HUPA STORIES TOLD IN SPRINGTIME

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Before the Brush Dance, the lady that was making medicine went out in the mountains and get pitch, and Salalberry brush. They go early in the morning, and they stay out there all day, this Indian doctor and her helper. In the evening, just before dark, they came back down. And when they get back, then they get ready for Brush Dance. Alice's mother used to do that. She would go up in the morning and come back early in the evening. And, everybody would wait until the medicine woman would get back before the Brush Dance could start.

A long time ago, if a child would get sick, or would act strange, that's when they would have a Brush Dance on them. Now-a-days they mostly have Brush Dance for fun.

Long ago the people that were putting on the dance would pay the Indian Doctor to make the medicine. That was the whole idea for Brush Dance.
WHITE DEERSKIN DANCE AT TELESCOPE

A long time ago they had a Deerskin Dance on this side of Telescope. They always say that a big volcano exploded somewhere over in Hawaii or someplace, and the dust came over and covered the sun. That's what they always say, but the Indians say it got dark, and you couldn't see the sun anymore.

So they said, "We must have medicine." So they made medicine. So they took their Indian stuff up there, and moved up to camp up there, and they had a dance up there. I don't know whether they had Jump Dance or Deerskin Dance, they always say it was a Deerskin Dance.

And there's Telescope over on one side and there's another mountain over on this side, and another place that's flat on this side. Right there, they said, that's where they had Deerskin Dance. They made medicine right there.

And that cleared the air. The sun finally came out when they had Deerskin Dance up there. That's the medicine they made.

Before they logged in there, my brother-in-law and I were up there hunting. So we were talking about it up there. He said, "This is where they danced one time". So we looked around. There was a flat up there. And there we saw some acorn rocks, the rocks they cook acorns with. They were laying there at that time. I don't know how many years ago that was, but those acorn rocks were still there.
That time they had a Deerskin Dance up at Telescope, the sun finally came out. They made medicine (Y0+HCVEN) That one Deerskin Dance (HAYO C+DOLYE.) So a lot of people must have gone up there. They had acorns.

My brother-in-law told me, "We ought to camp here sometime. Maybe we'll dream about a song". But we never did.

There's water on the other side of the hill from the flat. I guess that's where they got their water. Because in those days it wasn't brushy. Long time ago, you could build a fire anywhere out in the mountains, and it never turned into a forest fire.

Old Bill Lewis was telling me something one time. He used to gamble, he was a good singer. He sang Brush Dance Songs. Deerskin Dance songs, and he would drum. They had a Brizzard's store down there, and they would always sit around. I was down at the store one day, and I sat with those old guys.

So Old Bill Lewis was telling me one time, it was real hot that day, and he said, "Long time ago, I went over that Mountain." He said, "I went up there." They used to climb a small fir tree and knock the limbs down. And that's what they smoked themselves with -- for luck.

"So," he said, "It was real hot." So he smoked himself up there in the middle of the day. He said he came back down that weekend and he played Indian cards. "I still got beat," he said.
"It doesn't matter what you do to yourself, if you are going to get beat, you'll get beat."

In those days, they would build a fire up on that ridge. They would make medicine for luck in gambling. All the Ranch Indians used to smoke themselves up there. They used to go up early in the morning; they would go up and gather limbs. They call those short limbs. They gather them and bundle them up, and pack them down. They came back down crying. They do that for luck in gambling.

The womenfolks gathered wood to cook acorns along the river. These guys got their own wood for the sweathouse way up in the hills, and carried it down in bundles. They went wherever they could get those short limbs.

GATHERING MATERIALS FOR THE DANCES

Now, Lyle and I were up there a short time ago. The wanted to know where he could get Indian roots. So I took him up there. So we looked around there, and we found some Indian roots. You see all kinds of leaves up there, but if you see one with grey leaves, that's . So, there are no more on that ridge. But down over the hill, that's where we found some. So we dug some.

And on that ridge, there are some big fir trees standing there, with big limbs on it. Long ago, when they used to have a Flower Dance at Ranch, they had those pretty sticks to have the Flower Dance with. When they finish, they all leave those sticks
right there, and everybody goes home.

So whoever's the father of the girl they are having the dance for will pack the sticks up there. He'll climb one of those trees and tie the bundle up there on those big limbs. They tie it with Indian rope. They take hazel and twist it from the end. You can twist it. They twist the whole thing and they make rope out of it. And that's what they were to tie the bundles with.

Nobody has ever taken one of those bundles up lately, so you can't see them anymore. They're all gone.

**FIREPLACES**

They used to build their own fireplaces, out of rocks and mud. There used to be an old couple who lived at Campbell Field, his name was TDDA and he lived with his wife. He built a fireplace out of flat rocks and mud. They used to sit by the fire. His wife would sit on one side, and he sat on the other side. They had a little short-legged table for eating on.

The old fellow used to fish quite a bit. They had Salmon all the time, Salmon and acorns.

There was another house at MED*LD*M Ranch, on this side of the Brush Dance hole. Some old lady used to live up there. She was an Indian Doctor. She was called "CULU". She had a fireplace made out of rocks.

A little further down there used to be a Brush Dance hole, and there used to be a house sitting there, and that house had a fireplace, too. The house was made out of boards, and they made their own fireplaces.

But in the old days, they didn't need fireplaces.
M+CENAJE is our relation, and that's Byron Nelson's grandmother. We used to go down and visit that old lady all the time, old M+CENAJE. She used to be packing her basket all of the time. She packed her burden basket. As little as she was, she was strong. She used to go through the prairie and go up to our place, packing her basket. She would load it up with wood, acorns, basket materials.

We used to go down there all the time. My father used to tell her, "Don't hide anything in there. You're so stingy".

HEE, she would say, "What am I going to hide? NQHM+KETE, (I am starving.) DOK+LOH (Don't hide it)

Byron Nelson's mother was her daughter. She looked just like a white woman. She was white, and she used to talk Indian. She could talk very good Indian.

One time she was in Korbel, they were staying at Camp 16, not very far up. So she walked down to the store, she was in the store looking around and this old lady, she was Fred Davis' mother, Myrtie, Bob Davis' wife, she was up there at the store. And, she saw this white lady there, looking.

Pretty soon she told that lady JAOXD+NE (Gee!) JWON CLA HADE KYO (lot of dresses laying here)

I could have fell over. She said, "I thought she was a white lady. She talked to me in Indian. CTO NQXTC+TNE'EN (I almost fell over)
Liza Norton used to be a Brush dance Indian Doctor. That was Alice Norton Pratt's mother. She was a real sweet lady. I was medicine girl with her one year. I enjoyed being with her so much. She was a sweet lady, quiet and asked you to do something once. She didn't repeat herself too much.

But, never in a scolding manner; she always kind of laughed at you, if she wanted to correct you on something. I liked her really well.

So we went up early in the morning to go put the brush together and the pitch. And she told me "You're going to have a long night tonight." After we got our pitch put together and wrapped, "You better lie down and go to sleep." She talked in Indian all of the time. And so, I did that. I took my nap and I woke up and I felt something going over me, like something swishing. And she was singing. I looked up and her face was all black. She had painted herself. It frightened me because I just woke up to that. She laughed and she said, "Don't be scared; I was getting pretty for tonight." She used to do that, she painted herself with coals.

I think she did that because she felt that you don't glow in the hole there in the fire. You're a medicine woman, you're supposed to be unobserved. That was the first time I had ever seen that done.
She was from right there. She lived there. Because that was kind of a rancheria, too. K*T0'ME', they call it. K*T0'ME'.

That's right there on this side of Beaver Creek. At the end of the valley. K*T0' that's "leaves." "K*T0'ME' is "the place where the leaves are." We know there used to be an Indian village there because if you went down on the river bar, the sand was just black. The sand was black from the fires they made along the river.

There used to be beautiful grapes in there. How long they had been there I never knew. They were domesticated grapes. Somebody planted them. Concord grapes. They were nice.

I remember it so well. She was a nice lady. I liked her. She did everything the right way when she made medicine. There was no sneaking, no water, no nothing. She would tell you, "You have to fast."

I remember the first day without water, I thought, boy I'm not going to make it. She told me, "Tomorrow morning you'll wake up and you won't even want it. You won't want water. Sure enough, I never craved any more water. We stayed in the woods all day, from early in the morning, to get the pitch. And that salal brush. That used to make the pitch crackle when it burned.

I enjoyed that very much. I was her helper only once. That was my fifteenth year. I never did it any more. I did dance the Jump Dance after that. That was for Mrs. Abraham Jack.

Mrs. Abraham Jack

Mrs. Abraham Jack is another one of our more admired Indian leader ladies. Her name was Lucinda. She was not a medicine
woman. She owned Indian wealth. She had quite a few Indian things. I never did know whatever happened to her things. Somebody got it. She was always right there. If they had a Flower Dance, she was right there. She participated in everything. She would bring her Indian things, and bring them out, and hand them out. She did what you're supposed to do. And that's good for you.

We're having a Deerskin Dance this year. And so we're carrying on that tradition.
TRAINING FOR STICK GAME

You train for stick game when the weather is cold and there is frost. There is somebody up at the Sweathouse with a big fire going. After they swam in the river, they went up and crowded in there. They would go to sleep and dream what the training did for you, and you dream about what your luck is going to be.

This fellow dreamt that he played sticks and he picked a guy up and threw him down, and the fellow never did get up. So he said he wasn't going to play sticks. He was a little short, fat guy.

So they were having a stick game over at Matilton Ranch. So he was sitting on top of the house tanning hides. So they wanted him to play sticks. "No", he said, "I wouldn't play." So they made fun of him and said he was scared. "No", he said, "I just don't want to play. When I trained, long ago, I dreamt I threw somebody down and they didn't get up."

But, they egged him on anyhow, so he finally played. So that's what happened. They didn't believe him.
That's what old James Hostler told me one time. He said, "You know I was pretty lazy when I was a young fellow." They used to live over there where Bill Marshall lives now. They lived right there.

So James Hostler said, "He would sleep until 11, 12 O'clock. So the old people would come up and get rations here, at the school. They used to give out rations in those days and they used to come up in canoes. And they would get back down there, and land down there.

So James Hostler's mother told him one morning, "You ought to get up and go down and help those old people pack flour up anyhow!" They told him, "I think if you use 2 canoes you can make it down the there."

"Gee" he said, "I was ashamed. So I went down and packed flour up," he said. His mother told him, "If you use two canoes, I think you can make it down there."

That's who my youngest is named after. He was very close to our family. He used to live with us when we were little. He used to hunt for us. He would sing and tell us stories. But mom was never allowed to write them down. And then when we would come into the room, they would shut up. They would quit talking Indian. She talked Indian all the time when he came.
He would come and stay with us. He would walk to Bald Hill. He walked all the time. He had perfect-shaped feet. He would walk up to Bald Hill, and stay with us two weeks at a time.

He would wear different hats so people wouldn't know him on his way. Someone who knew him by one hat would see another hat, and think it wasn't him.