TWO PAIUTE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

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INTRODUCTION

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES presented in this paper were obtained as part of an ethnographic study of the Owens valley Paiute[1] of eastern California made for the Department of Anthropology, University of California, during about three months in the summers of 1927 and 1928.

It seemed that first-hand narratives of the lives of these two men, who are close to one hundred years of age and had, therefore, reached maturity before the coming of the white man into Owens valley in 1861,[2] would give insight into dynamic aspects of Paiute life which would supplement the more categorical material of the ethnographic account and contribute subjective data indicating psychological attitudes and social values implicit in the culture. For not only does a formal summary of a culture fail to indicate traits which are so subjective as seldom to be revealed in overt behavior; it also standardizes so as to minimize the importance of individual variations.

The biographies reveal extraordinary individual differences, personalities more unlike, though exposed to the same meager cultural conditioning influences, being difficult to imagine. Sam Newland, a simple, prosaic fellow, was less than mediocre in such pursuits as bring social recognition to a Paiute—hunting and gambling. If he possessed any outstanding ability, it was fleetness of foot to get himself away from trouble with which he could not cope. His autobiography is therefore a rehearsal of events familiar to any Paiute Indian and is of value in depicting the culture in actual operation.

Jack Stewart, on the contrary, represents himself as a remarkably virile and distinguished man who has achieved those values upon which a Paiute Indian places importance. His success results from tremendous physical vigor, manifest even in his old age, much sheer luck, and a vast

[1] These people, occupying the western edge of the Great Basin at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, have previously been called "Eastern Mono," but, for reasons presented elsewhere, Paiute, prefixed by a distinguishing term of location, is a preferable designation. See Steward, Ethnography of the Owens Valley Paiute, UC–PAAE 33:235–237, 1933.

[2] Jedediah Smith visited Owens valley in 1825, and others, including prospectors, followed; but settled occupation by the white man began in 1861. W. A. Chalfant, The Story of Inyo, 42–48, 88–95, 1922.

amount of self-confidence born of innumerable visions. His colorful life is in sharp contrast to that of Sam, who admitted that he was a poor hunter, never had luck, and had failed to secure any blessing from a vision. Jack was, in the opinion of himself and his tribesmen, an ideally successful Indian. He was a good hunter, but generous with his game; he was powerful and courageous, but not bloodthirsty; he was a good gambler, kindly, and very much a lady's man. That he foreswore doctoring probably saved him from grief. That he was no war hero was a matter of indifference to his associates, and his failure to amass wealth was of no consequence. He succeeded in those things which are highly appraised in Paiute culture.

Biographical supernatural experiences are of the greatest importance in a comprehension of the religion of a people who lack all ritualized religious behavior—except in the shaman—and whose religion is to be viewed through the subjective experiences of the individual. The relation of a Paiute to his supernatural is essentially individualistic, the "powers" favoring some, neglecting others. The Paiute obtained his supernatural aid always unsought, in contrast to members of those tribes which used some means to induce it. The only cultural pattern stamped on the mind of the learning child was that he might expect some phenomenon of nature to appear in a dream and offer him assistance. Whether this came at all, and what particular form it assumed, were determined by the individual and his experience.

The data presented in Jack's life demonstrate primarily this importance of the vision. Unlike Sam, he is evidently of a mind predisposed to hallucinations, interpreted as supernatural communications. The validity of his father's hunting instructions are tested by a vision quite as effectively, apparently, as by reality. The time for his first real hunt is revealed to him in a dream. Success in hunting, fighting, traveling, and even in gambling are assured him by his power, Birch mountain, which was always ready to assist him and, on one occasion, even called him back from the coast. It is not surprising that this visionary twice received the power to doctor, once from his mountain, once from a deer. Whatever the occasion, in fact, supernatural assistance was at hand. The "power," however, never appeared upon the scene to perform physical feats, but gave a promise which was invariably fulfilled. It said, "You shall get well," though the connecting links between the edict and the subsequent recovery are not apparent. In these visions kinesthetic imagery seems to have been most vivid. Although expectation or wishful thinking coupled with a suggestible mentality doubtless accounts for their frequency, Jack never took means to induce them. Prayers were answered once his mountain had adopted him, but the mountain's original appearance was unsought.

Sam Newland lived at pitana patü, now Bishop, but formerly the site of greatest Indian concentration. Jack Stewart lived at tovowahamatü, now Big Pine, another important Indian community. Both served as informants. Although they were glad to relate their lives, slight incoherences resulting from old age and the inevitable difficulties of an interpreter robbed their accounts of much directness and subtlety. They were questioned only when necessary, however, because those facts were chiefly desired which they themselves regarded as important and significant.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACK STEWART[3]

I was born at my mother's village, tovowahamatü. Indians in other communities therefore call me a tovowahazi. My father came from ozaŋwitü.[4] Sometimes we visited my father's people, but my home was with my mother. Tovowahamatü is the place I first remember.

I learned to hunt when I was just a young boy. I made all my own bows and arrows, and hunted in the valley for rabbits and ducks. I picked up this knowledge of hunting partly from the boys who always know something about it and partly from my father's teachings.

Once, while my people were visiting my father's village at ozaŋwitü, my father told me about hunting. He said to me: "You go up toward Black mountain. Whatever comes near you, will come from the north. It will be a mountain sheep. You will shoot it and then you will follow it southward. You will get it." Later I had a dream and saw the thing my father had told me about. I was standing in the mountains, watching some mountain sheep come toward me. When they were close I took two arrows and shot, but missed. "That is strange," I said, "after what my father told me. What he said must be untrue." A few years later the dream came again and I knew that my father was wrong. I said to myself: "What my father taught me is false. After this, when I am hunting, I will use my own judgment." After that I relied upon myself and became a very successful hunter.[5]

When I was still a little older I dreamed that my soul said to me: "Now I am a young man. I will go hunting and kill all the animals." I also dreamed that I had made bows and arrows and that I had painted the arrowshafts blue where the feathers are and red a little way in front of this. I made my arrows afterward as I had done in the dream. I got the blue from a growth on rabbit brush. These colors are not for magic. They are just to make the arrows look well. The same night I dreamed that I took an eagle wing and placed it across the back of my head and my soul said: "I will go hunting high up in the Sierra Nevada as an eagle does. I will not be hindered by obstacles, but will be able to go over everything." Afterward, I became a great hunter. I could stand long and tiring trips through the mountains and could cross the roughest country.

Soon after these dreams, while I was still a young man, I had my first chance to do real hunting. My family had been living at ozaŋwitü in Deep Springs valley, visiting my father's people for several years. One fall we started out across the White

[3] Jack's Indian name is Hoavadunuki'[1], which probably has no meaning. His nickname is "Porty," from his attempt to pronounce "Fort," there being no "f" in Paiute phonetics.

[4] A fairly large village on the eastern side of Deep Springs lake.

[5] The vision is thus regarded as quite the equivalent of reality.

mountains to gather a supply of wai[6] for the winter. On the way I left the party and hunted in the vicinity of Black mountain. Here I killed my first deer.[7]

When I was still a young man, I saw Birch mountain in a dream.[8] It said to me: "You will always be well and strong. Nothing can hurt you and you will live to an old age." After this Birch mountain came and spoke to me whenever I was in trouble and told me that I would be all right. That is why nothing has happened to me and why I am so old now.

Not long after this, when I was bewitched, my power helped me out. I had been visiting one of the villages at pitana patü and had started back home to tovowahamatü when I met a man who invited me to his house to have something to eat. It happened that a witch doctor lived in this vicinity, but thinking little of this, I ate a big meal of boiled meat and then went toward home. After walking a few miles, I became very ill and had a passage of blood. I went on, but became weaker and weaker, and when I reached the hot springs, a few miles north of Big Pine, I lay down under a bush. For a long time I lay there, and when it was nearly dark I got up and said to my soul, "Since my mountain has spoken and told me that I shall not die, why should I die here?" I went on to tovowahamatü and made my camp just outside the village. The next day I entered the village.

When I reached home, my people called two doctors who came immediately and worked on me all day. They told me about two arrows, in front of which was an eagle wing. They were, of course, merely telling me about my own dream, for they did not wish to tell the name of the man who had made me sick. They meant that my own power made me sick. This was not true.

When these men failed to cure me, a "stick doctor,"[9] who was my cousin and lived at pitana patü, was called. He arrived that night and came to my bed. He said: "How are you? Are you still there?" I was desperately sick by now and had hardly strength to answer, "I am almost gone." Then the doctor began to work. He twirled his fire drill until the end was hot and put it to my stomach until it burned me. Then he worked over my body with his hands. This felt good. But he did not sing; stick doctors do not do this. After a while he said: "Soon the morning star will rise up, and after that there will be a star brighter than the morning star. You will feel better then." It happened as the doctor said. When the bright star arose, I felt better and soon I was entirely well. This man, this doctor, probably helped me some but it was my own power, Birch mountain, which saved me.

Not long after this, the stick doctor himself was bewitched by the same man who had tried to kill me. He nearly died. But he was not a man who would die easily, for he had good and strong powers. He was so great that he could kill a person by merely saying, "I wish that man dead."

It happened in this way. The stick doctor's powers were a number of birds which had come to him in a dream. The witch captured and killed all his birds except one, the shrike [or hawk?]. But that one escaped and saved his life; for if all had been killed, he surely would have died.

The witch doctor came to a bad end like all people who do evil things. He was

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[6] *Oryzopsis huyenoides* or *O. miliacea*, a grass seed very important as food.

[7] This is memorable to Jack because it marks the beginning of his rise to prominence.

[8] Although the irrepressible dreamer had many visions, this one which brought him his "power" was the most important. Birch mountain, pa'o'karaŋwa (pa'o, rocky, karaŋwa, boulder) or sunuyüsi'[1], is one of the most magnificent of the Sierra Nevada peaks as seen from Big Pine, rising to more than 14,000 feet, or more than 10,000 feet above the valley.

[9] Tugosotigüdünü, fire drill doctor.

blamed for killing a great many people, especially women. He went after women often. When he wanted one, he threatened her. If she would not do as he wished, he killed her. After a time he became terribly high-handed and thought that people would not dare touch him. But our people were angered by his evil practices and got two men, "Paiyote" Charlie and Patsu'u, to waylay and kill him.

I also was interested in women. My soul confessed it. It once said to me in a dream: "One thing I cannot get away from is love for women. I can get along without other things, but I cannot get along without women. I shall never be able to outlive this." I found that this was true and spent much time in the company of women.

But it soon brought me trouble, and I had to call upon my power. Not long after commencing to go with women I became ill. I think it was a venereal disease, for the white man had by this time come into the valley. This disease which I got had spread rapidly at first and killed many people. I became so sick that I gave myself up for dead. My soul admitted that I would have to die.

I died and my soul started southward, toward tüpüsi witü.[10] While I was traveling, I looked down [apparently the journey was through the air] and my soul saw a stick in the ground not quite as tall as a man. I went to the stick and dug my foot into the ground about ankle deep. Then I turned to the stick and said, "This is the soul stick."[11] I seized the stick and looked back toward my mountain, which was my power. I knew then that I would be all right and live forever, for whenever a soul going south sees the soul stick, it knows that it will come back.

My soul then came back to tovowahamatü,[12] and the next day I set about doctoring myself. I went up into the mountains and gathered navitanidu[13] roots which I boiled and put on my sores. Soon I recovered.

Even after this, women took up much of my time. After the white man came into the valley, I lived a great deal at Fort Independence[14] with the soldiers, working in the garden and helping in the kitchen. Sometimes we obtained liquor from the soldiers but usually we went out with the women sober, and often had sexual relations with them. Sometimes they refused and then I would not force them, although many men did.[15]

Another time a different white man's disease came into the valley and killed nearly all the old people. I too got sick. In time I was so far gone that I went out of my head. While I was lying down I saw a wagon with fine horses driven by a well dressed man passing in the sky. These were pure imaginings. I don't know what they meant.[16] I soon cured myself by drinking a tea made of a plant[17] which I got near Owens river.

My power from Birch mountain helped me just as much in hunting as in sickness. My favorite deer-hunting ground was in the Sierra Nevada, west of tovowahamatü,

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[10] Tüpüsi'i or "ground nut" place; at present Manzanar station. The abode of the dead is a pleasant place, off to the south by the ocean.

[11] Mūgū'avada (mūgū'a, soul; pā'dā, stick).

[12] That is, regained consciousness. Loss of consciousness is regarded as death. Many people have so "died."

[13] I secured a specimen of this, but unfortunately only the root could be had, so that the plant cannot be identified.

[14] Fort Independence was established about 1862.

[15] Although sexual looseness brought a social stigma if discovered, promiscuity was by no means unknown. Many girls hesitated for fear of conception. If the child was conceived, the parents, if informed in time, usually arranged a marriage. Children born out of wedlock were killed.

[16] This shows that Jack did not interpret every dream or hallucination as a supernatural communication.

[17] Kohigamavarugutu, for a stomach ache.

in the vicinity of my mountain. It often happened that after I had seen deer and tried to sneak up on them they caught wind of me and started toward my mountain. I would say: "My mountain, I want you to help me get some of these deer. They are yours and live upon you." After this I always overtook one and killed him while he was lying under a mountain mahogany tree or some other shelter on the mountain side. This happened many times. After such a killing, I remained overnight on the mountain and treated myself to a feast of deer meat. The next day I returned to the valley. I distributed the meat to my people and sold the upper part which belongs to the hunter.

Once when I started up Big Pine creek toward the foot of my mountain, I asked my power to make it easier for me to hunt deer. I said to it: "Now, great mountain, I wish that you would give me some of your deer to eat. You have so many on you. If you would give me some, I wish you would have them at your foot, not far up." Soon I came upon a group of deer at the very foot of the mountain as I asked, and killed one. As I was packing it back to my village, I saw a herd of mountain sheep. I stopped and hid to watch them, and as I waited one came toward me. I killed it with little trouble and went on to the valley, carrying both animals. I distributed and sold them when I got home. My mountain is always good to me.

The deer and mountain sheep were a heavy load, for I had packed them both at once down to the valley. But when I was a young man nothing was too heavy for me. I enjoyed carrying a large, heavy load. Didn't my power come from the mountain upon whose back are rocks which never hurt it? It is this way with me. Once I proved my strength carrying a stump which no one had been able to move. My soul had told me that no mountain would be too high for me to climb, nor any place too far away for me to go to. That is why I have always been able to get to every place for which I have started.

I had two calls to be a doctor. In early manhood I had my first chance. My mountain spoke to me in a dream and asked me to become a doctor. It told me how I should cure. I would not have to dance, it told me. I should sit by my patient all night, holding my hands on him and singing. When the morning star should rise, I should get up and dance a few rounds, and then hold out my hand, when something like snow would appear in my palm. I should place this in my patient's mouth and blow. But my soul refused this power, for I knew that sometime in my old age it would fail me and I would die. I knew the work was dangerous. I had had another dream and saw blood on a rock, meaning that I should be killed if I were to become a doctor. I refused the power because I wished to live to be a very old man. All I had to do was to refuse.

Once when I was at tovowahamatü, I suddenly became ill but had no idea why. I bought some medicine, which I took up Big Pine creek and prepared. I drank it and then rubbed myself, but it did no good. Then I went home and lay down and while I was asleep the great morning star, which had just risen, said to me: "What is the matter with you that you are sick? A little thing like that ought not to make you sick." I went out the next day and was well. I had never dreamed of the morning star before.

I was a young man when I promised myself to be a peaceful person. My soul said to me in a dream: "I shall never kill anyone; but in self defense I will fight it out to the finish." Many times I have been asked to help kill a witch but have always refused because I would only fight in self defense. But one time a brawl occurred while I was staying at Fort Independence with a friend. I had been playing cards with three men and they got into a quarrel about money. This often happened. The three men then went to Independence, which was near the fort, got themselves drunk, and returned. The people drove them away at first, but they came back again later, one of them armed with a pocket knife to attack me. They probably intended to kill me, for their

leader, Sawmill Jimmy, had a bad reputation. He was a human slayer. But I knew my power would help me. I got the knife away from the man, cutting him deeply, and flung it away. We finished the fight with our fists, and when we stopped they were all bloody and beaten but I had scarcely felt their blows. I had stood them off. The next morning one of the men came after me again and I said to him: "Now is the time to fight, when we can see each other. We will finish it off now." But this bluffed him and they did not bother me again.

I was not married until I was near middle age. My parents had arranged for me to marry a girl in pitana patü. Her parents thought it was a good idea, too, and I did not object. My folks had made presents to the girl's family and they had sent back other presents. When all this was done, I began going to Bishop to see the girl and her family. I was well received by her parents and treated as one of the family.[18] But the girl would not pay any attention to me. I waited night after night, but she would not come to my bed.

The following fall I thought my chance had come. While I was with her family in the White mountains gathering pinenuts, her father gave me a musket. I went out and killed many mountain sheep, so that their camp was supplied with a great deal of meat.[19] I thought that surely now the girl's mother would send her to me at night. For many nights I waited and she did not come. Finally I got tired of waiting and went east into Fish Lake valley to a place called cazavai'. Here I began to gamble. I played the hoop and pole game and won a great deal of money. My power had given me success in gambling as in other things. In my dreams I had always been a good player, winning three out of five games.

After this I returned to Big Pine by way of Deep Springs valley but found when I arrived at tovowahamatü that the soldiers had rounded up all the Indians at Fort Independence and then driven them southward over Tejon pass, so that there were scarcely any of my people in the valley.[20]

I then went to visit an Indian village called tsigoki'[1], which was east of Owens river and just south of Silver canyon. While there, one of my white friends came to see me, accompanied by another white man. They had a wagon drawn by mules and asked me whether I should like to go west with them to their friend's home. I accepted the invitation. I had no idea where they were going, but was not at all afraid. I wanted to see where my white friend lived.

We set out by way of Benton and Carson, planning to cross the Sierra Nevada in the vicinity of Lake Tahoe. In a day or so we met a group of Washo Indians, who had a bad reputation. My companion hid me in the bottom of the wagon, but I looked out through a crack and saw a band of men, armed with war arrows, headed eastward accompanied by their women. They did not even stop to talk.

We went through Aurora and I saw men dressed in uniforms, marching around on house tops. We camped near Sacramento, and they gave me a double-barreled shotgun. I soon got them a large number of rabbits.

We crossed the Sacramento river on a raft of logs and soon arrived at my friend's home where I was made comfortable in the attic, and, for the first time in my life, given a chair on which to sit! We remained at this town, which was somewhere near San Francisco. I was given food, clothes, and smokes but no money, and amused myself by hunting quail which I brought home in sacks and sold to the townspeople.

After a time, my friend and I went deer hunting with two other white men. I shot a deer but one of these other men claimed it as his, even though the bullet hole showed

[18] The marriage, to be consummated, required merely that they live together.

[19] This is the most commendable thing a Paiute can do.

[20] This was about 1863.

that it was shot with my gun. This made me angry. Besides, I was tired of where I was staying.

Soon after this I saw my mountain in a dream. It rose up in the east and looked for me. It looked first to the south and then to the west, and when it saw me near San Francisco it said: "You must come back soon to your own country and your own people. Nothing will happen to us. We will always be just where we are. Don't forget to come back. When you get back, you will kill a large deer—the largest yet." A little later I told my white friend that I wished to return to my own people. He wanted me to stay and made promises which he did not keep.

A year later I decided to leave and told my friend that I was going. But he said: "Jack, I think you had better stay here all the time. I will see if I can find you a wife." There was an Indian camp near by.

But my mind was made up, and one day when my friend had gone to town I took three dollars of his money and a small, light blanket, which I had brought with me from Owens valley, and started out.

The first night I went several miles west of Sacramento and camped. Early in the morning I heard the howling of a wahi.[21] This was a rare thing and means trouble, so I got up early and went on. A little after this I was frightened by some "buffalo" which I met in a field.

Twelve days later I was back home at Big Pine. Few Indians leave their own country who do not return. I know of only one who stayed away. This was a man who, like myself, had been taken west by a white man. He had settled on the western side of the Sierra Nevada, where he married an Indian woman from one of those tribes. He wanted me to visit him, but I refused. I did not care to visit much even in Owens valley.

When I got home, I went hunting and killed the largest deer I had ever got. This happened just as my mountain had promised.

Soon after this I had another chance to become a doctor. I had gone hunting in the Sierra Nevada and had picked up a deer trail. I tracked it into a thicket of pussy willows and threw a rock into the brush. When the deer came out, I raised my gun, but before I had a chance to shoot it it disappeared over the mountain. "Now," I thought, "there is no place you can go to where I cannot get you. I will follow you down the mountain and wherever you go I will be in your way and get you." The deer went down the mountain, but stopped; and I knew he would come back. I chose a place to wait and the deer started up, but soon it stopped and began to look at me. It stared so long that I got tired of waiting and shot and killed it. I cut it up, hid most of it in the rocks, and carried the hide and part of the hind quarters to camp. Two nights later I dreamed that the deer was singing, but I could not understand the words. It made a kind of humming sound. I listened very carefully but could not understand what it was saying. The deer was giving me the power to become a doctor, but I refused, for I did not wish to become a doctor.

My people had returned from Tejon pass by this time and they tried to arrange another marriage for me. They chose a girl in tovowahamatü and gave money to her family. The family gave us presents in return and the girl became my wife and the mother of my children.[22]

Once I found out how I would get out of trouble. I dreamed that my soul was sitting in a house[23] when I saw near me a small, round bug called ica'apuŋwinaha.[24] I

[21] Silver fox?

[22] Jack's daughters thought he was about 30 years old at this time.

[23] The semisubterranean, earth-covered lodge, toni.

[24] Coyote's fish (ica'a, coyote; puŋwinaha, fish).

looked at it and said: "Now you little bug, I think that you could jump from where you are up through the smoke hole in the roof and make your escape. If you can do that, I too can escape when I am in a bad place." The bug made the jump and got away and ever since that time I have been always able to get out of trouble.

But I had another way of getting out of trouble. My soul had told me that, when I was in a battle, I should always stay at the end of the line of fighters so as to be able to make my escape if necessary. When the Indians were pushed by the white soldiers into Round valley, I always did this. I also tried running in a zigzag. Pūitō''°, an Indian from the north, had taught us this.[25]

There was an Indian among the Paiute named Wā''āka, who was a great fighter. He was unusually brave in battle. Once during a "fandango" at Bishop, Wā''āka and another man Tā'kāpi,[26] who was a great dancer and something of a magician, were present. While Tā'kāpi was dancing, he made a piece of obsidian appear in the hand of Wā''āka, to whom he said: "This is your soul. This is the part of you that gives you such power to be a dancer and a great fighter. This ought not to kill so many things. It ought not to kill anything at all." This robbed Wā''āka of his courage, for when the white soldiers came he was one of the first to run away from the fight. But his power was not all gone. After his death you could see that his grave had moved around from time to time.

We were always much afraid of grizzly bears.[27] Once I made a trip across the Sierra Nevada to trade salt. We made such trips from time to time to the tribes on the other side.[28] This time we went by way of Round valley and camped the first night at a lake just east of the summit, called mununva. That night I dreamed of a tree rolling down the mountain and of something black. When I woke up, I decided that it meant I would meet a bear. I got up and talked to my power, asking it to protect me and prevent my meeting the bear. Then I took a cold bath in the lake.[29] We went on and, after crossing the summit, came to a "tamarack" flat. Here we found where the bear had danced and scratched the tree with his claws.

We finished our trip safely, except one of our party who died at toiwi in what is now Fresno county. We came home by way of Mammoth and tupi mada.[30] On the way we stopped with an old woman who lived alone in the mountains, eating pinenuts and seeds.

I heard of a time when a grizzly really killed an Indian. A party of men were hunting near Mount Whitney. Someone dreamed one night that a bear attacked and killed one of the men. The dreamer did not talk to his spirit or take a cold bath in the morning—and the dream came true. The next day a bear caught one of their party and carried him off a short distance. He laid him on the ground and ripped his chest open. Then he took the man's heart out, chewed it and spat it out.

Whenever I dream, especially if it is a bad dream which means trouble, I talk to something in the darkness. I talk to my power. That is why I have lived so long. If I had not called upon my power, accident or disaster would have overtaken me long

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[25] This apparent cowardice entailed no censure among a people who cared nothing for war honors.

[26] Obsidian.

[27] The Indian traveler dreads the grizzly. This bear, somewhat human in behavior, is credited with supernatural power.

[28] Western Mono, Yokuts, and Miwok.

[29] Several informants told of taking cold baths to nullify evil predicted in a bad dream. John Muir recounts that when the great earthquake of 1871 occurred, the tribes of Yosemite ran terrified into the river and washed themselves. (The Yosemite, 81. New York: The Century Co. 1920.)

[30] Tupi, rock; mada, upon. A pinenut region north of Bishop.

ago. Even when I have sex dreams, I talk to the night, because if I should pay no attention to them, they would continue and lead to fits....

When I die, my soul will go south to the land of the dead. It will stay there by the ocean and I will have nothing to do but enjoy myself.

Jack has spent the remainder of his life peacefully working for white people and living with his children in a small, unpretentious shack in one or another of the various Indian communities. For many years he was a popular dancer at the annual "fandango," and even made small sums by performing on the Fourth of July for the white people. He sold his dance outfit, however, somewhat reluctantly for a museum specimen.

Now, in 1932, Jack sits feebly by the fire, more or less oblivious to the world. In 1928, however, he mustered sufficient strength to make a trip which, although it ended in near disaster, showed that his boastful autobiography contained much truth. Having volunteered to find me some plants which he declared made particularly fine medicine, he climbed a steep mountain, 2,000 feet high, on one of the hottest days of midsummer. Little knowing the trip ahead of us, I carried no water. When his steps faltered, he merely apologized for having lost the agility of his youth and, chuckling, said: "Maybe so fall down and die." At the end of the trip Jack seemed dangerously exhausted. The following morning, however, he was bright and cheerful and said that he would not die from a little thing like that. His mountain had come to him in the night and told him he would be all right!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SAM NEWLAND

I was born at pitana patü. My parents were natives of the same place but I do not remember their names. I lived in pitana patü during my boyhood and my mother took care of me. I lost my father one fall when many of us had gone to gather pinenuts on a mountain called tupi mada, near Glass mountain. We were camped in a canyon on the north side of the mountain when my father became sick and died. They buried him and then moved our camp to a ravine on the western slope.[31] We spent the rest of the winter here, just above the timber line, and ate pinenuts.

I had an older brother but he died before his time. I had two sisters, also older than I, and if it had not been for their husbands, we would have had little game to eat, because I never could hunt. My brothers-in-law were good hunters. One of them, the husband of my sister Saiyunipü'ü, had the job of irrigating nahavita[32] above Bishop. I cannot remember his name nor that of my other sister, but her husband was called Nauwahijugo, which means, "owns a great deal."

The spring after my father died we returned to Bishop. I came back with my mother because she was the only relative I had left to take care of me. My grandmother had died just before we went after pinenuts and my uncle died just before we came back from tupi mada.

[31] At death, the goods and house of the deceased were burned and the camp moved.

[32] A species of *Eleocharis*, spike rush, bearing bulbs.

The fall after my father's death my mother went out to a place west of pitana patü to gather tupusi'[33] for the winter.

Later there was a big dance ("fandango") at nü'gatühā'va[34] just below the dam on "Paiute ditch." When the people were not dancing they gambled a great deal. This year they played the hoop and pole game, paicinu, mostly. They bet shell bead money and great sums were won and lost. One man, named O'tigivā'situ'ü, my father's brother, was very good at this and won all the time. People frequently got into fights over their games, and when they fight it often ends in bloodshed. While I watched one of the games, two men got into a row and we were worried for fear they should harm each other.

People had come from all over Owens valley as far south as Fort Independence. There were no visitors from Deep springs, for those people seldom came over, but the Round valley people came down. The Fort Independence men are always good dancers, so we invited some of them to come up to do the totso' ho dance,[35] performed by four men in feathers and eagle down skirts. We danced for five days and nights and then the people went home.

A little later we had a rabbit hunt, for the nügatu dance had been held quite early. Saiyunipü'ü's husband, my brother-in-law, was leader of the hunt. He decided when it should be held and made the day known to the people. When the time came, we got our things ready and started out from pitana patü. We hunted there first with our nets and bows and then moved on down to Keough's warm springs,[36] where we hunted for three days. There were very few Indians there then. Then we went across the river to the eastern side of the valley where we spent three more days. From there we went back to pitana patü. We had covered the ground thoroughly. After we had hunted through this region around pitana patü, we moved up to Hammil valley, which at that time had very few Indians. We were led again by my brother-in-law.

When we had finished hunting rabbits, we returned to Bishop and spent the winter here. It was a hard winter with so much snow that the sagebrush was buried and you could not even see the tops of it. We ate waiya,[37] mono,[38] tupusi'[1], nahavita, and other seeds my mother had gathered. There had been no pinenuts that fall or we should have gone after them and spent the winter in the mountains. But we did have some pinenuts left still at tupi mada from the year before and made several trips to bring them down to pitana patü.

When I was a young boy I knew nothing about hunting, so I did not try it often. I guess the reason was that my father died when I was very young and neither my uncle nor other relatives took the responsibility of teaching me. I never did dream of a power. I played games with the boys sometimes but had very little success. When we played throwing arrows at a hoop, I generally lost all my arrows; for in the first place I did not know how to make good arrows and in the second place I could not throw them. But the honor of our family was upheld in these things by my cousin, Yārovü'gavü'ü, who made good arrows and always won. Whenever I played games of throwing or shooting at targets, I simply lost my arrows.

By this time my sister had died, leaving my brother-in-law a widower.

Sometime later in the summer, we went north of pitana patü to Owens river for a fishing party. The men dammed the stream to form a pool and then smashed with

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[33] A mile north of where Sunland is now located. Tupusi'[1] is probably the "ground nut," *Brodiaea capitata.*

[34] Dance place (nugatu, dance; hava, ?). This is the annual festival, featuring the circle dance for everyone, games, etc.

[35] Now called the "war dance."

[36] About seven miles south of Bishop.

[37] *Elymus condensatus,* giant rye grass.

[38] *Eragrostis secundiflora,* love grass.

rocks the tü'üη'wava[39] which they had brought, and threw it in. This stupefied the fish and we got a great many. While we were catching them, the women brought us food. After the fishing trip we returned to Bishop. The next winter, too, was a hard one. We had little firewood and, when the snow buried the sagebrush, we had to dig under it to get brush for fuel.

That fall the men built a sweat-house[40] of waidava[40a] and I spent many nights here with the other boys of my age. The men gave us a corner to sleep in. The old men and the young unmarried men stayed here. Those who had families stayed at home with them. The men did not play games here, but they talked a great deal and I heard many stories told. In the daytime they played hoop and pole a great deal on the course just outside the sweat-house. This same house was used for several years before it fell to pieces.

When spring came, the people got together for a big feast, tuwā'pā'it, and elected the irrigator, tuvaiju'u, for the coming summer. The meeting and feast was held in the big sweat-house. Both men and women came. They took a vote and elected my brother-in-law again, and told him when to start the water. He had no one to help him in the job, but he did not mind that, because it was an honor.

When the winter was over, about the time the irrigation started, the large villages split up and went out after food. My folks had been living at tsā'wā wua'a,[41] and there was another large village off to the east called pawona witu.[42] Some of the people went to their seed places in the hills to gather huki,[43] pasida,[44] and wai; others went to the river to catch fish;[45] and some went north after other seeds. We always got as many seeds as we could so as to keep ahead on food.

I was such a poor hunter that my cousins once tried to teach me. They said to me: "You don't know anything about hunting. We are going hunting and will take you along as assistant,[46] to scare up the game." I liked to go even though I had no luck. This was about midsummer. We went up Bishop creek to the other side of Lake Sabrine.

When we got there my oldest cousin told me to go up the mountain and light a brush fire at a certain point. The fire would spread and this would frighten the deer which would run down by him. I did as I was told. After a while I noticed deer tracks headed down the mountain but did not see the deer. I went down to where my cousin was hiding and found him sound asleep. He said: "I know a deer went by here a little while ago, but I was asleep. It woke me up all of a sudden but I did not do a thing." But this was a joke, for after we had gone a little way toward Sabrine lake, he said, "There is something down there." I went down to where he pointed and found a dead deer. It was the deer which I had frightened with the fire and my cousin had killed it. When my other cousin came, we skinned the deer. They gave me the neck and a few other little pieces and divided the remainder between them.

A short time after this we had a big deer drive up on the high[47] peak between the middle and south forks of Bishop creek. We had our camp near where the power house is now. The principal hunters were stationed there along the deer trails, some taking places where they could watch for the deer in the distance. The other young men and I served as wasu to drive the deer to the hunters.

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[39] *Smilacina sessilifolia,* slim solomon.

[40] The semisubterranean, earth-covered lodge. Such a sweat-house still stands at Big Pine.

[40a] A species of *Chenopodium.*

[41] "Sage brush knoll," one of the pitana patü villages.

[42] Small lake.

[43] *Stipa speciosa,* porcupine grass.

[44] *Salvia columbariae* (?).

[45] A variety called tutuwata.

[46] Wasu.

[47] 10,528 feet elevation.

I carried my bow and arrow on this trip, but do not know why; I hardly knew how to use them. I soon saw two deer and shot at them, but I was a poor shot and missed several times before I wounded one. The deer ran away and I got another Indian to help me track him. We looked for two days and could not find it, so I came down to the valley. Then my brother-in-law, who was a good hunter, went out to look for it. He found that it had been dead several days and was being eaten by the buzzards. When my uncle heard about this, he went up, wishing to have half the skin. But my brother-in-law had brought it down. My uncle went to his house when he was not there and took the better half.

I was a fair-sized boy by this time but always considered myself a child. I used to go down to the sloughs and pull out the tules to eat the roots with salt.

This fall I lived with my mother, my younger sister, and her husband. My other brother-in-law had left us when my older sister had died, and had gone to Red hill.

We used to have bad winters in those days, and every year the tops of the sagebrush were covered with snow. But we always had seeds enough from summer to last us through the winter.

The next year, I ran away with some boys a little older than I. It was fall and our people were camping at padatuni, the spring up in Marble canyon where they were gathering pinenuts. We boys decided to take a trip east, so we started out and went to a pinenut camp called tupiko. The next day we went on to another pinenut camp, hunaduduga, where we spent the night. The people gave us pinenut mush. I had a cousin there whose wife was doctored that night. The doctor worked all night; but I was young and not much interested, so I went to sleep. We went north up through the White mountains and visited several more pinenut camps. Then we crossed Fish Lake valley and headed for toyo toyo in the Silver Peak range. Our leader had no parents and wished to visit his sister who lived at toyo toyo. Night overtook us, so we made a torch of sagebrush and picked our way up the mountain. Just before we reached toyo toyo, we met a Shoshoni, a cousin of our leader. They spoke in Shoshoni, and he said: "It seems to me that I recognize this young man. He seems to be a cousin from the other side." The Shoshoni told us that they were having a "fandango" at toyo toyo, and then he went on west. We went to the "fandango" and I saw several people I knew from Big Pine. They were playing hoop and pole, and a man from that side named Kidohivi'[1] was winning. After he had beaten one man from Fish Lake valley, he challenged another, saying, "Let's you and I play a game." The old man agreed, and he too was beaten.

We were given supper soon after arriving and then I went and watched them dance. The men and women were doing the circle dance, but I did not join in; I was a poor dancer.

After we had been there two days, the dance ended and I set out alone for Bishop. The first night I camped with a man I knew from Big Pine. The second day, I reached a spring where I met another friend from Big Pine named Tuvana'[a], who wanted me to go to pitana patü with him. But he gave me the slip and went on without me. Next morning, I started out early and overtook a group of Indians headed north. Here I met Tuvana'[a], who was a great walker. The people gave me pinenuts and I went on back to Bishop with Tuvana'[a]. We crossed the White mountains and went down Silver canyon.

The first white people I remember stayed somewhere around Bishop. A big rain came and, when their cattle were mired in the mud, we killed some. We used to steal horses, too, and eat them. Once, however, when some Indians were cooking a horse,[48] they were caught by the white people and one of the men was killed. Then there was

[48] The first horses known to the Paiute were always eaten.

trouble. The white soldiers came and fought the Indians just north of Big Pine. All escaped except three who thought they were trapped in a canyon. One broke down and cried, but they all escaped.

A little later the soldiers came again to fight us when we were near Keough's springs, but we drove them back. My people then started for Round valley. After they had left, another man and I saw the cavalry coming and hurried on and told the Indians. The soldiers followed us, but our leader told us to try to kill their captain, who, he said, would be behind the soldiers giving orders. We did this and it frightened the soldiers so that they retreated. Then we went to the captain and took his clothes and belongings, but that evening the soldiers took his corpse, leaving flour and meat where the body had been. They buried him at Bishop's ranch and went back to the fort.

After this we went on to Long valley, where there was a good crop of nahavita, and stayed there several days while the women gathered it. Then one morning we saw a figure on the hillside which looked like a man. One man said, "It looks as if it were a sword." The other said, "No, it is probably a crow with shining wings which reflect the sun." The first said: "If you fellows think it is a crow you can stay here. I am going away." Then all got ready to leave, but they had to hide the feeble old women.

Sometime after this, when I was at home, an old Indian called Old Joe, who lived up Bishop creek, suggested that we go out into the mountains to visit some people who were gathering piüga.[49] Three of us started out. When we were crossing Round valley it rained. After it had cleared we came upon bear tracks headed our way. The tracks stopped, however, and turned back. We saw that the bear had probably seen us, stopped and switched back. We kept a sharp lookout for him, and when I saw him I told Old Joe. He told us to stand very still and not make a motion. The bear is much like a man. He can stand up straight and hold things in his hands. Old Joe, who was a great fighter, talked to the bear. He said, "Go away and do not disturb these people." But the bear paid no attention to him and began to come toward us. Old Joe again told us to stand very still, and then ordered the bear to stop, but he paid no attention and kept right on coming. When the bear was within fifty yards of us, Old Joe got his bow and arrow ready but pointed it toward the ground and said to the bear: "Stop. If you come on you will get something." The bear then rose up on his hind legs to his full height and held both paws in front of him. After standing that way for a minute, he suddenly turned and went away. We were glad that he had faced us when he held out his paws, for if he had turned his back to us first, he would then have wheeled and rushed upon us. After this experience, we changed our minds about making the trip and came back home.

When we got home, we met three Indians from Fort Independence bringing a message to the soldiers camped near Bishop. All the Indians were to come to the fort as soon as they could. We went to the piüga camp and told the people about it. The trouble between the Indians and the whites was over. There would be no more fighting and they would have a big feast for us at the fort. We all went down and arrived in time to hear the guns shot off to celebrate the Fourth of July.[50] We camped with other Indians and made willow wickiups, expecting to stay.

In three days, Bill Chico, an Indian who stayed with the white people, said: "We must take a bath tomorrow. Our father is going to give us clothes and we are going to change our way of living." We took a bath in the morning and in the afternoon went to the soldiers. They gave us meat and flour but no clothes. This worried the

[49] *Givira lotta,* the pine carpenter worm, a favorite tidbit.

[50] 1862.

people, who talked about it all night and were very excited. They said: "We had better get away. Something will be done to us tomorrow." But toward morning we became more quiet.

In the morning they put our women and children in wagons and had us walk behind surrounded by soldiers. We went to Lone Pine that day and we found that an Indian woman from Saline valley had been shot a short time before. We thought surely that they would kill our women and then us, for we had no weapons. That night we were very much afraid and some of our people escaped.

We were taken on to Olancha, still thinking they were going to kill us. More of our people escaped. We went on by Little lake and across the mountains and camped on the Kern river. Here thirty Shoshoni from Saline valley forded the river and escaped.

We traveled down the Kern river, camping at wap and then wiutapi springs. On the way, we met a white man at his ranch who wanted to adopt an Indian orphan. We gave him a child of six or seven years.

Finally we came to Fort Tejon. They gave us a big pile of flour, rice, and ham and then wheat from a large granary. But all this was soon used up. After this, we heard of a pinenut mountain and spent a couple of weeks gathering pinenuts. When we came back we feared more treachery. We were excited and many more of our people, including my mother, escaped.

I stayed there all winter and in the spring left with four other men. We crossed Walker pass, getting some pinenuts on the way. We were eating these at a place called mogohupowamutü, behind the Alabama hills, when four white men, all armed, came up to us. I said: "They will kill us. We had better escape." We ran. By this time I was a good runner and outdistanced my four companions, but we all escaped. We came on up the valley and lived on a store of pinenuts near Bishop. When I heard that my mother was at tupi mada gathering pinenuts and had cried for me, I went up there with one of my friends.

When I got back to Bishop, I found that the people were talking about getting salt to trade across the Sierra Nevada the next year. We went down to the salt place[51] and I succeeded in making two cakes.

In the spring, about June, a number of men made a trading trip. I went along with them, taking my balls of salt. I had put the salt up in balls rather than cakes because the people across the mountains like them better that way. Six of us, all men, started out late one afternoon and went the first night to tönō'vü. We always camp here the first night because there is a metate on which to grind seeds. We made short trips each day on account of our loads.[52]

When we reached the other side, the Indians took us in and gave us food. While we were eating with one family, someone else would come in and say, "When you get through, come to my place," so we would go over and eat another meal. We could talk with these people[53] in our own language, although they were a little difficult to understand.

The next morning we began to trade. The people were always anxious to get salt and we were always ready to trade it. But they did not like the flat cakes. A man picked one up and put it aside, saying, "This is no good, it will be used up too fast." Then he looked at my balls and said: "This is the kind! This has a heart and will last." He put a red woolen blanket on a rock and said, "Whoever owns this salt come

[51] A kind of brush grows on land where salt may be had.

[52] This route is shown on maps 1 and 2 in my Ethnography of the Owens Valley Paiute, UC–PAAE 33:233–350, 1933.

[53] Western Mono.

and get it." But my second ball of salt was too large and I could not sell it. Finally I gave it to an Indian doctor I had known. In return he gave me a long string of beads[54] which he had worn around his neck, a spotted shirt, a pair of overalls, and a rather poor buckskin. This was far more than I had expected to receive. The other men with me sold their salt for cloth, dresses, blankets, etc.

When our party started home, they left in a great hurry and traveled so fast that I could not keep up with them. All were older than I except one man who traveled with me. The others went as far as wa'akanovi'[1] the first night, but we only reached saiva. A couple of days later we reached the canyon below North lake on Bishop creek and found a porcupine in a tree, which my companion killed by clubbing it on the nose. That night we cleaned its insides, burned off the hair and quills, and then covered it with coals and dirt for the night. The next morning the porcupine was cooked and we had a fine breakfast. We also had some acorn flour which we made into a mush by boiling with hot rocks in a basket given us on the other side. That night we reached the home of my companion who lived on the other side of Red hill.

A few years after this, I was married. My mother made her home with us. She lived for a long time and finally died of old age.

Like Jack Stewart, Sam has spent his old age at the home of a daughter. He has occupied himself during his last forty or fifty years with nothing more exciting than merely keeping alive.

[54] Nauwaku. Formerly, shell; used for ornaments and money.