

ETHNOGRAPHIC NOTES ON THE WASHO

BY

ROBERT H. LOWIE

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I. INTRODUCTION

A SKETCH by Barrett, mainly relating to museum specimens, Kroeber's list of kinship terms, Hudson's notes on games in Culin's monograph, and a few mythological texts by Dangberg constitute our technical sources on the Washo.¹ Several weeks at Minden, Nevada (informant, Dave Cheney), and at Coleville, California (principal informants, Jack Pitts and Bill Cornbread), in 1926 supplied the data here offered.

The Washo (waco, wəco), classed either as an isolated stock or as an aberrant Hokan group, ranged about Lake Tahoe (t'i'yeli ta'au), residing in westernmost Nevada and easternmost California. Carson City, Reno, Minden, and Gardnerville, Nevada, fall within ancient Washo territory, as do Truckee, Tallac, and Woodfords, California. According to Barrett, even a small region west of the Sierra, on the headwaters of the Mokelumne, Calaveras, and Stanislaus rivers, falls within the Washo area. Kroeber sets their total number in 1770 at possibly 1500, one-third of the total being in California, where more recent figures indicate approximately 300. But separatism was extreme: Jack Pitts had been to Lake Tahoe a single time, political units hardly embraced more than six or seven families, and only festivals united larger gatherings.

Bill distinguished the Washo about Woodfords and of Antelope Valley as ha'ʔale'lt'i, those near Minden and Gardnerville being p'a'walu, and the Reno Washo wə'lmelt'i. Though distinct, these groups had never waged war with one another. Bill associated the Washo with Mountain House and Bagley Valley but did not consider Antelope Valley ancient Washo territory, rather assigning it to the "Paiute," that is, Paviotso. When about 30, he himself came there, and at that time there were not many Washo in that locality.

Three alien tribes figure prominently: the "Paiute," that is, Paviotso (pa'le.u), whom the Carson Valley Washo sometimes visited near the Walker River; the "Digger," that is, Maidu (teobi'muc), about Placerville and Colfax; and "another kind of Digger" (tannu'), distinct in speech from the Maidu,—presumably Miwok. The two former were definitely noted as periodically hostile, the Washo trying to exclude both from Lake Tahoe. The Maidu often took game away from the Washo, even killing them, and thus precipitated fighting.

¹S. A. Barrett, *The Washo*, PMM-B 2:1-52, 1917. Grace Dangberg, *Washo Texts*, UC-PAAE 22:391-443, 1927. A. L. Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California*, BAE-B 78:569-573, 944, 1925. S. Culin, *Games of the North American Indians*, BAE-R 24:199, 265, 322 f., 335, 396, 523, 664, 704, 1907.

According to Dave, the first whites from the East reached the site of Wadsworth in the fall of the year on their way to California, driving mule, ox, or horse teams. There were many of them, and they did not halt. Women were in the emigrant wagon. One ox got away and was tended by the Indians, who rode and packed him, finally killing him for the meat, which they divided among the band.

II. SOCIAL LIFE

GOVERNMENT—PROPERTY

Settlements were minute: Jack recalled none with as many as ten huts; usually there were from two to four. As a child he lived with his parents and maternal grandparents; the neighbors, about thirty feet away, were not kin.

Though Bill spoke of Captain Jim as chief (*te.upe'yu*) of all the Washo, this was probably a recent development. Bill could not say whether Jim had inherited the office from his father. When the "captain" went to Washington, D.C., he took with him as assistant Dick Bender, who had been to the Indian School in Carson and spoke fair English. It is not clear that Jim and Dick were related, but both were *p'ala'a'ci* (see below).

The chief had nothing to do with fighting enemies or adjusting quarrels within the tribe; his sole function was to arrange dances and other gatherings, where he would exhort the Washo to be good (Dave, Bill). Jack's notion of a typical speech follows:²

Behave well, do not fight, play! If you lose, do not get angry. Play ball; some win, others lose. Play the basket game. Shoot rabbits, eat them. Make soup and eat it. After a while, shoot deer. Shoot grouse, sage hen, mountain quail, ground hogs, ground squirrels, meadow squirrels, small squirrels, mice. Go and hunt antelope and mountain sheep. Spear fish!

Daisy Bender and Big Susie gave this version of one of Captain Jim's speeches:³

Dance! Interlocking your fingers, dance! Husbands, interlock fingers, now with interlocking fingers dance! Dance! Then dance with your wives. Behave properly! Don't fight. Dance with your wives, make your wives sleep well.

Special headmen led in hunting jack rabbits, deer, and antelope, respectively. The antelope headman dreamed the right to office; the two others were purely secular leaders, the rabbit chief, according to Dave, being chosen by the people.

Property rights were maintained for clumps of pine-nut trees, patches being marked off by lines of rocks. Bill's patch was west of Double Spring, he and his brother, Charlie Buell, having inherited from their father. Bill's mother claimed clumps west of Mountain House, some falling to my informant's share. Sally, his sister, might properly have claimed part, but did not do so. Brothers never quarreled over pine-nut privileges; and if they had plenty, they would allow a married sister to pick from their tract. On the other hand, trespass by a stranger was resented, the owner rebuking him with such words as, "Don't pick pine nuts here! They are not yours, but mine." This might even lead to fighting. Mrs. Hardy, the postmistress of Coleville (in 1926), told me that the Indians meticulously respected one another's claims. Dave's father and paternal uncle owned four patches, of which Dave inherited one. A thief's pole was sometimes broken up by the rightful owner of a patch.

² Recorded in Washo.

³ Recorded in Washo.

PATRILINEAL GROUPS

In football (palo'yapi) and other athletic games, two groups faced each other, the p'ala'a'ci and the t'aŋlele'lt'aiyadi. The former, who were called by Jack p'e'uldelt'ai'yadi, put white paint all over their bodies and two straight white lines under each eye; the latter painted themselves red all over. Descent was paternal: Daisy Bender and Big Susie, like their father, belonged to the t'aŋlele'lt'ai'yadi; Big Susie's mother and maternal grandfather were p'ala'a'ci. Bill, his brothers, and his children were all p'ala'a'ci, as were Dave's brothers. However, according to all informants, these groups were *not* exogamous: Dave's mother thus belonged to the same division as himself and would align herself with her fellow members in a women's game. Contradicting Bill, however, Dave says this division did not hold rigorously for the hand game, where a man might leave the losing side to join the lucky opponents.

At major gatherings—usually in the spring or summer—the Washo camped in an unclosed circle or a U-curve, dances and ball games being held within this space. Then there was a *threefold* subdivision, the groups mentioned flanking a smaller central group, the t'atsilgact'ai'yadi. Jack guessed that at one meeting there might be 15 t'aŋlele'lt'ai'yadi lodges and 15 or 16 p'e'uldelt'ai'yadi, with 6 or 7 t'atsilgact'ai'yadi between them. Informants tried to clarify the matter by identifying the larger divisions with Republicans and Democrats, respectively. Henry Moses Rupert, who had worked in a printer's shop, even considered the third group equivalent to pacifists or neutrals! Henry Ridley, interviewed at Glenbrook, Nevada, said the t'atsilgact'ai'yadi might ally themselves with either of the major divisions, but according to Jack they always sided with the p'ala'a'ci.

Bill derived one name from p'al, "cedar," another from t'aŋlele, "the other side of the mountains," namely, California; in the third appellation he construed "ts'ilga's" as corner, but left the rest unexplained. The second name indicates a local group, but the divisions were said to be common to Carson and Antelope Valley Indians.

Virtually all informants conceived the grouping as fundamentally dual. Presumably the Washo borrowed paternal descent, distinctive painting, and association with festivities and games from the Miwok moiety system without taking over exogamy.

THE LIFE CYCLE

CHILDBIRTH

A woman—not a "doctor"—acted as obstetrician (Jack). An old woman, say the infant's maternal grandmother, cut the navel cord, which was kept until the child was big,⁴ when it was thrown away. The mother ate nothing for three or four days; then the midwife washed her and the baby all over in hot water. The mother must not eat meat for a month. After that, her husband went

⁴ Here Jack was obscure. I am not sure whether he did not mean until the mother's recovery.

hunting, killed a deer, squirrel, or what not, and, delivering the following speech (Bill), gave his wife to eat :

This time we are going to eat. This woman for a long time has not eaten meat. I am going to feed her. You, Washo, here you will cook it. Anything I find I'll feed the woman. All of you, you will cook. Cook, you will bring it here, then we'll all eat.

The husband shared his wife's fast only for the first two or three days after the birth, being subsequently free to eat anything. The mother did not drink any cold water after the delivery lest "it should kill her quickly."

According to Dave, no man was allowed near the woman in confinement. The navel cord was cut with a wooden knife as sharp as a razor. After the delivery the mother drank a sugar-pine potion "to make the blood come out." The father had to stay away; after the child's birth he bathed in a creek lest the baby die. He also gave some man a buckskin, which helped keep disease away from the infant. The mother stayed at home for about ten days; her month's meat fast was "in order not to raise up the blood again." A woman who had given birth to four children no longer observed this taboo (Jack).

People liked twins and sometimes laughed at one of them, saying, "That man does more work than others" (because he is double).

Barrett⁵ reports that cradles were decorated differently in accordance with the infant's sex. This agrees with Paviotso data, but was not confirmed by Bill for the Washo.

After four or five months, an infant was put into a bigger and stronger cradle (Dave).

NAMES

Children were not named until old enough to talk. A child's funny saying led to a corresponding name, retained in later life. Jack was thus called A'abi, which has no meaning. Boys and girls bore the same kind of name. This custom of name giving has been abandoned altogether.

EDUCATION

The Washo did not strike naughty children, but merely talked to them. A father would make a little bow and arrows for his son and teach him to shoot squirrels. Stories were told only at night, when a boy might ask an old man to tell him a story, the elder answering, "Lie down, I'll talk to you." At last the child would fall asleep.

ADOPTION

A barren woman sometimes adopted her cousin's child and kept it for good. If a woman died in childbirth, her mother took care of the infant. A man who took a fancy to a little boy sometimes desired to have him for a son and married the mother.

PUBERTY

The most important dance was the girls' puberty ceremony, t'ewé'we. It was the only one witnessed by Bill. He said it was still common in Carson Valley, but had been discontinued in Antelope Valley for lack of girls. T'ewé'we and

⁵ *Op. cit.*, 21.

galo'c he treated as synonymous terms, but the latter is almost certainly distinct in origin, though fused in recent practice. According to Jack, the t'ew'e we is truly Washo, the galo'c originally Paviotso.

A girl menstruating for the first time always informs her mother. She is laid on the warm ashes put into a pit, but is allowed to sleep inside the hut. She fasts for four days, but drinks an infusion of sugar-pine leaves. Men must not touch her clothes or approach her before the puberty dance, lest deer and antelope run away. The fast makes her live longer and keeps her from getting hungry in later life; if she ate, she would die young and would neither grow properly nor get along well.

After the four-day period, the father goes around summoning people, who gather for the dance. Weak from fasting, the girl supports herself with a stick (ba'du tso'hu, from tso'hu, stick; ba'du, a species of bush) about seven feet high, which is planted into the ground. Its wood is light, and the adolescent's mother has painted it red all over. This pole will aid the girl in later life. After the ceremony, her father takes it far up into the hills, where he plants it in a hole in a rock;⁶ and when she is somewhat older, her legs will not weaken in climbing a mountain. Henceforth the stick is not touched. Men and women both dance, always at night, and on the fourth night until morning.⁷ An attendant dances with the adolescent to support her because of her weakness. A giving away of presents (hiyemai'yeki) takes place in the girl's honor; various relatives, dancing in the center of the space, give away money, people being free to come for five or ten cents from the hands of the mother or other kinsfolk.

Fires are kept up outside the ring of dancers, who form a closed circle, singing at the same time. The song leader was compared to a fiddler at a white people's dance. The words of the song are meaningless: "he'wine, ho'wi'ne; he'wi'ne, ho'wi'na; he'wine, ho'wi'na." In starting to dance, all sing this song, the leader also dancing. After a while another man leads the singing. There are different songs, but no instrumental music. Only young men and women performed, the older people merely looking on from the outside. Sometimes women stood next to each other in the ring. There is no dance chief and no feast. The movement consists of a short step clockwise (to the left), the left foot being slightly raised and stressing the step, with the right foot dragged after. The dancers interlocked fingers. If a young man asks the adolescent to dance the t'ew'e we with him and she consents, they get married.

According to Dave, subsequent menses were not observed at all. Jack declared that a girl again dances for four nights after her second menses; but the third time, the meat taboo, which all informants agree holds for one month after the first menses, is no longer obligatory.

After the dance, the girl goes out to swim early in the morning (Jack), or

⁶ According to Bill, not the father but a boy hired for the purpose carried the stick up and left it leaning against a tree. It was to make the girl strong.

⁷ Bill recollected dances that had lasted only one or two nights, but agreed that a four-nights ceremony was normal.

is washed all over (Bill). According to Bill, the presents given away in her honor include nice clothing, handkerchiefs, and the like.

The following account by Lillian Eichler⁸ tallies with the reports of my informants:

The dance or ceremony is called "the girl's dance," and the girl who is the central figure eats nothing for a period of four days. On the fourth night, the dance is held, beginning at eight o'clock in the evening and continuing until the sunrise of the following morning. The Indians join hands in a circle and move by short dance steps sideways around the ring, humming a sort of chant without words or meaning. The girl, accompanied by some older woman, evidently a chaperon, carries a long staff to support her because of her weakness through loss of food during her fast, weaves in and out of the dance, and joins in the steps.

As the dance proceeds late into the night, the family of the girl give money and other possessions to the dancers to keep them moving and to induce others to join in the dance, the greatest number of dancers signifying the popularity of the family. Shortly after midnight, a big feast is given by the girl's relatives, all present participating.

The ceremony closes at sunrise, when the girl is taken inside of her tepee and attired in bunches of sagebrush, in which money is concealed. She appears later before the assembled dancers outside and throws the money to them amid a wild scramble. A can of water is then dashed over her head, concluding the ceremony, after which she is ready to receive a proposal of marriage.

My own observations follow:

Having heard that there was to be a dance near the schoolhouse in Gardnerville on May 31, 1926, I went there about 9 P.M. The performance took place outside one of the Indian shacks, in front of which a very small fire was kept up, the only other source of illumination being a lantern hung from this hut. At first, relatively few men were seen, women being far more conspicuous—some huddled on the ground in front of the dwellings or alongside of them, others standing in front of the main hut.

After a while, four or five women began to sing on one side of the fire. Facing the singers were two adolescent girls, both holding sticks, one of which was about seven feet in height. The girls would jump two steps to the left, resume their first position, then again jump to the left. It suddenly flashed upon me that this must be the t'ewé'we, which was corroborated by an English-speaking Indian. The girl holding the big pole, he said, had just fasted for four days; in Indian belief this stick was somehow bound up with her good luck; and two other girls ought to dance beside her, one on each side to support her, because she was weak from the fast.

A little later, the performers shifted their ground to a darker site, where they formed a small ring. At first there were only women and girls, some of the latter being very small. The dancers sang what my informant declared to be nonsense syllables. In the beginning, all slowly walked clockwise, facing the center of the circle. Then they began to leap in the same direction, the feet being generally parallel, quite close together, and not raised more than a few inches from the ground.

For a fairly long time the men did not join, though more and more of them

⁸ *The Customs of Mankind*, 172 f.

appeared at the site. Then several small boys were taken into the ring, some of the girls having several times called out in English, "Join in!" I was struck with the amount of English spoken by Indians in conversing with one another, not only by those of school age, but even by young men of possibly twenty-five to thirty years.

Suddenly, several men entered the ring, which henceforth was apparently enlarged after every intermission. The men were all together in one half of the circle. In the darkness I could not make out precisely how the dancers were holding one another. It seemed that between the first man and the last woman in the ring a slight gap was left so that they never held each other. During these dances the girl with the pole held it aloft—not as in the first dance witnessed—so that it rose something like ten feet above the ground. The step remained uniform—a slow clockwise walk breaking into a lively movement as the dancers warmed up. The women continued to leap; the men rarely jumped, at least did not do it so regularly, rather substituting two quick leftward steps.

At one stage of the performance, a woman appeared within the circle, holding up both hands and approaching the ring of dancers, some of whom seemed to snatch what she was holding in her hands. At one time I also noticed the girl with the pole dancing inside the circle with her companion.

All the dancers were dressed in trade clothes. There was no musical instrument. The dance was to last all through the night, with an intermission for a feast. Not perceiving any new features, I left before midnight.

MARRIAGE

About a year or two after her puberty dance a girl would get married. One account makes the suitor ask her father's permission with an offer of buckskin, shell beads, and other gifts. If the parents liked him, they called him to marry their daughter. According to Bill, the families of the prospective bridegroom and bride exchanged gifts, the boy's father bringing dried venison to the household of the bride, whose mother gave mush in return. The giving of presents to the bride's parents is called *kumyu'ga*, the return gift *umlagu'wa'a*. This exchange continued for several months. Sometimes a youth and a girl met at a dance and came to live together without parental arrangements. The informant, at first noncommittal about his preference, added: "Catching himself is the wrong way, it looks to me. The parents' giving grub to each other is a pretty good way."

Normally, the young couple settled with the bride's family, the bridegroom killing game for his parents-in-law, who wanted to keep their daughter and therefore had the husband stay with them, too. This arrangement lasted during the old people's lifetime. When they died, their house was burnt and the young couple moved. Bill described residence as *matrilocal* or *patrilocal*, but some of his own statements indicate a preference for the former. Jack's reminiscences support this view. When small, he lived with his parents, his maternal grandparents, and some of his mother's brothers. Oddly enough, he said

(in answer to a leading question) that he liked his father's brother better than his mother's. According to Dave, too, the paternal uncle was more helpful than the mother's brother and would give money to his brother's son. When Jack married, he went to Markleeville, settling with his wife's parents, for whom he would hunt deer. When he was successful, they would say, "You have done well, we'll eat well." Sometimes Jack would return to visit his own parents.

If a woman did not like her husband, she would bid him be gone. In the reverse situation, he simply took his belongings and moved. Either was free to marry again. Young children stayed with their mother. Later the father might help his offspring.

Bill said a wife used to obey her husband. "Now I don't know what's the matter, most of the girls leave their husbands and run around." His own marital ventures were somewhat irregular. He was living in Alpine County, but came here across a river where the Indians were having a big dance. A woman followed him and caught up. Bill did not care and went to his father's camp. She came in, and he lived with her permanently. She had no parents living. About fifteen years ago (in 1926), he lost her and remarried. This time he was the wooer, saying, "I want to sleep with you." She agreed, and he did not have to pay her anything. Then, last fall, an old woman came and wanted to marry him. She was staying around Gardnerville and came directly to him.

The kinship terminology classes all cousins as siblings, and marriages of cousins were not considered proper. Thus, if Sally (p. 313) had a daughter, it would not be right for McCarty to marry her. Similarly, he would not regard the daughter of his mother's brother as a proper spouse, for she, too, is a sister. "Indian people don't do that. They say they would spoil themselves." If a person marries a kinswoman, they say, "Shame on you! You are spoiling yourself." The women would talk about an offender, saying, "kum k'ica'cacia" (On him shame!). But there was no objection to marrying within one's patrilineal group if there was no relationship.

Neither Dave nor Jack had ever heard of a man who married a wife's daughter by a previous marriage.

The sororate was practiced, at least to some degree. Sometimes the parents-in-law liked their daughter's husband and gave him a second daughter. Dave knew of only one occurrence of sororal polygyny, but if a woman died the widower would take her sister to wife; wives from different families would quarrel. The Washo attitude is illustrated by an incident told me by Miss G. M. Dangberg. Her father, a resident of Minden, once jestingly asked a supposedly bigamous Indian's friend, "Why haven't *you* got two wives like So-and-so?" The answer was, "*My* wife has not got a sister." Bill, however, knew of a man near Markleeville who had three wives from different families. Dave had never heard of any man who had more than two wives; laughingly he added, "That's all he wants, anyway."

A widow would wait six months, a year, or even two years before remarrying, and then sometimes married her husband's brother. When Jack's son died, the widow married Jack's brother's son.

Though correct, sororate and levirate were not compulsory ; Bill explicitly said that the bereaved person might marry anyone else.

There was no mother-in-law taboo. An old woman would say to her daughter's husband, "Go, get some water, and we'll cook and eat." Then they would get some wood, and the young man would obey, speaking "good" to his mother-in-law. When he killed game, he brought it home. Then the old woman asked her daughter to cook for her husband, and would be satisfied. A woman might advise her son-in-law, telling him that she was treating him like an own son, would bid him ask her own son whether he wanted to join in looking for game, and so on. According to Dave, fathers-in-law did not lecture their daughters' husbands in this fashion, nor, for that matter, did all mothers-in-law.

Brothers-in-law were friendly.

DEATH

According to Barrett,⁹ cremation was formerly customary, whereas nowadays there is burial. Jack did not confirm the first part of this statement, declaring that the Digger Indians burnt corpses whereas the Washo always put them into the ground, interment being by relatives of the deceased. Everyone cried, but there was no hair cutting. If the dead man had fine clothes, they were buried with him. Nowadays, when an Indian dies, his kin buy a coffin ; also a good shirt, clothes, and shoes, and put them on the corpse. The family do not wish to stay in the house, but put up a hut on a new site and move there.

Dave, however, gave so circumstantial a statement about cremation that its occurrence, at least among some of the Washo, can hardly be doubted. When an Indian died, he said, an old doctor spoke to the survivors as follows : "Do not bury him, or a wolf or coyote coming along will smell the dead person and eat him. You must not bury him in the ground ; burn him up, and pick up what is left of the bones to put them into some creek." All used to dance around the fire and cry. They would put up sagebrush two to three feet high and place the corpse on top. The clothes of the deceased were hidden lest anyone wearing them should fall sick. An old doctor dreamed that people should not wear the dead person's clothing. The Digger Indians when mourning mix ashes and grease to put on the face, which they do not wash for about five months. The Washo did not put anything on the face, but cried continually for three months and did not wash the face for a year. Old men and women cut the hair as close as possible, but the young people did not care. The house where the death occurred was not burnt, but abandoned. Sometimes the best-looking property—basketry—was burned with the corpse. The deceased man's bow was broken up and put up in the hills so that no one could use it thereafter.

According to Bill, the Washo sometimes buried and sometimes—but not very often—burned the corpse, putting it on a pile of brush. In the latter event the bones were subsequently interred.

⁹ Barrett, *op. cit.*, 9.

TERMS OF RELATIONSHIP

To facilitate comparison, my list is presented in the order of Kroeber's;¹⁰ but since the terms were always used with pronominal prefixes, these possessives are retained.

Parent and Child Class

tikoi'	my father
tila'	my mother
tiŋa'm	my son
tiŋa'mu	my daughter

Sibling Class

ti.a''t'u	my elder brother <i>or e. male cousin</i>
tii''sa	my elder sister <i>or e. female cousin</i>
tipe''yu	my younger brother <i>or y. male cousin</i>
tiwi'tsuk	my younger sister <i>or y. female cousin</i>

Grandparent and Grandchild Class

tipa'pa	my father's father
lapa''pa	my son's child (m. sp.)
ti.e'lel	my mother's father
le.e'leli	my daughter's child (m. sp.)
ti.'ama	my father's mother
la'a''ama	my son's child (w. sp.)
(also re- corded la.a''ama)	
tiku''u	my mother's mother
lebu'k'u.i	my sister's daughter's child (Jack did not remember any reciprocal term)
leku''i	my daughter's child (w. sp.)
tisa'ma	my father's father's sister
lasa''ama	my brother's son's child (w. sp.)
lasa'tsagi	my brother's son's son (m. sp.)
tisa'tsak	my father's father's brother

Uncle and Nephew Class

ti.e'.uci	my father's brother; mother's sister's husband
tima''aca	my brother's child (m. sp.)
tita''a	my mother's brother
tima'gu	my sister's child; ¹¹ my sister's husband's child (m. sp.) my husband's sibling's child; my stepson (w. sp.)
tiya'	my father's sister
tice'muk	my brother's child (w. sp.)
tica'ca	my mother's sister; father's brother's wife; my stepmother

¹⁰ California Kinship Systems, UC-PAAE 12:362, 1917.

¹¹ For a speaker of either sex, according to my information; Kroeber was not sure of the stem for a woman's sister's child and thought it might be ce'muk. However, he found that a woman called her sister's husband her "sister's child's father," magudakoi, which phrase supports my definition of magu.

Parent- and Child-in-law Class

la'yuk	parent-in-law
tipu'a'ŋali	my son-in-law
le'yec	my daughter-in-law

Sibling-in-law Class

ti.ula'rut	my wife's brother, husband's sister ¹²
time.e'uci	my husband's brother ¹³
tida'mau	my sister's husband, if childless (see p. 313)
timaca'ca	my brother's wife (m. sp.)
tiya'ŋil	my brother's wife (w. sp.) ¹⁴

Spouse Class

tipume'li	my husband
timlai'ya	my wife

Kroeber's and my data agree closely, perhaps the only noteworthy differences occurring in the sibling-in-law class; for differences in possessive prefixes for the two paired reciprocals with common stem (e.g., tipa'pa, my father's father; lapa'pa, my son's child, m. sp.) are probably only of linguistic interest.

Kroeber has pointed out the striking similarity of the Washo and the Paviotso terminologies, neither "classificatory" in the traditional sense. Distinguishing father's brother from father *and* mother's brother, mother's sister from father's sister *and* mother, they represent the type I have designated as Bifurcate Collateral.¹⁵ But in classing *all* cousins as siblings they exhibit one feature of a Generation system. Gifford's maps for grandparent and cousin terms¹⁶ show our two tribes to be in both respects part of a very definite block. The same applies to the lack of Bifurcate Merging features. In other words, Washo and Paviotso terminologies are typical of a large Far Western area that is both positively and negatively different from the region east of the Rocky Mountains.

Kroeber obtained no vocative terms for either spouse. This is intelligible from Bill's statement that husband and wife do not ordinarily address each other by the spouse term. Sometimes, but rarely, a wife may call her husband by the distinctive term, for example, tipume'li, kɛ'yuk, "Husband, come here"; and in a text giving a husband's imaginary speech to his wife he is made to address her as timlai'ya. They do not address each other by name.

Some of the applications of the terms were worked out with the aid of brief genealogies.

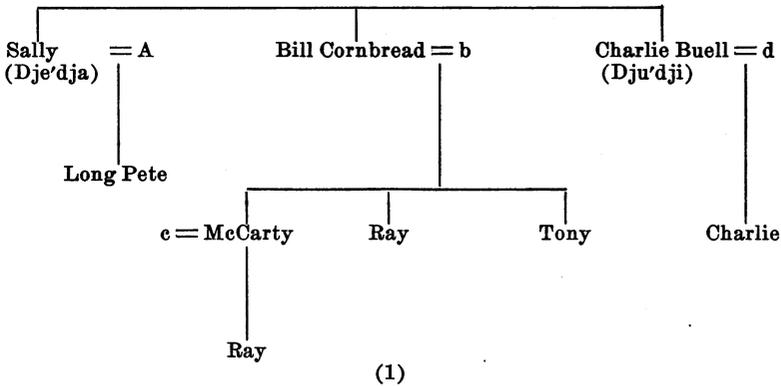
¹² Kroeber translates "man's sister's husband, wife's brother."

¹³ Kroeber gives a descriptive term for "my child's father's brother."

¹⁴ Also "husband's sister," according to Kroeber. According to Jack, there was no term for a woman's brother's wife.

¹⁵ R. H. Lowie, A Note on Relationship Terminologies, AA 30:263-267, 1928.

¹⁶ E. W. Gifford, Californian Kinship Terminologies, UC-PAAE 18:130, 163, 1922.



Sally and Bill call Charlie Buell *tipe'yu*, and this is the term Sally applies to both her brothers. Charlie calls Bill *ti.a''tu*; Bill calls Sally *ti.i'sa*.

McCarty calls Sally *tiya'*; she calls him *tice'muk* and would call a hypothetical sister of his by the same word. McCarty does not consider Sally's husband—his father's sister's husband—a relative at all. The two men would merely address each other as *tikmi'lu*, my friend.

Sally calls Ray, McCarty's child, *lasa''ama* and is reciprocally called *tisa'ma*. Bill calls Ray *lapa'pa* and is in turn addressed as *tipa'pa*.

McCarty calls Charlie Buell *ti.e'uci*; if McCarty had a sister, she would apply the same uncle term. Charlie Buell would call his nephew and niece *tima'aca*.

McCarty calls Charlie's wife—his father's brother's wife—*tica'ca*. She calls McCarty and Long Pete *tima'gu*; Bill's wife applies the same term to her sister's child; Bill applies it to Long Pete, Charlie Buell's wife to Long Pete.

Long Pete calls Bill *tita'a*. Bill's wife's brother calls McCarty *tima'gu*, McCarty calls his mother's brother *tita'a*.

Bill calls Charlie Buell's wife *timaca'ca*. She calls Bill *time.e'uci*.

Sally's husband calls Bill *ti.ul'arut*; Bill's wife calls Bill's sister by the same term. Bill's sister calls Bill's wife *tiya'ni*.

Bill's wife's sister's child calls Bill's wife *tica'ca*, which term thus evidently designates mother's sister as well as paternal uncle's wife. Further, McCarty calls his present step-mother *tica'ca* and is called *tima'gu* by her.

Bill calls Sally's husband—that is, his sister's husband—*tida'mau* before the birth of a child, thereafter *teknonymically* *tima'gu takoi'*, my nephew's father. Similarly, a woman speaks of her sister's husband after the birth of a child.

Bill speaks of and to his wife's sister descriptively, for example, *timlai'ya tawi'tsuk*, my wife her younger sister. She calls him *tida'mau* before he has a child and subsequently *tima'gu takoi'*, my nephew's father.

Long Pete calls McCarty *tipe'yu*, and is in turn addressed as *ti.a''t'u*. If Sally had a daughter, McCarty would call this cousin *tiwi'tsuk* or *ti.i'sa*, and be addressed as *tipe'yu* or *ti.a''t'u* in turn. Similarly, sibling terms are used by Charlie Buell's children with reference to Bill's children, and vice versa; and between Sally's and Bill's children reciprocally.

Bill calls McCarty *ti'na'm* and would call a daughter *ti'na'mu*. McCarty calls Bill *tikoi'* and his own mother *tita'*.

Bill calls either of his parents-in-law *la'yuk*, and is called *tipu' a'ni* by either.

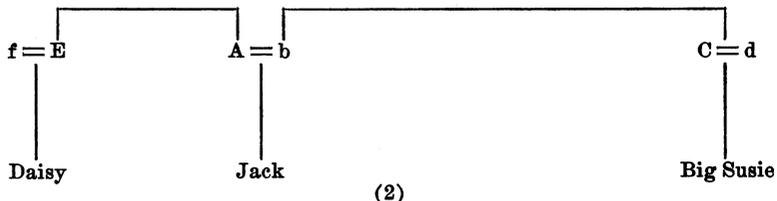
There was no term used by Bill's parents for his wife's parents, or vice versa, though Gifford notes fifty-one out of fifty-four Californian tribes as having a specific term for child's spouse's parent.¹⁷

¹⁷ Gifford, *op. cit.*, 192.

Bill calls McCarty's wife le'yec; she calls Bill and his wife la'yuk, which is what Bill's wife called Bill's mother.

Ray calls his mother's father ti.e'lel, and is called le.e'leli in turn. He calls his father's mother ti'a'ma and is called la'a'ama in turn. Bill pointed out that this was "the same word, you know."

Ray calls his maternal grandmother tiku'u, and she calls "back to him" leku'i.



Jack calls C tita'a, Big Susie and Daisy tiwi'tsuk, and E ti.e'uci. Jack would call the children of either maternal or paternal aunts by sibling terms.

Jack confirmed Bill's statement that the father's sister's husband was not a relative, and said the reciprocal term was also lacking. It was possible to say descriptively tiya' pume'li, my paternal aunt's husband. Similarly, the mother's brother's wife was no relative but might be called tita'a tamlai'ya, my maternal uncle's wife. The wife's brother's wife and wife's brother's child remained undesignated.

Jack said the wife's sister was descriptively designated as tilmal'ya tawi'tsuk. There was no term for a man's stepson, nor a reciprocal.

Jack gave the descriptive expression tipe'yu tana'mu, my younger brother's daughter.

DANCES

The t'ew'e has already been described (p. 306), and the tendency to confuse it and the gal'e was noted. Bill mentioned a "war dance" he had seen as a little boy in Alpine County. There were from forty to fifty performers, many of them holding arrows. One old man sang, the others taking up the tune. There was no drum. Only men took part.

Dave referred to a me'luwe'uc dance (old men lively? dance) called "love dance" by the whites. It was not practiced by the Paviotso. The Washo had learned it from the Pit River Indians, but the only group sharing it were the Digger Indians northward toward Redding. One man in it performed something like a war dance. Wearing a headband with a short and a long eagletail feather standing up in the back, he moved about rapidly so as to make the feathers wiggle. Holding a foxskin in his hand, he would bend down to put it between his legs, then waved it around his head with his left hand and uttered a purring noise. Then he would stop and thus address his fellow dancers: "This is the way we all do, that I am showing you. Old persons this way, young people, I am showing you, that's the way I do. That's the way the Indians did before the whites. You, young people, think that's the way. Boys and girls, I'll show you well, do this way."

At major gatherings, dances were held within the horseshoe-shaped area formed by the camping patrilineal subdivisions of the tribe (p. 304). The chief's speech on such occasions has been cited (p. 303). Admonitory addresses were popular, and probably not restricted to the chief; at all events, several

versions were recorded in Washo, all urging the people to amuse themselves and refrain from fighting and troublesome conduct.

A dance borrowed from the Paviotso was described as follows. Early in the spring a Paviotso chief calls his Indians to dance. "Dance for everything to come up pretty well in growth. Frost and storm, stop and do not kill the blossoms. Whenever pine nuts grow, let them be big burrs with plenty of nuts. May no worms get in." He took off one burr, put a little medicine on it, painted the burr, and made a hole for storing the nuts, so they would not be dry and so there would be plenty. The Washo heard about this from the Paviotso and did likewise.

Some Washo, of his own accord, would arrange a festive gathering at any season of the year, two or three men conferring about getting the food together. One man would sing, and others circled about, taking up his song. Sometimes women stepped between two men. Hand holding was called *gabalo'epa*. Sometimes they danced for five or six consecutive nights. The gathering was also an occasion for foot races, football, and hand games.

GAMES

The athletic games included football (*palo'yapi teli'liwa palo'yap*), the hoop-and-pole game, archery, and the women's shinny (*tsigai'yaga*). In pure gambling there were the hand game (*hinai'yaya, hinaiya'ukia*), another hiding game (*tso'tsoyi*), and a women's dice game.

Football players, youths of 17 or 18 able to run fast, stripped to their gee strings. Dave agrees with Hudson¹⁸ that each side was composed of 3 men and that goals consisted of 2 sticks. Hudson describes these as 10 feet high and about 4 feet apart, the field being about 300 feet long; Dave spoke of uprights about 15 feet high and not connected by a crossbar. One player—according to Hudson, the captain in the center of the field—threw the ball up, and then it was kicked toward the base. The ball (*ko'mol*) was 6 inches in diameter and filled with the inner bark of sagebrush (Hudson). Men of complementary patrilineal groups played against each other (p. 304).

In *pehu's*, two pairs of men tested their skill in archery, the players shooting at a willow stick with bark removed. They measured which arrow came closest to the stick; striking it in the middle scored 4, and 15 points won the game. There was no cheating. All the Indians would look on. (Dave.)

In another archery contest¹⁹ ("*tsohotumpesh*," Hudson), an arrow was planted in a position slanting toward the marksman, who from a distance of sixty feet threw a blunt three-foot arrow at it. Opponents took turns in trying either to strike the leaning arrow or to knock away the opponents' missile. Either of these feats counted 1, and dislodging the target scored 5. Several could play, each with a stipulated number of darts.

Hudson²⁰ describes two forms of hoop-and-pole game (*pululpai'yayapu, pululpaiyapa*) not mentioned by my informants. In the first, one player rapidly rolled a willow hoop twelve inches in diameter past his opponent, who

¹⁸ Culin, *op. cit.*, 704.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 396.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, 523.

tried to impale it, thereby scoring 1. The winning score was 7, counted with sticks. In the second form, the hoop was held in the hand, the outstretched fingers in the center. "The opponent endeavors to catch between his fingers the small dart thrown by his opponent." In a variant, an actual arrow was thrown, the opponent being often hurt in the hand.

Shinny goals were 200 feet apart, and the ball was a buckskin strap contested for with 4-foot rods ("tsekai'yak"), evidently connected with the name of the game itself (tsikayaka, Hudson).²¹ According to my informants, the players sided by patrilineal groups but did not paint themselves. The ball (pets'i'lsi) was a rope made from buckskin or from the inner bark of sagebrush, 2 feet long and 1½ inches thick, and was thrown with a forward movement, players picking up the ball and throwing it into the air. They knocked one another down, fell on one another, and tripped up opponents with their sticks. Goals were marked with brush. According to Bill, there were 8 women on each side; Mrs. Hardy had seen only 4 when watching a game. The game was played all day in the spring. Wagers included baskets of various kinds, and buckskins.

In the hand game, too, the division into patrilineal groups held, according to one informant (cf. p. 304). There were generally 6 men and 5 counters on each side. Sometimes only women played the game (Dave). The hand with the plain bone (tetye'emi) was guessed, the bound bone (tatai'da) being handled only for confusing the opponents. Two in the group handled bones and sang, assistants slapping sticks; guessers viewed them, and one of them waved his hand to indicate the position of the plain bone. If he succeeded, he took the bones; if he guessed both opponents' hands, he got counters as well—2 counters if both plain bones were guessed; for 1 bone guessed, 1 counter. If both were missed, the guessers forfeited 2 counters. The transfer of bones to another player is called gebehu'cul.²²

According to my informants, old men, 6 to 8 on each side, played at tso'tsoyi, pa'la.a'ci being pitted against the ta'ηlele and each betting heavily. Four sticks, one pair longer than the other, were covered with a basket, the concealer singing a song. The guessers were to indicate that the two big ones were in the middle, the guesser putting out his right index finger, with the palm of his hand down. As soon as the guessers caught all the sticks, they scored a point. It was then their turn to hide them. Ten points won the game. This evidently corresponds to Hudson's "dtsudtsu" or "tsutsu," in which an inverted winnowing basket was held with the left hand while nine small sticks, 2½ inches long, were held in the right and a number of them hidden.²³ The opponent had to guess whether the number was odd or even. Hudson mentions this pastime under the head of both "stick" and "hidden ball" games. In the latter category he calls it "it-dtsu-dtsu" and describes it as follows: A set consists of 2 "female" sticks, 10 inches long and bound with buckskin to prevent noise

²¹ *Ibid.*, 664.

²² *Ibid.*, 322 f. The account given above is mainly derived from this source.

²³ *Ibid.*, 265, 335.

in hiding, and 2 "male" sticks, plain and $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The four sticks are juggled under a winnowing basket while the holder is singing, calling on Wolf, and vibrating the basket against the ground. A correct guess leads to a transfer of the sticks, an incorrect guess forfeits a counter. Altogether, 8 counters are used. The three possible positions of the hidden sticks are: 2 "females" outside, 2 "males" in center; the reverse of the foregoing; and "female," "male," "female," "male." The last of these arrangements is called "Deer."

Women played dice (pokowa) with 12 sticks, 4 inches long by $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch in diameter, of split willow, painted red on the flat side. They were cast up and caught in a winnowing basket. All red up scored 6; 2 red up, 1; 1 red up, 2; all plain up, 6.²⁴

²⁴ *Ibid.*, 199.

III. RELIGION

SHAMANISM

Shamans became such through dreams. However, not all dreams were interpreted as a transfer of supernatural power, even though they had a flavor of uncanniness. Thus, a Washo dreaming of a deceased sister or cousin would feel bad and refrain from talking about it, but this was not a call to shamanistic office.²⁵ Similarly, Bill once dreamed of many people of a kind unknown to the Washo and wearing no clothes. They were all big men and made fun of Bill, who got scared, thinking they might kill him, and woke up. Sometimes he dreamed of rattlesnakes and bull snakes.

The type of dream that leads to power is illustrated by Dave's report of an experience described by his grandfather in Dave's youth. A Washo might be somewhere in the valley when a west wind is blowing. He hears a sound . . . "zii . . . i." He thinks about it and in the middle of the night the little bit of noise enters his head and talks to him. As yet the prospective shaman tells nobody about his experience. Then he will again get a call in the dead of night from the place where he first heard the whistling. Waking up, he puts on his foot-gear and runs toward the rock or hill where he heard it. As soon as he gets there, this thing speaks as follows, in a whisper: "Now be a good man, doctor your own people and save them always as long as you live. Go back to where you were sleeping. Wake up before sunrise, drop yourself into the water, bathe. Do this on four mornings. Then begin to doctor some man, but do not charge any fee the first time, see what you can do for him. Treat him for four nights. If you cure him, it means that you are to be a doctor always. The second time you cure somebody, you may accept a buckskin, and thereafter you may ask for anything you wish."

This pictures a benevolent shaman without making it clear whether Dave had a particular person in mind or an ideal character. The medicine man he described would tell the people about his protector: "I do nothing that is wrong, I do what is right; he [my familiar] bids me doctor people and cure every one of them." All who were sick would accordingly go to him, saying, "Let us treat the old doctor well and make him treat us well. He has already cured four or five persons, and perhaps he will do better [?]." They gave him good food, beads, or a buckskin to keep him satisfied.²⁶ When he died, all the people for twenty miles around—possibly 400 to 500 of them—gathered and cried aloud. They dug a big hole, put him in, and buried him. If Dave's data on the disposal of ordinary persons' corpses are correct, this suggests differential treatment of shamans (see p. 310).

The nature of the familiar remains obscure. Bill said, "I don't know, I think it must be God who talks to the doctor in his dream." This "God" tells his

²⁵ For other dreams about dead persons, see p. 323.

²⁶ Another Indian mentioned a nice basket as a possible fee. He said that nowadays (1926) one would-be doctor charged \$20 and more, but he did not really know how to cure and was merely cheating his patients.

protégé exactly what to do. But this informant did not restrict doctoring to dreamers. According to him, the Man Up in the Air, called by the Washo "This Man Up Here" and identical with the being who made the Washo and other tribes come out of a basket (p. 333), made medicines for the Washo to use in treating different ailments. At one time he owned everything—thunder, lightning, and so forth. Doctors would dig up some of the roots created by this deity. "Sometimes I myself dig up roots and give something to God. I say, 'I am giving something. I need this one. Now I am paying you, make it good for me.' If I cut myself and begin to bleed I rub wild parsnip and water on the wound, then it gets better and stops bleeding. I have treated my sons with roots. I would treat a stranger for a fee, but have never done so."

The dream doctor's (*tamo'mli*) technique consisted largely in smoking, pondering, sucking (*tepe'mu'suki*) at the assumed place of affliction, and extracting the cause. He would spit out objects, the last one expectorated being the pathogenic agent. Putting it on his palm, he would look at it, as would his spectators. Sometimes it was a bug. The shaman put hot ashes on his hand, rubbed them on the bug, killed it, and threw it away. The patient would get better and possibly in a week feel as well as ever. In the old days a treatment always lasted four nights. Dave said that only old men doctored, but another informant said that some women also treated the sick.

A myth (p. 337) illustrates the essential procedure. Specifically, it suggests the importance of smoking. A messenger is sent to summon Coyote to a patient and asks the trickster, "Do you sometimes smoke for somebody?" Coyote, feigning modesty, replies, "Oh, once in a while I light tobacco for a smoke. That is why they call me a doctor." He brings a mink hide full of tobacco and a big pipe, sings twice on seeing his patient, shakes his globular rattle, and smokes twice. His mouth does not feel dry, so he prophesies the young woman's recovery. Her mother then offers him a buckskin, but he insists on pine nuts.

Characteristically, when the girl of the story dies the bereaved mother suspects the doctor of poisoning her and sends Porcupine and Skunk to kill him. Yet nothing in the report of his activities indicates that he had contemplated more than duping the mother into a payment of food.

Such correlation of shamanistic power with evil magic is prominent in Washo belief, even apart from medical treatment. About forty-five years ago (Dave *loq.* 1926), a race was held in Carson. The half-brother of Dave's father-in-law was refused admittance to the race course. He was very angry and muttered Washo words of revenge. He made magic between his palms, spitting into his right palm and clenching his fist. Then, when the racers in the carts got to the last turn in the course, he opened his fist, thumb separated from the fingers. Two of the racers were upset and killed. The shaman gloated over this result. Subsequently the same man poisoned several Indians. One of the aggrieved relatives went to the shaman's house, talked with him in a friendly fashion, and finally pretended to take leave of him. When the doctor had covered himself with his blanket, the visitor took out a hidden hatchet and cracked the malefactor's skull with it.

In such cases the doctor's friends, recognizing his guilt, made no attempt to avenge his death. Sometimes when a shaman had poisoned several persons, four or five Washo would get together and say, "We have got to kill him, or you and I'll be poisoned." Dave dictated the following relevant sentences in Washo:

The doctor is mad. He tries to poison us all, it seems to us. That's the way he used to do in the old days. A Washo doctor always tried to injure his own people in the old days.

Sometimes another shaman finds out about the poisoning, and then the victim's father may get one of his other sons to kill the sorcerer. "This is the old Washo way," said Dave.

Notwithstanding the benevolence Dave ascribed to a doctor (p. 318), he made it clear that the same man who cured by suction might at another time poison a man he hated. This was not like white people's poisoning. The sorcerer merely took a bath in the cool of the early morning on four successive days and talked to himself. When ready, he would get within possibly five hundred yards of his victim. Then he would rub some stuff into the palm of his hand till it became invisible. He also took some fine sand and stepped on it with his left foot. His victim would fall sick, and within two days the heart would be knocked out of him without any one's suspecting the cause, so that he would die. This happened about seventy years ago (Dave *loc. op. cit.* 1926) to two white men who had refused to give a doctor bread. Some doctors used a different procedure, picking up dust and scattering it toward their enemy with their hands.

Shamanistic power was not confined to causing and curing disease, but also involved various forms of wonderworking. The method of luring antelope into a pound (p. 325) was conveyed in a dream, and so was ability to withstand bullets. About the latter Dave had heard his brother tell the following story:

One Washo Indian dreamt about bullets and guns. He called together some of his relatives. "I want to show you my dreams. I've been dreaming four years now. I thought it left me, but still I am dreaming. I'll see whether I dream right or not." To the boys he said, "Sit down." He took five round bullets, dug a little hole in the ground, and made fine dust. He put the bullets into the hole. "Watch." The biggest boy was about thirteen or fourteen. "See if the bullets melt down." The dreamer took four smokes—of cigarettes of Indian tobacco. When he lit the last one, he said, "Look at the bullet, see what is going to happen." The bullets had all melted; they cooled down flat. He picked them up. "That's the way I dreamt. I dreamt right. I dreamt about bullets and powder."

He did the same way with powder. He got half a teaspoonful of powder and put it into the hole. He rolled tobacco in four pieces and smoked. After the last one, he told the others present to watch. "See what the powder will turn into; I dreamt it would be water." It melted down to water. "I dreamt right, I'll do something else after a while."

He loaded a gun and told an old man to shoot him. "I dare not; perhaps I'll kill you." "Try it; I dreamt I'd never get shot, the gun would never go off." He cocked the hammer and got it ready. "See if you can shoot me with the gun. I put my mind on it." The old man asked the dreamer's son, "Shall we kill your father?" "Well, try; maybe the bullets don't go to him. Maybe his dream is right; we'll find out." The man pointed the gun at the dreamer's heart. He tried to pull the trigger. "Pull as hard as you can." It stuck. "I can't make it go off." The dreamer said, "Let me try the gun." "The trigger does not work." He pointed it at a stick and discharged it. "That's the way I dreamt about this gun."

Soon he did something else. He took a long, strong line and made one man hold either end and tighten it. He put a bullet on the string. "See if the bullet doesn't work the way I dreamt. If it doesn't go across the string, don't believe in my dreams. Now watch; it'll go quickly." He put it on the string; it went across as if on a level table, and came back again.

All his friends said, "It works as he dreamt; he dreamt right." He dreamt about three things—bullets, powder, and the gun. No one could make the gun go off except himself. He wanted to try another way. He put down a piece of iron. All looked at it. "Watch it; see if it moves by itself, without anyone's handling it." The iron was the length of a pencil and about two inches thick. "I am ready now." The iron stood up on one end by itself. They said, "You dreamt right."

This happened about 45 years ago (Dave *loq.* 1926). The old man put everything he dreamt into his house. It burned up. Thereafter he had no more power and could not dream of anything any more. This dreamer was not a doctor. He was a homely old man.

Strangely enough, neither Dave nor Bill had heard of any *arrow-proof* Washo, but Bill told such a tale about a "Paiute" from Schurz, Nevada, which happened before any whites were there. This Paiute said, "Nobody can kill me by shooting, I am tough." He had something hard and circular all about his body, but no one knew what it was. People would shoot at him, but their arrows merely glanced off. The shaman would sit down and sing, "Some of you think I am not tough, but I am pretty tough." Among the spectators were some Washo, who also tried to shoot the man, but failed. One of them said, "Don't talk so loud; he has something hidden there; I have seen it." He told his brother, "If you want to shoot him, aim straight in the middle." Then the speaker's brother did so, and his arrow entered the body of the shaman, who vainly tried to pull it out, shook and sang, but died on the spot. All the Paiute were angry, and a brother of the slain shaman killed one Washo; the rest ran away.

Dave mentioned a wonderworker whose power explicitly did not come from dreams but was evidently reckoned equivalent. During a fight with the poorly clad Digger Indians, the Washo asked, "Have any of you a dream of a cold north wind?" One of them answered, "I have no dream, but I'll try to make one. I'll shout and smoke tobacco to make it come." He got on a big rock, and shouted three times, "Come, wind, we want the coldest night, we are fighting the Digger Indians and want to destroy them." Soon the wind came with dust. "Look at the wind coming," said the Indians. There was a big fire under the rock. Soon the Digger Indians followed a track, and two or three went into a badger hole to get warm. They died there. The water froze into ice an inch thick. All the enemy froze to death.

Rupert, the sophisticated young Washo referred to on page 304, was a mystic credited with shamanistic ambitions (in 1926). He spoke of one Monkey Peter, whom I was unable to meet, as a "philosopher." Rupert said he had seen a man with "mental power" step on fire without being hurt; and he had heard of a woman who had walked up the perpendicular side of a cliff.

THE SOUL—SPOOKS

The souls of the dead go south (Jack, Dave). But according to some Washo they remain near the living and listen to them. Some people dream of the dead, who appear as in life. Such a dreamer would report, "I saw So-and-so in a dream and talked with him." Whirlwinds are identified with the dead coming by; all the dead travel. When a person goes to sleep by himself and hears some noise striking the house, it is the ghost of a dead man; it makes a crack in the house and looks at the inmate. This was the belief of an old man, shared by some Washo and rejected by others. Dave, who quoted it, commented as follows: "He tells right, by God. I think he's right a little bit: dead people don't go anywhere, they stay right here. . . . If there were any people alive in Heaven, maybe they'd make a rope and come down, but no one does that."

A dead person's name should not be uttered. Whoever broke this rule was rebuked as follows: "He is dead, he is gone, don't call him!"

Some Indians see ghosts at night, that is, they see a good dress without a face and are frightened. Once, of a night, Jack's son, when about two miles from Reno, thought he heard some Paviotso singing and dancing. He saw women sitting on the ground, and asked why they were not joining in the dance. They did not answer. Then he inquired for the owner of a horse standing there. Still there was no answer. Then he struck a match, and the women were gone. He went up to pet the horse, and it was no longer there. Then he got frightened and quickly went to an Indian house.

Once, in the old days, a Washo saw a strange figure hanging on the limb of a big tree struck by lightning. The apparition was thin to the bone, curly-haired, with big eyes and black face, wings, and legs with little feet, but no arms. The Indian went home. That night he began to tremble; after another day and a half he died. Then the other Indians were all afraid and did not want to look at that thing any more.

A species of evil water-beings was called *metsu'ŋ'*. The Washo were afraid to meet them. Once, when walking in the sand around Lake Tahoe, Dave saw the tracks of one. These beings would travel about a little, always along the shore, at night, then go back into the Lake again. They made the sound of babies at night; the Indians would hear them. They live in a house under the water, possibly twenty feet below the surface. Men and women both live there. They do not like Indians; the Washo avoid them and never dream of them. A Washo would be terrified, paralyzed "a little bit," bleed from the nose, and fall sick if he saw one of these beings. Judging from their tracks, their feet are only the length of a little baby's.

Once, a Washo was fishing in the Lake with a line and reel, when the line got caught at the bottom. He thought it was a snake, but it was a *metsu'ŋ'* pulling the line down. He was pretty strong. After a while he let go, and the line got slack. There was a tuft of hair on the point of the hook. The Indian was paralyzed and fell down unconscious in his boat for possibly an hour. There was no wind. At last he woke up terrified and made for home. He cut off the hook and line with the hair, and threw them back into the water. He told his wife and children about his experience. For a week after that the fish would not bite. All the Washo were afraid. About half a mile from shore there is a spring; that is where these water-beings probably come from. Their hair reaches down to the knee.

Once, an old Indian was walking along a trail by himself when he saw two persons coming toward him—a woman with a basket, and an old man with bow and arrow and carrying a blanket on his back. The Washo sat down under a piñon tree and was wondering who they were. He thought they would reach him soon, but they did not arrive at all. "It was the Devil." Soon the old man got paralyzed. After a while he rose and went on. He said to himself, "Well, I think those are not people. I am going [to die] soon, he has taken my life away. That is the kind my father used to tell me about, and now I have seen it. I don't know whether these are dead people or what." The old man bled from the nose. He said, "Don't take my life away, leave me alone. I do not want to be like you. I want to live as long as I can." Soon he went to a spring, bathed, and recovered.

Sometimes [Dave has heard] Washo Indians would see tracks in the snow showing feet as long as a man's entire arm. They would get frightened and would not follow the tracks.

Once, Dave was staying alone in a house at Tahoe City on Lake Tahoe. He was dreaming about something and felt a heavy weight, like a hundred pounds, on him. He tried to remove his blanket, and finally he succeeded in getting into the open. Another Indian and his wife had a similar experience in the same house. Dave thinks it might be caused by the ghosts of white people who used to live there. He could not see anything, he merely had the sensation of being held down.

Somewhere two Indians were sleeping in a room in some old house. It was a cold night. Soon they heard a knock at the door. They were awake, opened the door, but no one was to be seen. They went out and around the house, but saw nothing. Possibly dead people were doing it. Soon there was a noise inside of somebody walking around. They could not see anything. They warned other people against ever sleeping inside that house.

Two Indians were going up a mountain with bows and arrows to shoot woodchuck. They met half a dozen dead people who looked as though alive and were hunting with bow and arrow. They were cooking squirrels and other food, sat around their fire at noon, and, because they were dead, would not answer the Indians' questions. They just ate the squirrels, but drank no water. When the Indians spoke, no one of the other group answered or looked at them. One of the Indians, who was old, said, "You dare not come over and talk to us; we belong on the mountains." Still there was no answer. The speaker returned to his companion and said, "Well, we can't do anything with them. They just eat the squirrels they kill." Both hunters were alarmed and quickly went away. It was dark on their return and they lost their way, not finding the trail at first. When they got home the next day, they said nothing.

The Washo were too close to the Paviotso to escape contact with Wovoka's gospel, but reacted with individual differences to it. Jack, for example, was skeptical and contrasted the alien conception unfavorably with the old Washo belief that souls go south to join the Father of the Indians. The Paviotso say that after a while the souls return. "They dance and the souls come back." A recent (1926) Washo doctor, in the manner of Wovoka, alleged to have visited the dead, reporting he had seen plenty of Indians in the land of spirits, with green grass everywhere, also fire (?). The dead would say to him, "Well, what have you come here for? You have not died; go back. When a man or woman dies, he stays here. Do not come back any more." Jack has no faith in this; old-time doctors never reported visits to the dead. According to one informant, Wovoka prophesied a big storm but it did not come true, and his own Walker River people were going to kill him as a false prophet, so he stopped.

CEREMONIALISM

SWEAT LODGE

Dave said the Washo never sweated, but he had seen the Paviotso of Pyramid Lake sweating by pouring water on rocks,—in order to reduce their fat, a friend from there had told Dave. Notwithstanding this denial, sweating (titò`ctu'ive) was a Washo practice, though of peculiar type and restricted to one special occasion. Sometimes a man who had been hunting deer in vain would build a small booth, make a charcoal fire there, enter, and sweat. No rocks were heated, and there was no attempt to produce vapor. After sweating, the hunter went to the river and took a swim. On the following day he would see a deer. The booth was called *pehε`tsiη t'a`ηa*, little house; whether this is a specific name for the institution, is not clear. Bill gave another term, *a`ηalita kumto`ca*.

Bill, whose father had sweated as a deer hunter, said that before jumping into the creek the sweater put medicine on his head and rubbed it into his hair.

My information thus contradicts Kroeber's,²⁷ who records—though as a probably recent intrusion—the Plains Indian type of skin- or mat-covered booth heated by steam.

ANTELOPE CHARMING

The Antelope chief (*ai'yəs kumomli''*) was distinct from the tribal chief and the leaders of the deer hunt and jack-rabbit hunt, respectively. He alone got his power by dreaming, that is, was a shaman (Dave). No Antelope chief was living in 1926, so the following statement refers wholly to the past. Jack had seen one Antelope chief, but even in his youth antelope had become scarce.

The Antelope chief sees some antelope in a dream. He reflects about it and goes to the place dreamt about in the mountains. He sees two or three head, then he knows his dream is true. He begins to talk to them. He does not tell anyone as yet, but keeps his own counsel and studies the matter himself. He continues dreaming three or four times. Then he begins talking to the antelope, taking a pipe. He wants to see what he can do. He looks at the antelope, he lets them see him walking alongside of them; they do not run away. He does this two or three times. Soon he tells the people to come together and says, "My people, I have dreamt truly or falsely, I don't know which. In the place I dreamt of last night there were forty antelope banded together. If I dreamt truly, you'll see them there this morning." He sends two boys to the place as scouts. They look for game and see ten or fifteen head feeding there together. The boys do not let the antelope see them. They go back and tell the chief, "Your dream is true, we saw a herd right there." That evening he studies the matter again while in bed. He dreams again and tells his people, "Well, I dreamt last night, I dreamt right before. I dreamt of two antelope last night, you fellows drove them into the corral, we all killed them and had something to eat." The old people answer: "Yes, if you dreamt right, we'll have meat, we'll try tomorrow to go after them."

²⁷ Kroeber, *Handbook*, 572.

The corral (mə'dap) is about an acre in size, with a chute leading to the entrance. Sagebrush is piled so high that the antelope cannot jump out. The men go to drive the antelope in. The chief stands just back of the corral, smoking his pipe. He says, "I'll stay home behind the corral. If I dreamt right, you'll drive them in and we'll kill them. If they get scared at you fellows, we can't help it; but I think we'll kill them easily in the corral." When the antelope are near, he says to the beasts, "Don't get scared, come on easily now, don't get discouraged, listen to my words. We are making a home for you, you have come a great way." The antelope stop and look toward him. They are not afraid at all, but keep quiet, like sheep driven into a pen. Instead of scattering, they come into the sagebrush pen. He says to the people, "When I tell you, then is the time to shout." When all are in the pen, the people close up, and the chief bids them commence killing. They use their bows and arrows, and some hit the game over the head with clubs. The chief says, "My people, look at them, kill the biggest in the whole herd, I'll have that one." They kill it and give it to the chief. Of the rest, three or four men will share one animal. They like it, cut up the meat, cook and eat it right there. First the chief says, "I dreamt antelope for you, I got the best one, I am satisfied." Nobody eats while he is speaking. Then they divide the spoils, pack the game home, and have plenty that night. The corral is left standing.

Dave gave the following texts of speeches delivered by the Antelope chief to the game and hunters respectively :

(a)

kalo'kaces ai'yes, kehamo'moyam, kepi'cuk, kapa'cuk ma'ηala. kalo'kace'sa, ma'ηal keke'le, latamale'wa . . . kula'kta.²⁸

(Do not get scared, antelope, come easily, creep up, come right into your home. Don't be afraid. We made your home, listen to me . . . don't get scared of anybody.)

(b)

wa'diη kaya'tuka'ηa, kaya'tuk temesui i'ke li'eul. wi'kin le'doc kime'kayaktok i'ke ke'au, t'aiyaηa ga'mayesa. mi'le ke'wa temi'ku. gaya'cu a'ai. hak tikumso'cie i'ke mikla a'caiya. kiki'ket a'ηam k'e'icke tiya'mle. i'ke laye.leye's nake' akna.ite's heliki ke'le wadiηe'se'iηa. i'ke mi'ya, i'ke lee'sic kutina'ηa hat'e'eya untamale's-heliki lee'sic.

(Now begin killing, kill the biggest buck, that give to me. That's all I tell you. Kill for yourselves, that have for your own meat. Guts, however, do not throw away, eat everything. Wash off the guts. Thus I dreamt, that I have told you all. This good thing that way I tell you. There is no one else who could tell you about this today. This is good for you. If I were dead, from no one else here you would be able to hear this, I think, if I were dead.)

²⁸ This last word is spoken when all the antelope get into the pen.

IV. MATERIAL CULTURE

ECONOMIC LIFE

Barrett has properly stressed the economic differences due to the contrast between a Sierra and a Basin habitat. The following fragmentary notes are corroboratory and supplementary.

Acorns (ma'ləŋ) were associated with California, and even the Antelope Valley people did not live on them to any great degree. However, the Washo prepared a dish called megi'gela by mixing acorns and venison.

Pine nuts (t'a'gəm) were gathered by men and women coöperatively, the husband knocking ripe ones off the trees with a big hooked pole and the wife gathering them. The women would pick them out, put them in a basket, and let them dry. When dried, the nuts could be kept for about a year; in the spring a pit was made for storage, in the winter they were taken out for consumption. The Washo made a pine-nut "soup," which was eaten with spoons. According to Bill, people went for pine nuts in September.

Along the Walker River the Washo constructed many "fish houses,"—a statement that extends their boundaries appreciably toward the east. Trout (a't'abi) were speared with shafts about seven feet long. Fish were also taken by nets and clubbed to death. Sometimes fifteen were caught in a day. On Lake Tahoe, a group of Washo would go after fish in rafts (see below).

Antelope, deer (mende'wi), and jack rabbits were hunted communally, the first-mentioned under the guidance of a dreamer (p. 324). Jack, possibly expressing a local difference, said that deer were hunted by only one or two men and only in the mountains. According to another statement, four or five hunters would mask themselves with deer heads in stalking the game. They would shake up dirt to determine the direction of the wind so as to forestall being scented, thus sneaking up to shooting range. A communal deer hunt was organized in September, when the deer were fat, but not every year. The leader, who did not derive his office from dreams, would say, "Get together, we'll try to kill a few deer." Then the men assembled on the day fixed, bringing their blankets since they were to camp out for about a week. Possibly as many as fifty Washo from Douglas County would travel afoot about thirty miles toward, say, twenty miles from McKinney, California. It took them two days, camping according to their leader's instructions. The next morning, he spoke to them. He remained in the middle, his followers dividing so as to form two arcs of a circle flanking him and finally connecting again. When they sighted deer, they killed up to ten or fifteen a day. The next day, they moved to another spot; and so on, for about a week, thus covering altogether many thousands of acres. At last they stopped and returned, carrying by means of tumplines loads almost too big for them. For deer no corrals were built.

The communal rabbit hunt was also purely secular. Barrett mentions a hereditary chief for rabbit hunting²⁹ and all other coöperative hunting and fishing operations. "He it was who notified the people of the arrival of the

²⁹ *Op. cit.*, 12.

particular seasons when certain kinds of fish should be taken and when certain game should be hunted; and all hunting and fishing parties consulted him before starting out." As my data have it, the "rabbit chief" is distinct from the organizer of the deer hunt and, most emphatically, from the antelope charmer. Jack said a "rabbit boss" (pɛ'l'ɛ.u tɛ.upe'yū) possibly inherited his office from his father, whereas Dave made him a people's appointee.

Dave described the rabbit hunt as follows: The rabbit chief, who was not identical with the political headman, set the time for the drive. People met with bows and arrows. Possibly 15 men had nets, which they united into an enclosure about 200 yards long and 4 feet in height, held by sticks 6 or 7 feet apart.⁸⁰ The line was straight except at the ends, where it was crooked. About 200 Washo, the "boss" among them, joined in the drive, searing their quarry. An old man with a boy stayed at one end of the net, which Dave compared to the wire fence of a chicken coop. Some people shot the game with bow and arrow. The rabbits thought they were escaping and rushed into the net, where most of them were caught. The boy would get up and kill them with a stick. The drivers killed most of the rabbits, each possibly 3 or 4 apiece, with a total kill of 400 to 500 a day. On the following day the hunters went in another direction, perhaps 6 miles away. When heavily loaded, they went home. Rabbits, when caught, were hit on the head with a club. (Cf. Jack's statement below.) Finally the rabbit chief said, "We stop today, we have all we want today. Let us go home." Then they removed the hide and the women gutted the animals. The men tore the skin from the legs with their hands, then cut the hides into string. The string was wound around small straight willow sticks. String was twisted into one piece 14 feet long. After drying them for a day and a half, they would take them down. Twenty-five strings made one jack-rabbit blanket to cover two people. When first finished, they were 2½ inches thick and so warm that in winter the Indians would undress completely under such a covering.

A blanket lasted three years, but the hunt was held every fall, after October. The owner of an extra skin might sell it for a buckskin to a man who lacked a good jack-rabbit blanket. Whatever flesh was left over was hung up in the shade and dried. The Washo would boil jack-rabbit flesh and pine-nut soup at the same time, using willow baskets for the soup. Jack said that from 25 to 30 men with possibly 10 or 15 nets (ti'gæc) engaged in a rabbit chase. Several nets were arranged in a circle and the rabbits were driven into them. They were not clubbed to death, but killed with bow and arrow.

Other species added to the food supply. Porcupine (se'uʷut) were eaten. Skunk (tupi'wi), one informant said, were never eaten; but Dave said they were once killed with smoke in a hole by his father-in-law, who boiled the flesh and liked it. The Washo boiled grasshoppers (pakə'tomu) in baskets, and also cooked locusts (ta'cək) in the ground and dried them. A long-legged insect called tsɛ'lmu also served as food.

⁸⁰ Barrett gives the dimensions as some 300 feet and 24 to 30 inches, with a mesh about 3 inches square and stakes at 10-foot intervals.

FIRE AND FOOD PREPARATION

When Bill was a small boy, more than fifty years ago (Bill *loq.* 1926), he was taken over the mountains by his father, who made fire with a drill (wa'cu peti'li). The shaft was about twenty inches long, the hearth pitted, and sagebrush bark in the pits served as tinder. On another occasion Bill said that the point was tipped with pine gum. The fire-making implements were carried in the deerskin quiver for the bow and arrows. Henry Ridley (Glenbrook, Nev.) said he could drill fire, using a rosebush shaft tipped with sagebrush and a hearth of cedarwood, with cedar (?) bark for tinder.

A stone mortar, hollowed in the middle, was used with a basketry hopper. But there were also flat stone metates and mullers for grinding. Pine nuts were both pounded and ground.

WEAPONS

Bow (ba'lohoh) and arrow (mecki'tset) were the principal weapons. The wood for bows was that of a cedar-like tree from the California side. According to one informant, the arrows were painted with a green pigment obtained from a grass. The points were flint, the shaft made from a bush growing along streams. A poison (muce'gau nu'ci) was taken from a rattlesnake killed for the purpose, the substance being mixed with pitch, then put on the top of the arrow point. Shot half an inch into the body, this poison quickly killed.

The bowstring was of deer sinew. Jack illustrated the release as being with the finger on the right side of the arrow, the thumb on the other.

DWELLINGS

The huts recalled by Jack were conical structures with a smoke hole, the door being possibly three feet high and covered with an old rabbitskin blanket.

BASKETRY

Mr. E. W. Gifford learned from Lucy Farmer, the Washo wife of a Southern Maidu at Colfax, that only piñon-pine pitch was satisfactory for pitching water baskets; digger- and yellow-pine pitch will not do. She also said that Washo and "Paiute" water baskets differed, one being pointed, the other flat-bottomed.

Spotted George is the only man who ever made a basket.

DRESS AND ADORNMENT

Unlike other tribes, the Washo did not put red paint on their hair, but both sexes decorated the face for a dance (Bill). Women tied their hair in the back, but wore no headgear. The men, such as Dave's father-in-law, wore a netted cap made of string derived from some reed.

Men made moccasins for themselves as well as for their wives. When Bill was growing to be a man he wore moccasins of a Sunday (*sic*), sometimes pretty beaded ones. A moccasin consisted of a sole and an upper, both of buckskin, but the former from the tough part round the deer's neck. However, the

Washo did not always wear moccasins. Sometimes they walked in the snow in their bare feet, as Dave declared he himself has traveled for miles.

Snowshoes (*cume'li*) are sketched by Dave as approximately circular in frame. They were made of piñon wood, eighteen inches in diameter, and had a buckskin netting, the foot being lashed to the middle. The walker supported himself with a seven-foot pole. Dave used snowshoes along the shores of Lake Tahoe.

TRANSPORTATION

Fishermen would make a cedar-bark raft 12 to 15 feet long by 10 feet wide. Dave remembered such a one from his boyhood and said it accommodated ten to fifteen people and, for fishing was propelled by a long pole along the shore. Jack recalled a rectangular raft (*t'a'nup*) of willows and tule (*ts'a'ya*) for crossing the Walker River. It held four to six persons and served to ferry women across with their children, blankets, and basketry. Dave, too, mentioned a willow raft for taking four or five people with their property across high creeks: one good swimmer would take a rope in his mouth and pull the raft to the other bank.

WAR

Sometimes there was friendly competition with aliens. At a joint meeting a Washo once offered to kill a grizzly, to put the Southern Digger Indians (*ta'ne.u*) to shame. Armed with a short bow and some arrows, he went to the den and killed the beast with four shots. The Washo said to the Diggers present, "I'm a man; you're no fighters, that is why you can't kill a bear. I've killed him." The Diggers were all ashamed and hung their heads.

At other times there was warfare. A Washo had killed a Digger, whose people tried to get even. They were watching all the time. A Washo and a boy about twelve years old were on horseback, looking for fish. Several Diggers surrounded them and killed the man, who had unsaddled, while the lad escaped on horseback.

At one time the Digger Indians had medicine to make people fall asleep. The Washo bought it, then put it out (distributed it among members of the tribe), and sent two young boys to the hills as scouts to find out how many hostile camps there were. In the middle there was a big house, the sweat house, and four bear hides and also some buckskins were hanging down. The war chief said, "We'll surely defeat them; this stuff makes them sleep; we'll all go there and kill their best man first." When the Washo approached, all the enemies slept and their nice big dogs, instead of barking, were also asleep. When the Washo jumped on them, the enemy woke up, but it was too late. The women, too, were knocked over the head with a club, the Washo killing nearly all the camp. After this event the enemy tried to get even. The Washo took all the skins away from the Diggers. They had a war dance (*ma'haulos*) in celebration. Women³¹ and men danced over the capture of the best fighter's scalp without the loss of one Washo. The captain announced, "The day after tomor-

³¹ On one occasion Dave denied the participation of women in the scalp dance.

row all of you shall go and catch fish, then make nut soup. We men are going to hunt deer." They had tried to capture a young Digger squaw, but she refused to come, so they knocked her over the head and killed her. Another woman swam across the creek and climbed up a hill unclad; the Washo laughed at sight of her nakedness. Another band of Diggers was sighted, so the Washo came home with the body, dancing at the site of Reno.

In the celebration the warriors hung their booty all over themselves in the dance and carried bows and arrows. The scalp was tied to the top of a peeled eight-foot willow pole, which everyone, including women but not young girls, seized and shook. The people hallooeed and danced, finally removing the hair and burning it. After the dance they would disperse and go home. "The Washo used to be the best marksmen and the best fighters" (Dave).

V. MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

A person who sneezed (sneeze, *tihe'p'i'cea*) was addressed by the formula: "*laiyuya e'cuke's! mi'k'eŋ ka kumi'ya!*" ("Do not call me names! Call yourself names!")

Jack had never heard of any man who dressed in a woman's clothing.

Once an Indian saw a rainbow (*t'a'umatapa'li*) and pointed at it, saying, "Look, what is that?" His finger got sore and he lost it. Other Indians warned children against pointing at the rainbow: "Whenever you see him, don't talk to him, don't point, that's a bad thing. Never make fun of that one at all."

A Washo once was bitten by a snake and got a scar. He looked at the pine nuts before they were ripe, so all the fruits were killed by the sun. Because he had been bitten by a snake and then walked by the pine nuts before they were mature, they all dried up. The Washo all blamed him for this.

Old people would warn their children against walking too close to a grizzly (*t'a'ba*): "He may smell, chase, catch, and eat you." Grizzlies were surrounded, one brave man approaching them. They were not eaten, but cinnamon bears were.

The Washo call dogs by saying, "*diku'cu, diku'cu*" (my dog). They did not have many dogs and did not eat them, being afraid of getting sick thereby. Dogs were used in hunting squirrels, also because their barking at night gave an alarm.

On the top of De.omule'lek mountain there was always a fire when people were about to die. One Indian saw it and wondered what made the fire, so he set out to find a track, but there was no track and he found nothing (Dave).

Four or five miles from Greenbrook there is a big cave, and a wild man lived there before the whites were here. He had a big belt and his name was *Pets'i'ltsi tekme'liwi* (Dave).

When there is a storm, a Washo would sometimes smoke and say to it, "You had better stop; if not, I'll be dead." Then sometimes it stopped.

One star (evening star ?) is said to be a rabbit hunter.

Someone lives in the moon, and according to Bill's father the spots are mountains and trees.

Mosquitoes (*tamuk'ai'k'ai*) come from the bottom of the water.

Wild parsnip is the only Washo remedy against snake bite (Bill). It was dug up, dried, mixed with water, then rubbed all over.

Sometimes Indians see a water baby by a spring, with the hair flowing 'way down.

Once the sun did not show up for two days. The Indians were dark and cool, they could not see how to get home. Some bundled up dry willow and all cried. "If there is no more sun, there will be nothing to eat," they thought.

A horned toad is caught by a doctor and stuck on a rheumatic patient's leg. It gets full of blood, pukes, and dies. It is called "doctor lizard."

A doctor made a pipe of black stone, like other people's, with a six-inch-long

stone bowl and wooden stem. It was held up so the tobacco would not fall out. Tobacco (pa'ηkuc) was never planted, but grew like a weed. In the fall the Washo gathered it into sacks, and, discarding stems, dried the leaves, which they ground up but did not mix with anything else. Women formerly did not smoke; now, some smoke in imitation of white women.

A ba'kumta'liηe, bat (?), has different kinds of hide on—that of a bear, mountain lion, mink, game animal. If a Washo caught a bat, he killed it, dried the hide, and divided it among his friends and relatives. This gave luck in hunting and games of chance. If a p'ala'a'ci, the owner would not show the bat's hide to the other patrilineal group lest they acquire luck when playing against him (Bill).

VI. MYTHS AND TALES

1. WOLF AND COYOTE—ORIGIN OF DEATH—CREATION

[Dave.] Wolf and Coyote were talking to each other. They were brothers. Wolf spoke first. He said, "Now, my brother, what shall we do when these Washo get old? I think I am the head of all kinds of wolf and other animals. I should like to save the Washo when they get old. Now, what do you think of that, my brother?" Coyote answered, "Well, you are the head of everything; you can do anything you have a mind to; I listen to you." Wolf said, "I think we'll save the old people; we'll dig a well for the Indians on top of De.oku'lum (Job's Peak). We'll dig as deep as we can. Whenever a Washo gets old and ready to die, he'll go up to the top of the mountain and take a bath in that water and he'll begin to be young again." Coyote said, "Oh, no! I like to see dead people. I can't do anything to kill animals, I'll go hungry if Indian bodies grow young again. Don't say that, my brother, for I eat anything dead that smells rotten. It's the only thing I live on, you know." Wolf said, "That is so; you are right. When Indian people get old, let them die. That's all. You and I, we travel well, so we can get jack rabbits, squirrels, and all animals of that kind. We can catch them faster than anyone else."³² Coyote answered, "Oh, yes, we don't do it regularly, only sometimes: dead people are the best thing [to feed on]."

One day Coyote wanted to make people. It was this way for miles, near Hot Springs. There he tried to make a dance. He made it up himself. He got to work and cut off brush, making room enough for five hundred Indians to dance. But there were no Indians yet. Coyote said to his wife, "Make a big round basketry water bottle." She made it. Coyote looked at it, holding it up, and said, "This is pretty well made, so that no water can go through it. I'll go to work and make plenty of Indians." He took the basket and filled it half full of seeds. Then he stopped up the opening. He took a pipe, filled it with Indian tobacco, took one whiff of smoke, and blew it into the basket. Then he sat down and talked for a while. "Anything I expect to make I never fail in. Whatever I think always goes right with me." He again took a whiff of smoke. The basket was full of something. Coyote picked it up and four times danced round in a circle with it. The last time he shook it. Once in a while he listened to the basket, and so did his wife. Soon it sounded like the buzzing of a bee. Coyote listened. "Pretty soon there will be people," he said to his wife. He shook it hard and danced. Now lots of people were heard talking and making a noise. He put the basket down. Already there were plenty of people inside, that is why the basket began to move by itself. He poured the people out, saying, "There shall be a fire there and there and there. . . . Well, I have made plenty of Indians, I don't know what they will eat. They'll have a dance here in six days. We ought to get something for them to eat, we have no food."

From a creek he called up Bullhead (a small fish). "Come up, I want to talk with you." Bullhead came up. "There are plenty of people here, going to stop for a few days. I wish you to go over to Walker Lake and get plenty of suckers and trout." Bullhead started as early as possible.³³ He walked all day and got to a "Paiute" fish weir.

Bullhead was a man, but he made himself into a little child. Many Paiute were camped around the river near the fish weir, living on trout. One Paiute walked out some distance from camp to get sagebrush wood, and saw what seemed to be a lost child. "I wonder whose child that is." He said to the people, "Look; whose child is that sitting down under the sagebrush? He looks terribly hungry." One woman walked up that way. She tried to pick up Bullhead. "Oh, somebody has lost a baby. Whose is it?" He was heavy, she could not lift him. After a while she said, "This is no child, this is a person who has come a great way." She asked him, "Where do you come from?" "Oh, I came a long way, I am pretty hungry, I haven't eaten for a day and a half." The old woman said, "I'll take

³² This statement seems misplaced in the argument.

³³ "At four o'clock" (*sic*).

you to my camp, we have lots of fish. We have all we want and may give you some." She took him with her, he walking behind. He said, "Take me to your chief, to the best camp."

The old chief had a big fish.³⁴ He took out the guts, and said, "We have lots of fish, we'll cook this for you." "I like what you say." The old man roasted it in the ashes, took it out as soon as it was cooked, opened it, and put it before Bullhead. He also offered him pine-nut mush. Bullhead ate one or two pieces of fish and took one or two drinks of soup. "Who sent you here?" asked the chief. "Coyote, my friend, sent me here. Yesterday morning I started early. Tell me where the biggest fish is caught every day, I want to take it home with me." "Oh, every one of the baskets catches four, five, ten a day; in the morning I'll give you all you can carry." In the morning Bullhead said, "I go with the fish. There are lots of Washo there having a dance. Coyote, my friend, sent me here to get fish." He gave him four or five big ones, cut them up, and dried them. He packed them up in a big bundle and set out early in the morning. Coyote had said to him, "Don't sleep there long, come back the day after tomorrow." Bullhead walked all day; he got to the top of a mountain, and made a big fire there.

Coyote had been watching for it; he was hungry. He saw the smoke. "Oh, there my brother is coming." He trotted thither. "He may have a big load, I've got to meet him."³⁵ He met Bullhead. Coyote was very hungry himself. Bullhead had put down his load and was sitting in the shade of a tree. "I told you I thought you might get plenty of fish, that is why I sent you. Open up your bundle, I am hungry, I want to eat them here." Bullhead opened the pack and gave him one. Coyote went a little way³⁶ from Bullhead. "Throw that fish at me, I'll catch it with my hand," said Coyote. But he didn't use his hand at all. He opened his mouth and swallowed it. He wanted another one forthwith. "They are fine fish; I am pretty badly starved." "Oh, you don't want to eat them all; you wanted to give the Indians some for the dance, you said." "Those Indians aren't hungry, they're having big fun, playing all kinds of games—basket game, football, the stick game. Give me one more." Coyote wanted them all. Bullhead didn't want to give him any more. "You don't want them all, I'll take them to the Washo dancing over there." Coyote said, "If you don't give me any more, I'll eat them all and you, too."³⁷

2. WOLF AND COYOTE, HIS BUNGLING IMITATOR

[Jack.] Wolf was living in a house with his younger brother Coyote. They would go fishing together, catch plenty of suckers, and cook them. The next time they went to the river, Wolf caught plenty of cottontails.³⁸ Coyote said, "How do you catch so many cottontails? I never catch any." "Can't you catch them? You make a big fire with buckbrush, stand in it, and all the cottontails come together there and you catch them." He was fooling his brother. Coyote went and made a little fire; he went in there and caught a few. He came back and said, "Soon I'll make a big fire and maybe I'll catch plenty of them to take home." He made a big fire of buckbrush and sagebrush. He stood up in the middle. Nothing came in. He went round, but could catch nothing. He himself got burnt up. When Coyote had not come home by next morning, Wolf looked for him. He stepped over him, then Coyote stood up alive again.

Again they went fishing. Coyote asked, "How do you get plenty of fish? I never catch any." "You don't know how to catch fish. I cut two willows, tie them together and put them in deep water, the fish get stuck, then I cook and eat." "Tomorrow I'll do that." He went early in the morning. "Here the water is pretty deep, I'll try it." He went there, jumped in, and caught ten or fifteen fish. He ate. "I'll do that again and take them home."

³⁴ "It weighed about twenty-five pounds."

³⁵ Here the informant laughed.

³⁶ "About ten feet."

³⁷ Final comment: "He got no sense at all, that damned Coyote."

³⁸ This sentence was not quite clear as expressed by my informant.

He went in again, but caught nothing. He was drowned. The next morning, Wolf went looking for him and took him out. He stepped over him, then he got up alive again.

The next time they went to the river, "How do you catch ducks? You always bring plenty home," said Coyote. "Don't you know? When plenty of ducks are flying upstream, I hit and break my leg above the knee, they all fall down dead, and I pick them up and eat them." "I'll try it." He went. A small flock came. He struck and broke his leg. The ducks fell down, he picked them up. "By and by I'll get plenty and eat." The next time a big flock came. He broke his leg again. The ducks did not fall down at all, but flew away. He couldn't get up. The next morning Wolf was looking for him. He stepped over him, and then Coyote got up again.

3. ORIGIN OF THE INDIANS

[Jack.] There was a big camp of old women, and they were playing the hand game indoors. One woman was sitting outside, making a basket. She warned the women that We'muhu was coming; he would make people blind.³⁹ The players would not listen to her. She hid, putting a basket over her head. We'muhu came along, saying, "We'muhu, We'muhu." He stuck his head in at the door and whispered, "Wi'gi topu' [eyes white]." The women all looked outside, then their eyes all turned white and blind, and all died. We'muhu then went away.

A little girl had been sleeping in the rear of the house. When all the women were dead, she began to cry. The basketmaker talked to her. "You come out here. I told them We'muhu was coming, they didn't believe it and kept on gambling, now they are all dead." The old woman went into the house backward, for she did not want to look at the dead women. She took the little girl by the hand and led her out. She carried a little basket with her.

They went to the other side of Double Spring. There she dug up roots, then sat down and made a fire. There was a big rock there that looked like a house. A tall man was living there alone. He went to Double Spring. The girl said, "There's some Indian coming this way." "No, there are no Indians here, it is some bad person. You watch him! I'll dig up wild roots." Hanawü'wü came; he was tall and red-haired. "Where do you come from?" The woman answered, "Oh, over there lots of Indians are playing games of all kinds." "I have never heard of that." "Lots of them are playing there. This little girl was always bothering her mother, crying." He said, "I'll go over to watch them play, then I'll eat them." He got up to the top of the hill. "I think she is deceiving me." He looked back and saw her. He went back on the Indian trail, saying, "She has deceived me."⁴⁰

The old woman said to the girl, "Watch him; when he comes, we'll go inside the earth." She pulled up sage and went down with the girl, holding the sage root. Hanawü'wü returned, saying, "They must have gone away." He looked everywhere, but could not see any tracks. "She must have gone into the ground." He pulled up bushes, but two were too strong for him because the woman was holding them down from below. "I think they are holding them from below." The woman said to the sun, "Sun, go down quickly, some man wants to catch and eat me." The sun went down. Hanawü'wü said, "They are holding on, I'll come back tomorrow morning and eat them." In the night he went to the big rock house.⁴¹

³⁹ It is not clear whether he is pictured as blind himself. Another statement makes him so.

⁴⁰ This part is somewhat obscure in detail.

⁴¹ This episode was told by another informant as a separate tale, as follows: Two women were coming from south of Double Spring and told about a man who was eating Washo people. They lied to him: "Oh, we were not going away; those Indians have a big time, playing all games—football, wrestling, hand game, basket game, arrow game." The cannibal began to run, saying, "I'll look at the games." He sang, "Hanawi'wi," while going. The two women pulled up some sagebrush and went into the ground. Then this Hanawi'wi ran round the site but could not see any big time; he had been fooled. He thought he heard someone shouting and ran in that direction. Then the women sang in another place.

(Continued on bottom of page 336.)

At night the woman and the girl came out. They got some willows such as are used for basketry and sat down on them. The willows traveled with them up a mountain the other side of Double Spring. No tracks could be seen. The woman dug roots again. She said to the girl, "Sit down there and watch, to see if someone is coming." The girl sat down and looked. "Some Indian is coming there." "It's not an Indian, it's some bad person; maybe he's coming here." She took some dried willow, they sat down and traveled on it 'way up to a high mountain. She came to a big rock and they went under it, holding it from below. When Hanawü'wü came, she said, "Sun, go down quickly." The sun set, and Hanawü'wü said, "Tomorrow I'll come and catch them." They came out in the night and on a willow traveled to a mountain near Wellington. Willow camped there and was eating willows. He said to the woman, "I think you don't like that kind of food." She did not eat of it, but they slept there, then walked down to Mason Valley, near Walker Lake.

Two men were living there, Wolf and Coyote; they went fishing every day. The woman and the girl went up to the top of the house. Wolf said to Coyote, "Take dry willows from near the river, make a big fire, we'll cook and I'll pack them." Wolf packed the fish, going ahead. Coyote looked toward the house. "I think he is fooling me, there are Indians up on the house." Wolf got home and told the woman, "Get down, go inside; I have a bad boy, who is coming soon." He hid the woman under a blanket. Coyote, coming up, said, "I think that looked like an Indian there on top of the house." "No, there is nobody here, that was a big black bird." Coyote made fire and cooked food. Wolf secretly fed the woman. Coyote asked, "Why are you eating all the time? You are fooling me, there are Indians here." Wolf said to the woman, "Come down to the fire, get warm and eat fish." She sat down. Then Wolf and she went to bed. Coyote said, "Well, my elder brother, can't you give me that girl to sleep with?" "No, she's too small." "You'd better give her to me, I'll sleep with her." "No, she's too small." Coyote kept on talking to him. At last Wolf said, "Well, sleep with her; I suppose you'll eat her up." The girl went to Coyote, who ate her up, all except her head, which he left on the bed. In the morning they got up. "That's what I told you, you'd eat the girl." Wolf picked up the head and hit Coyote with it. Coyote was angry.

The old woman cried for two nights. She went up to the top of the house when Wolf and Coyote went fishing again, then she went away to this side of Walker Lake by the mountain there. She found a good Indian there in a big house, with plenty of pine nuts, acorns, roots, and dried deermeat. The man was constantly picking out ashes and putting them by the door. She put one foot within the circle of ashes, then stepped back and lay down outside at the back of the house. The man came and entered the house at night, made a fire and boiled deermeat in a basket. He put it down by the bed. Without seeing the woman, he talked to her. "There is no Indian here, there's some Indian track here; if you come down here, you'll see me." The woman came inside. He sat down and gave her deermeat. There were no Indians here, this is the one who made Indians. They ate and slept together. In two or three days a child was born. Every night they begot children, so that in a month there were many boys and girls. The boys played with bows and arrows and fought each other. Their parents were angry. "Don't fight with arrows." They fought one another nevertheless. He got up in the midst of them and said, "If you want to fight, go and fight." With his foot he shoved one group aside, saying, "You are Washo, you live in the middle of this country." With his other foot he pushed aside another group, saying, "You are Paiute, you are too numerous." To a third group he said, "You are Digger Indians, live over there." Then he said, "I am going away." He and the woman went

He ran there. "Well, they have duped me, I have a notion to kill and eat them. I am surely going to catch and eat them." He got back to the summit and tried to track them, but could not find any tracks. "They must have gone into the ground." He pulled up the brush all around except where they had gone in, for there they were holding on at the other side. "Somebody is holding it." At sunset he stopped. "I'll wait till tomorrow." Early in the morning he went there again, but at night the women had come out and gone east. In the morning he pulled hard there and fell backward. He tracked them eastward. He could not find them.

south.⁴² They walked a little way, then a little cloud appeared and they went up. They never came any more. The woman is the cloud, the man is thunder. He is the father of the Indians.⁴³

4. COYOTE AS DOCTOR

[?] Coyote set up as a doctor. He said to Porcupine, "I cure anybody. Tell every person you meet that I have just begun doctoring. I study about it every night. Let anyone who needs a doctor send for me, no matter how far away I may be. I'll go 'way uphill to make my house there till someone calls me." He packed up his belongings and went. Porcupine told Deer, who was living with her aunt Crow, neither of them being married. Deer said, "I get sick sometimes. If you find me sick, fetch the doctor; he's camped way out in the pine-nut hill place."

Every day, Coyote went out hunting cottontail and jack rabbits. One evening he ate jack rabbits that he had killed, then took off his clothes and lay down by the fire under the shade. He pretended to be so old as hardly to be able to do anything. He made dust fly all over his face. Crow came to him in the evening. He heard her coming. She asked, "What's the matter? Why are you in bed already? It is pretty early." He looked as if he were nearly gone. She continued, "You sometimes smoke for somebody?" "Who are you?" he asked. "I'm a stranger. I just heard there was a doctor up here, that is why I come. One girl is pretty sick, I couldn't get anyone to doctor her." "Oh, there is no doctor around here." "I think you are the one she means, you are the only old man up here." "Oh, once in a while I light tobacco for a smoke, that's why they say I am a doctor." "I wish you'd get up and put on moccasins so you and I could go to the sick person." "Oh yes, I am coughing, I have a bad cold, and am weak. However, I'll get up. Maybe she'll give me something to eat, I haven't anything. No matter how sick I am, I have to go. You go ahead, I think I can get ahead of you." Crow went ahead. After she had left, Coyote dressed up well, putting magpie tail feathers at the back of his head. "Well, maybe I'll get my belly full, I'll be back here tomorrow," he said to himself. "I have no moccasins, I'll go barefoot." He galloped along.

Crow arrived first. "The doctor is coming, he'll be here soon." He arrived with a mink hide full of tobacco and a big pipe. The girl was very sick. He said, "I got here, I want to smoke. I think I can cure her; if not, kill me here." He pulled out his hide. "I'll smoke twice. I'll soon tell you what's the matter." He had a globular rattle of deer hide with pebbles inside. He sang twice and smoked twice. "There's nothing the matter, she'll be well tomorrow. My mouth is not dry. That's the way I feel whenever a patient is getting well." The old woman offered him a buckskin. He refused it. "Give me a bundle of pine nuts. I won't take anything else, I have nothing at home." She agreed and cooked some, shaking them in a basket tray with embers. When they were cooked, Coyote said, "I don't need to doctor any more. She'll be up tomorrow and improve constantly. In two days from now she'll be happy and walk as well as ever."

He started home with the nuts. He took a handful and chewed them up with the shells. He kept on eating. "That's what I want. I don't know whether she'll get well or not, but I told them so I could get the pine nuts."

Soon after he had left, the girl died. Crow thought he had poisoned her. She called Skunk and Porcupine, both short-legged people. "Coyote has killed my niece. I'm a woman. Try to kill him. I gave him pine nuts. She died that night." Porcupine said, "He's always a fool, he killed the girl because that's his way. We'll sneak up and kill that Coyote."

Coyote heard the three of them talking. He sneaked home. Skunk and Porcupine set out, the latter with bows and arrows, wearing moccasins and putting bird feathers on their heads. Skunk said, "I don't need anything. I'll kill him with my filth. I'll stand by the door; you chase him toward me, and he'll be killed." Skunk took a rock in one

⁴² According to Jack, the dead go south to the Father of the Indians.

⁴³ For some of the preceding incidents, compare the Paviotso versions in R. H. Lowie, *Shoshonean Tales*, JAF 37:200, 202, 204, 1924.

hand. Porcupine came to the back door. Coyote was pretending to be like an old man again, barely able to get up. He was watching them. He had his blanket pulled up over his face, but so that he peeped out with one eye. Skunk stood there. Porcupine got his bow ready. When the string twanged, Coyote jumped. Porcupine missed him. He tried again and missed once more. "Who are you?" asked Coyote, "You can't kill me, you can't kill anything, Short-legs." Skunk was there, but Coyote jumped over him and ran away. "You short fellows can't kill anything," he said. Both cried; they had to go back without killing Coyote.

[Dave.] An old woman and her daughter were picking pine nuts and came to camp near here. Coyote said, "I am going to marry the young woman." He was very hungry and knew those women had lots of pine nuts. He met Bullhead [fish] and said to him, "Let us fool that old woman and her daughter. You go where the young woman urinates and jump into her, then we'll get plenty of pine nuts." Bullhead got under the rock and watched the young woman; when she urinated, he jumped into her. After a few days she felt something inside. "It is not food," she told her mother. "Have you met some man lately? Perhaps you are big with child." "It feels like that." She got sick. The old woman was scared and called someone to go for a doctor.

The messenger went to Coyote, who was living some distance away. "The old woman is sending me to you, you sometimes smoke and doctor." "Well, I am very sick, I can't move very well, but when someone calls I always go. I like to doctor, that's what I am for. How far is that camp?" He rose, put on moccasins, and got tobacco. "I have to go," he said, "I am nearly starved to death. I hear she's got plenty to eat. I'll go there quickly." They went off in a hurry. "Maybe she'll be dead before you get there." They ran fast.

When they arrived, the mother said, "I don't know why my daughter is sick. You doctor well, that's why I sent for you." "Yes, I'm not much of a doctor, I doctor people a little. But I'll see right away what's the matter with her." He knew there was something in her womb. "You needn't be afraid she'll die; perhaps a young man has possessed her and she is big with child." The old woman and her daughter had a big pile of pine nuts; she gave Coyote a little mush. He said, "This food is fine," and drank a big basketful. He wanted to go home. "When your daughter has a baby, let me know immediately, send someone for me and I'll come." She sent for him. "Let Coyote come and see whether the baby will live. I don't know who is his father." When Coyote got there, the baby had died. The old woman cried. Coyote said to himself, "I like to see the baby die; I want to get some of the nuts. I'll take both of them away from where the baby died." He did so. He said, "Don't look back at all toward your old house, I'll move the pine nuts for you." He looked; they were not watching, only crying. He stole half of the pine nuts and hid them in a big pit. "Well, I have moved all your things here, I'm going home." He walked homeward. Every night, he ate some of the pine nuts till he had eaten them up. He no longer cared about the old woman.

5. COYOTE AND CATFISH

[Bill.] Coyote talked my language. He had a camp. He went off somewhere on the river and got a fish trap. He caught lots of fish and dried them. He had plenty of fat. He said, "My fish are getting too fat." He picked up ashes and rubbed them all over. He went to his trap and looked at the long basket. It looked as if it were full of fish at the bottom, but when he pulled it out there was nothing but rotten wood there. He dropped it; he was very angry. He walked off to where he was drying fish, and found wood bugs on the fish. He had stored two bunches of pine nuts, one shelled, the other unshelled. He ran back to camp and was going to cook them. He made a fire. Picking up a mended basket, he said, "I am going to make three different kinds of soup." He tried to take out pine nuts from one cache, but found only rocks. He went to the second cache and asked, "Are you going to be the same thing?" Again he pulled out rocks. He got very angry, left camp,

and ran off. He was not going to talk Washo any more, he was going to be a coyote. He lay about on the meadow as coyotes do and did not go back to camp any more.

In the east some Indians were cooking pine nuts. Coyote smelled the heat and said, "Somebody has stolen my pine nuts and put rocks in their place." He said he was going to war against the thieves. He called up every kind of wild game, birds, mice. He was going to train them for war. Then he called up the fish—minnows and others. That time this world was full of water. He went into the Paiute camp. He asked Catfish, who spoke Paiute, to catch a lot of Indians. Catfish looked for the chief. "Where's my friend the chief? Tell me." He made one step. He went to the next man and asked him the same thing, and the next man again, and a fourth. The last one said, "This man, your friend, is sitting right here."

Coyote went to his own camp. His wife was grinding nuts for soup. He said to her, "Grind fine, grind well. This man who is coming now is a smart fellow, don't make it coarse." She made soup and gave it to Coyote. He sat down outdoors with a handful of nuts, dropped them, and ate them. Everybody went to sleep. Coyote did not sleep at all, but stole some soup placed in the house and made them think a dog had taken it, saying "Ica, ica!" as if chasing a dog.

Catfish said to the Paiute chief, "Call up a man with good hair, tell him to put his hand on me." He did so, and the hand stuck to Catfish. He asked the next man to do the same. Catfish said, "I'll kill your wife, your friends, your relatives with different kinds of sickness, I'll kill any of you." A lot of people, all with good long hair, thus got stuck to Catfish. Then he went right toward the river. He said, "I am walking toward the river, I am going to urinate in it." He dived right in with all the people on him. Some of the other people thought they might save their relatives, catching them downstream. They were crying, "I'm losing my son!" They went to the bottom of the water. Catfish then pulled off their scalps, put them into a long basket, and brought them to where he wanted to have a big time. Coyote danced there. He sang as follows: "ke'we uha'lek la'hai' iya' iha'!" Wolf was with him and sang: "ha'li, ha'hi, hahi!"⁴⁴

6. COYOTE'S DAUGHTER AND CHICKENHAWK'S SON

[Jack.] Skunk had a camp. Coyote was living this side of Gardnerville with his wife and daughter. He said, "I'll go 'way down uphill from Genoa." Chickenhawk was living there with a son and a daughter. Coyote wanted his daughter to marry Chickenhawk's son, so he had her take pine-nut flour there in a basket. On the way, she had to pass Skunk's house. Skunk said, "Well, Coyote told you to come here." So she went to Skunk's house and stayed there for one night. Skunk begot a great many children, some of which he cooked in the ground. One he made alive and boiled him in a basket. Coyote asked, "Have you come back?" "Yes." Her mother took out the boiled baby. "Oh, it's no good. I didn't tell you to bring that. I don't eat it, throw it away." She threw it away.

The next day Coyote said, "Go 'way up there" (near the site of Genoa). She made pine-nut flour and set out again. Her father told her not to stop at Skunk's, but to go farther. She went near the site of Genoa, looked up, and saw Chickenhawk's son, who told his father, "Oh, that woman is coming, I see her." "Perhaps she likes you, go down and bring her up here." He went down and brought her up to their home. She stayed two nights, then gave birth to a big boy. Chickenhawk hunted deer every day and gave dried meat to the girl. She carried it home in a basket. Coyote said, "That's what I want—deermeat." She stayed a few days, then returned to her husband. Coyote said, "When you cross the river, don't drink water while crossing, but dip it up in a cup and drink it on the other bank." She, however, drank water while crossing the river. Then a great many "fish-ducks" came. They took her and her baby 'way downstream toward Washo Lake. They fought one another over the possession of the girl.

Chickenhawk's son was out hunting in the mountains. He saw his wife being captured

⁴⁴ The words of these songs are said to be meaningless.

by the ducks. "It seems the woman is not coming here, she is being taken away. I want to go and see my wife, and bring her back. How shall I catch her?" he asked his father. "Oh, not today; go early tomorrow morning." The next morning there were plenty of ducks. Chickenhawk hit them with his wing and killed them all. He caught his wife and brought her up to Carson River. Then he let her go. He came back to his home. He did not want her any more.

She walked down toward the site of Carson City, crying. She walked along the trail to Sheridan. The Washo were always playing ball there. They left the ball lying in the middle. Coyote's daughter took the ball away and left her baby's head in its place. Then she walked off. In the morning the Indians wanted to play. They kicked the ball. It did not stop, but kept on going around. "That's no ball, that's the head of Chickenhawk's baby." They kicked it for a little, then a great wind began to blow. The Indians said, "Why is that ball going around? I hear the wind up in the mountains. Maybe that ball is no good." The wind came down and blew all the Indians away. Far off they fell down in a place the Washo call "Weyō'."

7. COYOTE AND THE GRIZZLIES

[Jack.] Two Grizzly sisters were living together. Coyote was camping by the Carson River. He looked uphill. The Grizzly women would go out every day to dig wild potatoes. One day Coyote came out of the house and yelled at them, "That plot does not belong to you, it belongs to me; don't eat up all the potatoes, leave them there." One of the sisters heard him. She growled and sat down. The other woman asked, "What's the matter with you? There are plenty of potatoes to be dug up." "Coyote has abused me. See him down there." Then both were angry, growled, and sat down. "Let us eat that Coyote." They ran toward his house.

Coyote went inside his house. He defecated and asked his excrements, "The Bears are coming after me, what shall I do?" "Lie down and pretend you are sick. When they get here, pretend you have been sick for a month."

When the Grizzlies got there, one of them sat down on the roof by the smoke hole. The other went in. Coyote was moaning, "I have been sick for a month." "You are not sick, you were sitting outside a little while ago, calling me names." "Oh, I have been sick for a month, I nearly died. It was not I: some Indian boys were passing outside, and they shouted at you." "There was no one here; it was you, and I am angry." She had a sharp rock and went for Coyote. He jumped to the other side of the house. Again she went for him and he jumped to the other side. She said to her sister, "Watch up there, maybe he'll go through there." "Oh, I'll watch." Again the Grizzly went for Coyote, who jumped out through the smoke hole. The other Grizzly only caught his tail, which was torn off. He ran off a way, then looked back. The Grizzly on the roof cried to her sister, "Come out, he looks pretty sick." However, Coyote ran on, looking back at the Bears. They went after him. He went across the Carson River toward Woodfords. He had made a little house there and had a bow and arrow there. He sat down inside. The Grizzlies pursued him to the little house. He made a hole in the wall and shot both of them, killing them. He skinned them and cut them all up. He made a fire. He failed to cut up the spleen [?]. It made a noise: "toro' . . . ro'." He looked up and said, "It's a goose flying." The spleen turned into a live bear and ran away. Coyote took his bow and arrows and shot at it, but missed it. He pursued it for a while, then let it go. "You'd better go to the mountains," he said, "and bite some new [?] Indians when they hunt you." That is why Indians are afraid of grizzlies.

Coyote dried the bearskins, also the meat, and packed it. He went toward this side of Gardnerville. An old man approached, named Kōmbi. He was carrying a big rock. He would put Indians down in a pit⁴⁵ and say, "I'll hit you with this rock, then you'll feel better." He asked Coyote, "Are you sick? I'll hit you with the rock, then you'll feel bet-

⁴⁵ His exact procedure remains obscure.

ter and we'll eat that bear meat." Kōmbi put Coyote into the pit and took up his big rock. He wanted to kill him, but Coyote jumped out. He did not touch him. Kōmbi said, "Pretty soon you'll feel better." Coyote said, "I was not very sick, I am better. Let me try it with you for once." "No, I am not sick; if you are sick, I cure you that way." "I'll try once, maybe you'll get better." Kōmbi went into the hole. Coyote's foot was like a dog's. He said, "I can't pick up the rock with my foot." The old man lost his suspicion then. Coyote quickly picked up the rock and broke him into pieces. He then packed the bear meat, went to Carson Valley, and stopped at the site of Carson City.

[Bill.] Seven or eight miles toward Coleville from the mouth of the canyon in the Carson Valley, Coyote had a camp by himself. Grizzly also had a camp. Coyote owned a place for getting wild potatoes, and Grizzly dug up some of them. Coyote abused her. Grizzly heard it and began to growl. She had a sister and said to her, "Let us go and see that fellow." They started. Coyote went inside his house. (He is smart, you know.) He lay down like a sick man, moaning. The Grizzlies went in. "You are the man who called us names." "No, it must have been the man who went past making fun of me; I didn't say anything to you."

The elder sister went in, the other went to the top of the house. The younger said, "Don't talk to him. He called us bad names, catch and kill him!" Coyote got scared. The elder sister thought she'd seize him, and jumped across the fire. He ran off under her arms and jumped up to the smoke hole. She ran out, thinking her sister would catch him. The younger said, "I nearly caught him, I nearly killed him. There he is, running away."

Coyote ran westward. Both sisters ran after him. He made a hiding place for himself, then when they came near he shot and killed them both. He began to skin them, took the hides and cut them up fine, but he did not cut up the spleen [?]. He cut up the brush all around and cut up the flesh fine. The spleen dropped under the brush, and the grizzlies came back to life again. Coyote said, "What is it shouting there?" He listened carefully. It sounded louder and louder. He stepped on the spleen. Nevertheless it moved around a little; he could not kill it. He said, "I am killing you, I do thus"; and again he stepped on it. Then it became alive again and ran out as a bear. He tried to catch her but could not do it. "Oh, go ahead," he said; "go away, go south, go to the side of the hill; then catch those people and bite them."

He returned to where he had sliced the meat, and wrapped up both hides and the flesh, then went straight uphill and tried to stretch the hide on the ground. He removed the brush all around. Far around in a circle there was no brush, no tree, where he was stretching the hide. (I have seen it myself.) He came down from there. The hides were dried. He cooked the meat and went down toward the site of Sheridan. He met a long-billed, long-legged bird, who was furious, hit a rock, smashed it, and scattered all the pieces. There he passed. He met another fellow singing. Coyote said, "I have some meat to eat, let us take a bite." The other, K'ai'ee, said, "I don't want to eat now, let us eat after we have punched each other." He wanted to kill Coyote and told him to lie down first to be punched. Coyote wanted *him* to lie down first. At last Coyote lay down crosswise on top of some rocks. K'ai'ee and he were watching each other. K'ai'ee had a rock to kill people with. As he moved it, Coyote, who was watching, picked up a rock and jumped up. "Come, lie down again." Coyote would not do it. "No, you go ahead, lie there, I'll try you, then you can try me again." So his enemy lay down on the rock with his wings.⁴⁶ Coyote asked, "How do you hold this? I can't hold this rock." He could not pick it up with his claws. K'ai'ee was watching, but as soon as he shifted his eyes from Coyote, Coyote smashed and killed him. Then he walked away toward the site of Genoa and Hot Springs.

Coyote met another fellow, La'lak, who came along singing and carrying fish in his basket. La'lak gave Coyote a little one. Coyote swallowed it and said, "Do you think

⁴⁶ This suggests that the angry bird mentioned above is probably identical with Coyote's antagonist.

this will fill me up?" "Well, try it." He threw it into Coyote's mouth, and it filled him. Coyote began puffing. He was mad and tried to smash the basket. It had hooks in it, which caught Coyote. "Stop the hooks—quick!" "How shall I stop them?" He went away. He saw people hunting rabbits below the site of Gardnerville. He came in at the site of Minden. He got to the hunters' camp. They were women and had roasted plenty of rabbits. They all took out the roasted rabbits and ate them between their legs, bone and all.⁴⁷ Coyote caught one woman to sleep with at night. He got a rock, pushed it in, and broke off all her teeth. He slept with her that night and made her conceive. The next morning she gave birth to a baby. He ran away northward. He had put red paint all over himself. Somebody far off saw him and said, "I see somebody with red paint on running toward us away from there. I don't know who he is. After a while we shall see."⁴⁸

8. THE ANIMALS' JOURNEY

[Dave.] Birds, frogs, rabbits, and Coyote—every bird in this [Carson] valley and northward were talking together. One said, "Everything living today, why should we not get together for a dance two months from now and see another country?" Another said, "I'd like to go somewhere, we don't want to stay here all our lifetime. I have a father and a grandfather." In the fall they all gathered and went to another country, where they found other birds and animals, who did not like the visitors. They looked at the mountains and valley there and what was growing in it. One day the natives met some of their visitors and asked, "What have you come here for? You are too many, you are eating up all we have. If you stay any longer we'll fight you." They told their headman, "They say we are eating up their food." He did not care; he said, "We'll fight with them any time they are ready."

They began to fight. The natives defeated the visitors and killed half of them. Many lost a brother, sister, or father. They were very sad about it, some were scared and couldn't get back quick enough, some died on the road. Coyote, as the fastest runner, got home first. Wolf was with him. Coyote said he'd feed on squirrels and game of that sort. They had nearly got caught. Coyote said, "We'll stay here a little longer. We don't care about those little chipmunks and the rest. We can do nothing against those big fellows like the bears."

It was in the springtime, there was lots of high water in the Truckee, and some couldn't cross it. Heron [?] was in the party. The fugitives came to the site of Reno. They had no boat to cross in. Heron came along with his long legs and made a noise. He said, "I thought you fellows had got home by this time." Badger escaped the enemy by always going into a hole. "It's foolish to go that way. Our friends are mostly killed. You can't get across, let's camp here." Badger said, "You have a long leg, maybe it'll reach across the river and we can use it for a bridge." "Well, I'll try." He lay down and his leg reached across. All of them went over on his leg. Old Frog-woman couldn't walk much and was afraid of crossing in this way; she had a cane sharpened at one end. "Oh, maybe I'll fall down." "Don't be afraid, get on and go across." She was the last one. When she got to the middle of the river, the bird moved his leg to tease the old woman. Frog said, "This is moving," and nearly cried. She stuck [prodded] Heron's leg with her cane. "Don't stick me hard like that, it hurts." She kept on doing it harder and harder. Heron got angry. He moved his leg to one side so that she fell into the water, drifting down. "Oh, my old relative is being drowned," cried someone. However, they saw her head sticking out, and finally she got to the other bank with the rest.

All went on from there to Carson Valley. They were so starved they could hardly walk. Frog was in the rear. Some people began to mock her, asking, "Why does she always

⁴⁷ The *vagina dentata* motive, evidently.

⁴⁸ Bill commented thus on his tale: "I believe it sometime [i.e., in part]. You know, a grizzly when he stands up looks like people. I believe it hardly that women ate rabbits between their legs. But the old Indian said that was right [true]."

stay behind?" "I'll show you what's wrong," she said. "You can't beat me." She made a few jumps and was miles ahead. Then she asked, "What's the matter with those boys? They are faster than I."

Coyote, who was carrying meat in his mouth, came to the river in the afternoon. He said to Wolf, "We can't get across, brother. You are a good jumper, jump." Wolf tried several times but failed. "Maybe I'll do it." Coyote went far back, came at a dead run, and seemed to fly across. He looked at Wolf, who tried to do the same but was afraid. At last he jumped but did not get clear across, falling a short distance from the bank. He was pretty heavy. Coyote was watching. The water was deep. Wolf couldn't get out, but drifted till Coyote seized him and pulled him out. When both were on land, they laughed, built a fire, and cooked. "Now let's go home quickly, we can get there before night." They ate, packed their food, and trotted homeward, side by side. Coyote beat his brother running. He looked around in every camp to see which members of the tribe had come home. Wolf cried, "Wu-u-u"; he could not find many of his friends, and mourned their loss.

9. COYOTE AND LIZARD

[Dave.] Coyote and Lizard were talking together. Lizard said, "Indians shall have five digits and be able to handle anything." Coyote said, "No, they shall have hands like a coyote's or dog's paw. They'll handle with their mouths." "No; do you suppose they can handle things with their feet? They must have five digits." "No; their hands must be like my feet." He got angry and said, "I'll catch and kill you." "All right, you'll kill me." Coyote jumped at him. There was a crack in a rock, Lizard went into it and Coyote couldn't catch him. "Somehow I'll kill you; I'll kill you easily." He went to make a fire in the crack. He made a sagebrush fire with thick smoke. Lizard thought the smoke would kill him. Coyote took a wing and fanned smoke into every crack. He thought he could kill Lizard, but Lizard stuck his head out away from the smoke. Soon the smoke went in, and Lizard made a sound, pretending to be burnt, but was on the outside. Coyote was listening. "Now he is dead. I thought you couldn't die, but this smoke has killed you." Lizard came out on a hill. "Ah, you haven't killed me." He went back to the same hole. He made the same sound again. Then he jumped up once more, saying, "You haven't killed me."

[?] Coyote said, "I am going to be as tall as a pine-nut tree." Wolf said, "No, you shall not be so tall. People will make a willow pole tall enough for me to knock down the nuts." Coyote said, "You are wrong." But Wolf hit the nuts with a pole, he did not take Coyote's word.

Coyote said, "Those people shall have the same kind of hand as myself." Lizard said, "Oh, these people are going to be like me." He showed his hand.

10. FROG AND COTTONTAIL

[Dave.] Frog was an old woman; she wanted to marry Cottontail because of his good looks and white tail. Cottontail wouldn't go near her. He said, "I wouldn't have a frog, she's too soft. I can go and run and feed myself very well." The cottontail lives around the mountains in rocks. Frog did not move away from the water and mud.

11. THE WEASEL BROTHERS

[?] There were two weasel brothers; the smaller one, Tama'hili, was a funny fellow; he wouldn't mind (just like a hoodlum). He said to Spider, "You can't catch me. I'm going to jump over this stump, you can't jump over it." Spider said, "I can run after anyone, I'll follow you around." The Weasel jumped. Spider, instead of jumping, ran under the stump and got pretty close to him. Weasel said, "Do you think you can run across the water? I can go on top of the water." He ran across. Spider also went quickly across and nearly caught up. Weasel was tired out and Spider killed him.

Tama'lili's elder brother had sent him for something. When he did not come back, the elder brother looked around, but found no track. He followed him all over, but could not find any. He asked Sun: "Have you seen my brother? I couldn't find him. Have you seen him? I have lost him. Tell me, you must see him." Sun said, "I haven't seen him, I don't know where he is." He asked again and again. At last Sun said, "I didn't want to tell directly. I think your brother has no sense. He was fooling with a bad boy. Something bad chased him, killed him, and dragged him into his house [hole]. I saw him a little while ago." Then the elder Weasel went into the hole and made smoke. Spider got sick from it, he was suffocated. Weasel dragged his younger brother out and stepped over him. Then the little one got up alive again.

Both walked away. The elder said, "You'll have to look out, you always fool with anybody, you must be careful. Don't do that any more. Go ahead, I think there are deer in that brush; scare them, we'll kill them." The younger went running and met Beaver. He walked toward him and shook his house. Beaver asked, "What is that?" He saw him. Weasel said, "My brother has sent me up here to get something to eat tonight; we are camping out there somewhere." "I have nothing to give you to eat." He asked two or three times. "I haven't got it, I tell you." Then Weasel got angry, broke up the beaver house, and ran away. Plenty of beavers came out and ran after him. They grabbed him and bit him to death, then dragged him into their house.

The elder brother waited for a long time. He got tired and went hunting for him. He again asked Sun, who would not tell him at first. At last he said, "That man got him, killed him, dragged him into his house." The elder Weasel went in and dragged out Tama'lili. He stepped over him. He got up. They walked off. He told him again, "You haven't any sense. I told you to be careful and not to fool when you meet somebody. I'm tired of you."

He sent him off again: "Go over to that tree where there are deer tracks. Go round that big brush, and drive deer to me, so we can kill them and have something to eat tonight." Young Weasel went into the thick brush, found a bear cub, caught him, and brought him to his brother. He rubbed the cub's back, and said "We have a nice puppy." He held him toward his body. "Let him go, Grizzly might come." After a while he let him go. The Weasels walked away.

He sent him off again. "Look at that tree. I'll stand under it, you come round, and if you scare up deer we'll kill them and camp here somewhere." He found no deer, only Woodchuck [?] making smoke against the other woodchucks and trying to kill them. He got two or three. Young Weasel came along and fooled Woodchuck, who had a long stick with which he was poking into the hole. Woodchuck was looking in, kneeling, when Weasel with a little stick struck him in the buttocks. Woodchuck thought he was being burnt. He again poked in his stick, and Weasel again did as before. "Who did that? It must be someone coming along to fool me." He tried again, looking between his legs, and caught sight of young Weasel, who laughed at him, saying, "Well, my brother has sent me to get a great big woodchuck to eat tonight. You have killed one, you have got it, my brother wants a big one." He refused; then Weasel seized it and fled. Two or three woodchucks ran after him, killed him, and dragged him into a hole.

Then the elder Weasel looked everywhere for the younger. He could not find him and again asked Sun, "Have you seen my brother?" At first Sun would not tell him, but after being asked several times he said, "Your brother fooled Woodchuck, he tried to steal from him, then two or three of them ran after him, killed him, and dragged him into their hole." He went to the hole, made a smoke and killed Woodchuck, pulled out his brother and stepped over him. Then he came to life again.

Both of them walked away and went to a hillside. They saw a deer lying on the upper side of a tree. "Look out, that big deer is what we are looking for." The elder brother sneaked up, saying, "Do you stay here, and don't move until I've shot him." The younger one would not obey, but kept sneaking alongside of his brother. "Stay here, don't move, don't follow me, I am going to sneak up and kill him. If you come alongside of me and shoot when I shoot, he won't die, he'll run away." Still the younger would not listen.

The elder Weasel shot, and so did his brother. Then the deer did not die, but ran down, far away. They followed and tracked him, but could not catch him.⁴⁹

The younger Weasel saw a water baby and fooled him. The Water Baby said, "Look out, don't fool with me. If you do and kill me, the water will flow over you, following you down, and will drown you." But the Weasel killed him, scalped him—he had long hair—and brought the scalp to his brother. The elder Weasel said, "Why, what are you doing! Don't you stop fooling? The water is going to drown us. Throw the hair back immediately!" The water followed the young Weasel and nearly overtook him, but when he threw the hair back the water receded.

[Jack.] Weasel (Pewets'eli) had a younger brother (Tama'lili); they were camping at the site of Woodfords. They went up to a high mountain near Sheridan. They went to the other side, to a big lake. The older Weasel said, "We'll go up there. You go to that tree, there are lots of deer tracks there, scare them; I'll stay here and kill them; then we'll eat." Young Weasel, however, went to Beaver. "Hallo, my friend, you are playing here?" "Yes, I play here every day." "Let me play." "You don't know how to play," said Beaver; "we say 'k'omoya wa'lyely'el' when we play." "Let's play for a little while. You lie down like that, I'll hit you with my foot and say 'k'omoya wa'lyely'el.'" Beaver lay down. Weasel hit him pretty hard and broke his medicine.⁵⁰ Then he ran away. Beaver said, "Bad boy, you have broken it all up." He caught Weasel and stuffed the fragments into his nostrils and mouth, thus killing him.

The older Weasel came back, looked everywhere, and saw his brother. He stepped over him and thus revived him. "Let's go." They went 'way up. Then the older brother said, "You'd better go, I'll stay up here and kill lots of deer."

Ground Hog had a camp. The younger brother found him. Ground Hog had a big house, in which there was a big fire and smoke; he was killing ground hogs. Weasel said, "My older brother has walked off a little way, he told me my uncle was catching ground hogs and would give me a big one, then we should eat tonight." Ground Hog offered him a little one. Weasel refused it and got angry. He took a big one and ran away. Ground Hog called plenty of ground hogs to chase him; they caught him and bit him so that he died; then they took him inside. The older Weasel came looking for his brother. He asked Ground Hog, "Have you seen my brother? He went here." "No." "Yes, I have seen his tracks." "No." "Tell me, or I'll kill you." "Oh, he went to sleep inside my house." Weasel went inside and brought him out. He stepped over him and brought him to life again. The younger brother said, "It was pretty hot inside the house, my uncle made it warm." "He is not your uncle (um'euci), he killed you."

Every day he got killed. The next day he went again up to the site of Tallac. There was a little fellow there with long hair, sleeping on a rock with his arms folded and his head resting on them; this was Metsu7'e. Weasel took a sharp rock, saying, "He has pretty good hair, I think my brother will keep it." He jumped at Metsu7'e, who leaped down into the water. There they fought, going round and round. At last Weasel killed and scalped him. "This will be pretty good for my brother." He went to his brother. "I have found good hair for you." "It's no good, that water will catch us and we'll both die. It will come up high." They ran toward a high mountain. The younger brother pulled out a little hair from the scalp and threw it into the water, which receded a little but then came back again. "Throw it away, it's no good, the water will catch us wherever we go." It came near the top of the high mountain, covering everything there. Sagehen was up there, lying down on the fire, which burnt his breast. Thus he saved fire for the Weasels. The water went down.⁵¹

⁴⁹ Subsequently the narrator said the Yellowjacket killed the deer and at once made away with the meat.

⁵⁰ Jack could not explain to me precisely what was hit and broken by Weasel.

⁵¹ As appears from the context, as well as from another version, the water fell when the whole scalp was thrown back into it.

[Jack.⁵²] The Weasel brothers went up the mountains. They caught squirrels. It was pretty warm. They made fire in the shade and the elder cooked the squirrels while the younger was sleeping. Then the elder took them out and went to sleep. The younger then got up. Deep down below the fire Spider had his house. The younger Weasel raked the fire with a stick, bringing Spider out. The young Weasel laid the squirrels out to cool them off. His brother did not get up, he looked as if dead, for Spider had bitten him. Spider went after the younger brother, who ran off, Spider jumping after him. Weasel asked, "What is it that is pursuing me all the time?" He ran around and jumped up on a big rock. Spider jumped up, too. Again he ran and went up a tree; Spider also climbed up. He jumped into Lake Tahoe, running along the surface of the water. Spider came jumping across.

After a while the older brother got up and said, "Come here, younger brother, here are your squirrels cooked, perhaps they are not hot any more. Let us eat and then go." He did not see him. In the meantime Spider had caught the younger Weasel and bitten him to death. He took him back below the fireplace. The older Weasel asked, "Where is my brother?" He went around, looking for the tracks, but couldn't find them. He went to a big obsidian [?] rock. From its middle he flew up to Sun's camp. He asked, "Have you seen my brother? I have lost him." "No, I haven't seen him, I was sleeping." Again he asked, "Have you seen him?" "No, I wasn't looking today, my eyes are no good, I can't see. Perhaps your uncle (Moon) has seen him. I was sleeping all day." Sun did not want to tell him, he was angry.⁵³

Weasel went to the moon and stayed there all night. In the middle of the moon there were dry frogs [?]. Weasel said, "I don't like frogs, those are not fish." "Oh, they are good," said Moon; "I always eat them, I don't like fish. I always throw away fish from the weir basket and pick out the frogs. Early tomorrow morning you may go to the creek, maybe you'll catch fish in the basket; bring them here and eat." He went to the creek next morning. The basket was pretty full, frogs were numerous, there were some fish. He picked them out.

Weasel asked Moon, "Have you seen my younger brother? I lost him yesterday." "In the day or the night?" "Yesterday at noon. Have you seen him?" "No, yesterday I slept all day. At night I look around and see everything, in the daytime I am blind. Perhaps your uncle (Sun) has seen him. Take my two dogs." They were porcupines. Weasel went to a big rock in the morning and, standing with his back toward it, kicked it with his heel. Two porcupines came out. He took one under each arm and went to Sun's house, putting the porcupines on the roof. The porcupines spread their quills. Weasel entered. "Why don't you tell me about my brother?" he asked. "My uncle thinks you've seen him. You didn't tell me, my dogs will sting you." Sun was afraid and said, "I'll tell you." He told him.⁵⁴

The older Weasel went down into the ground to Spider's house with a pipe. Moon had instructed him not to let Spider smoke first. Spider said, "Give me the pipe to smoke first." Weasel would not do it. He smoked himself for a long time. Spider had a great many children all over the house. As Weasel continued smoking, all the little Spiders fell down. Spider said, "That's enough, my children are pretty nearly all dead." Weasel continued smoking. Spider was moaning: "I am nearly dead, don't smoke any more." At last he fell down dead. Weasel took out his younger brother and stepped over him, so he came to life again. He said, "It was pretty warm in my uncle's house, I slept too much." "That's not your uncle, he's no good, he bit you to death." They went away. The elder brother kicked the Spider's house, then it burnt up.

⁵² This recital by Jack was told as a separate story.

⁵³ It is not clear why. Sun and Moon were represented as brothers by Jack.

⁵⁴ Jack here gave some details which I was unable to understand fully. It seems that Sun was angry because the elder Weasel slept too much, so that his brother could run around without supervision.

12. WITŌ'WINUK

[Jack.] Witŏwinuk had a camp in a rock. He was a big old man. Once an old woman went out digging wild potatoes. He called to her, "Come here, I have plenty of meat, come and eat, then go digging potatoes!" She went there. He caught her, choked her to death, cut her up, and ate her.

When she did not come home, the other women began to look for her. They saw lots of blood where she had been cut up. "We'll seize him and kill him," they said. They took stone knives and cut him all to pieces. This was 'way down toward Hot Springs. There was no more Witŏwinuk then. The women said, "He won't bother Indian women digging potatoes any more."

13. THE BIG BIRD

[Dave.] A big bird had his nest about four miles from McKinney, in the middle of Lake Tahoe. His name was A'ŋ and he ate Indians. He stayed there during the daytime, but in the evening began to fly around looking for people. Early in the spring the Washo would begin to go over from this (Carson) valley to get fish by spearing, for at that season they were hard up for meat. Then there would be a camp by every creek flowing into the lake. The bird would look around, see the fires, and know when to catch Indians. He would alight on a big tree, which he sometimes broke by his weight. Seizing an Indian, he would fly back to his nest. This happened every year. The Indians were helpless with their bows and arrows.

One old man was picked up by the bird; he had a bow and arrows in a deerskin quiver, also some obsidian [?]. The old man shaded his eyes, looking as if dead. A'ŋ put him down in the nest, where half the body of another Indian was lying uneaten. The bird said, "This is a good thing; first I'll eat what is left, then tomorrow I'll eat this old fellow." The Washo listened to him. A'ŋ picked up the big shoulder of the corpse and, shading his eyes, swallowed the whole body. The old man shut his eyes as if dead. The bird always shut his eyes while eating. The Washo put in a sharp, black stone with the body, so the bird swallowed it with the flesh. It cut up the bird's inside. "What's the matter? My inside is hurting, I have a pain in my stomach." He began to yell. "Oh, something is hurting my stomach," he groaned. "I think I shall not live." Soon the nest began to shake as he shook his wings. He nearly died, groaning, "I shall not live any more." The old man listened. Soon the bird died. The Washo got a stone knife, cut off his wing, tied it with buckskin string, and made a boat. He jumped in, and it went without oars. He landed toward Hot Springs at one end of the lake. There were lots of Indians then, no whites. They looked at the wing. The old man was nearly starved, he was hardly able to walk. He told everyone he had killed A'ŋ. "He won't eat Washo any more." They were glad to hear it and were not afraid any longer. The bird had hidden under dead trees.

14. THE GIANTS

[Dave.] Between Sparks and Wadsworth an Indian had a fish house. He speared four or five big fish before sunrise. Several Washo came from near the site of Reno. A giant about thirteen feet tall watched them from the mountains. He came down where the fisherman was sitting down with his spear, and seized it when the Washo was trying to spear a fish. "What's the matter? Something has hold of my pole." He jumped up and saw the giant. He asked, "Who are you?" The giant did not answer, but made signs pointing to the camp and a sign for sleeping and asking for one fish to eat. The Washo gave him one, then the giant asked for all the fish. The fisherman would not give them to him, but shouted at his friends: "Come here, my friends, some strange person is taking fish from me." Two others came up, yelling, carrying bows and arrows. They looked at the giant, who ran away. They pursued him but could not keep up with him. There were about a dozen Giant camps south of Pyramid Lake, and the Indians said they were going to war against them.

The three Washo told their friends, "Something we don't know tried to catch fish away from us." The war chief talked, calling all the Washo together to fight. No Paiute were living at that time; they were all by Walker Lake. Three days after the speech all came together. They went down along the river and saw the giant's tracks. His feet were as long as an Indian's arm and his steps were about twenty feet long. The chief said, "I wonder where their camp is." They went all day from Reno and got to the place about sunset. They made a fire, ate, set out again, and got to within one-half mile of the lake. The chief sent two young fellows to scout. About 4 o'clock they attacked the giants, who threw rocks but had no other weapons. The Washo shot and killed four or five of them, leaving only three alive. "We'll let them be and go back." The giants had no weapons, no blankets, just rock walls piled up. The hole is there yet and can be seen now.

The Paiute, who until then had been afraid of the giants, heard about this battle and came from Walker River. The surviving giants went away; later the Paiute went there and held the land around the lake, getting plenty of fish to eat. They paid the Washo buckskins for driving away the giants and told them to get fish from Pyramid Lake whenever they wanted to.

All got fish houses up to Derby Dam and toward Sparks on both sides of the river. There is a big rocky point there close to the river. Plenty of mountain sheep were on the mountain this side of Derby Dam. They were pretty wild. The Indians hunted them. Sometimes a big herd would come down from the rocks to get water. The Indians watched for them but could not shoot them. They made a big net-like rope and a fence. A dozen men stood at either end and drove the game between the fences. An old woman made fire to cook the game. The men came together for the drive, but the sheep were not afraid of anything, jumped over the fence, and got away, all of them. The old woman, who was hungry and ready to eat, cried.

15. BULLHEAD

[Dave.] Bullhead [fish] went traveling by himself. He heard that many people were dancing by Walker Lake. He started, but being short-legged he could not go fast; it took him two days. He camped out one night. When he got there he made out that he was a little boy and hid behind the sagebrush. A woman gathering wood saw him. He was sitting down, playing like a boy. She did not know whose child it was, went home with the wood, and asked her husband to look. He went and looked around. Bullhead remained sitting; he knew the man was coming for him. The man asked, "Whose boy are you?" "I belong to strange people you have never known; I come from a great distance." "Where do you come from?" Bullhead told him. He asked the man, "When are you people going to begin to dance?" "After supper. There will be lots of people you have never seen and they will be very glad to see you." "I wish to do that, I am always good at looking, I'll look at your people dancing. Have you got some food at home? I am hungry, I have traveled far."

The man took him along. "You'll get all you want and will look on tonight." He gave him small fish, and pine-nut soup in a nice basket. Bullhead sat down and ate and drank. He broke up a piece of the cooked fish, then pushed the rest back. "That's all I can eat, I haven't room enough in my stomach for more. I only swallow a few mouthfuls, then I have enough." He took out a tobacco bag with a pipe, lit the pipe, and smoked, raising his head.

Bullhead said, "Call your chief, I want to talk to him." His host went, and the chief came back with him. Bullhead said, "The day before yesterday I heard you were going to have a good time here, so I came. I couldn't get here sooner, so I camped out. I started early in the morning and got to this man's house." The chief said, "We have had a big time here." "I thought I'd get to your place, I want to see you, that's why I sent for you." "All right, this camp is just the same as mine, these are all my people, you won't get lost. Everyone knows you are a good fellow, I suppose." "That's what I wanted you to tell me. Tomorrow morning I'll go near where you had your fun and stand close by the water."

"All right, tomorrow morning we'll do that for you." "All the women and children shall come to see me as I stand up there. Tell your people each one to put his finger on me. Then you'll all feel well if you touch me. I'll show you the way I do to some people."

The chief called the people. "Each of you shall put his finger on him." They all did so, some reaching over the heads of others. There was something sticky on his body and they all stuck to him. "You have done what I asked you." "Yes," said the chief, "all have done it." Then the fish jumped into the water, diving into the deepest place under a big hole and drowning them all. Blood was running out. He scalped all the bodies and let the corpses drift. He could hardly pack all the scalps when he got out. He sat down, pulled out all the scalps on the land, and picked out the best ones with long hair, leaving the poor ones aside. He spread them out and dried them. "That's what I wanted. I got all the meat and scalps. Maybe I shall not get home for some days." Then he cut willows and made a big basket to hold the scalps. He filled it and tied a tumpine of buckskin string to it. It was so heavy that for a long time he could not get up. At last he got hold of a sagebrush and helped himself up. He had a small watertight basket filled with water for the journey. He could hardly walk with his pack. He went a little way, was tired, and stopped. The next morning he went on. He camped out many nights. He nearly got home. He was so hungry he wanted to cook some of the scalps to eat them. He cooked three or four in the ashes, then went on. He was near home. His wife and children were always watching for him. At last he came up behind something. His son saw him first. "My father is coming with a big load." "Let us all go to meet him and take good food to him." So they went. He said, "I got tired packing this," and gave the bundle to his wife and children. They carried it home. "This is what you wanted me to do, I have got lots of meat for you, take it out and dry it." The woman took it out and dried the scalps on sagebrush. They quickly rotted, the head skin came off, and there was a bad odor. The next morning he called his wife down for it. "That's not the way you ought to have done when I told you to tend the meat, you should have cooked them all." He thus lost them. He woke up in the evening and was furious. He said, "I am not going to hunt for you any more, tend to it yourself. I know you can't do anything. I pack plenty of meat and you spoil it." He left his wife and camped out for two days. Then he returned. He pulled out lots of sagebrush to burn up so as to remove the stench. His son cried about it, saying, "Don't do it, I'll eat the spoiled things." He said, "Your mother spoiled them, maybe we'll get poisoned from them." He left his wife and son together. He said to the boy, "Your mother can tend to you, I'll do what I want." He went to the water and began to stay under the rocks as now. He never appeared again.

16. BIRDS' QUARRELS

[Dave.] Chickenhawk was going together with the black Crow. Crow came from the country where the pine nuts grew. He thought he could come through easily, but could not on account of the ice. He tried to break it, but failed. He tried again the next day, but failed again. He had pine-nut seeds in his mouth ready to plant them. He said to Chickenhawk, "You always kill something with your heart, maybe you can break the ice with it." "That's so, my breast is strong, nothing can resist it. I kill live game with it, perhaps I'll break the ice. I can fly a long way, more than you can. In the morning I'll try to break it, to get through; watch me. I'll fly up as high as I can and hit the ice with my breast." Crow watched. He flew 'way up, hit the ice with his breast, and broke it. Crow liked it very well, and a whole band [of crows] came through with pine nuts in their mouths, taken away from another country.

Chickenhawk laughed at Crow. "You can't do anything as I do, you got stuck at something that was not very hard, you are no man at all." Chickenhawk went away and never met Crow again.

[?] Owl (ti'mum) said, "I'll catch mice, that is the only thing I live on." Big Chickenhawk (ma'awi)⁵⁵ said, "Don't keep all of them, I want some for myself, too." They began to quarrel. Owl said, "You are faster than I, you could catch deer, I don't, I never go up the mountains, I live by the willows, where the mice are." "Don't talk that way or I'll kill you." Owl answered, "Don't try to jump on me, I don't try to do anything to you. When I see the mice, I can live on them; you want to kill me for nothing. I want to live."

Buzzard and Eagle also fought over game. Buzzard said, "Don't catch anything in the valley, don't eat everything you kill, I can't look a long distance like you. Have some on the ground for me." Eagle said, "I can't feed you for nothing, you are not my friend or my brother or father." Buzzard was angry. "You are not my friend," he said, "do as you like, I don't care."

17. THE STAR-HUSBANDS

[Jack.] Two Indian women were living in a house on Lake Tahoe. Their mother's father was camping by a river near by. He had a fish house and had plenty of fish. He cut and dried them and hung them up in a tree. He had good big fish. The girls gave him some flour in a basket. He told them he had eaten it all, but actually he had said to himself, "This flour is no good, I won't eat it," and had thrown it away along both sides of the trail. In return he gave the women only one poor fish. One of them said, "Let me go and see the old man." She saw that he had thrown their flour away on both sides of the trail. She was angry and did not go to him, but went a little way to a big tree and cried. Then she went home and told her elder sister, and both cried. They said, "Let's go away, we don't like the old man, he has lots of fish and has only given us one."

They sat down on a willow and, on it, flew up a hill near Genoa. They stayed there all night. They made a fire. The elder sister sat down to cook, while the younger was making a design in basketry, singing, "Don't make any more designs, come here and eat." "Pretty soon I'll come, I'm making a basket design." They lay down to sleep at night. Both looked up and saw many stars. "I think I'll catch that big-eyed one." "I'll catch that small-eyed one, he looks good." The two stars came down, and while the women were asleep, took them through the sky hole they made to the other side. There they had a camp. They had plenty of antelope meat. In the morning the women got up. "I don't know this place. Where have we come to? The stars must have taken us up here." In the morning they cooked the antelope meat and ate.

Their grandfather once more took a little fish to his granddaughters' hut and, without going in, said, "Here's your fish." Then he saw that they were gone. "Well, my grandchildren have gone away, I don't know where; I'll look for their tracks." He looked everywhere but could not find them. Then he went home, packed some dried fish, and went looking for their tracks again. He didn't find them and came to this side of Genoa.

The women had stayed with the Stars almost a week. One Star said, "Dig lots of wild potatoes and bring them here." They went digging and their sharp stick made a hole in the sky. One of them looked down on Carson Valley and saw their grandfather walking everywhere with his fish. "I see our maternal grandfather." "Let me look. . . . Yes, it is he." The two women quickly went home and took a great many antelope sinews. For one or two days they made a rope of them. One end of it they tied to a big tree; then they threw the rope down the sky hole. The next morning they told their husbands, "We are going to dig potatoes and come home by tonight." They went, but both of them began to climb down the rope. One of them had a little baby in a basket cradle. The baby was crying. The other woman said, "Oh, take him out of the cradle and carry him in your arms, he's crying too much in the basket." They had nearly got down to the earth. As soon as the mother took the baby out of the basket, he quickly flew up to his father and began to cry. The Star said, "He's pretty hungry; give him meat." Still he kept on crying, "Ti'dauwa iya [My mother is going on the sinew]." His father said, "Maybe he is hungry, cook deermeat for him." He wouldn't eat, and kept on crying and

⁵⁵ Described as having a yellow breast.

repeating the same words. At last the Star said, "Maybe the two women have gone down. Where is my big knife?" He found it and went running toward the hole. He cut the sinew rope, so that the women fell down and were killed. Their grandfather came along and saw them alongside of each other, and lay down on top of them. Then he died, too.

18. THE WALKING RACE

There were a tall and a short man. The former said, "I can go around the lake [Lake Tahoe] in one day, I don't think anyone else can." The other immediately bet against him, "I can do it, I can beat you walking." He wagered a buckskin, dry fish, arrows, and other things. The tall man said, "You can't walk"; the short one answered, "I can, too, walk." Before sunrise they began. It was pretty hard to get around the lake. They walked all day and got to the north end together, to the site of Tahoe City. The short man came running, he kept going to Emory Bay. He got tired out; the tall man achieved it in one day. It was pretty dark at Emory Bay; there the short man got hungry and lay down. He could go no farther. The taller one got to the goal. The next morning, the short man came home; everybody laughed at him. He was ashamed, did not talk to anyone for three days. This happened before the white people were here.

19. FRAGMENTS

Ka'usi (an animal resembling a mink) shouts and looks around, then hides when someone comes. Chickenhawk (with a white tail) was called sister by him. "Come here, my elder sister, I want to talk to you." Chickenhawk was a little way off and came to Ka'usi, who said, "Will you tell me anything about the hunt? Tell me something, then I'll go. As for me, I do not know where the game go to. I want to kill something we both could eat." His sister said, "My son used to look for game and find something quickly, but he is dead. I am hungry; since there is no one to do this [i.e., hunt] for me, I am poor. I cry all the time. You, my younger brother, bring me what you find and I shall be happy."

Lizard had a flint. When war started he carried the flint on his head, sharpened. "When you start fighting," he said, "I'll put it on the arrow. I might lose it, so I don't put it on the arrow till we go to war."

Once the whole country was a sink. All the people and all the game on this land were drowned except one man and one woman, who went up on the highest mountain, where they had nothing to eat for ten days or two weeks. After a while no rocks were sticking up any more, then all the water went down quickly and flowed away. The couple came down, perhaps they were young, and walked down to the valley. They found meat on the land, ate it, and lived on it for a while. They multiplied, begetting a daughter and a son.

ABBREVIATIONS USED

AA	American Anthropologist
BAE-B	Bureau of American Ethnology—Bulletins
BAE-R	Bureau of American Ethnology—(Annual) Reports
JAFLL	Journal of American Folk-Lore
PMM-B	Public Museum (of the City of) Milwaukee—Bulletins
UC-PAAE	University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology