSTEM AND SHORT DICTIONARY OF KWAKW'ALA (KWAKIUTL). David McC. Grubb. 251 p., 1 plate.

The purpose of this work is to present a phonemically accurate, practical spelling system of Kwakw'ala, the language of the Kwagulh (Kwakiutl) people. The first section deals with the use of the practical orthography while the second section is a two-way, cross-indexed dictionary: English - Kwakw'ala.

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1978

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The prophet dance, a complex of beliefs and practices among northwestern native people, is studied from the myths and oratories collected among the Dunne-za or Beaver Indians of the upper Peace River.

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The purposes of this study are as follows: to examine the types of music which are performed and listened to in Pangnirtung today, to discuss the cultural context of the music, to place present-day music in a historical perspective, and finally to formulate reasons and justifications for changes that have taken place in music.

No. 42 A PRACTICAL DICTIONARY OF THE COAST TSIMSHIAN LANGUAGE. John Asher Dunn. 155 p.

This Tsimshian/English dictionary of more than 2250 entries gives to researchers practical transcription, morphological information, English glosses and phonetic transcription, showing the local variants.

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This collection of five papers surveys the general field of material culture studies and includes specific recent contextual studies of North American Indian and Eskimo material culture.

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This report examines dialect relationships (lexicon, phonology and grammar) which exist between the five Algonquin communities of Amos, Lac Simon, Winneway, Maniwaki and Rapid Lake of northwestern Quebec.

No. 45 A SURVEY OF THE DERIVATIONAL POSTBASES OF LABRADOR INUTTUT (ESKIMO). Lawrence R. Smith. 128 p.

The core of this work is a dictionary of derivational postbases in current usage by the Inuit of the Labrador Coast. Each entry includes the Inuttut form in phonemic orthography, morphophonemic specifications, a semantic characterization in English, notes on idiosyncratic properties and examples of use. An introduction to Labrador Inuttut word-formation is also provided.

1979

No. 46 ESKIMO ECONOMICS: An Aspect of Culture Change at Rankin Inlet. William Hugh Jansen II. 162 p., 11 illustrations.

This report is an investigation into the development of four distinct economic strategies by the Eskimos of Rankin Inlet, Northwest Territories: economic specialization; economic generalization: entrepreneurship; and, dependence upon social assistance.

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The author investigates the use of the three simple sentence types with both subject and object in the Inuktitut language.

No. 50 CONTRIBUTIONS TO CANADIAN LINGUISTICS. Eric P. Hamp, Robert Howren, Quindel King, Brenda M. Lowery and Richard Walker. 118 p., 7 tables, 1 figure.

This volume contains five papers on linguistic subjects: three are on the Athapaskan languages of Dogrib (Howren 1968), Central Carrier (Walker 1966), and Chilcotin (King 1968); one on Blackfoot (Lowery 1964); and, one on Algonquin (Hamp 1974).

No. 51 CONTES INDIENS DE LA BASSE COTE NORD DU SAINT LAURENT. Rémi Savard. 99 p.

Ce volume contient quatorze contes montagnais provenant de François Bellefleur de La Romaine et de Pierre Peters de Saint-Augustin sur la Basse Côte Nord du Saint Laurent. Ils ont été recueillis de 1970 à 1975.

No. 52 THE CONTEXT OF THE INFORMANT NARRATIVE PERFORMANCE: From Sociolinguistics to Ethnolinguistics at Fort Chipewyan, Alberta. Ronald Scollon. 80 p., 1 map.

The author demonstrates how narrative structure at Fort Chipewyan, Alberta is highly sensative to the situation of the narrative performance.

No. 53 HOOPER BAY KAYAK CONSTRUCTION. David W. Zimmerly. 118 p., 84 figures, 89 photographs, 1 map, 5 blueprints.

This illustrated monograph details the construction process of a 4.6 m (15') Bering Sea-type kayak made in the Yupik Eskimo-speaking community of Hooper Bay, Alaska in October and November of 1976. Instructions and full-size blueprints for the construction of a working reproduction of this kayak are included.

No. 54 SUFFIXES OF THE ESKIMO DIALECTS OF CUMBERLAND PENINSULA AND NORTH BAFFIN ISLAND. Kenn Harper. 123 p.

This paper analyzes the derivational suffixes of the two closely related Eskimo dialects of Cumberland Peninsula and North Baffin Island. The suffixes are presented in a dictionary format and all variants of a suffix are listed in alphabetical sequence.

No. 55 A REFERENCE GRAMMAR FOR THE COAST TSIMSHIAN LANGUAGE. John Asher Dunn. 91 p.

This is a non-technical introduction to the phonology, morphology, and syntax of Coast Tsimshian as spoken in Metlakatla, Alaska, Port Simpson, Kitkatla, Hartley Bay, and Prince Rupert, British Columbia. It contains sections on pronunciation, sound changes, word formation (morphology), syntax, basic sentence types and their grammatical relationships and provides an explanation of the practical orthography currently in use.

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This volume contains excerpts illustrating the changing themes in Athapaskan culture which were taken from individual booklets previously prepared by the author on the family and personal history and legends of seven Athapaskan women living in the Yukon Territory.