VOICES THROUGH THE AGES:

A Native American Anthology
Voices Through

the Ages
In Commemoration of

the 30th Anniversary Celebration
(1969 - 1999)

of the

INDIAN TEACHER & EDUCATIONAL PERSONNEL PROGRAM

at

HUMBOLDT STATE UNIVERSITY

Arcata, California
Preface

Native American Anthology: Voices Through The Ages is a selection of writings from participants in the Indian Teacher and Educational Personnel program (ITEPP) from 1982 through 1998. ITEPP has had a profound impact in providing an avenue for many American Indian students to gain access and success in higher education while maintaining their tribal values and perspective. ITEPP alumni are working throughout the state of California and the United States, and they are in turn impacting the lives of other—especially American Indian children and youth.

ITEPP students and alumni have a special endearment to ITEPP and in turn are adamant supporters. This anthology is a testament to their support and is a collective effort to honor and commemorate ITEPP's 30th anniversary celebration in 1999. This anthology includes the writings from Our People Speak produced by ITEPP in 1982. Inspiration for this anthology came from the ITEPP students' own experiences in education and the need for more American Indian writings to pass on to American Indian youth and others. The tribal wisdom of their parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and other family members provided the culture context and, understanding of American Indian peoples that are portrayed in the writings of this anthology.

This anthology is lovingly dedicated to ITEPP's founders and to all the future ITEPP American Indian students.
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Twice In My Life

By Rain Hawkghost

1982

People who knew Twice, whether as passing acquaintances or as a lifelong friend, were touched by his wisdom and insight. I didn’t understand some of the things he said or did, but what impressed me most was how Twice managed to find places for himself in two worlds--on the plain and the hamlet.

Twice was the second born of three children and was given the name Ianupa. At seven he was registered on the tribal roll and was given the literal English translation of the Indian name, Twice.

During the desperate years after the Wounded Knee Massacre, many of the relatives in the clan had moved to the hamlet away from the plains where the eagles soared with the mellow currents of the gentle breezes overhead, where the eye could see from one vast horizon to the other; it was here on the plains near Wounded Knee where I came to know Twice best.

Twice spoke the western Sioux dialect. Pearl, the woman he married, spoke the eastern Sioux dialect. In the later years of his life he began to speak some English. I often asked why the people still spoke the native tongue and Pearl gave me what she thought was reason enough: a piece of paper with worn creases, now yellow from age but legible. The print read, “Please excuse Twice from school for the next six months due to teeth problems,” and was signed “field matron.” My heart quickened. “Now, why
Twice in My Life (continued)

can't I have a note?" I pleaded. Her firm and clear enunciation of each word interrupted mine. As she spoke, there seemed a minute pause with each word, as though she was carefully interlocking her thoughts. "Twice was born nine months after the massacre. He lived in flight for a while. It didn't do any good to run, besides, your school is warm. His was a log house that didn't keep out the cold harsh winds in the winter."

In the early years of my life, I rarely saw Twice, but I felt secure knowing he was near in his quiet, gentle and attentive way. Daughters were not allowed to be close to their fathers, so it was customary to communicate indirectly through my mother. The most pleasurable moments of companionship were those times when we would sit by the warmth of the wood stove while Pearl did her beadwork as Twice sang softly to the tap of his fingers on the edge of the chair. From the cracks of the stove came the bouncing shadows that danced on the walls; their flicker gave me no doubt they too felt the joy we had.

Twice enjoyed the planting and harvest times. He spent his time with the farm animals, and if he wasn't busy managing the homestead, he'd hitch up the team and wagon, load it with spare food, and ride west about five miles to the next camp to do some trading. He didn't talk much, but he took pleasure in bringing home fresh deer meat, dried corn, a chicken or two for the pot, and even young colts to add to the herd of working horses. Other times he'd wake up at dawn, leave the cabin, and walk briskly with his gun resting over his shoulder. There was a sense of certainty about him: he knew just where the rabbit or squirrel was hiding. We'd
Twice In My Life (continued)

wait with anticipation for his return because we knew there would be the smell of fresh soup filling the cabin by evening.

Twice lived fifty-one years on the one hundred and sixty acres given to him by the government. He was fortunate, I suppose, in that his acreage was tillable with its own natural supply of water. Twice didn’t take anything for granted. He worked hard for what he had and made it through the difficult times, such as the drought and harsh blizzard of forty-five.

The days blended into years, and the worn foot path sunk deeper into the earth across the cornfields to converge at the front yard of the three room log cabin he had built. He took pride in constructing his new home. He was careful to replace any stucco between the logs. He’d tar the hole in the roof with the same tar he used to grease the axles on the wheels of the wagon. Much of the sheep wire that surrounded the house had been patched and nailed to old wooden posts. Twice knew his own strength and took care of things well.

One morning, Twice awoke with considerable pain and discomfort. Weeks later, he was informed by a letter from the medical facility. The diagnosis was arthritis of the spine. Because Twice didn’t believe in doctors nor in their medicine, he preferred to try his own methods of cure. But the pain persisted, and soon it was apparent that the agony was insurmountable.

While Twice was bedridden, Pearl and I continued to manage the chores on the farm, and there were times when we knew we couldn’t go on much longer, and Pearl would say to me, “I wish you were older, so you could help take care of the farm.”
Twice in My Life (continued)

Months later, Pearl made a trade of two horses for a one room shack, an A-frame, ten by twelve feet with one window in the rear. At the hamlet, we were greeted with excitement and much laughter. Clan members and relatives dropped by as we busied ourselves with moving in a few essentials, which consisted of a bed, table and two chairs, a wood stove, and two suitcases filled with personal items.

Not long after our move to the hamlet, Pearl found employment at the local medical facility cleaning floors and changing the linen on the beds. I didn’t see her much after that, but in our transition, I found new friends and cousins who occupied my time.

Twice had recuperated, but now without a noticeable change in his pace. By then, Pearl saved enough money to buy an old Chevrolet coup, gray with all the fancy trim. Twice enjoyed the luxury. He was mobile and could make a daily drive back out to the farm for reasons which I thought were plausible. The horses had to be fed, the water tank needed filling, and the fence needed repair. However, Pearl continued to disapprove, and the daily trips became less frequent.

At the hamlet, the Indian people became interested in tribal politics, who was going to the white man’s way or who wanted to be a plain old Indian. At a tribal meeting, Twice stood and spoke to a gathering of tribal people almost a generation younger than himself. “With the policies of the new era, a new welfare state, the reservation will become a place where you lose yourself; a place where you have nothing, a place where the mothers, like dogs, will be seen walking along the byways, wandering aimlessly, with one pup in their mouth and another under their arm.
Twice In My Life (continued)

So you may gather here and discuss the white man's way and sell the roots of your heritage and call it progress, but it's the next generation whose lives you have sold by your own greed and lack of foresight. Greater hardships are yet to come, and my heart cries for you.” He said many things at the meetings that were disturbing and frustrating for the young progressive liberals. The people were seeking someone they could trust; they wanted someone to lead them. Twice then would say, “Think of number one--don’t look to anyone else for your survival. If you work hard at what you do best, you will always be free and self-sufficient”.

As long as I’d known Twice, he refused handouts and financial support from the tribe or the government. Twice said, “What I have is what I earned, and I shall live accordingly.” Pearl then would say, “You’re too proud just because you’ve kept your land. So what if all my relatives are drunks and are on welfare. They’re still my relatives.” Twice answered, “What the people need to do is strengthen their ties, remember who they are, and make an honest living.

We moved into a two bedroom home with a living room, a dining room and fully gas operated kitchen. It was here where Twice kept the yard green with trimmed hedges, where lilac bushes filled the air with freshness each spring. Every day he checked the flowers, sometimes watering them twice a day to protect them from the harsh Midwestern sun. Contentment radiated from him to do again what he enjoyed most. Planting and harvesting were the favorite times of the year. At the new home, his activities were so reminiscent of the same enthusiasm he had when he lived on the farm.

Twice’s ideas didn’t change. He knew the way of living a good life. He’d get in the car and cruise around and around the
Twice in My Life (continued)

park, staring at the young people hanging out while listening to rock and roll on their transistor radios. Sometimes I was embarrassed, too, because he'd drive by with his arm hanging out the window and gazing at everyone as he passed by. It wasn't long before everyone at the park was quite annoyed.

One night, he parked the car, came in quietly, and went to bed. Then I heard Pearl whisper, "Someone's here. The lights are shining into the living room. Twice, get up and see who it is." So Twice, on tip toes, crept over to the door. "Hey! What do you want?" he hollered in Indian. No one answered. He hollered again, "Who are you?" Still no answer. He opened the door a foot or so and stuck his head out. He stood looking for a moment and chuckled. He turned and slowly closed the door. As he shuffled back to bed to put on his pants, he said, "I forgot to turn off the car light when I came home."

Within two decades, the population at the hamlet quadrupled. The new way of life continued to present new situations and curiosities for Twice and myself. Because Twice insisted the boys go through the traditional courtship, I missed the teenage ritual of dating. Once, when Twice suspected a sneak date, he parked the car in the shade of the woods near our house; sat in the car with his gun and waited. The boy got the message; we never saw one another again.

In college, I began to develop my own identity and ideas about life. There was evidence of change. The government had implemented many programs that provided opportunities for young people. The American Indian Movement (AIM) was rampant
Twice In My Life (continued)

with new ideology. Their promises hinged on the theme of revitalizing the old ways of tribal life and tradition. My own curiosity led me to join the organization.

It wasn't long before Twice heard of my involvement. "AIM means to aim a gun and shoot, and there aren't going to be any squirrels at the other end; it's going to be real people," he said.

"I only joined to do a paper in social-psychology," I said.

"Maybe," he said, "but at the same time, they'll fill your mind with ideas of what they believe a real Indian is supposed to be. How do they know? Their leaders were born and raised in the cities."

I said, "Then maybe they can teach us how to survive in the cities."

"They may show us what they've learned and experienced, but do you think their answers to the reservation problems are just and good? I tell you true an Indian is a peaceful soul who has compassion for all two-legged, four-legged and feathered relatives. He is kind, generous, and above all, he treats the world he lives in as holy. And I know the true Indian who is at peace with himself can live in two worlds. He will not lose his heritage and contribute to this country as well."

Twice stayed in the house more. He had his favorite spot by the window where he sat day after day, as though waiting for a friend to stop in for a friendly chat. At eighty, not long after a bout with the flu, he recovered remarkably. He was feeling good
Twice In My Life (continued)

and walked around the house. Suddenly he rushed to his room, took out a .22 rifle from the bag, pushed the butt under his arm, and walked swiftly out the back door.

Pearl got excited. "What is he going to do now?" she exclaimed with a tone of exasperation. Moments later, we heard the first shot as it echoed through the trees. Pearl opened the window and hollered in Indian, "What are you doing? Are you crazy? You'll shoot someone!" But it was to no avail. Another shot went into the air. Pearl ran out the back door. "Someone might call the cops!" The air was silent, and Pearl followed Twice back into the house.

Twice said, "Things aren't too good when I miss a squirrel on my first shot. You just lost a fresh meal of squirrel." Pearl was educated. "You shoot it, you clean it," she muttered under her breath. She's inclined to prefer her morsels pre-wrapped and sold by the pound. Twice reminisced for days thereafter of the old times back on the plain; riding and hunting seemed as real to Twice as though these were events of yesterday.

No one came to see Twice much anymore. A man named Sitting Bear was the last of his friends who came to sit in an all night vigil by his bedside when Twice came down with the illness that finally took his life.

I offered to help him off the bed once. "I don't need help. You're the one who needs help. I chose to be where I am going. You haven't yet begun to take charge of your own life." I felt an emptiness, and I withdrew to be alone in my grief.
Twice in My Life (continued)

Twice died in the morning with the shafts of warm sunlight beaming onto the bed to warm his frail body. Pearl lamented much. However, the business of the funeral arrangements were tantamount. I was their only child.
UNBROKEN RHYTHM
By: Barbara Redner
1982

I can see the wind blowing
and feel the river flowing

Out of timeless past
into formless future

My people march on
in relentless single file

Each one alone but each one before
and each one after

Never letting the rhythm die
or breaking the sacred circle

Always as the oceans rise and ebb
the moon waxes and wanes

The native people of this Earth
continue on.
MY GRANDMOTHER
By: Jeannie McDonald
1982

My grandmother, Leona McDonald, lives in the same house today that she was raised in. In this interview, she reflects upon certain times and incidents that have made her the special person she is. The valley she refers to is located below Lake Tahoe and south of Carson City, Nevada. When she speaks of her mother and others in her family, she saddens and her eyes show sorrow. She speaks a lot about my grandfather and refers to him as dad, probably because she never had one. When she speaks of her education she refers to Stewart, which is an Indian Boarding School located in Carson City, Nevada.

I am my grandmother’s second grandchild, and also, an honored one because she raised me when I was a child.

The interview took place here in Arcata in my apartment. She was traveling with my aunt when they stopped by before returning home. In her own words, she tells briefly about her early childhood and focuses on the hard times she felt while growing up.

With a cup of coffee in front of her, she begins her story:

“I was born in the house; me, my mom, brothers, and them (referring to sisters, a cousin, and uncle) that was right along side of the river, down where the bridge is now to go to town. We didn’t have a big house. It was small: no running water, no electricity, nothing! We used to sleep on old mattresses that the white man used to bring us during the winter time. My mom would walk down the road where they would dump the mattresses and drag them back to the house herself. She was a tough ol’lady. We never had a man to do them things.
My Grandmother (continued)

I don't know when I was born. My sister used to say I was born when there was snow on the ground. My sister says I'm older than her, too. If I was older, how come she knows what time of year it was when I was born? Yep! She lies, but that's OK. I guess it don't make no difference. I don't know how old I am. You know, my girl, maybe I'm about sixty-four, maybe older. I just don't know. One time, me and your mom went to Stewart to see if they had a birth certificate for me. They didn't even know I was alive--no idea of who I was.

I lived here in the valley all of my life. I never left here until I married dad. Yeah, I still live in the same old house. That house is mine too; for me and my kids. I don't know, maybe someday when I'm gone, the council will tear it down. That's probably what will happen.

When I first started school, I must have been about five or six. That was a long time ago, you know? I went to school where the church is now. The school doors used to be where those two evergreen trees are standing. One time me and my friend were in the class, and she shot our teacher in the butt with a rubber band. Those boys laughed at us, and that ol' teacher came after my friend and I fast. We ran out of that ol' school room quickly. We could never speak our language in school either, boy! That teacher would slap us if he heard us say something. I remember one time he slapped my brother, Able, because he thought Able called him a dog. When I first started school, I couldn't speak English. I can remember that I used to cry when I couldn't do my work because I didn't understand. If I didn't understand what I was supposed to do, I wouldn't do anything. I used to take my work over to where
My Grandmother (continued)

my uncle worked. He lived there too (across from the river where we lived). He could speak English because he worked for a white man on a ranch. He used to tell me what I was supposed to do in Indian. Then he used to practice with me, teaching me English. Sometimes, it would be dark when I came home, and I would have to walk back across the river when it was dark. I used to get so scared, I would run all the way home.

I was about eight or nine years old when my mom sent me to Stewart. I could understand English pretty good then. I stayed there because my mom was poor, and I couldn't stay home. My mom was one of the first people to graduated from Stewart, too. She was a smart old lady. Guess I never took after her though. I never did finish; then I met your grandpa. I must have been about fourteen, maybe fifteen years old, and I moved back to the reservation. I remember when I was small, riding the old train with my mom back and forth from town to Carson City. When I was in school, we did this. Anyway, I started living with dad; we never did get married either. I had ten kids, all of them were healthy, too. In them days, it was hard, you know? I wasn't much older than these kids (refers to younger grandchildren), and I was having kids. I had enough of them by time I was your age. I worked hard when my kids were small. I had to wash diapers and clothes every day when they were small. They didn't have the clothes you have today. When they started school, I used to wash out their clothes, like socks and underclothes, everyday so they would have clean ones to wear for school.

My girl's hair used to be real long. Every morning, before they would go to school, I used to braid it for them. They used to line up so I could fix it. Dad used to comb Uncles' hair. Their hair was short. It couldn't be long when they went to school. I sent
My Grandmother (continued)

all my kids to school in Stewart, except for your uncle Pete and Sweed. They graduated here in town.

There was just so many of them that I couldn’t afford to take care of them all. Charlotte and Mendy is the only ones that graduated from Stewart, too (my aunts). Yeah, that wasn’t that long ago.

I don’t know too much about the animals here. I know we used to eat an awful lot of rabbit and deer. Dad had to shoot a deer every season, or we wouldn’t have enough to eat. Coyotes were no good. They would kill the sheep and chickens the Indians used to have. He used to raise the roof when he’d see those coyotes. They (old people) used to say that the mountain lion and the bob cat were real pretty cats. I never saw one before, but that’s what they used to say. The only animal that we have to watch out for is the owl. An owl always meant that something bad was going to happen within our family. It was bringing a message to tell us that it was going to happen in our family. I remember a long time ago when I used to hear the owl in the cottonwood trees across the river. Sometimes, it would hoot real loud. I couldn’t see it because it was too far away. Anyway, not long after I heard the owl, my brother got killed in a car accident. They say he was driving, but I don’t think so. Someone told me one time that someone killed him. (She pauses for a minute). He must have been about the same age as Andy. Someone tried to do that to your uncle Andy one time, too. Yeah, my girl, the animals around here are no good. Don’t trust any of them. They’re no good.

You know, my girl, lots of things happened when I was growing up. Sometimes, I thought my kids were going to drive me crazy, (laughs); now my grandkids are. After dad died, lots of things changed. My kids wouldn’t be like they are and I probably
My Grandmother (continued)

wouldn't have as many grandkids either."

My grandmother was really tired from the long ride, so I let her rest. I look back on some of the times I remember growing up in her surroundings. She and my grandfather were wonderful people. My grandfather passed away about nine years ago. I know for a fact if it wasn't for them, I would have never grown up like I am today. Yes, my grandmother is a wonderful person. The encouragement she has given me in the past has surely been a blessing. She gave me a special type of love, a special bond with my family as well as with nature.
There are many smells and sounds in grandmother's house.

A bit of smoke, the hint of bread,
the sharp spice of pumpkin pie,
the burning pine and the bay wood leaves on the wood stove.

There are jars of dried meat and fruit;
crocheted rugs and dollies,
and the creak of grandmother's rocking chair.

There is the speeding hum of her Singer sewing machine.

There are many smells and sounds in grandmother's house.
Mu-ah
By: Melaine Bryan
1992

Moons passed and together we grew strong. With great care and gentleness, she cradled me, and I soon became her shadow. In the mornings, I watched as she blessed, prayed, and gave thanks for the new day. In my fifth year, I gave thanks for our land, Yomba. I loved waking and smelling the freshness of morning and seeing the purple and blue mountains with their snow tipped peaks that glistened in the early morning light.

Each morning, Mu-ah and I strolled along the rock slab walkway to the water pump. The wind wrapped her gray-black hair tightly around her sagging face. Her enormous mountain arms pumped the slush water from the squeaking machine. When the water-pail was filled, I would skip ahead to the two-story smiling house and hold the door open for her. Soon, the floor crackled beneath her buckskin slippers as she lumbered across the tiled floor. “Whew,” she would say as she set the sloshing water upon the dark stained stove.

After breakfast, I was ready to explore the new day. I jumped barefooted upon the new spring grasses that hugged my feet. While I played, Mu-ah assembled the willows for the basket we were going to make. “Num-a-chee, ke-ma!” I came to her side and watched as her skillful hands arranged my bundle of willows.

My attention turned away from my lesson as a butterfly fluttered in front of me. As I played, I felt her tender eyes upon me. When I turned to her, her eyes were moist with tears. I stepped towards her and took her hands into mine. We didn’t have to speak because the love that we shared was stronger than words.
Mu-ah (continued)

I was taken away from my Mu-ah to attend a public school in Gabbs, Nevada, located forty miles away from Mu-ah's security. Towards the end of each day, I sat at the edge of my seat awaiting the sound of the bell. As soon as I heard the bell, my arms flew up, and a smile wiped clean the boredom of school. I would yell to my classmates, "I get to go home and see Mu-ah!"

Our visits became less and less. When I first started school, I saw her on the weekends. Then we moved to Fallon, and I got to visit her once or twice a month. Each year, we move further from Mu-ah. I was sad and lonesome and missed the times we once shared. She taught me about my culture and to be proud of who I was.

When I was in school, I felt an overwhelming feeling of imprisonment. I felt that I was being punished as I sat alone in a crowded white school.

I felt like putty as I stood next to my third grade teacher who said, "Children, this is your new classmate." She was doing her best to smile. I wasn’t happy to be in the class, and the teacher wasn’t happy to have me.

Several years passed before Mu-ah and I were reunited. My mother’s gray car slowly pulled it’s way up my Mu-ah’s long driveway. I looked out of the car window and saw her standing outside of the smiling house. Before the car stopped moving, I flung the car door open and ran to embrace her round soft body. My tears moistened her soft clean apron. She lifted my head with her cookie dough hands and hugged me. Her once deep brown eyes and turned marble gray with age, and her tears made her eyes sparkle like polished silver.
The next morning my Mu-ah said, "I want to take you to my special bathing place." After breakfast, we walked to a large meadow on the east side of our house. I soon ran ahead of Mu-ah, enjoying the new day. I was bewildered when I came to a steamy pond. I stared at the water. It was not like the other ponds in the valley. I asked, "Mu-ah, why is this water so warm and all the other water still frozen?"

"Because Numee, Father Sun has blessed this water."

As Mu-ah completed her prayer, I asked, "Why are you praying?"

Grandmother gave me a soft smile and replied, "You have to learn to give thanks for all the things you use. I prayed so that this water would help us.

"Help us do what?"

"Help us to keep a straight mind and a strong body. This water has a lot of power to help cure many pains." I was confused, but she continued, "If your arm hurts, you pray for the water so it will help you to heal. When you are in the water, you put mud on the part of your body that hurts." I was content with the hot water that surrounded my body but more content with the warmth that grasped my heart from the love my grandmother, my Mu-ah, gave to me. When we returned from our bath, my mother called Mu-ah into the kitchen and closed the door. I sat on the couch in the living room while I waited for Mu-ah. I wondered what the "grown-up" talk was about. My Mom and my Mu-ah came out of the kitchen. Mu-ah's face seemed displaced with sadness. Mu-ah walked outside; I followed. She leaned against the fence post and said, "You're moving to California." My heart sank. I was going to be separated from my Mu-ah again, maybe forever.
When I got to Bishop, I couldn't believe how large the reservation was and how many Indian children there were to play with. I met a lot of new friends and experienced new things. I got so caught up in my new California life that I forgot about Mu-ah until one day I felt a sharp pain in my heart. Something was wrong, something big. I called my aunt so I could go home early from school. I ran in our house with tears in my eyes. I yelled for my Mom but there was no answer. On the counter, I found a note that read, “Grandma's in the hospital. I'll call, Mom.”

My body turned limp, and I wanted to vomit. All I could think was my Mu-ah's sick, and I can't be there. She had been there for me when I was sick. She always made me tea and told me stories. She always made sure I was happy and felt special, but where was I when she first got sick? I've been so selfish! Stupid, stupid, stupid!

That night as I sat waiting for the phone to ring, I envisioned Mu-ah with new wrinkles and age hollowed eyes. Tears burst from my eyes as I intuitively felt that she would not get better. I felt her strength slipping. “No! Grandma! Don't leave me! We have to much to do! I have too much to learn! I'm sorry! I promise I won't leave you again!”

The phone rang; it was mother, “Mel! Grandma died.” The phone fell from my hands; a sense of handicap overcame me; I could not communicate. At that point, my nights became black and eerie, and the moon turned cold towards me.

Grandma's once smiling house was turned dark and quiet, the curtains shut. Relatives had gathered for the “cry dance,”
(Indian funeral) and the darkness of death surrounded the once happy family. Dew had set upon the clay-ground, it was time. A soft beat of the cry-dance drum begun to pound softly through the thick sadness of the family.

Everyone circled around the blazing fire. People stared into the fire unseeing. The drumbeat got stronger, and the cry-dance singers began their opening chant. One by one, people took pieces of Mu-ah's garments and held them sacredly next to their hearts. The family stared dancing to the beat of the drum. As they danced, their faces were blank, lost in sadness. In an impassive manner, people took Mu-ah's garments and pushed them towards the fire and back to their hearts again. Tears fell silently from the group of mourners.

As morning started to arrive, the singers chanted a "going to the next world" song. The people began tossing Mu-ah's garments in the fire. Father Sun came over the hillside, ending the cry-dance. The family ate, talked and held one another. Everyone's spirits lifted a little, except mine. In a corner, I was curled up like a mouse, crying, praying, hoping my tears were magic and she'd come back to me. It was June 13, 1981 that day I lost my first love.
**LEGACY** By: Barbara Redner  
1982

Come to me my children I have many things to 
give you.

I have all the many things my mother gave to 
me

I have a laughing brook, a silver fish 
swimming

Some beautiful flowers in a field of green.

What is this you say? What is this dirty puddle 
that reeks with the stench of decaying, 
rotting fish

What is this barren hillside cut deep with the 
force of rain on nude soil?

Come to me my children

I did have all these many things to give you

I had all these many things my mother gave to me.
Albina Mary Redner is my mother-in-law. She doesn’t have a birth certificate but knows she was born around 1928. “Redner, that’s my married name. I married Ray Redner, a Redwood Creek Indian from Blue Lake,” she explained in an interview in June, 1982. Her mother’s family, the Birchams, are from Austin, Nevada, and are members of the Smith Creek Band of the Shoshone tribe. Albina herself is half Japanese. Before they moved to Austin in about 1900, the band lived at Alpine, Nevada. “My family lived in the mountains and valleys there near the pine nut range.” She went on to explain. Pine nuts were the staple food of the Indians in that region but that all changed in one generation. Not only were the Indians married to white settlers but it was not too unusual for the Chinese and Japanese, living under extremely oppressive white laws, to marry Indian women. Albina recalled some of her experiences as a child before she came to Humboldt County and before she had ten children.

“When I was little, Austin was a big town like Virginia City. Thousands of people came there from all over the world. There were a lot of Chinese from San Francisco. They have a hill there, in Austin, called China Ridge where you could see a lot of things they left behind. I remember a lot of houses on the hills and the mining people from New York and Chicago. There were famous people there, too. I remember Comstock of Comstock Lode fame and old man Stokes. He used to come by our house, and he looked just like Abraham Lincoln with and old stove pipe black hat. He’s the one that built Stokes castle out in the desert, near Austin, and I hear it’s still there.
Albinia Mary Redner (continued)

I remember the depression in 1933. I must have been five or six years old then. People were complaining; they couldn’t get any money. The banks were closed. My grandfather, Bronco Jim, kept his money in a baking powder can and buried it. It didn’t matter much to us about the banks anyway because we never had much money. But everybody else was complaining.

That’s about all I remember. I couldn’t read the newspaper ’cause I didn’t speak English anyway. I didn’t notice any hardship. Our lives didn’t change much. We lived in the back of the laundry my father owned. My father was a tall man, six feet or more tall and of a heavier build than Harry who was short and of slight build.

Harry owned the International Cafe across the street from our laundry. That is where my parents met. My mother worked for Harry, and my father was his good friend and came there often to eat. Harry served the town’s best meals there, serving the most delicious Japanese food. Harry was our first vocational guidance counselor. He trained all of us to do dishes and work. There were always a lot Indian families around the cafe. After our work was done in the evenings, Harry would feed us all chop suey. We ate in back of the restaurant, but we always had plenty to eat. Harry never let anyone go to bed hungry.

My best memories as a child are of Harry’s cooking. He was the best cook I ever knew. He made cream puffs as big as a saucer and filled with fresh whipped cream. Every morning, he would get up and roast pork and some chickens. The fish came frozen from San Francisco for his great fish dinners he sold. But his best
cooking was the cream puffs... and the strawberry shortcake... and his fresh baked pies were super.

My older brother, Bert, would get up every morning about 4 a.m. to milk the cows, strain the milk, and deliver it before school. Harry owned the town's only dairy, so that is why he had such good, fresh cream for his cream puffs. He raised my younger brother, Bobby, also, and taught him to be a gardener. Harry could raise celery stalks in Austin. No one could raise celery there, but Harry could; he was awfully smart.

There was a Shoshone woman named Mable, that lived with Harry, whose niece became orphaned at an early age of three or four. Harry took her and raised her as his own daughter. A lot of Indian children were adopted in that way when they were orphaned or their families could no longer care for them. Then they went and lived with relatives or sometimes non-Indians. Anyway, she and I were good friends and spent much time together. We were curious about his Buddha worshipping, so we would lay awake and silently watch Harry perform his rituals. We had never seen anything like that before. My mother and my grandfather were medicine people, so I was always around some spiritual rituals, but Harry's were different.

Christianity was to become the central point in my life later, but at this time, I didn't know what church or religion was. No one in my family went to church, and the only other religion I saw practiced was Harry's Buddhism. I used to sit on the hills and watch, with great interest, the services performed below. The sisters
Albina Mary Redner (continued)

came every summer to teach catechism and the lessons were often taught outdoors.

The churches of the Episcopals and the Catholics were very interesting to me. They were really antique, and I heard the furnishings had been shipped in from Reno or even San Francisco. I think some things even came from Chicago or further away. All I knew was how beautiful these thing were.

I guess the money from the mines bought all those beautiful things. They claim there was enough silver taken from that town to build San Francisco and Chicago. There were mines all over those hills, "dug outs," and we used to play in them and on the ore cars.

There were a lot of families that lived in Austin then, and some of them still live there. I met one old lady, Mrs. Cadolpha, in the Fallon rest home recently. She is nearly a hundred now, but her family still runs the old home ranch up there. There were a lot of Indian families in Austin at that time as well as in Reese River. A lot of them moved to Eureka, Nevada during the depression. There wasn't a reservation there in the 1930's. That came later.

One day, my mother went to Fallon to visit my uncle. She had always kept in touch with her brother. We had heard the rumor that the settlers were going to have to give back some of the land to the Indians. My mother didn't speak English, but my uncle spoke it better. He encouraged her to put her name on the list, so she did. When the law passed, they got a place on the Yamba Reservation out at Reese River. (Her mother's land was acquired under the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934 which gave up to 160 acres of land to the head of the house).
By that time, I was already at Stewart Boarding School. When I was about twelve or thirteen, the field nurses did a survey of orphans and half orphans or children that didn’t have homes but lived with relatives. At that time, I was living with my uncle, so my cousins put my name down. They rounded up a lot of children that way and took them to Stewart. It felt bad ‘cause I had to go to boarding school; I felt real bad, in fact, because I thought I was never going to see my family again.

(Boarding schools were established around 1880 in an effort to force assimilation on Indian people. “The philosophy,” according Brewton Berry in The American Indian Reader: Education, “included the removal of the students from their homes, strict military discipline, a work and study program, an ‘outing system’ and emphasis upon industrial arts.” The boarding school system was being abandoned by 1975.)

Ever since my father left, I had lived with different relatives, but a boarding school was different. My dad moved away for some unknown reason even though he owned two laundries, a salon and a shoe store. I think that like other businesses at that time, he went bankrupt. He moved to Ely and started a new business. We went to visit him one time in Ely, but all I remember is a dark suit; I didn’t see his face. Eventually, he moved to Salinas and had another laundry. Right after Pearl Harbor broke out, they rounded up the Japanese and shipped them to a concentration camp at Tule Lake. My brother said he wasn’t able to find him anymore after that. I heard on T.V. recently, there is a place you can inquire about the Japanese that were sent to Tule Lake. I would like to find out about him because I’m suppose to have some other half brothers and sisters. Besides, I noticed that the book Food for a Small Planet or something like that, was written by Ralph Iwomota. That was my father’s name.”
A BOARDING SCHOOL
EXPERIENCE
By: Winnie Baldy George
as told to Laura Lee George

The following account to the government boarding school
on the Hoopa Valley Reservation during the 1920's was told to me
by my mother-in-law, Winnie Baldy George. Our conversation was
recorded and her words are reproduced here almost exactly as they
were spoken with only minor changes to ensure clarity.

Fluent in two languages, Winnie is now sixty-nine years old
and the current medicine woman (female priest) for the Hupa Tribal
ceremonials. Born on October 12, 1912, Hupa was her primary
language before her boarding school experience. Winnie gave the
following account as she remembered it without animosity or
bitterness.

"We had to work awful hard to go to school; I'll tell you
that much. I was about eight and a half to nine when I started
school here in Hoopa. We had to live right at the school. We
couldn't go home. That's the reason why they didn't put them in
school early.

I was scared. I'd never been no place in my life. Been
home all the time, you know. We never played with anybody in
fact! They took me up there, and put me up there just the same.

My father said he wanted all of us kids to go to school and
stay there. He said, "You guys ain't going to be like me. I can't
read or write and it's awful hard for me to get by anywhere. I want
you kids to learn to read and write. You might get a good job
someplace." Everybody went to school!
A Boarding School Experience (continued)

I never cried for my momma, but I was just scared all the time. I'd just watch out--everybody gonna hurt me or something--that's the way I felt. Some of them girls were pretty nice. Trina Doolittle made friends with me right away. She showed me everything that they had to do--get your hair combed, get your teeth washed and just stuff like that, you know.

We had to drill every morning. We got up in the morning--rain or shine; we just had to get out there and drill. You had to keep in step. If you're out of step, you're in trouble. We had to march every place we went--from going to school, to the dining room to eat, everywhere. We had Company A, Company B, and Company C. The boys had their own companies. We could hear them in the mornings, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh boys already drilling. In the wintertime, it would still be dark, and you just hear their footsteps and that's all.

We went to breakfast at seven o'clock. After breakfasts, some of us had to wash the dishes, and some of them had to go and clean the dormitories. After we got through washing the dishes, if we didn't go to school that morning, we had to go to work. You were detailed to either the sewing room, or laundry, or the dormitories. If you went to school in the morning, well, you had to work that afternoon. Then, next day, you had to go to school in the afternoon and then work in the morning.

Every month and a half or so, they changed the shift. They put you in the kitchen, or they put you in the laundry or sewing room and all that. In the laundry, we had to learn to iron and hang clothes. And they hung clothes in them days. They didn't have very much of a dryer. They just had a little room and we had to run this
A Boarding School Experience (continued)

kind of rack thing into this little room there, kind of a steam room is what it was. That's where they dried the clothes. But the rest of the clothes we had to hang it up on the lines upstairs.

They just had regular school like they have now, you know--learn to read, learn to talk. I guess mostly they taught us how to talk English good. I didn't know too much about English. I talk Indian all my life. I could speak a few words (English)- just enough to get by. They had to teach us all that. But they showed us how to sew, showed us how to iron.

They didn't allow any of us kids to speak to one another in Indian. Georgina Matilton, Alice Norton--we all went to school together. They didn't allow us to speak Indian at all. We had to speak English at all times. We had to do extra work if we spoke Indian--like iron, or sweep the floor, or scrub the floor. You get on your hands and knees and they make you scrub the floor if you did anything wrong. They had a little jail down under there--throw you in there if you don't mind. They actually had a little jail down there on the bottom. Sometimes, if they was real bad, they'd spend two, three days in there--sometimes one week. I never made the jail, but I had to scrub the floor on my hands and knee's (laughs).

We had school clothes that we hung up every day. We had a locker where we could hang our clothes. We had them hickory-striped dresses that we wore every day. They had a little pink plaid apron affair and that was our school dresses. Then for dressing up for Sunday school, or any kind of special affair, then we wore the skirt with pleats in it, baby blue skirts with pleats in it with white blouses and red ties and red sweaters.
A Boarding School Experience (continued)

We had to go to church every Sunday, and had to go to church in the middle of the week—Wednesday night—singing, praying and what not. We had to do that. When it was time to go, you had to go or else you got punished.

And then we had to exercise every ten o’clock in the morning when it was school time. We had to get out there and exercise. Put your hands out like that, and this way, stoop over and really exercise. We had to do that every day. Exercise your fingers like this (demonstrates), and go like that. Then you jump up and down, exercise your feet.

Well, we got not a whole lot to eat. We had to get along with what we got. Sometimes we had a pot of beans—they cooked them and put it on the table—some bread very seldom, and we got milk because they raised their own cows back then.

The boys took care of the milking, planted gardens, and stuff like that. They taught them how to do it. Then we’d work in the kitchen once in while. I was detailed to the kitchen for a long time. I guess that’s why I like to cook. We had to get up early to go there though. We had to get up at five, get our beds fixed, get ourselves cleaned up, wash our faces, wash our teeth, comb our hair, and then go to work.

Some of the teachers were real nice. Some of them didn’t put up with anything—pretty strict. You had to be there—no noise at all! Nobody go up and ran around for nothing. They passed the papers out and that’s it.

They (kids) didn’t dunk my pigtails in the ink well, but they did everything to the teacher though. They put a frog on the
A Boarding School Experience (continued)

seat of a woman teacher. But you couldn't fool around with that woman, Mrs. McCoombs, that taught there. Gee, she was mean. I got along good with her. I worked for her. I washed dishes and cleaned her house for one week for fifty cents.

Sometimes I used to come home on the weekend-if I could find somebody to come after me. But most of the time I stayed up there. We had a doctor there on the campus. If we were sick, they'd take us over there. If we were real bad, they'd take us to the hospital. They checked for T.B. every year before we started school. School started in September and was out in May or June.

After the eighth grade, we had to go away to either Sherman or Chemawa to go to high school. I put in for Chemawa. We had to take an examination before they could send us away to high school. I was losing weight for nothing. The doctor didn't think that I was healthy enough to go so they didn't send me."
MY EARLY WRITING EXPERIENCE  By Dawn Yerton

I cannot remember exactly when I first received formal training in writing. For the sake of this paper, I will say around the seventh grade. I can remember having to write a large number of compositions during that year. However, I was writing a great deal on my own before this time. I loved to read as a child, and I greatly admired the authors of the books I read. I dreamed of becoming an author myself one day. I practiced writing by keeping a diary of daily events. I also attempted to write a few short stories. I was not always pleased with the results of my writing attempts, yet I was not totally discouraged. I enjoyed writing at that time. Therefore, the minor failures did not bother me. If one piece did not turn out well, I would simply try again at another time.

When I reached high school, however, this relaxed attitude toward writing all changed. I learned that if I wrote stories which did not turn out very well, my grade did not turn out very well either. I steadily became more and more afraid to write. I decided that I must have been crazy to ever think of being an author. I had to force myself to write anything. I gave up my personal diary, and only kept a journal when required for a course. Occasionally I missed my personal journal writing, and a few times attempted to start it again. Each time, however, I did not keep the journal for long. I had lost the feeling that writing once gave me. Writing became a struggle. Sentences did not flow for me as they once had. I understood Colleen (another member of the class) clearly when she stated that writing for her was the worst form of torture.

Although I liked my English teachers in high school very much, their classes frustrated me no end. Each teacher had their own writing style that they wished you to follow. If you failed to conform to their style of writing, you were graded poorly in their classes. One teacher would tell me that I used too many run on sentences, too many independent clauses and compound sentences. Another teacher would complain that my sentences were too short. “Add a bit more to your sentences,” she would say, “use a few compound sentences.”
I would throw up my hands in despair and ask myself again and again, “Why? Why can’t there be a certain format that all English teachers used for their classes?” Perhaps one would think that all these writing styles would serve to make me a better writer. However, they prove very confusing to me, because I never knew which style to use the majority of the time.

My problem became even worse when I entered college. The college teachers had an even new style. They’d say, “This style you are using is not quite acceptable today. You use far to many commas. We don’t use so many commas anymore.”

It would not be fair to blame my writing problem on my teachers alone. I’ve found that my greatest problem is that I do not read as much as I used to. As I mentioned earlier, I loved to read when I was young. I would read anything I could get my hands on in braille: magazines, library books and textbooks. The school literature books were my absolute favorites. I would read these from cover to cover, I consumed library books by the dozens.

As I grew older, however, schoolwork pushed leisure reading farther and farther to the side. By the time I reached college, leisure reading, except for a magazine article or two, was a thing of the past. Also, college textbooks are much harder to come by in braille. One reason for this lack of availability is that college professors change their textbooks frequently in order to keep their material updated. By the time a college textbook is translated into braille, it is outdated. As a result, most of my college material has been read to me.

When material is read to me, I do not get the chance to see where paragraphs begin or end. I am unable to see how sentences are divided by punctuation. I strongly believe that seeing the words on the page enhances a person’s writing ability. By having everything read to me for the past five years, I feel that my writing ability has suffered greatly.

I face another problem when translating my braille transcript manuscript into typed manuscript. As braille takes up to five times as much paper space as print, braille must be condensed into a shorthand form. Each letter of the alphabet can be used to stand for an entire word. For example: K stands for knowledge, X for the word it, Z for the word as, and so forth. There are also many other types of signs other than letters that can stand for one word.
There are also certain signs that combine particular letters. For example, ING, ATION, TION, AR and OU are but a few such letter combinations that are represented by a single symbol. Finally, a few words are represented by simply the first and last letter of the word. For example, BK stands for the word book.

All these contractions do wonders when it comes to messing up my spelling. My greatest problem with braille and print, however, is punctuation. Braille does not always use the same punctuation as print editions do. For example, in print you may use a group of three periods when indicating that a portion of a quoted passage is left out. A different mark is used for this purpose in braille. I am learning to overcome these problems by striving to learn which braille symbols correspond to which printed symbols.

Before I close, I'd like to include an interesting story. When I was in high school, and still doing quite a bit of leisure time reading, I began telling my family about the books I was reading. My father's job had caused him to lay aside his leisure time books some years before. As my father and I share many of the same reading subject interests, he began to read the books that I was recommending. As my book reading decreased, his increased. This past winter I was able to spend more time with him than I have in several years. In that time, we seem to have switched roles. He was not telling me about the book he was reading. I realized how much I was missing. I went out to look for the books he recommended. I was fortunate enough to find several of them in braille. Therefore, as of last winter, I have been trying to fit leisure reading, other than magazine articles, into my schedule.

I believe that my writing skills have become rusty by laying partially dormant for so many years, also, by the lack of reinforcement through reading. This has been my own fault. I have decided to keep up a journal once more. I am also going to find time to read braille books I still love to read, and I am sure that my enjoyment for writing is still in me somewhere. I still don't want to become a book author, but I would like to write a little better.
I have returned to the white man’s school
to use his tools of his education to help my people.
Why must we learn their ways
to be able to retain our ways?

Why must we receive and employ their values
in order to retain our own?
I am shielded from total assimilation
because the Creator shows me I am not alone.

He reveals himself in all I see.
In the trees, I can see His breath in the mornings
Like smoke from his limbs, he warms my heart
Even when I have to take exams
He sends a feathered brother by a window
Tipping his wings he glides
and I think of the day
the Na’hu’rac will teach me their songs
of another time

A time when the two and four legged walked together
and the Was’chu were in a place far away

Some mornings I walk to my class
and the rain begins to fall on the trees
each drop fills the earth with His song
It dances on me and I wonder
How good the rain must of felt years ago
before the mills
before the trucks carry their corpses
down the smothered pavement
only to be shipped to another land.
Two Worlds (continued)

The Creator has put this burden in our hearts
my people and myself
to use the very tool that was
designed to assimilate us
for our own people
Our very existence depends on knowing
the decisions that will otherwise be made for us
to ensure our children
a spiritual ground to dance and pray on
A place to sing
where only the sounds of the wind can be heard
It is our place to do so
for this is our path...
Teach Your Children Well

By: Melanie Bryan
1992

I had to return to my people. I was in need of being reborn, for I had looked through the eyes of the white man long enough. Indian people from across the United States and Canada came together for this spiritual gathering. People from different tribes, different age groups, and different sexes, were united as one people, one soul.

I stood on the outskirts of chattering people awaiting the sweat ceremony to begin. My chest swelled as I watched the children. They were running, teasing, and poking one another, yet holding tightly to the bundle of sage that began turning limp in their small sweaty palms. Tears of joy and relief slipped from my eyes because I knew that these children were growing-up in the old ways and that the culture wasn’t lost for them or for future generations.

The intonation of a grandmother beckoning to her spiritual helpers turned my attention to her. She was standing in front of a small boy who had a problem dealing with his bad thoughts. She held a jar of sacred water in one hand and the long leaf sage of her people in her other hand and began her medicine prayer song. As she sang, she combined her two powers by pouring her water over her sage. The words and the melody to her medicine song echoed throughout the mountain side and nested itself in the hazy sunset.

I listened to her pray in her native tongue and watched as her medicine cured the boy. She showered him with their sacred water, then slapped his entire body with the dripping wet sage. I envied this boy. He was able to reach out to his grandmother and ask for help, and his grandmother had the knowledge to help him. A verse came to my mind as I watched the boy and the grandmother, “Teach your children their culture for soon they will belong to the white mans’ schools, and won’t know where to look for help nor know how to give his help.”
I remember the first days of my public schooling. I had to be separated from my family, the only security I had ever known. I was the only Indian child in my first grade class. At that dominant white school, I learned to be ashamed of the color of my skin. My first friends, were Mindy, Cassie, and Daile, rich white daughters of Nevada's top ranchers. Everyday we brought our baby dolls to school. Cassie liked my doll; it even looked like her with it's shiny blond hair, it's small round nose and sparkling blue eyes.

Cassie always had to be everyone's mother. One day at school, while playing house, Cassie told us to wash-up for supper. We all went to our imaginary bathrooms and pretended that we scrubbed our faces and hands. Everyone passed her inspection except me. Cassie sent me back to the bathroom again and again, but I never came clean. “See,” Cassie pointed to her pale skin and said, “this is clean;” then she grabbed me by the arm and pointed to my walnut brown skin, “this is not.” It was at that moment that I realized the difference between brown skin and white skin, what was acceptable and what was not.

Miserable, I walked home after school, thinking about what had happened. I had the feeling of being ugly and different. I kept asking myself why the Creator did not grant me pale skin and blue eyes. I wanted to know why I was being punished. What did I do wrong? I usually ran all the way home from school anticipating the love and warmth my family always gave to me. I had always been happy to be with my family, but on that day, I saw and felt differently about myself and my family.

I snuck into the house, not wanting my Grandmother to see my troubled face. Grandmother was sitting in her chair humming an
Teach Your Children Well (continued)

old round dance song and stitching on a quilt. My anger swelled again thinking now why can’t she sing an ordinary song such as Yankee Doodle? My two older brother’s laughter forced me to look out the window. Tears of sorrow began to roll as I saw my two older brothers, dark as burned beans, playing catch in the backyard. I ran to my room and hid in the dark empty closet trying desperately to rub the dark pigment from my face and arms, while hearing Cassie’s nagging voice telling me, “wash that dirt off. You can’t come to the table until you wash that dirt off.”

“Numee” Mu-ah’s face was sorrowful.

“Grandma! Why?” My face was wet with tears, “Why am I so dark?”

Grandma held out her arms, and I cuddled into her bosom repeating, “Why Grandma, why?” Grandmother sat me down on the bed and started to explain the four colors of the world; red, white, yellow, and black. “I know your pain, Yes, you are different. You’re special! You see, the Creator gave the people of red skin big responsibilities. We are the chosen ones. We have to be strong to endure the pain that is pressed upon us. We have to have pride in ourselves in order to teach other about our culture. Be proud of who you are. Someday you will be responsible for teaching the other races the way of the red man.”

I learned a lot from my Grandmother’s words, and now, I say, “Teach your children to be proud of their race, for soon they will belong to the white man’s school.” As I sat silently at the gathering, listening to the storyteller saying, “If a child is put on your doorstep and you are chewing on the last piece of meat, take it from your mouth and give it to her.”
Teach Your Children Well (continued)

I recalled what most people go to college for; to get to the top. It is a dog-eat-dog world and nobody else matters. I asked myself, why do they do this? I hear it's lonely at the top. Why do people work so hard for materialistic treasures, only to find that money can't buy happiness? I was engulfed with the storyteller who said, "The richest people are those who can walk empty handed upon Mother Earth. Teach people not to strive for materialistic rewards. Teach them to be content with the rewards that are given in one's own heart."

I now plead, "Teach your children well for soon they will belong to the white man's 'school'."

I remember eavesdropping on Grandma and her friend, Marie. They spoke of their boarding school days. I heard them speak in rage about the hardships the school branded on them. They spoke of the school as being like a plague, a plague that stole their dignity and self-respect, a plague that kept them locked-up in small rooms without food or water when they spoke their native tongue or prayed to the Great Spirit. I always sat quiet, listening to the ugliness that the white schools marked them with, but soon, Grandmother would catch me listening and, as if to erase what I had just learned, start speaking in Shoshone so I could not hear. From the reports that Grandmother and Marie spoke of, I now state to all Indian people, "Teach your children truth, so they will not be shocked when they enter the white man's 'school'."

Grandmother wouldn't teach me the Shoshone language because the plague of the white school built fear in her, fear that if I was taught my Shoshone language, I would be pressed with hardships. And so, I have been educated in the white man's educational
Teach Your Children Well (continued)

systems and white society. I have learned a lot about the world and of its people: some are kind and some are not so kind. I learned that I cannot always live in the protected shell of my mother’s arms.

I have not had a hard time in school, but I have struggled with my own heart. I didn’t have the knowledge of my people’s language, the backbone of my native culture. It is important for me to have the identity it holds, as a member of the Numa-hupi. Parents, grandparents, and elders, I am calling out to you, “Teach your children their native tongue for soon they will belong to the white man’s ‘school’.”

I know that in order for Native American Indian’s to be strong in both worlds they must balance themselves by learning to be proud of who they are as an individual and who they are as a people. Native American Indian people must strive to receive as much education and culture of both worlds as possible. Native American Indian people must be taught to place value on goodness instead of materialistic jewels, and learn to love and understand one another. Only those people who love and understand one another can face the truth of good and bad in the world. Once our Indian children gain knowledge of their culture, and of these principles, then they in turn will be the tools and the resources that the Native Americans can use to conquer whatever problem may erupt for them, in both the Indian world and the white man’s world.
If school is to be the criteria by which a person seemingly by osmosis becomes a counselor of his/her peers, then I am concerned.

Society and education in general are but criminals of the heart. We, from our first day of school till the last are continually being drained drop by drop of all life's spiritual fluids of life.

We are taught rules to a game we never wanted to play. We are judged by the speed that we can regurgitate information that men/women like ourselves have decided beforehand to be truth.

What are their true qualifications, the same as our own? The difference may be that they regurgitate faster than we.

I wonder then, how does this apply to being a counselor?

A matter of the heart transformed to a 4-month old male rat trying to decide which arm of the maze to walk through.
The Counselor (continued)

Would it not be better
to train the rat to jump through hoops
If for no other reason, than to show us ourselves
when we are well seasoned.

Grandfather,
We are losing our children
They are fading like the homes of the Na-ha-rac
under the shovel of assimilation.

The spirit trail is being paved
before their hearts
as the voices of another world
claim them for their collection.

What are we to do to bring a real hope to their lives?

Even as I pray
the schools, churches, and governments teach them
another way.

We are tired;
lift us with your breath that we be renewed with new strength
that we never fail to hear out ancestor's drum...
Bureaucratic Child
By: Rebecca Melvin
1992

You sit there behind a large rectangle
decisions that circles cannot fit
Toddlers have this same difficulty
They realize
A square hole needs a square piece
Realize that they need to find a way to adjust
Are you a child?
If no--why fear me?
How can I hurt you
I am only a number to you
mathematically I do not compute
I have no sum or formula
No codes printed on my frowning brow
A brow that could be smoothed if you would
Realize
As even a toddler does
That mountain ranges are built with families of mountains
Rivers flow with love
Tree roots are deep
And do not care how far a branch grows from the trunk
They are all connected
They belong to the tree
Just as I
Belong
To my family

50
“Ode to Bea”
By: Mace DeLorme
1992

We asked her to come and stay awhile,
Share the heat from our fire.
“Come! Come to our house,” we said,
We have a nice big house with plenty of space.
She arrived; we let her in.

(We always keep the back door unlocked)

We gave her a desk, a chair, a pencil sharpener.
Her place was to be under the Library.
We made sure she shared it with another.
Is that not communal?

“These Indians, didn’t we give them Reservations?”

We gave her students.
We let her tell her stories.
“What? She wants a twenty five page paper??”

So rude!

We don’t do that at our house.
What did she mean what she said: “Our house is dirty?”
SONG WITHIN
By: Holly Monks
1992

dancing feet
dancing feet
  a song within
  a song within
dancing feet
dancing feet
  a song within
  a song within
a heart that's open wide
has a bird that flies inside
  flies inside
  flies inside
  flies inside
  flies inside
Klamath
By: Rebecca Melivn
1992

As the sun fell behind the trees
And cast it's last rays upon the waters,
I felt your strength flow through me
And my spirits rose.

Your eyes caressed the atmosphere
But the more you looked, the stronger your anger became

Stumbling across the riverbed rocks
Our thoughts floated down the river
Hopes and dreams collected in a pool
Along with the memories of our families

To hold your hand and channel our frustrations
to hug you and build our strength
Together, we are powerful
alone, we continue to struggle
INTERVIEW WITH GRAYSON NOLEY
by Rain Hawkghost

I met Dr. Grayson Noley the first week of the 1982 summer session sponsored by the Indian Teacher Education Project at Humboldt State University, Arcata, California. He was one of several guest speakers included in the program and during his visit discussed a range of topics and issues concerning Indians in Education, including the accurate representation of Indians in both literature and scholarly writing.

Dr. Noley, a Choctaw Indian, graduated with a B. A. degree in Music Education from South Eastern State College, Deann, Oklahoma. After teaching one year as a band director, he served as director for the organizations Oklahomans for Indian Opportunity and the Upward Bound Program at the University of Oklahoma. In 1974 he entered Penn State and received his master's and doctorate in education.

Two days before his departure, I invited Dr. Noley for an interview and was pleased to learn he was agreeable to the idea. I arranged for the interview, knowing it was an opportunity to obtain his personal views regarding two issues central to my own interests and writing: The influence of Christianity on the Native American Indian and women in cross-cultural adjustments.

Rain: We're interested in your personal attitudes, your philosophy, likes and dislikes and so on. You shared your reaction to an incident you encountered in a classroom regarding Thanksgiving. (Dr. Noley had mentioned a class he had visited in which the teacher made much of the pilgrims' kindness in inviting Indians to the first Thanksgiving. Your concern is the way Indians are portrayed in history and misconceptions perpetuated evolving from the holiday. Would you expound a little more on your attitude about Thanksgiving and what it means to you in the contemporary sense?)
Dr. Noley: I don’t tell it as a means to insult people. I tell it as a means of reminding people that the Indians paid considerable attention to the needs of the pilgrims who landed here and had a hard time surviving and people tend to forget that.

Rain: How can this holiday be celebrated in a way that can best illustrate the true meaning as opposed to, let’s say, just having a big meal?

Dr. Noley: Well, it’s also symbolic of the people who can do that. But I don’t like to think that I celebrate Thanksgiving in remembrance of the pilgrims as the founding fathers and giving thanks for coming over to establish a strong nation. We celebrate Thanksgiving like everyone else, gathering together with relatives in the so-called traditional way. But I’d like to think we celebrate Thanksgiving as the day of giving thanks to our creator for the good fortune that we have and paying attention to the Indian people who don’t have such good fortune. Probably that’s the most important thing that a holiday like Thanksgiving could represent. Very often, it’s a means of concern for those who are less fortunate. Some people are in the position where they don’t have the ability to celebrate Thanksgiving, which I’ve experienced in my life several times when we weren’t able to celebrate the way we accept Americans do. Because we didn’t have the money and food there wasn’t a celebration.

Rain: Do you celebrate Christmas?

Dr. Noley: Just as most people, without any reference to Christian religion. That’s not to say we don’t have any Christian beliefs, but we celebrate Christmas like millions of Americans. It supports the notion that giving is important, a good value. Often times it’s an exercise of the ego in demonstrating that you are able to do this. We celebrate for our children’s sake, because it’s something they’ve learned to expect.

Rain: Do other members of your tribe celebrate Christmas?

Dr. Noley: Most, because most of our tribe is Christian. They’re very strong Christians.
Rain: What are your feelings in regard to Christianity and the influence it has had on Indians? It's created conflicts for me.

Dr. Noley: I personally don’t see a lot of conflict with the Christian religion as opposed to what we might consider an Indian religion or religions...I think much is made of differences and probably we ought to pay more attention to similarities. My brother told me he believes the basic difference in Indian religion and Christianity is Jesus Christ and if we share similar values, which I believe Indians do with Christianity, then there is not going to be much conflict.

The Christian religion depends on the relationship with the Messiah, a messenger of God. Indian religions don’t view their relationship with God in that way. It doesn’t appear to me that they have to speak through an intermediary to be one with God. But Christians, and I assume the Buddhists, Mohamadens and Moslems do. They rely on the intermediary who was once present on earth and the Indian religions don’t appear to require that condition.

Rain: You weren’t heavily influenced by the puritan ethic?

Dr. Noley: The puritan ethic is not the exclusive domain of Christian Americans. Indians believed in working as well. As a matter of fact, if you didn’t work, then you didn’t share the product of the community. And within the Southeast tribes, which were agrarian, everyone worked for the existence of the tribe. If you didn’t work, you had not right to share. The concept of work is perhaps different now a days....I was influenced by the church. We went to camp meeting once or twice a month; generally every Sunday we were in church. Both my parents were Christians. Besides going to work, my father was also very active in the church. He sang in gospel quartets and played the piano. This was pretty much his social release and an important part of his life. My mother participated in the ways similar to my father. As with much women, she cooked, socialized, went to singing and listened to preaching. They would have all night singing, starting Saturday night through Sunday afternoon, stopping occasionally. All this was conducted in the Choctaw language.
There would be a couple hundred people--a lot of children. We would stay up late playing around the church. Once in a while we’d go in. Sometimes someone would make us go in. Some of the kids would sing too, in quartets, duets, and so forth. I don’t recall ever doing that myself unless they made a whole bunch of us get up there. It was an important thing for some of the children to sing songs in Choctaw. Some liked it or enjoyed reciting from the Choctaw Bible. Some of the churches had regular programs that paid a lot of attention to the children.

Rain: Where were you on those occasions?

Dr. Noley: Out playing, I suppose. I don’t recall doing solos in Choctaw or reciting verses mainly because I don’t speak the language well enough to do so.

Rain: What are your attitudes regarding women in the context of domestic responsibilities and their recent shift toward the work force? Recently, I spoke to a person who teaches Native American Studies who thinks the place for women is in the home. A woman, he believes, is the symbol of purity, holiness and the person who holds the power to keep the people together. Her place is to be mother and the source of strength in the home. Isn’t this another way of keeping women tucked away in the home?

Dr. Noley: Well, it’d be nice if the world was that easy. I think people who believe that way exhibit basic insecurities. They had to be in control, to predict the behavior of people.

Rain: Do you really feel that way?

Dr. Noley: Sure.

Rain: But, doesn’t this view (of the teacher of Native American Studies) perpetuate the tradition, the culture, the mother of all source of life, the community, the tribe, the family, and so on?
Dr. Noley: I don't believe that represents any tribe that I know of. You see women, as far as I know, in my tribe and other tribes that I've studied had some specific roles and contributed to the tribe or to the livelihood of the community in various ways. Obviously, they took care of children, but so did the men. In all tribe that I know of—who told stories to the children? Usually an older man, who taught them games. In our tribe it is the responsibility of the maternal uncle to care for the male son's education. So men spent a good deal of time in caring for children and teaching children. Men worked in the field; so did women. There were some things men did that women didn't do and visa versa. I don't recall women accompanying men on a hunting party unless they went along to prepare food.

Rain: Women today are not doing those sorts of things. Women, in fact, are moving from the domestic role. There's a tremendous struggle to break out of the trenches of the cultural tradition and social expectations.

Dr. Noley: We can create an antagonist view for practically any situation involving two people. Male-male, female-female, both male-female or whatever, if you work hard enough at it. I think that the European women were so dominated by the men that people naturally assumed that because Indians were perceived as more primitive that they would obviously dominate their women as well. But I've never viewed that as being the case.

They participated in the life of the community in the way that they chose to participate. Homosexuals were not unknown among Indian people. In cases I know of, however, they were allowed to choose their particular style of living. If they chose to do women's work, then they were still contributing to society and there was no reason to condemn them for the manner in which they chose to do that.

Rain: As you said earlier, it's basic insecurity on the part of a person who hold those views about women had their place in the home. How do you feel? Are you comfortable in work situations? Are they (women) a threat to you as colleagues?
Dr. Noley: No, there are many Indian women who are scholars whom I consider to be my colleagues. As I mentioned in class, Charlotte Heth at UCLA and Theresa LaFramboise at University of Nebraska. There are any number who are in positions of excellent scholars. I don’t see that the fact that they’re women has anything to do with their ability to produce new knowledge. I don’t feel threatened by their presence. I wouldn’t treat them different or be less kind in my criticism of their work if I had an opportunity to critique it. It makes no difference.

Rain: How would you treat the matter of the attitude that there are Indian people who carry on the oral tradition or elders in the tribe who encourage the notion that the women’s place is in the home.

Dr. Noley: I think they’re wrong. I don’t think that idea is something that has its origins among other people. I think that’s something borrowed from the Europeans.

Rain: My own experiences of leaving the reservation were difficult. There were many hardships and obstacles I had to overcome. I had periods of reversals, but remained persevering. How can I express to other women, not only for Indian women, but for women at large?

Dr. Noley: I don’t know if you need to express it because the trials you successfully overcome will be experiences that will strengthen you in many ways. There is no need to brag about poverty or obstacles we’ve overcome because the strength we’re able to show as a result of those trials and tribulations will be better and you will be stronger and that’s the way you will brag about your poverty-by being a much stronger person. You will be able to help other people overcome their trials and help see them through obstacles which is an important thing to do.
I don’t mean to say not to recall these things because your recollection of these things will let you know how far you’ve come and how strong you are, and they can also be good teaching aids as I said before. But don’t brag about having overcome the economic poverty because what will probably illustrate more than anything else is your new poverty—the poverty of the mind.

Rain: What are your attitudes about prose writing? Do you feel it is one way to convey that strength? Do you see it as a form to accurately render the real experiences in overcoming cross-cultural obstacles? How can women writers help other women?

Dr. Noley: I don’t think people ought to write from a women’s viewpoint or Indian viewpoint. I think they ought to write from a viewpoint that has been established because of their experience and the fact that that person is woman or Indian is almost beside the point. What we’re concerned about is advancing knowledge and advancing awareness of self; the things that surround us and so on. I have a need to write about Indians because I am an Indian and because there are issues and concerns that are held by Indian people that need to be reviewed, thought about and written about. But that doesn’t mean I’m writing this from an Indian perspective by any means. It means that I’m writing it from a personal perspective. If I were writing from an Indian perspective, then it would really not be an objective piece of work. It have to try to be objective so that I can be true to myself.

I don’t think that it’s necessary for me to express a political point of view simply because I’m an Indian and I’m trying to push a thought that I think everyone ought to agree to. I think that I ought to present my thoughts in a way so that other people can look at what I say and determine for themselves whether they agree with me.
Figure 1. Flat stone at Hedildin.

Figure 2. Top view of upright stone at Hedildin.

Figure 3. Front view of upright stone at Hedildin.
Hupa Calendar Stones
The Hupa Calendar consists of three worked stones (one of which is now missing) located in front of the sacred house at Takimildin. There is another stone located at an ancient house site in Medildin, which I believe to be of significance in the discussion of the time reckoning system of the Hupa people. These stones were important in religious aspects as well. The meaning of these stones is known by few and the method of reading them is virtually lost.

The information contained here comes mainly from tribal members. There are no comprehensive studies or even field notes about the Calendar Stones. Most of the people I interviewed had only bits and pieces of information. Some of the information is conflicting and some is duplicated and overlapping. In the case of conflicting views, I will try to state all versions but make no value judgements as to which is the most culturally significant. To avoid repeating the names of my informants, I have simply listed them at the end of this paper.

At Takimildin, some people say that there were once five stones; others speak of only three stones. The platform which these stones are a part of consists of many stones but not all of them are part of the calendar. The stones that will be described here are shown in the picture on the preceding page.

The stone on the right has thirteen vertical grooves with some holes at various points between the grooves. The thirteen lines represent the thirteen months or "moons" of the year. The months were numbered, not named. This stone was read from right to left,
Hupa Calendar Stones (continued)

the groove on the far right being the first month and the groove on
the far left the thirteen month. This count began with the winter
solstice. The holes or pits between the vertical lines told the users
of this calendar when certain things would take place. For instance,
they told when the eels, salmon, or buzzards would come to the
area.

The middle stone has two parallel, horizontal grooves
running across its face. There are at least three different opinions
concerning the meaning of this stone. One is that the lines are for
counting the years between the Deerskin Dance. The second is that
each year is divided into a series of summer and winter months and
the lines are to separate them. The third interpretation is that the
lines stand for the natural and the supernatural, the known and the
unknown, or the seen and the unseen.

The stone on the left is the most interesting looking of the
three and the least known about. It is also the one that is now
missing, probably due to its beauty and the mystery of its meaning.
Everyone I talked to was quite sure that what they told me about
the other stones was correct, but about this stone they could only
speculate. This stone was stolen and then replaced by another of
its general size and shape. Now that it is gone, its true meaning
may never be discovered because no one can observe it in its
natural environment. This is a semicircular stone. It has a groove
in the shape of a concentric arc across its face. Between the groove
and the outer edge, there are seven holes of varying size and
distance from the groove.

Walter Goldschmidt, in an anthropological report, suggested
that these holes are for counting the number of days in the Deerskin
Dance. Although Goldschmidt's suggestion is a possibility, it is
Hupa Calendar Stones (continued)

hardly an acceptable explanation. Anyone with the ability to
develop a calendar would not have needed a device to count the
number of days of such an important religious event. His idea is
further impractical in that there are not enough holes to account for
all the days of the dance. There are ten days of this dance, not
seven. Also, it would have been quite inconvenient to return to
Takimildin each day from the various locations of the dance, just to
find out which day it was.

One person told me that these hole represent the seasons
of the year. Another theory is that the seven holes represent the
phases of the moon. Lastly is the opinion that the seven holes
represent seven stars that can be seen in the night sky at certain
times of the year.

The religious importance of the Hupa Calendar Stones is
indicated by the fact that some of the major ceremonies of the
Hupa people start near them. The house at Takimildin was used as
a living house throughout the year except at the time of the Deer­
skin Dance. Then it became a sacred house, a church. The Jump
Dance starts and ends just a few feet away from the stones. Charles
Tracy, a Goldschmidt informant, stated that the stones, “were
placed there by the culture hero, who built the house and brought
the Acorn Ceremony.” Contemporary Hupa people see supernatural
forces at work in the failure of the 1964 flood to silt in the area
directly in front of the stones.

The stone located at Medildin is actually a combination of
two stones. One is lying flat with its face up (see Figure 1) and the
other is standing upright in front of the first (see Figure 2 and 3).
The stone that is lying flat has twelve holes or pits of varying size
and depth. At first glance, the holes seem to be randomly placed.
The Hupa Calendar Stones (continued)

By closely examining the placement of the holes and comparing this stone to another ancient structure, the Medicine Wheel, some possible solar alignments can be seen.

The Medicine Wheel is a stone structure in the Big Horn Mountains of northern Wyoming. It lies on Medicine Mountain and resembles a wheel. The structure consists of stones placed side by side in the shape of a circle approximately 25 meters in diameter. It has 28 uneven spokes which run from the center of the circle to its outer rim. It is believed that the Plains Indians used this structure, along with concepts from trigonometry, to detect the summer solstice. In a January, 1977 National Geographic article, titled "Probing the Mystery of the Medicine Wheels," John A. Eddy wrote:

On the first day both spring and autumn, the sun rises exactly east and sets exactly west. As spring wears on, sunrise moves farther north each day until late in June, when it slows, stops, and begins to move southward again. The day its northward motion stops, June 21, is the summer solstice. The winter solstice, six months later, marks the end of its southward march along the horizons. The two solstices are the only times of the year when sunrise and sunset directions mark a single, definite day-reference points for a solar calendar.

In a June, 1974 article in Science, "Astronomical Alignment of the Big Horn Medicine Wheels," Dr. Eddy wrote: The horizon points of sunrise and sunset shift daily: their paths go through reversals of direction at the times of summer and winter solstice, when the sun rises and sets at its most northern and most southern positions, respectively. These similarities were commonly noted by
many primitive peoples for calendar, ritual, or agricultural purposes. The solar declination changes very slowly through the solstice—no more than 2' arc per day in the week before and after—and to the accuracy of the stone-and-post alignments the solstice is not a sharply defined reversal but a pause of several days in the place of sunrise or sunset. One clear sunrise per week would probably suffice, particularly if the trend of shift in preceding and subsequent days were noted.

By observing solar alignment, the Hupa people might have used the stone at Medildin, just as the Plains Indians used the Medicine Wheel, to note the solstices and the beginning of each new year. The location of the Medicine Wheel is such that the winter solstice cannot be easily observed due to the rough terrain and winter snow fall. They noted the summer solstice while the Hupa people used the winter solstice.

The Hupa people, instead of using a stone-and-post alignment as did the Plains Indians, might have aligned something else with two holes, such as, a point on the horizon or a particular tree or landmark, to point to the location of the solstice sunrise. I have labeled several points on the included sketch where a alignment can be inferred. The sketch is very rough so the following are only approximations. A line from point A to point B, extending to the horizon, would mark the point where the sun rises exactly east, thereby signaling the coming of the solstice. A line extended from point B to point C would correspond to the summer solstice and a line extended from point B to point D would correspond to the winter solstice.
Hupa Calendar Stones (continued)

The solstice is the time of the year when the sun is to "stand still." One of my informants said that it takes sun ten days to reach that extreme point where it stands still, then starts back. During that ten day period, the people in Hupa were not supposed to go hunting or into the woods to gather food. This indicates that the standing still of the sun was thought of as a spiritual phenomenon to be observed and adhered to by other people.

Together, these stones provided the Hupa people with their time reckoning system. Usually, only the three stones at Takimidin are referred to when people speak of Hupa Calendar Stones. The stone at Medildin is not quite as pretty as the others, but it is functional. With it to call attention to the beginning of each year and the other stones for use throughout the year, the system was complete.

List of People Interviewed:

Eleanor Ames
Howard Ames
Eugene Colegrove
Winnie George
Amos Holmes
Jimmy Jackson
Louisa Jackson
Ralph Maguelena
Jack Norton
Alice Pratt
Elsie Ricklief
Rudolph Socktish
Pat Tsewenaldin
The Way to Howenquet Mountain
By: Barbara Redner
1982

Panther was the best hunter in the village. The dwelling house was full of the dried meat he had brought for them. All of the girls were anxious to marry him, but he had no time for them as he was always hunting. One time he came back from hunting and found his younger brother dead in the sweat house with his heart missing. Panther didn't care to hunt anymore; he only mourned for his brother.

Panther started searching in distant places asking everyone he met if they knew who had killed his brother.

The Tolowa are an Athabaskan language group with linguistic ties from Alaska to Mexico. They occupied a narrow strip of land along the coast in what is now northern California and southern Oregon.

The Tolowa have been subjected to almost total annihilation since their first contact with whites in 1850. The search for gold brought the whites and Tolowas into violent conflict. Just behind these white gold seekers was a string of changing governmental policies concerning the Tolowa tribe. These policies ranged from trying to totally extinguish the tribe to trying to protect it from vigilantes bent on their extinction.

The oceans beaches have been here since time out of mind
It is still the same

The creator gave us this place to live and care for
It is still the same

My father fishes with a net still but hunts with a gun
Some things are not the same

69
The people make summer fishing camps
   It is still the same
The old women weave baskets
   It is still the same
Many of our children learn the white ways in
   boarding school
Some things are not the same

While Panther was searching for anyone who knew of his brother's killer, he came to a house and went inside. The two girls inside were weaving baskets, looking up one said, “I guess you are very sad about your brother.”

She put away her basket making and put some dried strawberries in a dipper of water for him to eat. “That is sure sweet cod.” Panther thought to himself. Then the other sister spoke to him in the same manner, saying, “I guess you are very sad about your brother,” and she also gave him strawberries to eat.

The girls were kind to him, and he liked one very much. She was very slender like her sisters because they were Ant girls.

Tolowas, along with the Coos, Shasta, Tututni and several other tribes, were taken to the reservation at Siletz, Oregon, swelling the population there from about 600 to over 4,000. While the government was willing to spend great amounts of time and money on moving the Indians from one location to another, very little was spent on feeding them once they arrived at Siletz. There was much hardship then.
In 1856 a small band that had remained in the Crescent City area was moved onto the Prince Island just offshore at the mouth of the Smith River. The federal troops were responsible for keeping them on the island.

I see horses on wagon trails
Sometimes a car on hard rubber tires
I wonder where it goes
It seems to never return
They tell me of a world without beaches and nets

I've heard some never eat the black seaweed
Someone told of great cities
I've heard of ladies in fancy clothes
But I won't go there
Or maybe I will... just to see

The girl Panther, who he was fond of finally said, "Those who killed your brother came from where the sun rises. You should go there." He gave her some of the deer fat he had brought to give to those who helped him, and he left.

After he had been traveling for one moon, he heard someone singing. He sat down to listen to the song.

"I'm gathering wood for Panther's brother." Then Panther asked her about her song. She said, "I'm gathering wood for Panther's brother because they are going to steam his heart."
Panther was glad at last to find his brother's heart. He asked the girl just what she did when she returned to the village. She said, "I take coarse red cakes to two people."

"Where is Panther's brother's heart?"

"The heart is hanging up. We must do something soon, because it is about to come to life again."

Later in that same year of 1856 between 200 and 500 Tolowas were taken to the Klamath River Reservation. The Indian Agent tried unsuccessfully to obtain fishing rights from the Yuroks. They would only accept a $2000 payment which the governor would not approve. Again, the whites were unwilling to provide food the displaced Tolowas.

In 1861 there was a flood on the Klamath River and Fort Terwer was washed out. The remaining Tolowas were then moved to Howenquet Mountain and later to King Vally also known as Fort Lincoln. Again, there was little regard for their food or shelter needs.

She walked the beach in the early morning fog
She sensed the dawn of a new day
For her beaten people
For her Chemawa

She watched the young men of her village
Give up the old ways of ceremonies
To take up an axe
No shaker for her
The Way To Howenquet Mountain (continued)

She heard the waves endlessly calling her name
She saw the destruction of long Indian wars
She knew her people's despair
But she went away

There was a new world calling her
Fancy clothes and cars of shiny black
Far away cities of endless activity
Now she spoke English

With eyes of black as the Flint Packer's blade
She was to search for reasons
She must change to succeed
It is easier for half bloods

Panther took the girl's skin and put it on so that he looked just like her. Then he picked up the wood and went back to the village singing in the same manner. When he got to the village, he did exactly as she told him that she would have done, and no one suspected it was really Panther.

After everyone was asleep, he went to a granite house with a small fire in it. Inside, the young girls were twisting twine for tails. Panther gave them some deer fat and said, "After awhile you gnaw off those people's bow strings." They became mice and ran in every direction. Then Panther went and took his brother's heart from the bag it was hanging in.

The people saw that the heart was missing, and they grabbed their bows to go after Panther, but the bow strings had all been gnawed off. They were most ashamed and now hide themselves from the sun. Panther returned his brother's heart to his body so it could be buried in the proper way.
The Way to Howenquet Mountain (continued)

The Termination Act of 1958 was designed to end federal control over Indians and their land, another of the ill-conceived Indian policies of the government. All of the lands of the Tolowas except 8.22 acres, went into private ownership due to this act and the Allotment Acts. Subsequently, much of this land has passed into non-Indian ownership. Many of the Tolowa didn’t accept parcels of land during the termination proceedings and are now trying to be reinstated as a federally recognized tribe.

I learned the language of the invaders
Their names for the sacred places have no meaning
I walked with boughten pride
In the best starched clothes of the day
Down streets of San Francisco and L.A.

My quarter blood children never knew the icy ocean
dawn
Or pulling fish heavy nets ashore
They never felt the ground’s rhythm during dances
They never heard their grandfather’s prayer song
Or watched auntie’s gnarled fingers deftly weaving baskets

The children never ask and I never said
Then one morning I heard the waves speak my name
I saw the mountains wanting for my offerings
The thin threads of ceremonial songs echoed in my mind
My heart told me I must return

Now I am to be my people’s grandmother
I walk the beaches the same as half a century ago
They have not changed and the rhythm is still the same.

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The Way To Howenquet Mountain (continued)

Only the people are different now
There is only an echo of the old ways left

They say the ancient ways must be discarded
We must do things in a new way
But we will teach the same respected things
Just as our grandparents learned as their mother's knee
So will our grandchildren
Alcohol
By: Tom Murphy, 1992

As a child, you come into my house
like a river of fire
you stole my father
and made him forget me
and he died
As I grew, I watched my uncle's eyes
slowly become empty
and I was raised by my grandma
She often spoke of how you consumed her husband
and her father before him
I feared you enough to let you in me
and my soul slept for many years
In a dream, I saw you as you really are
and became angry of you death
Tir'awa in His wisdom,
lifted me and replaced you with hope
I will not be fooled again
Till I leave this world
I will try in all that I do
to reveal your tools of hopelessness to my people
Even as you flow through our children
I will not stop thinking that there is a way
I pray that hopelessness be replaced
with a new growth of pride
We must strengthen one another with a new hope
I will be there when you need me
Grandmother--this is for the tears you
cried for me....
Wind Circle Dancers
By: D.A. Turner
1992

Wind circle dancers
transparent
suspended
visible souls

Seen quickly
momentarily
in the flickering
black and white
shadow

The Eagles eyes
brighten
as the drum beat
picks up
in the swirling
stream

floating gentle
on smiling
laughing faces
atop
the big tree
where the worlds
meet
and the ancestors
greet
each other.
They Up Lift Prayer

By: Jene McCovey
1992

The articles used in the Jumpdance help lift prayers to the creator.
The older the article is, the greater ability it has to up lift prayer.
Some people say an article made for the dances cries when it doesn't get to dance,
that its Spirit is sad and it cries.
Sometimes when a family observes the death of a family member,
The article is put away in a storage chest for a period of mourning,
Dancemakers pay the family a tribute to the departed
So they do not offend them

Sometimes the article becomes an artifact in the possession of the scholars;
The anthropologist, the archaeologist and the ethnographer.
Sometimes the burial offerings in a grave of one of our ancestors Are dug up by unscrupulous grave robbers
Sometimes we don't know when or how items of sacred tribal paritmony End up in the museum's display cases or stored away in a drawer.

Some people say it is not the article's spirit that cries, but the spirit of the person who made the article cries,
each weave of the basket is a prayer
the spirit of the dancer who wore the article, he cries.
They Up Lift Prayer (continued)

The spirit of the dance maker--the Poy-yo-son, --the boss
who dedicated the article to the dance, cries also.
These spirits cry because they have come back to see the dances
and they see that the article does not dance as it did when they danced with it, in the physical.
The Spirituals have come back to earth during this powerful time.
Each article has a history, it is connected to those who have gone on before us.
The more it is used, the greater ability it has to up lift prayer.
Choices
By: Barbara Redner
1982

"What do you want from me?" I scream.
The ancient ones stand silent just beyond my consciousness.

"I have no potlatch song," as I put on my false eyelash.
"And what the hell is a salmon ceremony?" shiny lipstick next.
"I don't have a Tlingit name," curlers and hair spray rearrange.
"I can't sing without knowing the language."
Careful brush strokes make fingertips pink.
"Even what clan I belong to is unknown."
Nylons cover freshly shaved legs.
"People laugh when I ask about tradition."
Now high heeled shoes and a fancy dress.
"What do you want from me?" I whisper.
The ancient ones stand silent just inside my consciousness.
me with her loving eyes, and my Ogo gave me a big grin that made my heart burn with pride.

Late morning, after all the cleaning and the next meal was ready for cooking, Mu-ah called me to her and said, “Go get my willows.” I went to the woodshed and returned with bundles of willows. I set the willows down and sat next to Mu-ah under the crab apple tree. In a low, serious voice she told me, “Num-a-chee, not everyone was meant to be a basketmaker. Everything and everyone has their special purpose.” I watched as Mu-ah’s nimble hands untied the bundles of willows.

Mu-ah continued her teachings. “Before you start anything, give thanks for your materials and for your healthy body.” In a grounded out stone, bits of cedar were set aflame as an offering. When the flame died and the smoke twisted its way towards the sky, her eighty-one year old voice took flight in the spring air as she began to sing, “Walo ya hey num a hupi...”

When she finished her song, she said, “This song has been in our family for a long time. It was a gift from my mother who received it from her grandmother.” Mu-ah paused, then smiled at me and said, “Now it is your song. It will help you to make beautiful designs in your baskets.”

I placed my young, chapped hands onto her wrinkled hand and said, “Nan-a-ka I will keep it alive by singing it each time I prepare my baskets.”

Just then, the boys were walking by, carrying bundles of long, unclean willows, so I asked, “Mu-ah, what are they doing?”
Purification (continued)

"They're gathering materials to make the sweatlodge."

"Mu-ah, tell me about the sweatlodge."

Mu-ah had begun to weave, so without looking away from her work, she told me, "The sweatlodge is a gift from the Creator. We are called the Shoshones by the white men, but we have our own name. We are called the Num-a-hupi, which means the People. Just as white men have churches, we have the sweatlodge. The sweatlodge is our church. We enter the sweatlodge to be cleansed spiritually, mentally, emotionally, and physically. The sweatlodge is made from everything that comes from the Mother Earth, so when we enter the sweatlodge, we are reentering our mother's womb."

“Oh,” I said quietly.

“You will have a chance to see what it is like tonight.”

My eyes opened wide and spun in her direction, “What do you mean?” My heart pounded, waiting for her explanation.

“I asked the medicine women to come and sweat with us.”

My eyes turned down in disbelief, Mu-ah felt that I was ready to enter the sweatlodge. Mu-ah saw the expression on my face and said, “You are a Num-a-hupi. You are learning in the ways of the ancient ones. You are our future.”
Purification (continued)

As night set in, chills raked at my body. The cold mountain breeze stung my arms. I was standing up straight, listening to my mother who handed me freshly cut sagebrush leaves. She said, “Put this between your teeth when it gets too hot.”

My heart pounded, “How hot will it get?”

Mother’s comforting arms wrapped around my frail shoulders, “It will get very hot. The walls of the sweatlodge are airtight. No light and no air can penetrate the walls. When the air starts to run low and the steam from the water being poured over the rocks gets too hot, hold the sage between your teeth so you can breath.”

Just then Mu-ah knocked at the door. “Is she ready?”

“Yes, she is ready.” Mother cuddled me one last time and said, “I’m proud of you. You are ready to become a woman. Enter the sweatlodge like a real Num-a-hupi.” I let go of Mother’s hand and followed Mu-ah to the sweatlodge. Mu-ah was excited. She walked and talked quickly. “The sweatlodge is set up next to the river so we can submerge ourselves in the cold water afterward. The water brings you back to life! All creations are made from fire and water.”

When we arrived at the sweatlodge, I stood next to the raging fire, watching the rocks that were baking underneath the flames. The rocks were translucent red. It was going to be hot inside.

“Num-a-chee,” it was Tavootsee, Mu-ah’s good friend.
Purification (continued)

“We are all proud of you.” She handed me a fan made from seven eagle feathers. “I honor you with this gift from my family. You will bring pride and love back into the hearts of our people. Sing loud to please the spirits. Be strong so that you will fast all four rounds.” She turned from me and started to strip.

Ta-wan-ee, another friend of my Mu-ah’s, handed me a drum. “This is a gift from me and my family. The drum is circular. It has no beginning and no end. The beat of the drum is the heartbeat of our people.” Ta-wan-ee smiled at me and said, “When you feel you can no longer sing and the sweatlodge is too hot, forget your discomforts and think about the struggles of your people. Sing and pray for your people.” She placed the drum into my hands, and gave me a reassuring smile, then copied Ta voot see’s actions.

Mu-ah came to my side. “Mu-ah, they gave me these things.”

Mu-ah smiled and replied, “Yes Num-a-chee.”

“Why?”

“Because you are a leader. Soon you will learn your purpose and it is then that you will make us proud.”

“Why are they taking off all their clothes?”

“When babies are born, do they enter this world with clothes already on their back?”

“No.”
Purification (continued)

“Well then, now that we are reentering our mother's womb, we go in as we have come; naked. Follow me.”

When we were settled into the sweatlodge, the doorman announced, “The rocks are ready.”

Ta voot see, who was acting as the master of ceremonies, replied, “Start bringing them in.”

As each flaming rock tumbled into the pit, the ladies mumbled, “Ahhoo.”

There were twelve sizzling red rocks that overflowed the small pit in the center of the lodge. I felt the blistering heat from the rocks and pulled my legs into my chest.

The door closed. Everything was a thick blackness, except the red rocks that flared and burned my eyes.

Ta-voot-see began to speak, “Let's begin this first round to pray for ourselves. Pray for understanding of the old ways and the four directions. Then, let us focus on the eastern direction, where light, joy, love, and courage emerges.”

Ta-voot-see poured the first cup of water on the rocks. The rocks hissed like devils not wanting to cool off. “sspph” was the only sound that rang through the night. Steam splattered onto my naked body. My head began to bleed with sweat, and my forehead showered the rest of my wet body.

The sound of our prayers unified and made a mumbled
melody. Finally, Ta-voot-see hollered, “All my relations,” and the
doors to the sweatlodge flung open, exposing the coldness of the
mountain air.

With the door open, Ta-voot-see said, “During the second
round, pray for your loved ones. Pray for our animal brothers, our
Mother Earth, Father Sun, and Grandmother Moon. In this round,
think about the gifts we receive from the southern direction. From
the South, pray so that we will be blessed with the gifts of loyalty,
a balance of one’s physical body, and love for others.”

The door closed. I closed my eyes in order to focus on the
southern direction. My total concentration was in my prayers that
tumbled from my lips in a loud whisper.

Ta voot see poured more water on the burning rocks. Steam
shredded my energy and made me forget what I was praying about.
My body swayed in the heated air. One of the women began to
sing. My head nodded, trying to keep the rhythm of the song, but
like a light switch, my mind and body shut off. Everything was so
dark. I could hear the ladies singing in the distance. I felt my
body against the ground. My sweat cascaded off me like a waterfall
and drenched the earth’s floor. Time passed slowly.

As the door opened, my eyes focused on the night outside.
Life outside the sweatlodge seemed to be holding its breath. The
mountain stars did not blink, and I was still laying on Mother
Earth’s stomach trying to recuperate....

“Num-a-chee!” I was startled by Ta voot see’s agitated
voice. “Sit up!” I jerked myself off the ground and sat in stern
attention.
Purification (continued)

“In this third round, think about the problems that need to be solved. Think about the gifts we receive from the western direction. West is the place of the unknown. The western skies are where darkness, dreams, and inner thoughts lay. Through the western direction, we try to understand and become aware of being alone with ourselves --how to learn from ourselves. In the west, we also receive our respect for our elders, and its where we learn to meditate, and more importantly, learn to respect the spiritual struggles of others.” She looked at me and gave me a reassuring smile, then yelled, “Close the door!”

I watched the light fade for the lodge. Again, I sat in the darkness listening to the cracking noises from the rocks. Then, the familiar sound, “spppsh!” rang loud and long. The sound was throwing fire balls of steam onto my body. I wanted to give up, but then I held my head high and straightened my back as I remembered my Mother’s words, “I’m proud of you. Enter the sweatlodge as a real Num-a-hupi.”

“Num-a-chee,” called my Mu-ah, “lead us into the next song!”

I buffed my chest and smiled as I spoke, “I am honored to share my song with you ladies. This song talks of the strength and courage of my brothers who went to war a long time ago.” Ta voott see poured water over the flaming rocks as I sang, “E yo-ee yo-tay ee nah. Hoi hoi ya-nun, hoi hoi ya-nun ho dogh’ y neh....”

When I finished my song, the ladies yelled, “Hoh! Ho!” which made me feel like the tallest person alive. Ta voott see continued dousing the rocks with water that turned to thunderbolts and zapped each one of us, but I was too high to feel pain. I sang
Purification (continued)

so loud that my own voice rang in my ears, and the heat of the steam no longer tormented me.

When the door opened, the ladies laughed, "Look at the stars! She sang so loud, our sister stars could dance!"

The fourth and final round. The rocks were still red but now there were patches of white in them. When the door closed, Ta-voot-see announced, "This is the last round. Pray so that we will be able to benefit from the gifts from the North, such as, our "mental" youth and our balance of spirituality. All the water will be used in this last round, so find a comfortable spot."

Ta voot see poured cups at a time onto the rocks; I thought I was sitting in an exploding volcano. Cedar was tossed onto the rocks. The whole room lit up exposing the ladies long silver hair that stuck to their wrinkled sweaty bodies. I staggered to and fro trying to hold myself stiff so I would not fall face first into the laughing rocks. Another cup of water was poured onto the rocks. The air was thin I began to gasp for air, so I put the sagebrush Mother gave to me into my mouth and prayed for strength. Just then, a long and violent "spppsh!" rang in my ears, and the slap of stem knocked me off balance. I could smell the wet earth and feel the drenched walls of the sweatlodge. The walls were drenched with our sweating souls. Water was continuously being poured onto the hissing rocks. My head rolled along my shoulder as more water splattered off the rocks.

My mind was calling out "open the door," but my voice was not activated. The sagebrush I had in mouth was drenched from the sweat that seeped into my mouth when I sang. I was tired and wanted to lay down, but then, through the darkness, Mu-ah gave me
Purification (continued)

the extra strength I needed. I called out, “May I lead us in the final song?” Ta-voot-see and Ta-won-nee grunted their approval. As I sang, Ta-voot-see poured water onto the rocks. As more and more steam slapped at my body, I sang louder, with all my heart. I was overflowing with love and courage, because I no longer sang for my own strength, but instead, sang for my people and the Mother Earth. I pounded loudly upon my new drum as Ta-voot-see poured the last cup of water and threw the last handful of cedar onto the crackling rocks. I sat up straight and took the steam and smoke into my body, and at the moment, I understood what Mu-ah meant when she told me that all things are made from a balance of fire and water. I realized that the steam was not a form of torture, but rather it was a blessing. I then realized that the songs that were sung and the prayers that were hungered for--were not selfish needs but only thoughts for the betterment of our people. Through the songs and prayers, we tried to find a balance with ourselves and life around us.

I took the sagebrush that I held between my teeth and tossed it onto the rocks and told them, “Thank you for helping me to understand life.”

Ta voot see yelled, “All my relations!” The door opened and night coldness ran in. My body and mind was exhausted, but my heart and spirit were energized. I took a deep breath of the mountain air and pushed forward a smile. I was ready to begin my life as a Num-a-hupi.
The Gathering Of Friends
By: Peggy Sue Gensaw

The gathering of friends and sharing.
The taste of hot desert tea against my lips.
Gathering around the beautiful sound of the drum.
Everybody sharing in the gift of the songs,
and feeling within one’s self the calmness of belonging.
Sharing in all that the creator and mother earth can offer.
HOW TO MAKE ACORN BISQUITS AND SOUP By Jeannie McDonald

I came from an area about ten miles from Lake Tahoe and about fifteen miles south of Carson City. Some people call it the heart of the state of Nevada. My Indian tribe's (Washoe) diet in the early 1900's consisted of rabbits and pinenuts as staple foods. During certain times of the year deer meat, vegetables, and acorn soup or biscuits became a plentiful delicacy.

Today my people, as in earlier times, travel many miles into California to pick the acorns. Acorns are a hard nut covered with a very hard shell which hangs on beautiful trees in different parts of California, in the outskirts of the Sacramento area and south, around the Bishop area especially, although many acorns are grown around here in Northern California as well. We usually pick acorns in the fall—maybe later, depending on the weather at that particular time.

My family makes camp in an area where the acorns are plentiful, so we won't have to move as much. We pick acorns from the trees, one by one, filling gunny sacks full. Sometimes we will fill as much as five, maybe more, depending on how much we feel we'll use. We never take more than our share, as the Indian people believe you should never take more than you need or the next time you go to pick they won't be as plentiful.

Once we get the acorns home we begin a long hard process of cracking each one and peeling the red skins off the nuts. This process can take days, maybe weeks, depending on how much help we have. We then lay the acorns out on a large canvas outside, away from the animals and bugs outside. We leave the acorns laid out for approximately one week, sometimes longer, depending upon how the weather is. The nut must be completely dry in order for them to be ground easily. After this long process, the hard work really begins.

We grind the acorns with a rock shaped like an egg into a medium sized bold. Small handfuls are thrown in at a time. The acorns are ground to tiny pieces, which usually look like broken up peanuts. Once this is done we put the acorns through a meat grinder and grind them down to a really fine flour.
In order to achieve the fine delicate flour it must go through the grinder several time. My grandmother then takes the acorn flour and sifts it, separating the small particles of acorn which did not grind as fine as the rest. This process is a very crucial one because the flour must be completely fine and delicate or it will not form the proper biscuit once it is cooked. She then spreads a large sheet of cheese cloth on a sandpile, which is shaped like a mound of an ant hill.

Evergreen limbs are placed upon the acorn flour which has been spread upon the cloths. The evergreen limbs are used to absorb the bitterness of the acorn. We then take large milk can (ten gallons) full of really cold water and pour it over the acorns. Next we take a regular garden hose and run the water over the acorn flour for about an hour to drain and release much of the bitterness from the acorn flour. Once this is completed we begin to cook it.

We usually use large cans and mix the flour with just the right amount of water. (I'm really not sure just how much to use.) A fire is built in a large hole in the ground and rocks are used in the fire like coals. The can of flour and water mixture is placed on top of the hot rocks and the cooking begins. In no time the flour and water become a soup. We continue to cook it until it develops a slight thickness to it. When it reaches this point, it's time to make the biscuits. My grandmother take the initiative here, as no one else can quite get it right. Using a small metal cup she dips it into the hot soup, then pour the hot soup into a large tub of cold water. Once this hot soup comes in contact with the cold water, it hardens and forms. This is called a biscuit.

My family usually eats only the biscuits, but we save some of the soup also. The bisquits are easier to eat. They seem to be a lot more simple than the soup, but soup that is put in jars usually lasts a long time. The bisquits are usually eaten in the morning with eggs and in the evening with meat. A nice delicacy is deer meat and acorns for dinner. We try to keep the traditional ways in making the soup and bisquits, but our modern appliances sure make things a lot easier.
The Boy Who Turned Into a Deer
(A story "Handed-down" from Winnie George)
Contributed By Laura Lee George

The deer have always been sacred to the Redwood Creek Indians, and years ago, the old people always used to say to their children, "Don't play with a deerhide. It's bad luck. Stay away from it." The only time that they ever touched a deerhide was when they went hunting. They wore this deerhide hat when they went hunting so that they could sneak up to the deep with their bow and arrows.

Well, this man and woman lived in Redwood Creek with their two boys. Every time the father went out hunting, he would take his bow and arrows and his deerhide hat down from the wall. He was real careful with his hunting hat and always hung it back on the wall when he was done. His oldest boy began to think about it one day and wondered why they didn't want him to play with it. So he began sneaking it and playing with it. The boy put it on his head and ran around in the bushes acting like a deer sneaking up behind his brother. The boy would pretend that he was a deer.

About that time, the mother found out that he was playing with the deerhide hunting hat, and she told him, "Don't ever do that! Your father doesn't want you to do that. It's bad! The deerhide might believe you, and you might turn into a deer. That's the way it will turn out." This woman must have been some kind of an Indian doctor because she began singing this song meant to prevent the boy from turning into a deer. When she finished, she took the deerhide carefully and hung it back up on the wall. She left the boy alone thinking that everything was all right now.

The boys went back outside and started playing around in the bushes again, just the same game that they were playing before, but without that deerhide. The younger boy was chasing the
The Boy Who Turned Into A Deer (continued)

other with a bow and arrow, a make-believe one, when all of a sudden, the older boy just took off running. He turned around and looked at his brother awhile and then took off running up the trail. The little boy followed him a little ways yelling, “Don’t do that. Come on back. I’m just kidding.” His brother never stopped. However, every once in awhile he’d look back like a deer and then run some more.

The little boy got scared, so he ran home to tell his mother about what had happened. “He took off and just wouldn’t stop,” he told her, “I tried to stop him and make him come back. I don’t know what’s wrong with him. He all of a sudden just acted wild.”

The mother took off to follow him singing her song, trying to prevent this bad thing from happening. She followed him all the way up to where Jack Crow used to live, way up to Lone Pine on the Supply Creek trail. It was there where she caught sight of him in the distance, still running, so she sang louder and harder. Near the snag, up that way, the boy fell down and stayed down. She came running up to him singing her song. She could see it was too late—he was just turning. She could see his eyes changing color first; they became like those of a deer. She could see the horns and hair start to come out on his body, and his arms and legs started to change, too. She could see all of this, but she kept singing, trying to stop it.

The boy finally talked to her but had a hard time because his voice was changing. He said, “Mother, you go home. Don’t follow me because I’m not ever going to come back. You told me not to play with that hide, but I kept acting like a deer. Now I’m, going to belong to their county.” The mother watched as he jumped up and ran around the turn and down over the mountain someplace. He had turned completely into a deer.
The Boy Who Turned Into A Deer (continued)

The mother came back. She said, "I guess he's gone. He didn't mind me. I told him not to play with that deerhide." She felt pretty bad and looked for him all the time, but she never saw him again after that day on the mountain.

The old people say that there are some really powerful deer on that hill. They say that this story is true, and they tell their children never to play with deerhides. The people never hunted on that hill. They always went someplace else.
Elders
By: Holly Monks

It is said by the Elders
when a mother makes
her child's first pair of moccasins
that a small hole is put in each
to keep their feet from wandering
down the path of souls

For a traveler
will never begin a long journey
with holes
in their moccasins...
It seems too,
sometimes our people wander off
toward the path of souls
with no moccasins
at all.

Littered on the path
are many objects
which cause them to stumble.

Sometimes
when it seems
they have lost their way
and the world
lies bleak and cold
they may look up
to see an old woman
making them
a thick pair of moccasins.
A Sucker Story

By: Del Markussen

A long time ago, up on the Klamath River, there was a rich Indian family who had a son by the name of Black Spots. He didn't have to get anything for himself because his family got it for him.

One day, he fell in love with a beautiful Indian maiden from up river. The girl's dad told him that his family could not buy his daughter for him, that he had to work things out for himself if he wanted her. These things the rich Indian had to do. He had to do all things in fours, the Indian luck number.

First, he had to get his own sweat house wood, then remove himself from his parent's house and move into the sweathouse, then fast for ten days not drinking any water, then get himself a bow and four arrows: one for the four corners of the earth--North, South, East and West--and the four places--forward, backward, up, or down--and for the four periods of life--birth, teen, adult, and old age--and the four time of the day--12, 3, 6, or 9 and he must know the four elements of the earth--air, water, ground, and sky. And last, he must take four things needed for his hunting trip. He had four days to return back to camp with a deer with four points on its antlers.

Now before the rich Indian could go, he must know which direction to go and what time of the year hunting would be good. He must be at the right age and he must also know what time of the day he would leave camp. He must know how to use the four elements of the earth. Last, he must know what to take with him for his own survival. So from where he was, he started moving West, but when hunting was good in the Fall he must also keep moving forward. He must be an adult that is strong willed, willing to move out early in the morning about six o'clock, and he must take some fresh water with him on his journey.
A Sucker Story (continued)

When he left camp, moving westward toward the mountains where the big deer gather, it was one whole day of not seeing anything at all. On his second day of hunting, still not seeing anything, knowing that time was running out on him, he came upon an opening. He thought he saw a deer near the skyline. His heart beat with joy.

Approaching the skyline, there wasn't any deer, but instead, there was a small house with two old ladies living there. As he came to the house, the ladies invited him to spend the night. With an evil gleam in his eyes, he said that he would love to.

Before lying down to sleep, the ladies fed him some dried fish, dried eels, and some acorn soup. He watched them while thinking evil thoughts: "How good it would be if he brought back four other things instead of one deer." He watched just where the ladies got the food. They got it from a small door under the sink. So the third day he asked the ladies if he could help them gather food, but they had suddenly disappeared somewhere, so he started gathering all the acorns that he could carry, putting them under the sink. Later that day the old ladies appeared again with a lot more dried fish and eels and put them all all where he put his acorns.

During the night while the ladies were asleep, he got up and went to get the food from under the sink. At this time, he was greedy and wanted to take all of it. The more he got the more he wanted, so he reached further and further into the door. He reached so far that he fell into the hole and was never seen again.

After that, there were black spotted fish in the Klamath River. A sucker looks like a fish with the mouth of an eel. Some have black spots on them. Not all suckers have spots, just those who are greedy.
Where The Buffalo Lay
By: Lois A. Whipple

When the buffalo were found,
the young men killed them,
and then the whole camp,
women and children,
went out to where the buffalo lay,
and meat and hides were brought into the camp,
where the women made robes,
and dried meat.
Food was plenty,
and everybody was glad.
Story About Tu-s and Acku-n As retold by: Nancy Richardson

Along the Klamath River, there is a place call Katimin, which is the center of the Karuk world. It has been said that once long ago two birds lived there, Tu-s and Acku-n. Tu-s is mocking-bird, who arrived when the lilies were blooming by the warmth of the summer's sun. Acku-n, who is swamp robin, came when there was a musky aroma of fallen acorns in the cold, moist air of fall. Both birds were women.

Tu-s awaited the salmon coming up river because she owned the fisheries at Katimin, now called Ishi Pishi Falls. When the salmon run was finished and the fish were smoked, she left. As she prepared for her departure, she placed on her back a flat openwork basket that was filled with salmon that was split and dried. She went high up on a ridge and stopped. Tired from the climb, she rested there. While resting, she met Acku-n.

Tu-s immediately told Acku-n that people were in her acorn groves. Since Acku-n owned the acorn places, she was upset by this and responded, “That’s all right. I’ll make them spill their acorns.” Tu-s was supposed to keep this a secret. She promised saying, “I will never say anything.” Yet Tu-s talked all day and all night about it.

Acku-n heard about this. So when she left late that next springtime, she met Tu-s at the same place on the ridge up on the high country. Acku-n told Tu-s, “Someone is fishing at your fishery at Katimin.” Tu-s just said, “That’s all right. Let them take lots of salmon. I’ll throw their net in the river when I get there.”

In the late fall you can still hear the lonesome, melancholy song of the Swamp Robin. Even to this day, when a fisherman loses his net, he might accuse Tu-s of taking it. Perhaps some summer morning as you are sitting at the falls, waiting for the salmon to come upriver, you may hear Tu-s whistling her song. It has been said that the words of her song are, “I will never say anything. I will never say anything.”
PREPARING SALMON FOR CANNING
By Peggy Sue Gensaw

The Indian people of this area do a lot of salmon fishing, which is an important part of the people's diet and way of life. These salmon are caught with the use of a gill net. As the fish swim into the net, their gills get caught up in the mesh.

There are three ways to prepare the salmon for later use. One way is by cutting the fish into strips and hanging them in the smokehouse to dry. Once this is done, they can be eaten or processed in jars. The last process is that of canning the fish, which I will now explain.

Starting on a clean table covered with butcher paper, put your fresh cleaned and gutted fish on your cutting board. Using a sharp knife cut the head off around the gill line. Save the head to bake, make fish head soup, or freeze for use at another time. Continue to cut off the tail and remaining fins of the fish and discard into the garbage.

With your knife, make a straight cut down the back of the fish to the tail. Now do the same cut down each side. Starting at the tail, use your knife and peel up a small section of skin about an inch or so. Next, taking a pair of pliers, grip the section of skin firmly. With a steady motion out and downwards towards the head pull the skin off, holding the fish firmly with the other hand.

Once all the skin is removed and discarded you filet the fish off the backbone. Save the backbone for smoking, because it still has a lot of good meat on it. Now taking your one pound can, you measure the width of the can against the fish to get the correct size cut (about three inches) to fit the can. After you have finished chunking the fish, sit is aside for the moment.
In a large container of hot water drop in your cans to be used. In a small container of hot water drop in the lids to the cans. This is done to sterilize the cans and lids. Remove the cans one by one as you use them, shaking off the excess water.

Pack the cans with fish as tight as the can will allow. Once this is done you then place one level teaspoon of salt on the fish in each can.

With a clean cloth wipe the rims of the packed cans clean and place the lid in place.

Holding the lid tightly on the can, place the can in the crimper and lock the handle down. A crimper is a devise that seals the lids firmly to the can.

Once in the crimper start at the 0 setting and crank the handle (pointing away from you) twenty times until the 0 returns to proper position. Push the crank handle up and remove your can. Continue to do this to each remaining can or until you have twenty-one cans done. Twenty-one cans is the amount needed to fill the pressure cooker. (This is true of our cooker, but I don't know about other as they come in various sizes.) Wipe all the cans down before placing in the cooker half-filled with water. Attach and secure the lid and cook for about 90 minutes.

You know things have gone well when you remove the cans (when done) from the cooker and the water looks clear and free of oil. As the cans cool they will each make a popping sound as they settle.
BASKETMAKING By Ed Smith

I interviewed two women while I was gathering information on the art of weaving Yurok Indian baskets: my mother, Mary Smith, and Joyce Moon, who is a friend of mine. The two women are experienced at making baskets and gave their time freely.

The first step in making an Indian basket is to locate and gather the desired type of roots and sticks. Although there are many types of roots and sticks used in making baskets, the following ones are widely used because of their versatility and their easy availability: hazel nut sticks, sourgrass, conifer roots, red alder roots, and willow roots.

Gathering Places Hazel nut sticks are placed as they grow throughout Northern California. April and May are the best times to gather these materials. Sourgrass is plentiful in the high meadows between the Yurok villages and the coast, and they are usually picked between the months of April and July. If the grass was growing in a shady area it will be less brittle and less bleached out than it it has grown in the sunlight.

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Conifer, red alder, and willow roots are available the year round at the village in Weitchpec; however, the Yuroks usually pick these roots in the early spring. The Yurok women make several types of baskets: baby baskets, cooking baskets, eating baskets, and eel baskets.

**Baby Baskets** The baby baskets are made of willow, alder, and conifer roots. The large band on the top of the basket, which serves as a handle and as support for the sides and back of the basket, is made of a conifer root that is wrapped with willow roots. The willow roots are also used to fasten the remainder of the basket, which is made principally of willow roots, to the larger supporting band. As the principal mode of travel that the Yuroks had was boating on the Klamath River, the baby baskets were designed to float if they were in water.

**Cooking Baskets** The cooking baskets were used principally to cook acorn soup. The soup was poured into the basket and small hot rocks were then placed in the soup. Although the bottom of the basket became black, it did not burn. The baskets were approximately eight inches high and nine inches in diameter. These baskets were made of willow roots which overlapped each other on the bottom with interwoven rows of willow roots forming the circular structure of the basket. The designs on the upper half of the cooking baskets are symmetrical and are made of sourgrass.

**Eating Baskets** The eating baskets are made very similar to the cooking baskets with the exception of their size. The eating baskets are approximately three inches high and five inches in diameter.

**Eel Baskets** Eel baskets were made by the Yurok, Karuk, and Hupa tribes. Baskets were made of hazel sticks or willow roots. The baskets were approximately three feet long and two feet high, and was structured so that the eels could not escape once they were inside. A hole was built on one end of the basket with a passageway that made a sharp turn inside the basket. Once inside the eels could not find their way out. These baskets were very effective and the modern baskets are built with the same basic structure; however, the outside material used today is chicken wire. These baskets are much lighter and can be handled by one person.
**SONGS AND SINGING**  By Darlene Magee

Albert Taylor Gray Sr., a well known woodsman and fisherman, is seventy-two years of age. To others he's "A-Tee," to me, he's mostly "Unk." At more somber moments, he is called "Uncle Al." (The third oldest of five children, he has many nieces and nephews.) Unk is fluent in both the Indian and English languages. A captivating storyteller, he has a wide audience range. He remembers attending "grammar school down Johnsons," where they had a succession of teachers at the small school. Unk also attended a boarding school and remembers that they (the Gray children) all were sent home for "talking Indian."

During his younger years he was very prominent in the "Indian world" excelling at the "stick game" and marathon running. "Cat skinning" in the woods was his occupation for many years. Now, semi-retired, he is a foreman in a stream-cleaning project to promote spawning beds for the salmon.

Uncle Al has achieved prominence as a ceremonial singer-dancer. As a singer, he has a vast collection of songs. In this capacity he has trained Yurok children to sing and dance in the "Brush Dance." Recently, I questioned Unk about singing, asking how he learned. "You learned singing by listening to the old folks sing." Listening is a skill. One is open to receive communication when one is concentrating upon the message being given. Observation is a line of communication that becomes keener when one is listening. The observer is able to assess the various efforts the singer uses while singing; seeing the sweat it produces to sing, watching the swaying of the body keep rhythm, and the foot marking the time. Explanations are largely useless because a person must see for himself. Seeing lead to progress.

When asked if training was needed to sing, Unk said, "No. You didn't have to train to sing." That is true, but the use of each type of song has a certain ritual which was itself a training. To prepare for the emotional event—a gambling game (Indian cards), the religious ceremonies (Jump Dance, Deerskin Dance) or the social events (Brush Dance)—one had to go into seclusion. The solitude defines the thoughts and feelings within for a better understanding of self.
This attuning combines the physical and the metaphysical. The end result is freedom from apprehension, anxiety and self-importance.

During this solitary training the person learns what the self can do. The physical part consists of (for males) going out into the hills daily for ten days to gather sweathouse wood, a day long process. For this task a man was required to climb the tallest trees and break off branches. He climbed the green fir for the boughs that were used to make smoke and for the dry snags for the limbs that would make the sweathouse fire very hot. The smoke and the heat had a purifying effect. In the sweathouses the man learns self control by sitting in the purifying smoke and heat all night. The burning smoke gets into his eyes, and the heat becomes unbearable. Then, in the early morning, before anyone is up, he walks quietly to the cooling water of the stream to bathe. Self-regulation produces energy, and controlling the energy produces the spiritual power. Yet this power is not the essence, it is the individual’s ability to control it, because without control the power is irrelevant. Being able to exert the power at will is of the essence. Therefore, isolation is a crucial part of the training process: it enables the individual to practice singing and become more attuned to nature while learning control of self-regulation.

Unk, said, “There are many kinds of songs, they can be about ‘most anything. Things that you have thought about.” Songs reflect a significant emotional event that influenced the individual. These are events which imprint upon one’s person, which sometimes literally arrest one mentally. Song may be the vehicle to revisit that particular moment, or place, a celebration of nature or life. “The Robin Song of Georgie Mennow, imitates the song of the robin,” explains Unk. It is a light, lilting melody without words, a celebration of nature. The Whiskey Song of Poker Bob is a place revisited. “I’m so lonesome for Requoi,” the words go, “that I can just see coming around that long winding turn, with a flask of whiskey in each hip-pocket.” The Froggie Song of Walter Gray conveys lightness to provoke laughter for a humorous person: “Twenty froggies went to school down beside the rushing pool. Twenty froggies went to school, there to learn the golden rule.” Songs are a vehicle for learning; like the legends they are a tool for teaching.
They are also a mode to mourn the death of a loved one. The power songs ensure mental capabilities. Songs are used to celebrate the World Renewal, the fruitful harvest, or victory.

Songs are a curative for tender or bruised spirits or sickness. Indians believe songs represent curing power—however, that is not to say that the songs themselves cure—it is the way in which they are used, such as creating a mood, abridging (or binding) the spectator and performers of a ceremonial dance and molding all the identities (and powers) into one powerful force. It is a healing force whereby each person in attendance has been transformed into a single unit at once a part of the universe and the magnified energy produced. Each person has personal identity, yet is linked with everyone in the universe. Indians believe the universe is creating waves that permeate everything. Ecology-minded persons believe that the universe is cycles and events of interaction. The singing of a love song is an example “To make someone love you, you go off by yourself and sing the song over and over, thinking only of that person,” Unk explains. Focusing your complete attention upon the subject of your desire requires much energy and self-control.

Using a powerful song, one becomes a controlled power. The waves of energy become focused and magnified sending this energy in the direction you signify. “You don’t stop,” Unk says, “until you think you have made that person think of you.” While singing the song, the love arrow which is a metaphysical force pierces the quick of the love armour of the subject. Sending the waves of energy, leaving the physical plane, making a conscious trip to the unconscious of another being. Once there the song becomes a bridge of communication. “If you do the song right,” Unk says, “Then in a few days time, you’ll have a visitor knocking at your door.”

Songs are the source of the strength and power for the individual Yurok Indian. Singing, particularly ceremonial singing, is the strength and power of the tribe, a manifestation of cyclic interaction (wesonah) of the Yurok universe.
Little Bird
By: Lois A. Whipple
1992

Little bird was skilled with the bow;
he called game to him
and moved silently through the brush,
and over the rough ground.
From the smell of the ground,
he could find the different brush dweller.
The Wolf Chief's Son
As retold by: Barbara Redner

Once, before the beginning of our world, there was a boy living in an old Tlingit Village who had a special way with animals. He didn't have many human friends, but some animal or bird was always his companion. Often, he would go off by himself in the woods because the other children teased him about his unusual habits of carrying around small squirrels and other animals. He has a certain way with injured or orphaned animals. Yet his being their friend never seemed to change their ability or desire to live in their natural ways. Then one day, he found a lone wolf cub, apparently abandoned by its mother. It was sick, cold, and nearly starved to death. The boy took the poor pitiful cub home with him and nursed it back to strength and health. That didn't surprise anyone in the village. What did surprise people was that he kept the wolf for a pet. The boy and the wolf were always together; nothing seemed to separate them.

Then one day when these two were in the woods on an errand for the boy's mother, the wolf ran away. The boy called and called, but his pet wolf would not come back, so he ran after him. He ran and ran a great distance, but the boy could not overtake the wolf. It was out of sight when he reached the edge of a lake that he had never seen before.

The tired young man ran up and down the shore calling and calling for his pet wolf to come back. He could see the wolf out on the lake in a canoe, but it never even turned to look at him.

He didn't hear her approach, because suddenly, an old woman spoke to him saying, "That pet of yours is really the son of the chief that lives on the village across the lake. Take this and you will be able to cross the lake." She gave him a small carved canoe
of cedar which grew instantly into a full-sized canoe. It sped across the lake and delivered him with great quickness.

When the boy arrived at the village, he was met by a great procession of people from the Wolf Clan. They honored him as a respected visitor. He was taken to a great potlatch at the chief’s house. The great house, which was surrounded by a beautiful rainbow, seemed to have some special power in it. Inside, he was seated at the place of honor in the back of the great house to the right of the chief. During the potlatch, he was given an Eagle Pointer feather. This feather has a power to kill anyone it was pointed toward. He was also given a beautiful blanket which had the power to both kill and heal people. The boy was greatly honored.

When the potlatch was over, which was several moons later, although it seemed like only a few days, the boy returned to the other side of the lake in the woman’s canoe with his gifts. He continued home with great speed to only find everyone in his village dead. He used the blanket to bring them back to life and learned that the evil one had killed them all for their refusing to give him the chief’s daughter. He waited for the evil one to return to the village and then he killed him with the pointer feather. Everyone gave the boy many gifts in thanks and he became a very wealthy man.
A Prayer
By: Tom Murphy
1992

Oh Father,
even as the woods become pathless
and the earth is scarred by the diesels,
I continue this journey.
I have no where to go
to be in your presence,
but this place I must call home.
Is there yet time
to stop this senseless tearing
at the very life's blood of our people?
The white-man's school
tugs at our convictions
and judges our loss with a grade.
The farther we go from you,
the closer we are with them.
I am afraid.
The gift of acceptance they offer
is drawing our children,
and Mother Earth bleeds.
Is not the blood of our ancestors
still swelling within us to go on?
Is it to be that we sell our very souls
for the silver they offer?
We must not be distracted.
Only the uniforms and tactics
have changed with time.
We have something our fathers
did not.

We have the access to the rules by which they work.
We have the opportunity to take this
maddened last attempt at assimilation
and use it to protect our children to come.
So they will no longer have to fear
losing their children, homes,
and what little is left to us.
We need not be fooled again,
just your strength to go on.
I Was Here
By: Barbara Redner

The basket I weave in ancient designs
The dance dresses sing with happy songs
And children are born in peace and harmony
When the white man comes, I am here

Out of timeless memory I float across ages
Every generation changing the same way
When the white man came, I was here
And when he left, I was here

I sang my songs and prayed for strength
The people were properly fed
And the children taught respect
When the white man came, I was here

But now my songs are an echo
And the children given up too soon
The basket stands empty
When the Indian comes, I am here

I hear a small voice whisper a prayer
The ancient ones strain to hear
Even after the white man came, I was here
I am the Earth Mother, I will always be here!
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