

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF THREE POMO WOMEN

Recorded and edited by
Elizabeth Colson



Archaeological Research Facility
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Berkeley

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CONTENTS

	Page
PREFACE by Elizabeth Colson	i
CHAPTER	
I. COLLECTING THE LIFE HISTORIES by Elizabeth Colson	1
List of Characters	10
Place Names	13
Notes	14
II. THE POMO by Elizabeth Colson	15
III. LIFE HISTORY OF SOPHIE MARTINEZ	35
Notes	83
APPENDIX	
Autobiography of Sophie Martinez	95
Autobiography of Elaine Martinez	98
Autobiography of Mable Brown	99
Notes	105
IV. LIFE HISTORY OF ELLEN WOOD	109
Notes	183
V. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE ADAMS	195
Notes	208
APPENDIX	
Autobiography of Ellen Wood	211
Autobiography of Jane Adams	215
VI. ANALYSIS OF THE LIFE HISTORIES by Elizabeth Colson	217
Notes	234

PREFACE

These life-histories of Pomo women were prepared for publication in 1945, four years after the final collection of data, but the final editing was never completed. With no subsequent revision, the life-histories appeared in Volume I, Primary Records in Culture and Personality, 1956, as a Microcard Publication. Robert Heizer, Professor of Anthropology and Director of the Archaeological Research Facility, University of California, Berkeley, found a reference to the Microcard publication in his assiduous search for materials relating to the history of Native Americans of California. He asked to see the original manuscript. At his urging, I agreed to its appearance in the present format to make it more available to those interested in the history of California and the experiences of its people. Nothing has been updated. Even the bibliography includes nothing which has appeared since 1945. If I were writing up the life histories today, this would be a very different piece of work in many respects, but I no longer have the detailed knowledge of Pomo experience required for any drastic revision. Therefore I have done only minimal editing in the introductory and concluding chapters and in the notes to eliminate redundancies and awkward phrasing. The brief initial autobiographies given by the women have been shifted from one appendix so that each statement now appears at the end of the speaker's own life history.

Karen Nissen has very kindly supplied me with an annotated bibliography of autobiographical statements by other Native Americans of California which appears at the end of this preface.

Acknowledgements for assistance in obtaining the data and preparing the original manuscript appear in Chapter I. I no longer have any of the field notes used in preparing the accounts or any material that would permit me to go back and identify persons named in the life histories. I can only again thank the women who worked with me and provided the life-histories and Bernard and Ethel Aginsky who originally suggested the project to me and directed the field work over the summers of 1939, 1940, and 1941.

That the autobiographies finally appear in an easily accessible format is owing to a number of institutions and people. The University of Wisconsin Press, the current publisher of Primary Records in Culture and Personality, in which the life histories originally appeared, in Vol. 1, No. 16, gave permission for me to have the work printed. The Primary Records edition is copyrighted by the Regents of the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Burton Benedict, Dean of the Social Sciences, University of California, Berkeley encouraged publication. The Research Committee, University of California, Berkeley, provided a grant to finance publication of the work through the Archaeological Research Facility. Priscilla Stross typed a portion of the manuscript and

proofread the whole of it. Beverly Heinrichs completed the typing. Finally, I must express my gratitude to Dr. Robert Heizer for his interest in the work and his efforts to see to it that the Pomo women be permitted to speak to a wider public than that which may have been able to examine the microcard edition in Primary Records in Culture and Personality.

Native Californians' Autobiographies

Assembled by Karen M. Nissen

Allen, Elsie

- 1972 The Life of Elsie Allen, Pomo Basketmaker. In V. Brown (ed.), Pomo Basketmaking: a supreme art for the weaver. Naturegraph Publishers. Healdsburg, Calif. (pp. 7-15. The story of the life of Elsie Allen, a Pomo woman born near Santa Rosa on Sept. 22, 1899. It includes a description of the life in the Indian schools at the turn of the century. The account is written in autobiographical style, but the back cover states: "In this book Elsie Allen's unusual life is told to us by her granddaughter...")

Asisaro, Lorenzo

- 1892 Personal Narrative of a Former Neophyte Born at Santa Cruz Mission in 1819. In E. S. Harrison, History of Santa Cruz County, California. Pacific Press Publishing Co. San Francisco. (pp. 45-48. Lorenzo Asisaro was born Aug. 10, 1819 at Mission Santa Cruz. This is an account of life in the missions of the Santa Cruz area between 1819 and the American takeover in 1846.)

Cesar, Julio

- 1878 Facts concerning California Indians, told to Thomas Savage at Tres Pinos, San Benito Co., by Julio Cesar, native Indian of San Luis Rey for the Bancroft Library. Recorded May 28, 1878. Trans. by F. Mulheron, 1919. (Julio Cesar was born c. 1824 and he entered the mission in 1840 and remained in it until 1846 when the Americans seized control. The account also includes a section on life in the gold fields in 1849.)

Cuero, Delfina

- 1970 The Autobiography of Delfina Cuero. Told to Florence Shipek. Malki Museum Press. Morongo Indian Reservation. Reprinted; originally printed in 1968 by G. Dahlstrom at Castle Press, Pasadena, Calif. as vol. 12 of the Baja California Travel Series. (This is the story of Delfina Cuero, a Southern Diegueno woman born c. 1900 at the village of Jamacha, California; this life

history was recorded in the early 1960's when Delfina was living in Baja California at the village of Jamul. This story records the problems of acculturation encountered by the Southern Dieguenos; after leaving the Mission at San Diego they at first tried to continue to live in the San Diego area. Finally population pressures forced them into the deserts to the east and eventually into northern Baja where they could continue their modified hunter/gatherer existence.)

Dominguez, Chona

1970 Bygone Days. In H. Seiler, Cahuilla Texts. Language Science Monographs 6:148-152. Indiana University. (Recorded July, 1955. A partial life history of Chona Dominguez, a Desert Cahuilla of the palpúniviktem clan, born 1850 near Thermal, Calif. She died in 1962.)

Filomena, Isidora ("Princess Solano")

1930 My Years with Chief Solano. Touring Topics 22:39,52. From the original in Bancroft Library. Trans. by N. Von de Grift Sanchez from the Spanish. The account was recorded in 1874 for Bancroft. (It is the story of Isidora Filomena, widow of Captain Solano, an ally of Vallejo. She was born c. 1784.)

Jones, Jeff

1951 Autobiography of Jeff Jones. In W. Goldschmidt, Nomlaki Ethnography. University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology 42 (4):433-434. (Jeff Jones was born near Paskenta in 1865; this account was recorded in 1936.)

Newland, Sam

1934 Two Paiute Autobiographies. University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology 33 (5). Berkeley. (Verbatim autobiographical record made by J. H. Steward. Sam Newland was an Owens Valley Paiute born at pitanapatu, now Bishop, formerly the largest village in Owens Valley, c. 1840. This story of his life was recorded in the period 1927/28.)

Pahmit

1949 Personal Narrative. In F. F. Latta, Handbook of Yokut Indians. Kern County Museum. Bakersfield, Calif. (pp. 217-223. Pahmit was born c. 1830, and this autobiography was recorded in 1928. He was born of Dumna Yokuts parents at the village of Kuyu Illik; this life story includes an account of the Yokuts under the control of Major Savage and a narrative on Indian/miner relations.)

Palma, Salvador (Olleyquotequiebe)

- 1967 Letter addressed to Bucareli dictated to and written by J. Bautista de Anza, Nov. 11, 1776. In J. N. Bowman and R. F. Heizer, Anza and the Northwest Frontier of New Spain. Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. Reprinted from H. E. Bolton, Anza's California Expeditions, vol. V, 1930. University of California Press, Berkeley. (pp. 148-155. This is the earliest sketch we have by a native Californian of his people. This is a record of the Yuma at the time of 1774-76 when Palma was the Yuma Captain (Cofot). It is not really an autobiography in the strictest sense, but is an account by Palma of the Yumas requesting that the king establish missions in Yuma territory. It is included because it is the earliest sketch we have of California Indian life by a native Californian; the letter is obviously not a direct translation of Palma's statement, but it does include a good record of Yuma culture at this time.)

Sregon, Jim (Sra'-mau)

- 1945 Sregon Jim's Reminiscence. In A. L. Kroeber, A Yurok War Reminiscence: the use of autobiographical evidence. Southwestern Journal of Anthropology 1(3):318-332. (A partial life history of Sregon Jim, born c. 1830-1840; the account mainly deals with his recollections of feuds with other villages.)

Stewart, Jack

- 1934 Two Paiute Autobiographies. University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology 33(5). Berkeley. (Verbatim autobiographical record made by J. H. Steward. Jack Stewart was an Owens Valley Paiute born c. 1840 at the village of tovowahamatu, now Big Pine. The autobiography was recorded in the period 1927/28.)

Winnemucca, Sarah

- 1882 The Pah-Utes. The Californian 6(33):252-256. Reprinted as "An Ethnographic Sketch of the Paviotso in 1882" by R. F. Heizer, 1970, University of California Archaeological Research Facility Publications 7:55-63.

Winnemucca, Sarah (Hopkins)

- 1883 Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims. Boston. (These two works deal with the life of Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of the "chief" of the Northern Paiutes, Winnemucca. Although Sarah Winnemucca was a Nevada Northern Paiute, she was involved in the pan-Indian movement at an early date and often lectured and visited in California.)

Yoimut

1949

Yoimut's Story, The last Chunut. In F. F. Latta, Handbook of the yokut Indians. Kern County Museum. Bakersfield, Calif. (pp. 223-276. One of the most thorough records in existence in terms of autobiographical material on native California lifeways. This is the story of the last Chunut, Yoimut, a woman born at the village of Watot Shulul near Visalia in 1854. She died in Hanford in 1933.)

Young, Lucy

1941

Out of the Past: A True Indian Story. Told to E. V. A. Murphey. California Historical Society Quarterly 22(4):349-364. (Lucy Young was a Wailaki from the Alderpoint area; she was born c. 1848, and this record was made in 1939 at the Round Valley Reservation, Mendocino County. Although most of this account deals with the period 1862-63 during which time the military made a number of attempts to resettle the Indians at Fort Baker, Hoopa, and Fort Seward, there are also sections relating to early details of her life as well as an account of Indian slavery.)

CHAPTER I

COLLECTING THE LIFE HISTORIES

This paper is the presentation and analysis of the life histories of three Pomo women: Sophie Martinez, Ellen Wood, and Jane Adams. While all three life histories are fragmentary and unsatisfactory from many points of view, they seem worthy of presentation as additions to the growing number of personal documents from representatives of a non-european culture. In our present state of knowledge regarding the impact of personality and culture upon each other, material that fails to satisfy ideal standards may still be useful. Lengthy personal accounts from women are all too few, and it is rare indeed to find three accounts from women who are of the same culture and of approximately the same age. These three life histories combined to a great degree do give insight into the life of Pomo women of a particular generation. Moreover, they serve as a useful supplement to the more generalized ethnographies on Pomo culture. While probably few new culture "traits" emerge from the accounts, nevertheless the meaning of the culture for the individual is pointed up in a manner impossible to the general ethnography. Moreover the life histories enable the student of Pomo culture to "weight" the ethnographies to some extent, as they provide a perspective for evaluating the relative importance of the different traits and patterns. A final contribution that the life histories may make lies in the field of acculturation studies. All three women have lived in a world shattered by the impact of white settlement and have shared a compromise culture which lies between that of their Pomo ancestors and that of their white neighbors.

The three women were born within a decade of each other. In 1941, Mrs. Martinez was approximately sixty seven; Mrs. Wood, fifty nine; and Mrs. Adams, slightly over sixty. They therefore represent approximately the same generation. All had been reared exclusively by Pomo relatives, though Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Adams had one white grandparent each. The dominant influences in their lives have therefore been Pomo, though the Pomo culture which they have known has been strongly affected by contacts with whites. None of them had extensive schooling. Mrs. Martinez probably attended school a few times, but never for more than a few days; Mrs. Wood attended a day school intermittently for a period of about three years when she was approximately nine to twelve years old; Mrs. Adams denied ever having had any contact with a school. All speak Pomo habitually and think in this language.

There might be some objection to the statement that the women are representatives of one culture, since each woman comes originally from a different Pomo group. Mrs. Martinez belonged to a Tanner Valley group; Mrs. Wood to the Manzanita band; and Mrs. Adams to the Lucerne group. (1) Each of these groups spoke a different Pomo dialect. However, language aside, these Pomo groups varied principally with regard to small details of

culture, while the general patternings were similar. Such major differences as did exist, in ritual and social organization, had disappeared before these women were born. The present-day culture of the Pomo settlements where they live is very similar. Mrs. Martinez and Mrs. Wood have lived a large portion of their lives in Oak Valley, where the Pomo of all groups come in continuous contact with each other and where they have been treated as strictly comparable by the whites. Mrs. Adams has lived most of her adult life in the Vineland Valley, a few miles to the south. It is probably then that this original difference in background is of not enough significance to make it invalid to treat the three life histories together.

Similarities in the accounts due to a common family background can be ruled out. None of the women are related so far as they knew or we could discover, nor have they married into the same family groups. Such generalities then as do emerge from a study of the three lives are due rather to the general similarity of Pomo life than to the influence of a particular family group.

Plan of Presentation: For the benefit of the reader, I am including additional material which either bears directly on the life histories and their interpretation or gives a necessary background in Pomo culture, both past and present, without which the life histories lose much of their point.

The rest of the Introduction will be devoted to a description of how the life histories were obtained and recorded, and the method used in organizing the data for presentation. The second chapter will contain a condensed sketch of Pomo culture, a brief history of Pomo contacts with whites, and a sketch of present-day Pomo life. The following three chapters will each contain one life history, presented in the following order: Sophie Martinez, Ellen Wood, and Jane Adams. The final section will contain the analysis of the three accounts. In an appendix after each life history will be found the verbatim record of the brief autobiography which each woman gave when she was first asked to relate the story of her life. These have also been incorporated into the life histories, but since for some purposes it is essential to know just what was regarded as important by the narrator, or at least what she was willing to tell of her life given the time and circumstances, the verbatim record is also included. Also included in the appendix to the chapter on Mrs. Martinez are two very brief autobiographies given by her mother and granddaughter given in 1939.

Gathering of the Material: The life histories were gathered during the summers of 1939, 1940, and 1941, when I was a member of the Social Science Field Laboratory under the direction of B. W. and E. G. Aginsky. The program of the Field Laboratory was twofold: the training of students in social research and the long-term study of an area in which several groups

of Pomo Indians were living. As part of the training in research methods, each student was asked to obtain a brief life history of some Pomo. While working on this assignment in 1939, I became interested in the problems posed by work with life histories, and the two subsequent seasons were spent largely in gathering life history material.

The subjects for life histories were chosen more or less by pure chance rather than through a careful survey of the possibilities among the Pomo women of the neighborhood. The first life history of any length was obtained from Sophie Martinez. I had worked extensively with her mother, Mable Brown, in the summer of 1939 and toward the close of the season attempted to record her life history. This was a very brief and most incoherent account. (2) Through these interviews, however, I came in contact with Mrs. Martinez who came frequently to her mother's house and sat quietly listening to my struggles to obtain information from the older woman. I do not believe that I had ever had any extended conversation with Mrs. Martinez before the work on her life history was begun. The suggestion that she give the account came not from me but from her eleven year old granddaughter, Elaine Martinez, who probably wished to deflect the money being paid to Mrs. Brown into her own family pocket-book. I agreed, and the child persuaded her grandmother, who at first seemed reluctant--protesting that she could remember nothing. However, once started on the project, she seemed interested in it and was willing to continue the work. The summer of 1940 was spent largely in filling out her account, and in 1941 she was also interviewed a few times. By this time, however, she seemed to have lost interest in further work. She complained that her memory was too bad for her to remember anything else, and she was in general unwilling to give information.

My original field plans for 1941 called for an enlarging of the work on this one life history to include material on Mrs. Martinez's mother, daughter, and granddaughter in order to have a study covering four generations. When this proved impossible, it was decided that an alternative program be attempted and that other Pomo women of approximately the same age as Mrs. Martinez be interviewed on their life histories in an attempt to discover which situations appearing in the one life were general to Pomo women and which were unique to this one life. Ellen Wood apparently sought the position of check informant. She appeared during an interview held at Mrs. Martinez's house, proceeded to monopolize the conversation, and indicated her willingness--indeed eagerness--to act as an informant by declaring herself well-versed in the old Pomo customs and speaking freely on various topics to prove her assertion. Her overtures were followed up with several visits to her home, and arrangements were made for some of the new students in the Field Laboratory to work with her on different problems which they were investigating. She proved to be a willing and a good informant. When I held a few interviews with her on more general subjects, she quickly turned these into discussions of the events of her own life. Work on a formal life history was then begun. All interviews with her took place during the summer of 1941.

Mrs. Adams' life history was first begun by Juliette Lombard, another member of the Laboratory, in 1940. This was a brief account which Miss Lombard later turned over to me. Miss Lombard had worked with Mrs. Adams previously, as had other members of the Field Laboratory. My contacts with her were purely informal until the end of the summer of 1941 when B. W. Aginsky, the Director of the Field Laboratory, asked me to do additional work on her life history as he felt that a woman of Mrs. Adams' type should be included in the study.

The method used in collecting data from each woman varied slightly. In our first interview, Mrs. Martinez was asked to give the story of her life. She was not told what she should talk about but the suggestion was made that she should start when she could first remember and tell as much as she could remember about her life. This account was not interrupted by the recorder, save for two questions to establish the identity of persons mentioned within it. When she was finished, she was asked to enlarge upon certain points which she had not covered. In some of the later interviews, in 1940 and 1941, it was suggested that she tell about anything that had happened in her life that she wished to relate. In others, she was questioned concerning specific matters. The method used with her, and with the other two women in general, was to allow her to speak spontaneously. When she paused and indicated that she was finished, further questions were asked. Common questions dealt with the identification of persons mentioned in the account since these were rarely named or indeed identified further than "that man" or "that woman", for the Pomo avoid the names of both living and dead. Other common questions were: "How did you feel about this?" "What did you say?" "What did you do?" "Why was that?" An attempt was also made to obtain material in chronological order by asking, "What happened next?" Usually this question was unsuccessful, for almost inevitably the answer was either, "Nothing", or "I don't remember." Some events were placed in their relationships in time by asking, "Did this happen before" and naming some event previously mentioned. This proved relatively successful in relating events in her adult life, but the chronology of her childhood rests insecurely on tenuous evidence.

The later interviews with Mrs. Wood were treated in the same fashion as those with Mrs. Martinez, but in the early interviews I experimented with a different technique. Instead of beginning work with the request that she tell her life story, I mentioned the names of children who were about five, ten, and fifteen, and asked Mrs. Wood: "What did children about that age do when you were young?" "What did they play?" "What did their parents tell them about?" "What did they learn?" "Who in the family would they go to if they were unhappy?" After some four or five interviews which were conducted in this fashion, Mrs. Wood was asked to tell her life history. When she was finished, further questioning was done in an attempt to place events in their

chronological sequence and also to cover topics that would make the account more readily comparable with that given by Mrs. Martinez. Since, as was hoped, Mrs. Wood responded to the questions of the early interviews in terms of her own personal experience, this material is included in the life history. To a certain extent, the material given in the earlier interviews seems to have been freer than that given after she was asked directly to relate her life story. Probably the generalized "What do people do?" protected her from the realization that there was an interest in her life as such, and enabled her to dissociate herself more from the account. On the other hand, it may be that in the later interviews the novelty of acting as an informant had begun to wear off and the difference is due to boredom rather than to a change in technique. In any event, regardless of the type of interview, Mrs. Wood responded more freely and less guardedly than did either of the other two women--or for that matter more than any other Pomo woman with whom I have worked.

Since the spontaneous, unquestioned, life history had already been obtained from Mrs. Adams by another member of the Field Laboratory, no attempt was made to begin a life history with her. I had only one long interview with Mrs. Adams--I had planned to spend several days more with her but unforeseen events made this impossible. I began by using the same method used in the first interviews with Mrs. Wood. This proved unsatisfactory. Mrs. Adams asked that specific questions be put to her. She was therefore asked questions based on experience with the other two life histories in an attempt to supplement her brief account of the previous summer to make this more comparable with the others. At the end of the interview, she apologized for her lack of response and said that all afternoon she had been suffering from a severe migraine headache. The result is that her account is very brief and generally unsatisfactory. It is presented here only as a supplement and cross check against the other two life stories.

The settings of the three series of interviews are somewhat comparable. Mrs. Adams was interviewed at the home of her daughter on the Chiptown Rancheria where she was living at the time. Mrs. Martinez and Mrs. Wood were interviewed both at their homes on the Brushville Rancheria and at the residence of the Field Laboratory in the town of Oak City. The 1939 interviews with Mrs. Martine took place while she was picking hops on a ranch in Oak Valley. The content of the interviews does not seem to have been affected by the setting--the women spoke as freely in one place as in another. The exception to this is found in the 1939 interviews with Mrs. Martinez. In these, emotions seem to have been expressed more freely than they were in the later interviews and there are also descriptions which were denied in 1940 and 1941. It is possible that the mechanical stripping of the hop blossoms from the vines which preoccupied her hands and a part of her attention left her less guarded in her thoughts and speech--while at the same time the hop picking situation which she likes and regards rather as a

holiday season had reduced her customary anxieties to a point where she could express herself with less effort. It may be, however, that it was the novelty of the situation and the comforting thought that she was speaking to someone she had never seen a few weeks before and whom she would never see again which induced her relatively free response. In the following years, acting as an informant on her own life became an old story, and it may have seemed to her that the recorder's return was as inevitable as the reappearance of summer.

All interviews were as private as arrangements could be made. Mrs. Adams was interviewed only in the presence of her daughter, Edith Child. I cannot judge the affect of her presence on Mrs. Adams' response, but I strongly suspect that Mrs. Adams would say exactly what she wished to say and no more and no less no matter who was around. Mrs. Wood did not seem particularly affected by the proximity of other people. When she was interviewed at her home, she was usually surrounded by her small grandchildren, all of whom were less than six years old. Her sons, her daughter, her husband, and her daughter-in-law were apt to be in the offing though they never made any attempt to listen to the interviews as far as I could see. But their appearance nearby did not seem to disturb her, or to change the nature of her account. On one occasion, when she had begun to speak of her troublesome early years with Walter Wood, Wood himself came to bring cushions for our chairs. Mrs. Wood disregarded both his presence and the interruption, and continued her account with complete placidity. This was in complete contrast to the behavior of Mrs. Martinez. The latter would suddenly switch to a description of basket types or of food before I had realized that anyone was approaching. This reticence was true even before members of her family, though on some occasions she did not object to the presence of her young granddaughter. During the first two summers, the presence of even this child affected content strongly. In 1941, she apparently spoke freely before the child and on one occasion asked her to act as an interpreter.

This was the only interview at which an interpreter was used with any of the three women, so that the disturbing presence of a third person was not necessary. All three women spoke English well enough so that this was possible. Mrs. Martinez was the least fluent, and if she had been willing to speak before another person, an interpreter would have been an asset; for undoubtedly her account suffers from her inadequate English vocabulary. Moreover, speaking in English was probably an effort for her. Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Adams spoke fairly fluent though ungrammatical English and controlled a sufficiently large vocabulary so that they had no trouble in expressing themselves adequately. In their cases, nothing would have been gained through the use of an interpreter.

The accounts were recorded as the women spoke. The recording was done in shorthand, and the women were allowed to speak at their natural rates. They seemed to have no objection to having what they told written down as

they spoke, and since the role of informant cannot be exactly strange to any Pomo, it probably did not disturb them to be faced with a notebook and flying pencil. It may indeed have eased the situation since they knew that the recorder's attention was partially diverted from them to the mechanics of writing. When note taking did seem to be a barrier, or when the informant indicated that a touchy spot had been hit, the notebook was usually closed and a casual conversation carried on for some moments. At such intervals, Mrs. Martinez was offered a cigarette, and while we smoked we wandered on to other subjects. The other two women did not smoke, and this method of relieving tension could not be used, but a rest period could be declared. Then the interview was resumed, and a few hasty notes made on the interim conversation which was later recorded as nearly verbatim as possible.

What motivated the women to give the accounts is rather difficult to say. Probably each one would say that she had done so because she wanted to earn some money. They, like other informant, were paid twenty-five cents an hour for interviews. Almost every informant at some point argued that this was insufficient, that they had heard that we were paying some one else far more, or that they had been advised by other Pomo not to work unless they were paid more. Mrs. Martinez and Mrs. Adams were no exceptions, and Mrs. Martinez mentioned the subject every few interviews. Each time the women accepted the explanation that we paid everyone the same money and that while we would like to pay more we could not afford to do so. Neither woman was as vehement in her protests nor as persistent in them as were many of the other Pomo. As for Mrs. Wood, I can find no record of her having ever discussed the matter.

Despite this interest in the financial aspect, informants' fees could hardly have been the deciding factor. Mrs. Martinez probably received no more than fifteen or sixteen dollars for the whole three summers that she acted as informant--in the case of the other two women, the return was much less. They received some slight additional compensation through occasional gifts of food and candy. They were occasionally given transportation from their homes to Oak City, and all three were invited to dine at the Laboratory headquarters. Mrs. Martinez also received Christmas gifts and gifts when I returned each year. Mrs. Martinez and members of her family sold baskets and shell beads to members of the Laboratory. Mrs. Adams and her daughter hoped to use the Laboratory as a channel for disposing of their baskets at a higher price than they could receive from local people.

But this probably accounts for only a part of their motivation. By the third summer, the Laboratory was a part of the life of the Pomo of Oak Valley. Acting as informants for Laboratory members was regarded as a common activity. The Pomo had known the directors of the Laboratory for a number of years before the Laboratory itself was established, and this gave Laboratory members a quick entree into Pomo life. Students were common visitors on the rancherias, and many Pomo began to visit the Laboratory headquarters on friendly visits.

Rapport had been established to a point where the very fact of being a member of the Laboratory was regarded by many Pomo as a sufficient reason for confidence. The position of the Laboratory was also strengthened by the role it assumed as intermediary and sponsor of the Pomo in the white world-- though it was not the only agency functioning in this manner. Oak City and Oak Valley in general--as well as other parts of California inhabited by Pomo-- was anti-Indian to the extent of raising social and economic barriers against the participation of Indians in the life of the community. The Pomo were keenly aware of this and resented the fact that Indians were allowed to sit only in the balcony of the local theater, that they were served in only one restaurant in the city, that Indian women were not accepted as customers by the local beauty parlors, that Indians were not accepted as patients in the local hospital, and that many whites refused to greet them on the streets. For the first time, many of the Pomo found themselves treated as equals by whites who extended to them their hospitality and in turn welcomed--even courted--that of Indians, who introduced them as friends to local whites who had never before spoken to an Indian. The Laboratory and its members therefore had a value to the Pomo over and above the sheer financial matters involved.

This undoubtedly acted as a powerful motivating force, and the Pomo seemed in many cases eager to have the attention of the Laboratory directed toward them. I believe that this was the most important factor with Ellen Wood, who herself made overtures rather than waiting to be approached as did most Pomo. It probably was of major importance with Jane Adams. There is reason to believe that it also had some influence upon Mrs. Martinez, for members of the Laboratory who met Mrs. Martinez in Oak City after I began work with Mrs. Wood gained the impression that she was hoping to be brought to the Laboratory headquarters for interviews.

Another possible influence upon Mrs. Martinez and Mrs. Wood was the opportunity to talk about themselves to someone who was fairly neutral and who made no attempt to judge them. The only response of the recorder was in the form of a question, or at the most of a sympathetic murmur if this seemed required. With Mrs. Adams, this did not enter since the interviewing was not continued over a long enough period to work out of the preliminary questions.

Probably all three factors entered into the picture with Mrs. Martinez and Mrs. Wood, the first two with Mrs. Adams. Sometimes they found a certain release and pleasure in relating incidents from their lives and would talk for long periods without pause. At other times, bored with filling in details which they felt to be of no importance or irritated with the whole project, they continued because of the money paid to them or because they feared to endanger their relationships with the Laboratory. Mrs. Martinez may have continued partially through friendship with the recorder since our relationships continued over three summers. Personal relationships probably did not

enter the picture with the other two women.

Organization of the data: The information on each woman includes the life history interviews, some material from other interviews in which they served as informants on specific subjects, and observations on their behavior. There is also some material regarding the women given by other informants. This supplementary material is richest for Mrs. Martinez; very scant for the other two women. All the material is to be found in the files of the Social Science Field Laboratory. It will be found there typed in the form in which it was first received.

In presenting the data, I have attempted to arrange them in chronological order, which has meant in general the sacrifice of the sequence of thought of the informant. The accounts given in the interviews have been cut and chopped to fit into the procrustian bed of chronological sequence. Also where several accounts of the same event are available, these have been combined and worked into one running description. Where the accounts differed, however, the deviations have been pointed out in a footnote. Moreover, since condensing many accounts into one leaves the reader with no indication as to the common motives or particular interests of the informant, the recurrence of themes or an eagerness to repeat a given event will be indicated in a footnote or dealt with in the final analysis.

While rearranging the materials has meant that in some cases the directing questions given by the recorder have had to be omitted because with the new form they became irrelevant, wherever possible questions are indicated. Where the answers indicate the nature of the questions, questions are indicated only by the letter q placed within brackets. Where the questions cannot be inferred, they are given with brackets.

The documents have also been edited with respect to English. An attempt has been made to make the English more grammatical and at the same time to preserve some of the turns of speech which give the flavor of the original. Connectives have been placed where no connectives once existed; identities have been made a little more secure by such devices as substituting the appropriate genders of pronouns; and occasionally whole sentences have been inverted and knocked into a more "English" shape. On the other hand, the vocabulary (with the exceptions of plurals and tenses) is that of the women themselves. No words have been inserted, nor have words been changed. The greatest amount of editing has been done on the account of Mrs. Martinez. That of Mrs. Wood and that of Mrs. Adams stand substantially in the language in which they were given.

I am fully aware of the disadvantages involved in thus extensively editing life history materials, especially in the drastic revisions necessary to humor the historical bias of our own culture. However, to have retained the raw

data nearer to their original form would have increased the length of the manuscript fivefold, and would have proved an insurmountable barrier to any save the most hardened and enthusiastic pursuer of the personal document. I have therefore attempted to compromise somewhere halfway between the popularized life history and the truly scientific document.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Below the characters who appear in the three life histories are listed alphabetically. The individuals who appear in the life history of Jane Adams do not appear in either of the other two life histories. Between the accounts of Ellen Wood and Sophie Martinez there is some overlapping. Those individuals who appear in both will be marked with an asterisk.

Adams --second husband of Jane Adams
 Adams, Francisco --son of Jane Adams
 Adams, Jane --the subject of the third life history
 Adams, Vance --step-son of Jane Adams
 Bailey, Jack -- a white rancher
 Bailey, Jim -- a white rancher, brother of Jack
 Bailey, Mark -- a "joking relative" of Ellen Wood, the husband of her cousin
 May Green
 Bailey, Rosemary -- daughter of Mark Bailey and May Green
 Bear, Ed -- a "poison man", distant relative of Ellen Wood
 *Blodgett, Reverend -- a white missionary
 Brinton, George -- a Tripton County Pomo mentioned by Ellen Wood
 *Brown, Mable -- mother of Sophie Martinez
 *Brown, Tim -- step-father of Sophie Martinez
 *Burns, Herb -- an Indian doctor
 Captain Don Roberts -- a headman at Manzanita Rancheria when Ellen Wood
 was young
 Captain Peter -- a headman at Chiptown Rancheria, related to Sophie Marti-
 nez
 Captain Roberto -- a headman at Manzanita Rancheria and uncle to Ellen Wood
 Captain Sam -- a headman at Chiptown; also the name of a headman at Manza-
 nita
 Cary, Dan -- an Indian doctor known to Ellen Wood
 Carson, Nick -- chief Maru dreamer at Manzanita when Ellen Wood was a child
 Child, Edith -- daughter of Jane Adams
 *Clinton, Bess -- a dream doctor of Brushville
 Clinton, Fred -- a Pomo mentioned by Sophie Martinez
 Clinton, Paul -- husband of Bess Clinton and suspected as a poisoner by
 Ellen Wood
 Colt, Will -- a husband of Ellen Wood's mother
 Crosby, Harry -- a white rancher
 Danat, Bert -- first husband of Jane Adams

Davis, Jerry -- an enemy of Ellen Wood
 Davis, Sarah -- an enemy of Ellen Wood
 Day, Florence -- the step-daughter-in-law of Jane Adams
 Day, Rita -- wife of Stan Day of Manzanita, mentioned by Ellen Wood
 Day, Stan -- a Manzanita lover of Ellen Wood
 Dean -- a white rancher
 Doyle -- a white rancher
 Eastbrook, Dr. -- a doctor of Oak City
 Evans, Alfred -- brother of Ellen Wood
 Evans, Mable -- half-sister of Ellen Wood
 Evans, Palmer -- half-brother of Ellen Wood
 French, Nat -- a white rancher of Tripton County
 Garcia -- Mexican god-father of Ellen Wood
 Gordon, Mrs. -- a white friend of Ellen Wood
 Gray, Grant -- an old man at Manzanita mentioned by Ellen Wood
 Gray, Mat -- a Manzanita man shot by Ellen Wood's nephew
 Gray, Sonia -- half-sister of Mat Gray and an enemy of Ellen Wood
 Green, Deborah -- daughter of Ellen Wood's cousin
 Green, May -- cousin and childhood friend of Ellen Wood
 Guest, David -- son of Ellen Wood and John Guest
 Guest, James -- son of Ellen Wood and John Guest
 Guest, John -- first husband of Ellen Wood, a Tripton County man
 Guest, Margery -- granddaughter of Ellen Wood
 Guest, Rena -- wife of David Guest and daughter-in-law of Ellen Wood
 Harris, Lily -- a Manzanita woman who once lived with Ellen Wood's husband
 *Harris, Tillie -- a Brushville woman, friendly to Sophie Martinez and at
 odds with Ellen Wood
 Harris, Wilmer -- a white rancher
 Harvey, Nancy -- the aunt who reared Ellen Wood
 Henry, Luke -- a white rancher
 Henry, Matthew -- a white rancher
 Hewitt, Frank -- the husband of Ellen Wood's close friend
 Hill, Bob -- step-brother of Sophie Martinez
 Hill, Charlie -- uncle of Sophie Martinez and maru dreamer at Chiptown
 Hill, Tom -- father of Sophie Martinez
 Jackson, Al -- a white rancher
 Joe -- an old relative of Ellen Wood's
 John, Leroy -- son of May Green, mentioned by Ellen Wood
 Jones, William -- step-father of Ellen Wood
 Jose, Ferdinand -- a Vineland man mentioned by Ellen Wood
 Jose, Hank -- father of Ferdinand Jose also mentioned by Ellen Wood
 *Kenny, Jay -- an Indian doctor living in Wilderness Valley
 Kenny, Kate -- a friend of Ellen Wood
 Lang, Jim -- a brother-in-law of Sophie Martinez
 Lawson, Henry -- a white rancher
 Lesser, Dr. -- a doctor of Oak City

Littleton, Fred -- a white rancher
 Littleton, James -- a white rancher, borther of Fred
 McCreanor, Jim -- a white rancher in Tanner Valley
 *Martinez, Bernice -- daughter of Sophie Martinez
 *Martinez, Elaine -- daughter of Bernice, granddaughter of Sophie Martinez
 *Martinez, Sophie -- subject of the first life history
 *Martinez, Stephen -- fourth husband of Sophie Martinez
 Mason, Harriet -- sister-in-law of Sophie Martinez
 *Mead, Alec -- an Indian doctor living at Chiptown
 *Mexican, Bonny -- wife of Tomas Mexican of Manzanita
 *Mexican, Tomas -- a Manzanita relative of Ellen Wood
 Moon, Sam -- an Indian doctor who treated Ellen Wood
 *Mountain, Joe -- an Indian doctor from Tripton County
 Orman, Dr. -- a doctor from Oak City
 Perez, Ramon -- father of Jane Adams
 Peterson, Chester -- a Manzanita man related to Ellen Wood
 Post -- a white rancher
 *Post, Ruth -- a sucking doctor living at Brushville
 Renton, Ken -- a relative of Jane Adams
 Renton, Robert -- a relative of Jane Adams
 Renton, Victoria -- mother of Jane Adams
 Richards, Dr. -- a white doctor of Oak City
 Roberto, Laura-- wife of Captain Roberto who helped to rear Ellen Wood
 Roller, Hiram -- a half-breed of Tripton County, related to Sophie Martinez
 Florentina -- a Mexican woman, wife of Garcia and god-mother of Ellen Wood
 *Sand, Joe -- an Indian doctor from Tripton County
 Saunders, Grove -- a Brushville neighbor mentioned by Sophie Martinez
 Sears, Ted -- a white rancher
 Sharpe, Katie -- a Manzanita friend of Ellen Wood
 Shevlin -- a white rancher
 *Shobi, Tom -- an Indian doctor
 *Shore, Ken -- an Indian doctor
 *Silone -- an Italian wine-grower
 *Sister Theresa -- a Catholic sister who worked among the Pomo
 Smith, Lulu -- a childhood friend of Sophie Martinez
 Stanley, Tom -- a Brushville friend of Ellen Wood
 Swan, Charlie -- an Indian doctor mentioned by Ellen Wood
 Tapner, Andy -- a Tripton County Pomo mentioned by Sophie Martinez
 White, Louis -- a white rancher mentioned by Sophie Martinez
 Wood, Albert -- son of Ellen Wood
 Wood, Ellen -- subject of the second life history
 Wood, Frederick -- son of Ellen Wood
 Wood, Joy -- daughter of Ellen Wood
 Wood, Tanner -- a Jones Valley man, third husband of Sophie Martinez
 Wood, Robert -- son of Ellen Wood

Wood, Walter -- second husband of Ellen Wood
 Young, Jack -- second husband of Sophie Martinez

PLACE NAMES

Big Rock -- a camping site on Oak River
 Boulder -- a temporary rancheria inhabited in Sophie Martinez's childhood
 Brushville -- a government rancheria in Oak Valley
 Chiptown -- a government rancheria in Oak Valley
 Clayville -- a rancheria in Tripton County
 Fisher Rancheria -- a rancheria in Tripton County
 Green City -- a city of Tripton County
 Green Lake -- a lake and a rancheria in Tripton County
 Grubville -- a temporary rancheria in Oak Valley near the site of the
 present Brushville
 Jamestown -- a city ot the north of Oak Valley
 Jones Valley -- a valley and the site of Pomo rancherias
 Lucerne -- a city to the south of Oak Valley. Its site was formerly inha-
 bited by Pomos.
 Manzanita -- a rancheria of Oak Valley
 Oak City -- a city in Oak Valley
 Oak River -- principal stream in Oak Valley
 Pleasant Valley -- a Pomo rancheria in Tripton County
 Red Bluff -- a Pomo rancheria in Tripton County
 Sandy Point -- a Pomo rancheria
 Round Valley -- a reservation to the north where some Pomo live
 Tanner Valley -- site of several former Pomo villages. Now a ranching
 community with a small Pomo rancheria
 Tripton County -- where many Pomo still live
 Vineland -- a Pomo reservation larger than most of the rancherias
 Watling -- a rancheria in Tripton County
 Wheeler -- a Tripton County town beyond Pomo territory
 Wilderness Valley -- an isolated ranching community where a few Pomo still
 live
 Windsor -- a small rancheria

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who collected the first brief life history of Jane Adams and turned this material over to me, and to Mr. Birkbeck Wilson, who provided me with copies of all material he collected from these three women, and who also gave assistance during the preparation of the manuscript. (4)

Others have also been generous with their time and advice. Wilson D. Wallis read and criticised the draft of the original life history of Sophie Martinez which was written after the 1939 field season. Clyde Kluckhohn directed my analysis of the life history of Mrs. Martinez which formed the nucleus of this present manuscript. He has also read through the present manuscript, whose organization owes much to his suggestions.

Finally, or perhaps first of all, thanks are due to the three Pomo women who submitted themselves to the long interviews and prying questions which the recording of a life history requires. I sincerely hope that the material presented here will cause no embarrassment to them, or to any other Pomo. Names and place names are disguised in order to afford as much protection to all concerned as is possible.

NOTES

- (1) Place names as well as personal names are disguised, and therefore the original village names are not given.
- (2) This will be found in the appendix.
- (3) I have never worked extensively with any of the Pomo men.
- (4) Other members of the Field Laboratory were: Alfred Parsell, William Henderson, Alice Gustav, Charles Churchill, Abra Lloyd, Fred Robin, Clara Lewis, Joseph Shor, Stephen Capanari, Charles Brant, Helen Weinburg, Robert Rohr, Hiram Friedsam, Ernestine Friedel, Enid Fenton, Sol Hauser, Ai Li Sung, Alta Schwartz, and Linville Watson.

THE POMO

Introduction

It is hoped that this chapter on the Pomo (and the footnote citations in the life histories to the relevant literature) will provide a background for evaluating the accounts given by the three women. The utility of the life histories as personal documents depends upon some knowledge of this background, "for personal idiosyncrasy is important only in terms of a context, i.e., in terms of approach to or departure from a cultural norm." Some of the context necessary for an understanding of the accounts is to be found in the old Pomo culture, though this disappeared as an integrated way of life before the oldest of the three women was born. Part of the context is to be found in the adjustments the Pomo have made to the presence of the whites.

Before the Whites

In the early nineteenth century, the Pomo inhabited an area in northern California stretching from the coast far inland across two low mountain ranges. The spread of Pomo territory, across the mountain ranges and valleys of western California, included several ecological areas: lakes, river valleys, coastal strips, mountains, redwood forests, open meadows, and groves of oak trees. The climate was less varied. Throughout the territory, there was but a moderate range of temperature. Winter was a wet season. The summer months were clear and dry. On the coast, these months were a time of fogs, but inland, beyond the first range, even fogs were rare. By midsummer the hills and valleys were already assuming a burnished brown, the springs on the hillsides failed, and the creeks were beds of dry sand. At such times the only water lay in the pools that formed in the river beds as the rivers themselves ceased to flow or in the lakes which occurred in one part of the Pomo territory. With the winter rains, springs, creeks and the constant rains sent their waters rushing into the valleys forming temporary lakes along the valley floors.

The Pomo of Oak Valley, Tanner Valley and Lucerne, to which the ancestors of Sophie Martinez, Ellen Wood, and Jane Adams belonged, were among the inland groups that lived along the rivers, dependent largely upon the acorn harvest for subsistence though also hunting, fishing, and gathering other edible seeds and plants. It was a rich region. Even without agriculture or husbandry of any kind, it supported a population large for aboriginal America. The Pomo made full use of the food resources their environment offered--few people have probably had so few food taboos--but there is little evidence that the population pressed close upon the available food supply. Only in cases of widespread failure of the acorn harvest was there likely to be famines, and these were rare. Usually there was enough surplus for trade.

There was also enough surplus to support a fairly advanced professionalization or division of labor. Women spent their time in gathering the plants, seeds, and nuts which formed the major portion of the diet, in preparing the meals, and in making the baskets which seem to have been used for almost every conceivable purpose. Other labor was left to specialists. The major professions were hunting, fishing, doctoring, gambling, and bead making. Chieftainship also might be regarded as a profession. Minor professions included the making of arrows, of hairnets, of flint drills for bead work. These professions were carried on by men who had been trained in them. The right to practice a profession was hereditary in certain family lines. The professional man chose his successor from among the more promising of his young relatives, carefully trained him in the requisite techniques and ritual, and at the end of his apprenticeship, resigned the status in his favor. By this time the successor was usually near middle-age--the Pomo did not trust responsibility or status to the young.

The work of women was not professionalized--there was no apprentice system for them as there was for the boys in which some one older relative took over their training and saw to it that they became proficient in some craft. Instead, all women did pretty much the same thing, and while not all were equally proficient, all were given the same training. The training of the men was varied, although not all were chosen and trained to a profession. Some remained just "ordinary men" who might help in a hunting drive or a fish poisoning, but were not regarded by the others as "hunters" or "fishermen." This might easily happen to those born into families which had rights to only one or two professional openings, or even to those whose families had many professional members if there were more boys than openings.

On the whole, however, although a man gained prestige by having a profession and was able to accumulate wealth in the form of bead money and baskets, he did not live better than the non-professional man nor did class differences appear. There was little boasting, and little display of property among the Pomo. They were beyond the spread of the Northwest Coast potlatching rivalries, as they were outside the prestige systems based on war exploits which engrossed the tribes of the Plains and East. While occasionally wars occurred, the Pomo did not reward those who took part in them with special honors.

Politically the Pomo were organized in bands or villages which inhabited one continuous block of territory, with no interstitial foreign bands to disturb what little unity the Pomo as a group possessed. This amounted to little more than a vague feeling of kinship with other Pomo bands, occasionally acknowledged by a gathering for large scale ceremonies. These bands belonged to one linguistic unit--but one large enough to include a number of mutually unintelligible languages. Neighboring bands could not necessarily understand each other.

The recognition of themselves as one "folk" did not prevent feuds and occasional wars between villages or bands for each village was an independent unit which acted of and by itself. Trespass upon each other's territory was resented to the point of warfare. Formal visits might be exchanged between villages for trade or for attendance at ceremonials, but informal visiting back and forth was rare even where neighboring villages were involved. Fear of witchcraft made the Pomo dubious as to the advisability of venturing alone or in small groups into strange villages, especially as few had kinship ties beyond their own village. Intermarriages between villages were rare, and usually involved families which provided messengers or interpreters. Others commonly married within their own villages.

For the most part then a Pomo's life was spent in contact with members of his own village and within the confines of one small stretch of territory. For each band remained within its own territory. During the winter months, members of the band came together in the village which was built on a hillside beyond the reach of the winter floods that covered the floors of the valleys. This was the site of the large "earthhouse" or semi-subterranean sweathouse which served as a men's club-room and as a ceremonial center. Nearby were the long brush "family houses". During the summer months, the band scattered out into small family groups which camped in temporary shelters about the water holes or at sites where food plants were abundant. This did not result in any great dispersal of population, for the valleys were small and good camping spots concentrated along the river bed. A family might move from one spot to another as the season advanced, and then with the fall return to the village where the brush houses would be repaired or rebuilt on approximately the same sites.

The long brush houses were inhabited by extended family groups, which usually--although not invariably--represented the matrilineal line. After a marriage, the young couple moved back and forth between their family dwellings for some time, and eventually settled in whichever house had room for them. In practice this seems to have been usually the house of the wife's family. Here they lived with twenty or thirty other people. The men of the household, however, spent much of their time in the sweathouse, from which on ordinary occasions the women were barred. Here they made most of the articles they needed, away from the possibility of any contamination from menstruating women. The sweathouse was also a clubhouse in which the men talked and gambled. The brush house was thus peculiarly the dwelling of the women of the family. The house itself was regarded as the property of one of the older women. She was the family matriarch whose stewardship extended also over all stores of food. She also acted as custodian for the wealth in beads and baskets owned by any member of the family, and remembered not only who was the present owner of each piece but also who was to inherit it. Her position of authority was a strong one, though it was shared with some

elderly male relative who might be either her husband or some blood relative. Together the two made the decisions for the household, although commonly they consulted other members before announcing their decisions. Associated with the two old people were usually a younger man and woman who were being trained to take their places as household heads.

Each extended family acted largely as an independent unit. There was no clan organization--nor for that matter any real political organization of the villages themselves. Each village had several "chiefs", which came from families with the hereditary right to supply chiefs to the village. In internal affairs, the chiefs had authority only over members of their own families, but they had the additional privilege of lecturing the people of the village morning and evening on the necessity of living a good life. They represented the village, however, in external affairs, and here their position was enhanced by the fact that only they could speak during the negotiations.

Like other professions, chieftainship seems to have been largely passed down through the maternal line, a man usually being chosen to succeed his maternal uncle. Where there was no suitable male heir, women were occasionally given the title of "chief" while some male relative performed the actual functions. More commonly, the sisters, mothers, or wives of the chiefs were given a title indicative of chiefly status and served as official hostesses for their villages whenever visitors attended a dance or a funeral or other ritual in the village. Some Pomo groups permitted these women also to lecture the village just as did the male chiefs.

Although the population of some villages probably reached a thousand or over, no more effective political controls than this system of chieftainship were developed. That this proved sufficient is very probably due to the development of specialization which left each individual largely dependent upon others in the group to supply his needs. Concomitant with this there had been developed a monetary system based on beads and baskets. These could be exchanged for either goods or services and were also used in the exchange transactions in which the Pomo indulged at marriage, birth, and death. These reciprocal exchanges in which all were involved were additional mechanisms integrating the group and organizing its social life.

The appearance of ingroup aggression was controlled partially by the fear of "poisoning", a form of witchcraft. "Poisoning" was believed to be done by unacknowledged professionals who had learned the art from some older relative, and who were willing to "poison" for hire or to satisfy their own personal enmities. When the victim sickened, his possible enemies or enemies of the family were carefully considered by the family group until the guilty person had been decided upon. The family then hired its own "poisoner" to retaliate against the guilty one or his family.

This belief in poisoning led to circumspect behavior, for few cared to run the risk of arousing enmity which might lead to a "poisoning" or dared to express their own antagonisms as that was equally likely to result in a retaliatory "poisoning."

Since "poisoning" attacks might be directed against either a trouble-maker or other members of his own family, the extended family was careful to control its members. The older members controlled all advancement and were unlikely to train an unruly boy in a profession or as household head, nor would they be likely to leave him any wealth in beads or baskets. Boys who were inclined to give trouble might also expect to face severe treatment during their initiation into the Ghost Dance Cult. Girls were not susceptible to these controls, since they were initiated into neither professions nor Ghost Cult. However, either men or women might be lectured by their families and if they still proved recalcitrant, they might be beaten. As a final measure, the elders of the family might hire a poisoner to remove a member who embroiled them with other families, or they might drive him from the village and the village territory. Since even standing upon one's own rights might be regarded as aggressive behavior, a premium was placed upon passivity. The Pomo ideal seems to have been the quiet, peaceful individual who never under any circumstances involved himself in a dispute, and who made every attempt to get along with other people.

Sickness and death were regarded as due either to "poisoning" or to supernatural sanctions against the breaking of taboos. Many of the taboos seem to have clustered about the woman's reproductive cycle. A woman who was menstruating would not go near water or swampy land, could not eat meat, fish, or grease, could not cook or work on baskets, could not handle or approach ceremonial equipment, and could not attend even a common dance or gambling game. In some groups, they were secluded in special menstrual huts for this period; in others, they stayed in a corner of the regular house. The most important period was the first, when a girl lay with her face and head covered and could not move about; but the taboos extended throughout her life. Some of them applied also to certain periods of pregnancy. The system of taboos extended also to the husband who during his wife's periods could not eat meat, fish, grease, could not hunt, fish, gamble, or drill beads, and could not approach certain springs or lakes. Usually at such times to escape contamination men slept in the sweathouse rather than with their wives in the brush house, but this did not free them of the taboos. Those who knowingly or unknowingly broke one of these taboos encountered the water monster. This appeared in various guises, as a snake, spotted deer, duck, fish, or a combination of these. Such an apparition "scared" the person who then became sick. "Scare" cases were also due to any chance encounter with some supernatural. The patient was usually doctored by reproducing the frightening apparition. He then told what it was he had

seen, and usually recovered. In some cases, however, death was immediate. Sickesses which came on slowly or lasted a long time were attributed to "poisoning". There were various methods used in doctoring such cases. Among the inland Pomo, there were two types of doctors: the outfit or singing or rattle doctor, and the sucking or dream doctor. The outfit doctor was regarded as the most powerful. Such doctoring was one of the professions and was always practiced by a man who was carefully instructed in his ritual and curing methods by a predecessor who finally presented him with his outfit, the badge of his profession. The sucking doctor, on the other hand, might be either a man or a woman. It was one of the few statuses in Pomo society which were available to the untrained person. The sucking doctor derived his curing powers from his dreams in which he was given songs and other rituals for use in healing. In some cases, the person who was about to become a sucking doctor became ill, was cured by someone already practicing as a sucking doctor who announced that he was to become a sucking doctor, and then began to practice on his own.

There were also two secret societies among the Pomo which seem to have had curing as one of their functions. The society or cult called by Loeb, the Old Ghost Dance was exclusively a men's organization into which all male members of the village were initiated. A special sweathouse known as the "Ghost House" was erected for the occasion. The ritual seems to have been built about the return of the dead, and consisted of dances and impersonations in which men dressed as "ghosts" appeared. There was also the initiation of the boys. Women and uninitiated children were not allowed to enter the "Ghost House" or to see any of the ritual. Indeed, the later Pomo insisted that the chief purpose of the society was the intimidation of women to keep them in proper subjugation to the men. The Kuksu Cult on the other hand was open to both men and women, but the number of members seems to have been fixed and only a small number ever joined the cult. Each member chose his own successor from among the children of his own family, and acted as his or her sponsor on initiation. Besides its curing ceremonies, the Kuksu Society had yearly ceremonials which included impersonations of animals, birds, and gods, and also had special dances. These were held in a brush enclosure built for the purpose. The Ghost Dance also had yearly ceremonials. The villages, however, seem to have taken their turn as sponsors and hosts of other villages, and each village did not hold the ceremonials every year.

Besides the dances performed by the "Ghost" and Kuksu societies, there were also "common dances" held only for entertainment, In these both men and women took part. There were also gambling games, which during the winter months might last through the night. Men played a hidden ball game which had its own songs. This was the gambling game par excellence, and those who took it seriously went off to the hills and prepared themselves

with "luck", a supernatural power gained through appropriate rituals. Women did not take part in these games, though they were excited spectators and offered bets from the sidelines. They had their own game, played with long wooden dice. This had no songs, nor did the players prepare with "luck" for the game, but it was equally good for gambling. Neighboring villages might be invited to attend the dances or the gambling games, or these might be held to entertain trading parties from other villages.

Visiting parties also came for funerals. Death was one occasion among the Pomo which warranted the display of great emotions, and there was a wholesale emotional discharge to which other Pomo groups were invited. The surviving relatives tore their flesh, covered themselves with dirt and ashes, and worked themselves into a frenzy which came to a climax with the cremation of the body on a funeral pyre. However, even in the mourning frenzy, the Pomo did not give way completely to their emotions. Relatives were appointed to stand by the pyre and keep track of the property which the visitors brought to throw upon the body as it burned, for the family was responsible for seeing to it that the visitors received a return equal in value to what they had destroyed. Other visitors presented beads or baskets or blankets to the survivors, and these too had to be noted since an equal return must be made at some future date.

When the cremation was finished, the bones were raked from the ashes and buried in a grave with renewed mourning. Those who handled corpses and bones were regarded as impure for a number of years and subject to special precautions. Meantime, though a mourning period was observed, especially by the women of the household, the memory of the dead person himself was obliterated as far as possible. His personal property, unless he had divested himself of it by oral will before death, was destroyed on his funeral pyre. His name was avoided, apparently through fear of the ghost, though this caused little difficulty since personal names were kept secret among the Pomo. If the dead were a young man or woman with a family, his or her place was filled with another member of the same family who married the survivor and perpetuated the union between the two families and the family interest in the children of the marriage. If there were no children, the survivor returned to his own people and was likely to be accused by his in-laws of having "poisoned" the dead person.

Transition

Aboriginal Pomo culture was disrupted about the end of the first half of the 19th century. The Pomo had probably long been in sporadic contact with whites, but no settlements were made in Pomo territory until the early nineteenth century. On the coast, the first prolonged contacts were with Russians who for a short period settled in that area.

Inland, Spaniards or Mexicans began to encroach upon their villages. Mexicans established large ranches in the southern part of Pomo territory and also attempted to missionize some of the Pomo groups. The Lucerne Pomo were among those affected by these events. Further to the north, the Mexicans were known chiefly as raiders who swept through the valleys kidnapping Indians who were set to work as slaves on the ranches to the south. Villages were broken up; women and children were carried off to the south; men were killed. Those who escaped often hid themselves in the hills, and did not dare to reassemble in their villages. Many of those who were carried off at this time did not return; others after working as servants for some years escaped and returned home to add further disrupting influences affecting the surviving Pomo groups. With the entrance of Americans into the area, conditions did not improve. Slave raids continued until well into the 1870s unchecked by American authorities.

Although no gold was found in the Pomo area, and the Pomo were spared the annihilation which descended on California tribes unfortunate enough to inhabit gold mining country, the whites quickly preempted the land and either forced the Pomo off or allowed them to remain only on sufferance. The United State Government early made treaties with the Pomo guaranteeing them a reservation large enough for their needs in return for the cession of certain of their lands. These, like other treaties made at this time with California tribes, were never ratified by the U.S. Senate. Instead, the lands were seized, and the Pomo left to shift for themselves. By 1860, it was decided to remove them completely from their land. Some were sent to a reservation on the coast whose mismanagement seems to have been peculiarly flagrant even for that day. Others, at a slightly later date, were rounded up and sent some sixty miles north to the Round Valley Reservation. Here they were held with other California tribes, their ancient enemies, and subjected to the raids of white outlaws who also coveted the Round Valley area. While they were on the reservations, they were fed on government rations, and some attempt seems to have been made to christianize them and to give them an education. Both attempts seem to have resulted in little, and soon most of the Pomo had escaped and started the trek back to their own valleys.

Here they found the land parcelled out among white ranchers, the old village sites demolished, and the whites in full control. All this seems to have occurred with almost no resistance from the Pomo bands to which the three women belonged.

Some of the white ranchers who now owned their valleys suffered the Pomo to form small settlements on their land in return for a constant labor supply. The small settlements were known as rancherias, and were made either by members of some previous village which was able thus to reestablish itself after the initial disruption by the whites, or by people originally affiliated with a number of former villages who came together to

form a new unit. Although they were little interfered with by their white landlords, it was impossible to reestablish completely the old life. The population had been reduced by disease, slave raids, and massacres to a fraction of its former size. Whole family lines had been wiped out, and in those which were left there were not enough members to fill the professional statuses which formerly the family had controlled. Young men were freed from the need to become apprentices and spend long years in learning ritual knowledge, since the whole method of obtaining a living had changed. They were now dependent largely upon employment by the whites who set them to sheering sheep and cutting wood, and in return arranged credit for them at some store or presented them with food and clothing. The young women were taken into the households of the settlers to learn housework and take over the laundry and scrubbing; but women were also able to continue with their old work of gathering food, caring for their families, and making baskets which were still in daily use.

There was further disruption because of the breaking down of family ties. Older Pomo say that it is at this period when marriages became brittle, and the Pomo began to discard their spouses easily. Some said that they learned this in direct imitation of the whites on the reservation along with square dances, card games, and drinking. It was further advanced after the return home when many of the white ranchers took Pomo women to live with them, and the binding together of families through marriages became less universal. There was also the possibility of escaping from one's family by moving into one of the towns growing up in the area and there working for the whites.

Antagonism toward the whites was great at this period. Those who spent too much time in contact with whites were likely to become outcasts from their group or made to undergo purification ceremonies. Women who bore children to white men might kill them at birth, or their relatives might kill the children so that there would be nothing to bind them to the whites. This antagonism seems to have reached its culmination early in the 1870s in the Ghost Dance movement which declared that the dead would return, great disasters would overtake the whites and all who associated with them, and that those who followed the new cult would be saved from this general disaster. The 1870 Ghost Dance, known as Maru among the Pomo, came to them from the east. Among the Pomo, the cult seems to have combined elements from the Old Ghost Dance, the Kuksu Cult, Catholicism, Protestantism, the organization of the "common dances", and finally the dream pattern of the sucking doctors. A man or woman, known as the maru, would have dreams in which he would be ordered by some power to organize dances. If he failed to carry out his instructions, he himself would die and general disaster would occur. Some maru dreamed new dances and new songs and costumes which they then taught to their people. Others dreamed that they should reintroduce dances from the old cults which had been gradually disappearing. Under the influ-

ence of maru dreamers, the Pomo gathered in large numbers, built new sweat-houses, and spent their days and nights in dancing. Some of the dreamers said that the new era was on hand so that they no longer needed their present property, and many Pomo destroyed or sold much of what they had.

By the end of the 1870s, when the prophecies had not been fulfilled, the Pomo began to turn away from the maru cult and the maru dreamers were discredited. The maru continued to survive among the Oak Valley Pomo only in the form of the dream doctors. The old dances were discarded along with all other forms of Pomo ceremonial save for the curing rites of the doctors. As the outfit doctors died, gradually the dream doctors became the only native curers--but this change was completed only in the late 1930s. In the early twentieth century, some of the dances were again revived.

At the same time that the Pomo turned from the Maru promises, they began an active attempt to adjust themselves to the new life imposed by the presence of the whites. Groups of Pomo organized themselves into corporations and bought land which was held in common by the group. Their leaders sought the advice of lawyers in the neighboring towns who checked titles and saw to it that the Pomo could not be dispossessed of these new lands. In most cases, the plots of land were large enough to allow some acreage for farming as well as providing sites for dwelling places. These became the permanent rancherias of the Pomo, and most of the Pomo moved to these rancherias. Even if they continued to work for the whites, they usually had a house of their own or relatives who could offer them shelter on the rancheria.

For the first time since the appearance of the whites, the Pomo were independent of the ranchers, for they had land of their own from which they could not be expelled on refusal to work. They also had land on which they could grow cash crops instead of being completely dependent upon the gifts and the credit system of the ranchers. In some cases they seem to have worked their land in common and then divided the profit at the end of the season.

During these years, the world in which they lived was also changing. The white ranchers were abandoning stock raising and grain fields in favor of new crops: hops, grapes, and pears. These required a larger number of hands than had the old products of the valleys, and the Pomo found themselves in demand as field workers. Their work was largely seasonal, although some of the men worked throughout the year. In the summer months, most of the Pomo worked with the hops. They moved down to camps along the river from whence they went out each morning to work in the hopfields. When it came time for the hops to be picked, the news spread into adjoining valleys, and Indians even from beyond Pomo territory would descend upon the valley and camp side by side with the local people and pick beside them in the fields.

Marriage into other rancherias and even into other tribes became common. With the winter months, the people returned to the rancherias where the men either lay around spending their summer's earnings or went off to work for some white rancher. The women stayed at home and made baskets. Some of these were still made for daily use, others for the exchanges that still occurred, but most of them were for the market; for collectors had by the beginning of the twentieth century discovered the Pomo basket. It is probably significant that at this period when the Pomo first were able to earn money above bare subsistence needs that there occurred the first large scale taking over of American furniture and household equipment.

In the early twentieth century, there began organized efforts on the part of the whites to change the Pomo. These were the first such measures since the early days of the reservations--since then the Pomo had depended upon the whites to furnish them with opportunities for work, but otherwise they had been independent. Now the Indian Service again began to interest itself in the small Pomo groups scattered through the territory. It bought plots of a few acres and persuaded some of the Pomo groups to exchange their own land for that owned by the government. Brushville is one of the rancherias established in this manner. In many cases, the Pomo exchanged good land for bad and afterwards complained of their bargain. In accepting the land, they also became Government wards rather than independent agents. Those groups which refused the government land and remained on their own rancherias never became wards. They afterwards complained that they were cut off from government assistance. In the 1920s, this difference became more pronounced, when the Indian Service established a sub-agency in the Oak Valley area and made arrangements for Pomo wards to obtain medical service.

At about the same time that the government rancherias were established, the churches again began to take an active interest in proselitizing among the Pomo. Both the Catholic and the Methodist churches established missions and schools for the Pomo. Finally the Catholic church succeeded in drawing most of the Oak Valley Pomo under its influence and they became at least Catholics.

The mission schools and the Indian Service schools in the area were finally abandoned again late in the 1920s, when the California Supreme Court decided on the basis of a case involving a Pomo child that public schools could not exclude Indian children. Most of the Pomo children began to attend the regular public schools with white children. Others were sent from the area to Indian boarding schools. Some never returned, but remained in the cities. Others drifted back to the rancherias and attempted to readjust themselves to Oak Valley.

As of 1940

In 1940, the climate and the contours of Oak Valley were the same as they had been a hundred years before. Nearly everything else was changed. The river which had once run dry through the summer now flowed throughout the year, for water had been diverted into it from another drainage system. The floor of the valley no longer was covered with brush or spreading oak trees. Instead it was marked by the criss-cross of roads beside which stretched hop fields and pear and prune orchards. On the low foothills rising from the valley floor, the slopes were covered with the vines which supplied grapes to the wineries of the valley. Everywhere were substantial ranch houses, and toward the north of the valley lay a town of about four thousand whites, a few Chinese, and a few Negroes. Nearby was a small farm colony of Japanese. Elsewhere in the valley were two small villages of whites.

The two hundred or so Pomo residents in the valley lived largely on three rancherias. Two of these were perched on the hills at the edge of the valley somewhat hidden from the world. Chiptown Rancheria, however, lay close to the highway and to Oak City itself. A few Pomo lived on ranches owned by whites, though they still kept up some contact with one of the rancherias and were regarded as affiliated with it. No Pomo lived beyond the immediate reach of the whites--by car it was perhaps half-an-hour's drive to the most distant rancheria.

They were also connected to the whites by less visible bonds. All Pomo were dependent upon the white economy for their living. As in the years of the depression, many received funds through some relief agency. Most of the men were employed by the W.P.A. for at least part of the year. The old received old age pensions from the state, and those who were blind received additional funds. There was aid to dependent children, surplus commodities, etc. Although the routes might be somewhat devious, there was probably not a Pomo in the area who did not in some way receive assistance from these sources. In addition, they had access to funds from the Indian Service. Most took advantage of the free medical service provided, although they also used their own Indian doctors and some of them also visited non-government doctors in Oak City. Many sent their children to Indian Service boarding schools. On government rancherias, there had been grants for the building of houses. Sophie Martinez was one whose house had been financed by the government.

They were not completely dependent upon government aid. The jobs available to them were principally in field work and this was seasonal. The most important working season was that of August and September when the whole family might work picking first pears, then hops, and then prunes or grapes. But the Pomo no longer had a monopoly on these jobs. Since the

early depression years they had had to compete with white migratory workers. More recently even the Oak Valley whites had become willing to work in the fields. The hop picking season and the other seasons had been shortened by this influx of workers since the fields could now be cleared more rapidly with many hands. This fact alone had reduced Pomo income, for they could count on only a few days of work each year. The presence of many workers also had enabled the ranchers to cut wages. All Pomo seemed aware that harvesting no longer payed them as it had in former years. On the other hand, the presence of numerous white campers was felt along the river banks where formerly the Pomo had camped alone. The ranch owners were now required by law to provide workers with tents, stoves, fuel, and drinkable water.

The Pomo benefited by these rules, as did the whites, but summer camping had been cut to a minimum and many remained on the rancherias and commuted daily to the fields. This had become possible with the construction of permanent water supplies on the rancherias and with the prevalence of cars.

The old methods of making a living had vanished completely. In the fall, women gathered a few acorns from the yards of Oak City or the yards around the ranch houses, where oak trees still grew. Otherwise the oaks and the seed plants and bulbs had vanished before cultivation or were ignored by women who preferred to buy food from the stores. Occasionally parties went to the coast for sea food, but this was rare. There were still deer in the foothills, but these were seldom hunted. With the exception of basketry and bead-making, the old crafts had vanished. Women still made baskets in the winter-time, although many would not be bothered with the work since with the depression prices were poor. It was then direct wage work or government allowances which supported most of the Pomo.

What the average income per family was at this period is hard to say. But living standards were low. One family envied by other Pomo for its wealth had a monthly income of seventy five dollars. The household consisted of only the wage earner and his wife, but much of their income went to their three adult children or to other relatives.

The material equipment of the Pomo in 1940 was probably rather comparable to that of whites of an equal income level. Most Pomo inhabited small frame houses. Some were kept neatly in repair, and swept and ordered. Others were old shacks which seemed to crumble about their occupants and fall to pieces without attention. The houses were furnished with tables, chairs, beds, stoves, pots and pans. Commonly there were sewing machines, and one family has a gasoline motored washing machine. Many families had battery radios to which they listened faithfully. However, in most houses there were still baskets to be seen, and sometimes standing near the house were leaching stands for the preparation of acorn meal, and nearby might be located an earth oven.

for making acorn bread. Most families had stores of white money beads. Some also had dancing equipment hanging from the walls or stored away in trunks or suitcases.

It is rather difficult to judge the degree to which the Pomo were being assimilated. Two organizations, the Roman Catholic church and the Indian Service, concerned themselves directly with Pomo welfare, but otherwise contacts with whites seemed to be slight. Practically every Pomo in the area was a Catholic at least by profession. The church maintained missions for them, and the sisters and priest from Oak City made special efforts to keep the Pomo within the ranks of the church. In return the Pomo were at least baptised and buried by the priest. Marriages were not likely to be thus formalized. Marriage and divorce were on the whole regarded as the private affair of the individuals concerned, rather than occasions for the interference of either state or church. Even the families of the couple were rarely consulted, and only occasionally did wedding exchanges in the old manner take place. The priest and the sisters lectured the Pomo on this as on other subjects but without much effect.

The Indian Service was willing to recognize any union that the Pomo regarded as a union, any divorce, that the Pomo regarded as a divorce. In 1940 its chief attempt at compulsion was the attempt to check the sale of liquor to the Indians. For this purpose the Indian Service employed one of the Oak Valley Pomo as a policeman to check on the violation of the liquor laws. Otherwise its chief concern lay in helping the Pomo economically and medically. An Indian Service doctor and nurse were stationed in the area. The nurse spent part of her time attempting to teach health practices and had organized classes among the women for this purpose. She was also active in organizing a woman's club which was attempting to improve conditions. The Indian Service also offered the Pomo legal aid, gave them help in education through loans for further schooling or the facilities of Indian boarding schools. It also operated an employment service in the San Francisco area through which many Pomo girls obtained jobs as houseworkers in the cities of the Bay region.

Other contacts with whites were of a different nature. In the fields Pomo worked for white ranchers and under white bosses. They camped beside white migrant workers along the river. They bought liquor from white bootleggers when they could and patronized stores run by whites in Oak City and in the villages. But the Pomo were segregated into a caste position. Almost without exception, they were hired only as field workers. Women who had been employed as maids in the San Francisco area were not acceptable servants in Oak City where only two women were employed--and this for laundry work and cleaning. Pomo were seated in only section of the local theater. They were not served in any restaurant in the town except for one run by a Chinese proprietor. In the stores, they declared they were waited upon only after the whites were served. Women were not accepted as customers at the beauty

parlors, and patronized shops some sixty miles away. Pomo were not admitted to the local hospital as patients. On the streets, they were not greeted by many whites, even by those who might have gone to school with them or known them for many years. In the churches, they were not welcome, and many refused to attend the Catholic church in town for this reason. In the schools, the children refused to play together. In high school, Pomo children were usually left out of the social life of the high school students. The Pomo were quite aware of the segregation and resented it.

For entertainment, they were partially dependent upon the whites. Most of them attended the motion pictures in Oak City. They listened to radios and read comic books. Since every Pomo in the area spoke English these avenues into the white world were open to them. Many, however, centered their social lives largely around drinking parties which might continue days. These might include people from several rancherias. Organized social life was largely in the hands of the woman's club whose membership at one time included most of the Pomo women of the area. The club held meetings on the rancherias and organized an exhibition on Pomo aboriginal culture which was shown to the whites of the area. This exhibition and the response of the whites was a source of pride to all members. The club also sponsored dances to which most Pomo, both old and young, came. Occasionally a white man would put in his appearance; more commonly Filipino men from Tripton County attended, to the disgust of many Pomo who had strongly developed racial prejudices themselves. But the Pomo were overwhelmingly in the majority at these dances. Part of the evening would be spent with old fashioned reels and square dances which the older Pomo had learned on the early reservations and which had been a part of Pomo life ever since. There was also jitterbugging and other dances for the younger people. And always there were those who sat and watched and laughed from the sidelines. Although the dances were held to provide good "wholesome" entertainment for the young people, many stayed outside in parked cars preferring to drink rather than dance the night away.

Very occasionally there might be a "Pomo" dance which drew Pomo from the whole of Pomo territory. In Tripton County, dances were fairly frequent, and many Oak Valley Pomo went to the dances there if they could find a ride. In Oak Valley, such dances were rare. During 1939, 1940, and 1941, only three dances were held in Oak Valley. All three were held on the same rancheria, and were sponsored by the same family. The singer and some of the other dance officers had to be imported from Tripton County or Vineland for the occasion, because no singers now lived in Oak Valley. Yet, these dances were important occasions for the Pomo. They were held in connection with a curing performed by a dream doctor who said that the dance must be given before the cure would be complete. Those who knew how to dance were asked by those sponsoring the affair to come and help. Those who knew how to dance and had the dancing costume, like Sophie Martinez, recognized their obligation to help. Those who did not dance attended as spectators during

the four nights of the dancing and watched and passed judgement on whether the ritual was being properly carried out. On the fifth day, a feast was provided for dancers and spectators. The food provided ran largely to stews, cakes and pies, but acorn mush, acorn bread, and pinole might also appear on the table.

These were the only large scale rituals which stemmed in any way from Pomo culture, save for the funeral rites. The dead were buried in regular graveyards connected with the rancherias, and part of the care of the dead was in the hands of undertakers of Oak City and part of the burial service was in the hands of the Catholic priest. However, before the priest arrived for the funeral, the women gathered about the coffin and carried out the old ceremonial wailing while the men sat quietly watching. The coffin was opened and baskets, beads, and lengths of dress goods and blankets were laid upon the body for burial with it. After the burial, there was a property exchange, and the Pomo recognized their obligation to attend funerals and bring gifts to the surviving relatives, just as the relatives recognized that they must return the gifts with an equal value. Afterwards close relatives continued to mourn, and at intervals women relatives might be heard wailing.

The disappearance of public rituals was not echoed by a disappearance of private rituals. Curing rituals were frequent, but involved only "doctor", patient, and a few close relatives. The few outfit doctors who still survived in 1940 no longer practised since they regarded themselves as too old to remember their rituals properly. If a patient needed an outfit doctor, one might be imported from Tripton County, but people commonly consulted dream doctors resident in Oak Valley. These were all women. Three of them lived at Brushville. Other individuals, who were not known as doctors, had songs and ritual knowledge to be used as a protection against disease or in curing. A few women knew the songs used to ease childbirth; a Manzanita woman knew songs to counteract the effect of breaking menstrual taboos and prevent illness. These curing rites were used along with holy water obtained from the priest, with the professional care of white doctors, and with the information printed in doctor books or taught to girls in the nursing course in government schools.

Illnesses were still attributed to the breaking of taboos and to the effects of "poisoning." Although many of the old menstrual taboos were no longer observed, most people had settled upon a few which they regarded as important. Women now often cooked during their periods, especially since with small one-family dwellings they were often the only woman available to cook. But they refused to make bread or cook the old Pomo foods. They were willing to eat meat purchased in the town, but would refuse to eat deer or rabbit meat. Most of them feared to approach swampy areas or rivers while they were menstruating. During 1939-41, a girl with several years of nursing training at a government school was treated by a dream doctor for a "scare" illness acquired

when she broke a taboo. Another girl who had graduated from the local high school and was planning to go away to business school was being cured of a serious illness which she and many Pomo thought the direct result of going swimming when she was menstruating. Boys in their late teens said that they would never go hunting during their wives' periods.

The White doctors treated the Pomo for tuberculosis, trachoma, venereal and other diseases. The dream doctors treated them for the same illness but attempted to counteract the effect of broken taboos or the malevolent poisoning of some enemy. This poisoning was not attributed only to old methods of sorcery. The Pomo said that they had discovered a more powerful method of poisoning based on the addition of battery acid to the victim's wine. Against this neither white doctor nor dream doctor could work a successful cure.

Political and social controls were relatively weak in 1940, probably more so than they had ever been. The government owned rancherias had voted to accept the Indian Reorganization act, but they had never organized themselves into a community government. Occasionally, under stress, the people of the rancheria might sign a petition asking the Indian Service to perform some job or eject a disturbing person from the rancheria, but otherwise one heard little of concerted action. Manzanita, which was still owned by Pomo themselves, held rancheria meetings at which all might speak, but did not carry out other community actions probably due to several well entrenched feuds which had rent the rancheria. No political organization included all Pomo groups-- they were as independent of each other as they had ever been. Rancherias lacked recognized leaders such as the old chiefs or captains whose position was acknowledged by their right to speak for their people as well as lecture them publicly, but a few men were leaders in that their advice might be sought in an emergency. The only Pomo who had any official position was employed by the Indian Service as a police authority. This had undermined the informal leadership he had formerly exercised over Oak Valley Pomo.

Extended family organization was largely a thing of the past. Marriages between people of different rancherias was common, and young couples moved back and forth from one rancheria to another, and often broke off the marriage after a few months or years and remarried. Kinship ties did ensure some stable background for children and older people too. When a marriage broke up, a man or woman could count upon finding refuge with his relatives. Children commonly remained with the mother's parents or other relatives. The relatives, however, had little control over the young, who could move off at a moment's notice to the cities of California.

With the disappearance of the old professions, boys and young men no longer needed to court the favor of their older relatives who might be interested in training them as their successors. The disappearance of the

division of labor based on the old crafts meant also the collapse of the reciprocal dependence of men and women, of family members upon each other, and of one segment of the community upon another. Instead each one might now earn his own living and spend his money in his own way. The only controls left to the community lay in the possibility that those who created too much disturbance would be turned over to white authorities; in the biting, whispering gossip in which the community excelled; in the threats of personal violence which quite frequently materialized in beatings and knifings; and in the fear of poisoning.

Probably the possibility of "poisoning" was a major factor in ensuring that people did not trespass upon one another's rights. The fear of it, however, locked each small family off by itself. There was little visiting back and forth among neighbors on the rancherias. The Pomo feared and suspected both other Pomo and most whites, but they feared other Pomos most.

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LIFE HISTORY OF SOPHIE MARTINEZ

In 1939, 1940, and 1941, Sophie Martinez was living in a shack on the Brushville Rancheria in Oak Valley. At that time her family consisted of herself, her daughter, and her granddaughter. In a neighboring house lived her mother and step-father, Mable and Tim Brown. The latter were two of the oldest Pomo in the area and were practically senile. Tim Brown died in the winter of 1940, and thereafter Mrs. Martinez cared for her mother in her own home.

Mrs. Martinez was in her late sixties, and rather perturbed because she had been unable to satisfy the State officials that she was old enough to receive the pension given to all over sixty five. She was not strong, since she had not entirely recovered from the effects of an operation, but, despite the fact that she made weekly visits to the Indian Service doctor stationed in the area, she was able to walk seven miles and more into Oak City, to pick hops in the broiling sun, and to dance all night when Indian dances were held. Her eyesight was failing, so that she no longer could make baskets during the winter as she had once done, but she could still see well enough to enjoy the moving pictures in Oak City.

She seemed on good terms with her family--her step-father spoke of her affectionately and said that he regarded her as his daughter. Her mother said that she helped the family financially since she was sorry for her daughter who had such a hard time. Her young granddaughter was her closest companion, and although in 1941 there may have been some estrangement due to the child's rapid maturing, the relationship between them was always very close and very affectionate. Mrs. Martinez was somewhat estranged from her daughter, the child's mother, who was regarded by other Pomo as one of the "wildest" of the young women in the valley. However, the daughter, Bernice Martinez, lived with her mother and the two seemed on friendly terms whenever they were seen together.

By other Pomo, Mrs. Martinez was probably well liked. In the first two summers, I gained the impression that she was on good terms with all of her neighbors on Brushville Rancheria, with most of whom she was distantly related. In 1941, Ruth Post attempted to attack her one night with a piece of firewood, declaring that Mrs. Martinez was attempting to attack her husband. Neighbors at Brushville, who heard the attack and came to the rescue, regarded Ruth Post as a trouble-maker and said that her accusations had no foundation. Other Pomo in the valley spoke of Mrs. Martinez with respect. I should say that in their opinion she was a good, quiet woman who caused no trouble and did her best to take care of her family and fulfill her responsibilities. In addition, she was respected as a good dancer. Those few whites who knew her liked her and spoke of her with affection. The Indian Service doctor said that she was a "fine woman" with "a certain sweetness about her."

I myself liked and respected her. She was a motherly person with a love of all small things: babies, birds, and animals. Although her life was not an easy one, she did not indulge in self-pity nor would she enlarge upon her private family affairs. She gossiped neither about her own family nor about other people, and I never heard her say a really unkind thing about anyone with whom she was then in contact. Despite this, she had a hearty sense of humor and could laugh readily and heartily over the things that caught her fancy.

Some biographical information dealing with Mrs. Martinez was obtained from her mother and step-father. This deals largely with her infancy, and is therefore inserted here.

Birth and Infancy

Mable Brown, Mrs. Martinez' mother, said that Sophie Martinez was born when she and her family were on the Round Valley Reservation, some sixty miles north of their present home. A few years before all of the Pomo had been rounded up and removed to the reserve. Mable Brown was one of those captured at this time. At that time she was living with her first husband, Tom Hill, a Pomo from the same band as herself. Sophie Martinez was probably their first child, although Mrs. Brown contradicted herself on this point frequently. Once she said that her first child was a girl who was born during her second stay at the reserve. Tim Brown, her present husband, identified this child as Sophie and said that Sophie was Mrs. Brown's first child. A week later, Mrs. Brown said, "I had two babies before Sophie. They were boys and they died. My children always die; I don't know why. The first baby was a big boy when he died." The same day she said that she had only one child, a girl, by her first husband.

According to Mrs. Brown, Sophie was born in a big barn-like building on the reservation. Mrs. Brown was staying with her own people at the time. Before the birth of the child, she hoped for a girl, "Because maybe a girl would want to stay with one good." During her pregnancy some woman who looked after her made a big fire by which she lay so that she would "not get cold." (1) She was very ill when the child was born, but after the birth she fell asleep immediately. The people caring for her made a hole in which coals were placed. These were covered over carefully and a bed made on which Mrs. Brown lay for four or five days. During this time she drank warm water constantly. This was to prevent her from "getting cold in the stomach." The baby was washed frequently in warm water. (2)

Soon the child was placed in the regulation baby basket. Mrs. Brown said, "I didn't bother too much. I let her sleep. If she didn't cry too much, I didn't bother. Babies like that. I didn't do anything--just watched her." Tim Brown added, "When it cried, just give him suck. That's all."

Most of the time the child stayed in its basket, though Mrs. Brown said that she took her out when she cried. At night, the child slept in the basket. In addition to nursing her, Mrs. Brown fed her ordinary acorn mush and buck-eye mush; but she was unable to estimate the age at which these supplementary feedings were begun. Weaning may have been sudden, for Mrs. Brown once told Abra Lloyd, a member of the Laboratory, that Sophie was taken by her father's mother before she was weaned. This woman had no daughters and wanted the child, "so I let her take it." This statement was never confirmed: Sophie herself denied it and Mrs. Brown denied it in later interviews.

Sophie was given two Indian names: one by her father's family and one by her mother's family. (3) The name "Sophie" was also given to her at this time by one of the Round Valley agents.

During Sophie's infancy, the family continued to live at Round Valley though Mrs. Brown said that she was constantly in fear of the Indians from other tribes who were on the same reservation. "I was afraid they might kill me. They were wild Indians. They looked like wild Indians." She also complained that they had little to eat and were hungry most of the time. When Sophie was a few years old, the whole family escaped from the reservation and succeeded in remaining at large. "I ran off in the night and came back to Tanner Valley. We walked. I had no baby then--only Sophie. I was with some old people. They were all women except for Tom Hill and his step-father."

Immediately after their escape, Hill left Mable. "Tom Hill left me and got another woman. That's the way the Indians do it. He left me and got another woman." (4) Mable took Sophie then and went to live with her own father and step-mother. Then she began to live with Tim Brown whom she had met at Round Valley. Brown said, "The girl was about six or seven years old when I came to Round Valley. She couldn't talk much then." For a few years the family lived on the McCreanor ranch where Tim Brown worked for a white man who "liked Indians." Brown seems to have been fond of the child and to have treated her more or less as his own. Once he said, "Now all my children are dead. Step-daughter is all I got. I call her my girl too."

Mable and Tim Brown had a number of children, although they disagreed as to the number. All died young--the oldest living only until he was in his late teens. Mrs. Brown said, "All of my children died except just that one I have left. Maybe somebody poisoned them. That's the reason my children always die." (5)

Childhood

My mother said that when she was little she stayed with a white man and woman, and the white woman taught her everything. They're all dead now. The woman told her to wash clothes, and she didn't know anything about it. She

didn't know what the woman was telling her. She didn't understand the language. So the white woman took her hand and put it in the water. She did that way the first time my mother said. The woman had children and they knew her, my mother. When she went away, they cried for her. The people were good to her, she said. She lived there in the house and slept there. They gave her a good bed, she said. (6) She started staying with them because my grandfather was staying there with those white people. That was in Tanner Valley. They're all gone now. She liked staying with them, she said. She felt as though that white woman was just like her mother.

Then she married, and after a while she went away from there. She married my father. (How was that?) She wanted to marry him, I think. She stayed on at the same place for a while, and they built a house for them. The white people with whom they stayed did that. And both of them worked for the white people. She worked washing and watching the children, she said. They stayed there about four years, about five years, she said. They had no children at that time yet. They were young yet that time. The white woman didn't want her to go away, she said, but finally they went anyway. They went to the rancheria way up there in Coyote Valley. And they stayed there for awhile. They had relatives there and they stayed with them.

Then the white fellows took the Indians up to the Round Valley Reservation. We call that place machahai. Then the Indians would run back from the reservation, and they would take them back. They took them by force, I think. My mother says they stayed there for four years. I never remember anything about that. My mother says they went to school up there, but they never learned anything. My mother told me about that. I don't know anything about it.

Early Memories: When I know something for the first time, I had a dog. That was in Round Valley. That's all I know in Round Valley. I called him simi. It's just a name. It was a she dog. I don't know how I got it, but my mother says I was crying for it all day long: crying, crying, all the time. And some white men stole that dog. They stole it from me. And I cried all night, and my father got that dog. But they didn't want to give it up. It was family-way already, and that's why those white fellows took it. We never got it back again. I called my grandfather simi, and my grandmother simi too. All the people I called simi that way. (7)

We stayed in three houses that we had there. In the other houses someone else stayed, and we had one house. That's all I know. I don't know where we were, but my mother says that we were staying in Round Valley. I can't remember that place. That's where I was born, but I can't remember that.

(What is the first thing you can remember about your mother?) I never see my mother tit me. Maybe when I was young she make me quit. I don't know. I don't know what to say. I can't remember what my mother. (8)

After about four years, we came to Oak City, my mother said. That time they hadn't built the courthouse or the jail yet, she said. First we stayed in Jones Valley, my mother said. That was a rancheria a long time ago, but they're all gone now. We stayed with him that time. And that place my father left my mother, she said. I don't know. That time I don't know anything. But that time he was looking for another woman, she said. And that place he left her. He was crazy for another woman. That woman had a man, but they were crazy for each other.

(Did they talk together after they separated?) No, I don't think so. They never talked together. They don't like each other, I guess. They hate each other because they had different man and woman. They don't want to talk to each other. They divorced in Oak City. My mother divorced my father. That time Blodgett was living yet. That's why they divorce in Ukiah. Blodgett did that for my mother. He know it. (9)

(Did your mother talk to you about your father?) She told me about what he do to her. He leave her. She stay there at his home, but he leave her there and go to the other woman. "That the way he is," she said. My mother said he was going to look for the other woman and I was crying for him, she said. And she told me, "What you want to cry for him? He got the other woman already," she told me she said. She whipped me that time. I guess because I cry for him. And my father see it, and he whipped my mother too. I don't remember that. I was little, little. Just walk around that time, she said. She was--my father whip my mother; and she said she tell somebody, "I'm going to go away from here!" She told the other man, the other woman. They said, "No! No! You can't go away." The old man and woman said that to her. "don't go! Stay with us. Stay with us for a while," she said they said. She said, "This girl crying for her father. That's why I want to go away from here. I don't want to stay here looking for him all the time," she said. (q). She said that to that one called Captain Sam. (q). That was my father's uncle, I guess.

My mother stayed there about a week, I think; and same rancheria my father getting a woman. Same rancheria! And my father said to my mother, "You steal my thread! You steal my needle! You steal my everything! Soap! Everything!" And he take that soap over to the other woman. That's why he said that. And she said to him, "You do that! I never do nothing. You steal that from me, and you give that to the other woman: your soap, that thread, that needle!" That's the way my father talked to her, she said. I don't know.

And that time my mother went to Tanner Valley, I think. Her relation stay there, and she go there. She stay there all the time, home now. She stay home now. (10)

Relationships with people: (q). I slept with my mother when I was little girl. When I was little baby, I slept with her, I think. When I knew something, I slept alone. She was married to Tim already that time. He's not my father, but I call him father. My father left me when I was young. But Tim was good to me, just like my father, and I liked him. I was young that time when she got him. I didn't talk yet. My father left me, and got another woman. And I always cried for him, she said. She didn't like that. That man left me, and he got another woman. When I knew something, she had this old man already. I saw that old man, and I thought he was my father all the time. I was big already when I found out.

(q). My mother called me tidai. She would say that to me. She called me mata too. Tidai is just language. Mata means "woman", but not that way. In some different way, I think. (11) My father called me, "Baby." But I never said, "Papa" to him. Because he left me--that's why. White men never leave each other do they? My father left me and got another woman. That's why I didn't call him "Papa". Because he left me. His wife hated me too. She didn't like me. When he got something for me, she always got mad. She never said anything to me, but she would get angry all the time. If he bought something for me, she would get angry. I don't know why that was. She was unuu a Green Lake woman too. (12)

(Do you remember any other relatives living with you when you were young?) My mother's father lived in Chiptown. He was a short old fellow. I had other relations there too, my mother's sister and brother. They all dead now. My mother had two brothers and two sisters. They were her own brothers and sisters, I think. (q). I think they belonged to my mother's real mother. (13)

(Did you have any brothers or sisters?) I had four brothers and two sisters, I think. One was big already, a man already, when he died. I was big already when he was born, about thirty-five I think. (q). My mother never had any children before me, except me, she said. I was about sixteen years old when one of those boys was born. And I was seventeen, maybe nineteen, when the girl was born. And they died. They never knew us. They didn't know what day they were born--the Indians don't know that. That's how I don't know what year I was born. (14)

When my first brother was born, I didn't know that time how they get a baby. I was living over there with my mother that time that baby was born. My father got me after that. That was my brother. I was big already that time, about sixteen. We called that brother mit'i. That means brother. I called him my amt'i, my brother.

We had four rooms there, I think. We had a big house that time. That was this kind of house. I never saw the brush house. That was before me, I think. We all stayed there, my father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and my aunt and her man too. My mother had two children, two boys. Then my uncle and his wife lived there. That was all there was there.

(g). I slept with my aunt all the time. I had a bed, but I slept with her. (g). That was my mother's sister. She had a man, but he was working over some place in Jones Valley, I think. He was working for a white man chopping wood. He came home Saturday nights. Saturday nights he came home and stayed there with his woman. Then I slept in my bed. I slept with my aunt because I just wanted her, to be with her. I was afraid of the night time. I was just afraid of something. I was afraid of something so I lay with my aunt. I was small when I slept with her all the time. She told me things. She told me about the early days, some things about that. But I've forgotten it since I was young that time.

After awhile we moved to another rancheria called Boulder. My mother stayed there, and I stayed there awhile, and then I'd go with my grandmother. I stayed with my grandmother lots and with my mother's sister. She was better than my mother. I stayed with them lots because I liked them. (g). That was my mother's own sister. She's dead now. I stayed at Chiptown with her.

(How were the other people in your family?) Sometimes I fought with my grandmother. I would be angry. Sometimes she whipped me. (15) (g). She was a mean old lady. She was just mean. She took a rope to her man, they claim. I stayed with her sometimes. I called her a?mina. Sometimes I stayed with my grandmother, and sometimes I stayed with my mother. My father had a different woman, and my mother had a different man. That was why I stayed in two places. I went to both places all the time. I just went from one to the other.

My mother whipped me once. I was going to school. She didn't want me to because she thought I was going to see my father. He had another woman already, and she didn't want me to go there to him. That's why she whipped me. I was going to school, but she thought I was going to my father and she didn't like that. We were at Chiptown then. She followed me and kicked me. She was married to Tim already then: she was staying with him. I cried about it. That's all. I never did anything. I was little that time. I never went to school after that. I wanted to later, but I had a baby already. They built the school house there, but I couldn't go. That was when the Sisters came and built a school house for the Indians. (16) But I had a baby already and that's why I never went to school. (g). Those were Jack Young's children. I was living with him there the time they built the school house.

(When did you begin to live with your father?) He got me when I was big, my father did. And he took me home. I didn't know him, but he took me home anyhow. That time they still live in Tanner Valley. I was crying all the time. I was crying. I didn't like it. That was why I was crying all the time. Now my father is dead. Afterwards I stayed with him and his wife. And I stayed with my mother too. I would go away from there and stay with her.

My father wanted me, and he got me when I didn't know him the first time. I didn't know him, but he got me. He took me home to their house. That was in Tanner Valley. I didn't know him that time. He had no other children; he had just me alone. My mother had no children that time yet, but he asked her for me and she told him to get me. That's how he took me. He took me home. I didn't know him, and I was crying and crying and crying all the time. He had a Green Lake woman that time. (g). That was a different woman than he got when he left my mother. She had had a man too, but she left him. He got a different woman. She was good to me.

I never called him "Father." I never called him "Father." I called him "Tom" all the time. Tom Hill. His name was Tom Hill. I stayed there with them. I wanted to run off and I cried, but they watched me closely. I was small, but I wanted to run off. I hated my mother for that all the time. I hated her because she told him to get me. (g). I don't know why she told him that. Maybe she didn't want to keep me. Maybe she didn't want to watch me so she gave me away.

We stayed up there a long time, I think. It was about three or four years, I think. I can't remember how long it was. I slept with my grandmother when I stayed up there. I can never remember that house. I can never remember how big it was or what it was like. My mother had stayed there too, but then she married this old man, and she stayed with him there at this place all the time. But she was a Tanner Valley woman too.

(Tell me about the time you saw your father's new woman?) She was good that time. He brought her up there. That time she was good. We were someplace way up there where we stop. That wasn't the woman he got when he left me first time. I don't think that way--I don't know who left me, my mother or him. (17)

That was the time he was going to Green Lake all the time. We don't know what he do. Long time he stayed there. It was a month, I think. He stayed with her. They said an Indian told my grandmother that he was married in Green Lake. I never heard that, but my grandmother told me about it. "Somebody told me your father got married to a Green Lake woman," she said. "Eh, eh," I said. They stayed about one month there before they came. Our relation stayed in Green Lake--my grandfather's relations. They're all gone now.

That woman had a boy that time, and she brought him too. He was younger than me, I guess. They claim that way. He's my brother. He calls me "sister" all the time. We was together all the time. That's why he call me "sister", and I say "my brother" to him. Her man died too, that woman's man. That was why she got the boy. Drown, I guess--his father. That's what they said. I don't know. Lots of people drown there that time in the water. She was stay alone that time my father came there, and he tried to get her. He brought her home.

The first time, she never know how to cook, my grandmother said. She didn't know how to make bread, and the old lady had to cook all the time. She did something else, and my grandmother cooked. My grandmother teach her how to make bread. And she learn to cook, she cook bread and everything; and my grandmother sit there looking.

She stayed with us all the time. Sometimes she was mean, but my grandmother say nothing to her. So my father stayed good home, she said. And that way we stayed. Sometimes she feel good, then she good. Sometimes she feel good, then she good. Sometime she feel mad, then she no good. She good cook, and she good everyhting. But she mad, she don't talk good. I never said nothing to her. I was afraid. I never talked to her, but sometimes I talked to her when she was good. Sometimes she made my dress too when she feel good, I think. (g). I never come to her when she got mad. My grandmother said not to come to her when she got mad, so I go some place and play there. My father never said nothing. He like her. He never said nothing to her. He see the woman too mean, too mean, but he wanted it. She was mean to me. (g). She never did nothing to me, but she always got mad when my father buy something for me. That's the way she was.

That time we stayed up there north of Oak City. My father had a bit of land there. We all stayed together: my grandmother, my grandpa, my father, and his two brothers. They were big men already. They got no children, but they had women. And my father's woman too.

Fourth of July, we come to Harry Crosby's place to pick hops there. Lots of people there that time, hop picking time: Sandy Point people, Vineland people. We moved down there. Crosby got us and took us down to the hop fields, and we stayed there. "They going to pick hops," he said, and he got us. So we moved away from home, all of us.

My father's wife tried to get a baby that time. Some of them who want a baby would catch a bull snake. They catch it alive and put it around the woman's waist. I couldn't stand that bull snake around my body, but I saw them do that. She was crying and afraid of the bull snake. My grandfather did that. He caught a big bull snake, but she never got a baby from that. She went to that rock, that baby rock. Three women went down there. And

she got baby that time. (q). No, I don't go with them. They was working hops way down there, and they stayed there. I was staying with my grandmother that time. (q). They tell me about it. That time one girl--she had no man, but she went there. They said everything they doing, she do too. She got no man, but she go to the rock too. And when she married, she got all girls. She was liking baby, I guess. (18)

My father's wife got a baby that time. And they fight each other too, my father and that woman. I don't know why. They get mad, I guess. That baby died. I think that was already lady now--maybe she have baby already, ain't it? She not live long. Maybe they do something when she get that baby--that's why it died quick.

I don't remember when that baby was born. I picked her up. My grandmother washed the baby. Some of the Indian women no doctor when they have baby. No white man doctor, but Indian doctor singing, singing, singing. I don't know what makes them sing. Slow, they say, them kind. They don't want nobody to hear them sing that, I guess. (19) My father was there. My grandmother asked him, "What makes that baby die quick?" "I don't know," he said. They were fighting, but he didn't want to tell her that. I guess maybe he shamed. (q). I don't know. He never whip her, but that time he whipped her. That's how the baby had something wrong. Before that he never whipped her when she got mad. I never see it. We never saw them fighting.

That baby never cry. Just "Ah, ah," she said. She never cried good. My grandmother said, "I think this baby not good," she said. But she watched that girl every day. I feel sorry for that girl when she died. Babies never die quick. (q). Sometimes I took care of it. She was one month old--she was a little bit know something already when she died. My father got a doctor that time she died. That was after twelve, the doctor said, the time she died. That was a white doctor he got. He said, "That baby no good." The doctor said that. "No good, I don't think she live long time," he said. That was over in Chiptown. That time we stayed there yet that time.

(Did your father like children?) Yes. Maybe he don't know children, I guess, but he liked children. He just had one girl. I was his first baby.

Illnesses: They say I was sick, some kind of sick, and my mother was holding me down. (20) Indian people get some kind of glass, and they cut. Cut right along the forehead. And blood comes out. I had that. "My head going bust, Mother," I said. "Can you cut me and blood come out?" She do that to me, and she cut and cut and cut. And she suck and suck. She do that, and it feel good. The bad blood comes out. Every old Indian man and woman do that.

I was sitting down already that day. And she told me, "Can I cut again?" "No, no, I afraid," I said. "This time it feel better," she said. "But you cut deep, and I afraid," I said. They cut just the skin and suck. About the next week, "Do it again," I said to my mother. I was afraid. She said, "But it feel better now?" "Yes, I feel better. My head hurt," I said. That's how I got no good head. Think nothing. Bad blood I got in my head. Indian doctor says I got no blood, but I had lots of blood. (21)

I was young that time--just young yet. Some kind of sick I had. And that time my uncle was doctoring me something. He was singing, singing, singing. And I don't know nothing. But he singing, and he was cooking something. I don't know what he got, but boil it and wash me in it. And I feel better in the morning. Some kind of sick I had that year. Not sucking doctor--oh, one old man did suck me. He say to me, "You pretty near gone. If I never sucked, you die. You was gone already--die today." And he was cut me again right here on the forehead. Gee, I was crying. The man cut me, and I was crying. "You cut me, Mother," I said. "I'm afraid you (the doctor) might cut too deep." "No, no!" he said, "I not cut you deep. I know," he said. And he sucked the blood out, and he sucked me, sucked me on the forehead. He said, "You feel good tomorrow morning. You feel better tomorrow morning."

He was a good doctor, Indian doctor, sucking doctor. He was good, but he suck. He bite with his teeth. They never bite with the teeth, sucking doctors. And next day he come again. "How do you feel?" he said. "Girl, how do you feel this morning?" "I feel better, better than yesterday," I say. "Going cut again," he say. "No," I say. "I'm afraid." Sore yet the bone in here. That was why I afraid. "No, grandfather," I say. "I,m afraid." Soon as that, I feel better. Now I walk around. He was a good doctor. That was this old man died' uncle. (22) I call him father, that old man died. And my mother paid him beads for doctoring me. (g). She says about fifteen dollars worth of beads she give to him. After that I was already feeling good. I was already well. We stay home all the time. My old people stayed home. That's all I know it.

(g). Once when I was little, I pretty nearly died. (23) I had measles, I think. Lots of children there got them. All of my grandfather's children got it. They were my mother's father's brother's children. Everybody had it. They say that it used to be that when they got that kind of sickness everybody died. There wasn't any doctor then. There weren't any doctors at that time yet, I think. They made me drink sheep shit. I drank it. They say that that's good for that sickness. My grandfather got it and boiled it. Then we drank it. That made me better. My uncle was doctoring me with some kind of Indian doctoring. He called it doctoring the sickness we call dici dita, "fever sick." He doctored me by singing. He sang--he

was that kind of a doctor. (24) He used a fire-stick too. He made a fire and took the stick and moved it about my body. I had lots of fever. I don't know why we all got sick. I was little then and staying at home. My grandfather--my mother's father--was living then. He was in Chiptown, and he stayed with my mother and me. I stayed in bed, and he doctored me for four days and nights. Night time is the time when they doctor for that sickness. After that we were all well. We had good luck. They say Indians have no medicine for that kind of sickness.

(Who took care of you that time?) My mother took care of me, I think. My mother took care of me when I was little--my mother and my aunt. Tim was working for a white man, but they were living in Chiptown.

Another time when I was little I had whooping cough. That's diwikilu, coyote cough. My grandmother took care of me then. She made me drink sheep shit. They boiled it and made me drink it. They say that's good for that. And my uncle doctored me too. He was living at that time yet, and he doctored me. That's how I got cured. He was singing, and he cured me. There were lots of children there that time, and they were all sick.

Fears: (Did you ever dream?) Sometimes I had dreams, but I can't tell about them. I've forgotten them. (25) Before I got up, I forgot it. I would talk in the night, my aunt said, talking loud when I was asleep sometimes. I slept with my aunt then. I would speak to something. "What do you dream about?" she said to me, "When you talk loud?" I said, "I just forgot it." Sometimes I cried, she said. She asked me what I was dreaming about. I never told her. I didn't know. Sometimes I didn't know. "I don't know it," I said. I really don't know what I dream. I always talked loud when I was dreaming something, they say. I dreamed that somebody was coming to me, and I was talking loud. Somebody was sneaking around behind the house. Somebody was sneaking around the house. "Don't you fellows ever see it?" I said. "No, we never see it!" they said. They were trying to do something to us, I think. So I was afraid. I saw two men running behind the house. That's why I was talking loud. I was afraid of those two men running. I told my aunt about it. She said she didn't know. "Somebody might sneak around. Some men might sneak around behind the house. We are asleep and don't see it," she said. I thought they were going to kill us, and that's why I was afraid that time. (26)

(Do you remember hearing an owl when you were a child?) My grandfather told me--He said, "An owl takes the children." He said that so I would go to sleep. "Sleep! Owl going to take you." So I sleep, afraid. (g). We was there north of Oak City, I think. We stayed there about five years, I think. My father had a bit of land there. I stayed with my father then. My mother had a different man then, and my father had a different woman too.

Sometimes I came to my mother.

One time he was--some children were crying. Some boy was crying, crying, crying. And my grandfather talked owl. We had a brush house that time. (27) They had a watermelon patch there and stayed there. And he talked owl. That night we heard lots of owls coming up where we stay. I never see that before. And that baby was crying. He stopped. He was scared of that owl. He said they were coming to that brush house. They look just like they talking, Indian talking. We can't sleep that night. I'm afraid and can't sleep that night. They stayed there a long time just like Indians talking. Toward morning they go someplace. That time I was asleep, I guess. And my grandpa tell me, "They go already. The owl gone already," he said. And I said, "Call again. Call that owl again." We was never sleep. That was why I say that. Nobody sleep that night. They're afraid. They never do nothing. Lots of people up there too, but they never shot at it. (g) I was sleeping with my father's mother. She push me down and held me on her arm. I afraid. She said, "Go ahead and sleep." She said to me, "Sleep! Sleep!"

Everybody was afraid of it. They came in the brush house. They do everything--destroy the fireplace. They do that way they say when owl coming in. My grandfather talked owl. That's why they get mad, they claim. That's what the Indians claim. He always do that kind, the old man. I don't know what kind of old man he is. He said, "Owl something." He told us, "Old Man Owl." (28) That was summer time, I think. That time everything coming ripe--corn ripe, melon ripe. We stayed there a long time. Then we go to picking hops in Oak Valley, I guess, that year.

Daily Life: When I was a little girl, I never did anything. I just felt lazy. But my mother would tell me to do something. She'd tell me to get water and everything like that. If I didn't, maybe she might whip me, I guess. She'd say to me, "Get water! Get wood!" (g). My mother never whipped me when I knew something. She never did anything to me. It was because I was alone, she said. I had no brothers and no sisters. I don't think anybody ever whipped me. I was afraid of somebody and good to everybody. That's why they never whipped me. They say they whipped children in the old days, but I never saw it.

I never think about when I was a little girl, so I don't know what to say. We had dolls and played. We made dolls from anything. We'd rock them and have a good time. We played rock house too. We'd put rocks together to build a house. We played "Baby" too. We'd make girl or boy, and then we'd play make children again. Sometimes we'd fix our hair in a pigtail. We called that "China Girl." Sometimes we played with some kind of flowers. We were playing all the time--we never did anything else except to sleep sometimes. We'd take the dolls and make them dance Indian dances. We played with flowers, making girls and boys. We made them with flowers and called them babies.

We played, and we rode babies, and we made babies. We played all the time. Sometimes we didn't even eat. It would rain hard, but we played anyhow. Sometimes we ate no supper. When it rained, we just played there and got wet. We had no shoes--nothing. And my mother would scold me when I got in because I was wet. "What are you getting wet for?" she said to me. Sometimes we played we built houses, some kind of play house, and we played there together. Sometimes we danced there. There would be men and boys singing for us. I was about fifteen then I think, and we played there all the time. We played there in the daytime and at night we went home to sleep. Then we played again.

When I was about the age of Elaine, I picked hops for the first time. (29) That was at the Post ranch. One time my grandfather and I got tired of picking, and we stopped. That was my mother's father. He found a bull snake and chased us with it. He chased me and all the other children. We were afraid and ran. I was picking hops that time. I didn't know how to count money, but I was picking anyhow. That was the first money I earned. I wanted to keep it, but my mother and they--I don't know what they did with it. Maybe they used it.

(Did you go swimming?) We went swimming, swimming, swimming all the time. We played around there. We lay in the sand sometimes and got hot, and then we swam again. Sometimes we swam in the river. Both boys and girls swimming together. My mother never said anything about it. All day long we swam. It felt good swimming. The first time I was in the water I was swimming all the time, and I learned that time. I was swimming alone that time. My mother took me the first time, I think. My mother did that, I think. (30) That was at Chiptown, old Chiptown. There were lots of people there in Chiptown--lots of people were there that time, but now they're gone. All the people I played with are dead now, I think, except for Lulu Smith. I played with her. She stays in Chiptown. Her mother was my father's aunt. She was younger, but we played together.

Sometimes we played the shinny-game, gapi?im. (31) That was in Chiptown, the old place. We took sticks and hit at the ball. We played that with the old women. There were four or five sometimes, playing on a side. We played with the boys too. I was about fifteen years old that time. I think it was a long time ago. It feels that way. We bet handkerchiefs sometimes. Sometimes we won. Tha's all we played all the time. Now everybody has quit playing.

Learning: (How did you learn to make baskets?) I was at Chiptown when I learned to make my first basket. I just looked on while somebody was making a basket. I just looked at it and watched. Then I started to make one. It was no good the first time. Then my mother showed me how. I made a one-stick basket first. That's the easiet kind. I kept it until that time when lots of white men were buying baskets. They came around after baskets and I

sold that one. Sometimes for my baskets I got ten and fifteen dollars. The feather baskets were higher--they're too much work to make. Sometimes my mother made baskets. I looked at them. It was hard to make baskets the first time. I learned how to fix willow. You scratch it with a knife to make it good and even. Everything has to be even for the basket. My mother showed me how to do that. She took a piece of glass and made the willow even. The design we just make so it looks good. Sometimes we make it again. One design I learned from a Green Lake woman--she made them good that kind. She was a Pleasant Valley woman. She stayed with us all the time. I didn't know how to make the three-stick baskets the first time. A Green Lake woman taught me all the time. She made good baskets. She was my aunt. (q). My father's brother's wife. That time I was thirty-nine. I never made any before that. Before that I made one-stick baskets. That kind is easy; three-stick baskets are hard to make. That's why when we start making baskets, we make the one-stick kind first.

Winter is a good time for making baskets. This time of year is no good. The roots dry, and they break easy. When a woman has month sick, she doesn't make baskets either. Just now they do everything. Used to be they never did that when they were month sick. They never made baskets. If they do that, they're going to see something, they say. (q). Sometimes snakes. I don't know what they call that snake, I don't know. The moon sick woman gets sick if she sees that something lying there. Indian people make them well by doctoring. Nowadays there is no Indian doctor. They're all dead now. They cured--those Indian doctors did. They sang and called for everything, and that sick girl would stand up when they were singing that. Some people stand there, and they sing. And she was cured already. (q). I never got sick that way. They tell me, "That's no good." That's why I never went out and never did anything when I was month sick. I stayed home (32)

Sometimes I made beads too. My grandmother used to make beads all the time. She told me to learn how to do it. "A good thing," she said. "Some-time somebody might like to buy beads." That's how I learned. I learned from my father's mother. She made all kinds of beads all the time. She lived in Chiptown. She died after my father did. My father was young yet when he died, but he got paralyzed and died. His arms and legs were paralyzed, and he couldn't talk. The doctors said he had what they called paralyzed, but the Indians said somebody poisoned him. Somebody got even, I guess. I was staying at Green Lake when he died. I stayed with Martinez then, and my father died in Oak City.

(How did you learn to dance?) We used to dance there at that place they called Grubville or Brushville. We had a sweat house, and we danced Indian dances there every night. When I learned to dance, I watched somebody who was a good dancer. And I learned by watching it. That's the way they do with

dancing. I learned to dance American dances too. My father always took me around when they were dancing, and he always made me dance. That's how I learned to do that. Sometimes I danced with my father. Sometimes I danced with other men.

I still dance. When a person asks us to dance, we have to dance. If we don't dance, we're going to be sick they claim. Just something make us sick--heart pains someplace. Indians cure that too. They doctor it. But not now. We have no doctor now. The singing doctor cured that. Something going to make me sick, they claim, if I don't dance. (q). I never was sick from that. Some women get sick from it. If they talk anyway, if they do anyway, they get sick. (33)

Adult Life

Experience with the Maru Cult: When I was about sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, they had all the dancing at Chiptown. (q). I don't remember if I'd had the moon sick yet at that time. Maybe I had. My grandfather got them to dance that time. That was my mother's father's brother, I think. I danced too. I danced the yeu?ke. I didn't know it, but I danced anyway. yeu?ke means "Moon Sick Dance." That was the only time we danced that.

They were dancing four days that time. That's the Indian rule. Everything in dancing is that way. They danced everything that time--all the old time dances. My uncle said they were to dance all those dances. He was a maru. He dreamed everything, and that's how he got to be maru. (34) He told us to dance and to have a big dinner. That's how we danced that time. They built the sweat house there too that same year. They danced the djaduwel that time. I was afraid first time I saw that. They say that everybody go naked, all naked, and put black on their bodies and white and black on their faces. They fix it like that. One man called it someplace--he was crying around "Ooh" someplace. They call that matutsi. They come in four times, about six of them. They were old men. That man call for that djaduwel. He get in the sweat house--all of them get in. They dance there, dancing four times. And they quit there. They go out running around by the fire going out. That's the way the djaduwel people do. Those old men never afraid of the fire. They eat fire too. Some of the djaduwel do that. (35)

(Who was the maru that time?) I think he was called Charlie Hill. He had stayed with a white man, and that's why they called him that. He was my mother's brother. He lived with us in the same house. He always used to tell stories, like the one about the rattlesnake. My mother's father and my mother's brother were there too, but they never told nothing. He was the only one to tell them. Maybe that's how he got to be maru, I think. He told everything. My grandfather never told me anything. He never talked. Just

sat there. Before that man became Matu, he was a bead-maker. When they played grass game, he always won all the time. He would win beads--a whole lot of good beads he won all the time. He was a lucky old man. (g). I don't know how he got luck. I don't know. He never showed it to me. That was why he won all the time playing the grass game. And he worked for white men. "Good white people," he said. But he never fought with white people, he said. It used to be every day the white men, Spanish men, would whip the Indian people, but they never whipped him, he said. Everybody was good to him. Nobody fought him. That's why he got old, old. He was old when he died.

My uncle was living at Chiptown when he had the first dream. (How did that happen?) I don't know. Maybe he saw something, and that was why he got that. That's the way they become maru. When they have a woman who is month-sick and they look around and see something, they become maru. His wife was month-sick that time. That's the way he got it. When he went to Green Lake to get fish, he saw something and got that way. They used to get fish at green Lake, and at Green Lake someplace he saw something. (36)

There is a big fish in the Blue Lake water. He saw it just like a fish lying there and moving. He saw it and was scared of it. We call that kind matikoi. (37) That is some kind of snake in the water. It's still in the water all the time. I don't know what white people call that. I've never seen it, but it lives in the water, they say. Nobody sees it except the maru. And it bothers the maru all the time. They say that at Blue Lake in that old time, that old time before our time, there were Indian boys. And they made that. Those boys made that thing. They were singing, singing, singing; and they were making some kind of feather basket with red feathers. They put it on the top of their heads, and they put a fish tail on it. Just like a fish they made it. Then they put marks on something on it, and they put it in the water. It was finished. They sang as they put it in the water. It floated around there, and they called it back again. "I want to tell you something. Come here!" one said. It came to him. He told it, "You don't want to bother anybody except moon-sick people. You bother them!" They told that to it. "Bother nobody! Be good to everybody!" they said, and put it back in the water again. That's why it never bothers anyone, they say. That's the story they tell about that.

That's the thing my uncle saw, but it was a small fish. It made itself that way, I think. Sometimes they see a deer or duck there instead, they say. They say that it stays on this side of the lake. That's why they're afraid of that water and never swim there. White people swim there and never come out, they say. Maybe matikoi takes them. When my uncle saw it, the small fish all came together and made a big fish. Someone threw a rock in and scared all the fish. That was after my uncle had been scared already. His grandfather was with him getting fish at Green Lake, and it was he who

threw the rock. He hadn't seen it. Only my uncle had seen it. That's the way it is with that kind; just one person sees it--no one else. That man just threw the rock. My uncle said, "What made you do that after I was scared by that fish?" And his grandfather said, "I ought not to have hit that fish if you were scared by it."

My uncle didn't know that his wife had the month-sick. After he went to Green Lake, she got it. Green Lake is no good, they claim. He shouldn't have gone there. That's why he got sick. For about two months, three month, he suffered. He told everything. He said he saw a fish there: "A big fish," he said. "I feared it," he said. He asked his wife, and she said, "I came after you left, and I'm so sorry." She told him that. (38)

I was there when he came home. He told us what happened. He had gone down to the water, he said, and a big fish made his sick. Then somebody was doctoring him there. That time there were lots of doctors yet. It was a singing doctor doctored him that time. The doctor made a fish and water, and he showed it to my uncle. My uncle just stood there. Everybody hold him, and he just stood there. He never moved, never breathed, just stood there. And the doctor was singing--making him breath. That's the way the Indians doctor. We call that sop?ka, "scare something." The doctoring made him well, and after he was well he became a maru. (39)

I can remember that. He never slept nighttimes. He was always singing. I was a young girl yet that time, but I remember it. He sang maru songs that something gave to him, he said. We had lots of beads then and he gave everybody beads that time. He said he was going to give a dance every day. They were the same kind of dances as before, but they called it maru. Something gave him the songs, he said. I've forgotten what he said, but he told us about it. Something gave him the maru, he said. Something bothered him all the time during the night. He never slept well--singing all the time.

When he was maru, he told us to be good to people, to be friends with people. "Be friends with the good people," he said. We were good to people at that time. And he told us there was going to be lots of wind, sometime, some day. There was going to be snow and rain. And he would go around singing all the time. "I'm going to kill you," my uncle told us the man said to him. That man said that just to him. No one else heard it. "If you don't dance, I'm going to kill you!" the man would say. He talked to my uncle all the time, and he told him to have the dances quickly. That's how the maru do things. He was afraid to die.

My uncle said that some kind of water was going to come in here. It was going to come in through here sometime. "Water is coming in!" he said. "Water is coming in!" That's what he said all the time. I heard him sometimes at night singing. He would be singing loud. He was getting crazy, or

something like that. When he got that, it made him crazy. "Water is coming in and going to drown everything," he said. "Do you see that water coming?" he said to us. We said, "There's no water there." He said, "Yes, there's no water now; but it's coming in, coming in. You'll see!" He told us, "When that comes in, everyone is going to drown." But we never saw the water. He was singing and singing, and that's how the water never came in, he said. That's why it never bothered us, he said. That was what he singing for. "I don't want the water to come, and that's why I sing. That's why the water doesn't come," he said. He said that everybody was going to drown, both whites and Indians. "I'm singing to stop that," he said.

And he told them to dance there that time. If they didn't dance, he would die, he said. Something, someone, would kill him, he said, if they didn't dance. So that time they had all the dances there at Chiptown.

My uncle was maru for a long time--until he died. When he died, he was a maru still. He dreamed about it all the time, he said. And about four times he had big dances of both the old time dances and the maru. He didn't know all the dances, but they wanted to dance them. (How did he get all the people to dance?) My grandfather was captain of that rancheria, and he told them all to dance. That was my mother's uncle. He had a white name, but I forgot it. He always talked for everybody in a good way, telling them the good way in the morning. When he talked, when he was telling something, you felt good. He walked around every house telling them in the good way. "Stay good, behave yourselves, my people," he said. He was that kind of man. And all the time he was talking for my uncle. He told him, "Good! Make good! Feel good!" (40)

Maturity: (Where were you living when you had your first month-sick?) I stayed in Chiptown with my mother that time. My mother was always telling me about that, but I didn't know it until I got it. That is sigaco. That means "moon-sick." (What did you do?) The first time I got that moon-sick, I cried. I didn't like it. I didn't like it, so I cried. I wondered about what made it that way. I didn't know that first time. I didn't want to do that again. I was scared.

(g). My uncle Tim was there then. He was still young that time yet. My two little brothers were there too that time. They were the only men. Tim and my uncle told me not to walk around and to stay home. The first time women get that way they stay home, they told me. So I stayed home.

I got it in the night time, I think. I was asleep, and I got that way. It was wet all over my thing. I looked there and it was all that blood. Wet! I was lying in wet! I thought, "That's not good." And I was crying because I saw that blood. I saw the blood, and that was why I was crying all night. My mother asked me what was the matter. And I said, "Oh! I'm

just crying." She said, "I thought you were sick." Then I told her, my mother. "I have blood in my thing," I said, "and that's why I'm crying." She said, "I think you have the month sick. That's why you have blood." I didn't know that. "I don't know, Mother," I said. She said, "That's the only thing that has blood in you. That's the only way you get blood in the thing. That's the only kind, the month sick. That's why I tell you all the time," she said. "That's all I'm telling you about all the time," she said. "Mother, I don't want that!" I said. "I don't want it, Mother!" And she said, "You can't help it! You can't help getting that way."

Then she watched me pretty closely. They told me not to walk around outside and to stay home, or I might see something. So I stayed home. For five days I stayed home so I wouldn't see anything. Indians claim if you have the month sick, you might see something bad. That was why I was afraid of that. After five days were over, they washed me. With angelica root, I think it was. I washed in the river, and she washed my dress. We wash with angelica root, and the month sick is gone. That's the way we do it. My mother told me what was going on. I was big that time--seventeen or eighteen years old, but I didn't know what to do. The old people watched me. My father's mother watched me closely that time. And I didn't eat meat or grease then. (41)

(Did they say anything to you that time?) They asked me if I'd ever gone with a man, but I hadn't gone with a man. I just did that. "have you gone with a man?" they asked. "No," I said. (42)

My grandmother told me about men that time. I said, "I don't know. I don't know what the man," I said. She told me how to do. She told me how the men treat women. "Some men are good; some men are no good. Some men are good men; some men leave a woman and get another woman. That's the way some men are," they said. "If you get a good man, stay with him good," she told me.

Early day people never thought about men even when they were big girls. I was that way. I was big, but I never thought of men. I was about seventeen or eighteen when I first got a man. But today every girl begins to think about getting men just as soon as she knows something. (43)

Marriage: I was about seventeen or eighteen when I first got a man. I didn't know him. He'd never bothered me; he'd never talked to me, but his relation--his sister--came to get me all the time. I'd seen him often, but I'd never talked to him. He came from Green Lake. His father was from Green Lake; his mother was from Tanner Valley, I think. His sister came to get me and took me home. We'd never talked together before that. But she took me home, and I cried. I didn't want to go there, so I cried. (44)

I didn't want that man that time. I said I didn't want him. I told my mother so. They'd never talked to him or said anything to him, but his sister

wanted me. She came to get me all the time. On Sunday they were playing k'adai there at our house. That's the stick game. (45) And that time they came. They were coming, so I hid there in the house. I didn't know what they were going to do. I hid there under a bed. I didn't like it. I didn't know that man. Some other people and my grandmother were sitting outside in the shade. They asked them, "Where's that girl?" And they said, "She's inside, I guess."

One of them came in where I was hiding. I lay there. Never spoke. One of them--that was my mother's aunt--asked me, "Where have you gone, baby? We want you out here." She said that, and I came out. (46) "Grandmother," she said to me, "come out! We want to talk to you." She said that, and I came out. She talked to me telling me about it. "We're to get you," she said to me. I said, "What for?" I said that. And she said, "That woman wants you for her brother, she says." "Why?" I said, talking, talking, talking.

For about two hours we stayed there. Then my mother came in. She came in, and they told her about it. She said to me, "They want you. Go with them!" "I don't want to go with them," I said. "I don't want to go." And my mother said, "What do you mean by that? They want you!" My mother got mad. I didn't like it; I didn't know that man. But my mother told me all the time to go talking loud. She said, "You never do anything we want! If they want you to go with that man, you go." So I went.

They took me home with them. I didn't know that man. I'd never talked to him. That's why I didn't want to go. But I went anyhow. I didn't want to, but I went. I said, "I don't know that man. I don't want to go with him." But she told me to go, so I went. And I cried there for a week. I didn't want to go there. "I'm going to come back from that place," I said to my mother. "No!" she said. "You're going to stay there. Why are you going to come back?" she said. I said, "I don't want to stay there." But I never came back. I stayed there and didn't come back for about two months. (47)

They were staying on a white man's ranch. He was working that night, but the others were some place around the town and now they were ready to go home. They took me along. His sister did that. She had the name of Harriet. They're all dead now. They stayed in Jones Valley all the time. When we got home, we talked together. That's when I talked to him first.

"You came," he said. "It's good that you came; I told my sister to get you," he said. "Why?" I said. "Because I want you," he said. He really wanted to sleep with another woman. I don't know why she got me. He slept with other women. I knew that. But she got me anyway. I hated him that time because I didn't know him. That's why I hated him.

We ate supper that evening, and then I slept with him.

According to the Indian way, if you marry a man or woman, you give him beads. You pay him like that or with baskets or blankets. The man's side gives blankets; the woman's side gives baskets. Indians do that way. I did that--my family and my relations did that. When I was married that first time, they did that. That time was the big time because I was young. There were lots of people there. After we had stayed together, they brought all the things. (48)

When I married him, I couldn't cook. I couldn't make dresses either. I didn't know anything. Harriet made a dress for me. I learned how to do that that time. She got me, but she hated me. She hated me afterwards--I don't know why. She was older than I was; I guess he was too. He had a woman before me. That's why he said to me, "I don't want to live with you," when he left me. That woman left him, I think. She wanted another man. That was Grover Saunder's mother. They had no children.

I stayed there about two months, I think. Then I said I wanted to go to my mother. We went there. We went for just one day. And Harriet gave me twenty dollars when I went. She gave me no beads, but twenty dollars cash when I went there. I gave the money to my mother. And she said, "Look! That's why I was telling you to go there. I was telling you for a long time." That time she was young yet, my mother.

Then we went back. About six or seven o'clock we went back home. We stayed near the river some place over there working for a white man. They were chopping wood that time, I think. They were chopping willow wood there. And that year we picked hops at Jack Bailey's place right there on the other side of Brushville. There were four brothers, Jack Bailey and Jim Bailey--and what did they call the other two? We picked hops there. They were good people, those Bailey people. They were good to Indians. That's how they all died. And when we were through there we picked at a different place again--at the Post ranch over there. And after we were through there, we picked for Jack Bailey on this side. And from there we went home.

We went away up there to Jones Valley. That was the old place where they stayed. It was a rancheria then, way down close to the Oak River. That's where they stayed then. Now it's a government place, and only young people live there. The old people are all dead. They claim that the place was no good and that's why everybody died there. Once everyone who stayed there was old; now it's all young people there. Something's wrong with the place, they claim. Some kind of water they drink there is no good.

We stayed there about two years. I'd stay with him, and then I'd go to my mother and stayed with her. For two years I stayed with them and then I

went with my mother. (g). I just wanted to go to her. We stayed there about two months, I think. Then we stayed--I went to my father too that time. They were in Chiptown too that time. That was old Chiptown where there was a big rancheria once. Now everybody is gone. I stayed with him for good, I think. We stayed there with my father about two or three years, and there I was family way already.

Motherhood: We stayed there and stayed there. And I had the baby already. I stayed with my father that time. My mother stayed in a different house there. I stayed with my father.

(How did you know about the baby?) My grandmother told me. She was asking me about it. I hadn't had the month-sick and that was why she was asking me about it. I said, "I don't know. Maybe. I don't know that kind." She said, "You're that kind already. That's why you never got the month sick." She said, "I guess you're in the family way already. That's why you never get the moon sick. That's why you're that way." She knew that I had no month sick because I was staying with my father that time. My man was there too. And they watched me close. If I did some things, the baby would die, they said. If I lay on my stomach when I was lying down, that was no good, they said. They were afraid of everything. And when I was already in the family way, my back hurt. My grandmother told me that, "Your back hurts when you have that." (49)

The first time I had baby, I felt ashamed. I just felt shame. "You've got a baby," they said. And I felt a big shame. I think everybody feels that way, don't they? And I was sick all the time. I was so sick I couldn't eat. Sometimes one can't eat--some babies do that. But I want trout fish all the time, that time. Some man got them for me. They were little trout fish. An old lady cooked them on the coals. (g). That was Harriet's man's sister. (50)

I felt sick all the time when I had that first baby, and I lay down. I couldn't stay up. My grandmother built a big fire, and I lay there. She made a big fire and fixed it good--made a bed there for me to lie on. (g). She used a blanket and some kind of straw. She put that on top of the fire and put the blanket on top that to make the bed. There were lots of coals and that made it good. And they told me not to eat grease or meat. I should eat not fat meat and no grease. That time they had whiteman's grub already. They gave me mush and Indian mush too. We never ate fish either when we have a baby. They're afraid of fish--that's no good. Then they watched me. My father's mother watched me. For a month I never ate grease or meat or fish. Indians do that. (g). They get some kind of illness, they say, if they do; and that's why they're afraid and never eat meat. It's the same way when they're moon sick.

My back hurt all the time. My grandmother said, "That's because you're family way." And they watched me. They got my mother too. My father had a different woman there, and she watched me too. There was no white doctor there that time. I don't think they knew the white man's doctor at that time yet. Nobody had heard of the whiteman's doctor yet that time. (51) And Harriet and her mother came there too. The old woman came from Green Lake. They watched me too. Women know how to get along at such times. But that time I didn't know how.

All that day I was suffering. And that night, about two o'clock, I had the baby already. The Indians have songs for that kind too. It makes you well, "Baby! Get baby!" she was singing. Women sing that. That's the way they make the baby come. It's just like a doctor. (q). It was my grandmother, my father's mother, who sang. She knew how to sing that kind for the baby. But I don't know that. I never can do that. They sang low so that nobody could hear. They don't want anybody to know that song. They keep it to themselves. She kept that song for herself--she didn't want anybody to know it. (q). She sang four songs. She had four songs--that's all. My aunt at Green Lake knows that kind too. She's still living. (q). That's my mother's sister.

After she sang, I got the baby. I was scared. He cried. He was shaking his hands beside his head this way. I do like babies when they're just young. That was a boy baby. When I was young I said I wanted two girls and two boys. "I think that's enough," I said playing.

(q). My grandmother cut the cord, I think. I didn't know that kind yet that time. And she washed him and cleaned him up. Then she put him in a blanket. I don't know who made the basket for him. They say that because they put them in the basket that Indians never walk quick. Now they never put them in the basket--they do just like the whites.

After the baby was born, they cared for me in the Indian way. They made a fire and made the coals good and hot. Then they put in something grass, wet grass, and they took it up. They covered the coals with the grass and put over them some kind of blanket--make it good and clean to lie on over the fire. Then there was hot water all the time. I just lay down there. I never sat up. Just lay in the bed all the time. I felt weak that time. When I was getting all right, I sat up and stood up too. They told me to do that. They didn't want me to lie down then. "That's no good," they said. I wasn't to walk around all the time. Just once in a while I should get up. Then I would get stout, they said. (52)

When I was well already, that man's sister--his mother and sister came there. (53) They brought a blanket and beads, and they gave the beads and

blanket to my grandmother. That time my father had lots of baskets. Lots of baskets we had at that time. I had lots of baskets too one time at Green Lake. Now I have no baskets--nothing! She washed that baby too. (g). His sister. Walt Mason's sister. Her name was Harriet.

Death of the First Child: And in about one month, about one or two months, the baby died. We were in town that time, and the circus was there. A big circus came there, and we looked at everything. We didn't know about all those things that came with that circus. They claim that was why that baby died. That's how he got spotted, and his body came out all spots. (54) There was everything there--everything. Lions! That time everybody was there too. There were Green Lake people and Vineland people in town. One man told me, "Don't come close to me!" he said. Maybe he had something. (55) We thought it was that something that made that baby die that time. And then there were some kind of animals--everything like that. There were camels and zebras and lions. That's how that baby died, we thought. (56) We Indians call that ma, idzin. That means--animal he does something. That's how that baby died, we thought. We don't know, but they claimed that. They say that, but I don't know.

We went home, and that night the baby was sick already. For two days he was suffering--crying, crying, crying. And in two nights he died. He passed away. That was the first baby I had. It was a boy. His body came out all spots just like that dress. Like that it came out on his body.

My grandmother was crying. I didn't know anything about crying that time yet. (Did you cry?) Well, I was crying, but I didn't know anything about crying. Crying is a special way. (57) Then my father and the others took the body and they buried it. After two or three days, they buried it. That was the first baby I had so they buried it quick. (Why was that?) They buried it quick because it might spoil. They put in beads and baskets. I was there and saw it all. (g). They had no priest yet that time.

That was the first baby we had. He had no children before that either. He'd been married before, but he had no baby before that one. We cried when it happened. Everybody was crying. He told me, "It was something we saw. That was why that baby died. We ought not to have taken him there." We never thought about that. We never thought about it's going to do that. We just went there to see the circus.

(Had you been nursing him?) I was trying to, but I had no milk. I don't know why that was. They say that some women get that way and have no milk. But I tried to nurse him anyway. That's why he died, I think. That time they didn't know about cow's milk either. They put salt in here in my breasts to get milk there. When I have babies, I have no milk.

The first baby would be an old man, wouldn't he, if he had lived?

The Desertion of Mason: After that we just stayed there. Then we went to pick hops that time at the Crosby place there. That was this side of the place where they have the big wine place now. That fellow was good to Indians. We stayed there, and we picked hops there that time. That time they picked hops about a month. There were lots of hop pickers on the place.

Then my mother and the others moved away from Chiptwon to stay on some white man's land near the graveyard. They stayed there, and I went with my mother that time. We stayed there about two or three years, I think. And that time my man was getting crazy. He left me. After he left me, I had that baby--the one born dead. That was a boy too. It was born about two years after the first baby died, I think. The Indians claim that when a little baby dies, then the woman is family way quick again.

That man knew I was that way, but he left me and got another woman. I was crying four days with that baby that time. I couldn't help it. I was crying four days. I felt sorry for that baby born dead. It was already dead. I saw it, and that was why I was crying. I couldn't help it. All the time I was crying, crying. That happened about two months after he left me, I think. He went to stay in Green Lake. He knew about the baby, but he left me. I had no month sick that time, and that's how I knew. I told him, "I haven't had the month sick."

He was making a baby at Green Lake too the same time. He got a baby there too, they say. I don't know, but they said so. They said he had a big boy at Green Lake. He was a good man, but he was getting crazy. I never said anything to stop him. I never said anything. I didn't know how to say anything. He was a good man, and he was good to us. But he got crazy for another woman. That's why he left me. His sister scolded him. "Don't do that, brother!" she said to him. She always called him, "Brother." But he minded nothing. He went to Green Lake. That was the first man I had. I never went with a man before that time. He was the first man I had. They told him to get fish at Green Lake, and he went there and found a woman there. It was winter time. He stayed there the whole winter. All winter he stayed there, and he got a baby there too. I knew that afterward. Somebody told us. He left me, and he was crazy for that other woman. (58)

After the baby died, he came back. It was about a month after that that he came back. He came to our house. I knew what he was doing. I had heard. He'd left me, and he had another woman. But he came there. He came to the rancheria, and was some place around there. He said that he was going to kill me. One woman told us that he said that. That was what he said. Then he came there to our house. So I hid and slept in the other house that night. I

slept in Peter's house that night. (q). That was old Chief Peter. He was Tim's grandgather.

He came to our house, my mother said. I hid my blankets and my everything. I told my mother, "I don't want him to sleep in my blankets or in my bed." And I hid everything of mine. But he slept there anyway. My mother made him sleep there. He slept in my bed. I came there early in the morning to our house. My mother had breakfast all ready. I found him there. I said to my mother, "Why do you want him to sleep in my bed? I don't want him. I don't want him to sleep in my bed." He had another woman already--that was why I didn't want him. He had a boy there in Green Lake, they said.

My mother told him to get up. "Breakfast's ready!" she said. He ate there. He had never come there before, but he came there then. He told me, "I hear you married another man. I heard about you marrying a man," he said to me. I never answered him. And I said, "What did you come here for? You ought to stay with that woman and not come in here. Don't come in here anymore! Stay with that woman! Don't bother me anymore!" And he said, "I feel sorry for you." "Why?" I said. "I don't feel sorry for you!" "You were a little girl--that's why I don't want to whip you," he said. "You were a little girl when I married you. That's why I don't want to whip you," he said. I never answered him. I said, "That's why you got another woman! There's no use in your coming around here."

He told me he'd heard I had a man already. He was telling me that! He had a baby, but he was telling me that. "I don't want to bother you any more," he said. That was the last he talked to me.

He'd been good to me. For about one year after that first boy died, I think, he was good. He stayed with us. He chopped wood and brought it to the house. He was a good man, but he was getting crazy. He was good to my people too, and he never drank whiskey or wine. That time there was lots of wine and whiskey, but he never drank that. His family was good to me too. Now he has no family. They're all gone. He's dead too. Somebody poisoned him, they say. (Why was that?) I don't know. He killed somebody, and that's why they did it. That's what I heard. That time I said he was getting crazy--that was how he killed a man, they say.

He did that after he left me. That night it was raining. Raining hard. They killed the man that night, they said. I don't know how it happened. They were drinking, I think. They didn't kill the man, but the others didn't want those two fellows so they said they had done it. They say a white man really killed him, but those two men were blamed. The sheriff came there in the morning and took them to town. They told us somebody killed a man. He was a Green Lake man, the man that was killed. We'd seen him that night, and

he talked to us. He told me in the Green Lake language, "Walk around, Grandmother." He said that to me. I knew that language a little bit, and the Sulpher Bank language a little bit too. And that night, that night, they killed him. (59)

Then they tried those two men. Everybody was in town that time. The man that was killed was lying there just naked. Right here on the side of the head they'd hit him. They hit him with something on the head. Everything was mashed up. Everybody looked at it, but I didn't go there. I was afraid. They used something and hit him right along the side of the head.

(Did you go to the funeral?) We never went there. They took him to Green Lake after the trial was over. His mother was crying there in town, hollering around there all day long. But we didn't go to the funeral because it was in Green Lake.

They tried those men, and they tried them. They they took them down below. (q). They took them to San Quentin. He told Louis White that he would write to me. He said he wanted me. Louis told me that. He said he wanted me to come. But I said, "I don't want to. I'm afraid to come." I don't know how many years they were put in for, but they claimed the other boy was the one who killed the man. He was my uncle too. And he was my man's brother's boy. But he never killed that man, though they claimed he did. He died in prison down below. The other one came back after about five years. He was still alive. (Which one came back alive?) That was Walt Mason.

They sent the body of the other one up here, and somebody buried him. But they stole his body, and they buried him after one year. After one year they buried him over there in Jones Valley. They stayed in Jones Valley that time. We went to see it. That man took the body out. It was night time. They were afraid of the white men. They took him out and put him on top of a blanket. That's all he wore. Then they put in beads, lots of beads, and lots of blankets; and they put him back. I thought, "Why are they stealing that man?" That was why I wanted to see that man and find out. (Which one was that?) That wasn't Walt Mason--it was the other one. His brother's boy. He had been there one year, and he was all black. Just like something getting that way--dead. I saw it. I was there that time and saw it. He was just black. (Why did you go?) He was our relative, that boy. Everybody was there. There were lots of people there for his funeral. He was a nice-looking boy--a nice-looking boy.

When the other one was below yet he asked Louis White and Louis White told me that he wanted me again. That was Walt. He wanted me again. He wanted me to come back when he got back here. But I didn't want him. I was afraid of him. He came home, and he stayed with a white man in Jones

Valley. He stayed there at that place. After he had stayed home about five years, he came to our camp over there. That time we were picking over at the Shevlin ranch. That time he came there. My grandmother was there too--my father's mother. She came and stayed there too that time. He came there and told me, "Come back with me!" He wanted me to go back with him. I said no. I was afraid of him when he came back. I'd forgotten him already, and that's why I didn't want to go with him. He was a good man, but he was getting crazy. He was drinking too much wine and too much whiskey. That was making him crazy.

(Were you living with anyone that time?) I had no man that time. I was alone, just alone. He went back from there, and went way up there in Jones Valley where he stayed with a white man. Then he married another woman. His sister didn't want her. That was this Bess Clinton. (60) She was a little girl that time--just a small girl. But his sister didn't want her. That was why he went to Round Valley. He stayed there two or three years. Then he got sick. Somebody poisoned him. That was because they had killed that man. (q). I don't know who did it. They say they know that somebody did it. I don't know, but that's what they say.

Bess was small that time. And she stayed with him that time when he was sick already. They brought him home to Jones Valley. That place he passed away. He was lying there dead, and she was sleeping with him, lying beside him. That was when she was small. His boy at Green Lake was dead too. He was a big fellow already when he died. (q). He got something--he had some kind of cough that time. That's why he died.

Later Marriages: (Where were you living then?) I had children that time by another man. I'd had that big boy I lost. One of them was a big boy. We were staying at Brushville then. Right there we had a graveyard. There are lots of people there. I have three children there. I lost three children there--one girl and two boys. That man left me too.

(Where did you meet him?) We were staying there by that white graveyard. They had a sweathouse there, and they were dancing there. We talked together, and that's how we got together. That man I was talking about, that Walt, I was married to him then. The other man told me I should stay with him. That's what he said to me. Somebody told him that Walt, about it. That's why he said that to me when he came back from Green Lake. (q). That was Jack Young. I never had gone with him, but that man said that. Somebody told him he said. After they took him below, I got the other man. He was staying there at that place near the white graveyard. That was our place. We stayed there about five years.

My mother didn't want that man. I got with him the time we were dancing Indian dances there all the time. We had a sweathouse there, and we were

dancing. That time we talked, and we stayed together. He talked to me a long time, and we got to be good friends. Then we got together. He said he wanted me. He told me he wanted to stay with me. Twice he said that to me. And he said, "I want you." He said, "I'm going to stay with you." "All right," I said. (61)

The first time I always hated him. And my mother didn't like him. He was too mean. (Why did you marry him?) I wanted to. I thought he was a good man. And he bothered me so much. That's why I married him. Afterwards he always whipped me. We had no children then. But when we had children, he quit that. When we came together he was always jealous. The first time I didn't know he was mean, so I stayed with him. My mother didn't like him. She didn't want him. She'd heard that he was too mean. He was mean and jealous, always talking jealously. That was why my mother didn't want him. But I fixed my mother. Afterwards I thought about what I was going to do.

(g). I think he had been married before that. That's the way they live, I think. That's what they said.

We were together about three years. Then I had a baby. That time it was a girl. My mother took care of me. It was born dead. It never moved. First it was moving around inside, and then it was dead. I don't know why it got that way. It was dead inside. They claim that it was because we were in the wagon. We were going to the coast that time. I was family way already--big already, and we were going over in the wagon. That's why the baby died, they said. There was too much shaking.

We stayed on there at that place after the baby was buried. Then he left me. He got another woman--got married to her. And I stayed on there a long time at that place over there on the other side of town near the white graveyard. I stayed there about three or four years, I think, with my mother. She stayed there then. Sometimes I stayed with my own father, Tom Hill. He lived in Chiptown. He had another woman, but I stayed with him. He wanted me too. While I was staying with them, I never did anything. Sometimes I made baskets, fine baskets, and sold them. I always stayed with my father and mother all the time. Even when I was married I stayed with them sometimes. My mother washed for white women sometimes in town. I went with her sometimes. She washed for the Sisters too. She washed towels and pillow case and dish towels, and she ironed them too. Now they have machines to do it. Sometimes I helped her. She ironed for them, and they payed her three dollars. She gave me one dollar and fifty cents. She payed me that. I never go to the Convent anymore. I always went ther, but that old Sister is always sick all the time now, and I never see her. I liked her. That time I worked for the Sisters, I was about thirty five or thirty six. We were working for that woman they called Rush's wife. My mother worked for her too. I went with her and washed some clothes.

That was a good woman. She gave my mother everything. I just went there with my mother. (62)

Then Young's mother told him she didn't want him to leave me. She didn't want that other woman he had. After that I stayed ten years with Young. I had two other children, I think, when I was with him. I had my boy--the one big boy. He died when he was about nine years old. That time we were staying at Brushville, and he died of something. Then there was one tiny little one, three or four weeks old. Something troubled it. They claimed that an Indian poisoned it. The Indians claimed that, but I don't know. My children never grew up, just the same as my mother's children never grew up.

He left me again after I had those two babies by him--one girl and one boy. He got another woman. I never said anything about it. His mother didn't want me to leave him. She wanted me to stay with him, she told me. She didn't want me to go away. She was a good woman. "Stay with us. Don't go away!" she said to me. (Why did you leave?) He wanted the other woman pretty bad. She was a crazy woman who wanted everybody. He married the other woman. I liked him, but he left me, I couldn't help it. Then I had to stay alone. My mother didn't want that man. She told me about him. Men always do that to me. They stay with me, and then they get another woman and leave me. That's how I married four men. This last man I lost, we stayed together for forty seven years. (62)

(Who was the third one?) Tanner, Tanner Wood. (Did you tell me about him before?) No, I never told that. He did just the same as the others did to me. He was an old man. I was young. But he left me and was looking for another woman. He stayed at that place way up there in Jones Valley. I was staying there with his sister. One time he came there, and it looked like he wanted that Harriet and Bonny too. Bonny was young that time. (64) He wanted Bonny, but Harriet wanted him awfully bad. She had a man, but she wanted him anyhow. That was how he was getting crazy. They told me about it.

He was staying at Chiptown, and I was staying with his sister. He was there sheering sheep, and he stayed there for good. He never came back. So I thought about going home. I thought I would go home. My mother was staying there at Brushville that time. So I went home from that place. I thought about going home, and I got a big basket--just a big basket. I had a small one too--a round one. That big basket my father's mother made for me. I took that with me, and I got away from there. After sundown I got away from there. I took everything of mine--all my things. Nobody saw me. And I went to my uncle's house there. One night I slept there. The next morning I went to my mother's. I went home that day and left that man. After I stayed there about a month, he came there.

He came there, and I hid from him. I went some place by the other house. I told my mother, "I'm going to get away from here." I slept that night by Tillie's house there. (65) He came there, and then he went back home. I came back early in the morning to my mother's house. She told me that he had come there and had asked for me, she said. He told her about it. She told him I'd gone some place. That's all I saw him that time. That was the last time.

That time I was going to school again. Only I had two babies that time. I wanted to go to school anyhow, but I couldn't go. The baby girl was sick that time. She died. She died before the boy did. (q). I don't know; I don't know. They claim that somebody poisoned all of my children. That's how I lost so many children, they claim. I don't know who did it.

(When had you gone to school before?) When the Sisters built a school house over there near that white graveyard. Those were the first Sisters. That place I was going to school, but I had a baby already. And they said, "Old lady." That's why I never went to school. They laughed at us. So we never went to school that time. (Why did you want to go?) I liked to go to school, but they laughed at us so I couldn't go. That's how I'm like I am and don't know nothing. Two of us tried to go that time. The other was a half-breed.

The big boy I told you about, somebody stole his hat. That's how he got sick, they say. We were working the hops over there that time at the Shevlin place. We were training hops. That morning he was sick. He was staying with his grandmother then, with his father's mother. We left him there. That time they stole his hat. That morning he never sat up. He was just stiff all the time. He couldn't move. He was just stiff. They stole his hat; that's how he got sick. (66) From that time he was sick all the time, all the time. The doctor never helped him. So we hired an Indian doctor, but he got worse, worse, worse. We had an Indian doctor for him, but he died anyhow. The doctor was singing, just singing. He was just singing, but the Indian doctors cure when they doctor. He was doctoring him about three days, and he was getting worse and knew nothing. For three or four days the doctor doctored him, and that night he died. That time everybody had gone. The doctor had gone home.

We kept him about three days, I think, after he died. Then we buried him there at that place. Brushville we call that place. He was dead, but we paid the doctor--the Indian doctor who had doctored him. We paid him beads. (Who did they belong to?) They were my mother's. We had the priest and the sisters, and they buried him. There was the church house there too that time. They had built the church there.

(Someone stole his hat?) That's what they claimed, that somebody stole his hat. I don't know who that was--some man, somebody. Someone took it and poisoned him. The sucking doctor knows that. (Why did they do it?) They don't want us, that's why. That's why we have no children. We had lots of children. My mother had lots of children, but they all died. I had lots of children, but only one is left. We call her baby all the time. I never named my children, Just call them "Baby."

When that boy died, I had no children left. That was the last one I had. The young one had already died. I felt sorry for him when he died. I just felt sorry for my boy, and I put in beads with him. I put in lots of beads and baskets too. I made them. My mother and I made them. At that time she was still making baskets too.

After that I still stayed with my mother all the time. Tim was there too. And I had two brothers at that time. They died too that time. And my boy was dead too. When he died, his father bought a suit for him. A good suit. He would have had a baby already if he had lived, I think. That's what I think about. He was growing quick that time. He was growing long, tall. (67)

Conversion to Catholicism: (When did you become a Catholic?) I was already married when they baptised us. (68) They baptised everybody. I was baptised in Round Valley when I was young, my mother says. But I don't know anything about that. Anyway they baptised me. The priest put water on my head. (Why did you have them do that?) I don't know. They said it made one feel good. It was to feel good. They told me about that praying. They wanted people to pray all the time, they said. Everybody was baptised that time, and that's why I did it. I believed in that praying. When I pray, it feels good. Sister Theresa told me that. That Jesus knows our language, she said. "You pray for him in the Indian language," she said to me. "If you want something, call for that in the Indian language," she said. "He knows our language," she said. When I pray a little, that helps me a little bit. That's why I wanted that.

(Did you ever see him?) Yes, I saw him. I was sick that time at Green Lake. I was lying down there that time. I didn't know anything that time. My eyes were shut, and I lay there in the bed. Then just light came over my eyes. I looked up. Jesus was standing there. He had a mule there too. He was standing there looking at me. I ought to have kept still. And I looked up and saw it. He's a nice looking man. (q). He looks just the same as his picture. Just like that he looks. Just the same. He never said anything to me. If I'd kept still, he would have said something to me. He would have told something to me. But I woke up and jumped up. I was scared. There was light--just light. Then it just died out, and he went away. I never saw him after that. That's all I saw of him. I said, "Help me, father!" I said,

"Help me! Come to me! Help me!" In the Indian language I talked to him.

When I was in the hospital, that city lady was asking me if I knew how to pray. "I know how a little bit," I said, "but not much." "You pray anyway," she said. "That helps a lot." (69)

Marriage to Martinez: After that boy died, I still stayed there all the time. In the summer I picked hops and went camping. For a long time I was going around like that. Then that time I found that old man. (q). Martinez. That old man who died. He was a Red Bluff man. His father came from Tripton County. We stayed together all the time, all the time, all the time. He didn't stay at Red Bluff. He didn't want to stay there. We went over there just when there was dancing. He didn't want to stay there, he said.

His grandfather told him not to stay there. That's why he went around everywhere, he said. He had lots of grandfathers over there, but they're all dead now. And his real grandfather told him not to stay there. He told him to go away somewhere. That's why he stayed some place around. He stayed at Green Lake some place. His mother was from Red Bluff, and his father was from Wheeler. He knew that Wheeler language too. His grandfather told him, "I don't want you to stay here. I don't want you to die. If you stay here, you're going to die. Somebody will poison you." That's all he said. They hated each other, and that's why he said that, I think. He had a big family, and they all hated their grandfather, he said. (70)

There were four in the family the first time I went with him. There were three brothers and one sister and their mother. Their father died a long time ago, I think. They're all dead now. The sister died too. They got some kind of sickness. That sister, she died quick. They stayed around here a long time.

I was a little young yet that time he came to me. I don't think he'd stayed with a woman yet that time. He had no children then. It was over there in that hop field, way over there where the Indians stay, on this side of the Indian Place. (71) They were staying with a white man there. I stayed there too. We picked hops there, and they chopped wood there. I was living with my mother that time. My brother was living yet then. He was about twenty six that time. Maybe twenty six. He was a big man already that time, but he'd never gone with a woman yet. Men are always like that, but girls--the first time they know something, they want men. In the early days, we never did that. We didn't care about men that time.

(How long after the third man left before you went to live with Martinez?) It was a long time. About one year. I was staying alone all the time. I didn't want any men. Then I thought I was going to marry another man, a Manzanita man.

But that man was staying over at the Post ranch. And one time we met each other in town, and he took me home. We never knew each other before that. He never drank, but he was in town. His family was in town too. He came to me and talked to me. He said, "I want you. Come, let's go home." I went with him and stayed there.

We picked hops there, and when we were through they moved to Henry Lawson's place over here. That time Matthew Henry stayed there. We moved there. My mother and the others were at Shevlin's place, and I went there. I wanted to stay with my mother now. After hop-picking, when everything was finished, they moved up to Luke Henry's place and stayed there all winter. That was Matthew Henry's brother. They chopped wood there. All winter long they chopped wood there. They moved up over there in the hills and stayed there all one winter. About May, about June, they finished the job, and they left that place. Then they moved back over to Tripton County. They had no house or anything, but just camped out by the lake. They stayed there at Pleasant Valley that time. From there they came back here.

After we had been living together about two years, I was family way already. That was a boy. It was the first baby we had. We were glad about it. He wanted that baby too. We came to this rancheria where my mother was staying, and we stayed with them that time. We stayed there all winter, all year around. That place we had the baby.

His mother and sister came there where I had the baby. They brought some blankets; they brought some beads too. His mother said, "I don't want anything in return. I give you these beads for nothing." (72) My mother was sitting there too. I told my mother about it. I said, "She doesn't want to be paid back." That's what I told my mother. "She doesn't want anything for this," I told my mother. She spoke a different language. That's why my mother didn't know what she said. I talked that language a little bit that time. And I gave my mother the beads. My mother fixed food for them, and they ate it. About 4:00 they went back home after staying there all day.

That baby cried all the time, all the time. I couldn't nurse it. We got cow's milk, but it didn't want it. It didn't want to take it. He was a little bit of a thing, but he didn't want to take it. I had a sore on my titty that hurt. That's why I didn't want to make it nurse. Cow's milk isn't good for babies, so they got canned milk for it. But he didn't want to take that either. He didn't want milk. (g). Dr. Richards was the doctor then, I think. Again he got cow's milk. He said that cow's milk is better. "I think cow's milk is better for him," he said. So he got it again. They got it there at Brushville. He got it from just one cow, the way the doctor told him to do. That man who is dead got it. (73) Every morning, I think, he got it. The doctor told him what to do, and he gave us something to be drunk with it.

He told us to add a little bit of warm water. The doctor told us to do that. It wasn't to be thick, he said. That's what the doctor told him.

I don't know how that baby got sick, but his bowels moved and moved every day so he was suffering all day long and all night long. We never slept. But he was getting big anyway. He knew something already. Then the doctor told me to nurse him. But he would never take my titty. After he drank that other milk, he would never take it. He was crying, crying, crying. He didn't want it, or milk either. He didn't want any milk either. We couldn't do anything. They couldn't do anything. We showed the doctor, but he never did anything. He didn't know how. The baby was getting worse and worse every day. The doctor said, "We can't do anything to help it." He got a nurse, but she couldn't do anything. She told him that. The doctor did nothing. Then the baby couldn't move already. He couldn't move. Only with his hands he could move. That was all. Children never die quick. I've seen that. While he had some kind of flesh, he still lived. He was living. When he had just bone, he died.

I don't know why he died. Maybe the milk was no good. Something was wrong. Something was wrong some place. They were singing for him too. Jay Kenny was singing for him. But he died anyway. I don't know why. It was the milk that did that, they claimed. Milk is no good. His bowels moved too much, and that's how he got that way, they said. The doctor never stopped it. He ate something. The Indians claim that when you have a young baby you should never eat some things or the baby will get that way. (q). I don't know what it was I ate. Honey is the worst thing, they say. But I never ate that. I know that kind is no good for babies. My grandmother said that when one of her babies was big already and playing around he got sick. She told me about it. "Don't eat that kind," she said, "when you have a baby." She didn't know about that the first time, and she ate it before she was big already. That's why he got sick, and his bowels moved so. He almost died, she said. And she told me not to take that when I had a baby. I don't know what it was with my baby. I've forgotten. (74)

He died. I saw that. I was afraid of it too. I think I got the priest that time, and he was baptised. When he was going to pass away, the priest was going to pray for him. For his last breath, I think, he was going to pray for him. That was the first priest we had. I don't know what his name was. The sister came out too every day, every day. Sunday morning he passed away. It was Sunday morning, early in the morning, about three o'clock at night, I think. That was after the priest prayed for him. And my mother cried. We were crying there. Everybody was crying there. My man's sister and brothers and mother came there. Then he was buried. There was a funeral, and they buried him there below.

I said already that we buried him, hadn't I? Where were we going that time? We were going to his mother's. We went there to the Henry place there.

They wanted him to work there. That was why we went. He was going to work for Matthew Henry--so we went there. We stayed there about a year. They always stayed there with Matthew all the time, working for him on everything. We were together about a year and a half after that, and we had another baby. That was a boy too. We had two boys and two girls--that makes four. Everyone of them died, except just that one. That's the last one I had. (75)

We stayed in the same place all the time up there. And after hop-picking time I was big with the baby. That was the next one. After hop-picking time, it was about one week after hop-picking time, I think, that time they killed his brother. The youngest one. He was a boy yet that time. I don't know who killed him. There were lots of people around there, and they killed him.

We were down at the Luke Henry place first and then we went over there to the Shevlins'. Then they moved over to Matthew Henry's place again. We started hop-picking that morning, and that night after dinner, we heard that he had been killed. Somebody killed him. Someone came there and told his brother. (g). I don't know why they killed him. Maybe he was drunk, and that way why they killed him. We didn't know about it. We didn't see it. There were lots of people in here at that time, just like there is now with hop-picking. It was hop-picking time. They were here from everywhere. It was just like when the man was killed this summer. Just like that they put him on the tracks. But this time they found the body. When the eight o'clock train came, they found him there and took him to town. (76)

Move to Green Lake: I had the baby one week after they killed that boy. That time we were finished with the hops. We went to Green Lake that time. (77)

What was going on in town that night? It was the election, I think. That old man who is dead went to town. He went to see the election. And he was drunk, but he wasn't very drunk. He saw them running after him. Some Indian did something to a white man, I think. Ned Clinton shot a white man with a sling shot. Everybody had a fight there in town. They whipped all the Indians. There was lots of noise that night. There was pistol shooting, and the sound of horses. Bob Hill was coming, and he had a pistol and kept shooting it. He was running in front of everybody shooting it. He didn't shoot nobody--he just shot it up in the air. This man who died was there. He saw them running after him. Those white fellows were going to ship him too. So he had an old knife--a broken knife. And he got one of them on the chin. He never saw when he hit, but he hit the man. That time it was Fred Littleton he caught. He hadn't done anything, but Fred hit him. That old man had blood on his face so he couldn't see anything, and he did that. (78)

Those Littletons were good men, but they say they drank too much. That Fred Littleton drank too much. His mother didn't like that when he fight the

Indians. That time Fred Littleton told somebody he was going to kill that old man. He didn't want that man in here. He was going to do something to him. That time another white man and Fred Littleton were together, and Fred did that to that old man. James Littleton, his older brother, said, "What makes you do that to the Indian? Indian people worked for my father all the time," he said to Fred. My mother told him that too. And his mother told him, Indian people are good to us, good to us. They never fought your father." His mother said that to Fred. That's how we got away from here. All of us worked for his father, Old Man Littleton. He was good to Indians, but Fred did that. His father was good to Indian people; he never abused the Indians. She told him that. "What makes you do that to Indians? she asked him. "Your father never said anything to Indians. He was good to Indians," she said to him. Maybe he was drunk and that was why he did that. "It's your fault that the Indian did that to you," she told him.

I was home that time. We were camping at Shevlin's place picking hops there. I was home that night. That old man, he came home and told me about it. He stayed away all night and came home in the morning--at dawn, I guess. He said that all the white people were after all the Indian men. So one white man told him to stay there by the fire--he was safe there. He said, "I cut somebody because they chased us around. I'm going to my mother's place tonight. I won't be home, I guess." That old man came home the next morning about ten from his mother's place. Andy Tapner came home right after he did and told him they were going to kill him if he stayed here and that he should go away as soon as he could. Fred Littleton wanted to kill him, but James Littleton told him to get away from here. James Littleton obeyed his mother, but Fred didn't. Their father was good to Indians, but they drank too much.

That's how we got away from here and went to stay in Green Lake. They just chased us away from here, so we went over there to live.

(Where were your mother and Tim that time?) She was here. She was staying over at Brushville that time. She knew we were going because that old fellow came home and told them that night, that morning. She didn't say anything. She said, "Go on then. Go on before you get killed." She was crying, I think, when we was going. Her old man was there too. He said to us, "Be brave. We didn't do nothing, but they did themselves and they chased us. So go on."

We used that old man's horse and wagon, and another man went with us. We had a baby that time we went ther to Green Lake. He brought the wagon back when we got over to Green City. They took us to Pleasant Valley from here.

At Pleasant Valley: (What did you do at Pleasant Valley?) I stayed home there, washed dishes, cooked, and washed clothes. We didn't stay there long.

One lady there didn't like us there, so we went away from there. Every place they hated us, it looks like. (g). She was jealous of me over that old man. She was jealous over her own husband and that old man. It was at the table. We were eating breakfast. He was laughing. So she said, "Why don't you keep some woman for a sister or aunt or mother instead of loving them?" She said that--the old woman said that. And then her husband said, "I don't love anyone. I feel happy because we have company here. And we can't be mean. We have to laugh sometime. Can't anybody laugh? A person doesn't have to love someone to laugh."

The daughter stayed home. I was going to town with that man and that old lady too. And that man died was going to stay home too. We left them at home. Then I found some other woman in Lakeport, and I went home with her. That old lady thought I had gone with her son-in-law and got even madder. We looked for her every place, and we didn't find her. She was home when we got home. She thought I went with her son-in-law. That was why she was saying that. Her daughter, the one who stayed home was that old man's wife. That's why they said that. They expected me to be that way too. The other woman told me. (79)

And then this woman's daughter was pregnant. That night she had that baby, we didn't know it was there. We didn't know it. She was in the other house. And they told her to cook and eat. She didn't cook. She was sick. They told her to cook. She brought the baby in several days after it was born. They told her to make diapers and gowns and things for the baby, and she made them. They forced her. The baby cried all the time, every night. Never stopped. The lady's nipple was bad. It was infected, and the baby didn't have any milk. It cried all the time. Everytime she nursed it, blood came out. The other grandmother came there too. She came from Sandy Point. She watched the baby and took care of it. When she watched it, the baby didn't cry. She took good care of it. She nursed it from her own breast. (g). No, she didn't have a baby then, but she had had babies before that time. She had big children. We went away when that lady was still there. She was jealous of both of us. (g). That was my mother's sister, I think. I called her shedai.

So I went down there to Watling with my aunt that time. We stayed there about two weeks, and then my brother came there. They had a quarrel, I guess, with that old lady. That's all.

In Tripton County: Then we stayed at Clayville at the lake. I don't know what they call that place the other side of the lake. There was an Indian rancheria there then, and we stayed there. There was one white man there. We were going to build a house there, and he didn't want us to. I don't know if he owned the land there. He was a German they said. That was Hiram Roller.

He's my half-brother. We call it brother, but you fellows call it--what do you call it? Cousin? My mother's half-sister's son. It's that kind of a relation. He's dead now. He was a half-breed. He had a white father. He stayed there a long time. There was an Indian rancheria in there all the time. He didn't tell us to go away. He said it to my brother. He got mad, and we moved away.

We went to Green Lake at bean picking time. We stayed at a bean field--Nat French's. We stayed there and worked there picking beans. They'd started the bean fields already. We picked beans there the first time they picked them. That was the first year we came there. I had a baby that time yet. It was a little baby--a boy. We came there, moving away from the other rancheria; and we stayed there picking beans. Nat French was the bean man there the first time. He had big bean canneries at Green Lake. He was a poor man, he said, and after he planted beans he made money. At first he worked for somebody all the time. He told everybody that.

There were lots of people then at Green Lake when they were picking beans there first. Lots of Indians picked beans that time--old people and young people too. There were lots of Indian people that time. Now they're gone, and hardly anybody is left there. They paid them a dollar and a half a day. Everybody, men and women, got the same amount. The first time they picked, only the men folks worked. No women picked at first. After they were picking already, the women folks worked too. They made lots of money with those beans. There were lots of sisters and lots of mothers all working together.

They played cards there in the camps, and they played the grass game too. One fellow told us, "I can't help it," he said. "I can't help it! I did something wrong." He stayed on this side of our camp. He said to us, "I have something. I like to win money, and I did something for luck. It's not good for the baby, but I did it," he said to us. That time that baby got sick. That was Sunday morning. That man had told us about it already. The baby got sick. It had some kind of fever. "I have luck," he told us. He was trying to win money. After that the baby got sick. (80)

I had nothing; that old man who died had nothing. We had no beads that time. That's why we never called the Indian doctor and told him to do something. We just couldn't help. So he was worse every day, every day, every day. My mother and the others were below that time. They had gone way down below to Bodega Bay to pick potatoes. They always went there every year. So we had nothing. That's why I never called a doctor. The Indian doctor would have helped it a little bit; but there was no doctor. (81)

He never--he was dead quick that time. He died at the same place. We buried him there at Green Lake. I never saw my mother that time. They were

down below. So we buried him alone. My aunt was there. They told my aunt there, and the other one I call my aunt too. They were there. Everyone was there. And that old Jim--he's our relative too--asked me, "Where are you going to bury that baby?" My aunt told me that we should bury him in her graveyard. That old man told me, "I'm sorry I did that." He didn't mean to do it, but he did it anyway. He wanted to win money. That was why he did it. He was my uncle. He stayed at the Green Lake rancheria. (g). He's my mother's half-brother. I don't know what kind of luck he had that time.

After that we picked beans. We picked beans that time for pretty nearly two months. They dried and were pulled off, and then they grow again. That's why we picked so long there. That was the first time I picked beans there.

When we got through with that, we bought the land. Five acres of land, I think, that was. We stayed there a long time. Every winter we had floods and all those things. We built a house there, and that's where we stayed. That was before the government gave land to the Indians.

I didn't have any children that time. That time I was sick all the time. One old lady was dreaming about me all the time. She told somebody that somebody had given me a baby girl. That was her dream. And she told it to somebody. (g). That old lady is dead. (87) She told the dream to my mother. That's how I got sick all the time. She dreamed all the time about somebody had given me a baby girl. That's how I got sick all the time, she said. And I didn't know it.

It was seven years after the boy I had last died I had no moon sick. I got just good. Then that time we worked by the lake there and stayed there--everybody moved there that time--I had the month sick for the first time after seven years. I was afraid. We were staying there by the lake. There was a big rock there at that time. We were going to build a house there that time. I never even went out. I just stayed in the tent all day long, all day long. That lasted about five days, I think. That was the first month sick I had for seven years. I told him about it. I told my man, "I have that kind. Don't sit toward the water this way," I said. "Sit this way," I said to him all the time. I said to him, "You might see something there." That water's no good, they say. The Green Lake water has something. He said he would do that. After about five days, I washed myself clean and we both went swimming. We had a bath in the water. It was cold there that time. And I cooked then. Indians never cooked when they're month sick. That's no good. That's what they said. If a woman did, somebody--some relative--would get sick, they claimed. It would be one of her men folks, they said. They claimed that. They were afraid of that. (g). No, I never got sick from that. They never cooked when they were month sick because they were afraid. If they cooked that time and they had a brother, he would get TB they claimed. That's why

they don't cook. (83)

We stayed on there about one month, and Nat French got that old man. He wanted him to work for him. Then we quit the lake, and he worked for the boss. I don't know how many day he worked. One month, I think. Everybody from Green Lake was working for Nat French that time. We were all staying by the lake there, all of us staying together. That morning he brought the truck there and got us all. We moved away from there. That time they were planting beans already. That old man planted beans all the time. He knew how to do it. That's why Nat always got him.

Then we moved home. We stayed home while he worked there. In the morning his work started. He was planting beans. That time I had no baby yet. I drank pain-killer. Some kind of medicine. I drank it all the time. That made good blood, I think. That's why I got the month sick that time. That's what I thought. We look for that all the time now, but maybe they've quit making it. It's bitter, but you put sugar with it. I drank it with hot water.

That place I was family way again. That was when we were staying there at home. I stayed at home. His mother and we stayed there at home. That baby was a girl. It was the one before this Bernice. She was big already before Bernice was born. I almost forgot--that time that man's sister died too. That was the year after that girl was born. Oh, no! It was the year before she was born. His sister died and never saw her. And when that girl was big already, she died. We buried her in that new government land there. That was the Fisher Rancheria. She was crawling around the table already, that time the government bought the land and gave it to the Indians.

(Was Bernice born then?) I don't know. I can't remember that. Maybe Bernice would know. Maybe her father told her. I know that girl was born four years before Bernice, but that's all I know. This Bernice was the next one. She was born on the government land after we came there. She was born a year later. She was the last baby I had. (84) That old man was sick when she was born, and I had to do it myself. He fell off a house and he had a broken bone, I guess.

(g). He was staying in the house at Green Lake, and he was fixing the roof. He fell down. That's why he was sick all the time. That time he was staying in Green Lake. The first time the government gave the land there, they told him to build that house. That's why he was working there. He was sick all the time. He never worked. That's why I made baskets all the time. I made lots of baskets then, fine baskets. (85)

After Bernice was born, I took her and took care of her good so that she grew. We had that one girl. That's all. We lived in Green Lake until she

was big--about sixteen or seventeen. We stayed there all the time, and we worked. That old fellow was better, and he worked.

I felt good at Green Lake. I felt good back there. I like it there, and I have a big house there. The government gave us land to live there, but we bought our own lumber and we built houses there. We still have that house over there yet. Somebody stays there. She promised to buy it. She was going to fix it up and stay there, but she hasn't sent the money yet except for fifteen dollars. I liked that place, but it was no good in winter. Lots of water there then. No roads there, and lots of water. It's a good place. We got fish there in the winter time--lots of fish. We sliced them and dried the fish. That was black fish. But now no fish they say in Green Lake. (86)

(Tell me more about what you did when you lived there.) My head is no good. I never think about that. I never think nothing about it. I just can't remember. One time they danced there. We danced there one time, Indian dances. Lots of people were there that time. They came from Manzanita and Red Bluff and Mission and from Vineland too. Big tables they put it there that time. That was after one man went to be a soldier in the army. They made a dinner over it. Everybody ate. We cooked fish; we cooked Indian bread and put fish on top of it. They played baseball--everything they played that day. They danced just one night that time, I think. And Sunday they put up the table. There were lots of people there. The people came for the dinner. (q). My brother gave the dance. They call it my brother. His name was Hiram Roller. We all helped him. We put up money. We cooked. The money we put up, we bought bread and everything. Pies. We got mush and pinole. After that they went home. It was finished already.

One time we danced for the people over there at Green City. We were dancing four nights there, and lots of people came. Lots of white people came. It was about the fourth. They started a little before the fourth, and the last night was on the fourth. There was a carnival there too. It was a big time.

(What else did you do?) I washed clothes all the time. That little creek there, everybody washed clothes there. I liked to wash there. One old man told me, "No good place that Fisher Creek." He said, "It's dangerous." You're not supposed to go there when you're menstruating. You see all kinds of things. In the early days, somebody got killed there. There is some kind of duck--some kind of mallard duck there. The Indians call that "deer duck." It's got feet just like a deer. That's why it's dangerous. And the people from there were mean, and all of them are dead. That old man was telling me about it. There were mean people there, and they all died. They killed each other. That was the early day people.

(Tell me about when Elaine came to live with you?) She lived with me ever since she was born. She thought I was her mother. She called me, "Mama" all the time. I wanted a baby. That's why I took care of her good. That's why she's stayed with me all the time since she was born. She was born at Green Lake. Bernice stays with me all the time too. (87)

Return to Brushville: (How did you happen to come back to this rancheria?) After he talked to Fred Littleton that time, we came back here. For a long time, about six years, we never came over here. We stayed there at Green Lake. I came over here because my mother is here. We came back the time she was sick, and they thought she was going to die. That's why we came here. It's about six or seven years now since we came back here. (88) Fred Littleton wanted that man who died to work for him. So somebody told him to go there. He worked for Fred, and they talked together that time. Since then we come here all the time. The other white fellow said that it was Fred's fault that the old man did that to him. He neve fought with Fred, but Fred did that to him. That's what the white fellow told him.

A Long Illness: (How about this last time you were sick?) I was sick. I had lain in bed about five months, I think, because I had that trouble. I had trouble on this side, and I had a big belly. Dr. Orman was doctoring me. I had--I don't know what you fellows call it. Belly Button? The first time I had the trouble, I went to Dr. Orman, and he cut it. I think that was why I got that way.

(Had someone else doctored you for that?) Everybody doctored me that time. Joe Sand doctored me, and Fred--the first time he doctored me three tiems. I've forgotten his last name. That's Tim's half brother. And Ken Shore doctored me, and Joe Sand doctored me, and that Tom Shobi doctored me. Alec Mead doctored me last. (89) That's why we have no beads. We paid those five people. They were all singing doctors. (g). We paid what we liked. We fixed the beads--by the hundred. If we wanted to pay lots, we paid lots. And they never ate meat or grease. They eat no grease when they doctoring. (90)

I was sick a long time. Then Dr. Orman operated on me for it. The day he did that, it was cold. And the wind was blowing that day. He was good for that kind of sickness, they said. So I went to him. He cut it, and he said that in eighteen days I would get well. That time he said that to me. "For eighteen days you lie in bed," he said. "Don't try to sit up," he said to me. So I didn't.

Every day he came there. He came there, and he pulled that kind of stitches. And he said, "At last I've got it, Sophie Martinez." And soon I felt good. But that week I had it. Pretty soon seventeen days had come. Something in my chest felt like a rock. And I lay there and lay there. He came there. I felt something like just dark. And I told him, "I think I'm

going to die." I lay down, and I got up again. I felt no good. I thought I was going to die. My mother, she knew that too. She said I was going to die. "No, don't cry, Mother!" I said. I never tell her about that now. She always cries because she's so sorry when I tell her. I couldn't stand it, and I followed him around there. It was hurting me there, and I was hollering around. It was just like something steel in there. I got sick all the time.

I lay there for about a month, and I had a swelling up right there on my right side. I was suffering, suffering there. The Indian doctor was doctoring me, but I didn't want anybody to touch me around there. That hurt. That evening Dr. Orman came there too; and the priest and sisters came. And the sucking doctor was doctoring me. (g). That was Ruth Post. She's a sucking doctor. The priest prayed for me, and the sisters prayed for me. But they didn't help any. It hurt. I lay there all the time. The doctor came and said, "I can't help you." So my man who died said to him, "Can I hire the Indian doctor?" "If you want to, hire the Indian doctor," he said. So they got the Indian doctor. He's living yet, that old man. They call him Alec Mead. He doctored me four times. Four times he was doctoring me. (91)

Already we had no beads. We'd paid the doctors; we'd paid everything. I had ten dollars yet. I said, "If I die, you buy a blanket for me, a blanket and sheet." I said that to my man. The beads were all gone; everything was gone. He said, "No." He said, "I'm going to get the doctor again." They got him again though we had nothing. That's why it was no good getting the doctor.

We fasted that time and never ate meat or grease for one year while I suffered. Nobody ate meat at that house. At last he doctored me. We were hungry for meat, for grease, like that. That was the last time we tried. Those were the last beads I had. I had already died up to this my hand. I looked like a devil. He told me, "You're not like people." My old man said, "You look just like something as though you were already going to die." But still I knew something.

Then he doctored me. Three days and nights he doctored me. That was a good doctor. That was the last time he doctored anyone. The last beads I had went to pay him. And he doctored me. He had a fine rock, a fine rock. In the center was a hole. It was a nice rock. And he was singing, singing. (92)

He was through already and going home. He told me what day we were going to be able to eat meat. Meat, I wanted awfully bad. Meat--we hadn't had it for a long time. He told us, "I know you fellows want to eat meat." Alec Mead said that. "After four days you fellows eat meat," he said to me. So after four days, I said to my mother, "I want meat!" That was Saturday. Saturday evening we were going to eat meat. My mother said to that old man, Tim, "Get me good meat! You buy good meat." We hadn't eaten meat for a long

time. And that night, that evening, we were already going to eat supper. I wanted meat awfully bad. I wanted roasted meat. They cooked it on the coals. And I wanted mush. So my mother pounded mush. That was acorn mush of some kind.

I was going to eat meat. I hadn't eaten meat for a long time. That was why I wanted meat. And that evening, it hurt me someplace in here. Then it broke outside. I was sitting in bed. I was eating meat, and something like water came out. I said to my old man, "Come home! I have something!" He had just started supper. He ate nothing. He just came. Something was coming out. Something just nasty. I sat there with my stomach all over the bed. If the inside broke out, I would die that night, I thought. Then that Indian doctor was singing. He had a rock, some kind of rock we call catoxabi, "swell them up rock." We call it that. The stuff came out, and I felt better. Gee, I felt better.

That night I felt good, but I never slept. I was afraid it would burst again. I couldn't move. I felt good, but that night it got swollen again. That's why this doctor took me down below. (g). That was the Indian Service doctor. They said that time that the Indian doctor beat the white doctor. (What do you think?) I feel that he was a good doctor. If that Indian doctor hadn't doctored me, I would have died that time. He saved me.

Our friends, our relatives, came there Sunday. They always do that. They came to look in on us. My mother told them I had that. They call that tumor. White doctors call it tumor. They say I had a tumor. Then some white people came there to buy baskets. I had a little basket that time I made for Bernice once. It was a little basket. They wanted a basket. She showed it to them. They never bought it. They said I was sick, lying inside there. The people came in there. There were one woman, two men, and one Indian man. He had the white woman and two white men along. The woman said to me, "You're sick, Mama?" "Yes," I said. They never bought the basket, but they said, "We'll get a doctor for you, and we'll come back quick." Then they went. And they got the doctor that day. That was the hospital doctor.

He asked me, "You have a tumor?" "I don't know what I have," I said. He never did anything. He was just trying to make me sleep. He shot me in the arm, but I never slept. After that I was sick again. They put me in the Jamestown hospital. (93) For two nights I was lying there the first time. They looked me inside, and the doctor asked me, and I was telling him that I was sixty seven that time. I told that doctor, doctor, doctor? The Jamestown doctor-- what's his name? He is a good doctor.

After I had been there two nights, they put me in San Francisco. That time I lay there for five weeks. I came home before the fourth, one week before. The first time I went to the hospital there were three Indian women there. They stay in Green Lake. They used to stay at Covelo, but now they

stay at Green Lake.

When I was there below, the doctor told me I was still a young woman yet, only sixty-five. He said I could still have a baby. I said to him, "I don't think so." He told me again I could. But I never had one.

I've gone to the city twice to the hospital. After the first time I went there again. That time I was pretty much dead. I had "gold blood" they said. They were going to operate on me, but I couldn't stand it. I was too weak. But I never eat fried meat. I ache yet. And I never eat beans. I like beans, but I never eat them. I'm afraid to. The first time I went to stay in the hospital, I wanted to stay. But the next time, I was afraid. I was afraid they were going to cut me again. That's why I'm not well yet. I go to the doctor every week. They dress me yet. Those hospital doctors ask for me yet. The Indian Service doctor tells them how I'm getting along. He was telling me that the other day.

(How long since you went the second time?) After my old man was dead, I went down below again. He's been dead about five or six years.

Death of Martinez: (What happened to him?) He got hurt that time he was fixing the roof at Upper Lake. He was sick all the time. He had asthma once too. Dr. Bailey stopped that. That was the first doctor we had around here. He was the government doctor. That old man's breath shook him. It shook him. Some white man in town sold him medicine. He drank it too, and that stopped it. He was a little bit better then. But before hop-picking he died. We were with that man--what do they call that man way down there? I've forgotten his name. We were staying there. My old man was sick all the time. He felt sick, but he was working on the government road there. That's why he died. (What caused it?) I don't know. (94)

We were going to pick hops at that place that year, but we moved away from there and picked for Ted Sears. We picked for him then. (q). I didn't want to stay there. We Indians don't like to stay at a place like to stay at a place like that if someone has died there. We don't want to stay there. That's the last we picked there. He doesn't want us to pick there now, they say. He never told us, but somebody told us. We had picked hops every year for Ted Sears, but they say that to us. That's why we've quit going there.

For three years now we've picked for Wilmar Harris. This year we're going to pick for Roberts for the first time. (Why not go back to Harris?) Oh, he never gave us wood or tents there. All the other places give wood and furnish the tents. He never does that. That's why we've quit going there. He's a good man, but that's why we quit going there. Roberts gives them wood and tents.

Epilogue

Mrs. Martinez broke off here with her hop-picking plans for 1940. She continued to live at Brushville during the winters, and to pick hops during the summer. Her step-father died in 1940 at Brushville after refusing to go to the hospital. He said he was too old and causing people too much trouble and he would rather die than be in the way of the others. At his funeral, Mrs. Martinez had the leading role in the funeral trading that went on. We were told that many people attended, and that a good deal of property was exchanged, which indicated the family had a position of some importance in the Pomo community.

After the death of Tim Brown, Mrs. Martinez assumed the entire care of Mrs. Brown, who by then was quite senile. According to Mrs. Martinez in 1941, "That woman's almost dead. She sees ugly white people around her all the time. They come and bother her. Then I pray over her and sprinkle holy water on her, and it stops. She's all right again then." Mrs. Martinez said that the year before when Mrs. Brown was still living in her own house with Tim Brown, they had killed a number of rattlesnakes near the house. It had never done that before. Mrs. Martinez was afraid that that was what was bothering her mother and causing her to have the visions. She said she was sorry they had killed the snake, but they had been afraid of it. One day in town, she asked Alec Mead, the outfit doctor, about it. He said the snake was telling them, "Don't bother me. Don't come and kill my children. Leave us alone."

Mrs. Martinez was waiting for her mother to die, and then planned to return to Green Lake. She was also waiting in the hopes that finally she would obtain her old age pension, which she was convinced she should have had for some years. In the meantime, since she was now too blind to work on baskets she spent her winters drilling and grinding beads which are still an important medium of exchange among the Pomo.

She was also attempting to bring up her granddaughter to have due regard for Pomo customs and was perturbed by the child's apparent desire to grow up quickly. When Elaine was out of her sight, she worried for fear that she might be in mischief or that someone might have poisoned her or injured her in some way. Since her life was so centered about her granddaughter, her ambitions for the child may throw more light upon Mrs. Martinez's own values. In 1940, she was asked what she wanted for Elaine.

"You mean something good? I think if she stayed home with me and made baskets that that would be good. And I want her to go to school and learn something. That would be good too. Her mother wants her to go to high school and maybe to Sherman. She wants her to do that. Elaine wants that too. I think it would be good too if she stayed home with me. When she's home with

me, I know she's doing good. But when she's off with girls or with women, I don't like that. They're always talking about everything. They talk about men and things like that, and it's making her crazy. I don't like that. (Do you want her to marry?) Yes, I want that. While she is still just young, before she starts running around, I want her to marry a good man. I want her to marry one who doesn't drink much and one who will stay with her good. I want her to have one who will look after her good and buy her clothes. I want one who will watch her good. But Indian men aren't like that. They all drink too much and run after women. They're crazy after women. They leave their women."

NOTES

- (1) For pregnancy customs, cf. Loeb, 249.
- (2) Cf., Loeb, 250-255.
- (3) Cf., Loeb, 259.
- (4) This is a constant theme with Mrs. Brown. She brought this into every conversation she had with me and mentioned it to other members of the Field Laboratory.
- (5) This is another constant theme. Mrs. Brown, and Tim Brown also, will not say who poisoned their children nor will they describe poisoning methods, but they frequently claim that poisoning has killed their children and other members of their family.
- (6) Cf. the appendix for Mrs. Brown's account, which is practically identical even to wording with that given above. This information was given by SM in 1940. The original life history begins with the theft of her dog, cf. below.
- (7) SM gave two accounts of this incident, one in 1939 and one in 1940. They agree. The account used here is that of 1940 which gives the incident in slightly more detail. In 1939, she began her autobiography with this event.
- (8) This was said in 1941. She had not been asked about nursing. The statement was immediately followed by an account of a childhood illness when her mother bled her. Cf. below.
- (9) Blodgett was a Methodist missionary stationed first at Round Valley and then at Oak City. He had married Mable and Tom Hill.

The question in this and in the next paragraph were asked in 1941.

- (10) These last four paragraphs were given in 1941. However, the desertion of her father is a constant motive running through the interviews. Often she phrases it as a desertion of herself rather than of her mother.
- (11) Cf. Loeb, 261. Names may or may not have meaning. In some Pomo groups children were given two names.
- (12) This account was given in 1939. In 1940, SM said that her father's wife had been kind to her. In 1941, she said again that the woman was "mean", though she qualified this and said that sometimes she was "good."
- (13) Mrs. Brown denied that any of her brothers or sisters lived past childhood. She may have been observing the taboo against naming or referring to the dead, or these may have been relatives classified as mother's brother and mother's sister.
- (14) All time estimates and age estimates should be disregarded--SM may have been anywhere in her teens or younger or older when these children were born.
- (15) SM mentioned being whipped only in 1939 and 1941. In 1940, she denied ever having been whipped after she was old enough to remember. In 1941 she mentioned only having been whipped as a small child before she could remember. The account that follows of her being whipped by her mother was also given in 1939. SM could never be brought to repeat the incident. Mrs. Brown herself denied ever having whipped her children though one time she said with enthusiasm, "Whip! That's the way to do!"
- (16) About 1900, the Roman Catholic Church established schools for the Pomo Indians.
- (17) This and subsequent paragraphs about this woman were given in 1941, though she had been referred to in the previous years.
- (18) Cf., Loeb, 248, where the use of both bull snake and "baby" rock are described.
- (19) Cf., Loeb, 250-251. He says that a woman in child birth was assisted by old women relatives, and only if the labor were difficult were male relatives and an outfit doctor called. He does not mention the singing by old women, but in the files of the Field Laboratory is information from other Pomo informants that this is a common custom.
- (20) SM told this illness in 1941, and implied that it had happened when she was still quite small. It came spontaneously when she was asked what was the first thing she could remember about her mother.

- (21) Cf., Loeb, 325, 328. Headaches were cured by the sucking doctor who sucked out the bad blood. Among some groups of Pomo, bleeding was done by anyone to cure fevers and headaches.
- (22) This was Tim Brown's uncle. Tim Brown was referred to by name in 1939 and 1940. He died before the summer of 1941 and in the interviews of that summer he became "that old man died" since SM carefully avoids the names of the dead.
- (23) SM told about these two illnesses described below in 1939 and 1940.
- (24) An outfit or singing doctor rather than a sucking doctor. Cf. Loeb, 326; Freeland, 56.
- (25) SM constantly refers to her bad memory. This did not seem always due to a desire to avoid a question. At times she would be unable to recall a Pomo word and would send her granddaughter to someone else on the Rancharia for the information; at other times she would ask someone else about an event that she had forgotten.
- (26) She feared that the men were putting some object near the house in order to magically poison the family. Cf. Aginsky, Socio-Psychological Role of Death among the Pomo Indians, 9; and Loeb, 331. Probably every Pomo living in the area today believes that other Pomo do poison.
- SM maintained constantly that she could not remember her dreams, and this seems quite probable. The only dream I have recorded for her occurred in June, 1940. Then she dreamed about a rattlesnake and cried out in her sleep. Her daughter told her about this the following morning, but she could not herself recall the dream. That she did dream frequently is shown by the fact that her granddaughter reported that she often talked in her sleep.
- (27) This account of the owl was given in 1941. In previous years she had said that she herself had never seen the brush houses and that when she could first remember people were already living in board shacks such as they have today.
- (28) Cf., Loeb, 315. "The name of the night owl---was never mentioned. This bird was also called matutsi because he was supposed to understand the esoteric language of the secret society." It is probable that SM's grandfather was an initiate of the Kuksu Cult.
- (29) Elaine Martinez, SM's granddaughter who was then about ten.
- (30) Cf., Loeb, 218; Powers, 151.

(31) SM was once asked if her mother had played with her. She laughed so hard at the idea, that she could barely utter a denial. When asked about this all she would say was, "I'm just laughing."

(32) Basket making was a subject SM was always willing to talk about--she was interested in the subject and described at some length how she prepared her materials and the different types of baskets she had learned to make. She is, or rather was before her eyes began to fail, a competent basket maker, but she did not surpass in this craft.

(33) SM is a good dancer, and is proud of her prestige as a dancer. It should be noted here, that though her mother was a fine dancer and a singer, SM does not claim to have learned from her.

Dancing is one of the subjects in which SM shows constant interest. She was always ready and eager to talk about the different types of dances she knew, though she was never able to describe them sufficiently well for the recorder to discover what the differences were between them or even to visualize them.

(34) The maru cult is the Pomo form of the 1870 Ghost Dance. The ceremonies were organized by a man or woman known as Maru (or matu) who received Power through dreams. The Maru dreamed a ceremony with its songs and dances and instructed the people in them. If his instructions were ignored, he was killed by his power. Cf., Loeb, 395-396; Dubois, California Ghost Dance Religion of 1870.

According to the Oak Valley Pomo, the cult began to die out among them around 1885. Today there is no real Maru cult in the valley, although there are "Dream Doctors" or "Sucking Doctors" who are called "Maru" or "Matu."

(35) The djaduwel was part of the "Old Ghost Dance" ceremonies of the Pomo. Cf., Loeb, 161-163, 338-339. Cf., also Dubois, 89. Dubois said that Bill, a North Pomo man, dreamed "that they should dance the old Djaduwel (ghost-impersonation, part of the kuksu cycle, but not the Kuksu dance proper). He dreamed that he should give it in the spring when the flowers came out. Evan Brown, a dreamer at Upper Lake, was the first to say that everyone should know the secrets of the Ghost-impersonation dance." It is to this revival of the djaduwel through the maru cult that SM refers here. The name Matutsi refers to members of the secret society called by Loeb the Kuksu Cult. Cf., Loeb, 355.

(36) Blue Lake, a small lake, is still avoided by Pomo. Young people refuse to swim there. It is always referred to as a "bad place."

- (37) Cf., Loeb, 303. This is another name of Bagil, the water monster, who appeared to punish people who violated menstrual taboos. The person became ill and sometimes then became a sucking doctor when cured.
- (38) A man should not hunt or fish when his wife was menstruating. He was also not supposed to dance or gamble. Infringement of menstrual taboos by either men or women was punished by the sight of the water monster. Cf. Loeb, 273.
- (39) Cases of fright were cured by recalling the haunting vision. A person who had seen the water monster was cured by being shown a representation of the monster. Cf., Loeb, 323; Freeland, 63, 67; Aginsky, 5.
Compare this account with that given by EW in her life history of a man "scared" by deer.
- (40) The chief "acted mainly as peacemaker and preacher." Cf., Loeb, 236.
- (41) For menstrual customs, cf. Loeb, 273-274.
- (42) EW in her life history said that the Pomo thought girls did not menstruate until they had had sexual intercourse. This may be the reason for the response to this question. After this information was received from EW, SM was asked whether girls ever "went with men" before their first menstruation. She said some did and some did not, and that if they did their mothers objected.
The question was asked to discover what training SM had received at the time of her first menstruation--since according to Loeb this was a time when girls were lectured on how to conduct themselves later in life. SM indicated that she had received little attention at this time.
- (43) Compare this with information from EW and JA, both of whom assumed that girls would have considerable experience before marriage. SM's worries regarding her daughter and her granddaughter, the latter having just reached puberty, may influence her material. Or perhaps her attitude is due to the fact that she is older and nearer to the old Pomo culture which may have taken a more puritanical stand. Cf., Loeb, 280. One of his informants said, "In the olden days, boys and girls did not think of sex much, as they do now. Men had to be fully grown and have mustaches, and women fully developed before marriage."
- (44) Her first marriage was an incident regarding which SM was always ready and eager to talk. She related the incident five or six different times--the accounts agreeing almost completely.
- (45) The gambling game played by women. Cf., Loeb, 215. Mrs. Brown, SM's mother, was an enthusiastic player of the stick game.

- (46) In 1939, when SM described this event, she said they pulled her from beneath the bed and beat her. She never afterwards repeated this version though she frequently described the incident. The only check here is from EW, a neighbor of SM's, who said that SM and her mother had told her that SM hid under the bed and was pulled out when the people came.
- (47) Loeb, 282, says that the choosing of a girl "was sometimes done by the parents and sometimes by the boy with the consent of his parent. It is not likely that an unwilling couple was ever forced into marriage."
- (48) Cf., Loeb, 278, 283.
- (49) Cf., Loeb, 246 ff.
- (50) Cf., Loeb, 249. Pregnant women were forbidden fish. SM herself said in 1940 that during pregnancy a woman did not eat fish and that for a month she had eaten none. She never repeated the above account which was given in 1939.
- (51) Yet in 1941 she said that when her father's wife had a baby some time before this that her father had gotten a white doctor.
- (52) Cf., Loeb, 250-254.
- (53) Cf., Loeb, 251-252. "That man" refers to SM's husband.
- (54) SM repeated this incident several times, and was always interested in speaking of it. Twice the account was substantially the way it is here. Once it was an abbreviated version which differed only in the omission of certain details. However, in the 1939 version, SM said, "That baby died when it was one month old. Something was wrong. Something we Indians call that chicken hawk, old time way. It flew around over the baby, and the baby got all spotted like." According to Loeb, 252-253, this was a Pomo belief. However, SM never repeated this version and finally in 1940 when she was asked if any of her children had died from this cause, she said, "No. The Green Lake people always sing songs for that when a baby is born. They sing because a hawk something might come around. If the hawk floated around here, the baby would die. They always sang for me. That's why I never had any babies die that way. For my first baby, my grandfather sang."
- (55) The man was probably fixed for gambling, and had gone through certain rituals which ensured luck but were also fatal to small children if they were brought in contact with one who had used them. Cf., Loeb, 216-217, where he cites the case of a man carrying a charm for gambling when he

unwittingly came near a young child. The child had convulsions and soon died.

- (56) Cf., Aginsky, 4-5. He cites Powers' example of a Pomo who was frightened to death by a turkey-cock, a bird strange to him but resembling one of the supernatural monsters. Pomos believed that meeting a monster might cause death.
- (57) A special ceremonial form of wailing used after a death and at funerals. It is done by women. Cf., Loeb, 286, 291.
- (58) Mason's desertion was another topic of constant interest to SM. She referred to it three times in the brief account given in 1939; in 1940, she gave two long versions and several other brief ones of the event. All agreed with respect to the main details. The only variations come in the reported conversations--and even these are substantially the same.
- (59) This murder was another topic that SM seemed to enjoy talking about. She gave several recitals in which no discrepancies appeared.
- (60) She lives on the same rancheria as SM, and is one of the people who appears in the life history of EW. EW said that she was married to Walt Mason, SM's first husband. Rita Day who must be around fifty or older said that she could remember seeing Bess Clinton when they were both children and that Bess Clinton was already a widow. This must have been about forty years ago.
- (61) Cf., Loeb, 275, "The word for sexual love...is...(wanting one another)." Loeb records a courting conversation given him by a male informant which is practically identical with that given above.
- SM gave two fairly extensive accounts of her life with Young--one in 1939, and one in 1940. They agree with very slight variations. However, she did not seem greatly interested in Young, nor did she spontaneously turn the conversation toward him.
- (62) This account of working for whites was volunteered spontaneously in 1940. In 1939, when she was asked if she had ever worked for white women, she said, "No, I never did work for white women. They don't like Indian women. I don't know why. They don't like us. They hate us around here. They don't even like to look at us around here. The city people are better. I have lots of friends down there. White women are friendly with me down in the city." As she said this her tone was bitter--in complete contrast to her usual emphasis on "good whites" who were "good to Indians." At another time in 1939, she said that she used to work for a woman in town washing clothes, and that all the Indian women had done such work until the whites got washing machines and no longer wanted Indian help. She

also that when she was a little girl, her mother used to wash for an Italian woman, and that she had gone with her mother to the woman's house and played with the children there. She liked the children, and they were "good" to her.

- (63) This statement came late in the summer of 1940. In all previous accounts, she had referred to but three husbands--never to four. This was the only occasion on which she spoke of the third man. EW, however, said that SM had been married to four different men, and she gave the same names that SM gave.
- (64) This is a niece of Tim Brown. She is now a grandmother.
- (65) Tillie Harris who also lives at Brushville, and is distantly related to SM.
- (66) In the files of the Field Laboratory there is the report of at least one other case where a hat was believed used in poisoning.
- (67) This seems to be a constant theme with SM, that these children who died young would now be grown and have children themselves.
- (68) Due to an oversight, SM was not asked which marriage she referred to here. The information is probably out of chronological order, but is placed here because the first reference to the priest comes with the funeral of her boy.
- (69) SM several times in other contexts mentioned the help she got from praying and from holy water. In 1940, she once said she wanted to go to the Convent to get some holy water to sprinkle around her house to keep evil spirits away. In 1941, when her mother was suffering from visions, SM said, "That woman's almost dead. She sees ugly white people around her all the time. They come and bother her. Then I pray over her and sprinkle holy water on her, and it stops and she's all right again." SM also called in a dream doctor to treat her mother at this time.
- (70) B. W. Aginsky a few years before 1939 was told by Martinez that his grandfather had driven him from the Red Bluff with threats of poisoning. Martinez belonged to a different Pomo linguistic grouping than did SM. His father was not a Pomo.
- (71) Manzanita Rancheria.
- (72) Cf., Loeb, 251-252. If she had said nothing, SM's family would have been expected to make some return.
- (73) Martinez. SM never spoke his name if she could avoid it.

(74) Cf., Loeb, 254.

(75) This refers to Bernice Martinez, the youngest and only living child.

(76) This was told August 16, 1940 at a time when people were coming into the valley for hop-picking. The "man killed this summer" was an old Indian who was found on the tracks, his body thoroughly crushed by the train. The Indians believed he was murdered for his old age pension and then placed on the tracks.

We have an independent check on the death of Martinez's brother. EW was asked about the matter and said, "Well, they found him on the track, but that wasn't what killed him. You know, if a train hits you it's all mashed up. But nothing was mashed up on him. They took him home and laid him on the bed. And next morning, somebody lifted his head, and there on the pillow was a red mark. It was blood. So they looked at his head, and there under the hair was a big railroad spike that had been driven in there. Somebody had killed him. They were all drinking together that time. His family didn't know who did it then, but later when that man died up in Wilderness Valley, he confessed it. He told his daughter. They had been fighting about some woman. He was a big tall fellow, and this other one was just a little short man but the woman liked him. His name was Jim Lang. He wasn't called Martinez. Maybe they had different fathers."

(77) SM first said only that they had moved to Green Lake. Later when asked why they went, she said, "Oh, we just moved there. My mother's sister stayed there, and that's why we went." This was said in 1940. A few days later, she gave the version of their move after the election night fight, and in 1941 she gave a more extended version which checked with it.

(78) This seems to be the only place in the life histories where an act of violence against a white is mentioned. The resulting threats which drove the family to Green Lake may explain why such acts are so rare.

Others besides SM regard the attack as justified self defence. EW said, "Fred Littleton still has a scar from the time Stephen Martinez cut him with a knife. For a long time, Stephen didn't dare come back to this place because he was afraid Fred would get him for it. But Fred never did nothing about it at all. They say he knew it was his own fault. Stephen wasn't trying to do anything to him, but two men came up and hit him. So he did that with the knife. I guess they'd all been drinking. There was lots of drinking and fighting in town that time. But Frank never did anything to them over that. And they came back after a while. Stephen lived over here for about three years before he died."

(79) This account of their life at Pleasant Valley was given in 1941. The two previous years, she had merely said they had gone to Pleasant Valley

and then lived in Tripton County.

The interview in which this version was finally given was one in which SM's granddaughter acted as interpreter at SM's request. The vocabulary here is therefore that of the granddaughter rather than of SM. SM chuckled while she spoke as though she enjoyed telling about the woman's jealousy. The grandchild seemed somewhat disturbed and asked first if it were to be written down too, and then remarked with dismayed amusement: "What kind of a family do I have anyway?"

- (80) Cf., Loeb, 216-217. Cf. also earlier account by SM of the death of her first child after exposure to "luck."
- (81) Cf., Loeb, 327, where it is said that the more one paid the doctor, the better treatment one received. Other informants have told us that it was useless to get the doctor if one had nothing to pay him with.
- (82) In this case the taboo on the name of the dead was rigidly observed, and SM refused to give the name even when questioned.
- (83) SM was asked once if she had ever had trouble with menstruation. She said, "No, I never got sick from that. I felt good when I had the month sick. I liked that."
- (84) This was said in 1940. In 1941, when SM's granddaughter was present as interpreter, SM said that Bernice was born three years after the move to Fisher Rancheria. Several years after her birth, the other girl died. Elaine Martinez, the granddaughter, said that this was sometime about 1925 or 1926. Elaine is the daughter of Bernice.
- (85) It was during this period that SM made her only "sun basket", the fine red feather basket. She kept all the taboos observed by basket makers when they worked on such baskets: not eating meat or grease, not drinking water while she worked, not having sexual intercourse.
- (86) Her liking for Green Lake and her wish to return there were frequent themes. Usually she emphasized the fact that there she could get many foods that she liked. She also claimed not to like Brushville where she then lived, and to feel uncomfortable there.
- (87) With these few words, SM brushed aside her immediate family cares. Elaine was born at Green Lake after Bernice had an affair with a Tripton County Pomo who was married at the time. Even the other Pomo refused to regard this affair as legitimate. Bernice left the child with her mother while she went roaming around the cities. She had been several times in jail. SM had raised the child, nursed her through several sicknesses and had attempted to adopt her legally to protect her from Bernice. None of this,

however, was ever mentioned by SM. Other Pomo were less reticent about her affairs. Cf. also Elaine's brief autobiography which appears in the appendix.

- (88) Probably they returned about 1934.
- (89) Cf. EW's life history for an account of this illness. Note that EW says she played an important part in the diagnosis of the illness and that she also doctored SM in a small way. SM does not mention EW in connection with this illness.
- (90) Cf. Loeb, 326-327; Freeland, Pomo Doctors and Poisoners.
- (91) Ruth Post is a neighbor and distant relative of SM. She is a sucking or dream doctor. Alec Mead is an outfit or singing doctor. Such doctors had more prestige than the sucking doctors and went through a long training period before they were qualified to practice.
- (92) SM gave two long accounts of her illness. Not all details appear in both accounts; but there are no contradictory elements in either. Other informants also reported the case. Cf. the description by EW. Walter Wood, EW's husband, said that EW told SM's people to call an Indian doctor because white people knew nothing about Indians. Two white doctors had given her up for dead when Alec Mead was called. EW thinks Mead gave her some remedy and sang some old words. Grover Saunders, another Brushville man, said that SM's illness was diagnosed as a tumor. After several white doctors refused to operate, Mead was called in. "Inside of a week she was all right." Saunders also mentioned the rock used in the treatment. The doctor for the Indian Service said the diagnosis was hernia followed by an abscess, and that despite hospitalization, SM still needed treatments.
- (93) This is about twenty miles from Oak City. Indian patients are not accepted at the Oak City hospital.
- (94) Rita Day of Manzanita said that the doctor said Martinez died of stomach ulcers but that all the Indians said he was poisoned. EW of Brushville said Martinez had been having maru dreams and had failed to obey his dream instructions. She said that Martinez and his family thought this was the cause of his death.

APPENDIX

Autobiography of Sophie Martinez

We were at Round Valley, but I don't know anything about it. We didn't know at that time how old we were or the day we were born. We didn't know that. But I was there about four years. Four years I think it was that we stayed there. And I had a dog. I called it simi. And I cried for it all the time. A white man stole that dog. It was a she dog; that's why they wanted it. She had pups that time, and the white man took it. I cried, and my father went to get the dog, to get it back. My father did that. But the white fellow didn't want him to take it.

I don't know where we were staying that time, but my mother said it was Round Valley. We stayed there in two houses made of lumber. That time we were with a white man. But before I was born, before that, there was some kind of Indian house. I never saw that. And I stayed there, and I cried for the dog, and they went to get it. They went over there to get that dog.

After about six years, I think, we came back from Round Valley. We stayed in Oak City that time. I was just young then. When we had stayed in Oak Valley awhile, I was a big girl already. They took me. She wanted me for her brother. Harriet did. She wanted me to marry her brother. That was the first man I had. They took me home, and we talked together. We talked about something, and they take me to the house. Then I was married already that time. I was about sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen years old that time. I was big, but I had never been married before. We stayed there about six years, and we had a baby. That was a boy. My mother helped me that time. We didn't know doctors then. There was no doctor that time yet, I think.

That baby died when it was one month old. Something was wrong. He got that way. Something we Indians call that kind, some chicken hawk, old time way, it flew around above the baby. The baby died. That was due to that chicken hawk.

Then we lived around. We had no baby for a long time. Then that man left me and took another woman, a Green Lake woman. He went to Green Lake that time, and there was another woman. (q). That man was Walt Mason.

Then for a long time I lived with my mother and her man. I had no man then. That was about two years. After that I went to another man. (q). He's dead. (q). His name was Jack Young. We stayed together a long time. We were together about three years. Then I had a baby. That time it was a girl. My mother took care of me. At that time she was still young yet. I stayed with her that time. She had no babies, nothing. Now all my babies are dead. I just have that one left, that Bernice. That's all. The

Indians claim that something is wrong. I've had nine babies, four girls and five boys.

That time we had a tiny baby, a girl that time. We had one child, and he left me again. He got another woman, got married to her. He married the other woman. And I stayed there a long time, at that place over there on the other side of town near the white graveyard. I stayed there three or four years, I think, with my mother. She stayed there then. I stayed with my father (step-father) and my mother. Sometimes I stayed with my own father, Tom Hill. He lived in Chiptown. He had another woman, but I stayed with him. He wanted me to. He left me when I was about six or seven years old. I knew that my father had another woman. I was young that time when my mother married Tim. I can't remember that.

That time I was staying with my mother and my father. I had no children that time I was staying with them. Sometimes I stayed with my mother, sometimes with my father. That time they had dances there, Indian dances. There was dancing there all the time. Then Young's mother told him she didn't want him to leave me. She didn't want that other woman he had. That time I was staying with my mother. I never did nothing. Sometimes I made baskets, fine baskets, and sold them. I always stayed with my father and mother all the time. Even when I was married, I stayed with them sometimes. I had no children, and that's why I stayed with them.

After that I stayed ten years with Young. I had three children, I think when I was with him. I had two children and my boy. One of the other children was a boy too. He died at about eight months. Then I had one big boy. He died when he was about nine years old. That time we were staying at Brushville, and he died of something. Then there was one tiny little one, three or four weeks old. Something troubled it. They claimed that an Indian poisoned it. The Indians claimed that, but I don't know. My children never grew up, just the same as my mother's children never grew up. The big boy was still living when his father left me. Sometimes he went to see his father. I couldn't stop his going. I wanted to, but I couldn't do it. That boy lived about four years after Young left me. Yes, that was about four years. Somebody stole something from him. That's why he died, they claimed. He was living with me when he died. He never lived with his father, but he liked to go to him. His father was living on the same rancheria. When that boy died, I had no children left. That was the last one I had. The young one had already died. I felt sorry for him when he died. At that time buried the dead already. I just felt sorry for my boy, and I put in beads with him. I put in lots of beads and lots of baskets too. I made them. My mother and I made them. At that time she was still making baskets too. After that I was alone.

I still stayed with my mother all the time. Tim was there too. That time we had no brother. I had two brothers that time, and they died too that

time. And my boy was dead too. When my boy died, his father bought a suit for him, a good suit.

I still stayed there all the time. In the summer, I picked hops and went camping. For about three or four years I was just going around like that. Then that time I found that old man. (g). Martinez. That old man dead. He was a Red Bluff man. His father came from Tripton County. We stayed together all the time, all the time, all the time. We had a boy. We stayed together a long time, I don't know how many years. Then he couldn't work. He just sat down. He sat down already. Then that time he got sick, and he died. That same year I was sick about six months, I think. We don't know why he died.

I had four babies by him, two girls and two boys. First I had two boys and after that one girl. When she was a big girl, she died. Then I had that Bernice, and that's all. We were living right there at Brushville. We stayed there. They had bought that place there, and we stayed there a long time. I stayed with my mother a long time. I stayed with that dead man a long time up there. We stayed at a white man's ranch too. We stayed at the Post ranch. We worked there all the time, and we lived there about four years. He worked there. That time I had a boy again, I think we stayed there. I suffered about two days I think before he was born. He died that time we picked beans over at Green Lake. He was dead then during picking time. He hadn't walked yet. He was just small; about two months, I think. He was dead that time we picked beans at Green Lake. I don't know why. It was just like all my children.

After that I made that Bernice. He was the last baby I had. She was born in Green Lake. A government woman, an old lady around there who taught everything, named Bernice.

We lived forty eight years in Green Lake, I think. I was married to Martinez then. That's the last man I was married to. After Bernice was born, I took her and took care of her good so that she grew. I stayed there and stayed there. We had that one girl, that's all. We lived in Green Lake until she was big, about sixteen or seventeen. She stayed with me all the time. She didn't go to her grandparents. They were staying in Oak Valley, and she stayed in Green Lake.

I felt good at Green Lake. I felt good back there. I like it there, and I have a big house there. I came over here because my mother's here. That's why I came here. She stays around Oak Valley all the time. It's about six or seven years now since I came back to Brushville. That's all I think about. That's all, I think.

Autobiography of Elaine Martinez

In 1939, Elaine Martinez, Sophie Martinez's granddaughter, asked why I did not record her story. This was at a time when I was working with her great grandmother. Elaine was picking hops nearby, listening to what was being said. I agreed to record her story, and she gave the brief autobiography presented below.

I don't know how I was born. I don't remember anything until I was two years old. I remember that. I remember that, but we were up over Sacramento. I remember we was over there. Used to eat oranges, Everything. I was two years old then.

Then we came over here. I can hardly remember that. Only a little bit. We had to walk from the village here, and when we get there I was just sweating. My grandmother Mabel grabbed me. I was scared of her. I didn't know her very well that time.

That time I stayed with my granfather and grandmother and my great grandmother. And I used to think she (grandmother) was my mother for a while. Then somebody told me that Bernice was my mother, and then I realized it. (1) But I still call my grandma, "Mom." I used to call my grandfather, "Pop."

I kept staying with them there until I about five years old that time. I didn't exactly know my age that time. Then my grandmother got sick. She was sick for about two or three months that time. Then she got well for a while. One old fellow doctored her. Then she was all right for a long time until now again. All that time I was with my granfather and grandmother. And I was getting a little older every year then.

I used to play with them kids up the rancheria. Then when I get old, I was about six years old, and then I went to school and then I got broken leg. Then I stay in cast eight months. Then I was up Jamestown Hospital. The doctor there was taking care of me. And I was up there three months. And they brought me down, and I was in bed four months that time. And I guess the government nurse, she used to take me up there to change my cast, up to Jamestown Hospital. I was seven years old that time. And I had pus on my leg. I still got the scar. And then it burst. We went to Tripton County, and then it burst.

We went over in August. No, I think September. And we came back in November from Tripton County. And then we was up over here. And my leg was bothering me for a while again, and they took me down to Lane Stanford Hospital. And when they brought me back, I wasn't able to go to school that

time. So they used to take me to the doctor's. Then my grandmother came back from Lane Stanford. She was operated on, and we used to have to take her into the doctor. And the nurse said I could go to school that Monday. And I was going to school for a while.

And then they tried to take me to Lane Stanford, but my leg didn't bother me now. And now I pick hops, that's all.

Bernice, she left me home when I came here. Then she went some place down below, and then later--four years ago--she came here. My grandfather passed away three years ago. They built us that little cabin up home.

We was picking hops, but I wasn't that old. I was with my grandmother, and we were picking hops for a white man way down. About three or four years ago, I think. I was picking hops. About three years old, I never did pick hops except on ground. Last year I picked hops. Year before that I never picked much because I was in cast. I couldn't pick hops. I never picked for myself last year. I helped my mother to pay a bill. That was my real mother, Bernice Martinez.

Autobiography of Mable Brown

Mable Brown, Sophie Martinez's mother, must have been about ninety years old when I began to work with her in 1939. In that year, she gave an incoherent, disconnected autobiography which has been put together here as part of the documentation on Mrs. Martinez. At that time, Mrs. Brown was already senile, and in the following years, she reported that she was constantly bothered with visions. In 1939, she was already almost blind, although she managed to mend her clothes, cook meals for herself and her husband, and to pick hops in the hot sun of August.

Despite her age, and her growing incoherence, Mrs. Brown was still a dominant personality. She was apparently respected by the other Pomo, especially as a dancer and singer. She could still sing, and bemoaned the fact that she was no longer strong enough to dance. Ellen Wood said that Mrs. Brown had been a kemanamata--"dancing woman." "They got that dress, those that have that kind of dancing dress, they have to go where there is a dance and dance there. That's their rule." From Mrs. Brown, and from other Pomo, we learned that she had also been a matutsi, or member of the secret society. Mrs. Martinez translated matutsi as "rattlesnake mother", and said that as a young woman her mother had taken part in a ritual performed over a rattlesnake. The snake was later accidentally killed, and this caused her mother's present illness and the visions which troubled her. (2)

I was born by big rock. Up on Green Lake Road. This side of Green Lake

Road. This side of Green Lake Road. That where they used to live. They had big sweat house. That when I little. My mother know it, but I don't know it. I born there. That rock. In the dark, on the rock. Look like house.

White man come here first time, Indian afraid of white man. Indian just go some place, brush and mountain. I heard. I heard it when I get big.

My Indian name, chedokuida. My name old Indian name. Just find it. When get little baby, when get little child, always name it. I got another Indian name, ?habemada, "Rock Woman." Some old woman call me that. My people call me when playing. My mother call me that other name too. My father call me that too.

(Tell me about your mother and father.) My father name of Charlie. Indian name, lek'um. My mother, name kasali. She long, long woman. Tall woman. When I get big, she die now. My father died when I get big. Over Chiptown, my father die. He got another woman. That's all I know about my father, my mother. My father got lots of friends. He die over there Chiptown that time car coming. My mother got no children. I just one. My mother's children always die. I see them I get big. Two--big boy. Play with him. Fight. Fight all time. That the way we do. You never fight your sister? My father's other woman, she have no children. I never see my grandma. I don't see. Maybe she die before I.

I got no sister. Got one over Green Lake. That all. She old now. She go that time when I little. She go school. She know how go school. (3)

We always alone, my mother and father. Some old man make him house. Old man, my grandfather. Name kekulum. There is no white name. He die. He good old man, but he can't see nothing. Blind. Man blind. He just sit in the house, and somebody give him some pinole and some mush.

(What did your father do? Did he hunt?) He never hunted. He just hunted fish. (4) (Did you help him?) No. Only time I fish was when they poison fish. Then I catch the fish with a basket.

(What did your mother do?) Make acorn mush, make pinole, make basket.

(How did you live? What did you do?) I live in some brush house. Make brush house first time. Long time Indian got house, brush house, willow. Good house. I don't stay this kind of house. I live in Tanner Valley in this kind of house. That good house. When I little girl, I live in brush house. I don't know nothing. Just sitting in the house doing nothing, just playing. Lots of Indians just living together. Never stay long. All talk too much. Playing. When I little girl, I eat pinole, mush, everything buckeye.

Everything. But I don't like to eat white grub. We like Indian grub. First time I eat white grub, we don't know nothing. Acorn, sometime make bread, everything mush. Indian eat them up all time.

(What else did you do?) When I little girl, I see lots of things. Indian doing. All Indian doing. I never do nothing when I little girl. Just stay playing, playing. When little, walk around. Play with other children. Other Pomo children. Oh, everybody die. I'm the only one, that's all. No one.

I played everything. Just played and played. I played with other girl. We played. Sometimes we swim. But this time I never swim. No good water. Water too hot. But then I swim. (q). Never swim with boys. Swim with girls. When I young girl, I just walk around and play and do nothing. Young girl, first time we go down and dig potatoes. And we always go down. First time we don't know how. (5)

(Tell me more about when you were young?) My mother tell me good all the time. "Don't bother somebody. Don't be hitting somebody." That way my mother said it. Tell me everything. My mother hit me all the time. When I little. I never say nothing, but she always fight me. I don't know. She say I mean. My father never talk. Good old man. (6) I afraid too much.

I never get sick when I little. I just play and play. But this time, I get sick now.

(Tell me about when you learned to make baskets) I just make it for fun first time. I just playing and make basket. I see somebody make it. Long time. I make it. We living in brush house then. Brush house good house too. Lots of Indians stay there all together. First basket, one-stick basket. My mother show me how.

All Indians got lots of beads first time. This time never make. (q). My mother, she never make beads. My father make beads. I didn't help him. I don't know. First time I make beads, when I got two baby. After that I make it. I see somebody make it, My father. Man make it. Oh that man, my father, made lots of beads. Lots of beads he make.

Working for Whites: First time white man come in, every Indian stay with a white man. Fraid of the white man. That time we stayed over there, Tanner Valley. I afraid white man first time. This time I don't afraid. White man talk about it and feel sorry for Indian old ones.

When I get big girl, I stay in this kind of house. I know white man too. I don't know how to talk. She telling me to wash dishes. I don't know how first time. She tell me. She tell me everything. I learned speak English when I stayed with white man. They had children younger than me. I see them

children. I play with them. I can't talk. I can't understand, but I play with them.

When I don't know nothing she take me. That Lulu Hill. I afraid. I don't know what she say, what they doing. She watch me. She took me to watch the baby. I live that house then. She take me in house. I got good bed, good quilt then. She was good. That time I don't know nothing, when I little girl. When I little girl, I iron clothes first time. I like iron when I good. She good woman. I wash there and iron everything. Wash everything. White woman she taught me that. Take my hand that way and show me that first time.

She had children--all die. One girl, she staying over in town. I like see, but I hear that she die. That time got little girl, and I go home. She grab for me.

That time I don't know nothing. I didn't know how to talk. I didn't know how to do it. But she had me stay there, and I stay there. Oh, she doing good. But I don't like stay with her. I like to go home. I go home all the time. She wanted me to stay there. She always tell my mother. She big woman. I feel that she my mother. She good. Just do good for me. I like her when I know. First time, I afraid. I don't know how the white be. I can't talk. I stay till I get big, get woman. Then I go home. I got old friends on rancheria. My father old friends, my father old sister, and some woman stay over there Green Lake. Sometimes I go home rancheria. I staying with my old people. Make bread. Make something. Get water.

My father get another woman. She little woman. My mother die, he get another woman. She got something in stomach. I seen it. That time I stay with white woman. White woman take me home that time my mother die. They burn her. (What did you do?) I felt sorry all the time. I cry. You never cry when your friends die? I feel sorry. I just feel lonesome. I stay with my father. When he feel good, he get another woman. She never do nothing. She do me good. I just play that's all. I not making baskets then.

My father got no children but me. I never stay there with him. I go Green Lake. Big wagon. That time I go home, and that lady take me to Green Lake, and I stay there. I never do nothing that time. What can I do? I never cook that time. I wait. Somebody cook it. I wish I see rabbit. I make soup. (When did you learn to cook?) I learn. I see somebody cook it, and I know it. That woman make it when I get woman. My father got woman. She make it. My mother don't.

Removal to Reservation: That time White man take every Indian over there Tanner Valley. I stay there little while. Whiteman come there, take everybody to Round Valley that time. That time I go to. I go little while that time. That reason I left Green Lake. I go with my sister that time I go

little while Round Valley. Do nothing, never eat nothing sometime. Nothing to eat there. Never do nothing. Just give little flour. Little! Little! That all they give us. That reason everybody don't like to stay there Round Valley and come back. (7)

Oh, lots of Indians there. Lots of people named Yuki. I afraid wild Indian. I don't like that place, Indian there. They always dance. Every tribe, Yuki, Wilaki. I afraid. Maybe he going to kill me. Wild Indians! Look like wild Indians. I want to come back from there, but white man always stop it. Indian dances going on there. Sacramento people dance, Willits people dance, Yuki people dance, and we dance. Every tribe. Never sleep. Every night, every night, dance.

I run off one time. Then white man take me to Round Valley again. Round Valley boss, I guess. I don't like stay there. Don't feel good. Too much Indians. Too much dances every night. I don't like it. Walk back from Round Valley. I come back in the night. One fellow see me in the road. He said, "Hellow mother. Hello, mother. You better go back." Blodgett boy. He know me. Long way to walk to Round Valley.

Old Blodgett, he come there. He stay there, and he watch. He know me. Preach every Sunday. Every woman, every woman go to church. Every woman talk about Blodgett. Old Blodgett did christening, praying, teaching that time. All that. Old Blodgett, he like going to talk of Jesus. Every type of woman he got there. He put me too. I can talk, but I go. I think that long time now. Every Indian come back. Don't like stay there. We don't stay there long time. I talk just one time. That all I can stand it. Every woman stand up and talk one time. I talk too one time. I say, "Well, my Corinthian friend, I do love Jesus, all with my heart. Well, my Corinthian friend, pray for me." Then I stop. That the way the women say that. Blodgett taught all us. (8)

I never go to school there. One time, one day, I go school there. Then I run off. I like go to school, but I can't do it. My sister stayed over there Green Lake, she go to school.

Marriage: That time I got married Tom Hill. (9) I got little girl that time. When I stay long time, I get sick that girl. I have two babies before Sophie. Boys. Oh always die. My children always die. I don't know what it for. First baby, he big boy when he die. Big boy. (10)

When Sophie born, Round Valley, I stay. Big barn. Long time I stay there. I stay with my people, my old people. That time I hoped for girl, because maybe girl want to stay with one good. When Sophie was born, no mother there. Dead. My father there. Got another woman. (11)

Long time I stay there. Got nothing to eat. Indian don't like that, don't like stay there. Not much grub. Run off all the time. I run off in the night and come back Tanner Valley. We just walking. I got no baby then, just Sophie that all. Some old people with me. We come in the night. Everybody come. I don't see no Blodgett. Just walk around long time, long way. All old women, Tom Hill, his father, step-father. That all that time when we come.

Later Life: That time we come home, We stay with Jim McCreanor. We stay there and make good house for us. I know that old man. He good man. Give Indians lots of grub. Big orchard. Kill deer. Make everything. Give them to us. Watch us. We do nothing, but we like eat something good. We stayed Jim McCreanor little while. Man help the work little. That white man liked Indians. Make house, and we stay there. We live there one year. Sophie get big. She five, six, seven years old.

I had Tom Hill then. I came down here and separated. Then I got with this old man.

We stay then over Squawtown. Pick hops that time. One man named Crosby. He get every Indian to pick hops. God man. I didn't pick hops at Crosby's. I stay with my father. My father there yet. He got another woman. We only stayed there little over two years. We make lot of money that time. We not yet old. Then one fellow buy that place up, Chiptown. Young fellow don't want to stay at Tanner Valley. One fellow shot at him. That reason he bought that place. Everybody come there. Everybody die now. Only few there. My friends all die that stay there. Old people come there. Lots of Indians come there. All die. But lots of children now.

I stayed at Tanner Valley when I danced first time. (g). My mother never dance. She don't know how to dance. My father, he never dance too. Some people don't dance. They don't know how to dance. I learn quick when I see somebody dance. I got something pretty in my ears that time. My mother throw beads on me that first time I danced. She got lots of beads. I like dance them kind. Oh I dance at every Indian dance. I dance all the time everything, everything. And if you want sing, I can sing. Lots of sing, lots of sing.

And I make big basket. That white man buy it. That time he say he going to keep it long time and get money for it now. I make three basket, just fine. First time I make it. That time I got good eye. I never feel lazy. I do everything. I make two baskets for this old man, Tim. He give to some woman, some relation. That way Indians do it. Give it to some relation. Way woman do it--we got grandfather or uncle. We give him blanket. That way Indian do it. Makes lots of beads too. My uncle give him lots of beads. That's the way the Indians do it. Oh, I make lots of baskets, but I can't make it

now. Can't get root now. No place to get it. Too hard to get it. When we got wagon, we get it.

And I always doing everything: wash clothes, iron. I stay in town. One woman name Annie. She die now too. She good woman. She got lots of money. Oh, lots of white men come here. Woman come, stay in town. She come here all the time, government nurse. She give me good coat, good sweater. She die. I don't know what matter with her. One time white people come here. Oh he fetch lots of clothes, lots of clothes. He fetched here. He tell me, "Don't die. Don't die." I told him, "I can't help it if I get sick, die." Priest come here. Fetch grub all the time.

(What else did you do?) I just play cards that all I do. Then I win money, lots of beads. Play five cards. Play monte too. I always play lots of cards, lots of money. Beads and clothes too. That's the way we do it. We play four stick too. That's the way we play. We always play. We women play. Playing cards. Playing stick game. We bet money, beads. They always play right here. Lots of women here, but they all die. One time we play down in the hop field. White man wanted to play. I thought we win it. I tell this old man, "Win it! Win it!" But he can't do it; I can't do it. The white man win two dollars from us.

Mrs. Brown never completed the autobiography. Certain subjects, however, were mentioned again and again. She insisted, perhaps too vehemently that she hated drinking and never drank, but also said that she had drunk beer, wine, and whiskey, and would like to drink "a little beer". Perhaps some of her protestations about liquor were aimed at her granddaughter, Bernice Martinez, of whom she thoroughly disapproved. She also said that she was afraid to stay on the rancheria alone because drunken people came around all the time. She liked to talk about dancing and singing--and while she was never very coherent in her descriptions, she would immediately begin to demonstrate dances or to sing whenever the subject was approached. She enjoyed dwelling on the details of the gambling games. Her other subjects of conversation were the gifts that the white people brought to her, the desertion of her first husband for another woman, and her daughter's illness.

NOTES

- (1) Ellen Wood said that Bernice had left the child with her mother as soon as it was weaned.
- (2) Bonny Mexican told B. Wilson that Mrs. Brown had told her that the dance had lasted for four days. This was a dance for which they went out to catch a rattlesnake. "She was the only lady, and about eight people. They sang and sang, and the rattlesnake crawled out of his hold and

coiled up. They sang. The old lady just put out her hand, and the snake crawled on it and coiled up. On the way back to the Round House they sang and danced about the snake--four times on the way. There was a man lying on the floor of the Round House. The old lady picked up the snake again and aimed it four times at the man, and they danced four times again. The man there was suffering, and the snake crawled out on the blanket. They threw beads on the snake, and he ate bead, and they danced four times. Then they took snake out of the Round House, and they danced four times on the way. They took the snake to its hole and danced four times, and the snake crawled into the hole. This woman must not eat meat. She had difficulty in breathing once because she ate meat." Mrs. Martinez said that she thought this had happened when she was a small child, and her mother was still a young woman.

- (3) Tim Brown said that this was her mother's older sister's daughter.
- (4) Hunting and fishing were two major professions among the Pomo's. The right to become a hunter or a fisher-man was inherited in certain family lines, and a fisherman or hunter would train his successor whom he chose from among the children in the family.
- (5) Tim Brown said that all the Pomo used to go down to Bodega Bay to pick potatoes. "They give them, women forty cents a day to pick up. Give men six bits a day. Little one, two bits. When get through, when get pay up, get big panful of silver."
- (6) Brown, who was present, said, "Never try whip, but old woman pretty well mean. Never mind, just whip him."
- (7) When asked why they were taken there, Mrs. Brown said, "All Whiteman want to kill Indian here. That why he take them to Round Valley."
- (8) Tim Brown, who had also been at Round Valley at this time said that some of the women "talked long time." He said that Blodgett made all the people go to church. "Teaching and praying. After that he get through and start preaching. He stopping all the Indian ways. Just do white man's way. Get marry by license." Brown said he too had gone to church, but he had not bothered to listen to what was being said.
- (9) Brown said that Mrs. Brown and Hill were married by license in Round Valley. The agent tried to make Hill pay for the license, but he refused. Mrs. Brown said that then Blodgett, the minister, tried to make her pay for it, but she refused. "I won't pay for it because he left me."
- (10) Mrs. Brown also said that she had only one child, a girl, by Hill. Tim Brown said, "That woman down there, that Sophie, she her first child. She

was young then. That man don't keep her long time.

- (11) Cf. introduction of Sophie Martinez's life history for further information on the birth of Sophie.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE HISTORY OF ELLEN WOOD

Introduction

Ellen Wood was the head of a large family. In 1941 she was living at Brushville, which had been her home for perhaps thirty years. With her lived her husband, her daughter, and two of her sons. In a neighboring house lived her son and his family. She had three other living children, married and living on nearby rancherias, perhaps twenty grandchildren, and at least two great grandchildren.

She was fifty-nine at that time, and seemed to be in good health. She was one of the few Pomo women to have a job in Oak City, and weekly she washed for some of the whites. In hop-picking season, she worked in the fields, and in 1941 was considering undertaking a hop contract the following year.

Her family was probably in fair financial condition for Pomo at that time. Their house was one of the better ones on the rancheria, and it seemed to be kept in good condition. Mrs. Wood was a good house keeper by Pomo standards. However, the family complained that they were less well off than were the Browns who received old age pensions. "They get more than we do by working hard," was their plaint. Wood at the time was working for the W.P.A. The sons, two of whom were unmarried and living at home, worked in the fields for white ranchers in the area. Mrs. Wood worked in town. The daughter, who was deserted by her husband, merely live at home with her child.

We have little information on the position of the Woods in the Pomo community. Rita Day of Manzanita said that Mrs. Wood still regarded herself as a member of that rancheria, where she grew up, and would come to the rancheria meetings and attempt to run things in spite of the fact that the others thought she no longer belonged to the group. From Mrs. Wood's own account she was entangled with feuds or lesser quarrels with most of the people of Manzanita. At Brushville, I have known her to visit only Mrs. Martinez. She herself said that she was afraid to have dealings with the others on that Rancheria. She did, however, take an active part in the woman's club sponsored by the Indian Service which had a membership including most of the women of the valley.

She had a small reputation as a dream doctor, although she was not one of the well-known doctors in Oak Valley. Probably she had never doctored beyond the circle of her immediate relatives save for members of the Martinez family. Others, however, knew that she was dreaming, for Mrs. Adams mentioned it. Otherwise, I doubt that she had much prestige among the Pomo. She was not mentioned as an exceptional basketmaker, nor was she a dancer.

My own impression of her was of an intelligent, strong-willed person. She was a gossip, whose tongue touched everyone she was in contact with. Her own family was not immune for within a few days of our first meeting she had volunteered the information that one daughter-in-law was attempting to induce an abortion, that another one had committed incest with her uncle, that a

granddaughter had an incestuous child by her cousin, and that another granddaughter was running wild. She was an informant with few reticences. I doubt that she was well liked in general.

Childhood

I'm going on fifty-nine now. September, I'll be fifty-nine. I don't know what date though, but it was September, hop-picking time. My mother said I was three days old when they finished the hops. That must have been September, first week. There wasn't much hop those days, just down at Doyle's place. Wasn't many people that time working for one man. (1)

(Can you tell me anything about the time you were born?) No. That's all I heard about it, and after that didn't hear nothing. Unless one time when my mother was getting another baby, and I nearly died. No food. And they had to feed me on pinole. Have to soak that and make it soft. And they was feeding me on that. In those days they didn't know nothing about cow milk, sixty years ago. They used to have cows, but Indians never drink milk then. So I would have starved to death if they hadn't given me pinole. They put it in my mouth. My aunt told me about that.

About a year after that, my aunt, she used to be wash woman in the white families. And she used to take me with her in the basket. That's the way she raised me, among the whites. And they used to take me out of the basket and feed me milk. I have one friend over here who remembers me in the basket. That's how I know I'm going on to fifty-nine. She's the only one left. Another white lady there too, but I never did visit her. And that's how my aunt raised me, taking me around among white people. And they feed me. Because she go out every day except Sunday, walk around, carrying me around. Sometimes she stayed in a white family's place where she was going next day. (2)

I should have stayed with my aunt, but then they told me where my mother was, and after that I stayed with her. That's how my trouble began.

Family Background: (Tell me about your mother and father.) I don't know my father much. He just died lately, but anyway I never stayed around him. He died about five years ago down in Santa Rosa. My father left me when I was about three years old. They was on the same rancheria, and they tell me which one was my father. So when I see him, I always go to him, go to see him. (3)

Father and Mother: My mother had one man before my father, they say. My aunt said my mother was like me. Her mother died when she was two or three, and her aunt raised her. And her man started to do the way my stepfather did to me, so she gave her away to one old man to take care of her. That's the way they do long time ago--give it to someone they like. That's the way they did, she said, to my mother. So she stayed with him. Then when she got big, she run away and got my father. That's the way lots of them are. Our way is good

--no law. You stay with them as long as you feel like it and then run away and get another man. We still got that law, piece of it. (4) I don't know how long she stayed with that old fellow. She never had a baby till she get with my father. I'm the oldest. My brother is younger.

(Where did she meet your father?) Oh, he was down here to the rancheria. He wasn't born here. He came from way down in Marin County. First Mexicans that came through, they used to come through and get married to the Indian women and take them down there. Some of them would go back and take their children but leave the women. That's the way my father's mother was. My father was born down there, and then his father died. They heard the news from here, and my father's mother's brother went after her and brought her back. She had four children. She died down in that rancheria when I was small.

I was little, in the rags. My mother said she wanted to see me, and they take me down there. They give me to her, and she was dying. She hold me and say something in our Indian language that I should get old. She prayed over me. After that she got through and was crying over me. About a week after that she died. I don't know, but my mother told me about that.

I saw my father's aunt too--his mother's sister. And his uncle used to be captain down there too. Captain Joe they used to call him. I was a big girl when he died. He's the one who made that road there at Manzanita Rancheria. The road used to be clear up where Stan Day stays. He dug this lower road when he was old. I used to go and watch him, and he would talk to me. He'd say, "I do this just for you children. After I'm gone, maybe you'll use it." He started it, just little place there, and after he died they made a road there.

(How did your mother get your father?) I don't remember. I was little baby that time, but they was together, I think. I don't know. I don't know how long they stay together--maybe about three years. I was born when they together about a year. Another year, and my brother was born. After that they parted when he was still in the basket, about four or five months.

Contacts with Father: (Did you ever stay with your father after that?) I was pretty small that time you know. I stayed with my father when he had the other woman. After he left my mother, he got my mother's half-sister. I stayed with her. They was good, the step-mother. That's why children thought nothing about it. They thought they was full relations. Even if the women parted together, the same women visited each other. They married another one, and they never think about the old one. Never feel jealous or nothing. (5)

I must have been six or seven years old and staying around with her and some other family with him. He had two children already. The boy was big.

Chester Peterson's mother stayed with them. She was crippled, but she made the bread. My aunt let her make tortillas sitting by the fire there. She couldn't do anything else. She couldn't stand. That's the time when we eat. Palmer Evans--he must have been about three or four years old. We didn't have no table either, but just spread some white cloth on the floor and put this frying pan full of gravy and meat on the floor. And Palmer was rushing around trying to get all the gravy and meat. He want to eat the meat all he can, you know. (6)

(g). My father had lots of children, but all of them died. The first one was born, I don't know what year it was. I was about five or six years old. It was born down by the river, our place over there. About a year and a half, two years after that, my sister was born. (7) I remember her, and I remember Palmer and this big girl that died at Sherman was pretty near the age of my oldest daughter. After that the other three was born dead. The last one was born about this time in the afternoon, and the old man used to doctor her. She was suffering awful, they say. Must have been something wrong. He had some kind of animal. I see that. He tell them to shake her up, and after that they put her down. About five or ten minutes after that, the child was born. About this time in the afternoon. After that she didn't have no more, and after that she died. Looks like the baby was full grown inside too when it died. I don't know what makes that.

They lived on Manzanita rancheria. My father works, but he don't move around like my mother and them. They stay home on the rancheria. He works there, walks to where he works. He never come around where I was, never even visit me. But I always go to them some time.

(Did he ever punish you?) No, never even scold me. He think he have no right to punish me, I guess. He didn't take care of me so he didn't even say nothing to me. He's awful good. He's a heavy drinker, but he never did scold me. He drinks lots, but never even have row with his woman. But he never comes home when he drinks. He buys all the groceries and send it home. Then he stayed and drink up all that left. He come home when he was sober. His wife used to scold him though, but he just laugh. He never minded. Heavy drinker. Any money left after the groceries, he drink up. Start working next week broke.

Only time I ever used to ask money from him was when maybe there was a circus in town. Then I ask fifty cents, maybe dollar. Rest of the time I don't bother him.

Contacts with Mother's Family: My aunt raised me. My mother never did. But still I always liked her though I had lots of trouble on her. They were living together, staying together in the same rancheria, in the same house. But I always sleep with my aunt. But still I always like to go to my mother the main one. We all went together. I used to live with my aunt, sleep in one bed with her. When I don't sleep with her, I sleep with my grandmother.

(g). She was my mother's sister, older than my mother. Her name was Nancy Harvy. Those days when first Mexicans came up here, they just grab the girls and take them in bushes. Have the pistol in one hand, and they do what

they want and then let them go. My old aunt say they take her once. They put them in a house. One night she pried a board away and got away. And she didn't know where she was, but she came out way up in a mountain and she saw a light. It was those northern Indians out gathering the tan bark acorn. She stayed with them a whole winter, and then they brought her up here. That was up at Round Valley, I guess. That was the first place they tried to take all the Indians from around here. That's the way they do long time ago. So lots of white babies, and they choke them. That easy too. The first baby born, then squeeze the nose and don't let it breath. That was long time ago. That's why not many half-breeds around here.

Oh, we used to hear lots of stories about how long time ago they treated the people here. I know that when my aunt used to tell her story, I was sorry for her. When she was a little girl, she used to be afraid to go around like that. She was grabbed two times, she said. I think she must have been old--about sixteen or seventeen--to be able to get away. I don't think a little girl would have done that. She used to be pretty husky when she got old. She must have been pretty husky when she was about sixteen years old.

(Tell me about your mother.) I don't know what I could remember about her. She was sickly all the time, and she couldn't see very well. She used to suffer with her eyes all the time. That's about all I know about her.

She was sick when I could remember a little. I stayed with my aunt that time. That's old smoke house--long and they have three fires in it. Long shed with no floor, dirt floor, four doors--two on the end and one on each side. That was my aunt's husband's mother with some old people, and another family with two or three old people--my father's aunt was one of them and her man, and another was the man's sister and she had a man. Four on that fire. And my aunt and my mother was on another fire. My mother didn't have a man that time. She was sick. And I sleep with one old lady because my mother was sick, and I had to sleep with another old woman. That old lady, I call her grandmother. She had nobody, and I generally sleep behind her. I had a grandmother, but she had another man.

I don't know what kind of sick my mother was, and I never did see anybody doctor her. But I used to take care of her when everybody was gone. I don't know where they go--maybe to work. But nobody there except the old blind lady, the one I sleep with. I don't know how old I was--seven or eight maybe. And my aunt must have taken care of my brother that time and taken him with her. I didn't see him around that time. And long time ago, during hop work, they used to go out early in the morning, work twelve hours a day that time --seven to six they used to work. (g). No, I had to stay take care of my mother. I never did go.

I don't know how long my mother was sick that time. Seems pretty long: stay home, give her water, give her cold drink. Sit around and chase flies away with willow brush. Sometimes get tired and lay down and sleep. And then when evening came, I would get a little water, I guess. And then next day the same thing, I guess. I know I used to be there when everybody gone, and then in the night time they all come back. I can remember little piece, but

after that I can't remember. (q). I don't remember what we talked about. I don't think we talked anything. I know my mother always used to tell me to watch out to see who was coming around the house and to find out who they were. She told me to watch that. (8)

I don't know how long she was sick, but after a while she got a little better. Then we move down to the river to prepare for hop-picking. But she was still sick, stay home. I didn't pick either that time. I was small. I used to go after water though for the old people. And from there on, we move home, move up to the rancheria and stay there. And next, I don't know what we done.

Early Memories: (Where did you live as a child?) Down there, down at Manzanita rancheria. That's the main place I've always been. Never did go any place else except to the ranch down by the river. Used to camp there during the summer and then in the winter come back. I remember that time the Indian house was built when they move in there. (9)

Contact with Maru Cult: Some of the Indians turn into matu, so they built that roundhouse. I don't know how old I was--six or seven years old. That was the time Nick Carson was Maru at Manzanita. I can remember a piece of it, and from then on I don't remember nothing. He quit when he got old. Then he don't do that. I never did see that. He never let children come in there. My mother went, but they used to put me in bed and lock the door before they left. So I never did see it. But my mother used to tell me about it afterwards. (10)

Contact with Catholicism: Then the priest came. I didn't know it was a priest, but all the people was sitting on the platform in there. No young people. Only old people, forty or fifty. And I didn't know what he say, but I listen. I used to be scared when he would raise his hands. My old grandmother used to have a rabbit-skin blanket over her like a shawl. And I would crawl in there scared. They told me he stayed there a week.

My uncle, Captain Roberto, went down to Vineland and got him. That's how he came there. He said his name was Father Louis. He used to go around bare-foot, they said, but I don't remember seeing him in the house. He used to teach the old people. He would put his hand on their head and say, "Nombre, Nombre, Nombre." And I used to be scared. And the old people used to put their hands every way--they didn't know how to cross themselves. I remember that. After that my old uncle always said his prayers like that. When they put things on the table, he always prayed himself. I don't know who all went that time. I don't know even if my aunt go. Because I was scared. I hid under the robe my grandmother wore. Just crawl into her arms and lay there crosswise, I guess.

Way back as far as I can remember I used to see that old man (Captain Roberto) go to church. And he used to pray at the table in the Spanish way. Everytime he ate he did that. I don't pray at the table, but I go to church, communion, and confession and things like that.

(You were baptised?) The Spanish people was my godfather and godmother, they say. I don't know his first name. They used to call him Garcia and his wife Rosita. I see him before he went away from here. But he was the same as these others. He got married to my father's sister and went up to Round Valley. That was the girl they raised--the one Rosita raised, and he got married with her. He used to have wine, and my old man (Captain Roberto) always used to look around where there was wine, and they always used to go over there. And I found out they was always drinking on account of my aunt. They used to eat dinner there and have wine. I remember old Garcia's place. That's the place my uncle got killed. All the Indians used to go there and get wine. He used to make it in the barn and have a big barrel there. I think he was the first one to plant grapes there. They used to take me there. That was the only time they want to take me to town. They used to go there and take me there. Then they get all the wine they want on account of my aunt.

(Do you remember being baptised?) No, I don't remember that, but they used to tell me that I was baptised, that them two was my godparents. I wasn't very old then. I was pretty good size girl when they want to take me, but I didn't want to go. And long after that when I saw one of my father's nieces, she was pretty big. She came back and talked Spanish. She was taken at the same time. She came back and said I should have come, then I would have learned Spanish. She said inside of a month she learned Spanish. Then I was sorry.

Contacts with the Old Pomo Religious Life: I always tell my boys too that long time ago when I was little girl, the headman came out in the evening or early in the morning and talked and prayed. I know I used to feel good when I heard that. I understood what he said and felt good. But nowadays there's nothing like that. It's been pretty near twenty-five years since my old man (Captain Roberto) died. He used to do that down at that round house. He stood there on the west side and preached like that. But now they don't do that. Nobody say nothing. (11)

Mother's Remarriage: Then my mother got married to my stepfather. (9). I know my mother had another man before him. She used to tell me that. One fellow from Chiptown. The first man she had was Will Colt. That same family is at Chiptown yet. They used to keep relations with me till he died. (12) After that the Tripton County man came over. He came there by way of drinking. He had a friend there on the rancheria, Captain Don Roberts, and he used to come there drinking. Captain Don used to drink lots. He's dead now. He was captain of the rancheria. Whole lots of people used to gather because he drinks lots.

I know they used to play monte, cards, in the roundhouse there. Lots of the men used to gather around and play cards. And that was the time my mother used to be around watching the game. And my mother used to smoke. Hardly any of the women did that, but she used to smoke and make these Bull Durham cigarettes. I used to feel sorry for her when I see her do that. And she see this fellow was smoking, and she asked a smoke from this fellow. The other man got jealous over it. So she left this other fellow, the man from Chiptown. He

got mad. Oh, Indians awful jealous people about their wives. White people aren't like that. They play with another man's wife, but Indians don't do that.

(Did you see that fight?) No, I didn't know that, but my mother tell me that. And she told me not to do that because she got licked for that.

After that she got the other fellow. That was William Jones. He was a Tripton County man. They got together about hop-picking time. He used to tell me he used to come there in 1888, I think he used to say. I must have been small that time, I guess; and he say my brother was still in the basket when he came to my mother. He could read too. I don't know how he learned that, but he used to read books and write letters that first time. (13)

First Contacts with Death: And first time when I could hardly remember, I think, a person died and my mother was crying. And I was scared. I don't know how old I was, but I was scared. I sure hate to see my mother cry. I think that was the first woman I heard. (14) Maybe I was about five or six years old that time. That was my mother's relation too, that old man died. Gee, make me feel so afraid don't know what to do. I was sitting in her lap. And she hold me and crying, and I start to cry too. I can't stop crying, and they had to shake me up. After that I always feel funny when I heard somebody crying. They told me not to cry, but still I cry. But mostly my cry was scared. After that my mother didn't want me to go there any more, so I never see what they done. Never go there after that when they bury the old fellow. But after that, I always like to go and see it when people begin to cry like that. But they always chase me away, chase me home.

I went there with my mother--they told the story about it, so my family went over there in the evening. He must have died in the evening. So my mother hold me in her lap, and I got scared. Never heard her cry before. And my aunt started to cry too, and all the women crying. Women cry, but hardly men cry. They have the tears, but not so loud. And that night they fix him up and put the clothes on. But they didn't want me to see the body, so they told me to stand to one side, not to see it. So I stand in the corner. They put him on a board and fix him up and next day they took him up, and I never followed him. But after that two days they took him up the hill to bury him. I sneaked along after them. And after that I don't know what I done.

(Did you know that old man?) Yes, I see him lots of times. He's one of the singers, dancing singers. He sing for the dances. They say that's how he died that way. He didn't do the rule good, so he got punished. I don't know. That's what they say. They don't dance that kind of dancing around here now. I see that kind when he sing there in the sweat house, old-fashioned ground house. Used to have two of them down there. He was a great singer. I guess it was his songs that my uncle learned. They used to have dances there at that roundhouse. They have the tuyake when one man just sings and all sit around in the roundhouse just listening to him. I heard that. My uncle knew all that, but I never did learn any of them. You just walk around, run around the fire alone in the roundhouse, four times, and singing all them things and shake rattle. They used that when they doctored too. When they don't dance, they sing that kind of song. And one woman sings too, and eight or nine men

standing around and hum like bee. And one is to talk, say things just like when they dancing person call out. Then stop, and that's the time the woman stops. It's pretty hard to say things when you hear it. They have to practice to say that. My uncle's wife, my sister-in-law, our way, used to sing that way. I used to go every time she sing, but seems like I don't learn nothing. Maybe I didn't care to learn.

(When this old man died, what did they do then?) They all went home. That first evening when he died, after I don't know how long they were crying there--maybe two hours--we all went home, my mother and my aunt and the old man. After they fix up the body, next morning after breakfast, they went over. But I didn't go.

(What did you do that night?) I went to bed, I guess. (Did you dream that night?) No, I don't think so. I don't think I dream about it. I don't remember that I ever dream when I was little. Might have, but I forget it, I guess. (q) I slept with my aunt that night. I never sleep alone till I was ten years old, I think. Just big enough to go out by myself night time. But I used to be scared though at night time. Don't think about anything. Just feel scared, scared of the dark. (Did they talk about his death that night?) No, they never say nothing about it. But they was telling each other that way they was going to bury him next day. Have his body half a day and then next day bury him. After that I never got scared. Just stand to one side and watch what they doing. Those days they used to pile all the clothes in the grave, all the blankets. If they had bedstead, pile that up by the coffin. Nowadays, they don't do that.

Then I just forget all about it, and play around, I guess.

Then my aunt's man died. I must have been about four or five or six. I just remember that piece. (15) Before she got married with him, she had another man. She had two men before that. This second one, I don't remember, but after they was parted they used to tell me about it. And I used to call him grandfather. He used to treat me good even after they parted. But he got another woman. That was Stan Day's mother. She had another man before that. I was there, but I don't remember seeing him.

I remember this last one though. He used to be good to me. He drink lots, but he never did bother me like my stepfather. Never did notice that. I used to camp around along with her and him. He used to bring candy home for me when he come. That's all I expected from him. I never was scared of him, but I was scared of my stepfather. I see that lots in the paper yet about stepfathers bothering girls.

He was chop wood over at Lawson's place. I remember that part, how he got sick and died, and after that I don't know what happened. I don't know if he caught cold or pneumonia or nothing. But I know he died. (Did they say he was poisoned?) No, he died of something. I don't know how he died. He wasn't sick very long, and so he died. Seems like he died pretty quick. He was sick there, and his family took him home where he stayed. I think his mother was living yet. They took him down there. I don't know how long they stay. And

he died. (q). I was with my aunt in the old people's place, my aunt's sister-in-law's place. I stay with her there.

(How did you find out he had died?) They told me. My aunt told me. You know, they was crying, but I didn't pay much attention on that. Then in the night time my aunt told me. In our language she said, "Your grandfather died. Died for good now. Leave us all alone now. Mustn't call for something to eat now. Nobody feed us. We don't know what we going to do." That was in the night time. I was lay down with her. That was when she was teaching me. She tell me not to call for him, but I forget about it. Sometimes in the evening when we get ready to eat, I ask where he is. He never come home yet. Sometimes she got mad and scold me. "Can't you remember anything?" she said. But I just sit and think. My aunt told me, "He's dead and gone now. Can't see it again." And when I used to cry, I call for him, "Grandfather" in the English way, "ba,se" our way. I used to cry that. My aunt saying, "When you cry, don't call for him." I used to forget though, and then she would scold me. I used to think about it all the time: why did he die, and why is that. When I was small I didn't know yet that we was all going to go that way. I used to want to go up to where he was. I thought maybe he would come out where they bury him, you know. I thought that was mean.

They had it there in the burial ground. (Did you take anything?) I remember that family do that when their own kind died. They give them lots of things, and she change them--give different kinds of things. Some give blankets, some give baskets, some put beads around her neck. And she take it. After it all over, burn up his clothes and bedding and the things that had belonged to him. She burned her clothes too, what he had seen, what she had worn around him. And she cut her hair. That's the way the Indians do. Some of them still do that. I cut my hair when my girl died two years ago. (q). No, that was when I was too small. They didn't cut it. (16)

Since her man died, we went to our old man (Captain Roberto). I don't remember that much what happened, but I know they all died off so my old man must have got her. So we went over there then. He was alone, his wife and him. Maybe he come after her. I don't know that part, but anyway we all move in there, his place. He put up a house already. They used to have a big old house--upstairs too. They used to have the old white people's house, early settler's house. When they bought the ranch, the Indians told him to live in it. Used to be a big house--five-room house and upstairs too. That's why we all staying on there. And he had another house, and he put another old man in that--his father-in-law, they said--in that other white man's house. It had a kitchen with a chimney. And they had a big barn there. And another family moved in there where they put hay. No floor there.

My aunt got married with a white fellow sometime after that. They used to live over there, and I don't know how long she stayed with him. And after while, long after that, when she got old, one old fellow did stay with her. My aunt didn't like him, so he only stayed there about two months, and then he had to move out. Our Laura (17) didn't like it either. She used to say to my aunt, "You old woman. You can't do nothing no more, and here you get married!"

(Where was your brother that time your aunt's husband died?) He was with my mother and them. I don't know where they stay that time. They generally always move around among white people then. Those days white men have Indian men to work for them all the year around. That's why he never did stay home much. Only about two months of the year, in the hard part when it's raining. Then he never could work much, so used to stay home and then move off again.

We lived all together. You know, long time ago Indians lived like that. One house, one family lived together, every one of them. That's the way we was living down there. We had a big old house and lived all there together--my mother and my aunt and that old man and his wife and us two, boy and girl. And my aunt was married, and my mother was married. We all eat together at one table. And when they bought groceries, they put in whatever they could: four bits, dollar, whatever they can to buy groceries. And the old lady, my aunt, used to have the smokehouse and she used to cook everything Indian in there. (To whom did the food belong?) Belonged to the company. Nobody did say anything about it--they all buy together. When there was something short, they tell it around when they eat, and then somebody go out and go to town and get it. And then, whoever going, they always give the money or something to buy it with. All put in. And cooking time, it's just the same. Whoever gets up early, start in. Supper time just the same. Whoever feels like starting in early, start to cook.

(Did your grandmother live with you then?) I guess so. Some grandmothers, I guess. I never see my real grandmother, but my grandmother's sisters I see. Three of them I see. I just see my aunt and my uncle's woman, that old Laura. They got married when my mother was young, they say, Old Laura and my uncle. She must be pretty close to a hundred years old. She must have been over fifty years old when I was born. But my mother was young when she got married to my uncle, and she was married twice before my uncle to a white man and another fellow.

(g). I had six grandmothers. There were six girls and one boy, and so I had six grandmothers, and her brother is my grandfather. They used to name my boy after him. His name was shishna. My oldest boy, they gave him that name. He was a good man. He married once, and after that he told his family he don't get married again. "I feel mad all the time when married," he said. "After woman is gone, I feel good." So he didn't get married after that, but all the women want to come to him. That's why the men poisoned him.

(g). They were my mother's mother's sisters. And from there you know, one of their daughters is Tomas Mexican's mother. That's how Tomas is my uncle by my mother's oldest cousin. We call it brother like that if the sisters have children, but the whites call it cousin. We always say cousin now, but I always say the same old way. That's the same family as that May Green. Her mother is one of them. That's how I call her, May, my sister. And her children call me aunt. (18) The rest of them ain't got no children. These the only two out of six ladies. Some of them lost all, and some of them raised one. I didn't know much about it. They never tell me their names. They did tell me the Indian names. I don't think they had white names.

These old people had their own smoke house. That's the kind they used to have for old people--just dirt floor and fire in the middle of the house. They used to have two places to put fire. And in the night time, my eyes just burn with the smoke. Sometimes I used to sleep there with one old lady, my grandmother.

Illness: (Were you ever sick as a child?) I don't remember. That's only once I remember long time ago, when I was little, about seven or eight. We used to play in the water all the time, winter time. And that time I got sick. My aunt wasn't around that time. This was with my mother in another family house, the one I call my sister. We was living there with them. I don't know where these others was, but anyway we was staying with them that time. (g). I don't know why we went there. We stayed there about one or two years, I guess. They had a house staying there right near there. That's the way they used to live. When they close relation, they used to live close to each other, not far apart, long time ago. One family you can tell they family. Not like nowadays when they live way off, daughters and sons. (g). I was following my mother around that time. She had no house, so she always was with some other family, her brothers and sisters. Never have a house of her own. Staying with the old man and old lady and my aunt.

(Tell me more about your being sick.) Well, that was at night, in the evening. That was in winter time. I was just about little bigger than eight or nine years old. I'd been playing around in the water, got wet. That's how I got headache. I was laying in bed, and my bones hurt all the time. I was just crying all the time, and my mother scolded me. She said that when I got well I would be back in the water again. (What did you do?) I tell her where I'm hurt and call her, "Mama," and tell her, "Mama, hurt! My bones all aching." (g). No, she didn't say nothing. She only felt mad, I guess. One thing only she was saying: "As soon as you get well, you'll be doing the same thing." That's the only thing she used to say. She got mad when I was crying and said, "You'll be doing the same thing." I don't say nothing to that.

I was sleeping alone, I think, that time under my mother's bed. I had a little place there, just a little straw mattress. That's why they put me on the fireplace. They had the fireplace that time. They took the little bed out and put me there. That's the only kind of mattress we used to have. Have a tick and put the straw in it. And they made home-made bedstead out of board. I couldn't sleep. Keep me awake all night. Next morning I was crying.

(What did your mother do?) She tried to do what she can. She got up and put me by the fireplace and warm up the rocks and things like that. She helped me a lot every time I get that. I got that every winter, I guess. I catch cold in the bones, I guess, playing in the water. Yes, she helped me lots. Warm up rocks so hot I couldn't stand it. And she put pepperwood leaves on the coals, and then put it on where it ached. The strong stuff goes into the bone and drives the pain out.

And I got grippe too, I think, that last time I had it. And when I got that way, my mother always used to put me by the fire. We always used to have camp fire, never had a stove. And one time I got that--it was spring time, working time. And I couldn't lie still, hurt so much. Have to roll

around. So she took all the things off me and put me by the fire and took pepperwood leaves and rubbed my body all over with pepperwood leaves. After that felt good. Then she did it once again, and after that I felt fine. I sit up and tell her, "I feel good now." After my mother died, I never get that way. I guess I got old, and nobody take care of me anymore. I get old and take care of myself.

That time, that winter, my grandfather doctored me that time too. She didn't hire anybody, but this man was matu something and that's why he came. (19) He was doctoring me. He said I got cold and that's how I got sick. That was my oldest grandfather. He steamed me with something. I remember the things he steamed me with: Manzanita leaves it was. He didn't boil it. The way Indians do old times, they don't boil things. Get four rocks, heat it up red hot, put it in pan or can, and put the rocks in--two of them, one after the other. Put it in and make it boil; make the steam come out. And put your face over that with mouth wide open and breathe in all that steam. Then put in fourth rock and breathe all that until the steam is all gone. And my grandfather used to put it in a cup and strain it and give it to me to drink. They steam some others with other stuff. I don't know what it's for though.

(What did the other people in the house do that time?) They all went different rooms. That's two old people, and they sleep in the fireplace on the other side; and this side they put me. Men and women sleeping in the living room. They had some kind of beds of blankets, and when they get up, they roll it up and sit around on that. They don't keep no bedrooms for those old people. They just sleep in the fireplace. They just had two bedrooms, four-room house: living room, kitchen, and two bedrooms. (What did they do when the doctor came?) They don't do nothing. They all go in another room, in the kitchen. Some of them go out.

I and my mother and the Indian matu only ones left in the room. Some of the Indian matu people don't allow people to stay, just so many. They know that, and that's why they go out or into the other room. Only the doctor and nurse left. Like that. These matu people have certain things to do. Some of them doctor in the night; some of them doctor before sun up; some of them doctor before noon.

(g). He doctored me morning and evening. In the evening and before breakfast. After he finished, he eat breakfast with us and same in the evening. And he didn't charge. They don't. But they give him what they think is right. That's the way all the Indian doctors are. Even nowadays they don't charge. They just give them what they feel like, what they think is right. (g). My mother gave him little beads and blanket and handkerchief, new handkerchief. That's old-fashioned. (20) (g). "This your pay for your doctoring," she say. Then the old person said, "All right." And he say, our language, "e., e., e." That's "Thank you," I guess. (g). Yes, I was there. He came to visit me. Have to see how I was getting along. See I'm all right, so then have to pay him.

Indians are like that. They come and see you when they think about you, see how you getting along. (Did any of your friends come around that time?) No, only one girl that used to come around was May's little sister. Of course,

May came too, but they was in the same house. They were afraid of disease. Indians pretty particular about that kind. They don't come around where sick person is unless you real relative. But they all come and see you after you die, just ready to bury. That the time everybody come to see. They don't try to visit you when you sick.

That was only about four or five days I had that cold. I laid in bed for two or three days and then get up. But I don't play in the water then. Little bit scared, I guess. Watch out a little bit. After that I don't remember. I guess I was playing like I used to.

(What happened after that?) I don't know. Nothing, I guess. I got up. When you get up, that's the way our people do--have to take all your stuff out and let it hang out two or three nights and sweep the floor and clean up everything. Sometimes they burn all the clothes and put clean things on or wash them. I don't feel very good right after I got over it. I stayed around the house about three or four days before I could go around, feel kind of sick. Lay around some place where it shade.

(g). No, nobody came to play with me. I play with the two girls I stayed with, that's all. They came up and sat around there playing rag dolls. That's the kind we played. Make real pretty dolls out of rags. We played that. (g). She was younger than me, but one was older. This one, May, was older than we were--four or five years. Her sister is younger, about a year.

Relations with Brother: My little brother was sick all the time. That's why he didn't play around. He was sick all the time when he was little. Just sit and lay around like a fat hog. Can't play. But he growed up to be fifty when he died. His name was Alfred Evans. He died about five years ago.

(Did you like him?) I used to take care of him all the time. But you know, one time I didn't know--we was together and he was about five. He was small. And he had money. I didn't know where he got it. And I went and told my mother. He went around and looked in her purse, and seems he got it from there. Then she came down and licked that little fellow. Gee, I felt sorry. I didn't know what to do. He had money. He was playing down by the river. He had made a big pile of sand, and he said, "Sister, let's do this way." He brushed it away with his hands. He'd put the money in there. Then he said, "I find money!" I run home and told my mother, and then she looked in her purse and came down and licked him good. I felt bad about that. But that's the only time I ever see him do that. He never did it again.

I used to feel sorry for him long time ago. He used to be sick all the time, have sores. I don't know what kind of sores. Doctor used to say he would grow out of it. And sure enough, when he got to be a big man, he grow out of it. They tried all kinds of medicine, but that didn't do no good. Then he grow out of it without medicine.

(Which one did your mother like best?) I think she liked the boy best because that the one she always take care of, take around. I hardly never stay with her when I was little. But anyway, I stay around with her when I get to be a big girl. That's the only two she had. After that she didn't have no more

babies. She miscarried one time after both of us. She was riding horse when she was carrying three months. They were coming across here the time they got the bad news that her sister died. She was with a Tripton County man that time. They phone over to her that her sister died, and they come over on horseback. She miscarried. After that she didn't have any more children. That must have been bad, riding horse when she was that way.

Daily Life: (What did you do when you were a little girl?) I don't know what I could remember on that kind days. I know when we were small, little bigger than five, we generally go out and look around for something to eat, these wild stuff. Go round, way out in the fields down by the river. Play around till sundown. Then after sundown, go home. That's about all we generally do when we small like that. That is, not alone.

We had two or three or maybe four--all girls--going around together. We never did play with boys. I know I never did. But sometimes go down to the river, and all swim together. Didn't have no bathing suit those days though. All naked. But the boys used to be good to us. Never say nothing to us; never notice nothing. All used to play together, swim around, come out on the sand and lay around. Then go in again. That's about all we generally do. Play, run around--run clear out on the road.

Play Activities: This time of year (July), we used to play some kind of game with arrows, and going along on a good place we would play that all day. When we play down in the fields, we take long sticks and make arrows. We make them--peel the bark off and make a fire and smoke them and make them all colors, black and white. We used to play that on the road there and see whose stick goes long way. That's the only kind of game we used to play when I was young.
(21)

One thing I tried to do--it wasn't my fault. My girl friends picked me up and put me on the camps and told me to steal some rags that were lying around in there. I guess they wanted it for doll rags. It was my grandmother's camp. I didn't want to do it, but they were going to beat me so I had to. I went in and gave them the stuff. Then they didn't help me down. They ran off and left me in there. But I found a way out. After that, they had a garden there. They had green muskmelons, and I always like that. I steal that. I always steal that from the gardens. I remember that, but I don't remember what I did after that.

(What else did you play?) We used to play that rock dolls and have a house. Sometimes we went down to the Oak River. We take rocks, flat rocks. We play that lady. And a longer one, we play that man. And make bed and play that. That's all we played. We liked to play baby with blankets and make bed. We had those Indian baby baskets for dolls. That's the way we play. In my days, of course, we didn't have dolls. We didn't have much. But my aunt made some kind of rag doll out of straw. Make a face and hair out of straw, and on a board they make it. And they put Indian beads for eyes.

(Did you have any pets when you were small?) No, I never did like pets. My mother, she liked dogs and cats. But I never did like dogs and cats when I was small. My mother used to scold me for that. I didn't like her dog and used to hit him. She had a dog when she died. One of these fuzzy ones, just

a small one. When she died, that dog ran away and maybe it died. I don't know where it went. Maybe we were too mean to it. My aunt was like that too. When she found a cat inside, she used to just twist it around like this and throw it outside. I never did like pets. I didn't even like chickens. Walter always wanted to keep them, but I didn't. When I get mad at them, I just want to kill them. So we don't have them. Only pets I ever had was just babies. I guess that's what made me mean. (Were you ever bitten by your mother's dog?) No, she used to have nice dogs. She used to have lots of dogs. I never notice anyone bite me.

(What else did you do?) Long time ago, they made little baskets to gather manzanita berries in. They make them small, and we used to go out and gather manzanita berries with them. They make it for us, little ones. And I used to go out like that with my old people and hunt for mushrooms. Then spring time, we got clover down by the creek and take it home. Then the old people eat it. That's my time. Now we don't go after the clover because the place we used to go is all full of cattle.

Long time ago Indians make these cooking tools. They make them for little girls. You know them pounding baskets. They make them small and make the pounding rock, small one. And she can pound. They start to teach them when they are about four or five years old to make pounding. And make little sifter.

We used to play. Never think about eating. Well--we Indians, when we don't work, never did eat three meals a day. And I got used to that. Even yet, when I don't work, never cook none. Eat cold lunch though. We used to that, so we never do want something warm noon in summer. (22)

(When you were hungry, what did you do?) When I was young and wanted food, I go to my aunt--my aunt and my grandmother. I would hang around with my mother, but I never did bother her. Grandmother and aunt never did whip you like mother did. But my uncle used to give me hell for eating with my grandmother and aunt. Used to whip me. But still I always did sneak in there. Tasted different the way they cooked. They cooked on the coal and camp fire. I don't like fried food and onions. I liked the old way of cooking. Have to pick stuff clean of the coals, but taste good. Whenever I felt hungry, I always go to grandmother. She give me piece of bread. They used to have corn and cook it under the ashes. Stick one or two pieces in there cooking with the steam. That used to taste good. When you open it, just look like it raw. But it taste good though. That's my dinner. Everytime I got hungry, I used to call for things, and they used to pull the corn out from under the ashes, clean it off, and put salt on, and give it to me. That was different corn than they have now--squaw corn. It was all speckled. They don't raise that kind any more.

(At night what did you do?) At night we eat what they left from something. I eat, fill up with it. They generally put something away for me when I not around. When I come home, my aunt dish something out for me on the table or on the floor.

Learning: And then I lay down. I sleep with her until I married. And then they teach us something--what not to do, what to do next day. When we're young,

our parents teach us, scare us so we won't be friends with anybody or go around with anybody, especially girls. They teach us like that. They used to watch me pretty close so that I never did go around like that. Even when I was big girl, I was afraid to go to town. When I went to town, the whites would come around and ask, "Is that your girl?" Lots of times white people ask my mother if I belonged to her. My mother was dark looking. I'm not different from her, but they always used to say that. When we went home, my mother would say not to talk to them, they might take me away. So I was scared, especially of men. I never did go to town either when I was a little girl. Long time ago lots of whites used to come around and give money to us: maybe five cents, maybe ten cents. Guess they just wanted to talk to us. But the old people didn't like it.

Oh, they teach children all the time. Every night. My grandmother used to tell me. I used to sleep with my grandmother. Everytime they sleep, they put me on their arm and hold me there and tell me that, that it's wrong. But nowadays they don't do that. That's why children are like that--just wild.

(What did they tell you?) Oh, some story. Some stories all the time. "Don't want to make fun of old crippled people. You might get old like that some day so you don't want to say things or make fun of them. Be good to people. Give them something to eat." You know, long time ago, some people were just like--you know whenever they get mad at young people, they want to do something to them, want to make them suffer, to make them sick. I know one case like that. He must be my age. He made fun of old people, and he spit on them. Then he got blind. They said the old people did that to him. He was a nice-looking man too with curly hair. He was blind all his life. But nowadays, I don't think these young people know about that. But that man over there, Paul Clinton, he's like that, they say. His uncle was a poison man, and he learned from him. They say he still does that. (23)

(What other things did they teach?) First off, they teach us how to call our relation. "This is your aunt. This is your grandmother." They taught us lots of things what we should do when we're big. They teach us, when the boy goes out you shouldn't follow him. They don't want us to see how he is. And when the boy goes out, we don't follow him and see how he does it. That's what they used to teach me. "When your man, your relation, is, you never want to watch what he do when he go out. That's a shame," they say. But I did when I was small. He take his pants off, and tell me not to look at him close. He used to do that, take his pants off. (24) I think that's a good way. I know when they don't stop you from that, you think it's all right, and when you get big you might do that way. So that's the best way, I think. Lots of families with big children, they do that to them. Even little boys, eight or nine years old, they do that to sisters. If they don't teach them, that's why they do that. We got big stories like that right now. They play with their relation. (25)

(Were you warned against that when you were small?) I don't have no family--no family close together. They were older and already taught, and so they never played with me. And I was taught right too. That was awful bad. They always say not to play with your relatives before anyone who could see you.

They talk about it, and make you shame. I never did like to play like that. I feel shame yet. I never did like to come to men.

(When they taught you, did they warn you about animals, about owls?) That's the main thing at night time. That's what they said to us. That's what we tell my grandchildren too. They don't know what it is, and we didn't know what it is. But we always say makuga--that's owl. These children don't see it, but they hear it. And they always scared of makuga too. We always make them scared in a dark place. That's why they always afraid to go into the dark house. I was scared of makuga that way. (g). My grandmother say that, and my aunt and my mother. My grandmother was the first one to say that to me. "Makuga will grab you by the hair," they say. You know, long time ago Indian people had big hole in their ear. My grandmother used to have it. She'd say, "See! Makuga did that!" I believed and was scared. But that wasn't true though. It was just for earrings. All the Indians have that long time ago, they say.

(Did they teach you about snakes?) Yes, they teach that. That's the only thing I'm awful sorry nowadays. Long ago the rattlesnake used to bite people, they didn't let him move. Just make him lie there and doctor him. They cure him too. They told me about it, but I never learned it. Once an old man was picking berries down by Old Laura's house. A rattlesnake bit him, my grandmother's husband. Big fat person. They didn't let him move--just make him lie there, and they got somebody who knows how to doctor that. And next morning he walked home.

They used to warn us about going near blackberry bushes because there were lots of snakes there. That's what they used to say. Long time ago lots of blackberry bushes there. You got to have stick around when you go there. So we went there, we always took some kind of pepperwood stick for cane. That strong smell. You have to have cane when you go out blackberrying. And you take angelica root, chew it up, and rub it around the ankles. So he smell that. That strong smell too, that angelica.

Yes, rattlesnake or snake anything, they tell us to be careful, take care. My uncle said ever since he could remember lots of rattlesnakes here, but the rattlesnakes never did hurt anybody from this place. He never did hear of that happening. One time he got lazy and lie down under tree. And he felt something on his chest and look there. There was a rattlesnake. He never moved and then it went. He jumped up and talked to the snake. He said, "Now you can go now. I won't hurt you," he said. He said his stepfather told him that. "If they don't bother you, let them alone." So he never did kill snake. But me, I always want to kill snake. They always tell me to. (26)

(Did they ever scare you?) They scared children with the stick, and with something like a snake. They put that something like a snake on a stick and have that dragging around. That's why I guess long time ago the children were scared and minded. Nowadays they don't scare them. I know I was raised like that all the time: scared of things, scared of persons. Sometimes when they tell you some old man coming, they tell you not to go close to him because they say he has poison. Especially an old man with a cane. I used to be awfully afraid of that.

Once when I was a little girl, my cousin and I were playing on a road: the road down there at the rancheria. We was playing this side where the gate go out. And they was having a big time there. Indians come from everywhere. Middle afternoon the people came. Just like old Indians when they do something, they call the tribes: the people from Vineland and Chiptown. And there was dancing. So they called these Chiptown Indians, and they all came there the way they do long time ago. They gather down there. Some of them come in wagons, some ride horseback. They wait for each other there. They all bunch up there. And we was standing there watching them. From there, everyone walked to the roundhouse. Maybe forty or fifty walking together. Maybe some wait and take the wagons up, after they all go into the roundhouse and sit on the straw they had ready for them. After it was all over and everything quiet, they have to give them supper. After it was all over, way sundown, it was cold already. And we was sitting there making a dirt house, I guess. Last came an old man with a cane.

I looked down there and see this man coming. I don't know what made me say it, but I said, "Come! This is poison man!" And he was coming. So I jump up and ran away and went inside the gate and turned to look. She was still sitting there, never move. This old fellow come and ask her what she was doing there. She never answer. Then he grab her head and shake it, and then he went on. I know the man, so I tell my aunt and my mother about it. They always tell me he was that kind. They always tell us that, which one's poison, and which one not to stand on the shadow side. You can poison that way--that's the same as poison. That's why I know. That's why I told my aunt.

That girl got sick that night. She said her head was burning, feel like fire in her head. So my aunt told that to the mother. (27) After that she cried all the time. So two or three days after everything was over, they hired Indian doctor to doctor her. My grandfather was doctoring her with fire. She stopped suffering, but she died.

That's the one I saw. That's the Clinton's uncle, Captain Sam. That's the way they teach us. They say when lots of people gather around, some one is like that. They used to teach me, "Never go around--always hang around on one side, on the shadow side." So when lots of people around, I never did go around. They always used to be awful scared for me. I was the only one. They used to say that when everybody together, the poison man poison somebody he hate or the richest or the prettiest. So that's why in a family, if they had good young people, they used to watch them pretty close. That's why they told me to watch pretty close because they might do that to me because I was the only one in the family. I don't know if he do that, or how she got sick. But anyhow, it looks like that. (28)

My aunt told me when she had a baby, she left the baby with her father. They were inside, and he was sleeping. Somebody came along and picked the baby up and put it right on where red ants come out of the ground. And they were biting her, and the baby was hollering and screaming. The old man jumped up. They told me that in their family, whenever they had children something always happened to them. That's why they didn't want me to go around. They said I was different. They called me "queen." They said I was different from the other children. That's why I was awful scared. (29)

And my grandmother said that she left her baby just starting to walk with her father too while she went out to get manzanita berries. And I guess that old fellow went to sleep again, and somebody throw the baby in the water. When they found it, it was drowned. And the next grandmother said she was making something. The baby was about two or three years old. She was pounding something somewhere, and the baby was playing on the other side of the house. And somebody put fire on it. That baby burned. That's why they used to scare me. I'm still like that. I never go to visit these families. Feel afraid. I go to see Sophie Martinez sometimes. I think that nowadays they don't have that poison stuff like they used to have. But some of them still have it.

This woman, Bess Clinton, she has it. (30) She had an old grandfather like that, and he teach her that. I know they teach me that too, but I never did try it. I never think about it. They even teach me how to make person crazy, and that I never tried to do even when I was a young woman. I'd like to have, but I never did do it. Have man I want to have. (31)

(Were any of your people like that?) I don't know. Before I was born, I guess, I did have some people like that. I had a grandfather they said knew how to poison. I had a grandfather who used to teach me like that. I was the only child, so they taught me. My mother had only two children: my brother and I and then a miscarriage. He used to tell me about it all. He used to say that Indian woman just like a bird, just easy. Anything they do, they get sick on it.

I know one old fellow, he just died a few years ago here. That was after my uncle died. He had lots of family. He was like that, and they all died. That's the way the Indians have. If you dope somebody, the one you dope, for him one of your family is going to die. That's payment for him. He had a big family, thirteen. They say he did that, and his family all died. None of them growed. He had only one granddaughter and one grandson. (q). That was Ed Bear. He's my mother's relation.

(Did they ever punish you when you were a child?) I never did notice. My mother never did whip me. I always obey what they said. I never did argue with my family. I was good. I was scared. Only once, my aunt did whip me. She pinched my ear hard till it bled. She got mad at my uncle and pinched me. As soon as I saw that blood on my dress, I was scared. And my mother whipped me once. It was when they were drinking. They wanted me to do something, and I didn't. And my old woman got mad. She knocked me down, and I guess she was going to kick me. But I jumped up. I was pretty big that time, about nine. I know how to harness up horse that time. Must have been pretty big girl--knew how to harness up horse and do all that work.

Oh yes, they used to whip me just like white people. Get stick. I know that's the way they whip me. My uncle used to have long old-fashioned black-snake whip. They say that "Spanish style" when they do that. They say the Spanish people used to whip people long time ago when they wanted them to work. He was raised with the Spanish, and he'd chase us around with the blacksnake whip when he wanted us to do something. That's why when they say something, I used to be afraid and want to do it right away. (Your uncle was mean to you?) Oh yes, used to beat me up. Sometimes him and the woman used to fight over me.

He used to be awful mean to me, mean to both of us. Sometimes my brother used to stay with us, but I guess he scared of him and used to go home to his mother. That's why I went around so much, don't have no good place to stay. He's mean to me, and then when I go to sleep, my stepfather don't let me sleep good. That's how I was. I had lots of places to stay, but I can't get away from my mother seems like.

(Who did you go to when you felt bad about something?) I always go to my grandmother's. You know I had three old ladies in one house. I always used to go to them. My uncle used to give me hell. Chase me out with a blacksnake whip. But still I used to go to them. (g). Oh, I don't know. He always used to do that. I don't know why. Oh, sometimes I used to go there when they scold me. When I don't do what I supposed to do. So I go there. Sometimes I used to eat with them, and he used to chase me out with a whip. Just sting my feet and legs.

They used to drink lots too. That's why I run away from them. They want me to do everything for them. They used to hunt me up late at night when they got home, want me to unhitch the horses. I used to do it, and be crying around. My aunt used to say, "You treat her just like boy." They never miss a week. Every Saturday night they used to be drunk. And when they came home, I had to get up and unhitch the horse. They both of them never miss a week getting drunk. I think I used to have a hard life all the time.

And still I can't go anyplace. Still have a boss and be tied up. Just like now I'm tied to the children, can't go anyplace.

(Who was your main teacher when you were little?) My grandmother was my main teacher, and my grandmother's man, my grandfather. I had old grandmother, and she used to teach me how to sing. She was the last one I saw of the grandmothers I had. Grandfathers don't teach much. Only, "Don't run around with another man or married man. Be good to people. Be kind to people. Don't run around in the night time." That's what my grandfather said to me. Not to go to different houses; not to visit people. That's what my grandfather said, my mother's grandfather. They don't teach much. But they tell you lots of stories, lots of old kinds of stories. How things happen, and how a person do long time ago. Sing some kind of song.

He was a great hunter, that old fellow. One time I saw him, he made traps for birds--all kinds of birds, for larks and quails and cottontails. He used to make old time traps. He used to put lots of them out in the evening. He used to have baskets and used to fill them up with the game: rabbits, cottontails, birds. He used to have all of them in the basket, and next morning early he would go out to get them. And when he bring them home in the morning, he used to build a fire, and he take all the feathers off. He cleaned all the birds, and he cooked it. He was the only one got to cook it. None of us helped with that. And when we ate the bird, we never bite it or break the bone. We just pull the meat off with the fingernails. It would have made him have bad luck if we bite it and break the bones. That's the way we did things. He used to cook it on the coals. He had acorn mush and acorn bread too. Tastes good with acorn mush--cold acorn mush cooked last night and left to set over night. That's the way he used to kill that kind. He had bow and arrows too, but he always trapped them.

(Did you go along ever?) No, I never did go. He didn't want anybody to go with him. He wanted to go alone. I see him fix it in the evening--he had long basket made out of willows, and he laid them by the brush where there are lots of birds and cottontails around. He knew the trails. If quail around, put the basket there and seeds in there. Make the birds go in. And put all the brush on top and covered that basket because they might be scared to go in. And then they all go in there. Sometimes he catch about ten or twelve in that basket. Then he killed them one by one. Choke them.

And fish basket, they fix like that too. Man have to do that. Some man do that--fisherman do that. I see my uncle do that. They make net too, like they have over to the coast. They have it on the bank and feel along with the feet. One time my uncle and another fellow fixed it like that down at Lucerne. They had lots of fish--could hardly lift it out. They scared the fish making all kinds of noise over the water, and those three men could hardly lift it up. And one old lady, she lives down at Vineland, made a hole and cleaned the fish. And we all helped. We cleaned them good there, and then she piled them in there. And then she covered them up with the wild grape vine leaves and put sack around it and hot rocks on top. Next morning we came there and dug it out all steaming. It looked just like raw. We do that one time down at Lucerne.

Another time we poison fish. All the families--all our families down at Manzanita Rancheria did it. The young women, they dig that soap root with iron rods--sometimes two or three baskets full. They take it down to the place where they going to catch the fish. They pick the spot and right there they dump that soap root. And all the women and children have rocks, and they pound the root. It makes like soap. They pound all of it. They have long sticks and pound it and pound it. And when they take rest, two or three fellows put water on it and make soap. And some of them down river watching fish. With no dress. Nothing on their bodies. Just like diapers only. Both men and women. If the fish get dizzy, they all ready and they all follow down, following the soapy water, following the fish. With some basket to get the fish. I was swimming around too. I don't know how old I was. We stayed over night there. I stayed with my grandmother. They had lots of little eels, and they cooked that too. I didn't like to eat that--look like snake.

But I eat them army worms. Twice I think I see them kind of worm come. They don't come on all the trees--just on one kind of tree. I think I was about ten or eleven years old then, and my aunt, she dried lots of them with the Indian basket. She had lots of them--about four baskets full. And when they good and dry, I used to grab them and eat them. Gee, that was good.

My grandfather was a great hunter. He was a bear hunter, too. He killed bear, he said, just because one killed his father. He pounded the teeth out every time he killed the bear. He would say, "With this teeth you killed my father. That's why I do this to you," he would say. And he would open the mouth and pound the teeth out with a rock. He killed lots of bears with arrows. Those days he had bow and arrows. (There were bears here?) My uncle when he used to tell us said bear just like sheep around here when the white people came. Sometimes they don't care for people, but sometimes they try to bite people. He used to show us two trees where lots of bears used to play.

That's up there by the road to Manzanita. There was two trees all together, and he used to say bear used to play on it when he was young. I seen them trees. He used to tell me about it. (32)

(Did they tell you about people dressed as bears?) No, I don't see that. They dress up like bears, most of the time they want to kill somebody. So they dress up like bear. (33)

I know my grandfather said he put the deer head on when he want to go out hunting. He used to go out among the deer. The deer just want to smell his behind. He always just turn around and sit around, he say. It used to make me laugh when he tell that story. He used to stuff the head.

Oh, I hear all kinds of stories because I was raised among old people. And lots of them, I didn't pay any attention. The time this Christ and Joseph and Mary--but I don't remember that much. They used to call that story uyukaya, Joseph and Mary and the boy from Heaven. And they used to tell that story from beginning to end. I used to listen, but halfway some parts I would go to sleep and not listen. But I kind of think it was them too--they used to say the boy was as good as his old man. (q). My old man, my uncle, used to tell that. Oh, he had lots of stories. He tell lots of stories, and he sing lots too. That's why they take long time. He would stop and sing. I thought that was him when he sing that.

He used to tell that story to all of us sitting around in the night time by the fire: my mother and me and my grandmother. He used to tell us all sorts of stories. Stories he know from before the white people came. He say this place used to be all wild before the white people and the Spanish people came. He say he see eagles around here, but I never saw them in here. And some other kind of bird, just like ostrich. They called it kuksu. Way back in the hills over here, lots of them. But we never see it. I never see it. It's one he sees, he said.

And he used to tell that like when young people get married, men and boys, if woman get moon sick, men told the boy not to go out hunting when woman got like that. If you do, you see deer turn into something, turn into human, or laugh or something.

Broken Taboos: I know I see one like that, my father's sister's husband. I was about nine years old then. (q). That was way after my aunt's husband died. Maybe two or three summers after. We was down at Big Rock. He used to have a big garden down there. (34) Melons, corn, everything. Right there it was. That was my stepfather's half-brother. We call that brother-in-law because it was my father's sister's husband. But anyway, my father wasn't there. But he was my stepfather's half-brother. They got one father and two mothers. Their mothers was there too. They call each other sister because they have one man. That's the way with the old timers. When they had one man, they were the same as relatives. Friendly relation too.

He wanted--it was this time of year and there was deer. He was going out hunting. I guess there were no laws about it then. He told his family, I guess; and then his wife told him that she was sick, menstruating. She told that to his mother, her mother-in-law. So she told him about it and not to go.

He didn't believe it. He was one of those who don't believe in Indian things. He said, "How can those wild things way off know about it?" This was toward evening, and everybody was bunched up together going to eat. And he said that. And that old lady said, "Well, that's our way. You know, sometimes deer turn into person, man or woman." He said, "That happened long time ago before the white people came here, when everything wild."

So next morning, early, before nobody was up, he got up and went. And my aunt was saying he did go. That evening when everything late, they miss him. They ask that woman if he go to stay over night. She didn't know. She said, "He went out hunting." They know what was wrong. They say deer take them home when they go out hunting like that. Then my stepfather got excited and wanted to follow him, but nobody to go with him. So next morning, he went out and hunted for him.

He found him sitting around where the deer was, half crazy. (35) He came up to him and ask him if he kill anything. He didn't say nothing. Don't know what to do, I guess. So he brought him home that night, and nobody say nothing. He just lay down. Next morning they was asking him, but he said nothing. So they thought he got scared old-fashioned way. So they got this old fellow who know what to do, that old Captain Sam.

First time he doctor him, he never move, never say anything. Just lie sleep, like sleep. So two days later he doctor him again. Know what it was. So third day, he made a place like water. I watch him that time. My mother told me not to run around, to watch and sit clear when they doctor someone. He made a place like a pond and set up willow for brush around it. And he make something just naturally look like deer head out of rabbit skin and horns out of sticks. And he put white and black all over his body, paint himself up. Make anybody get scared to see him. He told the fellow to look at it. So he got scared and fainted. He was shaking there, but they don't pay no attention. They hold him so he don't fall off the bed. He was shaking long time while the man make the deer move around in the bushes. Then the man quiet down and go to sleep. Then he stopped. Then next day he do it again, and he didn't care that time. Just sit up and watch.

After that he told about it. They had to wash him all over with medicines, and after that he told what they do to him. He say the deer lead him in some place, the deer sweat house, where deer living so many bunched together. He went in there and watched all the deer there. Never even shoot one. And from there on, he tell all the story, and from there on he believe all the Indian stories. He used to tell that to the young people and say, "That's what happens to me for not believing." He tell that when he got old. Tell it to my brother and to his step-son. "And don't gamble when the woman like that and you married. That's bad," he said.

After he got well, they put up big dinner and dance, American dance there. (36) They had that American dancing for two nights and then the dinner on the fourth of July day. That morning they was dancing, And I was there, and my brother-in-law asked me to dance. I didn't know how to dance, but he grabbed me and pulled me in there. I cried on the platform, and my mother chased me

out and told me not to come in there. I didn't know how to dance quadrille. After that I learned to dance, and I wanted to dance all the time. And my mother used to growl at me for that. (37)

And then the man got all right. He was cooking the meat for dinner that day. That's the way they tell the boys. And when your wife have a baby, even until a month after the baby. After that it's all right to go hunting. The deer, they say, tell them kind when you go out hunting like that. That hard to believe. That why the young boys don't believe it maybe. Maybe it don't happen like that now that there aren't many deer.

(What happened after the dance that time?) I don't know what happened after that. Because my mother licked me that time, and after that I don't go there. I don't know whether they danced and after that I don't know what they did. After that I don't remember. (What happened after they got all through at Big Rock?) Nothing.

I don't remember where we went that time. I guess we must have went to the rancheria. After that I think they come from Dean's place, his hop field, and we was together in our camp. That's all I remember because I and my aunt came there that time. We was working hops there. They was working hops, but I didn't work that time. Just play down by the river playing with rocks. (q). I play alone. There was nobody with me. And his mother, that old lady, my stepfather's mother and her husband was there too. They didn't have no family, just myself and my brother. He was there, but he's not feeling good and that's why he didn't hardly play with me. Just lay around with the mother all the time. We never thought he would live. He had sores all around his head so he could hardly move his head. I guess that's why he always lay around.

That old lady used to lay by me sometimes, my step-father's mother, when I used to play around in the creek. She talk different language too, and she used to teach me that. She talk Tripton County language. (Could she speak yours?) No, but she know how to say little in our language. That the kind she teach me. So I remember few words. She's a good old woman. She's a nice old woman, talk low. Some old women talk sassy and loud. But she was good. She used to like me. (Did she teach you anything else?) No, just teach me the words, talk, name the things in Tripton County. That's all I could remember.

You know I used to go round and look for rocks, shaped flat, sharp and like that. I used to play they ladies, and slim long ones, we used to play that was man. Build rock house and play with that. That's the way I used to play around. And one time, I found one big rock all white, and it ring like flint rock. He took that. He said that good rock, good for doctoring people. So my grandfather took that. He used to tell me that. I don't know how he used it. (38) That's the way I used to play with the rocks every day. Make family out of rocks.

(Did your mother come down too?) Yes, she used to look for me. She never say nothing though. Find out what I was doing, and then she go back and work in

the hops. (Was your stepfather around then?) No, that time he was never bother me. He never bother me daytimes. But when I sleep, crawl around. (Where was your aunt?) She wasn't with us that time.

Learning Experiences of Late Childhood: (Did you pick hops then too?) No, I never did work in the hops till I was married woman, I guess. And before that, I pick hops twice. That's all. One time made five dollars, and the other time ten dollars. I remember that because my aunt told me that. I didn't know how to count money, but she told me that. My aunt used to keep the money for me winter time. I don't know I made money anyhow. Didn't pick much, only early in the morning. Otherwise go down to the river and swim. And next time I made ten dollars, and she kept it for me. I didn't know I had money. Then Christmas time, she brought it out and scattered it on the floor. She said, "This is your money. What are you going to buy with it?" I didn't know about it. I didn't say anything. Then after that, I guess she took it and bought what I needed with it: shoes, dress. I didn't know what to buy or how to buy them.

I used to feel pretty lazy long time ago. I remember that. That's why when I had children I never made them work in the hops. Just let them pick in the morning if they feel like it.

School: (Was there any school there yet that time?) No, no kind of school yet that time. And I don't speak any of the English language that time, I think. But I understand Spanish that time. But I forgot that already. Just a few words I remember. I never go to school that time, but we used to go to church. Never go to school, but when the priest came we used to go up there.

I only went to school one winter, two winters. I didn't go to school much. Just quit the third grade. But I pick up lots after that. Kept on reading. But my cousin said she forgot all of hers. She was a big girl too, but she didn't have much school. I don't know what year it was here that school house was built down at Manzanita rancheria. Maybe they have that on record in town. First time that school house was built, there was lots of young children in there. And then we was eleven and twelve years old, they didn't allow us in there. No room for us in there. The grown-ups were all going in there. So we all had to stay out, the little ones. All the old people was going to school: Sarah down there, and my mother, and Tomas too. They were all going. And next year they didn't all go, so we had room so we could get in. That was when I was about nine or ten years old. I never went much. After that when school begin, my aunt never let me go there. She always took me along when she go out washing. So I never had the chance to go to school

Woman's Work: (When did you learn to do things about the house?) We started to know how to cook. We start to pound acorn about Elaine's age (eleven). We pound acorn, go out to get seeds with mother and grandmother. But just like all girls, some of them was good and helped. Some of them was lazy and just wanted to sit around and eat. (How were you?) I was good, I think.

And my sister and I always went around. That was my mother's sister's daughter, but I called her sister olden time way. She's the one taking us around always. She was good. One time she took us down long time ago. We

We got stuff under the ground. It grows under the ground. I don't know what the whites call it. It's bitter. We call it amac? It looks good, but it tastes bitter, sour. She took us down to get it one time. I guess I was about eight or nine. That's the time the sun got dark. We all hollered. That was about three or four of us girls that time. And I was running--running and hollering and calling for my mother. I don't know how far I run, but up at the top of the hill the sun came out again before I got home. (39)

(Did you have to take care of little children?) Yes, we used to lead them around, take care of them, pack them around. That has to be taught too. That's what they taught me. I had a brother. And when it fell down, they tell you to pick it up and wipe off the tears. (q). Yes, lots of times older children they don't like to have the little ones follow them around. They get stubborn. That's why they don't like the little ones. They don't mind, and that's why they always chase them away. I know we used to play like that lots of times among all girls. But sometimes we play like man and get married. But we never did play with boys. (40) I was scared. There were lots of us girls, three or four. Sometimes take rags and pretend to be cooking something to eat. And take lard cans and make plates.

(Did the boys come and break up your playhouses?) No, I never remember they did that. We always play by the house, not long ways away. Just right by the house. We never go long way off. But I guess boys would destroy things and fight. I know I remember when I was about nine years old, I used to foot-race with the boys. And I used to beat some of them. And once my father's nephew, when I beat them running, he hit me with a rock and knock me down. But that's the only time I remember. I guess they would have fought if they played together.

Girls fight all the time, fight together. Grab the hair and scratch. That's the way girls fight. Jealous of something, playing something. There was lots of those. I know my cousin, my sister, fight me one time. She threw me on the manzanita stump and cut my elbow. I think I remember that was the last time she ever fight with me. She was a big girl then. I don't think I ever fight with anybody. I was scared, a coward. But I used to see lots of fights when we swim down by the river. Throw each other in the water; throw sand in the eyes. Children always fight over something, especially boys. They always fight.

Big people fight too. I know one time ladies fight jealous fight. They catch their hair and wrestle around. Jealous over a man. I know one woman fight my mother. I didn't see it, but I heard it. And next day I see where they fight. Lots of hair lying around where they pull it out.

Learning to Make Baskets: (Tell me about how you learned to make a basket?) When I first made a basket, I was about nine years old. When I made that basket, I didn't clean that stick good and some places you could see the bark still on. I finished it, and the boys used to take it around and make fun at me.

I used to be with my grandmother. She made baskets all the time. We just sat around then. I never went to school. There was no school here till

I was about twelve. Then I went for a year, and after that I got married. So I never got much school--anyway I was telling you, then I started to make that kind with willows. Old people always make that kind. I make a small one like a plate, but I didn't make the edges right. I only broke off the ends. And they made fun of me. I didn't know how to turn it in. And next time, I made good baskets. My mother made it, and when she went out, then I made it. My aunt always used to make the other work baskets down at the river this time of the year. When she left, I always finished it. She got mad. She said I didn't make it good, but she didn't say nothing after that so I made it. And my grandmother used to make the big packing baskets, and she teach me. Tell me how to tighten it. That's how I learn. After that I just make it for myself. I know all kinds of baskets--I make all kinds of baskets. (I heard someplace one had to give away the first basket) Yes, that's why I gave mine away. They told me not to keep it. That's why the young fellow got it. He used to pack it around in his vest pocket. He used to laugh at it. (Why give it to him?) He was a lively young man, got no disease or nothing, and single. That's the way you have to give it. Give it to the lively man, no sickness, no disease. (41) That's the way when Indians do things. I don't know what he done with it. I think he sold it. Two bits, I think he said they gave him for it. It was ugly. The sticks were good, but the rods weren't. It wasn't even, and the designs wasn't very good either.

(Did they teach you to make beads?) Well, long time ago, men the only ones to make that beads. But nowadays they buy little pinchers, and women make beads. My aunt made the beads. She makes beads and makes baskets, and she do all the things. This kind basket, men only makes that one. But my aunt used to make that basket and the great big basket to put acorns away in for the winter. She was--I don't know what you call her. She's all kinds. She can do man's work and cook. She used to fell trees. I used to go with her. She was an all round lady too. And she go around among white people to wash. And that's how I learn to wash. I used to travel with her all the time, going out to get wild seeds and berries and acorns too acorn time. Have a little basket and carry them too.

Dancing: (Did you learn to dance?) I don't know how. I didn't learn how to dance. I tried it when I was about eleven years old, but they was making fun of me, laugh at me. That's why I didn't dance any more. My mother danced. She used to have a headdress. When my mother died, I kept it for my daughter. She was a dancer too, but when she died, I put it in her grave.

But I danced a little that time in the first World War when they took all of our boys. They had a big time there, and they told me to dance because my boy was in the army and one was in the navy. So I danced that time. I had my mother's stuff that time. So I danced with that. And they promised to have a good time when all the soldier boys came back alive. They all came back. Some of them went across the ocean. They made that promise, but still they didn't do it. But still that was a good rule--you know long time ago when they gave that dance, in the morning make some prayers. That time they said that. All the Indian women who danced, all the people who danced, they say they would. They take the dancing stuff in their hands and talk to something saying wish that all the boys come back safe and then they would dance again. But all the boys came back safe, but nobody put up. And when they

finished that, all used to say, "Whoosh." They say that everyone of them. Put their hand up and say that. Some people we Indians believe in superior. I think our Indian way of believing is the best yet.

Adult Life

One time I lived with my mother way up here with one white man, Matthew Henry. He's still living. My mother used to work for him and wash for white families. I used to go around with her. That time we went to school. We went to school from long ways. We used to walk, and sometimes we went on horse-back in the winter time.

That time he had my stepfather working for him. Those days no work for Indian women. But when grapes begin--that's just lately here. Then only hop picking work for ladies: picking hops eight or nine or ten days sometimes. And rest of the time we don't do nothing. I always look back--how did we use to live anyway? Don't do nothing. Don't work. Sometime men only used to work, chop wood a little. Women don't do nothing. Oh some of them used to gather little of what they used to eat long time ago. But nowadays we all work. When the Japanese people came over here, that's how we Indian women learned to work in the hop fields. We saw them all working together. I don't know how long ago that is.

(What did you do up there at Henry's place?) We don't do nothing till summer times, we work the hops. I didn't work the hops that time. My mother and them worked, but I stayed home. Just summer time, that all we work. From March on, I think till July. Then rest till the middle of August. That's all the work we did long time ago. Till next year come. Next year just over, and then start in again working the hops: hilling them, training them. Nowadays we do all the work. Before that men only ones who used to do that. I think next year I might work hops.

(What did your mother do when you lived up at Henry's?) She used to make baskets--before meals, you know. She used to make fine baskets. She made feather baskets too. That's how I learned to make feather baskets. That's the first place I learned that. I told my brother to shoot the birds with the kind of feathers we used. He made an arrow and shot two or three birds. So I made the basket for him. I don't know what he done with the basket, but I made it pretty good. I was telling him when I started that I was making it for him. He used to play with it. I think he lost it. Somebody steal it. He used to play with it, fill it up with dirt. And my mother never stopped him. Seems like she should have taken care of it for him, but she didn't.

After that I never made baskets for a long time till after I was married. Then I made baskets pretty near every day in winter time. Soon as finish breakfast, sit down and make basket. That's all we used to do long ago.

(Did you have any rules to keep that time?) No, I didn't have no rules to keep because I was young yet that time. After you married, or before when you go with a man, or when you get woman sick, that the time they don't touch the feather basket. They put them away and hide it. Then bring them out again when they over that. I didn't do like that because I wasn't old enough.

(Could you eat anything?) Yes, you can't eat meat they say when you make feather basket. That is real feather basket. You know that feather basket I make wasn't old-fashioned real feather basket. The real feather basket is all woodpecker red top, but this was lark feather. The real one is all woodpecker. Some of them uses the little white in the neck for design. Some don't use that--just all red. And put beads on it and abalone shells. That's the real feather basket. That's the time they don't eat meat or go with man when they make it. I made two of those: one for Mrs. Gordon--she gave me the feathers and the shell, and I made it for her--and one I made for Walter. That was a real one, real shape too. He sold it down in the city.

Early Sex Experiences: (How long did you live up at Henry's) We stayed there after that long time. We work the hops, my mother and my stepfather. I don't know how long we living there, five years, I think. From there he start to bother me.

Another family used to come in there, and I told them what he did to me night times. I told them to keep watch, listen. And one man told me he tried to listen, and he fall asleep. I don't know how old I was. That was the time I used to stay home and get dinner for them all. My mother used to get the other meals, but she told me what to do for this. So I used to stay home and warm things up. We stayed there that time, and from there I go to school. And when I get so mad about that old fellow, I go home for a month--stay there. Then I come back. I always say that no matter what trouble I get in, I always have to come back to my mother.

(What would she say when you came back?) Oh, she don't say nothing. She always get ready, fix my bed some other place where I should sleep good. Even upstairs. We didn't have good stairway, but we had some kind of ladder. She used to put me up there sometimes. But still that old fellow would crawl up there. Not a night miss his bothering me. (42)

I don't know what kind of man he is. Must have been devil. I don't know how he get away from my mother. I guess he must know when she's sound asleep. And then he sneak away from her. I used to try not to sleep, but then I would fall asleep, and he would crawl around. And I don't wake up till he pinch me. That last time, he pinched me or something and made me bleed. And that way, when I move, always jump way one side and sneak away. You couldn't hear him. Just like a cat he was. Sometimes I used to wish that I could get big and kill him. That's when I used to hate him. Next morning he used to be just like he sleep all night. Never show nothing. I didn't have sense enough to grab him and bite him that time. Grab his arm and bite him.

I always tell my younger brother about that too. He was with them that time. He say if he notices anything he going to hit him with something, boots. But he never notice nothing, go to sleep. I never could go to sleep, maybe only toward morning. Then he always--and I always had some kind of diapers on. But still he always some way took the pins out. I always notice that in the morning. Still I never say nothing. Just feel worry for my mother. Maybe when I was little, three or four years old, he do that kind, but I don't know. I never notice that till I get big. (Who told you to put the diapers on?) Nobody. I just done that myself. He always monkey around like that

when I sleep, so I thought that if he don't stop bothering me when he find that. But still he always feel around when it fastened and take the pins off. I never told my mother about it, what I do. But still I do that. I thought that was safe, put big diaper on. But that wasn't safe. I pin it tight. He used to take it out on one side where he could put his hand in between my legs. I don't know what he do. I guess he squeeze me or pinch me. That's why I wake up, hurt so bad. He must have pinched something.

I don't know what they do, but next morning they used to talk mad, talk mean to him. When my mother not around, they always say something to him. Some woman ask him, "What's wrong with your wife? We're just the same as your woman. Why you want to sneak around, feel around in the night time when we sleep!" One woman used to say that to him. She was kind of my relation. He never used to answer. Just make believe he didn't hear it.

(You said there was another family up at Henry's?) They went home. They from Manzanita Rancheria down there. But this fellow stayed there working for Henry all year round, plowing and things like that. And then when hop work began, he work in the hops.

I stayed there not all the time. Only three months, about summer time. (43) As soon as that other family go, I don't stay there much. Go home. After three years, they move another place, that Dean ranch. They used to stay there. And right there in that place we was staying when my mother brought that man and we got married.

Two ladies were there and want me to go with them. My stepfather got mad and didn't want me to go with them. Then I know what he was going to do. I was big that time so I didn't cry. But gee, I felt bad when those two ladies left. And they were drinking, three men and one woman. My mother was there, but she never drink much.

I was in the back room there where we sleep. I sleep with this single woman from Sandy Point. About 12:00 they run out of wine, I guess. Don was going to bed, and this other fellow was going to sleep behind the stove. He was drunk. They were all drunk. My mother was there too, but she hadn't drunk much. I never slept much. I tried to stay awake. Then I must have slept. Then I felt somebody feeling my feet and pulling my legs apart, spreading them apart. Then he put his hand over my mouth. Anyhow I hollered. And he jumped out. He had everything ready, the door open. My mother knew what happened, but she never said nothing. And this Don sit up and ask, "What the matter?" But I never said nothing. Then I told my mother, "I know what he was trying to do. He wants to do that to me. That's why he never want me to go to the dance."

And these two ladies, they was coming home, they said, by the open field there where they heard somebody holler. They come in, and they ask me what the matter. I told the coast woman about it. "He come in and try to bother me, try to choke me." She said that was what he wanted to do. "That's why he never want you to go," she said loud. Then he got mad and wanted to fight my mother. The old one behind the stove never did nothing. He was laid up. But the other man got scared and went home early in the morning when it

was just getting light. We never sleep. And next morning, I went up to my aunt and stay there two weeks. Then I come home the way I always did. Always hope he won't do that this time, but he always did.

Lots of times he used to tell me not to look around, not to play with boys. He used to be jealous, I guess. He used to comb my hair. I had long thick hair. And fix my eyebrows. He used to comb my hair and put ribbons on it. And he would tell me not to smile at boys. Maybe he didn't have anything to make me crazy, to dope me. Maybe he didn't want to do that. (44)

That year, I and my mother picked hops alone. And after that we move home. And then next year is the time he run around with the other woman. After that they didn't live good. After he tried to do that to me. He do that to every woman who sleep near him--crawl around, feel around. That other coast woman said that.

One time we were in the camp, and May and another girl came and sleep with me. They put me in the middle. I told them, "You girls better not to sleep too sound, and you better put diapers on. But if you do, he'll take them off anyway." We had a sack around the bed. And do you know what he did? He cut through just big enough for his hand where their feet was. Next morning that sack was like that. They was asking if that man didn't have no shame. But he didn't care. When they talked about him, they never mentioned his name or anything. They just gave a hint, but he didn't care.

One time when it was raining--when it rained lots down in the camps, they used to take just a blanket and go to the hop kiln and just lay around there. That's the time he used to crawl around all over, they used to say. Feel around for the women's legs. I don't know what kind he is. I used to feel bad for my mother though when they used to make fun of him. I feel that if I had man like that I'd feel shame. That's all I know about him.

But they say this man do that to his daughter too. He brought his daughter over here to stay with us. And every time he got drunk, he take that girl out. She was little older than me. I saw her just lately at the carnival here. They said he do that to her. She was telling that. That's why she didn't want to stay with her father. We kind of noticed it. That's why he get crazy and want to run around with another woman. He tried to marry me, but I never marry him. I guess that Tripton County style. They used to say that. He was Tripton County style. (Was that different from you people?) They have different way in Tripton County. They say Sandy Point tribe is different too from these people around here. They say that tribe ain't many men around here, so they say that why they marry own uncle. That what I used to hear.

Marriage: Then after a while my mother found a man, and she gave me to him. Sometimes they do that. Sometimes they still do it for granddaughter or step-daughter. Like Bess Clinton. She was ten years old, and she was married. That was to Walt Mason, Sophie Martinez's first man. (45) He was a big tall fellow, I remember. And one day I see them in town, and he was just leading her around by the arm. I thought he was her father, but my mother said they were married. They said she had started to bother her aunt's husband, and so they married her to him. They say she never had menstruated yet.

(How old were you?) I don't know how old it was, but they go according to their breasts. They don't know their ages those days. But they always watch that. When they begin to show, they beginning to be lady, they say. My mother was kind of old-fashioned. She did that. She got the man, and she took me home when I ran away from him and licked me for it. She wanted me to stay with the man.

You know, young girls--they always afraid that when you not married, you might get family way. The Indians didn't like that. They used to talk awful. "If you go with a man before you married, before you know it you will be carrying a baby," they would say. They didn't like that. That's what they always used to say when they were teaching you. "Look out! Before you're married you'll be having a baby. That's shame!" They not like that. That's why some mothers when the girl gets to running around like that, they want her to get married right away because they don't want her to have a baby without a father. That's two things that used to be the main things they used to teach me: about having a baby without father, and you might get disease from a man. That's what they told me. They never wanted them to run around with lots of people because they had diseases, they said. The Spaniards came first, and they were all diseased up. And from them, all the young people got diseased. All the young women got it, and they didn't know what to do with it. Just lie around and rot and die. That was before my time, before my mother's. But she saw one young woman like that. She said that the woman had beautiful long hair. But nobody wanted to go near her, and they just put her off on the hill somewhere. It was awful pitiful, my mother said. Nobody wanted to take care of her. They used to tell that to me. "Nobody like that kind, diseased," they said. "If you get it, nobody will take care of you." But I never paid much attention to what they told me. Night time was the main time they always tell us things. They tell stories. Then we sit down in the night time and study it. Then you sleep, and next morning you never even think of it.

When I was a girl, I see three young fellows have that kind disease, and one old fellow--he was my father's stepfather--was doctoring the three of them together. My brother and another fellow who died. Another one was Stan Day. He doctored those three men. They got it from one woman. He steamed them every night--got the roots from up the Red Mountain. He got up there and dig the roots and steam those fellows. He cured those fellows inside of a week. And with the same medicine he doctored that woman they got the disease from. I saw her once when we was hop picking, and gee she was suffering when she was going to pee. She was just hanging on the bushes and hollering. Gee, I feel sorry for her; I feel bad. But that old man cured it. After they heard the news--it spread around--they came after him for her. He doctored her, and she got all right.

(What happened if you had a baby before you married?) Nothing happened if they had a baby, but still they don't want it. Because if girl not running around have a baby, they blame it on the family. Some outsiders talk about it and blame it on the family. Gives the family a bad name. They don't like it. (46)

The old timers used to say girls pretty hard to take care of--not like boys. Boys take care of themselves when they get to be twelve or fourteen, but girls not like that. They have to be watched. (What age did they start to warn you?) From ten on you have to be awful careful. From ten on, the girls like to play with the men. They feel kind of funny, I guess. That's the time they watch you pretty close. That's the time you always think about some man and which one and who. You always have one though, but sometimes he don't like you and you have to think about somebody else. Have to look around, think about looking around, and fix up pretty as you can. That's the way I used to feel. When you begin to go around like that, you never did think about going home or eating.

(Stan Day must be about your age.) You know, he was the first man I ever wanted. I used to run around after him all the time, but he never would have me. He told somebody it was because I was too Indian--looked too much like an Indian. They told me that. Well, I don't see that that Rita (47) looks any more white than I do. But that's what he said. Yes, I used to chase him a lot when I was a kid, about twelve years old. From then on, I used to run around a lot, and my mother picked out a man for me. He (Stan) didn't like me, that's why. One fellow do that way to him too. He had a daughter. That's how they drunk together all the time. And he take Stan Day home when he was drunk and lay him by his daughter. He wanted him to get married with her, but he wouldn't. He was from Manzanita rancheria too. She was younger than I was. Yes, I never could get him to like me. My mother didn't like him though. That's why she didn't like it. They wasn't friends with his family, and that why she didn't like it when I run around after him. So she got this other fellow. (48) (How did you know Day didn't like you?) He never did say nothing; but he act, you know, as though he never like to play with me, don't want to go around with him. I used to chase him, hunt round for him. He would talk good, but anyway he didn't want to be in love with me. I try to make fun at him, but he wouldn't answer. That's the first.

(Where did you see the man your mother got first?) Down in the hop field. He was picking hops in the same field, in Roberts' field. They was working hops, and we was working hops in the same place. He was a Tripton County man, but he understand our language. He used to stay down on the Manzanita rancheria when he was a boy, they say. He had some grandparents over there. And he talked to me, and I talked to him. That's how I got acquainted with him. Made a friend of each other working hops there. Used to be all different kinds of people gathered around hop-picking time. Used to be big hop picking, and Indians came from all over. Not many Indians now this time. It's all white people now. Guess all Indians die off, or else get old and not travel for work any more. Hardly see them anymore.

He used to have one young woman who couldn't see good. Her eyes were all white all over. Look like something just spread over the eyes. I guess it was cataract. (q). Yes, I know her. They was living together. But after he had been living over here some time, his wife died. But his baby died that first year he was living with me. He had a letter that the baby died. And he had a picture, and he threw the picture away. (49)

(Tell me more about getting married that time.) That was just about August, I think, down here in the hop fields at Fred Littleton's place.

They was all camping there. We stayed in the house, just two room-house, but four of us stayed there together. My father and his wife, and two other old people, and two young families and my sister and I. My sister and I was playing in one bed. And one family--the man had just married a woman from Tripton County. We were all there together camping under the pepperwood tree. But we sleep in the house.

That man came in to visit his family. And this girl--she was big too, about ten or eleven years old, my sister was. We were playing in our bed. Then everybody blow the light off. Then everybody was still in there. That's the way that old people do when they want their young people to get acquainted. Then this fellow came to our place where we sleep. He came there and lay down with us. They call that girl over, her father and mother. They called her to their bed. And I followed her, and we all sleep together.

Next time, next Sunday, we went to another place. Visit another family in the hop field. My aunt was there. Then we visit another family, and they cook lunch for us there. The Tripton County family cooked lunch for us. This man, Tripton County man, came there. And this girl was playing with him, making fun of him. And gee! I got mad. Didn't know what to do. But I was going home alone at sundown. My aunt was staying there. I start to go home, and then she followed me. We went and went. Then this man, he followed us too. He followed us and caught up with us and grabbed me by the hand. We sit down in the shade. And this girl was there just playing around. And gee! I got mad. And just sit around. Then I said, "Let's go home!" So we did. He wanted to stay with us, but I told him no. He was good, went home, never bother me that time. After that never bother us for long time.

Then we was camping, my mother and them. I eat with them, but never sleep with them. I eat with them sometimes and eat with my father and them. There was another family there too. That year, after Sunday, he always come to visit us. When I and her go around, he always follow us. And after that, after hop picking time, I went home without my mother knowing. Then he told my mother he wanted to get married with me. So my mother came down where I was. And I stayed there with my mother and them for about three days after he left. Then my mother and my stepfather came. They had a buggy that time. I was with my aunt and them, and they took me home. My mother told me she wanted me to stay with the man. She say she had the man already. I never say nothing. Just went home with them. Then we went home, and I saw this man in my bed. So I didn't know what to do. I was just sitting there. He told me to lie down, grab me, pull me in the bed. We lay around there.

(50)

We stay two or three weeks before I ran away again. Didn't even tell him where I was going, just sneak away to the rancheria again. After that I was going around with some single women. They was drinking and they give me wine. That was the first time I drink that. Lily Harris and another woman--I found them down by the river drinking. I join them, and I get dizzy that time. That time the first time I got drunk. I couldn't stand. They had to hold me by the hand and lead me around. That time my mother and them come again. And that time my mother gave me good licking and good scolding and tell me lots of things. So I think about it and think I will stay with him. She had a big stick ready and switch me on the back. Her man never

said nothing. He was sitting in the wagon and say nothing. My mother hit me hard. I never said nothing. I was a little bit drunk, I guess. She handled me the way she want. After that I never go away. Stay like a married woman then.

(What did your husband say?) He didn't say nothing. He was big man already that time. He didn't say nothing. After that he teach me, teach me not to run around and things like that. I stayed with him six years until my sister cut me out. (Was he good to you?) Yes, I was scared, but he was good to me that time. Never was rough. Just easy. He was good to me for a week before he tried to do anything. After that it was all right. Never do nothing. Never try to run away. I got all right. He wasn't mean after we got together. Never try to whip me.

I stay there about a month with that man, then move home to my family. And work done, the man and them move home too. And winter time, we was all bunch up in the house.

(What did your aunt and the others say when you married?) I don't think they know, because we was out in the camp before hop-picking time camping around. They only just find out when we move home, but they never said nothing. Seems like they were glad. My aunt was single too that time. She didn't have no man. (51)

Puberty: (When did you first menstruate?) I never had that when I got married. That's why I thought I was about twelve or thirteen years old. They say the Indians never get that until they go with a man. Indians never open their girls like white people do. That's why when they get about fourteen years, fifteen years old, they like to go with the men and then they get that way. I know it was about a month after I got with a man that I got that way. After that I stopped that again. (52)

They used to teach us when you get that way you ready for men. That's why you don't want anybody to see you. When men find that out, they always try to catch you. That's what the old people used to say. When they teach us like that, they say, "Man is just like a dog on the women. Just like a dog they getting, get out of mind, get out of sense." That's how my people used to teach me. Not to get close to man like that. That's what I always teach this little girl (a five-year-old granddaughter). She always like to play with men and boys, but I stop her. That's why she doesn't play with her uncles or her grandfather. She's just afraid. (53)

I was going with the man. I guess that's why it come. That's what the Indians say. If you go with a man, that why it happen. If you don't go with a man, you don't get it that way. I know I never had it before I was married. Just one week I was with him, and then I had that. And I only stay with him two weeks before I start carrying baby. Two months I had it. After that no more till the child born.

(Where were you that time?) We was camping that time out in the fields. It was hop-pole pulling time. It was night time when I was asleep. I didn't know what's wrong. Feel like it's all wet. Then when I move around, feel

like something runs. Next day I tell my mother about it. I tell her, "Something wrong with me, Mama," in our language. She ask me what. I didn't mention. I just show her my underskirt. She told me every woman got that way. Every month women get that way. And she told me I mustn't eat meat or wash my face or comb my hair for four days. You're not going to get sick over it, but it's protecting your face so you don't get wrinkled. That's the way they say. I do that not to get wrinkled before I get old. Just this year I'm beginning to get wrinkled some. If you eat meat then, you going to get TB, they say. Maybe that's why lots of young people got TB now. When you get that way, that time you shouldn't run around. You might find something or step on something. They used to be awful particular about that. You mustn't go near swamp then. That's what they afraid of. Where there's a swamp place, something is there--snake--something under the ground. Something living there, and that's why the swampy place is there. That's what they were afraid of. She might see it and get scared. Some of them don't get scared, but when they get old they think about it and get sick over it and maybe die. Just like you have a man kill somebody. Something bother him, and he get crazy. (54)

So I just lay around house in the shade for five days. And next time I know how to act, and I don't have to tell her. I don't get that way now I'm old. Everything stop on me. Never get that way for about ten years now.

(Where was your man that time?) He was with me, and he had to do the same too, the way I do. Don't wash the face. And I don't even cook either that time. When you got mother or father, when you that way, you don't cook. That's our way, Indian way, old-time rule. We don't eat meat, at least deer meat when we get that way. (q). My mother told him. Said he have to do the same way I do. Well, he was older. I guess his mother had told him about it before. I guess he know all about it. He was married before me. Had two children before he married me. The first woman he had was that way too, he told me one time. Never had that sickness before he got with her.

(What had they told you about the month-sickness before you got it first?) They used to--you know when you get about ten years or twelve years old, they used to tell us not to climb on trees and jump down on the bank. The blood would come out. They used to say to me, scare me. They didn't say that was the natural thing for women. After it come, they say that shows you was young woman ready to get married.

Formal Marriage: After I got married, I ran away from my first man and ran around with two or three different men. But my mother made me go back again. But still I wanted to play with the other girls. I never thought about being married. But they gave a little stuff to my mother and them too when I was--not real married, just half-way. Shell beads and blankets. I don't know how many strings of beads it was. Nine strings, I think, they gave to my mother and about two or three good baskets. His mother brought the beads, and we got married Indian way. His mother brought beads and blankets and some food. She heard about it, I guess. I don't know whether they pay her back or not.

We didn't know they was coming. They sent no word, but they come. We saw them coming with the wagon. They came in the evening, pretty close to

supper time. We didn't notice first, but they drive in to the place where we stay. I don't know who saw them first. I guess it was my stepfather. Then he came in. We didn't know her. He told my mother. My mother was sitting down making a basket. I was inside too, but I don't know what I was doing. He say, "Look like people coming. I don't know who." So my mother stopped, put things away and started cleaning up around. They got a little closer, and he recognized them. I guess he know the man. He said that was my man's mother and his stepfather. So they was on the porch waiting for them. My mother was standing there, and I was inside. My mother stood by the door. And the lady got out, and the man got off and tied the horse on the picket fence. My mother went out, and my man went out to meet his mother. They brought in the things she was going to give my mother.

My mother put the things on the table. Then they give her the blankets and beads inside the house. And I go in the other room, in the kitchen, and sit down there listening to what was said. She gave it to my mother. I guess my mother know what that mean. She give the beads to my mother, and the blankets, and the meat, and the acorn mush soaked, and the baskets. (55) I wasn't there. I was in the other room. I didn't want to show my face. I was shame. Shame at my mother. (g). Shamed at my mother-in-law. Shame to go near my mother-in-law. She didn't say nothing to me anyway. (56)

After that, my mother started in cooking, and I went outside and sat down in the shade there back of the kitchen. I don't know what to do. I was nothing but a child then. (g). That was just about three or four months after we got together.

They stay there all night and had breakfast. And next day they leave. That was the time she told her they would be along sometime to see her place. She didn't tell her when though. Just that sometime they would be along to their place. (57)

After that he took me to town, and we was married in some white fellow's house. Methodist priest, fellow by the name of Blodgett. He know this man. He used to preach over there in Tripton County. My man used to work under him, just like altar boy. So we walk to town one day, and he took me in this house. I don't know what he do. He didn't tell me for what we went in town. He didn't tell me what it was about. He told this preacher about it, and then he got ready. He have paper and write it out. They he say something. Told us to stand up there and had two white people. One of them was his wife, I think. Then he had us stand there and say a few words. Then he write something on the paper, and he charge him seventy-five cents. After that we went to town and stay around a little bit. After that we went home. A year after that we got married by the Catholics after my baby was born and baptised. We was married again by the priest that time.

(When you got home, did you tell your family about being married in town?) No, I didn't tell nothing about it. I don't know--I never did tell anything to my mother and them. I don't know why, but I never did tell what I do. And they never ask me either. Oh, sometimes they used to ask, and I would tell them a few things what I do.

(q). Way after that we went over to Tripton County to see his people. We went over, and it was pretty near spring over. Long time ago, they go over fishing to Tripton County from here. That's the time they went over. And they got load of fish and dry them up for winter. That was pretty close to spring time then, maybe in March. That was the time in Tripton County, you know, long time ago they used to have a boat and get fish for themselves. They have a net, and they get fish. They used to dry lots of fish, and sometimes they bring fish over to us, some of his family. I guess black fish, they call them little fish.

(Tell me about your going over that time.) We went over. Not my mother--my old uncle, his wife, and my aunt. We went over there, and this man in the spring wagon. It held five passengers and the baskets. Start early in the morning and get there in the evening. Stay there all night, and next morning went to get fish there. They had a little lake. I went there too, and we all get in the water catch fish. Four or five get in the water and catch all the fish. They had long net, and they dragged that in the water and drag the fish out in a shallow place. That where the women--put on an old dress and get in there and catch the fish in a basket.

(q). I didn't say nothing, but my family talk. I didn't say nothing. They had lots of baskets. I think maybe that was the return trade, but they didn't tell me. They don't bother me, the old people. I can't understand the language that time. But my aunt talk the kind of language like Chiptown. (58) That's the kind of language some of them over there talk. My aunt know that language, and so she the only one talk. I don't talk. My man understand our language, and so he talk to me in my language.

And I think we stay there two nights. Next morning we came over with load of fish, little white fish. And they give it all away to their friends and relations. They pretty near give it all out. That same evening they give some fish out to the rancheria. That the way the old timers do. When they get something to eat, they always give that to other people. They don't sell it; they don't get no pay for it. Sometimes they give you something to eat for it; little bread or else a little basket of pinole. (Who gave it out?) My aunt and the old man take it to the houses. They give some to my mother too.

Birth of Children: (What had you done that year before that?) Oh, that year I wasn't doing much. Just carrying the baby, I guess. First baby. I was carrying it when I went over there, and that same winter, November he was born. (59)

(q). You know, we never let baby know where baby comes from. That's funny too. They ought to teach that too. But I never did tell that either, and they never did tell that to me either. But my grandmother used to teach me about that. She said, "When you get married, you get that way. You going to suffer, suffer," she would say. But I never thought about it. "That's hard," she used to say. And that sure is hard sometimes. Some women suffer awful, but when Joy was born, I only suffer two hours. (q). I used to wonder how the baby came, where the baby came from. But they never tell me.

I never did tell my children either. I just tell them, "Your mother had a baby." But I never tell them where they come, how they come. (g). I find out by myself how they come. I was scared after I had one baby. (60)

(g). First child didn't bother me much, but the second one was bad though. The first one wasn't bad because I did what was said to me: never eat mush, never sit down, just walk around and play around. So it didn't hurt at all. It was just numb, like when your leg goes to sleep. That's the way I had the first baby. They say it was because my bone not close together hard. That's what the Indians say too. I kind of believe it. Sometimes when women get to be twenty or thirty, close hard together. I believe that. I never had much trouble when I had baby. It pain some, just enough to stand it. That's why I kind of believe it too myself. You know nowadays sometimes they have to cut the woman to take the baby out. That's why lots of young Indians get married. They stay together as long as they feel like it. Then they want somebody else, and they leave each other. All of them are that way. They never mind. Nowadays they get married by whites, and that makes them mean like the whites are--they get married, and sometimes they kill each other instead of just leaving. I told that to some young people--the sewing machine people (at WPA workshop in Oak City). They say that Pomo law is awful good law: no trouble, no killing, nothing. "I wish we had that kind of law," they said. "Well, that's the way our people was," I said, "Indians." And they have children, they raise it up and next half-sister take it for full sister. They was good. But now they're like the whites.

(g). Beginning to carry baby, I didn't know. Then you get sick in two months. Can't eat nothing. Want to eat, but vomit. I get sick like that. After that get all right, and then feel like eating all the time. And then they tell you not to eat too much or the baby will be outgrown, grow too fast. That's true too. When grow too fast and get too big inside, then can't come out. That why they told me not to eat too much salt. Sometime they feel like eating the plain salt. Drink lots of water on top of that, baby swell up. Some babies die on ground of that. From five months on, just eat about two meals a day, and not too much. Then when you're about seven months, you get up at sunrise. If you sleep late, they said--I don't know. I do that. When they teach me, I do what they say. And you feel better when you get up early. When you get up and the sun is up, you just feel lazy. And between eight and nine months pretty near close, you have to walk around to make the stomach loose, they said. If you just lie around, the baby, they said, over grown in there. You can't get it out, and it might stick to something. I obeyed all the rules. And eight months, you run around little bit. Just trot along little bit down the hill. Do that every morning. No, not every morning--about every four mornings, and then after a bit then four mornings again. If the baby doesn't come you do that again. That way they make the child birth easy, not hard.

My aunt used to tell me how the pain began, and they always ask me how I felt. I didn't know the date it would begin, but I know the months and the week. They told me how long they carry it, and that was it. November, pretty near the last, November 19 he was born. They watched me pretty close.

And they say to me, "First pain you going to have is in your back." And then they watch me. Every morning they asked me how I felt.

One evening I felt that way. But they didn't think the baby was coming. They went off some place. To town, I guess, and I was all alone. Still I didn't lie down. I was about five or six hours, that time first. I didn't have the pains when they put me on the bed. I said, "I don't have pain any more." They thought it was all right, and everybody went to sleep. But I felt funny, like leg going to sleep. So I woke my aunt up and told her, "My leg feels funny. I can't move it." So she got up and fixed things. She fixed me, laying me on my back, and my stomach she tied lots of big rags. Tied it tight so the baby don't come up. And within half an hour I know I had the baby. But I didn't tell her. Then she heard the baby holler. It was easy when I was about fourteen years old. Only one kind of pain is that child birth pain. It's just in your back--no other place. In the bone. That's all.

And when after the baby is born, you know, the old people put up sack of ashes, wood ashes. It's warm. (61) They put it on back here. You keep that on here till all the pain is gone. They afraid you might catch cold, and they always want to keep you warm when you in that shape. Well, Indians say that they want the blood in there to get rotten and all come out. (62) If it gets cold, it don't come out. That's what they afraid. Sometimes it stay in there, and you get some kind of sickness. That's why when we have babies, they always have to put hot ashes, hot brick on that. I always want to do that to the people I take care of. Only way to stop the pain is with the heat. We Indians want the blood all to come out. That's the way Dr. Orman says--when you put something warm on that, too much blood comes out. Well, that's what we want. We want it all to stay out. One Indian woman was telling me that when she went to the hospital for her baby, they put on cold clothes. That's not good. I think the doctors don't know how women feel after that.

I never did have doctor for that. Only that old lady down there (Laura Roberto). She was my nurse. I only had one doctor, Dr. Orman. I had him when Robert was born. He charged me fifty dollars.

And after the baby was born, you stayed three weeks in the bed for the first baby. I stayed three weeks in the bed, never get up. Just stayed inside in the old way. We had a smoke house. Put rock on the ground and make the fire until it burned out, no wood. Then spread all of the coals on the ground and put water on top--spread it all over. Then put on over it long grass--put that on the steam. Then they made me stand on that in the steam. They steamed me up, covering me with an old blanket, made me stand there till all the steam go out. Then they spread some straw and put a sack over it and made a bed there. I laid there all night. For the second child they did that too. When you got mother, father, or grandmother living they do that. I had my mother there, and my two aunts living there when I had my first three children. After that I take care of myself and only stay in bed three days. I had too many children and no one to take care of me, so I did that.

And we don't eat meat either when we have baby for a month. Well, some of them eat this town meat. They say that not wild meat, not our meat like deer meat, they used to say. I kind of believe that, but still I never did eat meat before my time come. I always fast month after baby, and always fast four days. I got used to doing that, the way I got used to now not eating meat on Friday. That's the Catholic way. And I don't let my family eat it. Of course, I cook it, so they have to fast like I do.

And when you have the first child, you daren't to touch your hair or scratch your head, they used to say. And I think that true. If you do, your hair all falls out. They want to have it nice and thick. That's why when you have baby, they don't want you to comb your hair or touch your hair. (63)

After three weeks, they boil up water and clean me and take that old bedding out and burn it. Take everything out and cover the hole in the ground up. They wash you with wild soap roots. And sometimes if they know how to make a basket, they make a basket and put the baby in the basket before you get up. At the same time. They don't put the little baby in the basket. But after it month old, they do that.

(What did they do about nursing the baby?) They bathe them with warm water if their milk don't come. You have to have warm stuff, salt water. The first baby, hard time. Six or seven days before the milk comes. After that, not so long. But first time, hard time. Have to rub the breast, put your breasts in the warm water. Mine never come quick, but then my breasts hadn't filled out yet. Still small. But then when it did come, I had lots of milk.

(What did your man do that time?) He wasn't there. He was to his mother's in Tripton County. The baby was born after him. He went over the trail, across over the trail the other side of the rancheria. He walked. They say it used not to take very long by the trail. He was over there, and he didn't know about it, I guess.

(How old was the baby when he came back?) Three days old. I was in the smokehouse then. My aunt was smoking me. He was three days old when he came back. That wasn't new baby for him. He'd had two before that. (q). I didn't say nothing. I know I told him the month that it was going to come, but even so that month he went over to his mother's and stay there pretty near two weeks over there. After that boy was three days old, he came back. (64) We heard that he was going with a woman over there. There were two single women over where his mother stayed. And one asked him, he said, to sell her baskets. So he took her down to Green City. That's the news they were spreading, he said. Then she died. And after that he never did care to go visit there. So that's why we thought that was true.

(q). Twenty days or maybe a month you're supposed to stay away from the man. That's the way they say to me. Stay a month if you can. When you got mother or grandmother, they care for you. When you have a baby, they used to sleep with you all the time, watch you. My aunt used to do that.

Keep you in different room, sleep with you until the baby a month old. The old people, they can tell from the baby when it's small. If you go with the man when maybe it's two weeks old, the foam comes out of the mouth. That shows that the mother and father have been going together. I stayed without the man three weeks. I always keep that up twenty days. Oh, sometimes man get awful mad. But the man don't like that for very long. They don't figure how the woman suffers. And when woman get out of it, they get awful mad. I used to say that to Walt sometimes when he got mad about it. "I wish you suffer like the woman does when babies born. Then you'd know about that," I used to say. Walter used to get mad and run out and sleep in the barn. Sometimes he used to get mad and jerk me around and tear my under-skirt off.

(Did your first man mind?) He was all right. He's old man, that's why. He don't care much. Young man is pretty hard. I guess that's why some of these white people they divorce each other quick. He never was like that. I never was like that. I never had hard time to keep away from them. Lots of times we used to fight over that. I used to get nothing but boys first time. One old lady used to make fun of me, "why is it that you have nothing but boys? You must hate man every time he try to love you." I said, "Yes." She say, "You mustn't do that. You must start in first and then you have girls." I had five girls last. She had lots of girls too, that old woman. Some women have one girl and boy and girl and boy. She had that. That's what she was telling me. "I can't help it," I say. "Sometimes I don't like it. Sometimes I hate it," I used to say.

(Did you mind the first time?) No, I didn't care much. You know that man, my stepfather, always bother me night time. He was the one doing something, I guess. That's why I didn't have hard time.

(Did you take care of that first baby?) When you got mother or grandmother or aunt, they usually be with you all the time taking care of the baby.

That same summer after he was born, summer time, during the hop-picking time, my husband's people come over. The way the old Indians do, they come over and bring baby blanket and baby stuff for the baby. After that we have to pay for that baby baskets and stuff whatever we think it worth. So after that we didn't go there no more. I just went over there twice after that. We went once for a funeral, I and the man. I brought two baskets for the old lady, I think; and she gave me two new baskets for it. (65) We went over there for the funeral because one of his relations died. We only stayed one night and next day we came back. And after that I never go over there. After that we separate, and so no more going over.

(What did you do after the child was born?) I never stayed home when I first married. I run away from him twice. I just feel like playing. When I see my girl friends play, I used to go and play with them. Never think I was married. Same when I first had the baby. I used to go out and take the baby out in the basket and just leave it there and play with the girls. That was down at Manzanita Rancheria. When the girls played marbles, they used to

have holes. I used to play marbles with them. And this man didn't say nothing to me either when he came home. Never even think about cooking supper for him. I guess he know I just little kid, and that why he didn't feel jealous or nothing. And I never even think about going with another man when I play around like that. I was pretty good. (66) Even when I had David, I played around like that. When there was dancing, he used to stay home. And when he cried, he used to bring the baby down there in the basket. He know how to take care of it, open up and change the diapers. If it didn't stop crying, he'd bring it down there and have me nurse it. Then if I felt like it, I would go home. If not, I stayed there till it finished. He was pretty good till my sister made him crazy for her.

After I was married, I stayed with my old uncle most of the time. Long time ago, we don't cook like they do now; but mother and grandmother had to help the young woman cook. Bring it to her and get ready for the young man to come home, son-in-law. I never did cook for long time until we were moving away from my family. Only thing I did was to wash dishes and sometimes sweep up the floor till I was seventeen years old. Then I bought an old second-hand house, tear it down and build it over. But still I didn't know how to cook. The man I married used to cook and show me how. That's how I learned, when I was seventeen years old.

Even if you married when you young, mother has to watch you all the time. Have to tell her where you going, what you doing. Even when you married, you not your own boss our way. That's the way, even after I was twenty they watched me all the time so my husband don't get jealous. (g). Oh, you know, we awful jealous we Indians. If you look at another man, they jealous. So they don't even talk to another man. We're still that way. We don't talk to our boy friend. And we women just the same. Our old fellows don't even talk to another woman in front of our face. They might do it if we don't know about it. We jealous-hearted people, we Indians.

(Were you like that?) Oh yes. I was awful that first time. Of course, I was young that first time. And he had to watch me pretty close. Train me up good. It used to make me mad. When I wasn't thinking of anything like that, when he used to say things, made me mad. Sometimes he used to be pretty good. He allowed me to go to dances, and he used to watch the children at home. But I was pretty good. Never wanted to break my rule. Never did. I never did do that yet--never go with another man when you have a man. Oh, mother scold you for it. I know lots of times my mother scolded me for it, my aunt, my uncle, and everyone. And I never did answer my family back when they scold me. But some of them, they just answer back.

Desertion of Stepfather: My mother was staying with my uncle and us that time. After she got left, she stayed with them. Nobody to take care of her, I guess. That time I got sick first time--first time hop-picking time when I had one baby already--my stepfather got mad that time and left my mother.

It was this time of year. I had typhoid-pneumonia and was in bed three months. They doctored me twice. Last time they had a big dinner. I could

hardly walk, but they brought me out. Just skin and bones. It was after hop picking when they had that there in the brush house. I was getting better, so they had that dinner in the brush house. I got sick June. I don't know how I lived. Just maybe on wind, I guess. I had Indian doctor that time, and I had white doctor, Dr. Lesser. He came every other day and then he got tired, I guess, so he quit. Then my grandfather doctored me. First time he doctored me, and then let up month and then started in again. I never got well. That's why he started in again. Doctored me four days, then laid off four days, and then come back two days. And after that finished up. I lay in bed three months that time until after hop picking. Then I was a little better and I got up. And they put up a big dinner. They had all the Indian things and corn. Lots of everything. It was September when everything was ready. They put that on the ground, old-fashioned way. No table. All the food there. And then everybody came and helped themselves, just as much as they wanted. That old-fashioned way of putting up dinner. That's all I got sick ever since I got big. I get sick sometimes, but just two or three days, catch cold. That's all. But I'm never sick in bed.

Right after hop-picking time, they take me home. They weren't home but camping down by the river. And my mother had to follow me, and her man was with her, and his daughter. But she went home. He didn't treat her good. Then we sleep pretty close together. Even when I was sick, he always come around and feel around. Even with the family all around us, he still do that to me. And I told my mother about it. After that they spread the news all around. After that he got shame. Spread the news all around, and he went off. He never said nothing, just disappeared. Went off and never say nothing. But he stayed off about a month, and then he came back. But they didn't get along together good. And next year, they parted. (g). I don't know how that happened. They'd been together long time. I don't know what made them leave each other.

Oh, he was running around with another woman, I guess. He was going with another woman from the same rancheria. And she did have a child by him, but he didn't marry her. From there he went back to Tripton County and didn't come back any more. This woman was a married woman too. (g). That was Sarah Gray, Sonia Gray's mother. She had Grant Gray. This Grant Gray was an old fellow already. She had some children, but none of them was his. She just stayed with him, and they said she had all her children by different men.

So he went back to Tripton County. I heard he died over there all alone. He was dead inside the house for three days before anybody knew about it. But before that, he was married to the woman now living with George Brinton. (Your mother must have liked him.) Yes, she just liked him. That's why she thought he would stay with her after I got married. That's why she told me to get married.

After that my mother stayed with her family. And she stayed there till my father came back to her after I was old. He didn't stay with her long

though. She died after two years. The other woman died, and my father was alone so he came back to my mother. Then my mother died, and he went away down below. He died down there. The county buried him. We never had money enough to bring him up here, so he's buried down there.

Later Children: After I was sick that time, I had the second boy. The first baby was nine months old when I got sick. They raised him on the bottle. Some kind of baby food--some kind of powder they got. No canned milk yet that time, but one white man told my aunt that he had raised one girl like that. He put it on the paper, and she went into town and got it. When he was about ten months old, then I start another baby, so they take it from me and raise it. Then next baby came, and my mother had him. So I just take care of the last one. So I didn't have much trouble taking care of the baby.

Second time I was suffering long time, about five or six hours. That was day time. They was picking hops that time. I had hard time that time. I had two boys together--they just a year and a little over apart. About a year and a half apart. The third baby was a girl. My aunt made a small basket for her. She was small. She looked awful cute in that basket. A white man took her picture in it, and it sure was cute.

Illness from Poisoning: When this oldest girl was in the basket, three or four months old, I got sick. I had three that time, so I must have been seventeen or eighteen years old that time. That used to be funny sick too. I get sick in the morning, just like I was going to have baby. Pain came just like that in my back. They didn't know what to do. That time Dr. Eastbrook was around, but he didn't know what to do either. But after that, I was all right until just about sun going down. Then I get like that again. For a whole week I was like that, and I didn't think I could stand it any more. Could hardly nurse the baby.

That time the old lady (Laura Roberto), she had an old father that time. She ask him what he could do for me. She tell him I have funny sick. I was suffering like that when she was talking to him about sundown. The pain was there about two hours, three hours. I think he study over it, and then he told my aunt and he said to get ready tomorrow morning and then we take her out. That was before my pain started, they take me out--about two or three o'clock.

The old man went, and I followed him, and my aunt came then bringing the baby. We walk way up to Al Jackson's place, and the old man was singing as we went out. Four times he stopped before he got to the place where he was going to doctor me. Stop and sit down. And he was singing all the time, singing by himself. We find the place where we was going, and we stop there. He fix the place by the little tree, little black oak tree. My aunt fixed the baby, opened it, and let it lay there. And I was sitting there watching it. He was digging a hole, I guess. He dug down, little bit, about a foot and a half under the tree. And he singing and singing and doing something. And then I was getting sick the way I get. I told my aunt. I couldn't keep my head up, and I got dizzy--world going around. I fainted, I guess. Don't know nothing. After that I don't know nothing of what they doing. I guess

they put me in the hole. And pretty soon I was sleeping or something in that place. I know I was sitting in there, in that hole. It was pretty near sundown. I must have been there all day.

And at home, my mother and that old man and lady, they was getting excited because we'd never come home yet. They thought maybe I had died over there. They was looking for us. After sundown we came home. And that place they steam me was the place where they buried the body of a man that got shot long time ago. That the place they say they steam sick persons long time ago. (67) That the place they steam me on his bones. That old man got four big long bones out of that place there. He kept it and used them for doctoring people. Now I know what they doing. My aunt had water. I guess she pack it from somewhere. And she gave me bath, and then put my clothes on. And that old man was doctoring the hole and then cover it up. And we was going home. We rest that way, just same, four times on the way to the house. And we got home, and my mother was crying. Not crying, but she had tears in her eyes. They asked what the matter was. My aunt was telling them that I pass out. After that I got all right.

That was sure good medicine for me. That pain was just as bad as when you have baby. I couldn't stand it. I stood it one week, but I was getting weak. After that I got cured.

(How did you get sick?) They say they done something on my underskirt, they say. You know, where I go out and pee, they do something right there. They say that the way you get when they do that. That the way the old people do. When you go on other rancheria, you never want to let other people see where you go. You just sit down and pee. If they see you, right away the men come and pick up the wet place, and pretty soon your behind all swell up. Maybe you can't make water. They used that to make their medicines with. I know another case like that. A girl down at Vineland said she saw the man come right where she had been and pick that wet place up. That was Ferdinand Jose's younger sister. She was up here at Wilderness Valley that time, and she saw the man come. That was Sam Moon. Ferdinand had stayed with his daughter, and one time he got drunk and kicked her in the stomach when she was carrying a child. That family always blamed Ferdinand for that. So they did that to his sister. When she was dying, she told what she had seen--that old man coming there after her. (68)

That's the kind of stuff I think I was that time. I didn't have no swelling, but it was paining just like child coming down. That's the way Indian poison stuff is. You feel burning like.

(Who did it to you?) I don't know. I couldn't find out. They never even say that. They just don't know. You know, they thought down at the rancheria, they thought they was all our friends, our relations. But when I got like that, they awful surprised. That must have been--I don't know who. But so after that I always watch out, everything, everything. And they used to gather cigarette stubs and when you sew your clothes, always pick up the bits and burn them. If they poison you on them, you get paralyzed and can't do nothing.

Separation from Husband: For eight years I stayed with this man. Then he left me for my sister. My sister got big, like Elaine, and got crazy for him. That was my half-sister, Mable Evans. Got crazy for him and got playing with him all the time. That's how he got crazy for her. I didn't care. I didn't love him. I guess that's what the whites would call it. I let him go, but he always tried to come around and boss me. He said nobody would have me because I got so many children and they wouldn't want to take care of them. I had three or four, but I didn't take care of them. My mother took care of them. They didn't have any other children, so they take care of them. But he always come around and tried to boss me. I guess he wanted us both.

You know that the Indian way. If you have a sister-in-law, you just play like own wife. Some of them don't like that, but some of them do that like my sister did. They say when you play with your brother-in-law, you get to love him. That's why they say never want to play with your brother-in-law too much, they say. My aunt and my grandmother. In case he might fall in love with you and want to marry you. That's why I never did like to play with my men relatives. My sister's man, Mark Bailey, used to want to play with me, but I never did want to do that. (69) (q). Oh, they just play funny. One time I went to get water. Just right there by the new house, he used to have a well. He dug a well, and he had good water. And I went there to get water toward evening. I had an old shawl on, and he put it over my head and just grab me, playing. And I hollered and was kicking him. After that he took it off and said, "What's the matter? You scared?" "Yes," I said, "I'm scared of you." And I took my water home and told my old man, and he laughed. He used to do that to May too. But we never cared, never feel jealous. And second time he grab me by the arm and just joking me around. Grab me by the wrist and pull me way down to Leroy's house, just playing. My aunt used to live in a house that stood there. That used to be Captain Roberto's house. After he died they tore it down. After that, he don't bother me any more. Used to talk funny and play with me, but he never handled me like that any more. After that he moved to Wilderness Valley. That's where he died and he's buried up there. (70)

When my man went with my sister, that was the time he was mean. Want me to go away all the time, I guess. Whip me, want to make me mad, I guess. He used to take her around with him all the time. That's why she wasn't scared of him. Used to take her swimming and to town. And then one night they was that way. That was in my house too. We was living alone then in my house. She stayed with us. One night they had a time in the roundhouse, and I left them alone in the house. I went there. There was dancing there. Then I came home and found this girl crying. So I ask her what the matter. She didn't tell me. So I know. Then I ask the man, but he didn't tell me. Then I got mad and told them, "Why don't you tell me? I know what you do to her." "Oh, I step on her foot," he say. (71)

After that, they were together all the time. Everybody know it. Whenever they went down by the river together, somebody say something. I never care. They were doing that the whole summer. And next summer start in again plain. So I told him, "You want that girl, stay with her. I'm going to look for a man myself. And I don't want you to bother me if I go

around like that."

(What did your sister say that time?) She didn't say nothing. I didn't say nothing to her either. But I always say something to the man, always tell him not to do like that. But he didn't mind. He was doing that three or four months. Ever since hops began. And they had a camp across the river, her mother and father. He made chances to go across there every morning, stay there all day. And he never work, they say; just take the girl around swimming. And he didn't want me to help him work either. He'd rather be alone with her. That was down at Big Rock. And one time early in the summer, clover time, I told him I was going down there to get clover. They used to have lots of good clover down there. He told me not to go there; he was going to tell her to get it for me, he said. So he didn't come back all day. And he brought it home late--at twelve o'clock, all wilted. Next morning I found it there. I asked him, "Who could eat this? You have to have it fresh when you eat the clover!" So I threw it out. And he said he paid two bits for that little bunch of clover to have her pick that for me. So after that I never go there, never talk about no clover no more.

After that, lots of other people find out what they doing. One old fellow, he came up and told me in Indian, "Young woman, you know what your man doing?" And I study little bit and say, "No." I just said that. I already know it. He said, "You must be awful good-hearted woman." "Why?" I say. "Well, your husband is going with your own sister." And I say, "Well, that's all right. She can have him. I'll look for another man." I was joking with him, and he told me they was down swimming together way under the brush. And next time he come around there, and he tell me, "I feel pretty bad." I ask him why he feel bad. He say, "I feel sorry for you." I say, "That not hurting me. I'll do the same thing some time," I say to him. And after that he never say nothing to me no more. Never tell me news no more. (Was he a relative?) No, he's just friendly old man, I guess. Talk to me.

(What did your mother and aunt say about it?) They didn't say nothing about it. They said not to try to look for them or else decide to whip the girl. "But no," I say, "I don't feel like that. I never feel angry about it."

But one time she came to me and told me to go to town with her on the railroad track. So I went with her. On the way we take a rest. Too hot, so we take a rest. Sat down under the tree. She say, "Sister, I hear you going to cut me up." I say, "Why do that? Who told you that?" She mentioned that Chester Peterson's mother. I told her, "She just made that up. I never said nothing to her. I'm not going to bother you. I'm not going to bother the man either." And that was all. We went to town, stay around town awhile, and then we come back about ten or eleven o'clock. She crossed the river and went to her camp, and I went on home. We stayed home, down to the rancheria.

I had children, but I left them all of them with my mother and them and go around alone. And after that she never say nothing to me, and I never say nothing to her either. She never came to me after that. Her mother used to come and tell me about her going with the man. I say, "I know it. I'm not

going to bother her. I know about it, but I don't care."

So the same year after hop-picking time they got together, sleep together. And after they was together just about month, I think, her mother died. And I went there to see her day after they get married. Feel kind of funny though. (What did you say to her?) I never talk to her. We talk to my father, that's all. Feel funny when they together there, and me around there. But after awhile I didn't care, and I used to visit her. She didn't care. She used to talk to me, joke with me after that.

I don't know what was wrong with me. When my sister took my man away from me, I drank for two weeks steady. I didn't feel bad, but I couldn't sleep. And I drink. And I had a friend from Lucerne. She had been married too. Now nobody wanted to marry her. She had two children, and she drank too much. My old man (72) stayed with her three weeks once, but he didn't want to marry her. I started in drinking when I was about nineteen years old--that was the time. I started in drinking because I didn't feel good something. Couldn't sleep. I drank two weeks steady. I would sober up and start in again after eating. Start in drinking again, not much, but just enough to keep you dizzy. But I got drunk with whiskey last time when I was with this old man. I don't like to drink too much. Next day it makes me feel bad.

I was carrying baby that time. I must have been carrying him three months when we parted. So I was single all year. During that time I used to drink with parties all the time, but I used to take care of myself and never get too drunk. Someone told me, "When you carrying baby, after one or two months if you drink too much, you miscarry." That was why I was drinking like that. And I never eat too. That's not true I find out. Some days I hardly eat two or three days, just drinking. (q). I don't know why I did that. I guess I was single and didn't want it. That the only way it is--too much bother. I had the rest of them, but my mother and them was all living so I left all to them. But I didn't do nothing though after he was born. I just take care of him and raised him. Some of his grandmothers wanted him after he quit nursing, but I never give him away. I guess I thought it would be in the way when I wanted to run around. (73)

After I left that Tripton County man, I got acquainted with that woman from Lucerne, and we used to go around together, drink together, and sleep with me. We used to sing songs. When they drink, you know, they mention the wine and stuff like that. They want more drink, and they mention that. I used to sing that when I drink a little. Just the same I guess as white people. Maybe they learned from the Indians. And them songs I know, but I don't know the meanings. When they drinking, the old men sing those songs all the time, so I can't help but learn it. But I don't know the meanings. Some of them are from Geyserville. In that language down there. And some from Iona over here. And some from here but not many.

I don't know how long I stay single--about a year. That the time I was running around with her. She used to come around where I stayed and take me around with her. We used to go buy our own wine, and go down where other people were and have a drinking party there. We was doing that for

two whole weeks. Go to some place, people who drink, and take our own, maybe half a gallon, maybe two quart bottles, for a drinking party. She had two children too and a mother and father living. Her father drinks heavy too. That's how we used to drink all the time.

Sometimes we gather three or four different people again and go buy some more wine and go way off in the brush and sit down there and have a little lunch with wine. One time when we was like that we built a little fire and was going to have a little meat, bread and wine. One old man was going to make a fire. He (EW's first husband) always chased me around. So when I did go around, I always watched out. So when we was just ready to eat, something spread on the ground already, I was standing around by the fire and they were all together there. And I see somebody peeping around in the brush. And I tell that old man I think somebody in the brush. My first man. He was the one. I don't really know who was the one, but I know it. After a while I ran away, and ran, and ran. It was about seven in the evening. That's how I see it. That why I ran away. Didn't tell nobody except that old man I think I know who that is. So I ran home. Two days after that, the old man says he come there, and he was growling at him. He say, "You the one making her run around." Anyway he gave him the blame. And he tell me I just run like a deer on the tops of the bushes-- fly like something. He saw me running.

I see lots of people that time. They talked to me, but I didn't talk to them. Didn't like the person, the man. Didn't care to play or nothing after that. That's all I think. I was going around with her.

(That time, after I was parted from my first man)(74) I tried to go around with Stan Day, but he didn't like me either. After we parted I went away with him and I and him stayed out three days one time without eating. Way out in the brush. But one time, in the evening, he used to go home lone and get bottle of water and sandwich and bring it to me. Then on the fourth day, I say, "Gee, I'm starved." So I wanted to go home. He wanted to take me home, but I didn't want him to. I was carrying baby four months that time, but still I did that. I don't know why I did. We lay around, sleep. Lay around sleeping together. Sometime talk and sing something. (Did you have something to drink along?) No. First time we did. We had wine, but after that gone we didn't have any more. Nothing to eat either. He went home though, not let anyone know what he was doing. Sneak into the kitchen, take what he wanted, and then bring me a bottle of water and sandwich. But that wasn't enough for me, so I went home. They miss us that time, though, my mother say. They miss us and ask each other where we went.

Marriage to Wood: (How did you meet Wood?) Let's see. How was that? I used to, when we first parted you know, I used to go around with that woman. You heard about old Katie Sharpe? I used to go around with her. She was married to a man from up here, Tillie Harris's brother. They used to drink lots, and Katie's man was brother-in-law to this Walter (Wood). His name was Tom Stanley. I used to go around with them when they gamble. Katie used to travel lots among men with this man, and I used to go around with her.

Then this woman from Lucerne, she was going with this fellow (Wood) before I was. Next time, after that, I don't know it, but she was drinking and she told me. She came after me and brought me down to the camp, and she told me that she was going to do that. She say she was going to get married with this fellow, my old man, and she wanted to have a good time before that. This man didn't drink, and she wanted to have a good time before she married him, wanted to have all the fun she can. And after that, about a week, we was drinking in our place, old Roberto's house. And two families came there--young families--that was drinking too. We all get together. And this fellow, this man's brother-in-law, was there with Katie. They came with the others. And she was there too, my Lucerne sister-in-law. She was telling me she was going to get married next month with a good man. And this man, Tom Stanley, didn't like it. He said, "You're not going to get married! I'll see to that! I'll tell him not to get married to you."

And from then on that man bosses me, don't want me to go with the others. Just want me to go with them. He (Tom Stanley) used to tell Walter that he wanted him to marry me. He was going to talk for me, he said. He told me that too. "I want you for him," he would say. And he always watch me. When drunk men came around, he would chase them away. They used to say, "You going to have two women."

Then we all separate; all the parties go away next morning. I was stay at home. That same week, I went to town alone on the railroad track. And I saw these fellows: this woman and the other fellow. This woman came to me and say she want a little lunch. I bought little crackers and a can of salmon. We ate that. Toward evening this fellow came to me. And he say, "I think we better go home." So I said, "All right. I'll go." So I left this woman in town and followed them home. Next week, Saturday, I went to town again, and then we bought the wine down here at Silone's before we went to town. We bought about half a gallon and took a little drink before we went to town. Then that night they went down to another place there where there were men gambling, playing cards. That's the way I got to talk to this man. He was watching them. And this fellow, this Walter, he offered me a drink. He had a quart bottle. So I took it, I and this woman. And I didn't give it back to him. I said, "I'm going to keep it." He said, "All right." They were gambling there all night.

Next morning I went home alone. And next morning they came after me again, and that night they had a game down at our place in the roundhouse down there. Men were playing in there. I went to this man's wife's house and stayed there that night. And this man (Tom Stanley) went down to the place. He told his wife what he was going to do, but he didn't tell me. So we stayed there alone. He came back and brought this Walter back. So we were together, four of us, drinking. And from there on we got acquainted with each other.

We went outside, and we went back of the house. We sit down there and talk. Some kind of talking, made a plan. He told me not to run around with everybody. Tell me to take care of myself. That he wanted me. I told him all right, but not right way to get married. I was carrying a baby for this other man (her first husband). I told him we would have to wait until this

baby was born. I told him I wasn't fit to get another man yet for awhile. If he could only wait one or two years. He say, "That's all right. I know who the father is," he say. You know that the old time Indian way. They say that kind of woman no good, and they tell their children not to get married with them. He was taught that way so he say, "That's all right. I know who the father is." So I told him to wait until the baby born. Anyway we was that way there, and he give me a little money.

We stay there for three or four days. Then before the baby born, he would come down and stay awhile and then go away. From there on, we were just friends of each other. Everytime we see each other, just come to each other and go wherever we want. Come to one side.

And my first man, he was always looking for me all the time--look for me all the time wherever I go. And one night this old man (Wood) and I were together, and he caught us. He wanted me to go home with him. I did. I must have been crazy, but I did. He had a horse there. We were down at Silone's and had had a couple of drinks. He wanted me to ride the horse, but I didn't want to. So we walked down toward Manzanita leading the horse that night. And then he hit me. I don't know what it was with, but he must have struck me on the head with something and knocked me out. He must have pulled me to one side of the road, and there was a little ditch there with water in it. He went down and got water in his hat, and he was washing my face. I come to, feel it. And he was washing my face, washing my face. And then I come to, and I was just lying there. And he was sitting there.

"You ought to wake up. You're drunk. This is Silone's place," he said. But I told him, "It isn't Silone's place. I know that, and I know what you done." He wanted me to get on the horse again, but I wouldn't. So we started to walk again. When we got to Manzanita, we went to our house, and I called. My mother came to the door. I went in alone. I didn't say anything to them, but went right to my bed, to my place. He knocked on the door, and the old man opened for him. He came in and told them the story, that he found me drunk lying in the road. My family believed it. Then I got mad and came out and told them it was a lie. I said, "I know what you did to me, but I didn't say anything, and then you came telling lies. And my family believe you!" I chased him out. I got a big iron bar and chased him out.

Next morning, one lady came to see me. I was sitting outside. She came to me and asked me what he had done to me. I told her that he had hit me, but I didn't know what with. She looked at me, and on my head, she **said, as** a knife mark. And my hair--I have long hair way down--was all blood. There was blood all through it. After that she took me down to the creek and took everything off me and washed my hair. After that I wouldn't talk to him.

And next time, I and my mother was going home from the river, way down there in Manzanita Rancheria. And he came along with a wagon, drunk, and another fellow. They stopped us, and he wanted me to make it up with him. But I told him, "No! What became of my sister? Stay with her. Don't bother me any more." After that he didn't bother me for a long time. And then when we were in our place, I and my aunt, we were alone sitting there on the porch after sundown, and here he came along. He want to stay with me again. And so I told him, "No, I don't think so. You stay with her and

make a good living, and I'll try to do the same thing and find another man." Then he said no man would have me. And I said, "That's all right. That's my lookout." And he had brought fifty dollars in silver with him, and he put it here in my apron. I was sitting there. Gee, it looks lots, fifty dollars in silver. I asked him, "What's this for?" I didn't want it, but he wouldn't take it back. So I stood up, and they fell all over. He was picking it up and crying. Then I felt bad. He was crying and picking up the silver. Then I went in the house, and I was feeling sorry for him little bit. Then I heard him talking to my aunt, and I heard her say, "I can't do anything with her. She's spoiled now." And I heard her say, "Don't bother her anymore. Go on and do what you want." I could hear them because I was inside, and they were on the porch.

And after that, I was living with this old man (Wood), and still he tried to come and talk to me. Before the baby born, he (Wood) would come down and stay awhile and then go away. And after the baby was born, we stayed together for good.

(Did they tease you about Wood that time?) No, they never tease me nothing about him. But Walter used to tell me that when he talk to other girls, after we plan to get married, the girls would say, "You'd rather have a whole bunch of children than have me." Then fight and scratch him. They say things like that all the time. You know they want to get married with him, but he don't take them. They used to call me "sow." They say that to him. "You better go home and take care of your sow." That the way they used to say to him, he used to say. He used to tell me that.

(Did you feel jealous of him?) Yes, I feel mad, but I never say nothing. You know what's the main thing my old people used to teach me. "If you feel jealous and say that, that's the last thing. Then goodbye. If you say it, you get habit of being jealous." That's true. With my first husband I used to say that just to tease him. And then it got to be habit and he got mad. So with this man I never said nothing. I told that to one old man from Tripton County. He asked me if I didn't feel jealous. I said, "Yes, but I keep it to myself. Let it wear out." He said, "You must be brave woman."

Before he got me he had an awful ugly woman. That's why I never said nothing. I thought, "What's the use of my talking jealous after her?" She was black, awful ugly. I asked him once, "What you want to get married to her for?" He said, "Oh, she was just crazy for me so I got sorry for her." He said when she was young, she used to stay around his house all the time crying for him to come out. Stay there winter time too. So he got sorry for her and took her in. They only stayed together year and a half. The baby was three months old. He was awful light for that dark woman. He died five years ago when he got burned with gas.

(g). That's the only step-son I had. He used to be good to us too.
(g). No, he don't live with us ever. He was a big man when he died, married to a woman from Tripton County.

(How long after Wood left that woman before he came with you?) I don't know how long it was. He said he was going with another woman five years.

This must have been five or six years. That boy was big already that time. He was shamed to come to his father that time. I asked him if he talked to his father. He said, "No." I always feel sorry for him. He must have been six or seven when we first got together.

Oh, he (Wood) used to be crazy man. Women get crazy for him. Married women used to go with him. I don't know who to blame. Man must have had more sense than to bother all the married women. But the women had no business to talk to another young fellow. (Was that after you got with him?) That was way before. He was doing that long before me. After me, he never do nothing. He was getting middle-aged when he was with me. He was over thirty. I was twenty-one years old when I got with him and had five children. Yes, after I was with him, he never chase around no more.

He came to our place after my boy was born. In December, I think he came down there. That was after grape-picking time. I was ready to go down below. I went to town, and I told some friend of mine--another friend of mine--to look for Walter. They was having court that time, and he was in there, he said. I told him to go tell him I wanted to see him. I told him I was getting ready to go down to Lucerne. He told me not to go. He took me home in the buggy. So I said, "All right." My mother and another woman, Katie Sharpe, went down. That the time she married to another man down below there, and left him. Left Tom Stanley. I think that was about the last we was chasing each other. After that we settle down that fall, that winter.

When I come to this fellow, I stayed in this rancheria maybe year. His old mother-in-law and them used to come around all the time and try to chase me away. Gee, I used to be scared when he went away. Used to lock myself up in the house scared. She used to come around and give me dirty language. He'd had her daughter. That's the way Indians are. Jealous of their son-in-law. And she had another man, but still she used to come around and give me bad name. But I didn't say anything. That's why I don't have no friends on this rancheria. Just go round by myself, fraid to talk to anybody. (75)

Living at Brushville: (Did your mother and the others like Wood?) Yes, they all like him because he don't drink or go around like the other men, they said. But he gambled. The first five years we was together, he gambled lot. He always got to go wherever they gambling. Never stay home weekends. First time, I did try to stop him. Sometimes he lost every cent he make. Leave us with nothing. So I told him that, and he got mad. He said he worked hard for that money and it belonged to him so he had a right to spend it. So I said all right. After that I never said nothing.

But I never followed him. Gee, he was cranky. So I never want to go around with him. Never even go to town with him. Sometimes I go to town alone, take three or four of the children. I knew how to hitch up the horses so I'd hitch it up and go into town by myself. When Albert was small, I start in washing around among these families. That's how I made my own money. I still do that yet. I don't know how old Albert was. I used to take him along down to the village. (76) I used to wash for two or three families there. I still do that job--wash by hand.

We was together three years when Albert was born. I miscarried one before him, when I was carrying five months. I was sick like that whole week. Child birth, just four or five hours, when you feeling pain. But this was whole week I was sick in bed. And the only thing that stopped pain was the heat. Walter's grandmother was living then, and she took the hot ashes and put them in a sack and wet it and put it on my back. That was the only thing that stop that pain. Gee, it just pains in the back here.

(How did it happen?) I think--the way I thought to myself was that I was out walking one night in the evening, and I got scared of something in the night time. And I run with all my might. I was running and running. Sound like somebody coming with boots on when I was in the bushes. And so I run back home. That night I got sick. So I thought it was running all like that, scared of something. I was five months already that. That was old fellow, drunk man, coming. I got scared of him. It was winter time too. That way it sound funny here when walking. I didn't see him, but I heard him. That was the cause of it, I think. I hadn't done any heavy lifting.

(You said once your first boy died. Was that before this?) That was after I was with him three years, I think. Andrew wasn't born yet. I was carrying him, I think. I guess that was why when I used to come to the boy, he would say, "You don't want to cry, Mama. You got another boy coming." After he died, I don't know how he know it. Maybe somebody tell him. "You going to get another boy, Mama," he would say. He used to be smart little fellow. He was twelve years old when he died. We was together three years when he died, but his father and his mother and aunt all came there and stayed together one week when he died. That's the way we do. We don't keep enemies when we parted. Some of them call each other brother, sister, even if they parted.

(How did that boy get sick?) I don't know how he got sick. You know he was sick for two years. He was failing, failing for two years. Maybe he had TB. And after he died, one old fellow said he doped him. He told Stan Day one time, and Stan told me. That old man was drunk that time and told it. (g). He's an old man from Manzanita rancheria. Bear, they used to call him. His Indian name means "Bear Heart." And white people call him Bear. (g). Oh, they say he do that--these people who do that, poison people, they get the habit of doing that. He was that kind. He did that to young people, children, and young women and young men. They tell me that. He knew how to make poison. He claimed he gave him candy and wine. He told Stan first he give him candy and then wine. Both of them doped, I guess. (77)

(Was the boy staying with you then?) No, he was staying with the old man, Old Roberto and Laura and my aunt. He was lying in bed, not sick, but just not feeling good. He suffered and was failing every day for two years. His flesh, you could just see it. Sometimes he coughed a little, a little dry. I suppose that's how he died.

He died on January 12. That day I remember. I don't know the year, but that must have been about 1908 he died. I was there when he was sick pretty

bad. I stayed. I was going to have baby that time so that's why I stayed down there. (Were you there when he died?) Yes, I was up there. I was up there all the time. I didn't feel sick, didn't feel nothing. We was all up there. He died in the night time, nine o'clock. Those old people come home from town, and this sick boy say he don't like them to come in his room. He **smell** the wine on them. He say to the old lady, "Stay away from me. You stink!" He don't suffer much when he die. He talk loud. He say, "That old lady can't leave wine alone." We told him not to say that. From then on, he just pass away. Pass away asleep.

I saw one woman do that too. That was Bess's aunt. I was down there to see her, and the others were working around. She was just talking to me, but she didn't want to lay still. She just move this way and this way. So I said, "Seems like the old lady is dead." Bess got up from her chair and went to look at that. And she said, "Yes, she is." Some people just suffer, trying to get their breath.

(What did you do the time the boy died?) We was all there, my aunt, my mother. We was all there. He noticed my aunt and my mother was crying, and he told them not to cry. "Don't cry, Mother. Don't cry, Grandmother." He used to call my aunt gagamatul, old grandmother. There were three of them, and so he called them grandmother in different ways so they know which he mean. My aunt and my mother was there too, and they told me not to watch when he was drawing his last breath because I was family way. That the way they teach us. When you pretty close, you daren't see anything that's dying. Baby might get sick or something--after it born not funny. So they chase me away. I didn't see it. After he was dead, I was there. (q). When they cried, I came back. They didn't come to tell me, but I come back myself. Began to cry. And that old woman who was half-shot, she came back too. And the old man started in crying.

Gee, that time when he died, snowed and snowed. Snowed for four days and four nights. We had to keep the body inside. And I don't know how many people we had to feed that time. I think twelve with our own family. And that the time we cut that eucalyptus tree down there at Manzanita Rancheria. After that they had suckers and grow big again. That time they cut them down. Had to have fire. Snowing all the time and cold.

Everybody spread the news around, and some people come in and see. Some of them come, and then they go out and spread the news to the families, to his father and grandfather. They come that evening and stay there till after they buried him. After that they go home. We kept him for four days after he died. Beginning five days, sun come out little bit. There were lots of men there, so they went up and dug the grave. And that afternoon they bury him. And they stayed there that night, and next day everybody go home.

(What did you do?) I helped with the cooking, get two meals a day. And rest of the time, just sit around by the dead person. Sometimes they cry. The rest of them just sit there. Winter time short days you know.

(q). Two days after he was buried, Albert was born. Day and a half maybe. One whole day and next half a day. Used to have the birth months

on a paper, but they got burned up I guess the time we move. I guess the priest would have them all. And my mother and them burn up clothes--all the things they had. So there was nothing to wrap the baby in when he was born. And my father had a work shirt. He was staying with us that time. So he tear that up and tell my mother to use that. And another woman was there, and she took off her underskirt and told her to use that. Yes, they burn up everything they had. My mother said she never thought about it. If she had thought about it, she would have kept something for him.

Albert was born in the daytime, Friday afternoon. (Who was there then?) My mother and another old lady was there. She's from there. She used to be married to my uncle. They was living with us too because they know the boy is sick, not going to get well. That's the way the relation are. All get together and watch. I got sick in the morning, and I was sick there I don't know how many hours. And then I had the baby born at two o'clock that afternoon. When the baby came, my mother take it. Then she took it away and washed him and dressed him and put him away with a little bundle. And after that they fix me up and clean me, and let me lay one side by the fireplace. They put a little warm fire ashes on my back. Keep me warm. Make me drink warm tea. That time I don't wash my face, I don't know for how long. They wash my face for me. I don't even comb my hair. Somebody else do that for about ten or twelve days till I get up.

I think I was in bed about fourteen or fifteen days that time. And the old man stayed up here that time because our place was so full. So he stayed up here with his grandmother. After a month, his grandmother and another lady and him came down to visit us. Then I came up here with him after the boy was month old. Stay up here with him this other rancheria. We should have given Albert a name, my father's name. But we didn't give him my father's name because he drinks too much. But now he drinks lots anyway. (78)

(Did they bring anything to Andrew that time?) No, we don't do that unless--well, he hasn't got no family. That the time nobody bring blankets or nothing. He's a poor boy, Albert is. Nobody give nothing to him. All the rest is like that too. But I always take things down to my grandchildren. Always visit the newborn baby with blanket and presents like that. That the old time Indian way, but nowadays they don't do that. About a month after he was born, Walter's grandmother brought mush and meat. That's what she brought, I guess. But no blanket to wrap him up with.

When Albert was four months old, I got sick and the doctor told me not to nurse that baby. If my mother hadn't been around, that baby would have died. She took that baby and took flour mush and made it like milk and feed it with that until I get well. He live and he was nice and fat. That was Albert. The doctor said he was going to die, but I told them to give him castor oil. And that's why he live. Two doctors gave him up. Said he was going to die tonight. I hadn't had no milk, and he hadn't had nothing to eat. I heard it, and so I said, "He going to die anyway, so give him big spoon of castor oil." My mother did that, and he pull through. I guess he was bound up, and that's what was wrong. (79)

(What happened after that?) Nothing happened. Just living together good after we got acquainted with each other. I don't know what time that was. Never even think about the years or nothing those days. Even yet, don't keep track.

When we was first together, we separate one time. We was together about five years, and after we had the oldest boy--he was about two years old--we separate about eight months I think.

(g). I don't know why we was get mad. I don't know. Oh, he heard too many news, bad news about me. That time my mother was sick, and I was up there, and they spread too many bad news. That I was having drinking in my house, in my little house. There was drinking there. My old people was drinking, and I was going around with them. And I never drank. And they said I was drinking all the time. Never take care of my mother. I stay there long time, and he go over to the coast for about a month and take my father over to the coast baling hay or something. When they get through, come back. And he didn't come down visit me. And that's why I didn't go back.

Once I saw something in my own family. (80) It was Sonia Gray's little sister, the one that died. She was about nine or ten then, and they were down by the river. Chester Peterson was with her. He was about fifteen or sixteen then, a big man. I was staying over there then. My boy was with them. I started to hunt for him because I hadn't seen him for a while. And I was going all through the bushes looking for him. That's when I saw them. There was a hole there, and I stuck my head over the bushes, and there they were down in there. The girl was lying on her back there, and he was sitting there with his pants off. I pulled my head back. It made me feel just sick. They were relations, and both of them were my relations. It wasn't an awful close relation, but still it was pretty close. Too close for that.

I went on home and just went in and lay down. I felt funny, sick all over. I didn't even hunt for the boy anymore. But when I got home, he was there. Maybe they sent him away. After I had been lying there awhile, I heard somebody talking to my mother and asking about me. My mother said I was feeling sick. I got up and came out. It was that girl's mother. She was asking for me. I guess that girl must have seen me when I stuck my head out through the bushes. I didn't think she had, but she must have and gone home and told her mother. Her mother asked me if something had happened. I told her nothing happened to me. I never did tell her what I saw. I never told anybody about it. But it sure made me feel bad. They were relations.

Another time--Rena was living with her own uncle. (81) I sure felt bad when I heard that. People were saying that, but I said that no, it couldn't be. It was too close. He was her mother's own brother. But then I saw it with my own eyes. That's how I know, and I believe it. It was hop-picking time, and we were camping down by the river. They were there too, Rena and her uncle. They were camping there together alone. But still I didn't believe it. I felt funny, but still I didn't think it could be true. But one morning early--must be about six--another woman and I were getting up and going off. We went by that place where Rena was camping. They had a

big double bed there right by the stove. Rena was getting breakfast, and he was lying there on the bed. She bent over for something, and I saw him reach over with his hand, just bring it up under her. Gee, I felt bad. That was her own uncle, and I saw him do that to her. That feels funny even when your own husband does it. When he saw me, he lay back on the bed there, just lying there. But I saw it. I said to the woman, Clinton's mother, "Did you see anything?" She said, "No, I didn't see anything." So then I told her what I saw. She said people were saying that about them. It's a bad thing.

Later Years with Wood: We got together again. He came down to our place, our rancheria. He visited his friend down there. I was down to the river. I had the little boy with me, down at the river. I was under the shade. I was washing out clothes. My mother was sick that time. I had the boy there under the tree in the shade. He came down there to see the boy. He was a little over two years. Never see him for eight months, I think. He came down there to talk to the boy, and was laying there. And he had a little pair of shoes and there was a crack on the toe. And he was playing with that, and he say, "I see you need new shoes again." The boy didn't know how to talk. He laid there by him long time, and pretty soon he began to talk to me. And I answered him. I wasn't mad.

And he asked me if I would swim with him. I said, "Yes." We went down to a deep place, had the boy with us, and went swimming. I don't know how long we was swimming. About twenty minutes. Another girl was watching the baby, friend of mine. And we came out. From there on, we talk together, and he tell me to come back. He come down there with horse and buggy. And I say, "How I'm to get there? No way to get back." That was up to Silone's place, about three miles.

That night I walk up there with the baby on my back. Tie him up with the shawl the way the Japs do. And I come up there, night time, about ten, eleven o'clock. I got to the house. He know I was coming, and he was waiting for me. From there on we live together. Never fight no more.

We got together about a month, I guess, and then my mother died. My mother died during hop-picking time. We already pick about three or four days when she died. Albert was just small yet, just about two years old. He used to sleep with my mother all the time till she got sick. After that I take him down to our place. But we went over there, and she died. This baby thought she was sleeping and called her "Grandmother." And run up on top of her and lay on her when she was dead. But I never said nothing. One woman told me not to. He might get scared and cry for her and get sick. So I grabbed him and took him out. After she was buried, he always used to ask for her, and then I told him about it. Gee, it used to make me feel bad. She was dead, and he would be out playing and run in and call for his grandmother.

After we buried her, I move home and never go there any more. You know, long ago our people told us not to marry outside the rancheria, but to marry on the same rancheria. That was a good rule. I know when I came up here, I couldn't get used to it up here. Everytime he got mad at me, I thought about going home. Sometimes I did run away and stay down there two or three

days. Since they all died though down there, I never do go down there. May be that's why God took them off because I was bad running off all the time. Even now though I don't feel right here. If I had a house down there, I think I would go back. But James (82) tore down my house and used it to build another one. And now I have no house. I'd rather have a house down on Manzanita Rancheria--the houses up here all belong to the government. They tell you you can build them and live in them as long as you live. But after you're gone, who do the houses belong to? The government!

Another Poison Attempt: Once I was sick for a long time. Something was wrong with my legs--somebody had poisoned me. They had taken my shoes and put them in a poison place. The old matu told me that and it was true too.

It was when Albert was a baby, and he was pulling one of my shoes around in the yard like a cart. That was when we had high shoes. We come home from town. You know when the shoes new, they feel hot. So I took them off and threw them in a corner. And he take it and drag it outside. I was cooking supper and don't know it. And somebody came and picked it up and took it away and threw it in there. That was Ed Bear I was telling you about. He was our relation, but he did that because his wife didn't like me. Maybe week after, when we was going to town again, I hunt for it, the shoes, and only find one. Then I think about it, the way he must have done that. So that's what we thought.

I never did get really sick, but the pains on my foot started, so we guess that. Someone, we say, must have done something on my foot. You know, that's the way this Indian poison is. The time they first begin that, the way Indian poison is, that time the next year the same thing you feel the same pain again just like new, they say. That's the way Indian poison is. That's the way my feet were.

And then this old lady came to see me, and I told her about it. I told her Albert was dragging my shoe around here, and I think somebody pick it up. She said, "Yes, I think so." And she said, "I saw some new shoe in his wagon." She said her man went there every week drinking. She said one night they went there, and she saw little bundle under the seat. She went out when they were drinking. And she went there and opened it. She saw the shoe there. If she had known it was mine, she would have taken it. But she thought it was that big fat woman's down there at the rancheria. He was her grandfather. So she didn't pay no attention to it, and just went home and left it there.

After that I had that foot trouble all the time. My feet swell up all the time, have to take the shoe off. Just feel like something bite or sting me all around my feet. I used to feel like that all the time. Then finally, after he died, when I was up here already, I think right around here I dream about it. This old matu, he was a real good one, Louis White. After he was dead, I dream he was going to doctor my foot. He was going to suck it, and just about the time he was going to suck my foot, tickle. And I push it against his face and just laugh. After I dream that, my foot didn't feel so funny. After that I told that old Laura, "I dream that old fellow doctor my foot." She said, "That's a good dream. That means he's going

to doctor your foot. They say when you dream dead person doctoring you, that's good dream. You going to get over with it. You'll see," she said. And sure enough, I got better from it. After I dream about that old fellow doctor me, then I forget and never notice that pain any more. Never swell up no more. (83)

And this woman down here, you know--this new maru (Bess Clinton), she say she dream about it too, she say. "The shoe's down here," she said. "You know that?" "Yes," I say. "I dream about it too." It's in a lake back here. I dream about it. I never know about a lake back here, but I dream about it. I see my shoe is there, under a log there. It's under there. If I wasn't afraid, I'd go down there and get it. And Bess says the same thing. Everything growing on it now. And this year, my boy Frederick was suckering grapes there for one Italian, and he said he saw that lake. My boy said little tule sprouts were already on the edge. The Italian told him that water's not very good, that that's the old Indian story. So my boy never drink there. I told him about it. That water no good. It's old, old water. Don't get dry; don't overflow either. Standing there all the time.

After that I don't have the pain much, but anyway I don't wear shoes much. Feels good without them. (84)

(Did you do anything about the man that took it?) No, didn't even say nothing to him. I know who take it, but I never say nothing. But Walter said if I died of it, he would have him arrested and have this woman for witness. I guess she must have told him that, and that's why he didn't do much on it. Just left it sitting in the lake there. Just first shot. That's why it only affect me little bit. They say they start in, and next year start in over again. And then they die if they don't doctor him. Some people like to see some people suffer. That why they do that.

(What happened after that?) Nothing done after that. Just we let it die off. Never say a word about it no more. We never say nothing about it no more.

(Was Albert the only child you had that time?) Yes, he was the only one, the first one. The other one, the one who died in San Quentin was about three years old then. He was around, but he never play with him. That's why he didn't find that, I guess. He always went around with Walter's old grandmother. She was almost blind, and he used to lead her. He hardly stay home. When she go out, she always tell him to lead her around. (85)

(g). Oh, I don't know. Next baby, a girl, ain't it. He was pretty near three years and a half when she was born. She was born on May the fourteenth, and I don't know the year either. I forget all about that. The time they both died here, about ten days apart, I forget all about it. For about two years couldn't think about nothing. (g). She was born down at Manzanita rancheria too. My mother, she died already, but my aunt was still living. She was kind of blind. Could hardly see very good when she was born.

She was born summer time, May. That same summer we move up to Roberts' place. We pick hops up there when she was baby. We was one week picking hops down there. And then I get all the baby basket stuff down there by the river, and I scrape it and make the basket at night in a hurry. It was inconvenient to have her on a pillow. Then the next Sunday, I had her down at Manzanita Rancheria, and one old lady came there and bought that basket from me. I felt bad, but still our old way you have to sell it. I feel awful bad on it, but my old lady told me, "Take it out and give it to her." I got only two hundred beads for it. So I had to sell it to her, and I made another basket after that but not right away. There wasn't much of the sticks down there. So I didn't make it till we move up here, and then I cut the basket willow down by the creek here. I always get mine there. That's good luck.

Then about two years after my mother died, my aunt died. She got sick, got paralyzed. She was suffering with that for seven years, and after that she died. We was over at the bean field in Tripton County that time. And I heard the news and came over, and she was already buried. They buried her the same day. I came over about one o'clock on the bus, and she was already buried. So we went back the same day. And we stayed over at Tripton County all that summer. I don't know how long we was picking beans there. After that we came over here.

That's about all I remember that's bad, I guess. After that we all together. Now I don't get mad or nothing anymore. Get old, I guess. (86)

My boy went to prison. That was for stealing money from that old lady (Laura Roberto). When the trial came, I never did go and say anything. I said they wouldn't believe anything a mother told them anyway. So I never said anything, and they sent him down to San Quentin. I don't think that boy really meant to steal her money. I was around then, but old Laura was drunk--like she always was, and my boy and some of his friends came to the house there. The old lady gave him some money and told him to go to town to buy her some meat and potatoes and things like that because she was hungry and didn't have anything in the house. So he went to town with it. And he was scared of one of the men with him, so he hid the money in his shoe. When he didn't come back, the old lady got excited, and she was calling all over trying to find him and telling everybody he'd taken her money. Finally they got the sheriff out after him, and he picked him up and found the money. It was on him. They wouldn't believe what he told them about it, and they sent him down to San Quentin for five years. He died down there.

That was the second time he did that. He stole a check book from us one time, and he was making checks out against us. He made out two fifty dollar checks each. The first one went to pay for a coffin for his wife's brother. That was after he shot himself when he was out hunting. The other he used to get his wife a fur coat. He didn't have any money himself, so he did that. We didn't know anything about that till the time we went to Nevada to see the big girl in the San over there. We gave a check to the doctor for her, and it came back, no funds. That was the first we knew anything about it at all. He was sent to prison for a year that time. He was always like that. He would take money from us, a few dollars here and there. He

thought I never knew about it, but I just didn't say anything. I knew all the time. Sometimes I saw him come in when he thought nobody was around and sneak around looking for money. But I never said nothing. Some people are like that, and you just can't do anything to stop them. (87)

When he died down San Quentin, his two brothers--that was James and David--went down and got his body and brought it back home. I gave them money, and they took a truck and went down and got it. He died just a few weeks before he was going to be released. Some people say he was killed down there. Some of the guards killed him because he was going to get out. That's what Bess Clinton says. She came over and told me she'd dreamed about it and that boy was killed. Still, when his body was brought home, we didn't examine it for any marks.

He was the only one of my oldest children I take care of. I had him and Albert with me. And when they get big I sent them down to Sherman to school. First time they was up at Round Valley to boarding school one winter. And I sent this other fellow (Robert) too, one winter when he was nine years old. They didn't have schools for Indians when my children were small. There weren't any schools for them around here. So I had to send them down to Riverside to Sherman. Now they have schools here, and the children get lunches and clothes. When my children were young, there wasn't anybody to help me like that. I had to take care of my family myself. The only ones ever help me were some white women in the village. They give me food and clothing sometimes. I've always worked and earned money, never do depend on the government or anybody. I never did go to the SERA or any surplus commodity things for help. I always work and help myself. Only this last year, the Sisters have begun to help me with my family: clothes and a little money and food. That's the first help I got. It was because this last year was a hard one.

Friendships: There was a friend relation too. Sometimes they keep that relation better than real relation. (g). We used to have one, but now it's all young people. We used to have relation, my uncle's friend. I called that uncle. Only one left out of that relation.

(g). I never had one like that. I never even had a friend. But I got one friend, but we didn't keep like old people used to. That's Mary Kenny, Mrs. Kenny, up Wilderness Valley. She's the only friend I got here. My best friend died. That was Frank Hewitt's wife. (g). We came friends about--I had another friend from Lucerne. She was down here camping. We was down there together digging potatoes together. We cook on one fire. So that's how we made friends. We like each other just like relation. And from then on, we keep relation, friends. From then on, they stay down there this valley. And they--she got trouble. Her boy got sick. And I used to go there and see the boy. When he died, she didn't have no place to bury him. So I told her to bury him on Manzanita Rancheria. From there on, we got friend with Frank Hewitt's wife. She was kind of relation with this other woman. From then on, we all kept friends. When we got trouble, when my babies died, they come see me, bring me blankets and beads. And I return beads. And from then on, it's that way. And when Frank's wife died, I took my best things and put on her. Maybe the best dress I got. We watch each

other like that. When see trouble, we always come visit and bring best things we got. Bring blanket and pretty handkerchief and maybe food.

Becoming a Dream Doctor: After that, I had a boy. That was down Grubville yet. We only lived here twenty-four years. (88) Oh, the Indian people used to be bad. They dope little baby on the basket. They say when you hang up baby outside, they take some of the poison oak and rub it on the diaper. When it pee on it, that's awful. It burns him something awful. When they don't like somebody, they don't like them to have baby. And they say baby is easy. I know I lost the baby like that. One matu told me that. He was a little baby boy. And you ought to see his back. It all swell up, and back all swell up, and his behind! The doctor told me to bathe it with something, and the matu did too. But still he died. Can't make water. It was only a little over a month old. Oh, yes, Indians mean people some of them. (Who did it?) Nobody knows, nobody see it. They have to sneak around. That kind of people don't let nobody see them. Have to sneak around night time, early in the morning, maybe when everybody is gone.

Flu Epidemic: That time the flu I was talking about, I had that flu. I had a little baby that time. So I hired Indian doctor, Dan Carey. He's still living yet. He cut me through with little bit of bottle he make like a razor blade. He hit it with a rock so it came out just like that. He cut four times on my forehead and four times on my temple. He sucked the bad blood out, and spit the blood out on the ashes. It foam right up, the fever blood he suck out--ferment like. And he suck eight times. He suck the pain out. After that I felt good. Next morning I felt better. Every day I felt better than time.

I had all my family had the flu, but none of them died. A matu came to our place, and he told us we should take angelica root, cut it up fine, dry it like tobacco and make a cigarette out of it. We should smoke it, and we wouldn't get that flu. I did that for my boys. They were just small then, but I made little cigarettes for them out of it and had them smoke it. That's real medicine for Indians.

And wormwood is good for pain in stomach. You make that, and it's good for bowels too. You can eat it raw if you got no time to cook it when you get that way. Some fellow was telling somebody. After I heard him telling that, I got that way. Something was wrong with my stomach. I thought I was going to wear it out, but it got worse. And I went to the fence--we were working in the fields picking hops then. And I went to the shade alongside the fence and lay down in the field on my belly. Then I look around and see wormwood, and I pull off four leaves--that's our Indian rule--and chew that and chew that like tobacco and swallow the spit from it. Gee, it was strong. And then I swallow the whole business, and about ten minutes after that the whole business was gone. And after that I don't think I had that pain anymore. That man was telling that to somebody and I heard it from a distance --so I thought about it.

After a while ago, I was telling you--when my oldest boy had a bad cold, his father was getting lots of different kinds of medicine. He finished it and still no good. Then his father said, "I'm not going to buy any more medicine. If you going to die, you going to die." So I look around and saw that

kind of weed. And I find the weed and took it home and boiled it and strained it, and I told the boy--he was about nine years old--"If you cough, you better take your cup and drink that. If you feel like a drink, you drink that." I don't know how many gallons he drank. About three gallons in a month. And that cured him. Hoarhound weed, I think that is. They grow around in the field here somewhere. That good for cough medicine too.

Death of Her Daughters: None of my family died from the flu, but one of them got pretty bad from then on though. And year after that she died, little girl--not year after that. She was seven years old when she died. She lived five years after that. Both those girls died at the same time.

Some one poisoned my big daughter. Ruth Post claimed they done it on her chewing gum. (89) Indians say that when you chew gum, you mustn't stick it on where people can get at it. This was sticking on the wall, and she took it and chewed it. This woman said that Bess Clinton did it to her. It was just the way Sophie Martinez was poisoned this time she was sick so long. She found the gum on the car door and thought that Bernice put it there. And she chewed it and pretty near died of that. She didn't know what had caused it. We don't know who did it, but looks like somebody was trying to poison Bernice.

That's the way my girl do. She was big fat girl. She never went out at all. But she went down to the city for a while, and after a while she came home and got sick. We sent her to Nevada to the sanitorium there, but she died anyway. This woman down here, Ruth, said that Bess Clinton was the one who did that to her. When she told me that, I said, "Well, let the one who is in charge of us all take care of them." So we never did nothing, but pretty soon two of their children died from TB just like ours. That shows something.

One of them wasn't sick, but when we were away she got hurt on the school grounds. Some girls put her on the swings they had in the school yards. She was seven years old, and some girls put her on it. She fell off and hurt herself. Some rock, she sit on it. And I guess she hurt her spine. From then on she died. And we don't know it. And doctor don't know it. Can't make the water. And we were in Nevada with the other girl. That was doctor's orders. They said she would get better over there. Then they sent the news, and we went over to get the body. And we get back, and that same day she died. And I was sick that time too. I wasn't really well yet that time this happened. I was sick in bed for three weeks that time, and I was feeling better when this trouble came. (90)

(What was the matter with you?) Oh, I don't know what wrong with me that time. Doctor don't know, so the Indians cure me. One time I eat mushroom from here, big white mushroom. We used to eat them springtime. So I picked it in the morning and evening I cooked it, and I eat it myself. And same evening I got sick--vomit all the time and couldn't hold nothing in my stomach. And they say I shouldn't eat. The Indian doctor said that. Maybe I wasn't right to eat it. Maybe moonsick or something. Maybe I was going with a man that night. I don't know, but it must be so. You know there was only one mushroom. They always grow four or five together, but this was just one big one all alone.

They couldn't stop me from throwing up that time. Did that for whole three weeks. Doctors couldn't stop that. After a while Dr. Orman and another white doctor want to starve me for water, but anyway I have to have cold water. So I swallow that, but still it comes right up. But still I feel good. But that didn't help. So he call Dr. Orman, and he came out and I was still vomiting. And he give me some kind of powder after I vomit. I think that is the one help me. That keep me from drinking lots of water too. And after that Indian doctor come around. Walter hired two doctors, that Ruth and another doctor. (91) He died already. From Wilderness Valley. And Ruth--she's, I don't know what you call that kind of doctor. When I was sick, I was sick in bed three weeks. Don't know nothing. He brought her in. So he got her one night, and she said I had some kind of Indian sick. Then we got the Indian doctor. That was Ken Shore. Suck, she was sucking doctor. And this old man was a singer, singing with the rattle. They put some kind of medicine in the bags. He doctored me four days. And after that, three or four days after, he came back and doctored me two days. That was the finishing. After I got well, they put up dinner like they used to do. No dance that time. Just put up dinner.

So the children, we never hire no Indian doctor. We did hire one Indian doctor, Tom Shobi, from Round Valley. We hire him for the little one. But he never do no good. But when he was die, he said Bess told him not to cure this little girl. So he dope her. He told this to that to Tillie Harris, and Tillie told it to Sophie, and Sophie told that to me. Before she told me, she said she wanted to tell something to me, but she didn't want me to feel bad about it. That's why when this Bess became matu some of them didn't believe it. She learned it from old Shobi. But she make believe she dream it. But somebody don't believe that. She sing the same songs as he did, they say. I kind of believe that. She sing pretty near the same one. (92)

Yes, that's the way it was. We did hire Indian doctor make medicine, but they didn't help. That Wilderness Valley, Jay Kenny, we told him to cook herbs for that big girl, but they didn't help. We paid him forty dollars for that medicine. He cooked that twice, but it didn't help. So we spent all we had, four hundred dollars in the bank. We had that, but it cost all of that for doctoring those two girls and the funerals.

Dreaming: (Was that when you started to dream?) No. After that I started in dreaming--I guess I dream then because I felt so bad I couldn't hardly sleep. Before I got sick, I dream lots of dreams, but I never believe it.

They used to tell about dreams. They used to tell about these matu. Something tells them in a dream. And they used to say that if you dream it, pretty soon after a while these people talk to you and want you to do something. I never did use to believe that. But I never dream about that yet. About person wanting dance, wanting you to put up dinner. That's one thing I never did use to believe. The old people used to say that in the night time all the evil, all the bad spirits, the djaduwel come out. (93) That's true. I dream that. All the relations that died long time ago, they come around here. They want you to do something. They come around here taking care of you. I never used to believe it, but since I dream it, I believe it.

One old fellow always used to tell me that. He's a matu from Wilderness Valley, a Kenny. He doctored me when I got sick. I felt pretty bad, but he said that I was going to pull through. But they didn't believe it. I got all right. I never got over it for more than a year though two or three days at a time I might feel a little better. Before I got that I dream twice. We had been camping down by the river, and in my dream I saw that. They had a rattlesnake on a stick and had it by the neck with string. And it was alive. And they had it around where we were camping. And that's something else Indians said--when you camping, always muss up the place where you sleep or step. And I dream they did that where we camp with that snake, and that snake was biting where I lay. That was the only time I dream of people. Jerry Davis was there, and his wife, and his mother, and Hank Jose. And I said to one old woman, "Why do you do that?" And she said, "I don't like you just because you won't let your son get married with my daughter." That's awful funny, ain't it? And I dream that I ran across the river bank and called to one old man to pull me out. And he did. And Jerry Davis' mother was following me. She had a black dress on. When she was in the water coming after me, I hit her on the head, and she turned into a big black snake. And she was just laughing at me under the water. I couldn't do anything for her. (94)

I never told that to nobody except old Laura. She said that was true. That family do that with the snake. They all thought I was going to die, so they came and stayed. I told her, "I dream funny dreams before I get sick." She said that the way it used to be. And I said, "Yes, I used to dream lots of things, but I never believe it." After that she said it was trying to tell me something. She believe I was going to die, but I say, "No! I'm not going to die. I'm going to get well. But somebody is going to have trouble."

But after I got well, I dream two or three times about coffins. One night I dream two coffins laying in front of their house, and they were covered with two blankets just like. And sure enough, he and his mother died after that. And once I dreamed the same down at Bear's house. I see the coffin. That woman bought her own coffin, and upstairs she had four patchwork quilts. She say, "This is for my coffin when I die." And sure enough that was the way it was. Sometimes when I dream like that it come true. One time I dream about Sarah Davis. I dream her father came down crying about her house. And two days afterwards her son got shot. He got shot by Mexican way up north. (95)

I was telling that Mrs. Gordon in town about the rattlesnakes being used for poison. Now she believes in it. That's the kind of stuff they stuck the arrowhead in. They stuck the arrowhead in there for days, and let that rattlesnake suffer for four days and die in it. That's what they used for poisoning. They didn't use that when they hunted deer. (Did you ever see them make that?) They keep it way out someplace where nobody would see them. They go out only certain people--only four. They got two guides when they go out to make poison. I dream about it. These people they got one place up here. I told that to one old man. He asked me how I know it. I said I dreamed it. He said he see it when he was small. When he was about twelve, his father and his uncles used to sneak away

early in the morning, and once he followed them. He saw them making the poison. "I guess you some kind of woman." He said that to me. I said, "I guess I'm going to be."

Oh, they do lots of bad stuff. I heard all of those stories. I teach my girls like that. She don't believe, but I will tell her about it. Maybe when she get old she like to try it like I would, but I don't like to fast. You have to fast until sundown. That's hard. So I don't.

I was dreaming even fore I had all that trouble that time. After that my girls died within a year of each other. One night I came for a walk up here. Our house was over there then. I looked back, and it seemed as though I could look into the house. And there were two coffins there. It meant some awful bad trouble, I knew, but I wouldn't believe in it. Then after that I was up here again, and I could see a light streaming down from the sky. It seemed to touch the ground over there near the village. I stood up here and looking at it. I knew that it was a sign that I would get well. I told that old woman (Mable Brown) about it, and about the two coffins too. She's the only one I told about it--I didn't even tell this man here (Walter Wood). Sure enough. My daughters died, but I got well. After that I had dreams all the time. Almost every night.

I dream about them too, and then they tell me not to cry--they in good place. And one time I dream about the little one, and she said, "Mama, you shouldn't cry for me. I'm crying for you." The Sister said that too, but still I didn't believe it. For three years I couldn't stop crying for them. But when this daughter came back, I felt little better. Yes, those days I was living in dark. This fellow here (her son Robert) was little fellow. He took care of me just like a girl would. They both helped me. I never do nothing except just make bread. I don't feel like cooking. Got no will to cook. For three years I was like that. Gee, I feel bad. One was twenty years old when she died, the other was seven years old. She was born on the same year Deborah was born. I don't know what month she was born, but she was six months behind her. (96)

When I dream about things now, it comes true. So now I believe in that. I was telling one of the Sisters up at the convent about my dreams. She has that kind too. Used to be no sun. Just like moon light. That's the way it's going to be. And the world going to come to an end in fire this time. The sea is going to turn into fire, just blazing. It will come from the east where the sun comes from. The sun is matches for the world. That's the way I see it in my dreams. I told it to one Sister there at the convent. One Sister there says her dreams come true. And she ask me if when I dream I see the sun. No, I never did see the sun when I dream. It's light but not in that way. She says in her dreams it's like that too. And she asked me if I see the person who talks in my dreams. I say, "No, I hear them talk, but never see them." She says her dreams are that way too.

This last time I dream this world is going to end with fire. Not the world, but the people on top of the world. But before that, going to be a moving show on the sun, on the moon, what they did to Christ when he was

here. We going to see that before he come down. He's going to come down. He's not going to come back as a baby, but the way he was when he went up. He's going to come back the way he went up with the cloud, with the thunder. I don't know if it's true, but that's what I see in my dream. It's going to be a long time yet, maybe a hundred years. Maybe we won't see it, but that's what I see in my dreams. I told that Sister about it. (97)

Some matu say that God gives them power, that he gives them part of his power so they can help people. Bess says that, but I don't believe it. Ruth says she doesn't believe it, and I say so too. Our Lord wouldn't even give part of his power to his own son. He sure won't give any of it to these people. That's what I think. He doesn't give his power to anybody, but he's willing to help everybody.

(Where do the matu come from?) That was long time ago, I guess. Ever since the Indians was in this world, I guess. Some people don't believe in them though. I believe that though. I believe old Indian stories what they tell. This is not in a book. They teach each other with the mouth, I guess. I guess that was since the beginning of the world. They put them here and told them that. It will run out when we pass away. In my dreams it says the Indians will never change. Even if they don't know one word of the Indian language, they'll never change. They'll always be Indians even if they don't know their own name. Something tells me that in my dreams. I believe that. I dream like that. I never see the person, but it talks to me. Sometimes it comes true--sometimes the thing happens a long time afterwards after I have forgotten about it. This spring I had a dream. Charles Swan--he used to be matu at Manzanita--but he's dead now--he came to me in the dream. He tell me something bad is going to happen, that somebody is going to die. Next day I learned about that boy down at Hopland died. They'd been drinking, and he went to the car to go to sleep. The gas got him. My dream came true. I believe in my dreams. (98)

One time I dreamed a bullsnake having horns coming out of eyes. My old lady said it used to live in a hole over there. It stayed in the hole, and they saw just the head sticking out.

Snake Experiences: (When did you see your first rattlesnake?) Well, the first rattlesnake I see when we move up here. (99) I never see one before. The first time I see it was when these children were playing around. There was a big ditch there, and I heard the dog barking one morning about this time. They was making a road there in the bank, and this dog was just barking and barking when the children were sitting there. I said to that old man, "I think that dog found something." He went there, and sure enough there was the snake sticking its head out of the hole. He came running back calling, "It's poison! It's poison!" They don't call it snake--they call it like that. (100) He got hatchet from the shed, and cut the head off. That the first time I see the rattlesnake.

From then on we see rattlesnake nearly every year. Last year they killed three. Seems like they were pretty good. One was over there by the garage when Vic was playing there, just sitting there. He came to the house and told us. Before that I heard about rattlesnake, but I never did see it. But they found the snake trails and show it, and tell me how they

travel. The trails don't look like snake track. Sure enough when you see them crawl, it's not like a snake track.

(Did you ever see a snake when you were a child?) Oh, no. I don't think I ever remember. Let's see. First snake I see was milk snake way down at Vineland where we was going down to work. I killed that too. Every snake I see, I always kill. They told me to do that. Oh, when I was--I don't see it crawling. When I was a girl, they was suckering hops. Old man pick up big bull snake, and he was chasing my mother around with it. The old fellow was making fun of her. Oh, it was when Louis was small, first snake I see. I scared of it. I saw it cross the road, and so I took a stick and killed him.

And another kind of snake, gopher snake. When you grow up to be young woman, you see that around the house it's going to bother you all the time. It want to bother you, get into bed with you. They say that in the brush houses one young woman used to lay around and say not to bother that snake. "That's my husband," she said. "If you kill that snake, I'm going to die." Another fellow saw that gopher snake, and he killed it. Then that woman got sick and talk about it all the time that they killed her husband. Pretty soon they make a shape like a snake, and they doctor her with that. Pretty soon she got all right. After that when I hear that story, when I see that kind around the house I always want to kill it. I'm afraid of it. And one woman my age said when she was moon sick, she saw that kind coming toward the house. She didn't want it to come close so she just pick up two or three small stones and hit it on the head. And she say that thing bother her, bother her. Dream about it every night, dream about it talking to her. And that's why Indian people tell us not to kill snake when they that way. Then it bother you all the time. (If you're not?) Yes, that way no trouble. (101)

I killed two around here now. One around the house. It was harmless, but after I hear that story I don't like them around the house. One time it did come in our house over there, and I told Walter about it. And I wanted him to kill it. That snake don't go away. He chased it away. We was camping and came back there for something, and I found the same snake around the house. I told him to kill it again, but he didn't. Then we went to Tripton County. When we came back, I said I think that thing is still there. We lifted up the mattress on the bed, and there it was lying there. Get big. I said, "If you don't kill it, I will. I think you scared," I said. So I killed it with a broom. I used to hear lots of those kind of stories.

(g). I was a big woman already when I heard that. I was with a man. I was a mother already when they told me about it. But this was later. That woman--she was an old lady then but she was still having that sickness. They was camping, and there were lots of snakes there. She saw it go to the house and knocked the head off. She said she didn't mean to kill it, but anyway knocked the head off.

About this milk snake, they say when you go around anyplace, lay around in the shade, it come around there and tie you up and choke you. They dangerous. And another kind of snake is dangerous. It travel on top of

trees. They say that is bad too. They whip you, they say. You see it right here, and then you don't know where it went. And its body just orange color on the belly. The back is brown stripe, I think.

Doctoring: This woman up here has dreams. This Bess. One day she came down here and looked at us all and told us we were all sick. She wanted to doctor us, but we never let her. She said somebody told her that in her dreams. Deborah was poisoned when she was sick. I say that Bess did that. (102)

(g). Deborah used to go around with her son, but she wouldn't marry him. I saw her in town once and asked her why she wouldn't have him. She said he was too jealous. If she married him, he would jealous her all the time and then where would she be. So she stopped going with him. They got mad because she stopped, and so they poisoned her on a letter they sent to her. I saw her reading it, and I warned that old lady there (Laura Roberto) that they might be trying to do something. Then when Deborah got sick, I asked her if she had told May about what I said. She said she hadn't. But I think that's what happened. When she was sick, I went over there one day, and there was this Bess doctoring her. I sure was worried. I told them they shouldn't have her because she was the one doing it. I told May she should send for Herb Burns to doctor that girl. He came, and he brought Joe Mountain with him, and they both doctored her. While they were there, Bess came down. And was she mad when she saw them doctoring Deborah. She told May, "If I don't doctor that girl, she will die." May said that that made her feel just as if something were hurting her heart, and she wanted to have her doctor again. I told her not to do that, that that girl wouldn't die. So Herb Burns stayed on and doctored her. But Bess drove Joe Mountain away. He didn't like her, so he went home. (103)

Right after that Deborah started to get better. I visited her that time, and she was still lying there in bed. Could hardly speak. I told her she would be better soon. She said, "I only hope so, but I don't think I will." I told her next time I came I would find her up. I didn't go again for a while, but I saw her sister Rosemary in town about two weeks after that, and I was asking her about Deborah. She was up and around by that time.

Rosemary was poisoned by Bess too. She did it on some crochet stuff she had. She could hardly move her arm. I was down and saw her, and I told them Bess had done that. I told them they should get her to doctor it so she could get well. I told you already what she did to Deborah. I told the old lady--she was staying with them. I told her, "Deborah is going to get sick. I dream that somebody do something on her letter. I dream that. She going to get sick." I ask her that, "Did you tell that to her mother?" She said, "No." That's the way the Indians do--they say the doctor do that. Just like white doctors do that to get money, Indian doctors do that too. If they have lots of beads and money, they say the doctor dope somebody in the family so they can doctor and get pay. I told them that, "I think she the woman doing that so you must hire her." I think she got all right.

They got awful bad poison. That poison oak is bad too, but if they don't catch it when they go by, if you doctor them on the clothes they always get sick and swell up. Yes, they got awful bad stuff, but now some of them are using this battery acid. My brother was one of the first ones to be poisoned with that. He was drinking with these fellows, and one of them put the stuff in his drink. When they took him down, they found his whole stomach practically eat away. It was Mat Gray done that to him. His son (EW's nephew) was just a boy that time. When he got big, he killed Mat Gray. He shot him, and now he's serving time for it. He'd heard about what had been done to his father. But some people say that Sonia was the one who shot her own half-brother. (104)

I doctor a little of every kind. When they're doctoring, they don't eat grease or meat for four days. Some of them don't eat meat after they quit doctoring too. But I do it just the same days, the four days. Then I don't eat meat. Just real meat, that's all I fast. I doctor for things like headaches. When Albert was sick with a headache a while back, I took the ashes from the stove there and used them to stuff a pillow. I made him sleep with his head on that, and since then he hasn't had any headaches. And when my granddaughter Margery Guest got scared of something, her mother sent for me, and I went down there. I sang the first night and nothing happened. The second night I sang again, and when I mentioned something, she jerked and jumped up. Next night I went back again, but that time she was quiet, and she was quiet the next night too. She was cured then. (g). She was going past a swampy place and stepped on something soft. Maybe it was a soft place in the ground. She thought it was a snake or something, and so she got scared.

And a few years ago, Sophie was sick. She was dying. That night something came to me and made me go down there. I went down the path to their house. Everybody was up. She was dying. The sweat standing out all over her. It was that cold sweat that comes when they're dying. Her breathing could be heard loud down in her throat. She could hardly breathe --that's what made that noise. You could tell she was dying. Her mother was there crying when I came in. Her man was holding her in his arms and crying too. Then I just went up to her and started rubbing her. I rubbed her chest. In my trance I could just see what was the matter with her. It was some white thing in her body that was going toward her heart. And I rubbed and rubbed her. Then I was sitting down, and I came to and wondered what I was doing there. I looked around, surprised I was there. And that sweat was coming out all over the palm of my hands. I showed it to her man. He should have been a matu too, but he wouldn't keep his rules. That's why he died, she said. He told me that I had taken the pain out of her body, and that was why I had the sweat on my hands. They asked me to keep on rubbing her so I did. Finally I went home.

That night I slept only two hours, and early in the morning I went back there. I thought she'd be dead. I didn't think she could live. When I got there, they were all asleep except for old Tim. He was building a fire. He told me Sophie had gone off to sleep and was sleeping good. After that they used to come for me every day and have me go down there to

doctor her. But still they thought she would die. Then I had a dream. I saw an old man with a gold-headed cane. He told me she was going to get well, but not for a long time. I told this old man (Wood). He didn't believe me. He thought she was going to die. And so he told me not to tell anybody about my dream.

One night they called me down there again. Sophie was crying. She said she was going to die that night, and she asked me to take care of Elaine after she was gone. I told her, "No, you're not going to die. You're going to get well. But it's going to take a long, long time." After that she got well again. Something in my dream told me they should get Alec Mead to doctor her. They sent for him, and he came and sang over her. He had some kind of rock, curing rock. She had a tumor, I guess, inside of her, and he brought it to the surface. It broke, and after that she got well even though the white doctors said she never would. The white doctor at the hospital was amazed when he heard it. He never thought she could live. (q). After she was cured that time, she got something else wrong with her, and that time they took her down to San Francisco to the hospital for a while. (105)

(q). I helped Elaine with her leg. Well, they tell that she was on the slide at school and fell off and fractured it, but around here the people say that Bernice did it when she was drunk. She was driving the car in those days, and one day she was coming up the road here. Elaine was coming from school that time, and she saw Bernice. She got off at one side, and Bernice came up and was going to pick her up and bring her home. But she was drunk, and the car hit her. But Elaine will never say nothing about that--she won't say that. After she was home awhile, that leg started to hurt her, and it was pretty bad. So they came up here for me. I thought, "Why are they coming here for me? What can I do to help her?" But anyway I went down there. And I rubbed her. The whole leg felt numb, and it was going up through her body. If it had been on the heart side, I think she would have died. But it was on the other side. I rubbed her and rubbed her. And next day I did it again. After a while she got better. She's another one of my cures. And one day she was sitting there just feeling of her leg, and she pulled out a splinter of bone. The flesh was all rotted there, and she pulled it out. I told them I thought the leg was broken, that little bone in back there. They had the white doctor come out too, and he said the bone was broken there. (106)

Wednesday Sophie was up here to ask me to come down to sing over the old lady (Mable Brown). When I was down to sing over her, I put angelica root on her forehead, but I haven't been down since to see how she's getting along. (q). I put it on her forehead because that's where you think something. She sees ugly people that bother her all the time.

That's about the last, I guess, the end right here. But still I don't feel free here, feel like I'm just way off. But still I try to help even if they don't be friendly to me, try to talk good. Well, that's the way they teach us. If you go to some other rancheria, try to be good. Then some day, maybe it return. Someday when you're in trouble, they might help you. I guess that's about all my life, I guess. (107)

Epilogue

Ellen Wood, unlike Sophie Martinez, brought her life history up to the date of the interviews, though only with regard to doctoring. In 1941, her chief interests lay probably in doctoring and the possibility of poisoning. However, her chief cares were in connection with her grandchildren who were left to her supervision by her children. She complained bitterly that they prevented her from going to Oak City or from attending different gatherings in the village. However, as far as I could see she seemed to get to most of the gatherings: Indian dances, Women's Club meetings, and the American dances sponsored by the Women's Club. On the whole, she seemed more of a participant in the Pomo Community than did Mrs. Martinez who was active only as a dancer.

NOTES

- (1) This paragraph came at the end of her autobiography. Her autobiography begins when she was about twelve. Cf., appendix.
- (2) EW mentioned her aunt's taking her to the houses of whites on three different occasions.
- (3) EW formulates this as expected Pomo behavior. In discussing kinship, she said, "The Indians claim the mother's side the deepest relation, deeper than the father. But some people say the father deeper--deeper than the mother. But we believe the mother better than the father. As far as I can remember, I never did see Indian women leave their babies the way the fathers did. That's why they say the mother the main relation, better than the father." Other informants said much the same thing.

EW's father enters her life story only when she is questioned about him, and twice incidentally where his presence at some particular time is mentioned. From her manner, I gained the impression that her father was a very minor character in her life.

- (4) This is a constant theme with EW, the superiority of Pomo customs with regard to marriage.
- (5) This is another constant theme, this lack of jealousy.
- (6) Palmer Evans is her half-brother.
- (7) Mable Evans. Palmer and Mable Evans are the only half-siblings she mentioned spontaneously in her account. Since the others are now dead, and EW observes to some extent the taboos against referring to the dead, this may not necessarily be significant, save for the fact that Mable is also dead. It is therefore not strange that she should fail to mention the others; it is strange that she should be so willing to mention Mable.

- (8) This probably indicates fear of poisoning. Cf., Loeb, 333. If EW's mother's illness had been diagnosed as due to poisoning, they probably feared the poisoner might come around to hasten the death.
- (9) In the late 19th century various Pomo groups pooled money and bought their own land. This was the time when the Manzanita Rancheria was established, although the group itself had existed in aboriginal times.
- (10) The maru or matu was "the dreamer in the New Ghost Dance Cult." He dreamed that something came to him, gave him instructions to hold certain dances or ceremonies, and told him he would die if the instructions were not carried out. Cf., the life history of SM for further information.
- EW told B. Wilson, a member of the Laboratory, that when she was a child Carson was the chief maru on Manzanita, but there were also an old woman and Stan Day's grandfather. The latter "had a long stick with a blue flag and a yellow moon-shaped cloth sewed on. We children used to like to play there--the stick was so slick and the ground too. He chased us away." The early Maru cult does not seem to have impressed EW particularly although she herself is now a dream doctor.
- (11) Cf. also SM's life history for a reference to this "preaching" by the chief or captain of the rancheria. Both women mentioned that listening to him made them feel "good."
- (12) This would involve the use of kinship terms, and the obligation to help at funerals and take part in funeral exchanges.
- (13) From EW's account, it is possible that her mother and the Tripton County man were married when EW was about two and a half. She said once that her stepfather raised her brother from the time he was about a year old. Yet in speaking of her mother's sickness, she said that her mother was then single. She also says that when Jones first came was when there was gambling in the roundhouse, and she could remember when this was built. Such discrepancies do not worry the older Pomo, who seem unconcerned with dates and sequence of events.
- (14) This was the ritual wailing done by women at the time of a death and during the mourning period.
- (15) On another occasion, EW said this man died when she was a big girl, about eleven.
- (16) Cf., Loeb, 286-295, for death and burial customs. In 1941, EW still wore her hair short.
- (17) Laura Roberto, wife of Captain Roberto. She is the "uncle's wife" or "sister-in-law" of EW's story.

- (18) Tomas Mexican and May Green are of Manzanita Rancheria. Tomas Mexican is married to the Bonny Mexican of SM's story.
- (19) Probably a member of the new Maru cult, but possibly a "sucking doctor." The same word is used, and EW commonly confuses the two. Cf., Loeb, 326, 395.
- (20) Cf., Loeb, 327.
- (21) This game is described in Loeb, 221.
- (22) Cf., Loeb, 175. He says the Pomo ate two meals a day, one at daybreak and one late in the afternoon.
- (23) Cf., Loeb, 329-334; Freeland, Pomo Doctors and Poisoners. Loeb, 271, was told that children were urged to be kind and respectful to the old because "those are the people who know most about poisoning."
- (24) Loeb, 334, says adults were very reluctant to expose themselves before those of the opposite sex. He also says, "Brothers and sisters were extremely modest in their attitude toward one another. . . ."
- (25) EW made it plain in other interviews that relations between cousins or even more distant relatives amounted to incest, and she expanded with shocked pleasure on a number of such cases, one involving her own granddaughter. EW said she thought relations between any relatives was incest but that it was much worse if they were related through the mother's side "because the mother's side is always closer." For incest taboos, cf., Loeb, 266.
- (26) Loeb, 213, 316. Rattlesnakes were respected as supernatural. The name was avoided, at least in the summertime, and the killing of the snake was taboo. Present day informants say that the rattlesnakes are relatives, and should not be harmed.
- (27) EW gave two accounts of this incident. They were given nine days apart. They are substantially the same, even to the wording, save that in the first account she said that she herself had told the child's mother about the incident. This was May's mother; the child was May's little sister previously mentioned in EW's life history.
- (28) EW was always willing to talk about poisoning, and never bored when this was the subject. Note here that she speaks of herself as the only one in the family, though she has a full brother. In her mother's family, there are cousins. In her father's family, she has half-brothers and half-sisters.

- (29) EW was asked later why they called her "queen" when she was small. "That's my family. They say that. In the Indian way call it matakaletc'. (g). I don't know. They say I was different from all the Indians--different look and different every way. I know lots of Mexicans, Spanish people, used to say that to me. They say, "Hello Bonita." And some say, "Hello Pretty." I get mad, awful mad. I didn't know what that mean. But after a while I find out what that mean, and I think they must have been crazy."

According to Loeb, 235, mata kaletc was the name applied to women who were members of the secret society. They had special duties in the village: the entertaining of women visitors from other villages and the making of speeches along with the chiefs at times of festivities. In some groups, the sister or wife of the chief was called mata kale. Since these statuses were hereditary in certain family lines, it is possible that EW was being trained for a position of some importance. She herself, however, did not make this explicit.

- (30) A neighbor of EW's, and wife of the Paul Clinton, also mentioned by EW as a poisoner. Bess Clinton also appears in SM's life history.

Note here that EW in speaking of poisoning seems to include any act of violence or malice, as well as magical poisoning under this heading.

- (31) This refers to "love magic," which Loeb, 276, says was the "ordinary method of courting" among the Pomo.
- (32) EW was asked if she herself had ever seen a bear in this country. She said that the only time she had seen a bear was when she went to the San Francisco zoo one time when she visited her son, David Guest, who was then a soldier at the Presidio. This was during the first World War.
- (33) Cf., Loeb, 335-338; Barrett, Pomo Bear Doctors. The Pomo believed there were individuals with power who used a bearskin outfit when they wished to injure others. Note that EW although much interested in poisoning and doctoring shows no interest in "Bear Doctors."
- (34) On Oak River, south of Manzanita Rancheria, a few miles.
- (35) EW gave two accounts of this incident with an eight-day interval between accounts. The second is the one followed here as it is the longest and most detailed. The two do not differ, however, save at this point. In the first account, EW said they met the man at night time as he was coming home.

Cf., Loeb, 323; 273, 303-304, for further information on "scare" cases resulting from violation of menstrual taboos. Cf. also SM's life history for such a case.

- (36) Loeb, 327, says it was common for an outfit doctor to make vows which the patient had to fulfill on recovery. Usually a feast was promised "in honor of the divinity whose curing power was invoked." Such vows are now made by the matu or dream doctors, and cures may be followed by a four-night Pomo dance which ends with a feast on the fifth day, or there may be only a large dinner, or as here there may be "American dances" and a dinner.
- (37) EW was later asked who taught her to dance American dances. She said, "One fellow, one young fellow. That's my father's niece's father. Her father used to go down to city and run around down there and learn the dances down there. And he would come back and teach all the Indian young people to dance: waltz, polka, schottische. That was a Gray."
- (38) Cf., Loeb, 309, who reports use of rocks in doctoring.
- (39) Loeb, 228, says the Pomo thought eclipses were caused by a bear attacking sun or moon. People went up on the hills, clapped their hands, and shouted to drive the bear away.
- (40) At every opportunity, EW insisted that girls and boys did not play together even as small children, and that she had never played with boys. From her own account there is evidence that the play worlds of the two were not completely separate, but this seems a stereotyped response which appears whenever play activities are mentioned. Cf., also Loeb, 221, where it is said that "very young" boys and girls played together.
- (41) SM said that she had never heard this rule. However, other basket makers of the area had mentioned it.
- (42) This is a topic which EW was always willing and eager to talk about. She introduced it whenever possible. She was never bored if allowed to enlarge upon the subject.
- (43) EW referred to this stay at Henry's on three occasions. Twice she said that she herself had stayed there winters and had gone from there to school daily.
- (44) EW refers her to "love magic."
- (45) Cf., the life history of SM.
- (46) Loeb, 255, says that illegitimate children were raised by the maternal uncles who treated them as his own, and they were not looked down upon or mistreated, "but the mother was ashamed to give birth to a bastard."
- Note that EW seems preoccupied with the idea of incest.
- (47) Rita Day, Stan's wife. Stan Day is half white. Rita Day and Ellen Wood are quarter white.

- (48) Loeb, 283, "In case the girl's family objected to the man, she was prevented from marrying him." Loeb indicates that premarital freedom was expected among the Pomo, but that in at least the important families, marriages were arranged by the parents.
- (49) When someone dies, all pictures of him may be destroyed, in line with the practice of destroying all possessions of the dead and henceforth avoiding his name.
- (50) EW said once that a girl's first sex experience came when "the man forces them, I guess. That's the way they always do with us. Young men watch you when you go like that. I know I fight with a man lots of times when I play out late--They watch you and grab you and wrestle you. They force you. I guess that's the way still. They know two or three fellows before they get married to one man. Nowadays, it's easy. They give them drink, and they make them drunk, and they take them out in the car. That's the way they do nowadays, I think. The girls don't do nothing. They don't even tell their father and mother till their father and mother learn it from some other place."
- (51) Though EW insisted that her aunt had raised her and that she had lived mainly with her mother's relatives, her mother seems to have had full authority on the question of her marriage. EW when asked said that the others, including her father, had nothing to say about it. Quite probably, however, they had been consulted and approved the choice. Note the constant references to her mother and the dominant role she has in EW's life, while the aunt, despite the fact that she "raised" EW has a relatively minor position.
- (52) SM and JA did not confirm this belief. I have not been able to find it in any of the literature on the Pomo. However EW declared that it was so several times. She always insisted that she had not menstruated until after her marriage to this Tripton County man.
- (53) During one interview, EW's three-year-old granddaughter began to weep when her uncle held out his arms to her. EW laughed and said the child had already learned to fear men and always cried with fear when her uncles tried to approach her. EW and her son thought it was a good joke.
- (54) Cf., Loeb, 271-274. Compare this with accounts in the life histories of SM and JA.
- (55) Cf., Loeb, 278, 279, 283, 285, for information on the exchange of property between the two families after marriage.
- (56) Cf., Loeb, 283, 285. All groups of Pomo seem to have practiced some reserve toward parents-in-law. Among the North Pomo, young people averted their faces when speaking to their parents-in-law. This may also have been true of other groups.
- (57) To give the return presents to the groom's family.

- (58) This was probably the Pleasant Valley region.
- (59) Note that previously she had said she was married about September, that in two weeks she was pregnant with her first child.
- (60) When asked, EW said no children were born in her immediate family after she was old enough to remember.
- (61) Cf., Loeb, 251, for care in childbirth.
- (62) EW said once, "Long time ago when Indians have babies, they don't have the baby every year--just every two or three years. But this time, looks like young people have babies every year and a half. I guess that's because they don't care for themselves. When they have babies, they don't put on hot stuff. They used to tell that to me, "If you don't cook your blood inside you, going to have another baby right away."
- (63) Loeb, 253-254. After childbirth, a woman underwent the same restrictions as during her first menstruation.
- EW said that her daughter-in-law had combed her hair after her child was born and had then lost much of her hair.
- (64) Loeb, 253, says that among the Pomo, the father was required to remain at home for the first eight days after the birth and could not hunt, fish, gamble, dance or drill beads for a month. Until the child was weaned, he had to observe the same food taboos as the mother. Neither EW nor SM indicated that their husbands had been restricted in any way after their children were born.
- (65) For funeral exchanges, cf., Loeb, 286.
- (66) However, on other occasions she said that she had run away from her husband during this period and gone around with two or three other men.
- (67) Cf., Loeb, 308-309. Bones were much used in medicine. Some Pomo groups removed bones from graves, placed them over hot stones and used them for sweating patients. Doctoring was also done on top of graves from which the bones were not removed. A fire was built on top of the grave and the patient sweated. Among Eastern Pomo, the grave had to be that of someone who had died a violent death. Such treatment was used for victims of poisoning.
- (68) Cf., Loeb, 334. "Young men and women were very careful where they voided excrement. They went to the bush privately and buried the excrement. Mothers always went with children and instructed them. There was great fear lest some enemy work magic on the exuviae."
- (69) The first "sister" mentioned in this paragraph is her half-sister, Mable Evans. The second is May Green, her cousin.

- (70) Cf., Loeb, 282-283. There was a joking relationship between in-laws of the same generation. "A man tried to get his sister-in-law sexually excited by his talk. He frequently had an affair with her."
- (71) EW frequently mentioned this desertion by her husband in favor of her half-sister. She was eager to talk about it.
- (72) Walter Wood, EW's second husband.
- (73) This is the one child from her first marriage that EW herself raised.
- (74) The words in brackets have been inserted to tie in the connection here.
- (75) Wood was married to a sister of Tilly Harris. This family is one of the most numerous on Brushville Rancheria.
- (76) A small hamlet a mile from Brushville.
- (77) Bear is the one EW usually mentions in connection with poison attacks against her family. Bear was married to Stan Day's sister.
- (78) Cf., Loeb, 259-261. Names are passed down in the family line, and names are always taken from the family list of names. There is some feeling that the recipient of the name becomes like the person whose name has been taken.
- (79) This is the first mention of EW's interest in doctoring. EW often mentioned such dosing that she had done to her family or to herself, always with favorable results.
- (80) This was told when EW was expanding upon the subject of incest. It seems to belong in this period, however, chronologically.
- (81) Rena Guest, EW's daughter-in-law. She is married to David Guest, EW's oldest living son by her first marriage.
- (82) James Guest, a son by her first marriage.
- (83) Cf., Loeb, 316. He says that dreams about the dead were bad.
- (84) EW gave two accounts of this incident, with an interval of eleven days between. They corroborated each other, though not all details appeared in both accounts.

Alfred Parsell was told by Rita Day that there was an old spring in the hills on the east side of Manzanita Rancheria where people used to take things which they intended to use in poisoning people. Bonnie Mexican told Stephen Cappanari that the poisoner gets your shoe string or stockings, and places it in a chimney or in a place where water is standing.

- (85) This was the last child born of her first marriage, and the one whom EW claimed to have raised herself. Note here that the boy is taken over by his stepfather's family.
- (86) EW consistently took the point of view that a life history should embody all the "bad" things in one's life, though this was not implied in the original request that she tell her life story.
- (87) When I first met EW at SM's house in 1941, she told me, "Captain Roberto used to say that children were born good or bad. If they came from a good family, good stock, they were usually good." It may be indicative of EW's personality that she said this before a neighbor whose only living child had been in prison on four occasions and who had recently created such disturbances that she had been locked away again.
- (88) Grubville was a rancheria near the Brushville site. In the early twentieth century, Grubville people moved to Brushville which was bought for them by the government. Sometimes the two are referred to as the same rancheria--sometimes, as here, a distinction is made.
- (89) Ruth Post is a sucking doctor who lives at Brushville. She appears in SM's life history. The Bernice referred to below is SM's daughter.
- (90) Walter Wood, EW's husband, told Ernestine Friedl that one of his daughters died of tuberculosis and another fell while she was jumping rope and hurt her spine. They tried all kinds of doctors for her, but she died. He said that these two daughters broke him. He spent his money on doctors for them and then on their caskets and funerals.
- (91) EW's husband told B. Wilson, "I had a Catholic priest and two white and two Indian doctors working on my wife when she was sick. The Catholic priest said, "Walter, you are very foolish doing that." I said, "No, that's Indian way."
- (92) Cf., Loeb, 396. He says the maru dreamers who were doing most of the curing even in the 1920s performed their cures by singing prayer songs "taught in a dream for this purpose." But, "Songs, while theoretically taught in dreams, are actually taught by an older member of the family, especially the maternal uncle."

Shobi was an outfit doctor. It is generally believed that Bess Clinton learned much of her doctoring from him. Rita Day also thought that Bess Clinton was a poisoner. She told me, "People say that Bess can poison and that she will poison for a real friend. I think she could doctor the person she poisoned. For poisoning, people say she takes things, especially hair. That's what Bess's old relative Tom Shobi did. That's why I'm scared of her."

Rita Day also reported, "Bess Clinton says that she got her power because she was a cruel woman who did bad things--things she would not want others to know about and that she was punished--by God, I guess,

or somebody--and given this power. When you are bad or know you are bad, you get that way. She doesn't say who gives her power, but they say God must."

- (93) djaduwel are ghosts. Cf., Loeb, 290. Dreams were caused by ghosts. "If you dreamt about a dead person, it was because the ghost of the dead visited you in your sleep."

EW asked me, "Do you believe in ghosts?" I told her, "I don't know, but I wouldn't like seeing one." She said, "That's the way I am. I never saw one, but I sure wouldn't like to see any. Bess Clinton says they come around all the time."

- (94) Hank Jose is from Vineland. The others are from Manzanita Rancheria.

Information on snake dreams is conflicting. Apparently such dreams are fairly common among the Pomo. Sophie Martinez reported a dream of a rattlesnake, content not remembered, but she said that such a dream was good luck so it did not worry her. Tim Brown, her step-father, said he dreamed of rattlesnakes all the time and that while "that's pretty bad," it was also lucky since it meant the snake would not bother him. Elaine Martinez, SM's teen-age granddaughter, dreamed of snake-like creatures in 1940, and did not seem disturbed. Her interpretation was that she had been eating too much green fruit the day before. Bonny Mexican told Charles Brant, "It is bad if you dream about snake. Like when white people dream about bull--means you got too many enemies." However, she also told Brant, that if you dreamed of being bitten by a snake it meant good luck.

Loeb, 316, says dreams of rattlesnakes or bull snakes were considered good luck.

- (95) EW's husband told B. Wilson, "My wife dreams lots. She dreamed this: Stan Day's sister, upstairs her casket was lying with the cover. A year later Stan Day's sister died, and she wasn't sick when she said that."
- (96) This would probably set the girl's birth about 1921, her death about 1928. Deborah is the daughter of May Green, one of EW's cousins.
- (97) Dreams of the destruction of the world are characteristic of the Maru. Cf., the account in SM's life story. However, many of them claim that the destruction will be by a flood. I asked EW if the maru had told about the world being destroyed by floods when she was a child. "No, that's not matu, but they always tell about it. I don't know how they know about it. They must have heard it. After that somebody promise that it wasn't going to happen anymore--it was all going to be fire. The world was going to be on fire. They used to tell that. Everything was all full of water here, and then somebody said that not going to be any more flood in here. After that he wasn't going to do that any more. Next time going to be fire--fire all over. Somebody heard it, I don't know who. Somebody told it, I don't know who. But

they tell it. Next flood going to be fire, not water." She also said, however, that at the time of the great maru activities in the 19th century that people danced, "I don't know how many times. They didn't want to have the flood come again so they used to dance so that flood don't come in."

Christianity and Pomo concepts are blended here, with some additions by EW. I do not believe that EW is aware of the different origins of her beliefs.

- (98) In 1941, EW was questioned by B. Wilson about the Maru Cult and its modern derivatives, the dream doctors. She told him, the maru "told people what's going to be. What's going to be, how they dream about this place. They say they hear somebody talking to them. They say they don't know who it is. Some know. I don't know who is talking to me. One old fellow told his family the thunder would sound when he died, and sure enough it did. And about an hour later he died. I never heard who appeared to them in dreams. Maybe they have no name, the person they are talking to."

She said also that each maru had one "special person. Can't change. If you believe on maru, you got to believe him." B. Wilson asked her if the person could avoid becoming matu, and she said, "If they don't accept, they keep on dreaming, keep being bothered. I was afraid. You can't be doctored to avoid it. I don't know how it is. They choose you. You can't change it. You can't stop it. That's what the matu always say. If you don't do it, you will get sick, have troubles."

"I dreamed three times. I talked to Our Lord too. He was all in white and a big tall fellow. I'm a piece of a matu dreamer, and I doctor too sometimes. I doctor my children when they get headaches. I dream everybody see the end of the world--all people come up. The priest say that too. Sometimes my dream come true. I don't dream often.

"Some matu preached what they see, what's coming. My grandfather used to be that kind. He say disease coming, and sure enough it came."

- (99) This information is placed here in connection with her dream experiences because of the appearance of snake motifs in her dreams. After the dream material was obtained she was asked about snake experiences.
- (100) Cf., Loeb, 314. The name of the rattlesnake was avoided in summer.
- (101) In 1940 a rattlesnake was seen around the Martinez House. Elaine Martinez said she was told by her grandmother to go away and not see it because she was then menstruating. It was killed by one of the Brushville men.
- (102) Deborah Green.

- (103) In the files of the Laboratory are many reports by different informants on this case. None of them mention EW as having any part in the diagnosis or treatment. Bess Clinton is usually given as the chief doctor in the case. The cause of the illness is said by many Pomo to be due to a broken menstrual taboo--Deborah Green having gone swimming during her period.
- (104) Other Manzanita people said that Sonia Gray shot her half-brother and succeeded in shifting the crime to Alfred Evan's son.
- (105) Cf., SM's life history for another account of this illness, an account in which EW does not appear.
- (106) Elaine Martinez said that EW was some kind of a doctor. "She is some kind of Indian doctor, but I don't know what kind even though she doctored me once. She sings while she doctors, but only to herself in her heart."

Others regard EW as a doctor. SM said that she was some kind of doctor though she did not know just what kind. EW's husband told B. Wilson, "My wife is kind of hand doctor. She put her hand on, and it would sweat and draw pain out. When I get a headache, it helps. I don't think she tell these people. My wife say Alec Mead good, so they got Alec Mead to doctor Sophie Martinez--and she's living today after two white doctors gave her up. He didn't give her any medicine--just worked over her on top with that rattle."

- (107) EW once said, "If I get into any trouble or if anything goes wrong, I'd rather go to the whites than to any of these people around here. I know the way they talk, and if I need any help I'd rather go to the whites first before I'd go to them. Indians are mean people." She also said, however, that her neighbors came to her when they were in trouble. "The Clintons never visit anyone here. They aren't friendly with anyone. But when they have trouble, they always come to me for help because they know I'm the kind who'll help anyone."

CHAPTER V

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE ADAMS

Introduction

Jane Adams moved into Oak Valley after her husband's death in 1939. She then lived with her daughter, and her daughter's family, on the Chiptown Rancheria near Oak City.

Mrs. Adams was probably in her early sixties in 1941, although she had been unable to prove her age and was afraid that she might not be able to claim an old age pension as soon as she should receive one. Her health seemed to be good, although she was subject to bad headaches. Her eyes were still sufficiently keen for her to excel at basket-making. Her voice and her whole manner were filled with vigor, but I had no way of judging her present physical strength.

Mrs. Adams was usually seen with her daughter. The two women went everywhere together. The relationship between them seemed a very friendly one. On the other hand, I believe that Mrs. Adams was finding some difficulty in adjusting herself to life in her daughter's home when she was accustomed to her own household. She was a fond but complaining grandmother, who criticized her daughter's children constantly and worried about their breaking away from home and arguing with their parents.

We heard little comment concerning Mrs. Adams from other Pomo, which in itself is a sign that she had not aroused any strong feelings. Mrs. Adams, herself, said that she had had little contact with other Pomo in Oak Valley since moving there. The only gatherings which I can remember her attending were those sponsored by the women's club, of which she was a member and her daughter an officer. I suspect that through her daughter she probably played a more dominant role in the affairs of this organization than appeared on the surface. Mrs. Adams had some prestige, both among Pomos and the few whites who had contact with them, as a basket-maker. One dealer said that he thought she probably made the finest baskets now being woven in the area. She was still interested in improving her skill in this direction, and once had her daughter drive her to Tripton County so that she could inspect a basket collection there and study the designs.

My impression, and I believe that of other members of the Laboratory, is that she is the most intelligent of the three women whose life histories are presented here. She was alert, well-informed, and interested in life with a quick abrupt manner. She was probably also the most "acculturated" of the three women, yet despite this, my guess would be that she was the best adjusted and most "normal."

Life History of Jane Adams

(Where you were born?) In Lucerne. Right edge of Lucerne tunnel. Use old shack when I born. My mother told me that little chick first hatch when I born. That must be either April or May. I don't know how long ago

the priest came around here first. They baptised me when I was a little baby. We went to Lucerne, and they say that was 59 years ago. We went to Tripton County to get my old baptism record, but my name wasn't there.

First thing I remember, I was sucking my mother's titty. I four or five years old and still on breast. I remember I was sitting on a chair crying for titty, and my mother was sewing. I grabbed cloth, pull it away and laughed.

Relationships with Family: My mother's name was Victoria Renton. Her father was white fellow. Bachelor. All bachelors. No women. Marry Indian women. That's where we get white blood in us. (1) My father's name was Ramon Perez. That's Spanish name, I think. My father wasn't living with my mother ever since I know anything. They was parted when I was little baby, I guess. And she used to go out wash for white ladies, maybe two days in the week. That the way she raise us.

There was only two of us anyway. My brother, that's all. (2) He was older than me. (q). I don't know how old he was. He was way bigger than me, I know. But I don't know how old he is. My mother never told me how much older he was than me. Some women had fifteen, fourteen children, but not through our family. We didn't have much children. My mother had only two; I had only two; Edith had only four. My youngest boy Francisco is eleven years younger than Edith. That's why she said she didn't have anyone to play with when she was little. She was eleven years old when he was born.

(Who took care of you?) My mother. We used to stay with my mother. (Did you have a grandmother?) Yes. When my mother goes out, goes some place, I stay with my grandmother. Most of the time I used to stay around with my grandmother. But they live together, you known, not in another house. Just in one house. (q). Just my mother and grandmother, that's all. And I had two uncles, but they didn't stay home. They go out on a ranch working.

We didn't live on a rancheria like this. We just live ranch to ranch. Move on to another ranch; live there two or three years; quit working there and move into another ranch and start working there. That's the way we live in Lucerne. But these people up here live on rancherias all bunched up.

My mother wash four times the week. That's how we get along. (3) My father still alive that time. He's working, but he spend all his money on drink. Don't care about his children. Women got no work then; only men work. Women only work in summer months, pick hops and pick grapes. Some way we got along about eating.

Daily Life: I was with my mother and grandmother all the time. My father and mother, I was baby when they leave each other. So my mother raise me, and we raised awful poor. Yes, awful poor. Nowadays, I just tell you that when persons don't care for child, state or county, they take care of them. But my time, we didn't have no help. We raised awful poor. My mother buy me a pair of shoes, and I don't wear that every day. Just once in a while I go to town I wear that. No dress. Maybe I have three dresses. That's

lucky. I own two dresses--one put on; one wash. Just change around. That's all. That time they didn't have no underskirt in store. That come in later. My mother buy sack of flour, and when she empty it, save that and make me slip and underskirt. I raised awful poor. Everybody raised that way--not only me. Eats just the same. Sometimes we eat just tortillas. That's Spanish. Sometimes supper, that's all we eat. We don't eat no dinner. Sometimes acorn mush, pinole. Wild rabbit when we lucky sometimes.

Later on, when I was about nine or ten years old, from there up, we was a little better eats. We eat corn. We gets corn from somebody's field. That ain't really stealing. Have to eat something. That's the way we get along. Some white folks good to us. When apple fall, they let us take it. I'm not shamed to tell you that. (4)

(q). Hops came in when I was--I remember anything when hops came in. But down in Lucerne, we didn't have no hops. In that county, they only had hops around Santa Clara and Vineland. When hops ripe, the hop man came down and get the workers and bring them up here to Vineland. When they done, they went back to Lucerne. Hop training and hop suckering, just late jobs. And no whites picked hops. They had Chinamen long time ago. Indians and Chinamen long time ago. Now all the white people have the jobs. Now they got pear trees, prune trees, whole valley. On the Oak River clear down that's all you see. Long time ago no fruit trees, no hop vines, nothing grow. Just oats and wheat grow, and hay for the stock. Now they ain't got even hay for the stock, and they use tractor to plow. They don't need the hay. But long time ago they had thirty to forty head of horses on every ranch. Now all in machinery.

(Did you pick as a little girl?) When I was a little girl, I don't pick much. I lazy. Just go around the river swimming. My mother and grandmother, they pick hops. But I don't help. I'm lazy. They don't tell me to pick either. You see, we don't care for money that time. What one dress we got, that's good enough for us. But nowadays girls want thirteen or fourteen dresses. That's why they want to pick hops, to get dress and six or seven pairs of shoes. One pair a year was enough for us. When we stay home, we go barefooted. Now children is raised with the shoes. Even winter time, I used to walk barefooted. And we don't get cold. Nothing.

Playing: (q). They don't teach us nothing, I don't think. Don't remember. We just learn what they do. Half of the time we don't stay home. Play around outside even in winter time. Raining mind you. We play with water. Just go early morning. Play out there, and never come home till evening. Keep bunched up, four or five or six, playing. After we grow up, then we quit that. Stay around the house. We ain't got much to do anyway. But nowadays, children going to school keep them busy. We wasn't that way. That's all I think.

(What did you play?) Oh, they had a stick, long stick, switch like made. We play that. We play that together, and we play with small arrow--shoot that. That's all the play we used to have. No marbles, no dolls, nothing. Summer begin, we swimming. Spring of the year. Play around the river in sandy places every day. And we play with rocks. Pick up the kind

of rocks we want, little one. Then we gather them, get nice sandy place, sandy place there where we sit down and played them. And leave it there. Some other day when we feel like it, we go there and gather in rocks and play again. That's all the play we used to have. I'm the only one who's living out of that. All die out. Robert Renton live yet too, and Ken Renton. Most of them dead. We played them rocks. Boys don't play them --just the girls. But this other, we played with this little sticks, arrow--the boys would win that. We girls couldn't shoot way off. But sometimes we used to win it, just like this marble playing.

(Who went swimming?) We all go together. Wear our dresses. No swimming suit. Wear our slippers. We don't swim naked. We don't mix with the big boys either. Only little boys used to mix with us. The big boys swim separate. But when we play together, that is not in water, that is on dry land, we play with the boys. Climb way up on trees. This wild grape vine, you know, they dangling up on trees. Used to climb up on top. Sometimes we had big fall, too, head down too. Cry a little and start playing.

(Did you have any pets?) They used to have a dog every year. Get poison and die and get pup someplace else and keep it. I like dogs and cats. I like cats to kill mice. Sometimes mice get so thick. I don't know how many dogs I own ever since I grow up. About fifty, I guess. Ever since I remember anything, I had a dog.

Lucerne people die out way before I see anything. I never see much people. But these people around here was big bunch of people. But I never see much people when I grow up. Just a few of them. Nobody hardly down there. Just one or two families, I think.

(You said you played with other children?) Yes, but they come from their home way off. Even two or three miles. And we used to go to their place to play, but we didn't live together. They got nothing else to do, just to play. It wasn't much. Just the four of us, I know. We play with anybody that we see. Sometimes visit.

(Did you visit much those days?) Yes, they visit. They have good relation, they visit the relation. When I was young, I used to visit my grandmother's brother, old fellow. He was about two miles away from us, live on another ranch. He didn't work though. He was old. This white lady just felt sorry for him, and he lived on the ranch. (g). Go to his house and talk to him. Stay there all day with him. Go to his wife and him. Play around the house and go back home evening. Maybe twice a week, I used to visit him. Sometimes my grandmother went with me. (What did you talk about when you visited him?) Oh, I don't talk nothing. Just play around, not say nothing. When he talk to me, just answer him. That's all. We don't talk like nowadays children talk long time ago. We got nothing to talk about. But nowadays they read on funny papers where children talk, but we don't.

We didn't talk much. Just sometimes when we see something to talk, we tell. That's all. Even now I don't talk much. I just sit here listen to what they talk. But some women show they can talk. I don't go much for talking.

(When you played with children, were there ever fights?) Yes. Growl fights and break up the play. Go home, and two or three days they'd be all right playing again. Some of them used to be awful mean, get mad at each other. But they wouldn't be very long though. Next day they'd be talking to each other. (g). They fight with the girls, with the boys. That's why we don't use to play with the boys too much. They always want to fight. Boys that used to fight too each other, growl, cuss each other. But they wouldn't be mad long though. They'd be playing just the same inside of half an hour, one hour.

(Did your mother come out and stop it?) No, she never did. Well, we don't growl in the house, we growl away out where we playing, but we don't tell that at home. Just keep it secret. (g). Oh, they just taking things away, I guess, and growl and fight. Some of them mean. They just fight, mean. Sometimes when they played, they take and get mad at each other.

(Did you ever fight with older people?) We never did growl with a big person. We just cuss the people with whom we playing. You know sometimes when we playing with those rocks, you have a nice one. And somebody steal it. That's the way they get into trouble. I know I never did steal anything. We used to say, "Go find your own. No use stealing from me."

(Were you ever punished?) I don't think so. At that time I don't think so. But nowadays children get punished when they don't do right way. They whip children nowadays too. But my time, never see children get whipped. Children used to be pretty good. They afraid of anything, but now they ain't afraid. They want to be boss of their parents. They want to be different from we. Long time ago, I afraid of white people; but now children born, and they don't afraid of nothing. They talk English. That's why. We don't understand even when we five or six. I was ten or eleven years, and I don't speak English. That was why we was afraid of white people. When white people came around, we run away.

Fears: (Why were you afraid?) Well, they tell them, "White men going to get you, and white men going to do this to you." Just make them scared out, coward like. (5) But nowadays, you see they begin going to school when you six years old, and they just among white people and they not afraid of nothing. We long time ago afraid of white people. That why we mind what they tell us. They told me to behave myself. Told me not to be mean. White man going to get me, white people going to take me away.

Well, that's what people been doing. They been stealing children. Yes, lots of children they steal, take them away from the mother, the parents. Two year old. Oldest one I think was five years old. Boys and girls. Put it in a sack and hang it on horse. I don't know what they do with it, sell it or what. That was up north too here someplace. They got saddle horn, and you know they hang it from sack side of the horse, the small ones that can't walk. That's why we afraid of white people. Pretty bad long time ago.

Some of them come back when they grown up; some of them don't. They die someplace. (Did you see that?) No, it's all up from north. My grandmother used to tell me they see that when they go by in Lucerne. I don't know what they do with them children. Sell them to some rich white people, I guess.

(Did you see many whites as a child?) No, we never see them men come around. Sometimes they come to the house to tell what work to be done. Sometimes they come for my mother to tell her what to do, to come and wash. But we don't go amongst them. We hide as soon as the white man, white lady come.

(Did they warn you of other Indians?) No. They don't afraid of Indians. Cause they Indian, you see. Only white people they hate. They don't hate the Indians because they can talk to the Indians. But they can't talk to the white people because we don't know what they say except, "Hello." I was about nine, ten years old when I was learning how to say, "Hello." Yes, when we see white people coming, we hide.

(Who told you all this?) My grandmother and my grandfather and my aunt. I see two old ladies. Used to sit around with them. They used to tell what they do long time ago. That's the only way we get teaching, you see. No school or nothing. If they don't tell us anything like that, we don't know nothing. We want to know old time things. Have to be told. That's just like you people going to school nowadays. They teach us what they do long time ago. They go out camping, acorn camping; go coast for seaweed. Go camp on river. They teach us evening, bed time. All day time when we staying home.

(Where did you sleep?) They too poor to have bed of their own. We got nothing when we was raised up. No bed. No spring bed. We lay on ground. Have a mattress of gunny sack. Put straw in there. I used to sleep with my mother or grandmother. Sometimes I was sleep with my mother; sometimes I sleep with my grandmother. When we big, fourteen or fifteen, we have to sleep with our mother or grandmother. We ain't got no bed. But nowadays, all the children, even the three- and four-year olds, they got their own bed. We ain't like that when I was raised. Too poor. Everything different. Nowadays from long time ago. Even white people used to let children sleep with their own bed long time ago. Nowadays everything handy.

(Did you dream then?) I never did remember I dream. I dream lots, but I never did remember. Some people remember dreams, but I don't. Only thing I used to dream when I was a little girl was flying around. They say that's growing. Fly from one tree to the other tree, just like a buzzard. But after I grow up, that went away. I don't dream that anymore. I don't go much on dreams. I don't think nothing. That's why I don't remember. Some people pretty strict on dreams. That's why they remember anything they dream. Ellen says anything she dreams always comes true. (6)

A good dream don't come true with you; bad dream come true. That's why I don't pay no attention to dreams. Maybe I dream night time, but I don't think nothing about it. Dreams, they just dreams. I don't believe in dreams.

Nothing to it.

(Did they tell you about snakes?) Yes, they used to tell us to look out for rattlesnakes when we was playing out. But we couldn't see any rattlesnakes long time ago. But now you can see them pretty near every time you turn around. They don't go around daytime when there heat like this though--they go round nighttime when it's cold. (When did you first see one?) First time I ever saw one--I don't know where. I shot one, but this was later. I don't think I ever see rattlesnake when I was young. Oh, yes, I saw one hanging up on the brush where they shot it with the rifle. I never saw it alive, but here about twenty years ago I shot one down at Vineland. It had about eleven buttons on it. I killed about three. After that I saw one down by the house in Vineland, and I shot that one too. I killed three rattlesnakes, but these two were smaller than that eleven button. That's two different kinds. Them small ones are mean. They naturally small all the time even when they're old.

Work: (Did you have any work?) No, no work. What should we work? We ain't got much dishes to wash. We Indian people too poor. We ain't got much housework my time. House is cabin. We had a little cabin, just like this garage here. No floor. No window in it. (q). Meal time? Well, we had breakfast in morning and about evening we get through and go home supper time. No dinner at all. Play all day.

(Did you have to take care of younger children?) No, I don't think so. I didn't see much children because I didn't have no sisters younger than me or nothing. We don't live around among the people, just alone. They say some children cry all night. I don't know. I never did notice about children.

(When did you learn to make baskets?) I learned it from my mother. She throw away willow. I used to pick that up and work on that. From then I learned. Make them ugly ones. I started on the ugly ones she throwed away, first ones. After that I used good roots, good willow. My mother good hand at baskets. She teach me how to fix the basket roots, and how to work on it. Just the way you going to do, make it like this, she tell me. (q). I don't know how old I was that time. I don't know my age. Nobody told me how old I was. My mother was just the same as I. She never did read or nothing. She never did go to school. I used to remember good, but I can't now. Getting old. Suffer too much. (Were you married that time yet?) No, I wasn't married. I wasn't married when I started making basket.

(How did you happen to start?) I felt like making a basket, so I ask her. (What happened to your first basket?) My first basket? I don't know. My mother had it. I don't know what she done with it. Maybe sell it. I don't know. That's long time ago, over forty years ago. Maybe fifty. I didn't finish it anyway. She finished it after I worked up to half.

(Did you learn to make beads?) No, just certain old people making beads long time ago. Just man. But nowadays women started making beads. Now they got everything handy, so that's how women make beads. All the women round here, I hear, make beads. They don't work on baskets. I don't

visit anybody around here, but some place I hear that. Long time ago just certain men make beads. No women make beads long time ago. You see, they should make baskets, but they don't. They too lazy. Well, it's pretty hard to get this basket root. They better off if they're not working on it. And they can't sell baskets. They don't get nothing for it. It's hard work if they don't get anything for it. That's why they don't make baskets. If they buy baskets, they always want it cheap. Cheap! They won't give you what you ask for it. They'll jew you down.

(Did you learn to make anything else?) Well, they got nothing to make. They got nothing to teach. That's all the work they had, the baskets. But nowadays they crochet, like that. Everything they learn in school. Patch-work quilt. That why they don't want to work on basket. Easier to crochet. They can buy the thread. Basket roots they have to get out and take. That's hard work, not very easy. And gathering willow--that's kind of hard for young girls now. They dressed up, and basket root digging is awful dirty job. Pretty hard to get it now. They won't let you dig in their places, the ranch owners. They say their land going to wash away where you digging.

(g). When I was a little girl, I used to go round with my mother digging basket roots. It wasn't so hard that time. We sneak around the river. But now they won't let you. They make you get out of their place.

(Did you learn to dance?) We didn't have no dances in Lucerne because no people there. We used to hear that they have dances up here and in Vineland, but we don't go. Take us too long to get there. It would take us two days to walk up to Vineland. I never was up this way. I never see much people when I was in Lucerne, just a few. That's why I can't dance Indian dances. If I'd gone to Indian dances when I was a little girl, I'd have learned. I can't dance Indian dances. (How about American dances?) No kind of dancing. Just circus used to come there. That was before this train come through. It stopped at Lucerne first time. That was lively town then, and circus stopped there every year. Big elephant and everything. All kinds of animals.

Adult Life

First Menstruation: (Had you menstruated the first time when you made your first basket?) No, I guess I was pretty old when I got that the first time. I don't know why. I guess I was fourteen when I first get them kind. I was awful skinny too. Awful thin. I just get fleshier when I get older. Even I had Edith, I don't think I reach one hundred pounds. I was so skinny.

(g). Yes, they teach everything. Before you know anything, they teach you everything. They told us not to go with the man either when we young. They say, "No good." That's what they teach us, everything. They told us not to get married when too young. "No good," they told us. But nowadays, we can't teach children. They talk English. I can't teach children with the English.

They tell us, "You going to be that way." When the first moon sick, Indian people fix girl. They have you lay in bed four days, not go outside.

That the rule for them. They claim you get sick, you get crippled, if you walk that way. Second one, it don't make any difference where you walk, where you go. But first one, you have to be careful, stay in room maybe four days, maybe five. But nowadays children going to school. You don't know when they get first moon sick. They won't tell. They keep it secret. But old time, everything different. Everything change way off different. (What did you do that time?) I lay in bed. They made me lay in bed till I get over it. Just the first one. Second one is nothing. You don't have to look around. They cover all your face and everything up. Nobody won't talk to you. It won't be very long. Four or five days they keep you right there. And one thing, we don't take no bath. We don't touch no water till we get over. Then take a good bath, clean ourselves up. (7)

Marriage: (What did you do after that?) We got nothing to do. We don't do nothing. Just stay around the house, that's all. We got nothing to do long time ago. (Did you still play?) No, we're big girls, fifteen and sixteen. Only children play. We got not much to do long ago. Too poor. We got nothing. We go swimming summer time. Summer time we don't stay down here either. We go move down river, camp by the rivers right next to the river. We go back to our house in the fall when cold begin. Just lay around by the river in shady place swimming. That's all we do.

Well, so I grow up that way, and after I got about twenty years old, I was married. Then I got better clothes. (q). Oh, some married young; some married old. You see we people don't know our age. (How did they know it was time?) Oh, when they see girls when they grow up, they go after boys. And of course parents don't say anything if they go with the men. They don't know how old they are. They think that way, and tell them they think they old enough to get married. Man just the same, boys. They go with the girls. They don't know their age, how old they are. (Would that be after a girl had her first month sick?) Oh sure. They never did marry before their month sick. They always did wait for the month sick. Maybe four or five years after I get the month sick, that was the time I got married. That time I was about 19. Nineteen, maybe twenty.

(How did you get your first husband?) Oh, I go with the man for a few years and then I get married with him. But I didn't stay with him very long. He was not very good, drank too much. I met that man in Lucerne, but he's from Windsor. When summer come, people come to Lucerne to pick grapes. I know him ever since I was little girl. I went with him for two years. Then we got married. Bert Danat--that's my husband's name. He died in San Quentin, I think. Up there for doing killing. He do that way after I leave him. I didn't stay very long. He was not very good, drank too much. But this last husband I lost. I lived with him thirty-seven years. No use to keep a man when you see he's bad man.

(Did your mother say anything that time you got married?) No, my mother never talk. She was quiet lady. She don't talk against nobody. She quiet. She size of Edith. She weigh over two hundred pounds. When she died, she weigh fifty pounds. Some blood vein broke on her next to brain. She can't move. She just worse than little child. She sick for three years. She died fifteen years ago.

She was quiet lady. Lots of times she got nothing to say. She don't hardly talk. That's why I think I can't talk much. If she was a good talker, growl with me all the time, I'd been a good talker. But I never was. My grandmother used to be rough. She used to talk anyway. But I didn't pay no attention. We didn't pay no attention. Let her talk anyway. She used to be bad. She used to hate daughter-in-law, son-in-law. Yes, some people that way. But I don't feel that way. It's no use hate the son-in-law, the daughter-in-law. Yes, some people that way. That ain't right. Even if they have trouble with their husband or wife, we don't have nothing to say. That's what I tell my grandchildren, but they won't listen. That second man of mine, I lived with him ten years before I married him by Catholic way. I lived with him, got to know him pretty well, got acquainted with him. Then we got married by the church. My son Francisco is living with a white woman. He wanted to marry her in the church, but I told him no. I know I'm not telling him right, but she's a cranky woman. And I don't want him to be married to a cranky woman. Then if he left her, he couldn't stay with his church. This way, he's not living right, and he can't go to communion or to confession, but he can stay with his church. So I tell him, "Don't marry her."

(Did they tell you these things before you married?) They don't tell me nothing. I just find these things out myself. I just find out myself when I grow up. That's the way I try and teach my grandchildren. But they won't believe what I say. That's the way I teach my daughter. I tell her if she wants to go with man and get married, get married. Don't jump around and take all the men in. She did, and they live together yet. They never had no trouble.

Children: Edith was born two years after I'm with Danat. I live with him but four year. We went to Santa Clara to get Edith's baptism, but couldn't. I baptize her in July, 41 years ago. Next month the twenty-second, Edith will be forty-two years old. They looked in the record, but the priest couldn't find that.

That's the way, if we had children, child born, you have to stay in bed about thirty days, they claim. But now women have child, they learn from the whites and only stay in bed ten days. Maybe five days, and they get up. But we don't. Whole month we stay in bed. One whole month you don't go with the man after baby born. The sooner you go with the man, you have another baby when your baby just about six or seven months old. And we nurse our children on our breast. That's keeping away from your having another child too soon. But when they nursing on bottle these days, inside year you have another child. Long time ago, baby has to be three or four years old before they get another brother or sister. But even Indian people getting wrong nowadays. They leaving our rule all the time. They don't follow our rule. Our rule lost out now. They all just like the whites now. They don't believe in our rule now. That's why old timers lots of people. Now they don't follow the rule. They all die out. Young people just die out now. You don't see many around.

(Did somebody show you how to take care of that baby?) I don't know. Nobody teach me, but I take care of them when I got them. There's nothing to taking care of children, is it? Just nurse them, nurse them on your

breast; give him bath every morning. You see, we ain't got much job on children. Just keep them in baby basket, change them about three times a day, put them in basket in the evening, and they wake up in the morning. Change him once and give him a bath. Give him the breast night time when he cries and tell him to go to sleep. But you white people, you know, keeping children in baby buggy in style, got to keep him clean. Lots of work. But we don't. Just give him enough milk; don't starve them out. Just feed them anytime when they cry.

(Did someone bring presents when Edith was born?) No. No presents, nothing. No shower, nothing. Sometimes they do, but not much though. Maybe one thin blanket, and two or three diapers. That's all. They don't do much. I know when I had Francisco, nobody give him nothing. His grandmother was living yet, but she never give nothing. Maybe some people do.

(Why did you decide to leave Danat?) He wasn't treating me right to me. He drink too damn much. Don't think about buying clothes for me or for child. When you married, trouble begins. Foolish talk, mean talk, won't sleep. Sometimes he goes off two or three days and don't come back. When I leave him, he try to get me back, but I wouldn't let him. That's all. He marry two, three, more times after I left him. Then he died down in San Quentin.

After I leave him, I be with my mother. I stay with her about three years. Then I get this other husband I lost year ago when Edith was five years old. When I was married into Hopland, my mother married into Chip-town. That was thirty-six years ago. They're all dead and gone now. (8)

I lost one girl. She was two years younger than Edith. She had blood poisoning. She died when she was two years old. I think about her yet. She was nice, bright. She had trouble getting teeth, so I took her to doctor. Doctor lance her gum when she had high fever, and it turn into blood poisoning. She didn't last only five days. And she began to walk too. After she died, another doctor told me that gum never should have been lanced when that child had high fever. That he tell me after my child is dead. That break my heart. See? I think maybe I went to the wrong doctor. Maybe if I went to the other one, she wouldn't have died.

My child died a week before my mother die. Edith was four years old. Two funerals in one month, week after week. That's where all my nice beads go.

I met my second husband at Indian dance at Vineland. I just stayed in Vineland and never went back to Lucerne. He was my boy friend before. He come up to me and tell me to stay with him, so I stay. He was married twice already. I make the third wife for him. None of them was legal, but we was married by Catholic priest. We live in Vineland thirty-six years.

He was pretty good. He drink, but not too much. He don't scold me all the time. We get along fine. Yes, help each other. Winter time, we get eats in store, crated. Yes. My husband work every day at ranch, and summer time we both work. Then we pay our bill up. Sometime two hundred, two hundred fifty dollars. We don't spend the money we make foolish. We

buy our clothes, enough to last the whole winter through: everyday dress, sometime good dress. He buy clothes same way: underclothes, two, three shirts. And what left over, we save that for eats winter time.

Francisco was the only child I had with him. He had his own child, Vance Adams. Married Florence Day. Francisco eleven years younger than Edith. Must be six years before I had Francisco. Francisco thirty years old now. He born in 1910, June. My mother help me when Francisco was born. I never did have doctor when I have baby. I had lot of trouble when Francisco was born. Maybe I was too old. About thirty, thirty-five.

My change of life was about twenty years ago. Francisco was about ten years old when I had my change of life. That didn't bother me. Only thing, I want water sometimes middle of night. Some women awful sick. They might go to hospital.

Francisco, five year and a half, he went to school. He went to high school when he twelve year old. We had hop contract for two years, and we save up seven hundred dollars. We run a contract forty acres--thirty-five dollars an acre, trellis, high pole hops. Contract eleven hundred dollars. I think we were on that two year, and we save up seven hundred dollars clear. And they buy automobile when Francisco was about twelve years old, when he start to high school. They call it Ford 16. Well, that wore out, and they got Studebaker. Run that two or three years, and that the time Francisco was about seventeen years old, I guess. Eighteen or seventeen. Then he bought new Chrysler--nine hundred dollars. You see, that where our money went. Weren't for this automobile, we'd be a little ahead. We wanted to put Francisco to college, but he wouldn't go. He rather run round in car. I ain't got no school. I never was go to school. Nobody teach me anything. I just learn myself, just get into my mind. That's all. This only way I can get along.

I hard working lady--work even summer. Pick hops, train hops, pick grapes. Work every day. No Sunday for me. I wash clothes--my children's clothes. Winter time come--make baskets. Busy with the basket. People come around, buy basket. That help too. Yes. And I catch fish with net in Oak River. Swim all way under bank, catch about ten, fifteen at a time. That's the way I do. I love fishing. See how hard I work? Some people don't do that. They wait for husband. But I go out. Kill rabbit. I got a little shot gun in there. I shoot my own woodpecker to work on basket. Then we go to coast, every summer. Dry sea weed, dry mussels for winter time for eats. And meat place, fish place, we eat that sea weed and mussel and cook that. Sometime we want real meat, and we goes out and shoot wild rabbit. We gather basket root when we out of job. We gather this fall, and use them next winter. That's my life, yes. That's the way my living is.

On reservation, my husband planted grapes. We got about ten acres down there. Sometimes we got four hundred dollars out of one crop. Sometimes it come out about five hundred dollars. Last year, we just got two hundred and forty dollars out of it. Of course, I didn't work. I didn't pick last year, and that all went to funeral expenses. Three hundred and ninety-five dollars I had funeral expenses for my husband, but I all clear. I'm all paid up. I don't have to worry about bill.

When my husband sick, I stay up with him nights. His cousins, his brother--even his mother--they didn't help. I suffer alone. I used to give him morphine shots. Yes. One night he told me his ear bothering him. He ask me to look and see if there was a sore. I look, and seems like a pimple with lots of dry skin on it. I pull that skin off. Few days later I pull some more off. Then I forget it because don't seem like anything. About three months later, he tell me: "My ear is bothering me. You better look at it again." I look at it, and this time there is a little sore there. I told him to go to doctor, but he wouldn't do it. He put gunpowder there, going to burn it out. Then it began to grow. Just like a cauliflower it looked. Finally I get him to come into town to doctor. The doctor look at him and say he has skin cancer. He tell him to go to the city to a specialist. When he went to the hospital, they told him better have that ear cut off. He said no. When he died, he wanted to die with his ear on him. It got worse and worse. He suffered awful bad. For two years he screamed. The doctor said his ear was going to start smelling, but I kept him so clean it never did.

First year he had that, he worked. Second year, he can't do that. He died last August. In July he had given up his life. He said he suffered too much and he wanted to die. At the end he couldn't swallow. His whole head, just as hard as stone. He died making sign of cross. Last thing he said to me, "I'm going home. I'm going home alone. I'll find a good place. This isn't home. This is like camping." (10)

EPILOGUE

Certain motifs do not appear in the life history of Jane Adams that would be expected on the basis of the other two accounts. No mention, for instance, is made of poisoning. At least some of these motifs are absent due to the briefness of the account. Mrs. Adams, for example, does believe in poisoning, although her belief in it may not have as much influence with her as with the other two women. In 1940, another Pomo reported that Mrs. Adams had lectured an archaeologist who mentioned that he had been digging in some Indian mounds. She told him that Indians did not believe in digging things up because they might be poisoned. The archaeologist said that his hands had been bothering him recently. Mrs. Adams said, "There, you see!" In my presence, Mrs. Adams said that people did not display their beads even at dances because they were afraid that they might have more beads than the others, that this would arouse jealousy, and that a poison man might kill them or their children.

Despite this, Mrs. Adams is a strong Catholic as indicated by her life history. B. Wilson obtained additional information from her on her relationships with the church. She told him, "Not many Indians go to the white church in town. They don't like us, and we don't go. I haven't been in church in town since Easter. I used to go to the reservation church in Vine-land every Sunday. We observe Lent--forty days. Just kind of starve out. We have to follow the Catholic rule if we are going to stay with it. I don't know if the others do. And Easter we go to Holy Communion. Then we are through with our fasting. I only go to confession on Christmas and Easter.

"You don't want to force people to go to the Catholic Church. Then they go once or twice, and then they leave it. My grandson is awful. He's raised a Catholic. He read a book in high school and argues with his father and mother. I don't like that. He should just get out of the Catholic Church and say nothing and not worry his father and mother. I've told him that often, but at that age they're just too smart."

NOTES

- (1) JA told this to Juliette Lombard in 1940. In 1941, she told me that her grandfather was an Englishman who had come to California and married her grandmother, a member of the Lucerne Pomo band. Her grandfather's ranch at one time covered all the land where Lucerne now stands.
- (2) JA told me this in 1941. In 1940, she told Juliette Lombard that her mother had four children. One was a child, stillborn after her mother slipped while she was washing clothes. Two were boys, one of whom died before JA was born. No one told her what he died of. The other was the brother referred to here. He died of tuberculosis when nearly thirty after having had "fits" nearly all his life. His mother took him to a white doctor who could do nothing. The Indian doctor was equally unsuccessful, but he predicted that the boy would die of tuberculosis when he was twenty-eight or thirty. "And that came true." Note that below, JA counts only living children.
- (3) Later JA said that her mother used to wash once or twice a week for the whites.
- (4) This poverty of her early years is a constant theme with JA which appeared throughout the interviews with both Miss Lombard and myself.
- (5) JA was asked if her old people had scared her with tales of owls (cf., life histories of SM and EW). She said that these tales were only for very small children, and she could not remember their having been used with her. Note here that while she insists children were made afraid of people, their fears were directed toward the whites rather than toward other Pomo. While EW and SM were taught to fear whites, their chief fears seem to have been focused on other Pomos from childhood on.
- (6) Ellen Wood. Cf., her life history for material on dreams.
- (7) JA told B. Wilson that she had not observed the taboo against combing the hair or washing the face. "I don't obey this rule. That's why I don't blame the young." However, she had strictly observed the rules against cooking during her menstrual period. "These Chiptown people cook no biscuit, but I cook nothing. If you eat what they cook when that way you get TB. I think that's why there's lots of TB now." She told J. Shor that one Pomo woman had gone insane. "My idea is that she followed the white way; didn't follow the Indian rules she supposed to. She ate meat during menstruation. Must have drink natural mountain water. We Indian people believe that way. Natural mountain water affects the head."

- (8) JA was asked if she had a stepfather. She said that the only stepfather she had had was this man her mother married after her second marriage. I said I had heard that stepfathers could be pretty mean. "Well, he didn't have to be bothered with me. I was already married and don't stay with them. I don't know how stepfathers treat little girls. But I had step-son. Raised him since he was about four or five years old. I know I don't feel any different than he was my own son. Maybe I didn't have any children, and that's why I felt that. Some men, some women, hate step-children."
- (9) Note that earlier JA had said her mother died fifteen years ago. She had also said that her daughter Edith was forty years old, and that the child who died died when Edith was four. Below, JA says that her mother helped at the birth of Francisco, who was born when Edith was eleven. Such time discrepancies seem inevitable in any Pomo account.
- (10) The above account of her husband's illness and death were given to Juliette Lombard in 1940. In 1941, JA told B. Wilson, "I hear when person with last breath, they see flower place. I'd like to know if it's true. My husband see flower field, and next day he die. He say he's going home, he's just camping here. And his sister when she died, she talked just the same."

APPENDIX: AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELLEN WOOD

I don't know. I had an awful bad life, hard life, all the way to yet, just as far as I could remember.

I don't know how old I was, I was small I guess, my stepfather, when I sleep he always sneak around at night time. I don't know why he did that, but all the time he did that, and I couldn't sleep. And one time, when I was ten or twelve or eleven years old, he took me out to build a brush house. That was the first time he did that to me. He cut the bushes and threw them out into the open where I could pick them up. And I was piling it up, as much as I could pack. And then when I was stooping over to pick them up, he grab me from behind and take me into the brush. It was this time, in the morning. They were down in the field getting ready to pick hops. They always build a brush house for the shade. Then he grab me and take me in the brush. It was pretty close to our house. And I hollered. He let me go. I took the brush and ran home. And I was crying. My mother asked me what was the matter, but I never answered her.

Then it kept on like that, and finally--she finally noticed, I guess. Then after that she kind of know it. From then on, every night, every night, he tried to catch me asleep. From then on, she didn't feel good. I didn't know what to do. My aunt was someplace--she was married too--and I was afraid to go anyplace.

Then after a while she found a man, and she gave me to him. They had the man in a camp. That was two or three years after that. Then when I was away, they came after me. That was in the night time. She and her man, they came and took me home. I don't know what they wanted, and I came along with them. I saw the man laying in the bed, and so I went there. She told me to go there. I stayed there about a week. Then run away again. I didn't go home for about three or four days. Then my mother came after me and took me home, and they give me a good licking. After that I never tried to run away anymore. Stayed home all the time.

For eight years I stayed with this man. Then my sister growed up to be a young woman, and she was playing with him all the time. She didn't know nothing about it though until she was about fourteen years old. Then they run around together. But I didn't say anything. But then that man would stay out until about twelve o'clock every night. He would stay with my sister half the night and half the night with me. After two months I told him that he could stay with her, plenty of men in the world and no sense to have two sisters stuck to one man. He didn't like that. He wanted us both. But I told him I didn't want that. That would be shame, I said. Yah, and then after that they stayed together, he even yet he never left me. He was always looking for me all the time--look for me all the time wherever I go.

And then one night this old man (Wood, her present husband) and I were together, and he caught us. He wanted me to go home with him. I did. I must have been crazy, but I did. He had a horse there. We were down at Silone's and had had a couple of drinks. He wanted me to ride the horse,

but I didn't want to. So we walked down toward Manzanita leading the horse that night. And then he hit me. I don't know what it was with, but he must have struck me on the head with something and knocked me out. He must have pulled me to one side of the road. And there was a little ditch there with water in it. He went down and got water in his hat, and he was washing my face. I come to. I feel it. And he was washing my face, washing my face, and then I come to. And I was just lying there, and he was sitting there. "You ought to wake up. You're drunk. This is Silone's place," he said. But I told him, "It isn't Silone's place. I know that, and I know what you done."

He wanted me to get on the horse again, but I wouldn't. So we started to walk again. When we got to Manzanita, we went to our house, and I called and my mother came to the door. I went in alone. I didn't say anything to them, but went to my bed, to my place. He knocked on the door, and the old man opened for him. He came in and told them the story that he found me drunk lying in the road. My family believed it. Then I got mad, and came out and told them it was a lie. I said, "I know what you did to me, but I didn't say anything and then you came telling lies, and my family believe you!" I chased him out. I got a big iron bar and chased him out.

Next morning, one lady came to see me. I was sitting outside. She came to me and asked me what he had done to me. I told her that he had hit me, but I didn't know what with. She looked at me and on my head, she said, was a knife mark. And my hair, I had long hair way down, was all blood. There was blood all through it. After that she took me down to the creek and took everything off me and washed my hair. After that I wouldn't talk to him.

And next time, I and my mother was going home from the river way down there in Manzanita rancheria. And he came along with a wagon, drunk, and another fellow. They stopped us. And he wanted me to make it up. But I told him, "No! What became of my sister? Stay with her. Don't bother me any more." After that he didn't bother me for a long time. And then when we were in our place, I and my aunt, we were alone sitting down there on the porch after sundown, and here he came along. He wanted to stay with me again. And so I told him, "No, I don't think so. You stay with her and make a good living, and I'll try to do the same thing and find another man." Then he said no other man would have me. I said, "That's all right. It's my lookout." And he had brought fifty dollars in silver with him, and he put it here on my apron. I was sitting there. Gee, it looks lots, fifty dollars in silver. I asked him, "What's this for?" I didn't want it, but he wouldn't take it back. So I stood up, and they fell all over. He was picking it up and crying. Then I felt bad, he was crying and picking up the silver. Then I went in the house, and I was feeling sorry for him, little bit. Then I heard him talking to my aunt, and I heard her say, "I can't do anything with her. She's spoiled now." And I heard her say, "Don't bother her anymore. Go on and do what you want." I could hear them because I was inside and they were on the porch.

And after that I was living with this old man, and still he tried to come and talk to me. And when I come to this fellow, I stayed in this

rancheria maybe year. His old mother-in-law and them used to come around all the time and try to chase me away. Gee, I used to be scared to stay when he went away. Used to lock myself up in the house, scared. She used to come around and give me dirty language. He'd had her daughter. That's the way the Indians are, jealous of their son-in-law. And she had another man, but still she used to come around and give me bad names. But I didn't say anything. That's why I don't have no friends on this rancheria, just go around by myself afraid to talk to anybody.

That's about the last, I guess, the end, right here. But still I don't feel free here, feel like I'm just away off. But still I try to help even if they don't be friendly to me, try to talk good. Well, that's the way they teach us. If you go some other rancheria, try to be good. Then some day, maybe it return; some day when you're in trouble they might help you. I guess that's about all my life, I guess.

And now I'm going on fifty-nine now. September, I'll be fifty-nine. I don't know what date though, but it was September, hop picking time. My mother said I was three days old when they finished the hops. That must have been September, first week. There wasn't much hop those days, just down at Doyle's place. Wasn't many people that time working for one man.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE ADAMS

I was with my mother and my grandmother all the time. Yes, I raised with my mother. My father and mother, I was baby when they leave each other. So my mother raise me, and we raised awful poor. Yes, awful poor. My mother buy me pair of shoes, and I don't wear that every day. Just great once in while I go to town I wear that. No dress. Maybe I have three dress. That's lucky. I own two dress. One put on; one wash. Just change around. That's all. That time they didn't have no undershirt in store. That come in later. My mother buy sack of flour, and when she empty it, save that and make me slip and undershirt. (Where were you born?) In Lucerne. Right edge of Lucerne tunnel. Use old shack when I born. My mother told me that little chick first hatch when I born. That must be either April or May.

I raised awful poor. Everybody raised that way--not only me. Eats just the same. Sometime we eat just tortilla. That's Spanish. Sometimes supper that's all we eat. We don't eat no dinner. Sometime acorn mush, pinole, wild rabbit--when we lucky sometimes. Later on, when I was about nine or ten years old, from there up we was a little better eats. We eats corn. We gets corn from somebody's field. That ain't real stealing. Have to eat something. That's the way we get along. Some white folks good to us. When apple fall, they let us take it. I'm not ashamed to tell you that.

My mother wash four times the week. That's how we get along. My father still alive that time. He's working, but he spend all his money on drink. Don't care about his children.

Well, so I grow up that way, and after I get about twenty years old, I was married. Then I got better clothes. My husband support me. But he was a drinker so I didn't stay with him very long. When Edith was about two years old, we parted.

When Edith was five years old, I got this husband I lost year ago. He was pretty good. He drink, but not too much. He don't scold me all the time. We get along fine. Yes, help each other. Winter time, we gets eats in store crated. Yes. My husband worked every day at ranch, and summer time we both work. Then we pay our bill up. Sometime two hundred, two hundred fifty collars. We don't spend the money we make foolish. We buy our clothes, enough to last the whole winter through: everyday dress, sometime good dress. He buy clothes same way: underclothes, two three shirts, and what left over, we save that for eats winter time.

We had hop contract for two years, and we save up seven hundred dollars. We run a contract forty acres--thirty-five dollars an acre, trellis, high pole. Contract eleven hundred dollars. I think we were on that two year, and we save up seven hundred dollars clear. And they buy automobile when Francisco was about twelve years old when he start to go high school. They call it Ford 16. Well, that wore out, and they got Studebaker. Run that two or three year, and that time Francisco was about seventeen years old, I guess. Eighteen or seventeen. Then he bought new Chrysler--nine hundred

dollars. You see, that where our money went. Weren't for this automobile, we'd be a little ahead.

On reservation, my husband planted grapes. We got about ten acres down there. Sometime we got four hundred dollars out of one crop. Sometimes it come out about five hundred. Last year we just got two hundred and forty dollars out of it. Of course, I didn't work. I didn't pick last year, and that all went to funeral expenses. Three hundred and ninety-five dollars I had funeral expenses for my husband, but I all clear. I'm all paid up. I don't have to worry about bill.

I hard working lady--work even summer. Pick hops, train hops, pick grapes. Work every day. No Sunday for me. I wash clothes--my children's clothes. Winter time come--make baskets. Busy with the basket. People come around, buy basket. That help too. Yes. And I catch fish with net. Swim all way under bank; catch about ten, fifteen at a time. That's the way I do. I love fishing.

See how hard I work? Some people don't do that. They wait for husband. But I go out. Kill rabbit. I got a little shot gun in there. I shoot my own woodpecker to work on basket. Then we go to coast every summer dry sea weed, dry mussel, for winter time for eats. And meat place, fish place, we eat that sea weed and mussel and cook that. Sometime we want real meat and we goes out and shoot wild rabbit. We gather basket root when we out job. We gather this fall and use them next winter. Willow. Red bud. Year before we gather them.

That's my life, yes. That's the way my living is.

CHAPTER VI

ANALYSIS OF THE LIFE HISTORIES

It may be of some assistance to the reader of the life histories if a few of the loose threads are pulled together here, and similarities and differences between the accounts are pointed out. No more intensive analysis of the material has been attempted. For one thing, I am not competent to pontificate upon personality and its underlying principles--and any attempt to trespass in this field would be likely only to befog the issues. For another, I am fully aware of how much material on the Pomo remains to be presented. It is useless to attempt to speak for the Pomo on the basis of these three life histories alone. It should be emphasized, therefore, that the statements which follow are based on the life histories and apply only to Pomo women of the generation represented by the three women. It seems possible to generalize from their experience to this extent. "Pomo" therefore is used in a restricted sense throughout this chapter. Quite probably if life histories from people on other generation levels, or from men on this generation, could have been included here, the resulting picture of Pomo life would be radically different. Possibly it would be rather similar. But it would not be the same.

Uniformities in Culture

What Happened: If one analyzes the life histories into incidents, one finds that there is a marked parallelism in what actually happened to the three women. It is the most striking between the two longest accounts, but even in Jane Adams' brief history one meets the same events appearing like well-known landmarks upon the Pomo life path.

To choose some of the more striking similarities--each woman was deserted by her father during her infancy. Each was reared largely by her mother's people. Each was left largely to the care of an aunt or grandmother, but in each case the mother still figured as the dominant person in the child's life. Childhood was spent in much the same manner, even to the playing of the same games: shinny, swimming, construction of "rock dolls." When older relatives went to wash clothing for whites, Ellen Wood and Sophie Martinez accompanied them and played with white children. Jane Adams' mother also washed for the whites, but she does not seem to have played with white children. At night, each child slept with an aunt or grandmother who instructed her in Pomo customs and told her stories about the old times. They were early made to fear whites, other Pomo, and the dangers of the supernatural. Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood both had experiences with "poisoning" during their childhood. Both also saw relatives who had been "scared" and treated for the breaking of menstrual taboos. Both saw something of the ritual and heard the prophecies of the Maru Cult. Both were ill as children, were treated by maru doctors, and saw their mothers pay the doctors for the treatment. Jane Adams must have seen something of this doctoring also, since her older brother was treated by Indian doctors during her childhood; but of this we learn little.

At puberty, each woman underwent a period of modified seclusion, and was instructed in the taboos which she would have to observe at future periods.

All married relatively young. Two were married off by their mothers to older men who had been previously married--their marriages being arranged apparently with neither their consent nor their previous knowledge. In these two cases, the families of the couple exchanged wedding presents. Jane Adams, who belonged to a Pomo group largely disrupted by the effects of white settlement, arranged her own marriage and there was no marriage exchange. After marriage, all three began to be trained for adult life, but they were still under the tutelage of older relatives. All three women lived with relatives for some years after marriage and were initiated only gradually into full responsibility. They learned to care for a house and to cook and sew, and also began to work regularly to support themselves and their families. Before this, they had learned to make baskets and had occasionally worked in the hop fields, but no pressure had been placed on them to work steadily at these occupations.

All three had several children by their first husbands, and then these first marriages were broken up. Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood said their husbands first deserted them and then accused them of unfaithfulness. Jane Adams deserted her husband. All three maintained that the men attempted to persuade them to return but they refused. After the separation, the first husbands of Sophie Martinez and Jane Adams were sent to prison for murder. All three women married again, and this time each married a man of her own choosing. Ellen Wood and Jane Adams remained with their second husband; Sophie Martinez attained permanency only with her fourth husband. Each woman had children by subsequent husbands. Ellen Wood had twelve children in all; Sophie Martinez, nine; and Jane Adams at least three. All lost some children. Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood blamed many of the deaths on the poisoning activities of their enemies. They were unfortunate in other ways with their children--Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood had one child imprisoned (and we were told by other Pomo that Jane Adam's only son was accused of theft and lost his job on this account).

Each woman spent part of her life on a foreign rancheria. Each became a government ward in her early womanhood, and had received some form of government assistance. All three were Catholics, two from infancy and one from early womanhood. Two had had visions of Christ. All had had to cope with illnesses during their adult life, and for these they had called in white doctors, and usually the priest and an Indian doctor.

Probably this same outline of events would appear in the life of any Pomo woman of their generation with only such minor variations as are found in the three accounts already cited. Pomo life then seems to be relatively restricted, with few alternative choices for individuals. However, even within this restricted range there is some elasticity. All three women, for example, are basket makers. But only Jane Adams excels. On the other hand, Ellen Wood has found an outlet through becoming a dream doctor, and in this way she is gradually obtaining some recognition. Sophie Martinez is the only dancer among the three--and as a dancer she has prestige among the Pomo. None of them became sinners, though this is another recognized way for a Pomo woman to achieve prestige. Despite its uniformity then, Pomo culture has made some provision for individual differences.

General Themes: The general uniformity of "what happens" is underscored by the appearance of common themes or uniformities in outlook and interpretation. These might also be referred to as the basic assumptions of Pomo life.

Perhaps the most striking theme, to an outsider, is the assumption that living is an end in itself rather than a means to an end. This is reflected in the failure of the women to formulate ambitions for themselves or to view their lives as leading toward some goal. It is also reflected by the small role that frustration of desires plays in the life accounts. Frustrations do occur: Sophie Martinez wished to attend school and was prevented by the laughter of other Pomo; Ellen Wood desired Stan Day, who would have none of her; Jane Adams planned a college education for her son, who preferred to drive around in an expensive car. But the Pomo seem more impressed with loss of what they already have, with the disruption of their settled ways, than they do with the failure to realize some cherished scheme.

The Pomo instead of planning for the future and organizing their lives to contribute toward the realization of a goal, seem content to accept what life itself brings them without attempting to control events. This is not true of all--it is least true of Jane Adams as far as these three women are concerned, and she describes herself as a hard-working woman struggling to improve her economic position. Yet even her goals seem weak in comparison with those found in other cultures. In 1942, I collected a number of brief life histories from Makah Indians who partake of the Northwest Coast culture with its idealization of the man or woman who struggles constantly to improve his social position through acquiring wealth and performing notable deeds. Women are not far behind the men in their drive for success, although it was a man who said to his close friend, "Let us strive all our lives to become big men."

Such behavior is completely incomprehensible to Pomos on the testimony of these three life histories. They do not announce goals nor do they train intensively to achieve success in any direction. Or, if they do, they are careful not to indicate this in their life histories. Makah men and women began their life histories with a description of how in childhood they learned the things which they would use later in their struggles for prestige and dwelt at length on the lectures addressed to them by their elders which emphasized that they belonged to the upper class and had a duty to achieve great things and to make a name for themselves which would increase the family prestige. They regarded childhood as a training ground for adult life. The Pomos showed scant inclination to reconstruct their early lives and did so only when prodded. Even then, they described childhood as a time when they had spent most of their waking hours playing with other children in games which they never identified as preparatory to adult pursuits. They mentioned that the older people told them about Pomo customs, but they seemed to feel that what they had learned, they had learned on their own initiative in imitation of the adults but not at their prompting. They do not indicate that their older relatives or others in the group urged them on to learn new activities or to become outstanding in any way. The only suggestion of this seems to be the occasion when Sophie Martinez's grandmother suggested to the child that she learn to drill bead money: "A good thing. Someday somebody might want to buy some." On the whole the adults seem to have taken a

permissive attitude, allowing children to learn if they wished. But there is no hint that the adults ever rewarded children for any achievement. (1)

Now these statements may be true only because we are dealing with Pomo women, all of whom were born after the great disruption of Pomo life when presumably much of the old training had become pointless. Moreover, women apparently had never been exposed to the conscious training which the men underwent as apprentices in the old professions. However, it is probably safe to assume that the goals presented to the Pomo were in general passive ones. Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood mention that as children they heard the chiefs lecturing the people of the rancheria. In these addresses, the chiefs told them again and again, "Be good to people. Don't hurt anybody. Be good to everybody." Even here there is no suggestion that they attempt to outdo each other in "goodness."

It is possible that this inhibition of goal-oriented behavior is due to the development of widespread anxieties which seem marked among the Pomo. These people tend to view the world as filled with potential dangers originating either in other individuals or in supernatural powers. The latter perhaps are the sources of the least anxiety since there appears to be a certain logic in their actions, whereas people may work one evil without being given cause. Nevertheless contact with either is regarded by the Pomo as something to be avoided rather than courted with the hope of obtaining some advantage.

This again may not be as true of Pomo men who sought the aid of the supernatural in their enterprises, particularly in gambling. Even in these life histories there are instances of positive control of the supernatural. Sophie Martinez twice mentions men who had obtained luck for gambling. Ellen Wood mentions the use of love magic. And all three women mention doctoring which necessarily involves the idea of a positive supernatural force. But there is no reference to women ever attempting to control the supernatural. Ellen Wood says she knows love magic but does not dare to use it, just as she does not dare to perform other rituals for obtaining her desires. Ellen Wood also is becoming a dream doctor, but it should be noted that she regards herself as a passive agent of her power, which has come to her unsought and gives her instructions which she must carry out unless she wishes to suffer. She apparently has no control over her power, nor does she seem to think that other dream doctors control their power. Although possession by a power is probably a source of satisfaction to her, it is also a cause of anxiety for there is always the possibility that she will be ordered to do something which she cannot do. The same idea appears in Sophie Martinez's account when she describes the maru dreams of her uncle who was ordered to have the people of Chiptown dance the old Pomo dances. His power assured him that he would die if the people failed to dance. Ellen Wood believes that Sophie Martinez's husband died because he refused to become a dream doctor as instructed by some controlling power. The early stages of possession by the power may also be marked by sickness and emotional instability. Both Sophie Martinez and Elaine Martinez suggested that Bernice was to become a dream doctor--to them this was a reasonable explanation for her drunkenness and general unruliness. Outfit doctors apparently controlled the supernatural for curing purposes, but women could only become

the dream or sucking doctors who were largely agents of their power controlled through threats against their well being if they failed to obey.

In the life histories, one of the principal concerns is with negative rites which protect the individual from contact with the supernatural. Careful observation of taboos is stressed by all three women, and their reasons for the observations are usually that in this way one prevents illness or other misfortune, rather than by such observations one improves one lot. The only positive rites seem to be those in connection with pregnancy and childbirth. A study of the life histories certainly gives rise to the impression that the Pomo are chiefly intent upon protecting themselves from some danger.

Their taboos, or protective devices, however, seem based on the assumption that the supernatural is not malevolent to men. If one rigidly observes the rules, there is no reason to fear the supernatural. Observing the taboos is therefore an anxiety reducing device, but at the same time there is always the possibility of unwittingly breaking some rule. Then punishment is seemingly automatic though not necessarily immediate. Thus, Sophie Martinez's uncle is confronted by the water monster when he goes fishing during his wife's menstrual period although he was not aware that his wife was menstruating and had no intention of breaking the taboo. The effect of his act is essentially the same as that of the deliberate breaking of the menstrual taboos by the relative of Ellen Wood. A friend of Ellen Wood becomes ill after killing a snake during her menstrual period although she had no intention of killing it. But on the whole, there is some assurance that a careful observation of the rules will eliminate danger. Sophie Martinez formulates the theme best in her frequent statements that she was afraid, therefore she obeyed the rules, therefore she never saw the water monster or suffered any of the other penalties for breaking the rules. All her misfortunes seem to be caused by the malevolence of other human beings or by their contact with the supernatural. Only once does she admit to responsibility -- when she unwittingly ate some food she should have avoided and thus caused the death of her child.

Anxieties about personal relationships seem to play even a larger role in Pomo life than do anxieties directed toward the supernatural. There is the constant expectation that other people wish one ill and are actively working to encompass this end, and at the same time hints of aggressive actions by the individual against others. Sophie Martinez can generalize, "Everybody always hated us," or "They hated us and poisoned our children. That's why all my children died, and all my mother's died too." Ellen Wood stresses the same theme.

Their method of dealing with this anxiety are verbalized as essentially passive again. Sophie Martinez maintains that from childhood she feared other people, and therefore she was good to them in the hopes that they would not hurt her. Ellen Wood says that she fears other people and therefore she tries to have no contact with them. Jane Adams does not formulate her motives in this manner, but she does say that she sees little of the other Pomo and knows little about them. Ellen Wood describes how she was taught as a child never to jeer at people for fear that they would poison her or injure her in some way. Yet, despite all attempts at avoiding the notice of

other people, there is apparent an assumption that people are malevolent and will harm one without cause. So, though both Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood refer constantly to poisoning attempts against their families and live in terror of them, neither ever indicates that she feels herself in any way responsible for inciting others to such attempts against her. In some cases, undoubtedly, the poisonings go back to old family feuds. But in other cases, probably there is no such reason known to the individual.

Anxieties regarding individual relationships may be the result of the difficulties of adjustment which the Pomo have known in recent years. The in-group hostilities which now beset every rancheria and the Pomo as a whole would certainly have made cooperation difficult. Probably the feuds can be maintained today only because of the dependent position of the Pomo in which each Pomo adjusts himself to the white economy, and there is no need for general cooperation of a group. In their adjustment to the whites, aggressive feelings must be controlled, and these possibly find their full expression diverted back into the Pomo group where they can be expressed with more impunity. At least one may note that throughout the life histories, while there is a general tone of antagonism to the whites, there is never or almost never any expression of antagonism toward an individual white. The only case which comes to mind is the knifing of Fred Littleton by Stephen Martinez. In this case, Mrs. Martinez emphasizes again and again that her husband had not recognized the man as a white, had had no intention of hurting him, and that he had acted in self-defense. She makes this defense, and insists that other whites recognized the justice of their defense. But nevertheless the Martinez family fled from Littleton, and did not dare to return to Oak Valley until Littleton himself sent for them and forgave Martinez. Perhaps this instance alone is an explanation of why one hears almost nothing of aggressive actions toward the whites--apparently the Pomo expected that any such expression of their feelings would bring immediate punishment which they were helpless to resist.

Yet we know, both from these three women and from other sources that the Pomo have a generalized hatred of whites and that they resent Pomo treatment at the hands of whites and feel them the source of much of their discomfort. They would probably echo the statement made by a young Tanner Valley woman: "Sometimes I get so I hate every white person in the world. I hate them for what they've done to the Indians and the way they treat them now. If every Indian was honest about it, I think he'd say he felt the same way. We just can't help it. We're brought up that way. We hear our people tell what the whites did to them, we see the way the whites treat us now, and it makes us mad. We hate them. . . . Sometimes I don't feel that way. Sometimes I despise the Indians and the Indian ways and want to be a white person. I could be a white person if I wanted to except for my skin. And then I feel bad about it and turn around and start hating the whites again. Mostly I just hate the whites." (2) All three women mentioned the early treatment of Pomos by the whites, all three at some time mentioned that whites were now preventing them from gathering acorns and materials for baskets, that they now refuse to hire Indian women to work for them the way they used to do. But when individual whites are mentioned, they are almost invariably praised. Whenever Sophie Martinez mentions a white, she appends to his name, "they were good whites, good to Indian people." The stress on goodness is slightly less in the

accounts of Jane Adams and Ellen Wood, but it is still there. Now, certainly in their long lives they must have worked for whites who dealt with them unfairly, or suffered in some way at an individual white's hands. But the only case mentioned is that of Fred Littleton, and even here Sophie Martinez carefully says that Fred was a good man who never would have done what he did unless he was drunk, and that he later made amends. (3)

When one turns to in-group relationships, the picture is entirely changed. There is evidence from the life histories that aggressive feelings find an outlet in three forms: physical violence, poisoning, and gossip. And there are the dominant phenomena in interpersonal relations among the Pomo, contradicting the customary picture of the peaceful, nonviolent California natives. In the three life histories, there are references to a relatively large number of violent attacks against individuals, and almost invariably these are directed against other Pomo. Sophie Martinez reported that her first husband and his nephew were sent to prison for murdering a Tripton County Pomo, and that Martinez's brother was murdered by another Pomo. In addition she describes the trouble between Littleton and Martinez in which a beating and a knifing are involved. In 1941 Ruth Post attempted to attack Mrs. Martinez-- at least she was attempting to break down the door with a large chunk of firewood when Ellen Wood's husband intervened, and Mrs. Martinez lived in fear that the attack would be repeated. We also know that Bernice Martinez had been arrested several times for attempted knifings and that when drunk she beat her mother and daughter. There is some evidence that she threatened to kill them if given the opportunity. Ellen Wood reported a fight between her mother and another woman in which a good deal of hair was lost if the injuries went no further. She also said that her first husband had attacked her with some weapon which laid open the side of her head and knocked her unconscious. Her nephew was accused of shooting the poisoner of his father. In 1941, she remarked that her half-brother had had a fight with a man now living at Brushville, and that she was afraid whenever her sons drank with the man because he had threatened to beat them up in revenge. Jane Adams said that her first husband went to prison for murder. In this case, we failed to learn whether the victim was another Pomo.

Now in all, save the last case, violence flared up during drinking parties or when the participants were drinking. I do not know of any case in which a Pomo who was not drinking deliberately started a fight. Instead, the Pomo believe that the normal way of satisfying one's aggressive feelings toward another is through poisoning. Though there is no evidence in the life histories that they were ever punished for fighting when they were children--indeed any adult intervention in children's fights is denied and the women seem to take it for granted that children would quarrel and then become friends again--by the time they were adults, they are expected to substitute indirect methods for direct methods. Every Pomo is convinced that these are efficacious as direct methods; and every Pomo is certain that at least some of their neighbors are conversant with the methods and are using them against their enemies. (4) Sophie Martinez mentions ten deaths in her immediate family which she ascribes to poisoning. Eight were of children who could have caused no one harm, and who were poisoned simply as a move against the family. The other two deaths were of grown

men: her father and her first husband. From Ellen Wood, we learn that Mrs. Martinez's last illness was interpreted by the Pomo as the result of a poisoning attempt directed really at Beatrice Martinez. From Rita Day, we learn that the Pomo attribute the death of Stephen Martinez, Mrs. Martinez's husband, to poisoning. Throughout, Mrs. Martinez's life history, she seems a prey to the threat of poisoning which is always hanging over her and her family. In 1939-41, she could be thrown into a panic by the thought that her granddaughter was among a crowd of Pomo where she could not be watched and protected from a poisoning attempt.

Ellen Wood seems even more preoccupied with poisoning than does Mrs. Martinez, though she dwells on poisoning attempts directed against herself whereas Mrs. Martinez never openly attributes an illness of hers to poisoning. Ellen Wood refers to poisoning as the cause of ten deaths in her immediate family, and speaks of three attempts by other Pomo to poison her, and two attempts against close relatives. She also mentions another illness caused by poison and a death due to poison. She accuses ten individuals of poisoning others, and more than hints that she herself may have had something to do with the death of a number of her enemies or their children and that she has been trained by her older relatives in poisoning arts which she now intends to teach to her daughter.

Jane Adams makes no mention of poisoning in her life history, but we know from other statements of her that she believes in it and fears it. It probably affects her relationships to other Pomo as much as it does that of the other two women. In general we can say that the Pomo fear each other and assume that others hate them and are eager to work them evil. This may be but a projection of their own individual animosities--they finding some outlet for their aggressive feelings by projecting them on to other people. Nevertheless, it has a paralyzing effect on Pomo social life.

It is probable that some of the anxiety displayed by the Pomo is generated in the unstable family relationships which surround the Pomo child. A glance through the life histories show that the only constant social relationships are those based on blood. Otherwise couples break up, new marriages are formed, and these again break up. Children are brought into contact with step-siblings, and then are separated from them again. They grow fond of some adult and he disappears because of the breaking of marriage ties. During the time that Sophie Martinez was a child, her father had three other wives besides Mable Brown. Her mother had one other husband. Mrs. Martinez went from one family to another; from her mother and stepfather, to her mother's sister, to her father and paternal grandmother, to her stepfather's relatives. Ellen Wood's mother was married five times, twice to Mrs. Wood's father. Ellen Wood's father was married twice. Her aunt was married to three different men after Mrs. Wood could remember. Her grandmothers had different men. Mrs. Wood seems to have spent her childhood moving among three or four households. Yet there was some attempt made to give stability to the social relationships which the child encountered. Both Mrs. Martinez and Mrs. Wood mentioned that they took their step-parents' relatives for their own. In some cases, even after a couple broke up, the step-children would still "keep relations" with their ex-step-parents' families. But the frequent disruptions of a household attendant upon the

breaking of the marriage of some of the inmates, must have given rise to some doubts in the children as to the adults' omnipotence to control the universe in their interests since they could not even secure permanency within the household. Nor could the child always count upon the protection of parents. Sophie Martinez indicates that her father made no attempt to prevent her step-mother from being "mean" to her. Ellen Wood's mother did not intervene when her husband began his nightly prowls until the affair became too public. Then she married her daughter off rather than speak to her husband.

Feelings of insecurity generated in this way were probably reinforced by the deliberate attempts of adults to frighten small children. Children were told that the owl would get them if they cried at night, or that some supernatural would punish them. They were told of poisoning, and warned that any one who was not a close relative might poison them. As a tiny girl, Ellen Wood was told by her sick mother to report any one who came close to their house; Sophie Martinez would wake frightened by dreams in which she saw people attempting to poison the family. If Ellen Wood is right, adults even attempted to make small children fear close relatives of the opposite sex. There is little to wonder at in the fact that these children grew up suspicious of other people, and in general frightened of the world.

This emphasis on the negative side of the life histories, should not blind one to the fact that there are satisfactions in Pomo life and that these too play a not insignificant role in the accounts of the three women. Probably in aboriginal days, the satisfactions were more abundant and largely outweighed the fears and dissatisfactions. But, the presence of the whites have introduced some satisfactions which are not despised by the Pomo. The whites have brought them Catholicism, and have underwritten Pomo subsistence.

This last fact may account for the relatively little concern evinced in the life histories for subsistence. The Pomo standard of living is not a high one, but it is relatively secure. Before the coming of the whites, the standard of living may have been higher, but despite the rarity of periods of scarcity, the Pomo were haunted by the thought of famine. "The older informants often said that things were much better today, for in the old days they were continually fearing starvation. Now they have little fear, even when they have no funds, because at least food can be charged against the expected summer wages for hop picking and fruit gathering. The younger people have never experienced real starvation or fear of it."

(5) This has been true for the Pomo ever since these three women can remember. The only one who shows any real preoccupation with subsistence problems is Jane Adams, whose whole life history is a description of how she obtained food, clothing and other necessities. She too complains that they were poverty stricken and had little to eat when she was a child. Neither of the other women ever says that they went hungry. References to their working life and to ownership of property are introduced casually in connection with other events. Sophie Martinez commented several times that she and her husband had nothing, but in each case this referred to beads, baskets, or money which they needed to pay an Indian doctor or which they wished to place in their child's coffin. Ellen Wood said that after she married Wood, he gambled his money away, and she therefore began to earn money to support herself and her family. She said also that the past year

had been a hard one and that for the first time she had been forced to seek assistance from the Catholic Sisters and other sources.

In general then, it may be assumed that the Pomo suffer no great anxieties over subsistence. Instead, they derive some satisfaction from the thought that they are better off than their ancestors. Sophie Martinez once said that it always made her sad to think of her old people living without good food and clothing before the whites came. In their own lifetime, they had seen conditions improve, and although the depression had slashed wages and introduced the competition of white labor, they were relatively secure in 1939-41 through work made available by the government. (6)

Another source of satisfaction to them seems to be the Catholic religion. Their Catholicism may be reinterpreted to fit Pomo life, but it seems to be an integral part of their lives. It seems to have a role in reducing anxiety and promoting peace. Sophie Martinez says that when she prays, she feels "good." "When I pray a little, that helps me a little bit." She uses the holy water she gets at the Convent as a protection against evil spirits. Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood had visions of Christ which seem to have reassured them. Ellen Wood and Jane Adams are reassured that their dead are happy; Ellen Wood through a vision in which her two dead daughters told her they were in a better land than this, Jane Adams by the statements of her dying husband that he could see the land to which he was going and that was really home. Catholicism has also offered itself as a means for obtaining one's desires. Sophie Martinez is told by the Sisters to pray to Christ for what she wishes, and that he will help her to obtain it. Ellen Wood and Ruth Post after discussing the relationship of the dream doctor's power to God and Christ, decide that God does not give his power to the dream doctor, but is willing to use his power himself to help anybody who asks for help. (7) This is contrary to the old beliefs, but the Pomo find the thought that they can ask for help and receive aid, a comforting one.

At the same time, the Catholic church seems to have introduced no new anxieties. No Pomo, to the best of my knowledge, has ever become ill from breaking a rule of the Catholic church even if this is done all knowingly. They have taken over new taboos from Catholicism, but the sanctions enforcing them are difficult to discover. They eat no meat on Friday and compare this with the taboo on meat eating during menstruation or after childbirth. But they give no penalty for eating meat on Friday, while they are definite as to the penalty for breaking the old time rules.

There are positive satisfactions also to be found in the beliefs and practices which the Pomo regard as their own. Indian doctors are called in for every illness, and despite years of contact with schools, with the graduates of medical schools, and with hospitals, the Pomo are convinced that their Indian doctors have the ability to cure them. Commonly they call in also the white doctors and the priest and Catholic Sister, but they give the credit for the cure to the Indian doctor. They are thus fortified not only by the thought that in Pomo culture they have a defense against illness, but also by the comforting belief that the Pomo are superior to the whites for their doctors can cure where white doctors fail. There also remains the

belief in deities other than those recognized by the Catholics, though how much remains of the aboriginal concepts is difficult to say. Ellen Wood refers to some being "we Indians think of as superior" and declares that the Indian way of believing is the best. Sophie Martinez makes no mention of such beliefs in her life history but from other material it is obvious that she too believes in some deity other than the Catholic one. None of the three women seems to feel any conflict between her acceptance of the Catholic beliefs and her continuance in the old observances. They derive satisfaction from both.

Perhaps the disruption of Pomo society and the resulting loss of control over the individual have made social contacts largely nonrewarding. But there are instances in the life histories of kindnesses, of sympathetic responses to other individuals. Sophie Martinez, for instance, was present when her uncle came home after being "scared" by the water monster when he was fishing during his wife's menstrual period. His wife says to him, "I came after you went, and I'm so sorry." Sophie Martinez herself is most solicitous of her husband's welfare when she begins to menstruate again after a long interval and is careful to instruct him how to behave so that he may come to no misfortune. Mrs. Martinez comments on her last illness and says that she never talks about it to her mother now because thinking of it makes her mother feel sad. Stephen Martinez refuses to abandon hope during her illness, and insists on using their last money to get an Indian doctor for her. Earlier you have the whole Chiptown rancheria participating in dances to prevent Charlie Hill from being killed by his power. Sophie Martinez mentions how good two of her mothers-in-law were to her, that her first husband was good both to her and her family, that her step-brother still keeps "relations" with her and helps her. In her life history there are other instances of a similar nature. Ellen Wood too mentions that people have been good to her: her aunt's husband who gave her candy and treated her like a daughter, her father's wife who was always good to her, her stepfather's mother and father, her cousin who took the smaller girls about with her, her old grandmothers and an old grandfather who told her stories and fed her, her first husband before he began his affair with her sister, friendly old men who talked to her in the hop fields. She mentions the fear of her stepfather that his half-brother had come to some harm and his insistence on going to look for the man. She likes to dwell on the fact that when a person is dying, all the relatives gather and help the survivors and that at such times all family difficulties are forgotten. She mentions friends beside whom she camped in the field and with whom she joked, and who came to share in her sorrows when her children died. Jane Adams has less to say on this subject but she indicates that her second marriage was a happy one, and she emphasizes the care with which she nursed her dying husband. All three women seem also to have achieved some stability in their married life after an initial period of experimentation. Jane Adams lived with Adams thirty-seven years; Sophie Martinez said that she lived with Martinez forty-eight years and although this is undoubtedly an exaggeration they were together more than thirty; Ellen Wood had lived with Walter Wood about thirty-eight years in 1941.

Although the Pomo view of human beings may be a pessimistic one, not all contacts with other Pomo are productive of anxiety. From some they derive considerable satisfaction. They also mention, and fairly frequently, activities which they have enjoyed. As children, they spent their time along the

river or on the rancherias playing games, oblivious of rain or hunger. There were Indian dances and American dances for the two Oak Valley children to watch. Later they too participated in the dancing. For all three children, and for all three women, there were carnivals and circuses in the neighboring towns. They saw gambling games: the bone game and card games that helped to pass the long hours when there was little work. In these activities they participated with other people. They have also had an outlet in another direction, through their basket making. All of them had worked carefully and made good baskets. They were sure of themselves as craftsmen, and enjoyed thinking about the baskets they had made. All of them had worked carefully and made good baskets. They were sure of themselves as craftsmen, and enjoyed thinking about the baskets they had made. All repeated with satisfaction the fact that they had sold their baskets for good prices and that the whites had told them that their baskets would be treasured by collectors.

This dwelling upon the sources of satisfaction in Pomo life may seem to invalidate what was said earlier about the dominance of anxiety as a force controlling the Pomo. There is no way of objectively measuring satisfactions and dissatisfactions and coming to some definite conclusion. However I have gone through the life histories and tabulated sources of satisfaction mentioned by the women, and sources of anxiety or threats to happiness. This is a rough measure, but there is a slight predominance of threats over satisfactions. The actual figures are 375 to 295. (8) This may be significant. My impression was that the dissatisfactions would loom much larger proportionately. This may have been influenced by the fact that the women seem to have referred more spontaneously to the threats against their happiness, and the references to satisfactions occurred more commonly under the prod of questioning.

Through the life histories, one can see something of the taking on of white culture by the Pomo over the last seventy years and the gradual fading out of the old Pomo customs. The women are aware of the change going on, but curiously enough they do not seem to be aware of a conflict between the two sets of customs. Conditions have changed. They can no longer do as their ancestors did. But there is little feeling that they themselves have been responsible through a rejection of old customs or the acceptance of new.

Perhaps the only conscious rejection of Pomo customs which one can see is the repudiation of the old subsistence patterns. All three women indicate that they prefer their present methods of making a living, even though it entails the presence of the whites, and that they have no real wish to continue the hunting and gathering life of their ancestors. They prefer their present houses to the brush huts or shacks which they knew as children. Otherwise there has been no general rejection of customs. Jane Adams it is true commends the present custom of a young couple having their own home as superior to the old custom of a large family dwelling in which many relatives lived, but this seems to be the only such comment recorded in the life histories.

Instead, there are frequent references to the need to continue the old taboos and a tracing of the disappearance of the Pomo and the increase in

illness to the failure of the young people to keep the rules. Ellen Wood and Sophie Martinez seem to prefer the old forms of social organization. They regret the disappearance of the chief whose lectures in the early morning used to make them "feel" good. Ellen Wood indicates that she preferred the old method of relatives living together instead of the present scattering out of relatives. Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood keep up the old kinship terminology and teach it to their grandchildren, and desire to keep up the customs of "keeping kinship." They seem to approve the old ceremonial exchanges between families on every possible occasion. Both keep up with funeral exchanges at the present time. Ellen Wood comments that she still brings gifts on the birth of her grandchildren as she is supposed to according to the old rules. Jane Adams apparently knows little about such exchanges, since these had disappeared largely in her group before she was born.

All three of them accept fully the old beliefs in poisoning and believe in the power of Indian doctors to cure. Nothing in their lives has disturbed their complete belief in such matters.

But they have been willing also to accept new customs from the whites. Their whole economic organization and methods of obtaining a living are based on introduced customs. They have accepted not only the jobs, the food, and the clothing of the whites, but also such alien organizations as banks. The only place where the old economic organization survives is in the use of baskets and shell beads for certain types of exchanges and to pay the Indian doctors for curing. Even in such exchanges, American money and wool blankets or lengths of cloth are acceptable substitutes. They have also accepted from American civilization much that lies beyond the field of subsistence. Each of the three women expresses at some time her belief in education. Jane Adams and Ellen Wood were eager to see that their children went on to school. (Walter Wood told another member of the laboratory that he had wanted to send his sons to college, but they had refused to go--he regretted his own lack of education and could not understand his sons in their lack of ambition for more education.) Sophie Martinez attempted even after her marriage to go to school, and she now says that she would like to have her granddaughter go on to school. They have accepted medical service from the whites. They have accepted religious ideas in the form of Catholicism. They have accepted the idea that the government is in some way responsible for them, and all are eager to receive their pensions, and are willing to make use of the government to control their unruly relatives. Sophie Martinez has threatened to have the sheriff arrest Ruth Post if she attacks her again and has already turned her daughter Beatrice over to the authorities. Ellen Wood allowed her son to go to prison for forging a check on their account, and later allowed him to be imprisoned again for theft without attempting to intervene. Jane Adams complained to J. Lombard that the woman in charge of the Indian Service Employment in Oakland would not be able to give her granddaughter proper supervision in the city.

They have also accepted forms of entertainment from the whites. American dances are crowded, and ever since they can remember they have seen Pomos dancing such dances. When they were young, they played card games. Later they began to attend movies and to listen to radio programs. All of them thoroughly enjoy carnivals.

Where they have, rejected consciously customs of the whites, is in the realm of marital stability. Jane Adams lectures her son and grandchildren in the attempt to persuade them that they should postpone marriage until after they had lived with a person long enough to test out his true character. Ellen Wood proclaims the superiority of Pomo custom where if dissatisfied with a mate one can leave without difficulty and "none of them think anything about it." Sophie Martinez dwells less on this subject, but she too seems to think that the Pomo somehow had something which was superior to what the whites brought when she says nostalgically, "In those days we were good people, good to one another."

Individual Differences

So far we have dealt largely with generalizations which one might make about Pomo culture on the basis of the uniformities in the life histories. All three lives are undoubtedly tarred with the same culture, yet the differences among the three are striking. Uniformities of culture apart, the three women emerge as distinctive personalities with little in common.

A glance at the autobiographies given in the appendix will corroborate this statement--for here where they were allowed to speak for themselves without guidance from the recorder, each emphasizes a different motif. Sophie Martinez is largely concerned with a picture of herself as rejected by one person after another until finally she finds security with Martinez. She introduces the desertion of her first three husbands, and interprets the desertion of her mother by her father as a desertion of herself. Another theme which is of almost equal importance is her frustrated motherhood. Almost the first statement in her autobiography concerns the theft from her of her pet dog. Later her life is a catalogue of one childbirth after another, to be followed by the death of each child. And she emphasizes again and again that she wanted children, and could never keep them. Finally in her fourth marriage she finds a secure relationship, and throughout the work on her life history she could rarely mention Martinez without appending the statement that they had lived together more than forty years. And with her last child, she is successful in rearing it.

Further work on her life history emphasized the same motifs. Again and again she referred to the desertion of her father, always with considerable emotion in her voice. It may be noted too, that first she interprets his desertion of her mother as a rejection of herself, and that later on she in turn rejects him in the role of father by refusing to call him "father" and insisting on addressing him by his name. She is also inclined to interpret her mother's attitude toward her as one of rejection, and responds with tears and anger. At least when her mother allows her father to take her for a while, the child wept and regarded herself as a captive. When asked why, her mother had allowed her to go, she suggests, "Maybe she didn't want to keep me." Later on, when her mother forces her into her first marriage, she again feels rejected by her mother, and again she weeps and regards herself as a captive. Her first and third husbands seem to have been some years older than herself. Their separations seem to parallel her early experience with her father. She emphasizes that they too left her for another woman, as her father had done before them. Then they return for her,

and she in turn rejects them in the role of husband. For some reason, she returns to her second husband after he has left her for another woman, and his final desertion is met with the comment that she could not prevent this, "Men always do that to me."

Her fourth husband she refers to constantly as the man who stayed with her. Her appreciation of him seems largely to be based on this fact, rather than on some more positive treatment of her. Possibly their relationships were made more secure by the fact that Martinez seems to have been younger than his wife, and she therefore had less reason to cast him in the role of deserting father. One other instance of rejection, however, does occur in her life after her marriage to Martinez. During one of her illnesses, she has a vision of Christ. She addresses him as "Father" and he vanishes without saying anything to her, although she thought that he would tell her something.

The other major theme seems to be her love for children. This might even be generalized to a love of any small helpless creature. She loved pets of all kinds, and could sit and caress a kitten or puppy with both hands and voice. She is the only one of the three women who mentions spontaneously the birth of a baby during her childhood--and the tone in which she talks of the birth of her half-sister is the same as that in which she talks of the birth of her own children. And this child too dies, and she lingers over its illness. She mentions the trips of the women to the baby rock and the use of the bull snake ritual for inducing children. In the account of her later life, she refers to the birth and death of each child. But strangely enough, she gives no details of the child's life in the period between birth and death, she does not describe its appearance, or repeat any of its actions. True, most of the children died as babies, but one boy lived to be nine or ten and his life still consists largely of birth and death. She adopts her granddaughter because she wanted a baby. And often in referring to a dead child, she comments that by now it would have had children. Finally she remembers and relates the comment of a white doctor that she was still a young woman at sixty and could still have a baby, and then adds regretfully, "But I never did."

Ellen Wood's life history does not dwell on either of these themes. It is difficult to analyze her life into simple terms. Her major preoccupations seem to be with sex, incest, poisoning, and doctoring. Her preoccupation with sex and incest are particularly noticeable in view of the reticence of the other two women on the subject. (9) Yet these are preoccupations with certain ideas rather than the presentation of a consistent view of her life. We are assured, however, that Ellen Wood regards herself as an exceptional person and thinks that this has been noticeable from childhood on. She mentions a number of times that as a child she was regarded as different from other children and was carefully protected by her family for this reason. She refers to her appearance, saying that as a child she was lighter than most Pomos, that she had long beautiful hair. And once she said with satisfaction that when she was a young woman her picture had been taken showing her with a dark cloth over her head and her baby in her arms. This was entitled "the Indian Madonna." She mentions that a man praised her for her courage, that another said she was wise, that a third said that she must

be "some kind of a woman." She comments that her neighbors know that she will help them whenever she can unlike the other Pomos. This desire to establish herself as an important person does not appear in the life history of Sophie Martinez.

Jane Adam's in turn discloses a third point of view. She seems chiefly concerned with presenting the picture of a hard-working woman who spent her childhood in poverty and later improved her economic standing. Even in her brief history, she makes it clear that she regards herself as an independent person capable of managing her own life. She refers to the fact that she arranged her own marriage, that she deserted her first husband after deciding that he was no good, and that she later was able to make her own living and to gather her own basket materials instead of waiting for someone to get them for her as most women did. In his final illness, she alone cared for her husband. She also proclaims that her views on marriage are her own based on her own experience, and she urges them though she realizes they are counter to the teachings of her church.

The difference between the three women appears perhaps the most clearly if one considers their reactions to the same event. All three were deserted by their fathers when they were still infants. All say that they were too young to know of the desertion at the time. The reaction of the three women seems characteristically different. Sophie Martinez, as noted above, reacts with a feeling of outrage which seems to set the dominant motif of her life. Ellen Wood seems to accept the fact without emotion, and her subsequent relations with her father seem to have been cordial but unemotional. Perhaps she is overeloquent in her assertions that such separations are normal among the Indians and much preferable to the rigid marriage bonds of the whites. But she makes these assertions without particular reference to the separation of her parents. Jane Adams does not specify whether her mother or father was responsible for the separation. She comments that when she was a child, her father was still alive, but that he spent all his money on drink and cared nothing for his children. Perhaps it is significant that she later left her first husband because he drank too much and did not provide for her and her child. But to neither Ellen Wood nor Jane Adams is the father an emotional figure, at least on any obvious level.

Sophie Martinez rebelled at her first menstruation, and wept and declared that she did not want this change in her life. Neither Ellen Wood nor Jane Adams seems to have made any outcry. Instead they took it for granted, and both commented that the second time was nothing and the first period itself little more. Sophie Martinez declared vigorously that she had never had anything to do with a man until after her marriage. Ellen Wood and Jane Adams took for granted that girls would have a period of experimentation before they married, though Jane Adams had a matter-of-fact attitude on the subject, and Ellen Wood enjoyed enlarging on the matter in line with her desire to talk about sex.

The end of their first marriages seem again to have been met in different fashions, although both Sophie Martinez and Ellen Wood seemed fond of the men. Sophie Martinez wept, then turned against her husband, and fled the house when she heard that he had returned to the rancharia hoping to

avoid having the matter out. When they met, she tells him she will have nothing more to do with him. Then she implies that she lived quietly at home until she remarried. Ellen Wood upbraids her husband, probably threatened to kill her half-sister with whom he was carrying on an affair, and finally told him that she would now live as she pleased and go about with other men if she liked. Then, though she insisted that she did not mind and did not love her husband, she proceeds to get drunk for a two-week period and then spent four or five months traveling from one drinking party to another. Jane Adams indicates that she decided to leave her husband after careful consideration, and that she felt no particular emotion regarding the matter.

All three have different reactions toward pets. Sophie Martinez reacts to them as though they were small children and is very tender to them; Jane Adams likes them in a matter-of-fact manner and says that she likes dogs and cats to keep the rats down. Ellen Wood says that she has always hated animals and never wanted to have a pet of any kind.

The three women are different in their willingness to talk about other people. Ellen Wood is a gossip who enjoys tearing down the reputations of the other Pomo. Throughout her life history she seemed willing to name the individuals who appeared in incidents, and she would throw in comparable incidents involving other people. She was not overly scrupulous about using the names of the dead, although there is a strong taboo against their use. She had few inhibitions, although there were subjects that she was little interested in and here she had to be prompted. Jane Adams declared that she was not a talkative woman having never learned how to talk much because her mother "never growled with me." Nevertheless, she was not above referring to her neighbors, though this was not in a malicious fashion, and seemingly without hesitation she uttered the names of the dead. Sophie Martinez refused to gossip. She declared that if you "spoke anyway, something will happen." She was careful about the names of the dead, and had to be asked before she uttered them--in some cases she refused to name the person even then. She was almost equally scrupulous with the names of the living, and working with her was likely to be a laborious charting of one's way among "that man," "that woman," "he," "she," "that woman over there," and so on.

The three women were different even to their dreams. Jane Adams simply declared that while she dreamed she paid no attention to her dreams because only the bad ones ever came true. Sophie Martinez though she talked in her sleep never remembered her dreams once she woke up. Ellen Wood dreamed constantly and believed in them--they were messages from her power, and in them she learned of what was to come. Her dreams are an important part of her life.

Summary

Pomo life, as portrayed in these life histories, emerges as a fairly simple one from the point of view of its participants, for they live through much the same events with little variation in happenings to distinguish their lives. To some extent Pomo life is also dominated by uniform themes which

integrate the culture in terms of basic assumptions regarding the nature of the universe and human relationships. But despite these uniformities, a group as small as the Pomo with a culture offering few alternatives, could still produce three women of widely differing personality types. Though they live through similar events, they are quite capable of reacting to them in a different fashion and interpreting them in differing ways. Pomo life has been sufficiently flexible to allow these women to survive for some sixty years. It undoubtedly has also been able to shelter other personality types as well.

NOTES

- (1) Is this possibly related to the control of Pomo society by the old men and women, and the belief that a man or woman was not a responsible adult until approximately middle-age? The old could have been in no hurry to hasten the maturation of the young who might then force them to abdicate. Pomo culture was certainly not so complex that one needed to spend a life time in mastering its intricacies.
- (2) This statement was made to A. Parcell. Alice Gustav recorded a short autobiography from this woman which is in the unpublished files of the Field Laboratory.
- (3) I have gone through the life histories for statements on whites, and have found a total of fifty-nine. These cover references to both whites in general and to specific whites. Sophie Martinez referred favorably to whites nineteen times; unfavorably to them twelve times; Ellen Wood referred favorably to them eleven times and unfavorably, eight; Jane Adams referred favorably to them three times, unfavorably six. It might also be noted that Jane Adams, who is the most acculturated of the three women, is the only one to make an unfavorable generalization about a white person. She has a white daughter-in-law whom she refers to as "cranky."
- (4) Whether there is actually any such practices as "poisoning" is another question. Naturally we have no objective evidence on the point. We only know what the Pomo beliefs on the matter are. That the Pomo are not completely assured of the efficacy of the magical poisoning methods, however, is indicated by their statements that recently battery acid has been substituted and found most effective.
- (5) Aginsky, 1939, 210.
- (6) All three women had been hop workers. But although they date events by hop picking seasons and where they worked that year, they do not refer to the success or failure of the crop. At the most, they mention how long the hop picking season lasted that year. They are not farmers concerned for their crops, but workers in another man's field.

It might be noted here that they also fail to mention floods or brush fires although both are fairly frequent phenomena.

- (7) Neither Ellen Wood nor Sophie Martinez seem interested in Mary. The figure that appeals to them seems to be Christ.
- (8) Such tabulations are actually of little value. For one thing, they deal largely with what the tabulator defines as threats or satisfactions. The informant might not necessarily classify the material in the same way. Next there is the impossibility of weighting the statements in terms of importance. Though Sophie Martinez mentions frequently that she was afraid--the reaction appears twenty-three times in her life history--in the tabulation, she is credited with referring more often to sources of satisfaction than to threats: 102 to 95. Jane Adams, who gives the impression that she is not unduly weighed with anxieties, refers to forty-five dissatisfactions and only thirty-four satisfactions. Only the tabulation of Ellen Wood's statements emerges as one would have predicted from the general tone of her life history: 234 threats to 156 satisfactions.
- (9) She is the only Pomo woman I have ever worked with who was willing to discuss these topics freely, and it was only with difficulty that she could be restrained from discussing them. On the whole, I should imagine that there is as much reticence on these subjects as in the average white community. Ellen Wood is not a unique phenomenon among the Pomo, however, for Ethel Aginsky once had a Vineland informant whose sex life was detailed with much satisfaction.